

YOUNG LADIES, READ!

What a number of idle, useless young women—they call themselves young ladies—parade our streets! "They toil not, neither do they spin, yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of them." Do they ever look forward to the time when the real cares and responsibilities of life will cluster around them? Have they made, or are they making any preparation for the onerous duties which will assuredly fall to their lot—duties to society, the world, and God? They lounge or sleep away their time in the morning. They never take hold of the drudgery, the repulsive toil, which each son and daughter of Adam should perform in this world. They know nothing of domestic duties. They have no habits of industry, no taste for the useful, no skill in any really useful art. They are in the streets, not in the performance of their duty; or for the acquisition of health, but to see and be seen. They expect thus to pick up a husband who will promise to be as indulgent as their parents have been, and support them in idleness. They who sow the wind in this way are sure to reap the whirlwind. No life can be exempt from cares. How mistaken an education do these girls receive who are allowed to imagine that life is always to be a garden of roses! Labor is the great law of our being. How worthless will she prove who is unable to perform it!

It has been observed that "by far the greatest amount of happiness in civilized life is found in the domestic relations, and most of these depend on the home habits of the wife and mother." What a mistake is then made by our young girls and their parents when domestic education is unattended to! Our daughters should be taught, *practically*, to bake, to cook, to arrange the table, to wash and iron, to do everything that pertains to the order and comfort of the household. Domestic may be necessary, but they are always a necessary evil, and the best "help" a woman can have is *herself*. If her husband is ever so rich, the time may come when skill in domestic employments will secure to her a comfort which no domestic can procure. Even if she is never called to labor for herself, she should, at least, know how things ought to be done, so that she cannot be cheated by her servants.

Domestic education cannot be acquired in the streets. It cannot be learned amidst the frivolities of modern society. A good, and worthy, and comfort-bringing husband can rarely be picked up on the pavement.

"The nymph who walks the public streets,
And sets her cap for all she meets,
May catch the fool who turns to stare,
But men of sense avoid the snares."

The highest and best interests of society in the future demand a better, a more domestic training of our young ladies.—*Hartford Courant.*

Discretion in speech is more valuable than eloquence; and to speak agreeable, than to speak good words, or in good order. To use many circumstances before one comes to the matter is troublesome, and to use none is blunt.

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WANTED.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY, responsible Agents, to canvass for the Educationalist. Steady employment, and fair remuneration will be given.

Since the first number of the *Educationalist* was issued we have received many flattering assurances from scholars of high standing that are very encouraging. In our enterprise like all others we must expect to encounter difficulties in the beginning, but we hope by perseverance and patience in readily presenting our readers with new and interesting matter to be finally sustained in our effort. We respectfully solicit the indulgence of our readers for some typographical errors which appeared in our first issue, and we hope in a short time to so mature our arrangements, that it may not be necessary to apologize for verbal or other mistakes.

To all our friends, and particularly teachers, we desire to express our gratitude for the efforts they have already made to disseminate the *Educationalist*. We would again remind our readers that

we have no Government aid in our undertaking, but that trusting entirely on the voluntary support of our fellow countrymen of all classes, we have ventured to put to sea. We expect to have many readers among our agricultural population. Our Farmers are the mainstay, and sheet anchor of the hopes of this rapidly improving and beautiful Province, and in the happy and honorable retirement of their winter evenings, amidst peace and plenty, we hope our little Journal will afford mental food and rational enjoyments to thousands of them.

We promised to devote a large space of the *Educationalist* to agricultural subjects, and this promise we purpose to fulfill to the letter. Our next issue will contain the first of a regular and consecutive series on that subject. We hope as our journal matures to do more than fulfil all that we engaged to do in our Prospectus.

THE MISSION OF LIFE.

[The following Essay on the mission of life, was read by Miss McClatchie before the Northumberland County Teachers' Convention, held at Colborne, on the 6th of August, 1860, and was published at the request of a large number of Teachers and friends of Education.]

What is the Mission of Life? For what purpose hath All-creating Nature constituted us intellectual, rational and social beings? Was it merely to seize the pleasures of the present day in a manner which will secure to us the greatest amount of momentary happiness? Was it to join that giddy throng who are slaves to folly and fashion, in their vicious schemes of ambition and vanity, which tend only to degradation and misery? Or was it not that we might enlist our names among that numerous host, who, to all appearance, seek naught but a few paltry dollars, doubtless flattering themselves with the idea that they shall one day rank among the wealthy and so called great of our earth; but before their expectations are realized, a change comes; death casts a gloom over the spirit of their dreams; they are hurried from the shores of time; they pass away from earth; and ere six months have rolled by their names are almost or quite forgotten. Riches, it is true, have power, but they have also wings and oftentimes flee away; and should they remain, till the rich man is obliged to part with them, they leave no memories, they create no sympathies. Methinks I hear you respond that these sentiments do not coincide with your ideas of the Mission of Life. What then? Shall we not much rather endeavor to tread in the steps of those whose names are famous in story? who, although they have long since gone into the eternal world, their illustrious deeds still beam forth with a