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"Knowledge is Power."

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VOLUME I.

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Doct's Corner.

THE LIFE-CLOCK.

BY J. W. BARKER.

What is this within my being,
Ticking, ticking evermore,
Like the sound of fairy footfalls
Dropping on some distant shore?
I can hear it in the midnight,
Hear it in the busy day,
Hear its clear and measured numbers
Wheresoe'er I chance to stray.

On that mystic little dial
There are clear and telling lines,
Over which the sunlight glitters,
And the passing hour defines.
Quicker, quicker it is beating,
Swifter move those mystic hands,
With their lean and spectral fingers
Pointing to the shadowy lands.

But the day of life is waning,
Soon its shadows will decline,
And soon within my spirit's dwelling
Cease the little mystic chime.
Dust, o'er all its motions falling,
Gathers deeper day by day,
Voices, from the future calling,
Seem to beckon me away.

Telling tales this clock is telling,
As the days and hours recede,
Noting every thought and action,
Yet we give it little heed.
Sometimes we may hear it ringing,
Loud and clear, the passing hour,
Sending through the soul's deep chamber
Tones of deep mysterious power.
Yet we fold our arms and listen
To a thousand stranger sounds,
While the Life-clock, all unheeded,
Plods its tireless, solemn rounds.

OUR COMMON SCHOOLS.

When will the great mass of the people become sufficiently aroused to realize the fact that the greatest, and most important element of our national organization, is the common schools? Some of the greatest and most renowned statesmen who ever trod the American soil, have received their first life-long impulses beneath the administration of some rural pedagogue, in a few brief years those who are now in possession of the great and vital interests of our national government, will have passed away; and their places will be filled by those who are now pursuing their studies under the tuition of the nurse of our national prosperity. I do not wish to encourage the idea that our Colleges, and other advanced institutions of learning, are to be set at naught; but I wish to impress upon your minds the fact, that they can occupy no other but a subordi-

nate position, when they are compared with our common schools. The boy is unquestionably now living, who will sit in the presidential chair in nineteen hundred; whether he is now roaming over the spacious fields of California, sliding down hill on the snowy cliffs of Maine, or chasing butterflies on the broad prairies of Minnesota, is a problem which time alone can solve. In no way can we be engaged which will contribute more to the happiness and well being of the great mass of our citizens, than by endeavoring to elevate the character of our common schools. The thought has often occurred to my mind, why it is, that a good common school is one of the most uncommon of all common things, which our common country affords. Perhaps in this connection, a few substantial reasons to sustain the verdict which I have rendered against the character of our common schools, might not be wholly unacceptable. Perhaps one of the greatest reasons which is preventing the mass of our common schools from being what they should be, is a want of co-operation between parents and teachers. Every one who has ever had any experience in teaching will uphold me in saying, that the duties and responsibilities of the teacher are not excelled by those of any other occupation or profession. The duties and obligations which are incumbent on the teacher are necessarily arduous and tiresome; and without parents and guardians do all in their power to encourage the teacher in his labors, they never can see their children properly educated. The teacher is not an isolated being who is totally unconnected with his fellow men, whose highest duty consists in endeavoring to teach "the young idea how to shoot," without receiving even an encouraging smile to cheer him in his lonely work; but he is a being like other beings, who requires the co-operation of all the friends of education, in order to prosecute his labors successfully. If the parents and guardians of the Empire State have the education of "the rising generation at heart," if they wish to see their posterity elevated to positions which will be an honor to themselves and their country, they must co-operate in

every enterprise which has for its aim the advancement of the cause of education. The old adage that knowledge is power, is strictly true under all circumstances.— For without knowledge what is man?— He may be likened unto a blind person in a museum, surrounded by a countless variety of objects, which were wisely calculated to insure his happiness; but if he is intellectually blind, they conduce no more to his happiness than if they did not exist.

The next objection which I shall urge upon your attention, consists in the general neglect of parents to visit the schools, which are making life-long impressions upon the minds of their children. If one of these parents had a valuable young horse which he was hiring kept away from his own stable, he would hardly be persuaded to remain at home without once inquiring into the treatment which his animal was receiving. He would be anxious to know the kind of food with which his horse was supplied, and many other things which would contribute more or less to his proper development; but it is strange that so excessive a degree of confidence exists in that class of persons known as school teachers, that parents feel safe in trusting their children in their care for weeks, months, and sometimes years, without even inquiring with regard to their mental and moral food. No parent can say that he has performed his whole duty to the rising generation, until he has made a personal examination of the school which he is supporting. It not unfrequently happens that trustees expel their teacher, when they have not spent even one hour in examining the character of the school. No one can fail to see that this is a gross injustice to the teacher.— All those who are interested in the cause of education, should do all in their power to raise our common schools to that high and elevated position for which they were designed.

W. IRVING HALLOCK.

Clarendon, N. Y.

A FAIR EXCHANGE.—An Irish school mistress, honestly declared:—It's little they pay me, an' spere it's mighty little I teaches 'em.