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Poetry.

TO AN UNKNOWN BEAUTY.

BY JOHN BLANCHARD.

Firgh! I've gazed upon thy form but once,
I never heard the music of thy voice,
And yet my thoughts and dreams are all of thee;

Thine image bright has fallen on my heart,
Forever there to rest, indelible.
And I have dwelt with such deep earnestness
Upon the high and holy thoughts that beam
From out thy deep, dark eyes, and seem to rest
Upon thy fair young face, like bright rose-tints
Upon a twilight stream; and circ'le round
Thy classic brow like angel halo, that
Thou seem'st as dear and as familiar to my
Soul, as though life's path we'd trod together,
From earliest childhood.

Bright, give I child!

I know thy bosom is the chosen home,
Of pure and holy thoughts: from out the
woods,

And waters, and the sky, and air, and sea,
And all the earth;— from out the odor breath-

ing
Flowers, the ruby & skinned clouds of sunset;
From the bright radiance of day, and calm
Moonbeams of the holy night, and the thick
Darkness which floats under the solemn stars
Like dewy balm; from all the fruits and leaves,
And from the odorous winds, and the joy
And music-making birds, whose voices fill
The grand old forest aisles with floods of rich
And wondrous harmony, there breathe into
Thy soul, and it catch round thee like the soft
Waving winds of noon-day dreams, the spirit
Of the Beautiful!

Dear girl, may Heaven

Forever shower its richest blessings
On thy youthful head, and breathe its peace
And joy into thy guileless heart, as calm
Evening sheds its cooling dews on flower
And leaf; and breathes its holy incense o'er
The sleeping earth!

God keep thy soul from stain!

And away no sorrow, grief, or sin e'er cause
Thy heart to throb with pain. May angels
watch

Thy path through life, that no snare catch
thy feet;

Shield thee from the adverse winds of fate;
and
Keep thee ever true to Heaven, to Truth,
To Virtue and thyself!

May all thy days

Flow calmly on, like some unruffled stream
Kissed by the fragrant gales of love, until
They merge at last into the ocean of
eternal love!

Norham, August 11th, 1861.

GIVING OUT.

I do not forget that I am writing for an Educational instead of a Medical Journal, when I devote this paper to health rather than teaching young ideas how to shoot. Inasmuch as the spirit must be linked with the body to teach, or to be taught, it follows that Health is not a foreign subject to Education

I frequently see in Educational Journals and newspapers, suggestions about the health and physical training of pupils, but we seldom, if ever, see anything about the health of teachers, and yet the proportion of teachers who lose their health by teaching is probably greater than of scholars who lose it by studying.

How many teachers, after four or five years of faithful labor in their profession, find themselves as vigorous as when they commenced? The thin cheeks, and yellow, careworn faces testify sadly and positively enough.

The school work is a Minotaur to whose horrible hunger we are unresistingly sacrificing bright health and sweet peace. Where is the Theseus to free us from this sad bondage?

It would seem strange, almost incredible to people who have never had the severe experience, or have never observed the fact in others, that a few years' teaching could completely break down the health.

People generally have an idea that school teaching is a genteel, easy occupation, designed for men and women who are too lazy to work with their hands. A hard working, intelligent man said to me he saw no necessity for vacations, and thought them a waste of time. When I told him they were an absolute necessity to the teacher, to say nothing of the scholars, he looked at me in astonishment, not so much at the fact as at my audacity in saying so absurd a thing, and I thought he wore a half sneer on his face when he said, I could not convince him: was hard work to teach school. Many people understand no fatigue but muscular. Physical labor is no more like school teaching than potatoes are like strawberries.— School teaching deals with the nerves. It is a constant giving away of nervous vitality. One could endure the same, or ten-fold the amount of mental labor, for the same number of hours every day, in the quiet solitude of a pleasant library, without half the loss of nervous strength, and without feeling that exhaustion which is the inseparable shadow of school labors.

It is the constant supervision, the watchfulness and wakefulness, and anxiety, the

strenuous and unceasing efforts to bring all the minds around you into sympathy with their lessons, this unrelaxed stretch of the nerves which racks and destroys health. There are, it is true, many who come out unscathed, but they are those usually who have little interest in their business, who go through the routine almost mechanically, who bear little responsibility, have little supervision and have put all the soul they have in something else. The best teachers I have known or seen bore unmistakable marks of overwork. Is it possible to do this work well and save ourselves? Where is the Theseus who shall satisfy the Minotaur and save to us our sweet blessings?

As one who has had some experience, I may give a few suggestions, which though they may not reach the heart of the difficulty, may be of some value to those who discover that health shows symptoms of taking wings.

No teacher should be engaged more than six hours a day, even five would be a wise economy of strength; and the home before and after school should not be filled up with a thousand and one tedious things connected with school duties. Better than all gymnastics, when the teacher is exhausted, is a calm rest on a good bed. A little sleep, even in the middle of the day if it could be obtained would be a good medicine, or at least a pleasant forgetfulness of school duties in an easy chair. There is no doubt that a rest like this taken two or three times a day, is the best medicine for people in every business, especially where the brain is worked. But such moments should be a perfect oblivion of duties, a half slumber.

Another very essential rule to observe is to fortify one's self against worry.— Worry is the most dangerous thief of health, and we must securely lock him out if we would not have our treasures carried off. This worry is an insidious devil, who finds the school room the best field in the world for his temptations, and he has the greatest passion for school teachers. Resist him, drive him forth forever from your presence, and let serenity and sweet hope rule in his stead

H. M. P.

Boonville, April, 1861