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EDUCATIONALIST.

FIFTY CENTS A YEAR IN ADVANCE.]

"Knowledge is Power."

[AFTER THREE MONTHS, ONE DOLLAR

VOLUME I.

BRIGHTON, CANADA WEST, JULY 1, 1861.

NUMBER 20

Poet's Corner.

LINGER NOT LONG.

Linger not long! Home is not home without thee,
Its dearest looks only make me mourn;—
Oh, let its memory, like a chain about thee,
Gently compel, and hasten thy return.
Linger not long!

Linger not long! Though crowds should woo thy staying
Re-think thee—can the mirth of friends,
Though dear,
Compensate for the grief thy long delaying
Costs the poor heart that sighs to have thee here?
Linger not long!

Linger not long! How shall I watch thy coming,
As evening shadows stretch o'er moor and fell;
When the wild bee hath ceased her weary humming,
And silence hangs on all things like a spell.
Linger not long!

How shall I watch for thee when fears grow stronger—
As night grows dark and darker on the hill!
How shall I weep when I can watch no longer—
Oh, art thou absent, art thou absent still?
Linger not long!

Yet I should not, though the eye that sees me
Gazeth through tears that make its splendor dull;
For, Oh, I sometimes fear, when thou art with me,
My cup of happiness is all too full!
Linger not long!

Haste—haste thee home unto thy mountain dwelling,
Haste, as a bird, unto its peaceful nest!
Haste, as a skiff, when tempests wild are swelling,
Fies to its haven of securest rest!
Linger not long!

ENGLISH GIRLS.

English children must have abundance of fresh, out-door air every day, if possible and an important part of the duty of the nurse-maid is to take the children out several hours every fine day, including the infant. One of the most beautiful pictures in the London parks, and, indeed, everywhere all over England, is the innumerable nurse-maids, themselves radiant with health, with their still more radiant children. Thus the English girl is early trained to a habit and love of walking that she never loses, and in this way secures round limbs, and expanded chest, and ruddy countenance while

still a child. It is hardly necessary to say that the shoes of English children have thick soles, and that their clothing throughout is very carefully adapted to the season and the weather.

I am afraid that American mothers will laugh when I say the mothers of England are very particular not to allow their children, before they are old enough to walk, to sit much on a carpet, as it is a posture unfavourable to erectness and fullness of figure. They are therefore taught, with especial pains, to roll themselves on the carpet, and to lie on the stomach, all of which has a direct tendency to secure a perpendicular spinal column and a broad, full chest.

It is a beautiful feature of English families that the children, instead of being pushed into a precocious maturity of dress, manner and habits, are *children* all along; their parents care to have it so—simple, free, joyous, playing, laughing, romping all they can. It is not the least of the advantages of this, that when womanhood comes, as come it will in spite of everything, it sets easily and gracefully upon them.

English children do not go to fashionable parties, or keep late hours. It is a special study to provide for them abundance of *healthy* sports, and above all to make home radiant with cheerfulness through the day; and when night comes, the young misses, instead of staying up and being called *ladies*, are called *girls*, and sent to bed.—*Happy Home.*

READING.—There is a refined use which reading might be put to—namely, to counteract the particular evils and temptations of our callings, the original imperfections of our character, and the tendencies of our age, or of our own time of life. Those, for instance, who are engaged in dull, crabbéd work all day, of a kind which is always exercising the logical faculty and demanding minute—not to say vexatious—criticism, would, during their leisure, do wisely to expatiate in writings of a large and imaginative character. Those, however, are the persons who particularly avoid poetry and works of imagination, whereas they ought, perhaps, to cultivate them most.

A NOBLE SENTIMENT.—Some true heart has given expression of its generous nature in the following sentiment:—
"Never desert a friend when enemies gather round him; when sickness falls on the heart—when the world is dark and cheerless is the time to try a true friend. They who turn from the scene of distress betray their hypocrisy, and prove that interest only moves them. If you have a friend who loves you and studies your interest and happiness, be sure to sustain him in adversity. Let him feel that his former kindness is appreciated, and that his love is not thrown away. Real fidelity may be rare; but it exists in the heart. Who has not seen and felt its power? They deny its worth who never loved a friend or labored to make a friend happy.

Woman should be acquainted that no beauty has any charm but the inward one of the mind; and that a gracefulness in manner is much more engaging than that of person; that modesty and meekness are the true and lasting ornaments; for she that hath those is qualified as she ought to be for the management of a family, for the education of children, for the affection of her husband, and submitting to a prudent way of living. These only are the charms that render wives amiable, and give them the best title to men's respect.

NO NEWSPAPERS.—The city of Messina, in Sicily, with a population of 100,000, has several theaters, but "nary" a newspaper. Now, one would very naturally suppose that this great city could very well sustain two or three first-class dailies, half a dozen weeklies, and at least one magazine. But, lest some adventurous speculating Yankee should be tempted to take out a ten-cylinder Hoe press, with a full corps of Italian editors and reporters, it would at first be well to consider that of the 100,000 population, not more than 1,000 can read; and, of these, one half have no taste for reading, and the other half are too poor to purchase newspapers. The cause of this intellectual poverty may be found in the fact that they have no schools, either public or private. Nature has lavished her bounties upon the place, but man has done comparatively nothing.

INFLUENCE OF NEWSPAPERS.—Small is the sum that is required to patronize a newspaper, and amply rewarded is its patron, I care not how humble and unpretending the gazette which he takes. It is next to impossible to fill a sheet filled with printed matter without putting in something that is worth the subscription price. Every parent whose son is away from home at school, should supply him with newspapers. I well remember what a marked difference there was between those of my schoolmates who had and those who had not access to newspapers. Other things being equal the first were always decidedly superior to the last in debate, composition, and general intelligence.—*Daniel Webster.*



THE EDUCATIONALIST.

JULY 1, 1861.

EDUCATION—ITS BENEFITS.

The subject of Education is one which at present occupies, in an especial manner, the attention of the philanthropist and the philosopher. The word "Education" itself comes from two Latin words, *Educere*, and signifies to lead out, or draw out something which is latent, hidden, or concealed. The human mind, including both the intellect and the moral faculties, is the great subject on which the educator or leader out has to operate. What a field for cultivation is here presented!—No other field produces fruits so lasting—fruits which do not ripen in one short revolution of our glorious luminary, but which are boarded in their developments only by eternity. The minister of the gospel has an all important and sacred duty to perform in training and educating his flock for eternity; but the subjects on which his labors are principally bestowed are men and women of riper years, or those who have passed the age of puberty; but the educator or teacher in our common schools operates on the human mind when it is in a high degree impressible and susceptible of any impression, either for good or evil, that may be made upon it; it is therefore that the youthful mind presents paramount claims on the educator. The humblest tyro in mental philosophy knows that early impressions remain longest—aro most enduring; hence

he who in the golden time was accounted the wisest of men has said, "train up a child in the way it should go, and when it is old it will not depart from it." Our common schools may be considered as the nurseries of the community and the great organs of civilization. In respect of education, we are far in advance of the nations of antiquity. Their wise men wrote and speculated much about education it is true, but it was an education in which the great mass of the people did not participate. And in the middle ages the people were little less ignorant than in the palmiest days of Greece and Rome, for in those middle and dark ages, as they were truly denominated, learning was almost exclusively in possession of the clergy. It is a remarkable fact that we are to look to the New World for the first examples of a legal provision for universal education, if we except China, a country which we often style by the epithet "barbarous." And it is rather humiliating to think that two thousand years ago a law was enacted in China which required that every town and village down even to a few families should have a common school. It does not seem, however, to have been the object of the Chinese to favor a free and full development of man's nature. We must, as we have said, look to the new world for the establishment by law of a common school system for the development of man's intellectual, moral, and physical nature.—About fifty years after the legal establishment of common schools in Massachusetts, a law was passed in Scotland in 1696 making legal provision for universal education. In that year the system of parochial schools was established, and almost every friend of education knows the rich fruits which they have borne in that country. Time will not permit that we should give a detailed account of common school education in the different states of the American Union, although such a detail would present many interesting and encouraging features which might act as a stimulus upon ourselves in this Province.

It may not be improper to state that by law one thirty-sixth part of all the lands owned by the general government of the United States, within the limits of the New States, is reserved for the support of common schools, besides large tracts which are appropriated to colleges and academies. In looking to Europe it is pleasing to find that a great progressive movement has lately been made for the

universal diffusion of knowledge by means of common schools. In that quarter of the world the whole system of education has been thoroughly revised and placed under the superintendence of some public officer, so that the powerful aid of the government is nobly employed in supporting, directing, and arousing the energies of the people and stimulating the liberality of the benevolent. In Russia, Holland, Saxony, Austria, and in all the other states of Germany, as well as in France, Sweden, Denmark, and Switzerland, ample provision is now made for giving instruction to every child in the land. A most liberal system of universal education has lately been established in Russia, a country not long since the stronghold of slavery and barbarism. It is needless to say that no people that are educated will long remain slaves. Education is the death-knell of slavery and oppression. Until within the last few years many Kings and nobles had shut out the people from all proprietorship in the soil, and they were enabled to do so because they steeped them to the lips in ignorance and stupidity. The great masses of the people were regarded as mere machines designed for the use and benefit of their masters as dogs and other animals, fit only to amuse them and to labor for them. Their value consisted in the size of their bones and the strength of their muscles, and hence they were trained merely as dogs, horses, and oxen; the treasures of the mind were entirely shut out from their view. But a brighter day has dawned—the glorious luminary of knowledge has gilded the horizon with its vivifying and cheering rays, and the mists and darkness of the midnight of ignorance are fast fleeing before its blessed brightness. As well might puny man attempt to chain the ocean rolling in its resistless majesty, as for the former despot to attempt to enslave a people made mighty by intellectual power—by means of education. No! They would arise in giant strength and snap his bonds asunder with as much ease as the lion shakes the dew drops off his mane.

WANTED.

Material aid for constructing a life-boat that will float on "a sea of troubles," rise on the "waves of misfortune," stem the "tide of adversity," sail clear of the "quicksands of error," and steer safely to the "haven of rest."

THE GOOD-BYE.

"George—George?"

"Well, what's wanting now?"

The young husband turned back the door-knob, and there was impatience in his tone, and annoyance on his brow as he answered his wife's call.

"Nothing papa, only baby and I just want to kiss you good-bye," and she came up toward him, the little, graceful, sweet-voiced woman, with her baby in her arms, and held up the small soft face to his cheeks, and the little one crossed, and thrust up its dimpled heads, and clutched the short, thick locks triumphantly.

"Oh, baby, you rogue, you'd like to pull out a handful of papa's hair, wouldn't you now?" laughed the merchant, in a tone so unlike his former one, that you would not have recognized it, and he leaned down, and kissed the small fragrant lips over and over.

"Now it's my turn, papa," and Mrs. Reynolds smoothed away the ruffled hair, and kissed her husband's forehead; and as he went out of the house that morning, a new softness and peace had erased the troubled look from the man's face. And that day it was appointed to George Reynolds to pass through a sharp and fearful temptation. He was in the midst of a commercial crisis, and several of his heaviest debtors had failed that week, and now a payment of ten thousand dollars was due, and there was no way to raise this sum unless —

He held the pen irresolutely in his shaking hand, the veins were swollen into great blue cords on his forehead, and the breath came thick and fast betwixt his hot lips; a few scrawls of that pen, a solitary name at the bottom, and the young merchant could secure the ten thousand dollars, and his business credit would be safe. There was no sort of doubt, too, but he could raise the money within a few days, and thus secure himself from all discovery, and the pressing circumstances of the case certainly allowed some limits in financiering.

So whispered the tempter, as he walked up and down the soul of George Reynolds, always softening down the word forgery into some false name, which totally changed to his perceptions the moral complexion of the deed he was about to commit. The young merchant's eyes glared all around his office, but there was no one to see him; then, he dipped his pen, with a kind of desperate eagerness, into the tall porcelain ink-stand, and he

drew it along the paper, when suddenly his hand paused, struck by a thought—the memory of his wife's kiss that morning. He saw her as he saw her last, standing in the door, the baby in her arms, her sweet face full of motherly tenderness and wifely trust, as she lifted it to him at parting; the voice of the tempo passed away before that rush of holier emotion which blurred the man's eyes; he dashed down the pen. "Mary! Mary! you have saved your husband; sink or swim, I will not do this deed; I should blush for shame to meet your eyes and see baby's together, if I carried the burning consciousness in my own soul, though no other man ever did or would. Mary, my little wife, you won't know it, but that good-bye kiss of yours this morning has saved your husband from this great sin."

George Reynolds did not sink. It was a hard struggle, but the storm passed by without falling on him as it did on many others, and Mary, his wife, never knew that she had saved her husband from a sin which in her eyes would have been worse than death.

The good which we have done, we shall know. "not here, but hereafter," and the best and truest lives are those which strew all the years with the sweet aroma of loving and self-sacrificing deeds. As the water lilies take root and grow silently amid the slime and mud in low waters, until in the midsummer they open their great creamy vases to the soft persuasions of the sunshine, and lie in snowy flotillas on the bosoms of streams, the glory and idealization of all flowers, so amid the lowlands of life, among its shadows and mists, have we also to sow day by day our small seed of all gentle and generous deeds, not knowing when they take root, or expecting to behold their unfolding into blossoms on the river of time.

Oh, ye who sigh to set your lives with the arabesques of great and noble deeds, who pant for broader horizons, and higher opportunities, *God has appointed you a work where you are.* Every day lifts up its white chalice out of the night, and is held down to you through all its solemn, silent-footed hours, for those small labors of love whose true significance and relations we shall only understand in eternity. And in this small daily labor lies much of woman's work, and her sweet home influences fall like the sunshine and the evening dew, upon the characters around her. She may little comprehend what a silent

force of healing, restraining, strengthening influence she is exerting, and periods of unrest and despondency may fill many hours with shadows, which would be illuminated with joy and thanksgiving, if she could only "know as she is known." But the pictures of all lives are locked up in the eternal galleries, and the angels hold the keys, and when God's voice speaks the word, the doors shall be opened, and when we go in we shall all "behold and understand."—*Home Magazine.*

NATURAL BEAUTY.

What an inconceivable wealth of beauty must reside in the mind which, without copy, first called forth these numberless hues and shades that relieve each other and melt into each other in the vast whole of Nature—which devised these countless forms of vegetable life, from the wayside flower that blooms to-day and withers to-morrow, to the forest giant which outlasts the rise and fall of nations and of empires—which meted out the heavens, measured the courses, and arranged the harmonies of the stars, spread the ocean, poured the river, torrent and waterfall! What an infinity of resources do we behold in the alternate phases of the outward universe, each of which seems too beautiful to be replaced by one of equal loveliness, and yet yields a fancied pre-eminence to its successor!

Thus, who can say which is the more replete with beauty—day, with its all-revealing light, or night, with its countless centres of fainter radiance;—spring, with its outgushing from every fountain of life, its promise half-hidden, half-disclosed, its fresh, thin field and forest drapery; summer, with its richer, deeper verdure, its gayer forms, and more festive aspect; autumn, with its harvest wealth, its party-colored foliage, and its piles of gold and crimson in the western sky; or hoary winter, in its simpler, purer robe, with its delicate forestwork and its icy stalactites? Go where you will, you escape not the reign of beauty. During the long polar night, the northern fires bathe heaven and earth in splendor more gorgeous than day. The torrid sand-waste still lies beneath a glorious sky, and is studded with oases rich in all the tokens of creative love. Wreaths and fillets of azure mist, belt the bare mountain crags, while about their summits the

Signs and wonders of the eternal
Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise

—Man was made in the image of God
that he might understand Him.

A STORY FOR MOTHERS.

"Mother," said a girl of ten summers, "I have done all the work you gave me—now may Willie and I go to Mr. Gray's?"

"I do wish you would keep out of the way, and stop teasing," replied the mother, as she gave her daughter a push, which sent her against a chair.

"Why, mama," said Willie—a bright, sturdy little fellow of five years, who had been busily engaged for the last hour trying to make a wooden knife for sister—"Why, mama, you promised we might go to-day, and now if you won't let me, it will be telling a wrong story."

"Well, *do go along*—stay an hour, and I hope I shall have some peace while you are gone!"

"Hurrah," said Willie, jumping up. "Where's my cap? Mama I can't reach it."

"I'll warrant it—always *something* to hinder me; here, take your cap and go;" and with the same impatient step and frowning brow, which had been seen all that day, she turned again to her work.

But let us follow the children as they leave the house. Sarah walks along with a sad and tearful face—her's is a peculiarly sensitive nature, and the harsh reproof so often given is sure to cast a shadow on her heart—and as Willie glances up into her face, rebellious thoughts arise, and his eyes flash indignantly as he says, in a comforting tone, "I wouldn't feel bad if mama does scold. I shall be a big man pretty soon, and then I'll talk right back to her just as she does to us, and when I get rich enough I'm going to buy a horse and carriage, and you and pa may ride with me, but mama shant, 'cause she aint good. Maybe she'll grow old sometime and come to live with me, just Grandma does to our house, and then if she talks so to us, I'll just shut her up in the dark, wouldn't you?"

Little does that mother think she is sowing seed in the young hearts which shall spring up and yield a "hundred fold" of *bitterness and sorrow*.

* * * * *

Ten years have flown—let us again visit that dwelling. Where is now the gentle Sarah whom every one thought so sweet tempered? She is there, but how changed! In former years the angry reproof would only cause a flood of tears, but as day after day, and year after year, the harsh words fell upon her ear, angry feelings began to surge up, until her very nature became changed, and she has learned at last to throw back the bitter retort. Sadly

darkened must be the soul of that mother who thus wounds and crushes the heart of the sensitive, until hatred takes the place of love, and the Evil Genius presides where once Heavenly Angels loved to linger.

But we miss the brave little Willie. Where can our pet have flown? In "days of yore" his laughing eyes and sunny smile, were always the first to greet us; now we list in vain for his coming footstep. He is a wanderer—exiled by his mother's frowns and irritableness from an otherwise pleasant home.

Oh, mother! how great an influence thy words, thy tones of voice possess! Are they harsh and vituperative? Are these tender blossoms entrusted to your care made to feel they are only a trouble and a burden? Then murmur not, if—when the frost of age have whitened your locks—when your steps are slow and feeble, and all the helplessness of a second childhood is upon you—you are treated in like manner. Unloved—unhonored it may be—you will go down in sorrow to the grave.

But let us turn, kind reader, to a pleasanter scene. Go with me to the house of Mr. C—. The mother, a pleasant-looking lady, is busily engaged with her morning duties. Hardly have we entered ere the sound of little feet is heard, and Charlie rushes in. "Mama," said he, his face glowing with animation as he spoke, "George Lane has just the prettiest new sled that I ever saw—it is painted all over, and has his name in large letters on the side, and he wants I should go home with him and ride on it—may I go?"

"Yes, my son," is the pleasant reply, "if you will be back in half an hour—I shall want you then to do an errand for me. Here, let me tie your scarf around your neck—he is a good boy, and play pleasantly with Georgie," and imprinting a kiss upon his rosy lips, she turns again to her work.

But where is little Allie—the pet of the household? The mother remembers that she has not seen her for some time. "The little rogue is in some mischief, I presume, else she would not be so quiet; I must find her." After looking in various places, she softly opens the parlor door, and there sits her "little one," with pussy by her side, and in her hand a beautiful steel engraving which she had torn from one of the books that adorned the centre table. We watch with interest to note

the effect upon the mother. Shall we see her face flush with anger? Will she pass along with hasty steps—seize the engraving—box the ears of the child, (unconscious of wrong, though she be,) saying she never *did* see such a "young one," always doing *something* she ought not to?

Very many mothers would have pursued such a course. But not so with Mrs. C—. She stops at the door to listen while Allie talks on, all unconscious of the presence of another. "Kitty, aint you glad that we came in the parlor this morning, 'cause Allie's found such a nice picture for you to look at? Now, if you will keep still, I'll tell you all 'bout it.—There's a little girl just like me, only she aint quite so big, and her name is Allie, too. So there's two Allies here. You don't know, kitty, what that little girl's holding, but I do, 'cause papa told me; it's a rabbit; but I'd rasher have a kitty than a rabbit, shouldn't you, kitty?"

"Why, Allie," said her mother, advancing and speaking in a kind tone, "didn't you know it was very naughty to tear papa's book? How sorry he will feel to hear what his little girl has been doing." "Allie won't do so no more—not a bit," replied the child with a quivering lip. "Well, we will go out and see if we cannot find something better for Allie to do, than tear papa's book. Can you bring some wood for mama?" "Yes," is the quick reply, and away she bounds, her eyes sparkling at the thought of really doing something to help mama.

How it cheers the heart to enter a household where *love* reigns, and *kind words only* are spoken. Children living under such influences will grow up good and noble, for the heart will expand and its nobler qualities develop under the genial influence of *kind actions and kind words*. Mother, the echoes of your voice may linger long years in the hearts of your children. Shall they be soft, sweet echoes, seeming like angel music, winning them to the love of God and Heaven? If so, then will you be rewarded with a golden harvest. And should the kind Father—when "many years" have wrought their changes, and the eyes grow dim with watching the advent of a glorious hereafter—allow you to gaze upon a household of your matured children, they will surely call you "blessed."

Why is the last act of Hamlet peculiarly Irish? Because it begins with a funeral and ends with a fight.

OZONE IN THE ATMOSPHERE.

The following very interesting extracts on this subject are taken from a lecture by Professor E. Frankland, F. R. S., lately delivered before the Royal Society, and published in the *Chemical News* :

Hydrogen is capable of uniting with one equivalent of oxygen, forming water; with two equivalents of oxygen to form binoyd of hydrogen; and with three equivalents to form "ozone," or, at all events, to form teroxyd of hydrogen, the existence of which is theoretically indicated, if ozone be not this very compound. What is this ozone? Some chemists suppose it not to contain hydrogen; others think it does contain hydrogen; and a series of analyses certainly did seem to prove that hydrogen, in the proportion I have stated, was a constituent of ozone. Now, ozone is produced in two or three different ways. One of the most peculiar is by means of the electrical machine.—There is a peculiar odor in the neighborhood of an electrical machine when worked, and that odor is usually supposed to be due to ozone. It is caused by electric sparks passing through the air. We can collect this ozone in a variety of ways; but before doing this, I must refer you to the liquid contained in this glass vessel, which furnishes a very delicate test for the presence of ozone, and of other matters, too, as we shall presently see. It consists of a solution of iodide of potassium and starch. Ozone, containing as it does, three equivalents of oxygen, readily gives up oxygen, and it is capable, in this way, of oxydizing the iodide of potassium and converting the potassium into potash.—The iodine thus liberated forms an intense blue solution with the starch. Here I have a Ruhmkorff's coil, which will give us a series of sparks. You see by the working of this air pump the so-called ozonized air passes through the liquid which becomes blue. You see we have now got a very decided blue coloration here. That is one mode by which ozone is produced; but we shall see that the blue color is not entirely due to the presence of ozone. Now, another mode for the production of ozone is by placing moist phosphorus in a close air jar. Here is some filter paper which has been imbued with the solution of iodide of potassium and starch, and which will become blue when it is plunged into this vessel containing ozone produced by this process. This constitutes what is generally known as the usual test for ozone in the atmo-

sphere. Then we have another mode of producing ozone, and that is by electrolysis. When water is mixed with some highly oxydizing substance, such as chromic acid, we have this ozone produced when the water is decomposed by the current of electricity. It was from this source that ozone was produced for analysis, and it was from this that the formula I have here used was formed—namely, HO_3 , three equivalents of oxygen and one of hydrogen.

Ozone, as I have said, is supposed to be present in the air, and many very careful observers are at the present time making observations upon the relative quantities of ozone present in the air. Papers of this kind [exhibiting ozone papers] are exposed to the atmosphere for certain fixed and definite lengths of time, the amount of blueness which they manifest in that time is carefully noted, and the intensity of this blue color is supposed to represent the comparative quantity of ozone present in the air. Now, it is greatly to be regretted that such an amount of labor should be expended upon a matter which is utterly and entirely valueless, because this so-called "test" for ozone is really only a test for a great number of things which may—nay, do—exist in the air, and from which ozone may be really absent. We may say that there is not, up to the present time, a single experiment which demonstrates that ozone is present in the atmosphere; and certainly these tests, so far from proving its existence, do not even infallibly demonstrate the presence of an oxydizing influence in the air. It is quite possible that this bluing of the paper may be produced in a condition of the air very different from that in which ozone is present. Ozone being a highly oxydizing substance, is supposed to decompose organic impurities in the air, and therefore the air which contains the largest quantity of this ozone is supposed to be the most wholesome. You have only to have present, in the air, some acid gas—you have only to go into the neighborhood of some chemical works, for instance, where hydrochloric acid gas is evolved—and you will there have plenty of these manifestations of the presence of ozone. Here we have some solution of iodide of potassium and starch and I acidify it with acetic acid.—You see we have abundance of acetic acid indicated, but it is said that ozone is never present in this part of London. The liquid has become of a dark blue color. The reason is, that the iodide of potassium which is contained in this liquid, and in

all these test papers, is decomposed by acids, and hydriodic acid, a compound of iodine and hydrogen, is immediately formed. It is only necessary to bring this hydriodic acid in contact with free oxygen, when the hydrogen is oxydized and the iodine is liberated, so you see this so-called "test" for iodine is perfectly unreliable.

AUNTIE TO THE BOYS.

Boys, did any body ever pat you on the head, and say "You'll be a rich man before you die?" Did it please you very much? I presume it did. You think it would be a fine thing to live in a large house, with a beautiful garden around it, and ride in a new carriage.

But there is *danger* in growing rich. I presume you think I mean the danger of taking dishonest ways of making money—cheating, stealing, forging and such, but I do not mean any of these.—There is danger that in becoming rich, you will also become *selfish*. You may be so engaged in making money, that you will forget to make yourselves noble men—forget to cultivate your minds—forget to govern your tempers—forget to polish your manners; and on the contrary, become as hard-hearted as the copper cents you so much admire, and as dull and rusty as the oldest one you ever saw. Then do you suppose good people will respect you, just for your money? No, indeed. A gentlemanly, intelligent and generous man of wealth is respected, but one who has only his money to recommend him, is poor indeed.

The Bible says, "If riches increase, set not your hearts upon them." There is the secret—"set not your hearts upon them." Put you money to some good use, and then it will not rust your soul.

INSECT MUSIC—All that we read is not gospel. Buffon, Goldsmith, and others, tell us that flying insects, like musketoes, locusts, and so on, make the humming noise they do by beating the air with their wings. It's all a mistake. They sing, just like ourselves, only their vocal organs are deposited, not in their throats, but along the sides of their bodies. They use (so the microscope assures us) a wind-pipe, the outlet to which is furnished with a vibrating valve, like that employed on the accordion; but then a man has only one of these arrangements, while most insects have at least a dozen, and through each of the dozen, as they fly, the air is made to rush with prodigious effect and some degree of melody.

NOVEL READING.

True as Solomon's declaration,—“Of making many books there is no end,”—may have been in his time, it is still more so to-day; and, perhaps, no age has produced more books than the present. Many of these are of great value, and their publication is a blessing to the world; while others cannot be perused without detriment to heart and mind. Pre-eminent among the latter class stands the modern novel.

Novel reading weakens the intellect. The mental powers cannot be strengthened by any process that fails to tax their energies, and every book that fosters mental indolence, weakens the mind. Who will claim that novel reading tasks the intellect? Dickens' and Lover's writings can be understood without any great exertion of mental power. One finds no substantial food for the intellect in Sue's novels. The reading of works of fiction also weakens the mind, by keeping it employed upon trivial objects. Silly love stories are the material of which most novels are composed, and the execution is generally on a par with the plan. Most novelists would have but few readers, if their popularity depended upon the real literary merit of their works. And, does not the mental character of most readers become assimilated to that of their favourite authors?

The advocates of novel reading assert, that works of this kind often charm the young into a love of reading, which they would not otherwise possess. In one sense, this may be true. It may beget a love for light and trifling reading, but those who read the most novels, generally pay the least attention to works of sterling merit. The Waverly Novels may fit the young to love those of Ingraham and Lippard, but they never yet led any to study the writings of Chalmers or Miller. Let any one who has been accustomed to the perusal of books which tax all the energies of the mind, commence reading novels, and it will seldom be long before his interest in works of a more solid character begin to diminish. Can such a process take place without weakening the intellect?

Novels unfit their readers for the duties of life. They feed the imagination much more than either the reason or the heart. Few of the heroes of novels are such as are found in the common walks of life.—They are either angels or fiends, and their homes are either palaces or hovels.

The reader often associates with them until he or she lives in an imaginary world, a world very different from the one in which common mortals move. Shall she who has become so familiar with lovers who possess superhuman virtues, link her destinies with

“A being not too bright or good,
For human nature's daily food?”

Shall she be expected to descend from her aerial height to the prosaic duties of a daughter, sister, or wife; merely because the happiness of a few persons may depend upon her performing those duties? Is it not absurd that so refined a sentimentalist as she is, should be expected to know how to darn stockings, or cook a dinner? Is such a dreamer fit for the duties of life?—will she prove of much use in the world? Did a habitual novel reader ever make an Elizabeth Fry, or a Hannah Moore?

But this is not the worst feature in this matter, for most novels tend to render their readers positively vicious. Persons generally imbibe the character of those with whom they associate, and no one can be much of a novel reader without being constantly brought into communion with the vilest characters. True, some novelists try to represent their heroes as christians; but their christianity is generally very different from that of the New Testament. It is evident that most novelists know very little about either christianity or virtue. Sue intends to represent the Prince, who figures so largely in the “Mysteries of Paris,” as a paragon of virtue, yet how defective is the moral character. Many of the other personages that are represented in that tale are monsters, whose originals could only have been found in Pandemonium,—or Paris. Can the mind be brought into daily intercourse with such characters as frequently appear in the writings of Dickens, without drinking of their spirit? Did the youthful reader of the pages of Scott, or Bulwer, ever fail to close one of their volumes with less detestation of vice than he possessed when he opened it?

There is no necessity that persons should spend their time in the perusal of works of fiction, for there are books enough that combine a pure moral tendency, with a high degree of literary merit, to furnish reading matter to all who desire it. Is it no sin for us to waste our time in reading works that weaken the intellect, while the vast fields of knowledge that stretch out before us remain unex-

plored? What novel can be more fascinating than Macaulay's History of England, or Irving's Compend of Greece? It will be time enough to turn to novels when there are not works enough that afford both pleasure and profit at the same time.

TRAVELING IN ITALY

The most pleasant, and decidedly the most profitable way of traveling in Italy, is on foot. You dress in peasant costume, which is easy, comfortable, and suited to walking; and besides, you are not so harassed by beggars, nor so liable to be imposed upon by guides and hotel-keepers. You set out from Leghorn, for instance, at daylight, with a few clothes and something to eat strapped on your back. By eight or nine o'clock you arrive at Pisa, having, if you are alive to the beauties of Nature, enjoyed your walk, and with a most healthy appetite. In some quiet little inn you make a delicious breakfast of broiled chicken, fresh eggs, luscious fruits, and a bottle of pure country wine. After resting awhile, you go around the city, and visit its numerous objects of interest. Late in the afternoon, when the heat of the day is past, you set out again, and by dark you arrive at some other place, rich in associations, painting, and celebrated ruins connected with ancient history. Sometimes you are charmed with the scenery of some mountain lake, and you take up your abode in a picturesque cottage of some old peasant, and wander around its shores, or sail upon its blue waters, and read and fish. The country is so densely settled, or richly cultivated, and so thickly studded with cities, towns and villages, that you never feel lonely. There is always something to interest you; and after walking fifteen or twenty miles, you feel as if you had merely taken a morning promenade.—*Cor. N. C. Presbyterian.*

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.—When I gaze into the stars, they look down upon me with pity from their serene spaces, like eyes glistening with tears, over the little lot of man. Thousands of generations, all as noisy as our own, have been swallowed up by time, and there remains no record of them any more; yet Arcturus and Orion, Sirius and the Pleiades, are still shining, in their courses, clear and young as when the shepherd first noted them from the plain of Shinar. What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue!—*Thomas Carlyle.*

ABOUT SPELLING.

I wish to say that I think some of our teachers do not act so wisely as they should, in all cases. What is the object of spelling? Answer.—To impress on the memory a correct image of every word. But this cannot be done by a careless way of recitation, as if the only object was to see which would beat. If a scholar spells a word wrong, and it pass on till some other one gets it right, he is more likely to remember it wrong than right. This is my impression, and I have had considerable experience. To test the matter, put the same word to him at his next turn, and see if he don't miss it again.

What is the object of classing scholars? Ans: That the teacher may drill a number at once instead of one. Now, what I have proved by practice, I would recommend to others, viz:—See that the attention of the whole class is directed to the word that is being spelled; then, if one misses, say next immediately. When the word is spelled right, let it be repeated by those that missed it. Let the missed word be put again, and if missed again, again repeat, until they are impressed correctly on their memory. In this way you can see your scholars in the "manly art" of spelling,—one of the most useful accomplishments.—*Independent.*

EARLY INFLUENCES.—There can be no greater blessing than to be born in the light and air of a cheerful, loving home. It not only insures a happy childhood—if there be health and a good constitution—but it also makes sure a virtuous and happy manhood, and a fresh young heart in old age. I think it every parent's duty to try to make their children's childhood full of love and childhood's proper joyousness; and I never see children destitute of them through the poverty, faulty temper, without a heartache. Not that all the appliances which wealth can buy are necessary to the free and happy unfolding of childhood in body, mind, or heart—quite otherwise, God be thanked; but children must at least have love inside the house, and fresh air, and good play, and some good companionship outside—otherwise young life runs the greatest danger in the world of withering, or growing stunted, or sour and wrong, or at best prematurely old and turned inward on it. *W. Oldham, at Graystones.*

John Quincy Adams asserted that the "abandonment of tobacco would add five years to the average of human life."

O-R-I-O-N.—Poets, unfortunately, accent this word on the second syllable.—*Webster's Dictionary.*

Do they, indeed? Well, that is unfortunate; but no more so, perhaps, than the fact that, because some hard-up rhymester—who was it, the original sinner, we mean?—wanted emphasis in a particular place, in order to the requisite lengthening out of line, everybody else, for all time thereafter, should be obliged to endorse his nonsense, and participate in the torture of this harmless and beautiful word. *O-ri-on!* It's perfectly barbarous. We shall expect, one of these days, to see a certain very odorous and nutritious vegetable thrust out, under our noses, with pronunciation changed to that of *On-i-on*. And, perhaps, too, when speaking of that beautiful little bird, which often builds its nest in the pendant, swinging branches of the weeping willow, we shall, as in duty bound, by the example of some "unfortunate" poet, be compelled to call it the *O-ri-ole!* Who talks of "poetic license?" We think the poet who was first guilty of this offence,—for it is an offence, even in the eyes of "good old Noah" Webster, or he wouldn't speak of the *unfortunateness* of the thing,—must have had his daily walks where *licenses* were either particularly plenty or entirely disregarded.—*Duffalo Commercial. Adv.*

GENIUS FOR SUCCESS.

I have great confidence (says "Elsie Venner,") in young men who believe in themselves, and are accustomed to rely on their own resources from an early period. When a resolute young fellow steps up to the great bully—the World—and takes him boldly by the beard, he is often surprised to find it come off in his hand, and that it was only tied on to scare away timid adventurers. I have seen young men more than once, who came to a great city without a single friend, support themselves and pay for their education, lay up money in a few years, grow rich enough to travel, and establish themselves in life, without ever asking a dollar of any person which they had not earned. But these are exceptional cases. There are horse-tamers born so, we all know; there are women-tamers who bewitch the sex as the pied piper bewitched the children of Hamelin; and there are world-tamers, who can make any community—even a Yankee one—get down and let them jump on its back as easily as Mr. Rarey saddled Cruiser.

Where a girl has too many boys about her, the indication is like that of buoys off a harbor—shallowness here.

THE LITTLE ONES.

Do you even think how much work a little child does in a day? How from sunrise to sunset, the dear little feet patter around, to us, so aimlessly?—Climbing up here, kneeling down there, running to another place, but never still. Twisting and turning, rolling, reaching and doubling, as if testing every bone and muscle for their future uses. It is very curious to watch it. One who does so may well understand the deep breathing of the little sleeper, as, with one arm tossed over its curly head, it prepares for the next day's gymnastics. Tireless through the day till that time comes, as the maternal love that so patiently accommodates itself, hour after hour, to its thousand wants and caprices, real or fancied.

A busy creature is a little child,—to be looked upon with awe as well as with delight, as its clear eye looks trustingly in faces that to God and man have essayed to wear a mask,—as it sits down in its chair to ponder, precociously, over the white lie you thought it "funny" to tell it,—as rising and leaning on your knees it says thoughtfully, in a tone that should provoke a tear, not a smile—"I don't believe it." A lovely and yet a fearful thing is a little child.

Some men use words as riflemen do bullets. They say little. The few words used go right to the mark. They let you talk, and guide with their eye and face, on and on, till what you say can be answered in a word or two, and then they lance out a sentence, pierce the matter to the quick, and are done. You never know where you are with them. Your conversation falls into their mind, as rivers fall into deep chasms, and are lost from sight by its depth and darkness. They will sometimes surprise you with a few words, that go right to the mark like a gun-shot, and then they are silent again, as if they were reloading.

FOOLS AND FATE.

Fate must trouble itself about a great number of foolish people; for, no sooner does a fool get into trouble of his own making, than he puts it all down to fate.

In everything that women write there will be thousands of faults against grammar, but also, to a certainty, always a charm never to be found in the letters of men.

EDUCATION IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

The Governor in his late message to the Legislature, says:—

"Our Educational system is justly the pride of the Commonwealth. Granting to all a thorough course of common school instruction, New York fully recognizes the duty of the state to educate her children. Depending for their stability and perpetuity, as do our institutions, and the safety of life and property upon the intelligence and moral worth of the people, it becomes a matter of the first importance to retain, unimpaired, so far as may be, the plan which thus far has been productive of such incalculable benefits. The provisions of our laws as they affect the school system are to commit errors in financial and political policy, but infinitely worse to do so in matters pertaining to the education and future happiness of our children. Although heavily taxed, our people show no disposition to avoid assessments for the support of schools, and it may be remarked as an evidence of their liberality, that more than thirteen hundred dollars are paid out of the public treasury annually for this purpose. The Superintendent of Public Instruction, who, in the discharge of his duty has visited nearly every portion of the state, will submit to you in his annual report many interesting facts and conclusions respecting the workings of the system; and that in the improved style of school houses, the qualifications of teachers and the general improvement in other respects, we have proof that these educational advantages appreciated by the people.

"ENJOYING LIFE."—I must pity that young man who, with a little finery of dress and recklessness of manner, with his coarse passions all daguerrotyped upon his face, goes whooping through the streets, driving an animal much nobler in its conduct than himself, or swaggers into some haunt of shame, and calls it "Enjoying life!" He thinks he is astonishing the thinking part of it, who are astonished that he is not astonished at himself. For look at that compound of flash and impudence, and say if on all this earth there is anything more pitiable! He know anything of the true joy of life? As we say that the beauty and immensity of the universe were all inclosed in the field where the prodigal lay among the hussars and swine.—*Dr. Chapin.*

NEWSPAPERS IN THE OLDEN TIME.—In 1718, the Boston News Letter, which had been printed on a half sheet of foolscap size, was enlarged so as to require a whole sheet. The publisher naively remarked that it was impossible "with half a sheet in the week to carry on all Public News of Europe, though hitherto all those of Great Britain, Ireland, our own and our Neighboring Provinces have been yearly inserted." He was now *thirteen months behind with the Foreign News*, and to make up the deficiency, and to make all "new that used formerly to be old," he resolved to print a whole sheet every other week. What would our readers think of waiting fourteen months, fourteen days, or fourteen hours, even, for their foreign news?"—*Boston Journal.*

A SHREWD EDITOR.—There are some persons who seem to think that editors regard it as one of the greatest intellectual luxuries to "pitch into" somebody, and they suppose themselves to have conferred a great favor by furnishing belligerent contributions, in which some person, corporation, or society is soundly abused. Such people may take a hint from the following:

A noted chap once stepped into the sanctum of a venerable and highly respectable editor, and indulged in a tirade against a citizen with whom he was on bad terms.

"I wish" said he, addressing the man with the pen, "you would write a very severe article against R—, and put it in your paper."

The next morning he came rushing into the office in a violent state of excitement. "What did you put in your paper? I have had my nose pulled and been kicked twice."

"I wrote a severe article, as you desired," calmly replied the editor, "and signed your name to it."

ES. Whenever two natures have a great deal in common, the conditions of a first-rate quarrel are furnished ready-made. Relations are very apt to hate each other just because they are both alike. It is so frightful to be in an atmosphere of family idiosyncracies; to see all the hereditary uncomplacency or infirmity of body, all the defects of speech, all the feelings of temper, intensified by concentration, so that every fault of our own finds itself multiplied by reflection, like our images in a saloon lined with mirrors. Nature knows what she is about.

CHILDREN'S RIGHTS.—Why should not a child's fancy in the way of food,—we refer to their intense dislike of certain things,—be regarded, as well as the repugnance of an adult. We consider it a great piece of cruelty to it, because somebody once wrote a wise law to the effect, "that children should eat whatever is set before them." We have often seen the poor little victims shudder and choke at sight of a bit of fat meat, or a little scum of cream on boiled milk, toothsome enough to those who like them, but in their case a purgatorial infliction. Whenever there is this decided antipathy, nature should be respected, even in the person of the smallest child, and he who would act otherwise, is himself sadder than the child over whom he would so unjustifiably tyrannize.

SELF-REFORM.—If a man would reform the world, let him begin the work in his own body. How can he hope to purify others while his own breath is tainted? No other can begin the work for him.—He must bring the physical into subjection to the spiritual of his own nature by his own effort. He must ascend into the frosty air of purity himself before he can beckon others to follow him. If he remain at the foot of the eminence, he can only act the part of a guide-board which points out the way, never leading up to it.—*Life Illustrated.*

EDUCATION.—Thewald thought it very unfair to influence a child's mind by inculcating any opinion before it should have come to years of discretion, and be able to choose for itself. I showed him my garden, and told him it was my botanic garden. "How so?" "it is covered with weeds." "O," I replied, "that is because it has not yet come to its age of discretion and choice. The weeds, you see, have taken the liberty to grow, and I thought it unfair in me to prejudice the soil in favor of roses and strawberries."—*Coleridge.*

THE ELEVENTH COMMANDMENT.—The eleventh commandment reads thus: "Thou shalt not carry off the editor's exchanges unless thou art sure he is done with them; neither shalt thou talk to him when he is reading proof or writing, lest he get angry and order thee out of his sanctum; neither shalt thou occupy his chair more than an hour at a time." Chapter xi, verse 11. And when found, make a note of it.