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EDUCATIONALIST.

FIFTY CENTS A YEAR IN ADVANCE.]

"Knowledge is Power."

[AFTER THREE MONTHS ONE DOLLAR.]

VOLUME I.

BRIGHTON, CANADA WEST, FEBRUARY 1, 1861.

NUMBER 10

Poet's Corner.

THE MUSIC OF NATURE.

There's music in the whispering wind,
That bears at eventide
The fragrance of the scattered flowers,
That deck the mountain's side;
There's music in the gushing stream,
There's music in the sea—
There's not a spot but hears a tone
Of Nature's melody.

There's music in the distant roar,
That trembles on the breeze—
There's music in the surging tide
Of ruffled angry seas,
In every pealing thunder's voice,
That booms along the sky,
A tone was struck on Nature's harp—
And it is melody.

There's music in the wailing winds
That stir the slumbering night,
And shakes the sea foam from the locks
Of mermaids dancing light:
There's music in the early-breeze—
That bears on golden wing,
A thousand touching minstrelries
From washers of the spring.

The lark trills forth his strains above,
The sparrow on the ground;
On either side there's melody,
And no place silent sound.
The strings of Nature's harp are long,
From pole to pole they span,
Ten thousand minstrels touch the chords—
The listener is man.

UNCLE AMINADAB'S COURTSHIP.

BY ETHAN SPIKE.

Rebecca. Uncle Aminadab, why have you never married?

Aminadab. [An old man, with ancient apparel, claw-hammer coat, &c., seated by the fire, smoking, after a long pause, says] Bekaso I 'spose it wan't so writ.

R. Were you never in love?

A. In what?

R. In love—I mean were you never troubled with the tender passion?

A. What is the nater of that ere complaint, Becky?

R. Why, uncle Aminadab, what a question! It aint a complaint at all. It's a kind of all-overish sort of feeling—a combination of the pleasant and painful. Sometimes you seem to tread on sublimated air, and then or Scotch thistles—at one time you pity kings; at another, you envy beggars—

A. Stop—stop! I guess I know now—it's the fever'n ager. I had it in 18-18 out in York state. Them's very much the symptoms. Fust I was hot, then cold—lean'twice—fust, cold then hot, and ever so much better when they wan't on. Yes, I've had it.

R. [Laughing.] What a funny man you are, any how, uncle Aminadab. You

don't understand me at all. Love is the affection, the liking, you know, which a man feels for a woman, and vice-versa.

A. [Slowly, and knocking the ashes out of his pipe.] I don't know the vissy-assy, but I 'er experienced that ere likin.

R. O, uncle I wall, I never—then you have been in love—how droll! How many times? Come, now, be honest, uncle.

A. Does fancioes count?

R. What do you mean by fancioes, uncle?

A. I mean the natral pleasment of bein amingst the woman folks generally.

R. No, no. Only real likings, you know. Only those cases when you felt it would be a great satisfaction to be torn asunder by wild horses, or cut up in little bits for the sake of the loved one.

A. Wall, I never much keered about bein run onto by wild hosses, and I am agin choppin human critters into mince-meat, any how, but raily, them likins did kim it on me purty strong, Becky.

R. Well now, tell me all about it, won't you, uncle dear?

A. [Shaking his head and pretending to fill his pipe.] I wan't no great. But ef you want to know my adventers, I must tell you on 'em, I reckon. Forty-two year ago I was twenty-one years old. I might have had pick and choice of the gals in our neighborhood. But somehow or nuther, I did n't keer much about 'em, and beyond a goin hum' with 'em from singin school and sich like, I had n't much consarn with any on 'em. But about this time our old school marm got married, and the d'ectors went over to Weston and hired Deacon Spaulding's youngest darter to take her place. The vory fust time I sot eyes on Permely Spauldin, I felt that I was a goner. Suthin seemed to run right through me, and I kim purty near screechin' right out. At fust I did n't zactly know what ailed me,—did n't know but 't was a couple of watermillions that I'd been eatin, I tuck some peppermint and sillarat, but got no better purty fast. Howsomover, to make a long story short, I soon found out, 't was the school marm—not the melons—'t was a likin I—

R. Then you were really in love, uncle?

A. Wall, I dun no zactly whether I was in the ere—but I was in a particular strong likin, and it was very distressin, I tell yeon. I've had the tooth-ache, fever-nager—measles, tie—

R. Yes, yes, never mind about that. I'm dying to know how it came out.—You did n't marry her, of course?

A. Wall, no. Can't zactly say I did. But I never kim so near till't afore nor sence.

R. Oh, that's so nice! How near the hyneneal altar did you get, uncle?

A. I do n't know nothin about your highmen—all halters, but the change of a single syllable in a talk I had with that

ere gal would hev tired me up faster 'n a—[at a loss for a simile]—you get out!

R. Only-one syllable, uncle?

A. Nary another. This is the way it was. I kept a growin' more and more miserable till at last I kim to a dead ker-chnok, and I says to myself to onet, says I, Aminadab, says I, get out of misery, to onet, says I. I will, says I. This was of a Friday. The next night, Saturday, found me at Cap'n Enos Jenkins' parlor. (Permely boarded at Cap'n Enos's) with a pair of new butes and a well greased head. From seven to nine I talked with Cap'n Enos and Mrs. Cap'n Enos, makin eyes at Permely whenever I could get a chance. Bime by Cap'n Enos went off up stairs, and there was me and Permely all soul alone by our two selves! She sot on one side of the room, and I sot t'other, and there we sot and sot, till 't was ever so much o'clock, nyther sayin nothin to t'other. At last I got up and went to the winder to see if I could n't find suthin to suggest an idea, but I did n't see nothing but the gate, a cart, a heap of punkins and the moon. Arter flattenin my nose agin a glass a lenthly long spell, I turned right square round and says—the moon aint south yit by a jugfull, says I. One would naterly spose that would hev brought Permely out, but it did n't. She never stirred more 'n though she 'd bin a stork ov atun or a hethen idle. So thar we sot and sot agin.

R. O, gear, how funny! Ha, ha, ha, O, uncle Aminadab!

A. Funny? Wall, 't wan't any thing but funny to me. I'd a gin boot to a bin in a bumblebees' nest. Howsomover, I felt the time hed kim to do or die and I broke right out.

"Miss Spauldin," says I.

"Wal," says she.

"Permely," says I.

"Wall."

"Will you hev me?"

"No."

"You wont?"

"I wont."

"Good night," says I.

"Good night," says she.

That night I slept better 'n I'd done for three weeks. I'd got a trouble off my mind—if I had n't!

R. And do you call that near being married, uncle Aminadab?

A. Why, in course I do. She could hev said yes just as easy as no—but I'm glad she did n't. She turned out arterward to be a pesky scold, and married Isaiah Cumstock, poor Zaah—he took to drink, because Permely rattled in his ears like a kettle drum.

R. Now, uncle, let's have the other episode.

A. Tother what?

R. I mean the other love adventure.

A. Wall, for several years arter Permely mitted me, I made up my mind

that I did n't care a d—p for all the gals in the hull nation. I was wrong though, in my kalkulation. Liddy Baker, tuk the consait right out of me. When I seed her at spollin school one night, her eyes looked so blue, her hair so red, and her mouth was p—ukered up so pretty I wanted to bite her.

R. Why, uncle! bite her?

A. Sartinly—I'd a bit her in a minit. Saint Mike pears was nuthin to her.

[Here uncle Aminadab rests his hands upon his knees and falls to meditating.]

R. Well, uncle Minadab, [pinches him to arouse him.]

A. [The old man takes out his handkerchief and blows his nose very hard.] Wall, in short, I'd got the tikins agin; the wust kind, but I had n't forgot the time I hed when I ax'd Pernelly Spauldin, and though I'd a gin a sheep paster and the hill-side wood-lot to get that gal, I darsent go night her. I got melancholic and I lost my appetite; for better an' fortnight I could n't eat nothin but bread and turnips and milk and sassengers, with now and then a small pot-pie. I took to greasin my hair so dreadfully that mother had to look up the lard firkin. I also hollered in my sleep, and even tried to write poetry!

R. Ha, ha, ha! poetry! Say, uncle, did you really court the muses?

A. Who the nation is the muses, I'd like for to know. I never courted any body but Pernelly and Liddy—never heard of the muses. Whar'd they live?

R. Oh, dear, uncle Aminadab, how stupid you are! I only meant to ask if you really did essay to mount Pegasus.

A. Big—what?

R. My patience! did you really try to make verses—there, do you understand that?

A. Oh, yes, yes, I understand; now you talk English. Yes, I did try, but I do n't think I had a natril gift for it. Ef I had poetry in me 't was drefle hard to get out, seemed to stick and hang powerful—must have ben of the crooked, tangly kind—'t want what they call flowin, any way. At last, I was inspirated, I know. I was asleep when I was took, and waked up with a hull varse chalked out on my brain, but 't was awful cold, so I did n't git up and write it off, as I'd orter. Next mornin all I could remember was—

"Oh, Liddy, ah, Liddy,—Oh, Liddy, blithe!"

Then I broke, and for two weeks I couldn't find a rhyme that seemed appropriate. Chickadee, bumblebee, apple-tree, and sich like was continually runnin through my mind; at last I struck off boldy, and fetched off another line, thus—

"You shall be my chicky, chicky, waddy."
Beyond this I could n't go; I gin up poetry and tried prims, but though I gits a quibe of paper, I never could git farder'n Miss Baker: I take my pen in hand, and then I ollers out like a dead co'ard; I never could go on to tell what I did in a hand for.

R. Well, uncle, what did you do then? Did you finally propose?

A. Well, I did, and sort o' did 't. Pernelly speakin, I did n't; by proxy, I did.

R. By proxy!—how was that?

A. Well, you see Moses Pendergrass and me had ollers lun-very sociable—ollers told one another every thing—so one day, arter I'd gin up tryin to write, I ups and tells Moss all about it. An says I to Moss, says I, had n't you jest a liv ask her for me, says I. He said he hed. So to make a long story short, one bitter cold night in January, Moss and I started for the house where Liddy lived. It was agreed that I should stay in the wood-shed, while Moss went in and sot matters all right. Moss knocked at the door and went in, and I sot down on a choppin-log to wait the issoc. Moss thought he could fix things in half an hour, an as 't was eight o'clock when he went in; I kalkulated on bein in Paradise about half arter; but there 't sot an sot till I heard the clock strike nine, then I hed to git up and stomp my feet and thrash my hands to keep from freezin.—Ten o'clock then—leven o'clock, and still no Moss! At last, just about midnight, when I'd got to be little less than a frozen tater; about he kums. I rushed up to him, and with a shakin voice, "Mo—Moss," says I, "what—at dus she s-a-y?" says I.

"Aminadab," says he, "pon my word, I forgot to ask her."

R. And what then, uncle?

A. Why the mean fox went and zarried her hisself!

INTERESTING EGYPTIAN DISCOVERIES.

Dr. Simonides announces the discovery in the Egyptian Museum of Liverpool, of the following papyrus manuscripts:—

1st.—A portion of eight chapters of the Book of Genesis, written on papyrus in the Alexandrian style of Greek capital letters, which, from the purity of the text, and the quality of the papyrus, (being first class, and that called sacred,) I conclude to belong to the first century before Christ.

2nd.—The Ten Commandments, written in Greek and Egyptian Demotic characters in parallel columns, belonging also to the first century before Christ.

3rd.—The Voyages of Annon, King of Carthage. This MS. is more correct than any yet known, and bears evidence of being written about the same period as the foregoing, viz: the century before Christ.

4th.—The first page of a work by Aristotus, written in the first century after Christ.

5th.—A fragment containing a few lines of ethical writings from the Oracles of Zoroaster Magus, of the first century after Christ.

6th.—Fragments of historical writings, author unknown, but very interesting, from the fact that they contain historical and geographical information never yet known. Written about the second century after Christ.

The following is given as the new mode of parsing, down east, I court. Court is a verb active, indicative present tense, and agrees with all the girls in the neighbourhood.

HOPE FOR THE FUTURE!

They say that Friendship is but a name,
That truth dwelleth not below,
They say that Pride soon reideth shame,
And Joy but precedeth woe.

Let them croak if they will, but what care I,
While the heavens o'er me are bright!
Let them look for clouds in their own dark sky,
While my path is beaming with light!

There may be sorrow—there may be tears,
There may be anguish and gloom;
But why should we hasten by boding fears,
The cares that will come too soon.

Enough 'tis for me, to know that now
The sun o'er my pathway beams bright,
That care has yet left no trace on my brow,
And my heart is happy and light.

Enough to believe there are friends whose love
Is more than an empty name,
And fond hearts, whose truth will forever
prove,
Unfading and still the same:—

Enough to know that a Father's hand
Guides and controls us through all,
Without whose notice and whose command,
Not e'en a sparrow shall fall,—

Enough that He, who doth send the storm,
Is able its wrath to quell,
Enough that He can shield us from harm,
And "His doeth" all things well!

To the Editor of the Educationalist:

ETERNITY OF MATTER.

(Continued from page 52.)

That there is a God, is whispered (by the breeze—painted in the flower—murmured by the ocean—thundered by the elements, and chanted by the spheres. In the mechanism of nature is seen His wisdom to design and skill to execute, nor are they less manifest in the variety and multiplicity of these productions than in the unity and harmony of the whole. Yet, while nature is pregnant with the evidences of wisdom and goodness, we fail in the search after traces of His justice, or His grace. On these topics our knowledge is all revealed. It would therefore be unreasonable to expect that man, the creature, should fully comprehend or understand, much less intelligibly describe God the Creator: nor can we explain the constitution of mind, the union of mind and matter, or how that union is maintained, for such knowledge would be the same as making the part equal to, or greater than the whole—the knowledge we possess greater than the casket that contains it. For these reasons to us the nature of God is a mystery—a mystery that will never be unfolded. Hence His revealed word is our only sure guide.—That Word never flinched from mortal's gaze. It challenges investigation, and the more we become acquainted with its sacred pages the more will we rely upon its truthfulness. It is not set forth as a system of philosophy; yet when it is absolutely at variance with the teachings of philosophy, we owe the Bible our evidence. On those, therefore, who differ from the Bible do yourselves the burden of proof. On the above

lute creation of matter, I regard its teachings to be sufficiently explicit to satisfy the mind of every thoughtful inquirer after truth. In support of this view numerous passages of Scripture might be adduced, but I presume, Mr. Editor, that your readers are already sufficiently acquainted with those passages, and I will, therefore, present evidence from another source.

3rd.—The non-eternity of matter implies no impossibility. Rev. Richard Watson, the Author of the Wesleyan Theological Institutes says:—What seems to have led to the notion of a pre-existent and eternal matter out of which the world was formed, was the supposed impossibility of a creation from nothing, according to the maxim "*ex nihilo nihil fit*" (from nothing nothing can be produced.) The philosophy was however bad, because as no contradiction was implied in the ascribing to God the power to create out of nothing; it was a matter of choice, whether to allow what was merely not comprehensible by man, or to put limitations without reason to the power of God.

Since it is certain that imperfect beings can themselves produce some things out of nothing pre-existing, as new cogitations, new local motion, and new modifications of things corporeal, it is surely reasonable to think that an absolutely perfect being can do something more; i.e. create new substances, or give them their whole being. But for a substance to be made out of nothing by God, is not for it to be made out of coming in the impossible sense, because it comes from Him who is all. Nor can it be said to be impossible for anything whatever to be made by that which hath not only infinitely greater perfection, but also infinitely active power. But nothing is in itself impossible, which does not imply a contradiction. and though it be a contradiction for a thing to be and not to be at the same time, surely there is no contradiction in conceiving an imperfect being, which was not afterwards to be.

4th:—Every man bears in himself the proof of a creation out of nothing.

From the same Author:—That sensation, intelligence, consciousness, and volition are not the result of any modifications of figure and motion, is a truth as evident as that consciousness is not swift, nor volition square. If then these be the powers or properties of a being distinct from matter, which we think capable of the completest proof, every man who does not believe that his mind has existed and been conscious from eternity, must be convinced that the power of creation has been exerted on himself. If it be denied that there is any immaterial substance in man, still it must be confessed that (as matter is not essentially conscious and cannot be made so by any organization) there is some real thing or entity (call it what you please) which has either existed and been conscious from eternity, or been in time brought from non-entity into existence by an exertion of infinite power. Hence we see that creation

out of nothing implies no contradiction, and the acknowledgment of it must be forced from every man by his own experience, unless he will contend that that conscious being himself may have existed from eternity, without being conscious of existence except for the space of a few years past.

The above argument will bear scrutiny, especially its latter clause. I would like to know how those who believe matter to be eternal, would evade its force. G. Y.

(To be concluded.)

THE WILL.

How many times have we heard both parents and teachers say, such a child must have his will broken—he is too headstrong. Is the will ever broken? It may be made to bend, but never, it is never broken. "If John was not so willful, he would do well enough," say the parent and teacher, when every success that crowns his endeavors, is the fruit of the will. Guide this heaven-born gift, aid the child in placing this firm, strong lever beneath good and noble purposes, and much will be accomplished. When the Will joins hands with Reason and Religion, its power will be for good.—Strong will is the great characteristic of all those who have achieved power, either for good or evil, in the world's history.—The will is the most prompt and decisive faculty of the mind, and impedes to immediate action.

It is necessary for the teacher to possess this firmness of purpose, that he may cultivate the same in his pupils. If they find a will to meet each duty faithfully, they will be inspired with the same feeling in their duties.

I have often seen this spirit cultivated in a class. For instance: Not long since a difficult problem was given a class, with this remark: Who will have the will to overcome the difficulty? The tinder was struck, a strong purpose lighted even the most indolent eye. The morrow came, and the question, How many have failed? brought up many hands. "Then in this class there is no will-never to move obstructions. Shall I say you give it up?" For a moment there were glances passed from one and another in the class, and then an emphatic "No" fell upon my ear. One, more excitable than the others, started from his seat, saying, "I will, I will have it," and more than one heart responded, aye. The next recitation did not bring failures. The great river of the will passed the barrier, and in its right channel moved on towards the ocean of power. It is not one lesson gained, but strength for future efforts. Teacher, it is for you to direct these efforts. Your purposes, directed in the path of knowledge, virtue and truth, will aid your pupils. If you are feeble, inefficient, lacking in that power which wills, and it is done, your pupils will be your prototype. How many times I have seen the teacher wanting in this vital mental principle, and the student possessing a sufficient quantity, using it in every way possible to aggravate his teacher, while the teacher deplored the willfulness of human nature.

Not long since I accompanied a teacher

on her visit to the parents of a boy of nine summers, who had been playing truant. It was the second offence. We found the father at home, and immediately introduced the object of our call. With tears he answered, "I have tried to make Johnny be a good boy, but he will not.—I have punished him, and it does no good. If you will correct him, I shall be very much obliged. I cannot do anything more with him, I fear he is ruined."—*A boy of mine.* Was the boy to blame for possessing a power stronger than this specimen of a man? There was no home will to guide and aid the little fellow in his purposes. He must use the power.—He willed to do wrong, and did wrong because the weak father did not teach the will to do right. Nature teaches us to cultivate the will; not to make it the tool of wicked purposes, but the acting force for good.—E. A. R., in *N. Y. Teacher.*

COLORING MATTER OF FLOWERS.

Some interesting researches on vegetable coloring matters have lately been concluded by M. Fihol, of Paris. He has extracted the coloring matter from white flowers, and finds it to possess the following qualities.—It is a clear yellow solid, soluble in water, alcohol and ether, and furnishes very beautiful lake colors with metallic oxides, and can be used for painting and dyeing fabrics of a bright and very durable yellow. It has been named xanthogene. The colors of red and blue flowers are found to be due to a similar proximate principle, which will be blue in flowers with a neutral juice, and red or rose colored in those where the juice is acid. The name of this coloring matter is cyanine, a solid uncrystallizable body, soluble in water, and capable of being applied to many uses in painting. In yellow flowers two distinct coloring substances have been found, named respectively xanthine and xanthene. Another body, named crocoxanthine, is also met with in all species of the genus *Crocus*. It is a solid, uncrystallizable body, of a beautiful golden yellow color, which is neither altered by acids nor alkalis; it is soluble in water and alcohol, but insoluble in ether; it produces, with some metallic oxides, beautiful lake colors; and can be fixed upon fabrics, where its tinctorial power is remarkable. M. Fihol, in a memoir read before the Academy of Sciences, gives some valuable hints on the preservation of fresh flowers. We may preserve many flowers for a long time in a fresh state by enclosing them in sealed tubes. At the end of some days all the oxygen of the air confined in the tubes will have disappeared, and will have become replaced by carbonic acid. If we introduce into the tubes a little quicklime it removes, from the flowers some of their humidity, which facilitates their preservation. Lime also takes up the carbonic acid, and the flower thus becomes placed in pure nitrogen. All flowers are not preserved alike by this process; yellow flowers are those which are altered the least.—*Scientific Am.*

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THE EDUCATIONALIST.

FEBRUARY 1, 1861

TEACHING.

It is now admitted that school teaching is a science founded on the nature of man, and in order to its being properly performed any individual should make human nature his study and make himself familiar with the accumulated experience of mankind. If it would be considered as foolish and absurd for an individual to practice law or medicine without the study and previous preparation necessary to amputate a limb, or conduct a legal case, it surely cannot be less foolish and absurd for an individual to attempt to develop the intellectual and moral powers of a child without previous study and preparation. Every farmer knows how little value, comparatively, he assigns to the skill and labour of a man who has not been brought up on a farm and who has had no experience in agricultural pursuits, and will he entrust the education of the child of a hope to be educated and trained by those who are ignorant of the difficult but delightful task of rearing the tender thought. I know of no task more difficult than that of teaching and governing a school as it should be. Every father knows that in the same family, when subjected to the same course of moral and physical training, his children manifest the greatest difference in talent and dispositions. And in this diversity of character is manifested the wisdom of the Creator. For it is certainly not to be desired that all men and women should be cast in the same intellectual mould any more than that all should have the same

stature and outline of features and countenances; for if it were so how could the ever varying diversity of places and callings be filled and every sphere of action supplied. As this variety then exists in a school more than in a family, it requires great skill on the part of a teacher to manage the various phases of capacity and character which are found in the school, by inspiring the indolent and sluggish with a greater vivacity, and moulding the ardent and enthusiastic to a calm and deliberate turn of mind. As one star differs from another in magnitude and splendor, so in the intellectual firmament one mind may outshine another, and yet both alike be perfect in their sphere and fulfil the mission assigned them by the all wise and good Creator. Milton, the immortal poet and himself a teacher, called that education complete which fitted a man to perform justly, skilfully, and magnanimously, all the offices, both private and public, of peace and war. But he lived in a time when education was limited in extent and enjoyed comparatively by few, and a man may now be considered sufficiently educated, and great, both intellectually and morally, who has filled no distinguished office either of peace or war.—Let us for a few moments take a nearer view of the object of education. Of all living creatures ushered into the world, man, in his earlier years, is the most helpless. Endowed with faculties which, when educated and trained, enable him to traverse the universe and comprehend its mechanism, he is at first a helpless stranger to all the wonders that surround him. By and by his faculties expand, but the extent of their expansion depends almost entirely on education and training. The views of the uneducated mind are narrow and contracted, and when left without formal instruction it soon becomes stationary and clouded by errors and prejudice. But when education is brought to bear upon the intellect, it awakens its powers and conducts it along the straight path of true wisdom, developing and unfolding its energies, and bounding its desires by immortality alone. Besides it is business of education to lay the foundation of that self-culture which communicates the power of self-government and reduces to harmony all the powers of the soul.

As education is diffused the means of rational and intellectual enjoyment are multiplied and the temptations to vice and sensuality are diminished. And here we may remark, that it is much to be desired that cultivation of manners should form a portion of our Common School education and training.—For as has been remarked by a celebrated English manufacturer, good manners when rightly considered are but the silent though active expression of Christian feelings and dispositions. The gentleness, the tenderness, the delicacy, the patience, the forbearance, the fear of giving pain, the

repression of all angry and resentful feelings, the respect and consideration due to a fellow man, and which every one ought to be ready to pay and expect to receive.—What is all this but the very spirit of courtesy? What is it but a portion of the spirit of Christianity? And what is there in all this that is not equally an ornament to the prince and the peasant? And the training in all this would be fitly embraced in every scheme of universal education. But how often are individuals to be met with who consider that a child is educated when he can read, write, and cipher. But surely it will not require much reflection to convince any thoughtful mind, that a child may be able to write and cipher, and yet know as little of his own frame, of the laws of his intellectual and moral nature, the constitution of the material world, and of the past history of his country and race than if he had never entered a school—and yet he is said to be educated. A mere knowledge of reading, writing, and ciphering surely cannot entitle a child to be called educated.

IMMEDIATE RESULTS.

The great demand upon the teacher for immediate results, and the almost universal tendency to judge him by such results alone, constitute one of the greatest obstacles in the way of an accurate and thorough progress in education. A noble building does not spring up, gaudy and showy, "in a night;" it requires long and severe toil, and much care and pains to lay firm and lasting foundations for a substantial edifice; and, for a long time, the labor makes no show, and a careless observer might suppose it to be useless.—The oak, the hickory, and every other hardy tree, come to their maturity slowly; to one who cannot afford to wait, their process of growth seems tedious, and far less satisfactory than that of the locust or the white pine.

So, it requires a longer time, and more persevering and intelligent labor on the part of a teacher, to educate a pupil in the literal sense of the term, to give him the power of using his own faculties and of thinking and judging for himself; than are necessary in giving him a thorough drill over the prescribed pages of a certain book, committing to memory a certain number of rules or facts, and learning the performance of certain set problems.—And then the former kind of teaching makes less show at examination, than a glib, thoughtless recitation, where every question is promptly put and promptly answered. The result is less gratifying to those who judge from present appearances only; and so the philosophical, pains-taking teacher is often condemned, while he who is willing to follow the beaten track of the book, like the horse grinding in the mill, gains the applause of unthinking parents, and, too often, of those who should know better, the School Committee. Thus, we sacrifice permanent and valuable results for a poor exhibition of word memory.—*Massachusetts Teacher.*

EXERCISE FOR GIRLS.

Did any of our readers ever meet a girls' school taking their accustomed exercise—is there not something excessively ludicrous in the idea of some thirty or forty girls walking primly and demurely to a certain point, then right about face and back again? The timid step, the regular methodic movement, which I have heard waggishly compared to the mode of progress of an ordinary sixteen-legged caterpillar; the sedate tone of voice, each one talking with becoming decorum with the one with whom she walks abreast, perhaps catechising one another on the eccentricities of some French verb or ascertaining the degree of proficiency each has attained in Magnall's Questions,—how can this minister to health? But the medical attendant of the school recommends exercise; and is not walking across the common and back, exercise? Of course it is! what more would you have? Why, if that very worthy lady, the school-mistress, would allow me to have the charge of her pupils on the next forenoon's walk, (I believe it is not orthodox to take a walk every day in the week,) I think I could put them in a way of getting exercise by which they would be much more benefitted, much more pleased, and come home with rosier cheeks and more eager appetites, than is now the case.

Probably at the schools where these girls are, there are several teachers, and perhaps some of the teachers may have some little knowledge of botany, so I would suggest that the teacher should ask two or three of the girls to bring her some wild flowers from their next afternoon's walk, with the promise held out that she would afterwards tell something about them, and I must further petition that the girls be no longer compelled to walk two by two, methodically, but be allowed to roam and ramble at large—of course, taking care they do not get out of sight of their teachers. I admit that the effect of all the girls rambling along a country lane—some looking into the hedge bottom on this side, and others straggling to the other side of a broad, green lane, would not have the same fine effect which is produced by the formal procession along the dusty pathway of the common; but I think it would impress any one who saw them with the idea that the girls were at ease, and were out for enjoyment; whereas the stiff and prim set-out which we are accustomed to see, rather gives one the idea that they had said their lessons badly, and are doing penance for it, exposed to the public gaze.

—Book of the Country.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION.

We find in an exchange the following commonsense views, which we wish were more generally heeded by those upon whom devolves the solemn duty of educating the rising generation:

At the present time, when intellectual activity marks our entire population, and when our children have more active brains than muscle, proper physical education should be regarded as of the very first importance.

Let your boy be fog his whole being, physical, mental, and moral, with tobacco, and however well directed the care bestowed upon him by his teachers, the result of this unfortunate physical habit will pain your heart some time, though you may not know the cause. Let your child go from a highly seasoned dinner of gross meats, mince pie, and coffee, of oysters, sardines, and wine, to the school-room, and while this unnatural food is in process of digestion, attempt to study, and it is like loading a race-horse with heavy weights before putting him on the course. But to require a child of five, seven, or ten years to think vigorously and closely, is like commanding him to cut his own throat. Let children think naturally and freely. Make knowledge attractive to them, but never cultivate the mind at the expense of the body. The prevalent sentimentality that makes it vulgar to regard the well-being of the body, is fraught with ruinous consequences. We want Professors of Physiology of Romping and Fun, in our public schools, as much as we want Professors of Mathematics or of the Natural Sciences. Children in their sports, want the vigorous influence of joyful and untrammelled maturity, and they would have it, were there *less false dignity* in the world. A good scholar, who is *nothing else* but a good scholar, may exist without health, but a truly noble man, instinct with expanded moral and intellectual life, even in temper and holy in emotions, to whom knowledge is a servant, and research a pastime, to whom one is not a task-master, and the other a task—such a one cannot exist without sound *health*.

JAPAN LANGUAGE.

The language of Japan is a mellifluous polysyllabic language, and has not much in it that resembles Chinese. True, there has been some engraftings from that great continent, but the Chinese has not so much affinity to Japanese as French has to the English. The alphabet with which Japanese is written has been borrowed from the Chinese, by taking certain characters from their sound only. These alphabetic symbols are forty-eight in number, and by combinations of them all words are spelled, somewhat after our method, but I think the introduction of the Roman alphabet would be a great benefit to the nation—for it is admirably suited to write their language and to express its sounds. It is common to print all the Chinese classics in Japan in large Chinese characters, and to print the Japanese meaning in small Japanese characters by its side. I have now before me a set so printed, which I got in Japan.—The salutation—*ohio* (the final *o* not sounded,) is the equivalent of good day; the common drink of the people is *clua*,

tea, or *mecalso*, water, or *sakee*, arrack, the boys in the streets are all *muscoe*, and the girls are all *mosemay*; the men are all *otoko*, and the women all *onago*; the commonest designation applied to Mrs. Jonkins, who, to the astonishment of the Japanese, accompanied me everywhere, in streets, shops, houses and temples, was *epi-jo-ka*, very handsome; and indeed one Japanese went so far as to propose an amount of money to buy her of me, while the little girls would come up the hill after her in dozens; and some would remain till we had to tell them to come back tomorrow, and then, after giving her a lesson in Japanese, they would depart with a polite bow and *si-o-na-ra*, good bye.

EARTH'S FASSIONS.

Earth's fassions never have changed.—Glorious too, the sky above her, in its vesture of fadeless blue and studding of brazen brilliants. The race run mad after new fashions, and brains are racked for new styles. But earth wears the ones she wore six thousand years ago. It annually fades, and leaf and bloom drop from its field, but the mysterious alchemy of the season retouches the garment with the same varied and beautiful coloring.—Not a leaf, or blade, or flower, has changed. The sky has the same blue, and the stars are as bright as when they sang together in the morning of creation. The lillies of the valley—they toil not, neither do they spin—yet the creations of art cannot vie with their beauty. How calmly and how grandly nature marches on to the music of the winds, the streams, the songs of birds, and the falling of the rain, her night journeyings lit by the "lamp on high," and the sunbeams of the days, glistening her peaceful armor of flowers and foliage and shimmering waters. Her banners rustle in the winds of summer, and in autumn, rent but still gorgeous and flaunting, sweeping by to the beat of the flail and the reaper's song, and the dreamy piping of the crickets in the fields. We are glad that earth's fashions never change.—*Wisconsin Chief*.

EVERY WORD TRUE.—It is a great and prevalent error, that children may be left to run wild in every sort of company and temptations for several years and then it will be time enough to break them in. This mistake makes half our spend-thrifts, gamblers, thieves and drunkards. No man would deal so with his garden or lot; no man would raise a colt or puppy on such a principle. Take notice, parents—unless you till the new soil and throw in the good seed, the devil will have a crop of poison weeds before you know what is taking place. Look at your dear children, and think whether you will leave their safety or ruin at hazard, and whether you should not train them up in the way they should go.

The school children of Switzerland have purchased, for \$11,000, the Grutli, the birthplace of Tell, where he and three others conspired for the deliverance of his country from its oppressors. The place is to be consecrated to national uses.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

BY LONGFELLOW.

Between the dark and daylight
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of the door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,
Descending the broad half stair,
Grave Alice and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper and then a silence;
Yet I know by their merry eyes,
They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall!
By the three doors left unguarded
They enter my castle wall!

They climb up into my turret,
Over the arms and back of my chair;
If I try to escape, they surround me;
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Ingeln
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine!

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old moustache as I am
Is not a match for you all?

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not you depart,
But put you down in the dungeons
In the round tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever,
You, forever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And moulder in dust away!

ADJUSTMENTS OF NATURE.

It has been remarked by several authors that everything is made to answer some useful end, and Dr. Paley has not only shown this, but has also shown that everything carries with it *prima facie* evidence of design and of the existence of a designer. He beautifully illustrates this by the comparison drawn between the watch and the stone. The first instance we notice in the adjustments of nature is in the simple substance, Water. What does man more need than water! He also needs it in large quantities, not only to quench his thirst and moisten his parching tongue, but also for the purpose of irrigation and the purification of the vitiated air; and for this great want we find a corresponding supply. Three-fourths of the surface of the earth is covered with water, and this by experience we find to be none too much. The rain formed from the evaporation of this vast expanse of water, costs no baneful influence upon the soil either by its extreme lack of plenty—there is a just proportion. We also need a large amount of water for cooling the warmer and warming the cooler portions of the earth, as well as for aiding in keeping the air in motion. But how does it come that there is just the right quantity? It is an adjustment of nature; a design of the great Creator.

Science has proved that water is composed of two elements, (oxygen and hydrogen,) which, if mixed in the right proportions, fires instantly with a terrific explosion.— Now how comes it that water happens to be just what it is, an extinguisher of fire, instead of a frightful combustible which from its quantity and general diffusion, would envelop the globe in a blaze in the twinkling of an eye. This is certainly an adjustment of nature, not only for the comfort of man, but also for the perpetuation of his species. A handsome adaptation of means to ends is seen in the bones of animals. How nicely are all the bones formed and placed for the motions they are intending to make. The thigh and shoulder points are of the ball and socket order, while at the knee and elbow the hinge joint is placed. Now how would it answer to have the ball and socket joint at the knee where a motion in but one place is needed, and the hinge joint at the thigh where motions in every direction are required? The Atheist will tell you that the bones were made, and the motions an effect of their peculiar construction; but we hold that the motions were adapted to the performance of labor and exercise, and that the motions were the *cause* and not the *effect* of this arrangement of the bones, and that in their arrangements there was a design, viz: the performance of labor. The bones of animals are so well adapted to the uses and habits of the animal, that Cuvier, the great zoologist and naturalist, could, by handing him the bone of an animal, tell its peculiarities, its form and size, whether it lived in the water or out, whether it was a flesh or vegetable consuming animal. Professor Agassiz projected an animal from a couple of bones, answering exactly to an animal found in the rock, which had lain there for perhaps ages before the creation of man.

Another instance in the adjustment of nature is in the amount of fuel everywhere laid up, both upon the surface and in the bowels of the earth. When fuel cannot be obtained upon the surface, we find a full compensation in coal, which has been laid up for ages past, or since that time when the earth was so verdant as to produce material for the inexhaustible coal beds, known by geologists as the carboniferous period. Now if this were one of the spots of chance, how, I ask, does it come that the mass of our timber is the fir, the hickory and the stately oak, instead of the bitter smoking willow, the bramble or the aspen—something that could not serve the uses of men. Or why was not the coal half phosphorus, or some other equally combustible material instead of what it is—a thing suited to the wants of man for which it was designed. Man wants heat for the production of which he must have fuel, and this has been provided for by the great Creator, who has given him the oak, the cedar and coal, instead of the stunted smoking, useless willow, or the flashing phosphorus. A man must be blind to reason, and a child of superstition and bigotry, if he cannot see an evidence of design in the works of nature around him. Have we indeed become so blunt in perception that we must, like the poetic and philosophic Shelley, who, in one of his best poems, exclaims, "There is no God."

We might cite another instance in the adjustments of nature, in the comparative abundance of the metals. We find iron of the most utility, and for this very cause we find it the most abundant.— Gold, did it cover the earth, would neither make the ploughshare nor the spade, not to mention the piston rod for the steam engine, the railroad track or the ponderous cannon. Iron is suitable for all the purposes of machinery, whereas gold is not, not only from its scarcity, but from its nature. If chance had had the adjustments of nature, we very much doubt whether she would not have substituted gold or some other soft material instead of the rigid iron. The Creator has also endowed it with a number of properties together, which no other metal possesses, viz: ductility, malleability, rigidity, tenacity and non-fusibility, to a great degree. Iron is the most useful and therefore the most abundant. Grass is plenty, because it forms the principal food of animals. We find that everything is abundant in proportion as it is needed; we may apparently find some exceptions, but a due knowledge will prove the rule. We might, indeed, follow up the adjustments of nature from one thing to another, *ad infinitum*, and in everything we would see laid upon in characters of light, clear manifestations of a Supreme Being.

A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE.

A MOTHER teaching her child to pray, is an object at once the most sublime and tender that the imagination can conceive. Elevated above earthly things, she seems like one of those guardian angels, the companions of our earthly pilgrimage, through whose ministrations we are incited to good and restrained from evil. The image of the mother becomes associated in his mind with the invocation she taught him to his "Father who is in heaven." When the seductions of the world assail his youthful mind, that well remembered prayer to his "Father who is in heaven," will strengthen him to resist evil. When in riper years he mingles with mankind, and encounters fraud under the mask of honesty, when he sees confiding goodness betrayed, generosity ridiculed as weakness, unbridled hatred, and the coolness of interested friendship, he may indeed be tempted to despise his fellow men; but he will remember his "Father who is in heaven."

Should he, on the contrary, abandon himself to the world, and allow the seed of self-love to spring up and flourish in his heart, he will, notwithstanding, sometimes hear a warning voice in the depths of his soul, severely tender as those maternal lips which instructed him to his "Father who is in heaven." But when the trials of life are over, and he may be extended on the bed of death, with no other consolation but the peace of an approving conscience, he will recall the scenes of his infancy, the image of his mother, and with tranquil confidence will resign his soul to Him who died that he might live—the Redeemer of the world.—*Selected.*

SLEEP.

Dr. Cornell, of Philadelphia, contributes to the November number of the *Educator* an article on sleep, from which we make the following brief extracts:

No one who wishes to accomplish great things should deny himself the advantages of sleep or exercise. Any student will accomplish more, year by year, if he allows himself seven or eight hours to sleep, and three or four for meals and amusements, than if he labors at his books or with his pen ten or twelve hours a day.

It is true that some few persons are able to perform much mental labor, and to study late at night and yet sleep well. Some require but little sleep. But such individuals are very rare. General Pichegru informed Sir Gilbert Blane, that during a whole year's campaign, he did not sleep more than one hour in twenty-four. Sleep seemed to be at the command of Napoleon, as he could sleep and wake apparently at will.

M. Guizot, minister of France under Louis Philippe, was a good sleeper. A late writer observes that his facility for going to sleep after extreme excitement and mental exertion was prodigious, and it was fortunate for him that he was so constituted, otherwise his health would have suffered. A minister in France ought not to be a nervous man; it is fatal to him if he is. After the most boisterous and tumultuous sittings, at the Chamber, after being baited by the opposition in the most savage manner—there is no milder expression for their excessive violence—he arrives home, throws himself upon a couch, and sinks immediately into a profound sleep, from which he is undisturbed till midnight, when proofs of the *Moniteur* are brought to him for inspection.

The most frequent and immediate cause of insanity, and one of the most important to guard against, is the want of sleep. Indeed, so rarely do we see a recent case of insanity that is not preceded by want of sleep, that it is regarded as almost a sure precursor of mental derangement.

Notwithstanding strong hereditary predispositions, ill health, loss of kindred or property, insanity rarely results, unless the exciting causes are such as to produce a loss of sleep. A mother loses her only child, the merchant his fortune, the politician, the scholar, the enthusiast, may have their minds powerfully excited. Yet if they sleep well, they will not become insane. No advice is so good, therefore, to those who have recovered from an attack, or to those who are in delicate health, as that of securing, by all means, sound, regular and refreshing sleep.—*Scientific American*.

LIBRARY HALL AT THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

While at the Cape of Good Hope, Prince Alfred laid the foundation stone of the nation's home, and inaugurated a new library hall, where Sir George Gray delivered an address, which was approved of by the Attorney General.

INTERCOURSE AT THE TABLE.

To meet at the breakfast table father, mother, children, all well, ought to be a happiness to any heart; it would be a source of humble gratitude, and should wake up the warmest feelings of our nature. Shame upon the contemptible and low-bred cur, whether parent or child, that can ever come to the breakfast-table, where the family have met in health, only to frown, and whine, and growl, and fret! It is *prima facie* evidence of a mean, and grovelling, and selfish, and degraded nature, whoesoever the churl may have sprung. Nor is it less reprehensible to make such exhibitions at the table; for before the morning comes some of the little circle may be stricken with some deadly disease, to gather around that table not again forever.

Children in good health, if left to themselves at the table, become after a few mouthfuls, garrulous and noisy, but if within all reasonable or better bounds it is better to let them alone; they eat less, because they do not eat so rapidly as if compelled to keep silent, while the very exhilaration of spirits quickens the circulation of the vital fluids, and energizes digestion and assimilation. The extremes of society curiously meet in this regard. The tables of the rich and the nobles of England are models of mirth, wit, and bonhomie; it takes hours to get through a repast, and they live long. If anybody will look in upon the negroes of a well-to-do family in Kentucky while at their meals, they cannot but be impressed with the perfect abandon of jabber, cackination, glee and mirth; it seems as if they could talk all day, and they live long. It follows, then that at the family table all should meet, and do it habitually, to make a common interchange of high bred courtesies, of warm affections, of cheering mirthfulness, and that generousities of nature which lift us above the brutes which perish, promotive as these things are of good digestion, high health, and long life.—*Hall's Journal of Health*.

MEN OF LITERARY GENIUS.

Tasso's conversation was neither gay nor brilliant. Dante was either taciturn or satirical. Butler was sullen or biting. Gray seldom talked or smiled. Hogarth and Swift were very absent-minded in company. Milton was very unsociable, and even irritable, when pressed into conversation. Kirwan, though copious and eloquent in public addresses, was meager and dull in colloquial discourse. Virgil was heavy in conversation. La Fontaine appeared heavy, coarse and stupid; he could not speak and describe what he had just seen; but then he was the model of poetry. Chaucer's silence was more agreeable than his conversation. Dryden's conversation was slow and dull, his humor saturnine and reserved. Corneille in conversation was so insipid that he never failed in wearing; he did not even speak correctly that language of which he was such a master. Ben Johnson used to sit silent in company and suck his wine and their humors. Southey was stiff, sedate, and wrapped up in asceticism.

Addison was good company with his intimate friends, but in mixed company he preserved his dignity by a stiff and reserved silence. Fox in conversation never flagged, his animation and variety were inexhaustible. Dr. Bentley was loquacious, so also was Grotius. Goldsmith wrote like an angel, and talked like Poor Poll. Burke was entertaining, enthusiastic, and interesting in conversation. Curran was a convivial deity. Leigh Hunt was like a pleasant stream in conversation. Carlyle doubts, objects, and constantly demurs.

THE TEACHER.

The modern school-master is expected to know a little of everything, because his pupil is required not to be entirely ignorant of anything. He must be superficially; if I may so say, omniscient. He is to know something of pneumatics; of chemistry; of whatever is curious, or proper to excite the attention of the youthful mind; an insight into mechanics is desirable, with a touch of statistics; the quality of soils, &c.; botany, the constitution of his country, *cum nullis alit*.

All these things—these, or the desire of them—he is expected to instil; not by set lessons from professors, which he may charge in the bill, but at intervals, as he walks the street, or saunters thro' green fields (those natural instructors) with his pupils. The least part of what is expected from him is to be done in school-hours. He must insinuate knowledge at the *molliora tempora faudi*.

He must seize every occasion,—the passing of the year; the time of day; a passing cloud; a rainbow; a wagon of hay; a regiment of soldiers going by—to inculcate something useful.—*Charles Lamb*.

ACADEMY OF ART, ST. LOUIS.

As showing the flourishing state of Art in the West, it may be stated that the Western Academy of Art, in St. Louis, has just completed a gallery for its accommodation, and opened an exhibition of nearly five hundred works of art.

CATALOGUE OF FRENCH MUSEUMS.

A catalogue is being made by authority, of all the objects of art in the numerous French museums and palaces. The number already reached amounts to 40,000. A second catalogue is to follow of the paintings and sculptures in the public buildings of France—churches, convents, hospitals, town halls, &c.

AGENTS WANTED

TO obtain subscribers for the "Educationalist." We are desirous of engaging men of the highest stamp to engage in this work and no others need apply. Testimonials of character will be required, unless we are personally acquainted with the applicant. This work is one which cannot fail to succeed if prosecuted with energy, and any enterprising Agent can render it more remunerative than the majority of such employments.

"SPEAK GENTLY TO THE ERRING ONE."

I was a strange girl always. Strange was my talisman, ever clinging to me like a darkening spirit, until I learned to hate, oh, how bitterly, that one word—strange.

"Strange," people would say, as they looked into my great large eyes—much too large for my thin, pinched face—shining with a wild, unsteady light. "A strange, strange girl," murmured my mother in an unloving tone, as I still persisted in some stubborn will—for my willfulness did not make me a favorite, and I was generally unloved, especially by my mother. "Strange! strange!"—I heard it in every motion, in every word I uttered, until I felt that "strange" was a part of myself—a part which I loathed as my evil genius. Yes, ever since the death of my father, I felt that I was loved by none, and the very knowledge of it made my willful nature more hardened and stern.

Oh, how I loved my father! A love almost like adoration—and now that he was dead, I worshiped his spirit, which seemed to hover over me in the floating clouds—his fond voice speaking to me in the winds and zephyrs. I say that I loved my father, perhaps it was because I knew that he loved me, although he never spoke or told me so. He was always very still and stern, at home and abroad—no one knew him intimately—and I often wondered why he never spoke or seemed to care for my mother; then, again, I wondered why he ever married her, for, instinctively, I seemed to know there was no unison of taste or mind. These were my thoughts, many times as I sat in my father's lap, neither of us speaking.—These were the happiest hours of my life, for my father died when I was very young—young in years, but old in heart. I did not weep when he died—no, I did not shed one tear when I stood by his grave and heard the cold, cold earth falling on his coffin. My mother said that I was a "strange child—nothing could touch my heart." Oh, she could not know there was a grief within, deeper than all others in its silent anguish, for I felt I was losing my only friend.

For a year or two after his death, my life was almost a blank page; only a few words upon its surface, and these were—sorrow, sorrow. I had no friends or playmates as other children have; I shunned all those who dared approach me. I did not attend school—my mother's attempts to make me go were all in vain. I feared to sit all day, with so many strange eyes peering at me in the school-room, and my mother, at last, left me to my own will. She did not love me, and it was to my stubborn heart almost a pleasure and triumph to disobey her commands.

They buried my father near the house, in the shade of a few old pines. Most of my leisure time was spent by his grave, and many summer nights I have sat there until long past midnight, looking up at the vapory clouds, hoping and believing it was the spirit of my dead father, watching over his lonely, sinful child.—Yes, I knew that I was very, very sinful, but there was no tender, gentle hand to

guide my wandering footsteps, no mother's loving smile to cheer me on the path of duty.

I had one sister, younger than myself—my mother's favorite, loved by all. I did not wonder that one so beautiful in form and spirit should be so beloved.—Her eyes were brown and softened in their light, and the loudest tone of her sweet voice seemed but an echo to my heart.—Some voices are as songs—they quell the troubled spirit, so would her voice, yet I did not dare to love her. I only worshiped her as a summer flower, too beautiful to love. I did not think that one so pure and good could have one thought of love for me—I only thought, as I sometimes found her mild eyes resting on me, that she pitied her poor, willful sister.

One day, for some stubbornness of mine, my mother told me, in her usual cold, unfeeling tones, that "she did not love me—no one loved me, or ever would—I was such an ugly girl." Oh, she did not know that even then my heart was yearning—craving love. She did not know that her cold reproofs were leading me further from the way in which I was to gain the love I so much sought. Oh, how I longed for some arm to clasp tenderly around me, as my father's had clasped me—some hand to rest soothingly upon my aching brow, as his had done—and, more than this, to feel that some one cared for me, though, like my father, they spoke it not. It was then that I thought of my sister—thought of the mild eyes resting pityingly upon me—then, again, I thought of my willful self, and I shuddered as I seemed to hear the words, "No one loves you," and a moan was wailing in my heart, though my eyes looked coldly and defiantly at my mother. That night, when all was still, and the moon was drifting brightly through the silver clouds, I stole out to my father's grave. As I neared the spot, I did not expect to see what I beheld—my little sister, her mild eyes raised to heaven, her little hands clasped in simple, earnest prayer. I had expected to breathe out alone, on my father's grave, my heart's deep anguish, but no. I was listening to my sister's voice, breathing my name in her earnest, child-prayer—speaking of me—she, my pure and angel-sister. Her soft voice ceased, and in the agony of my heart, breaking through the coldness of my outer self, I knelt by her side, crying with the earnest wailings of my heart—"Love me, love me!" I felt the tears falling fast on my burning forehead, and a soft voice answered—"I do love you, my sister—my sister Hagar." That night, when we went to our chamber, my heart beat freer, happier than it had done since I sat on my father's knee—his arms around me. I could not sleep, but my arms twined jealously around my sister—almost fearing that I would lose my "new found treasure." The moon climbed up in the sky, till its light came round in my chamber window. As it shed its full beams into our quiet room, it revealed to my restless gaze the placid features of my little sister, sleeping peacefully, calmly—yes, slumbering in the arms of Death. I saw this with a glance at her pale, fixed features—and the knowledge came to me stunning,—driving back all my new

found happiness. Did I deserve this new sorrow? Perhaps so. I did not weep, nor utter one moan. In the morning they found me lying calmly by her side. "Strange I was so unfeeling," they said, but God and myself only know I had been praying that "I, too, might die—might be called to dwell with my father and sister in the azure sky." There was no one now to love me—no one to "speak kindly to the erring one," and my heart cried out in its silent bitterness—"Oh, how long must this weary spirit wait!"

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