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EDUCATIONALIST.

FIFTY CENTS A YEAR IN ADVANCE.]

"Knowledge is Power."

[AFTER THREE MONTHS ONE DOLLAR.]

VOLUME I.

BRIGHTON, CANADA WEST, DECEMBER 1, 1860.

NUMBER 6.

Doct's Corner.

"IN MEMORIAM."

I

These blossoms, gathered for thy living eye,
I little thought would close upon thy grave:
And yet I know my love, nor thought, could save

The life so cherished here—nor Death defy;

But now I see a higher life for thee
Opening—as those pure stars do open at morn—
But not to close, because of spirit born,
Which rises upward, through Eternity.

There be thy garden-bloom! while here we bend
No more to cull an earthly growth for thee,
Forever past, this sweet idolatry;
For dust with dust forevermore must blend.

Ere I strove that these should meet thine eye,
For 'twas thy last, fond, sad, and dear request
Unto mine eager heart a strong behest:
Dost thou not see that flower and root are nigh?

E'en while I watched, thy rose's urns unclose
To fling their fragrance o'er those waiting stars
An angel come and gently loosed the bars,
To change thy weariness to calm repose.

Meek Star of Bethlehem! how this must pale
When risen the Maker's star of highest might!
Still may it point us to the spirit-light
Which ne'er can waver—never fade, nor fail.

II

This burial morn a silvery group I see—
A constellation on that precious mound,
By love long tended and made holy ground,
Henceforth I consecrate this star to thee.

I add its spray to live upon thy tomb
One bitter hour, and fondly wither there,
Oh, may it breathe no accent of despair,
Or of less tranquil souls in days to come.

For soon, ay, soon, the messenger that waits
The shock to ripen and the ears to fill—
Who bids us mourners yield there to his will—
Will give us entrance through the pearly gates.

So saith the Comforter! May He who sent
Strengthen our hearts that we may find it true
But yet 'tis hard—how hard! to say, adieu!
And linger on, in this our banishment.

The mossy buds of each unfolding rose,
From these, thy white, to richest tropic glow—
Nurtured Narcissus—ah, what bloom below
That thou so loved, can e'er again unclose.

But will it ask, in vain? thy spirit-glance?
Nay, not in vain! but thou, so near, yet far,
Shall with its gaze: for, oh, it cannot mar
Thy higher growth to join in this sweet trance.

Then live and rise, dear friend! and pray that
This little while shall patient wait and watch,
Till God's own angel lift for us the latch,
And we rejoin thee—for Eternity.

1860. C.

MILBURY, June, 1859.

BOOKS IN ANCIENT TIMES.

The moderns, even with the aid of the printing press, are not so far in advance of the ancients in the power of multiplying copies of books, as it generally supposed. The disinterment of buried cities, reveals a singular perfection in all that pertained to their domestic comfort, and in the ornaments and articles of taste, which marked a high civilization, but later investigations have brought to light facts more surprising in regard to their literary labors, and the extensive diffusion of books among the people.

In the time from Cicero up to Marcus Aurelius, scarcely less was written and read than in our day. This was effected by slave labor. Slaves were the amanuenses of Roman publishers. What the printing press now does for the spread of intelligence—bringing the poet and the orator, the historian and the essayist, in communication with the minds of the masses—bond-men then performed, and the cheapness of their labor superceded the necessity of machinery.

In the large publishing establishments, a work to be produced was dictated to several hundreds of slaves at once, who were capable of an almost incredible precision and celerity. Martialis tells us that the second book of his epigrams, which numbers some hundred and fifty verses, did not cost more than one hour to the copyist. If three hundred were engaged at the same moment upon it, fifteen hundred could have been produced in a single day. The price of this work was quite as cheap as one of similar dimensions printed at the present day.

The passion for literature, if we can from a correct judgment from the broken records that have come down to us, was equal to that manifested in the present age. From Publius Victorinus we learn that, during the second and third centuries after Christ, there were in Rome alone twenty-nine public libraries, many of which, as to the number of books, equalled the celebrated Alexander Library which is supposed to have contained 700,000 volumes.—Selected.

HOW TO SPEAK.

The faculty of effective expression, which, like all others, depends upon training, is not made a distinctive object of culture in our schools and colleges; on the contrary, how often is it found that to be a scholar is to become a creature who expresses himself in public more awkwardly and with less effect than many a sturdy ploughman's son, who never darkened the walls of either school or college? The consequence of this in the church and in the lecturing-halls of our universities is often most lamentable.—Where earnestness, vigor, and impressiveness are most necessary, a sort of tame

propriety and a cold dignity have become the rule; and nature, the great charmer, is as much afraid of showing herself in our Christian pulpits as amid the conventional decencies and cold proprieties of a fashionable drawing-room. The prevalence of this artificial feeling is one of the chief reasons why uncultivated Methodists and wild untutored apostles of all kinds have so much more influence with the masses than the regularly trained English clergyman. It is not that the scholarly vicar is too high for his audience, but that you have stamped on him a type of scholarship divorced from life and ashamed of nature. He who would speak to his fellow-beings with effect, must, above all things, have three qualities—freedom, fire and force; and these are precisely the three qualities which our scholastic and academical habits and our narrow bookish notions tend systematically to repress rather than to evolve.—Prof. Blackie.

BAD GRAMMAR.

If there is anything in the world that is painful and disgusting, it is to hear a lady (!) in boniton and diamonds, transgressing the rules of Murray and Brown, with every third sentence she utters.

There is no excuse either for such women—it is the duty of every lady, in this nineteenth century, to be able to *spell, spell* and *write* correctly, and if our social edicts were more stringent on these points, and less so in the matters of dress, we should have many more refined, cultivated women than society is at present blessed with. Not that we want our women metamorphosed into "blues," or that it is necessary they should be versed in the dead languages, and discourse very learnedly on geology, or trigonometry, and woman looks quite as attractive kneading biscuit at her kitchen table as she does in a chemical laboratory. Tact and good common sense are quite as valuable in the practical needs of life as a "finished education," and a true loving heart will make a better wife and mother than a highly stimulated brain.

But an ignorant, vulgar woman is a disgrace to herself, particularly when she affects to be a lady, and passes for what she is not, which is usually attained most effectually through dress-makers and milliners.

We must be pardoned for offering a word of sincere advice to those pretty, graceful women one meets everywhere, and admire—until they open their mouth to speak. Devote a little less time to your boucances and French flowers, and do buy a grammar, and study it.—Arthur's Home Magazine.

If the way to Heaven be narrow, it is not long; and if the gate be strait, it opens into endless life.—Beverage,

Defects in our Public Schools.

ELOCUTION.

BY A MEMBER OF THE N. O. T. A.

Elocution is a branch of education which, if neglected in the elementary school, can but seldom be acquired in after life; for many well educated persons are poor readers, while public speaking is entirely out of the question in their case. Good speakers and readers are rarely to be met with. Let it not be supposed that our spouters on platforms and in pulpits have the smallest titles to be called good speakers. Twisting the body, cutting pretty figures, sawing the air, and all other unnatural gestures, although imposing, and often passed for eloquence, is to every sensible mind childish and wearisome. A rattling volubility, which pours forth words in torrents and whirlwind, part froth, part mud, part pathos; though frequently called magnificent, profound, clever, and so on, is among the most pitiable spectacles one can witness. Magnificent, forsooth; yes, because delivered with all the pomposity a vain mind is capable of; profound, because its sense is immeasurably little, and just as clever as any other species of quackery. If it is vile to play pranks on the platform, what can we say of them when they profane the pulpit?

" 'Tis my perfect scorn,
Object of my implicable disgust

What! will a man play tricks, will he indulge
A silly fond conceit of his fair form
And just propitiation, fashionable mien
And pretty face, in the presence of his God?
Or will he seek to dazzle me with tropes,
As with the diamond on his lilly hand,
And play his brilliant parts before my eyes,
When I am hungry for the bread of life?
He mocks his maker.

These bending, twisting, and dancing speakers and preachers, are, to all sensible people, really intolerable when their harangues are nothing but wind, or at least a few commonplace ideas given out with such an air of seriousness, that people think there is something valuable coming until they hear it. To talk of Sampson's catching three hundred foxes, with an air of awful seriousness, shows the silliest affectation and is certain to cause levity and unconcern in people accustomed to such exhibitions, even when the most solemn truths are brought before them. If few who have attempted public speaking can do it well, fewer still can read well. If they do not mumble through with scarcely any articulation at all, they rattle on without modulation or expression, that no one can understand what they read, if they understand it themselves.

The cure of this defect should be effected in the common school, for it is very few adults who can be cured of indistinctness of articulation, and trained to speak and read so as to be well understood. Most teachers seem to think that Elocution is not one of the branches in the programme of common school studies, while others more enterprising teach, *ex gratia*, something which they call elocution, in the shape of dialogues and recitations, and a miserable affair it often is. Girls as well as

boys are put up on a stand to repeat a piece of poetry as if girls were to become lecturers, and Rev. Miss Euphemia Andelusia. It is freely granted that recitations go far to secure confidence and distinctness, but it is working at the wrong end unless a sound foundation is previously laid.

It is something bordering on the ridiculous to be treated at the school examinations, as is often the case, to these wretched exhibitions of boys and girls repeating pieces of poetry and prose, the sentiments of which they do not understand, and cannot sympathize with them, consequently, they must be spoken in a halting, staggering, hesitating style, the countenance giving no indication of the sense, as should be the case, the hands moving in every direction but the right one, the whole action spiritless, or manifestly artificial—mere automata, entirely wanting the natural life.

The teaching of elocution must be commenced with the alphabet to secure good speaking and good reading. The child ought to be made to pronounce distinctly and slow, very slow indeed until he is able to read pretty well, and should not leave the second book not merely until he can pronounce his words correctly, but until he can read with some amount of correct expression. In order to succeed, he must be taught to understand what he reads; for no one, young or old, can read well what they do not understand. To read as we should speak, were the sentiments read our own, provided we did speak our thoughts well, but this rule leaves abundant work for the judicious teacher to perform.

It is often painful to listen to the reading of some, even when it is the Bible they read, there appears to be so little reverence, they drive through at such unbecoming speed, that it is rather too evident that they themselves are not much edified. Such reading is, to say the least, unbecoming, whatever book it is, but profane when one has the word of God in his hands.

Is it too much to say that the Local Superintendents should not only give all encouragement, but insist on there being decent, slow, distinct reading in the schools under their supervision, and that Boards of Education should make reading a subject of examination of candidates for certificates, and that none but good readers should obtain any certificates, for the harm bad readers, acting as teachers, do, is immense,

Although simultaneous reading has been condemned by some educationists, teachers would find a judicious use of it of considerable value, to be sure, if used exclusively, it is worse than useless, because their children trained to read by its means could not read at all out of the class, or unaided by the reading of others. When a teacher reads well himself, and able to manage his classes well, he, by simultaneous reading imparts much of his own manner, distinctness, and intonation to his pupils. Let teachers and others interested in education give their attention to this subject and the result will soon be a decided improvement.

As for the so-called professors of elocution,

they cannot confer much benefit on anybody; for should one be enabled to speak a piece learned from an elocutionist with all the ease and grace that could be desired, he becomes himself as soon as he attempts to speak or read his own composition. To squeeze people's delivery into one model is as unnatural as the Chinese fashion of placing tight shoes upon the feet of their female children, which to be sure secures uniformity, but the consequence is generally deformity. In fact, such teaching of elocution seems very much like building a house at the top. It is right enough to set up a well sculptured capital, frieze, and cornice, if the foundation, base, and columns were all raised in their proper order, otherwise decorations and polish would be of little value as the whole would topple down about the builder's hand where there is no solid foundation.

A PICTURE OF VENICE

A city of marble did I say?—nay rather a golden city paved with emerald. For truly every pinnacle and turret glanced and glowed, overlaid with gold, or bossed with jasper. Beneath, the unsullied sea drew in deep breathing, to and fro, its eddies of green wave. Deep-hearted, majestic, terrible as the sea, the men of Venice moved in sway of power and war; pure as her pillars of alabaster stood her mothers and maidens, from foot to brow, all noble, walked her knights, the low-bronzed gleaming of sea-rusted armor shot angrily under their blood-red mantle-folds. Fearless, faithful, patient, impenetrable, implacable—every word a fate—sate her Senate. In hope and honor, lulled by the flowing of waves around her isles of sacred sand, each with his name written and the cross graved at his side, lay her dead. A wonderful piece of world, rather itself a world. It lay along the face of the waters no larger as its captains saw it from their masts at evening, than a bar of sunset that could not pass away; but for its power it must have seemed to them as if they were sailing in the expanse of heaven, and this a great planet, whose orient edge widened through ether. A world from which all ignoble care and petty thoughts were banished, with all the common and poor elements of life. No foulness, no tumult, in those tremulous streets, that filled or fell beneath the moon; but rippled music of majestic change, or thrilling silence. No weak walls could rise above them; no low-roofed cottage nor straw built shed. Only the strength as of rock, and the finished setting-stones most precious. And around them, far as the eye could reach, still the soft moving of stainless waters, proudly pure; as not the flower, so neither the thorn nor the thistle could grow in the glancing fields. Ethereal strength of the Alps, dreamlike, vanished in high procession beyond the Torcellan shore; blue islands of Paduan hills, poised in the golden west. Above, free winds and fiery clouds ranging at their will; brightness out of the north, and balm from the south, and the stars of the evening and the morning clear in the limitless light, or arched heaven and circling sea.—*Ruskin's "Modern Painters."*

MARKS OF A BAD SCHOLAR.

From *Abbott's Teacher*.

At the time when she should be ready to take her seat at school, she commences preparation for leaving home. To the extreme annoyance of those about her, all is now hurry and bustle, and ill-humour. Thorough search is to be made for every book or paper, for which she has occasion; some are found in one place, some in another, and others are forgotten altogether. Being finally equipped, she casts her eye at the clock, hopes to be in tolerable good season, (notwithstanding that the hour for opening the school has already arrived) and sets off in the most violent hurry.

After so much haste, she is unfitted for attending properly to the duties of the school, until a considerable time after her arrival. If present at the devotional exercise, she finds it difficult to command her attention, even when desirous of so doing, and her deportment at this hour, is accordingly marked with an unbecoming listlessness and abstraction.

When called to recitations, she recollects that some task was assigned, which till that moment, she had forgotten, of others she had mistaken the extent, most commonly thinking them to be shorter than her companions suppose. In her answers to questions with which she should be familiar, she always manifests more or less of hesitation, and what she ventures to express, is very commonly in the form of a question. In these, as in all exercises, there is an inattention to general instructions. Unless what is said be addressed particularly to herself, her eyes are directed toward another part of the room; it may be, her thoughts are employed about something not at all connected with the school. If reproved by her teacher for negligence in any respects, she is generally provided with an abundance of excuses, and however mild the reproof, she receives it as a piece of extreme severity.

Throughout her whole deportment there is an air of indolence, and a want of interest in those exercises which should engage her attention. In her seat she most commonly sits in some lazy posture—either with her elbows upon her desk, her head leaning upon her hands, or with her seat tipped forwards or backwards. When she has occasion to leave her seat, it is a sauntering, lingering gait, perhaps some trick is contrived on the way, for exciting the mirth of her companions.

About every thing in which it is possible to be so, she is untidy. Her books are carelessly used, and placed in her desk without order. If she has a piece of waste paper to dispose of, she finds it much more convenient to tear it into small pieces, and scatter it about her desk, than to put in a proper place. Her hands and clothes are usually covered with ink. Her written exercises are blotted, and full of mistakes.

It is with books as it is with women, where a certain plainness of manner and dressing is more engaging than that glare of paint and airs and apparel, which may dazzle the eye, but reaches not the affections.—*Humic*.

FALLACY OF PREMATURE EDUCATION.

When we are considering the health of children, it is imperative not to omit the importance of keeping their brains fallow, as it were, for several of the first years of their existence. The mischief perpetrated by a contrary course, in the shape of bad health, peevish temper, and developed canity, is incalculable. Some infant prodigy, which is a standard of mischief throughout its neighborhood, misleads them. But parents may be assured that this early work is not, by any means, all gain, even in the way of work. I suspect it is a loss; and, the children who begin their education late, as it would be called, will rapidly overtake those who have been in the harness long before them.

And what advantage can it be that a child knows more at six years old than its compeers, especially if this is to be gained at a sacrifice of health, which may never be regained? There may be some excuse for this early book-work, in the case of those children who are to live by manual labor. It is worth while, perhaps, to run the risk of some physical injury to them, having only their early years in which we can teach them book-knowledge. The chance of mischief, too, will be less, being more likely to be counteracted by their after life. But for a child who is to be at book-work for the first twenty-one years of its life, what folly it is to exhaust in the least its mental energy, which after-all, is its surest implement.

A similar course of argument applies to taking children early to church, and to over-developing their minds in any way. There is no knowing, moreover, the disgust and weariness that may grow up in the minds of young persons from their attention being prematurely claimed.—*Arthur Helps*.

UNCONSCIOUS INFLUENCE.—The very handling of the nursery is significant, and the petulance, the passion, the gentleness, the tranquility indicated by it, are all reproduced in the child. His soul is a purely receptive nature, and that for a considerable period, without much choice or selection. A little further on, he begins voluntarily to copy everything he sees. Voice, manner, gait, everything which the eye sees, the mimic instinct delights to act over. And thus we have a whole generation of future men, receiving from their very beginnings, and the deepest impulses of their life and immortality. They watch us every moment, in the family, before the hearth, and at the table; and when we are meaning them no good or evil, when we are conscious of exerting no influence over them, they are drawing from us impressions and moulds of habit, which, if wrong, no heavenly discipline can wholly remove; or, if right, no bad association utterly dissipate. Now it may be doubted, I think, whether, in all the active influence of our lives, we do as much to shape the destiny of our fellow-men, as we do, in this single article of unconscious influence over children.

MANUFACTURE OF THIMBLES.

Notwithstanding the facility with which the manufacture of these small but essential implements is carried on by means of moulds in the stamping machine, few processes can compare, in ingenuity and effective adaptation, with the contrivance originated by M. M. Rouy & Berthier, of Paris. Sheet iron, one-twenty-fourth of an inch thick, is cut into strips of dimensions suited to the intended size of the thimbles. These strips are passed under a punch press, whereby they are cut into disks of about two inches diameter, tugged together by a tail. Each strip contains one dozen of these blanks, and these are made red hot, and laid upon a mandrel nicely fitted to their size. The workman now strikes the middle of each with a round-faced punch, about the thickness of his finger, and thus sinks into the cavity of the first mandrel. It is then transferred successively to another mandrel, which has five hollows of successively increasing depth, and, by striking it into them, it is brought to the proper shape. This rude thimble is then stuck into the chuck of a lathe, in order to polish it within; it is then turned outside, the circles marked for the gold ornament, and the pits indented with a kind of milling tool. They are next annealed, brightened, and gilded inside, with a very thin cone of gold leaf, which is firmly united to the surface of the iron by the strong pressure of a smooth steel mandrel. A gold fillet is applied to the outside, in an annular space turned to receive it, being fixed, by pressure at the edges, into a minute groove formed on the lathe.—*North American*.

PLEASURES OF THE MICROSCOPE.

From the *Earthworm and the Housefly*—by James Samuelson—we take the following:

The rich coat of the Leopard, the beautiful and variegated plumage of the Lird of Paradise, the sweet note of the Nightingale, and the graceful form and movements of the Gazelle, all delight the senses, but tend little towards the elevation of the intellect. These afford gratification alike to the savage, the child, and the educated man—perhaps in a less degree to the last than to either of the former; but when we come to examine those creatures that offer so much attraction to the superficial observer, we find them to be so wisely constituted, and to possess such interesting appliances by which they perform their natural functions, that we begin to wonder how it is we should have remained so long in ignorance of their remarkable propensities. We find ourselves in a new world, and the objects contained therein, at the same time, that they impart sensations quite as pleasurable as those which were wont to excite our childish imaginations when first we beheld the more beautiful of the higher animals, communicate new ideas; and, what is of far greater importance, they instil into our minds careful habits of observation, and enable us to form a more correct estimate of our own humble capacities, and of the boundless power and wisdom of our Creator.

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THE EDUCATIONALIST.

DECEMBER 1, 1860.

THE EDUCATIONALIST has now been a few weeks in the hands of our subscribers, and we feel much encouraged by the flattering notices which it has received from journalists, whose opinion inspires us with renewed energy in our enterprise. Our Periodical is still in its infancy, and the manager has not been able to give all his time, or, indeed, a medium portion of it to its superintendence. Subscribers have had to be sought for over the country, and much time has thus been occupied in travelling which will in a few weeks be bestowed upon the journal.

In the mean time we desire most gratefully to thank all our subscribers and friends for the encouragement we have received, and we shall endeavor to show our gratitude by making the EDUCATIONALIST worthy of their support.

Although some expressed fears that we could not succeed, we are happy to state that we have found a spirit and taste in all places which we have visited, that warrant us to conclude that Canada is not behind older countries in a desire to promote the progress of intelligence and liberal education. In fact, we feel rather elated with the success we have hitherto experienced, and we have no doubt, from our success during the few weeks past, that the EDUCATIONALIST will finally reach that high standard which a young, flourishing, and enterprising country demands, and which its recent prosperity and rapidly increasing material resources enable it to sustain.

To School Teachers—to whom the columns of the EDUCATIONALIST are always open—we desire to express our thanks, for the successful efforts they have made to increase our circulation. Indeed the interest which teachers generally have taken to obtain subscribers, manifests that they are imbued with the spirit of their honorable profession, as all their efforts have been purely gratuitous. We are happy also to state that the sons of our farmers, who are emphatically the aristocracy of every country, have been most willing, when we have called upon them, to aid us in enlarging our lists. Phrenologically speaking, our organ of hope is not extravagantly large but we have confidence in the good taste,—the liberality and the public spiritedness of the men who have with almost superhuman energy and rapidity converted the wilderness into fruitful fields, and made our beloved Canada the admiration of strangers from the far and cultivated east and the sunny south.

THE PRACTICE OF DRAINING.

Land is affected by water in several different ways, and different methods and machinery are used to get rid of it under different circumstances.

1st. In case where land is situated so low as to be permanently or occasionally flooded by freshes from rivers running through it, tides, or other circumstances.

2nd. From water running upward through the soil, as springs caused by the pressure or height of the column of water in some other place.

3rd. From the nature of the subsoil being so impermeable as not to allow the water that has fallen from the clouds to descend through it, consequently the land, or cultivated soil, remains for a long time in a saturated and overcharged state, utterly unfit for growing plants.

5th. Where the upper surface of the soil is beaten, by the action of the rain, into a puddled covering, in which all the interstices are stopped up, and consequently no air can get down to the plants.

The drainage of land affected in these various ways by water, is a subject of great interest to the practical agriculturist.

To the skill and enterprise put forth in draining the whole country of Holland has been earned from the sea, and is kept as dry and fruitful land by works erected for the purpose. In Lincolnshire, and other counties in England, works of similar character have been constructed, and some of the now most highly cultivated districts were but a few years before dreary wastes. These works consist of immense canals, called levels, where outfalls are cut into the sea, or in great estuaries; the channels of these canals are considerably above the surrounding country, consequently all the water upon it has to be pumped up into them.

The districts in Holland contained between certain of these canals are called the *Polders*, and each polder has a certain amount of machinery employed to drain it, and is governed and taxed in a systematical manner for the benefit of those whose lands are contained within its boundaries.

The machinery employed in Holland for lifting the water into the canals consists generally of a windmill and scoop-wheel.

All over Holland may be seen those mills busily engaged in unwatering the land; and in Lincolnshire much of the country is drained in a similar manner.—The Deanston or general mode of draining we will discuss in future numbers of the EDUCATIONALIST.

THE PLANET VENUS, OR THE MORNING AND EVENING STAR.

The diameter of Venus is nearly equal to that of the earth, and nearly three times as great as Mercury.

Distance 68,000,000 miles from the sun.

One of the most interesting objects of telescopic inquiry regarding the condition of the planets, is the question as to their diurnal motion.

The general mode of ascertaining the diurnal or daily motion of a planet, is by examining, with powerful telescopes, the marks observable upon the disk of the planet.

But the disks of Mercury and Venus present no permanent remarks.

For a long time this circumstance seemed to baffle all attempts to ascertain the rotation of these planets accurately. At length a circumstance, apparently accidental, led Cassini and Shroeter to the discovery of the fact of the rotation of Venus on its axis.

The discovery was effected by observing that the points of the horns of the crescent of Venus were at certain moments cut off square, and after a certain time would recover their sharpness. This was found to take place nearly at the same time each successive evening and morning. The cause was soon ascertained. In a certain part of the surface of the planet a lofty mountain flung its shadow across the region which formed a point to the horn. The diurnal rotation of the planet soon carried this point into another position, so that the shadow disappeared and allowed the horn of the crescent to recover its sharpness.—Each time that the horn became thus blunted it was ascertained that the mountain had returned to the same position, and consequently that the planet must have completed one revolution on its axis. It is a remarkable fact that the same circumstance was found to take place in the instance of the planet Mercury, and the result has been that the two planets have been ascertained to have a diurnal rotation—Mercury in 24 hours, 5 minutes, and 28 seconds; Venus, 28 hours, 21 minutes, and 7 seconds. Thus it appears that day and night in these planets is regulated by the same interval as the earth.

ANSWERS TO THE MATHEMATICAL QUESTIONS IN OUR THIRD NUMBER.

- Answer to Question 1st is 33 years.
 " " 2nd is 18 years and 11 weeks, nearly.
 Answer to Question 3rd is £34 sterling.
 " " 4th is 391.
 " " 5th is 360.

PASTILLES.

"DIFFUSING LIGHT, AROMA, AND SWEET DREAMS."

Walking out, a few days since, we came to a large ant-hill where the miniature city, with its myriads of inhabitants, was pursuing the even tenor of its way undisturbed. We could but sit us down and study that life, and speculate upon the wonders of its perfectness. What guided these little communists to such a knowledge of architecture? What kept them in such admirable harmony and rendered each citizen an active part of a grand whole? What taught them such industry, courage, kindness in the care of their young? What gave them a knowledge of the days and the seasons that they should know just how to provide for them? We may look in vain at the busy ant-hill for a solution of the problems of their lives: they seem to move and have their being even by a higher law than instinct, and it is for philosophers yet to say if the little creature has not a mind capable of strong powers of reason, of loves and hates, of rest, nay, even of worship?

But the ant's most admirable qualities of heart and mind are not shown in its most apparent life. Dig down into the hill, generally on the side where is the main entrance, and you will find a great she-beetle, which, though not a king among the Lilliputians, is still an honored guest, for it is the beetle that furnishes them with their nectar. When the ants want a sip of the delicious sweet they go up to the beetle, stroking his belly with their antennæ, when the sweet liquid oozes out from his body under the wings. Of this the ants are as fond as any old granny is of her tea, and they drink it with as much apparent delight. This is the beetle's office, and so attached are the ants to her that they sacrifice life in her defence. She rears her young in the hill, and these progeny, from the maggot state to the chrysalis and bug state, are perfectly safe in the keeping of the watchful ant. And should there be a war of extermination declared between one tribe and another, and an attack be made on the hill, the sweet beetle is spared, as if her body were sacred from harm. We know not if, in the whole animal or insect creation, there is another such association.

What a beautiful lesson does this all teach! In the miniature life beneath our very feet real dramas are being enacted; and if we would but give heed and study them, we should find that God has made no living thing without its office to perform—that the aphides of the land and infusoria of the sea, have as intimate a relation to the existing order of things as

the grander elements and beings. It is a beautiful, nay, a wonderful study to fathom the mysteries of the unmarked and hidden life around us; and it is greatly to be regretted that our systems of education should regard such study as last rather than first in the course of instruction. We may study God grandly in the heavens, in the elements, in the visible life daily around us; but we can only study God beautifully in penetrating into the mysteries of the sea and the earth, and learning thence how exquisitely perfect is his design that even the animalculæ should contribute its share toward carrying out the order of creation and the harmonies of the universe.

One of the first principles of repose is contentment.

"I never complained of my condition," says the Persian poet Sadi, "but once, when my feet were bare, and I had no money to buy shoes; but I met a man without feet, and was contented with my lot." The sayings of many of these Oriental bards and sages are brief and precious as the tiny vials of otto of roses put up in the some enchanted lands—little packages of perfume, worth more than their weight in gold; or, like golden-belted bees, flying about, laden with more than their own size of honey, which they have sipped from aromatic flowers flaming in the rich sunshine of those eternally calm heavens. It would be strange if our poets and philosophers should bundle us up any such tiny packages of wisdom. Yet we stand much more in need of them than the indolent and dreamy Orientals, who can draw contentment out of an opium-pipe as the sun draws dew out of the flower chalice. We need rest, peace, repose! we need to ponder all that can be said in favor of contentment; for we are a restless, jealous, and ambitious people, who bring, even to our otherwise happy and prosperous firesides, the spirit of emulation and pride. Yet when we speak of repose, we do not mean that idle and nerveless state of lassitude—that delicious nothingness of body and soul which the lotus-eaters craved; such a life is unworthy the high powers of the Christian character or the full development of the rational mind; we would indicate "the peace which passeth understanding," growing out of duties fulfilled, and conscious stability of worth and place, as fruit, corn, and flowers, grow silently out of the cultivated soil. Labor should bring repose, as the day brings night, but to the American mind the appreciation of the work seems almost impossible. We do not toil that we may afterward enjoy—but that we may transcend some other worker, or reach to some height which, when attained, is scorned by the restless feet which still toil onward, until their owner perishes, crying, "Excelsior!" "Excelsior!" is a glorious motto to invigorate the lingering heart of youth; but it should not urge him on, to perish in the prime of life amid the rigors of ambitious wintry heights. Such was not the purpose of the Allwise Father, who appointed the seasons of night and day, of growth and rest, of labor and enjoyment. Contentment! it is a golden word, which should be mingled with

the other upon "that banner with a strange device."

One of the "aching senses" is the longing which seizes us at times, to flee away from the whirl of life, and seek some quiet spot where there is no care, no thought of the world; only calm, deep peace. We pursue the rounds of our daily being with mind and nerves strained to their utmost capacity, and it were strange, indeed, if a sense of weariness did not come to win us away from our cares to some sweet nook of repose. But to the sensitive soul, whose hopes are not for the accomplishment of some ambitious scheme, who rather craves for the communion of kindred souls, and longs to be away from the tumult of life, this feverish existence is terrible to endure, and being becomes a constant penance from which death alone seems to offer escape. It is evident to us, when these high and pure souls so crave for repose, that there is a "dim retreat" beyond the horizon of this day where shall be the fullness of peace, and the soul shall enjoy, in all its boundless capacity for joy, its natural life. One of the most beautiful evidences of the immortality within us is this longing if the emotion was but rightly marked and understood; and when we hear the pure and beautiful of earth pleading for peace—peace! we know truly that it is the voice of the better nature crying for its own.

The world is rough and wild with care—
 The people are hurrying to and fro—
 We are weary and worn, we sigh with despair—
 Where—where shall we go?
 Where shall we go to be free from this,
 Just for a time to put it by?
 Where struggle from out the desperate mass?
 Give us rest or else we die!
 Is there no spot where violets grow,
 Lone, and dim, and silent, and sweet,
 Where flowers that lies in the moss below
 Performe our humble, aching feet?

A dim retreat,
 Whose very secrecy makes it sweet!
 So silent, no sound doth ever come
 Of the battling world; only the hum
 Of birds wings and the breeze
 Singing its love out to the trees,
 As we sigh loves of one another!
 To some dim nook in spirit we steal,
 Letting the blind world reel;
 While we, like children, are lulled to rest
 With the soothing sense of a mother's breast

The yearning we feel for this repose, arms us with trust that it will be found—if not on earthly hills and dales—at last, in the Golden Land which lies beyond the dimness of mortal sight.

We are not of those who believe the only standard of excellence should consist in the amount of hard and sordid work done. "Dabor is worship!"—very true; and so is rest worship. "They also serve who only stand and wait."

MODESTY OF LEARNING. — Learning gives us a fuller conviction of the imperfections of our nature, which, one would think, might dispose us to modesty, for the more a man knows, the more he discovers his ignorance.

There are now five railways in successful operation in Brazil, four of them finished, and still a sixth in progress of construction.

THE MIND AND THE NERVES.

The mind in the brain employs the nervous system as so many instruments of communication with the outer world. The eye is necessary to sight, but it does not see; for if the nerve which forms a communication between it and the brain is divided, the vision will be destroyed, and so with all the other organs of sense. Some have believed that the heart is the seat of the mind, and it is quite common to consider it the source of the affections. It is perfectly easy, however, to trace all the passions and mental phenomena to their great lodging place in the brain.— Vision has been destroyed in some persons, and yet by pressure on the optic nerve they have been haunted by illusions, believing that they saw objects which did not exist. After a person's leg or arm is amputated, he feels for a long time afterwards, as if his fingers or toes still belonged to him.

The spinal cord generates nervous energy for muscular actions, influences the secretions, regulates the motion of the heart, and maintains the actions of the different organs in harmony to perform their several functions, but it has no relation whatever to the faculties of perception and thought. It is composed of the same material as the brain, but its fibres and vesicles are a constant repetition of the same structure, while in the brain there is an endless variety in their arrangements; this is the reason why the brain is considered to be a congeries of organs. A large extravasation of blood within the head, by the pressure which it causes on the brain, produces total insensibility to external impressions, and suspends volition. The effect of a similar injury to the spinal cord is very different. The parts below the injury are deprived of their sensibility, at the same time those parts of the body which are above the injury maintain their sensibility and power of motion unimpaired. A person who has received a mortal injury of the spinal cord in the neck may live for five or six days—nothing living but the head. A case of this kind occurred in the city of Brooklyn during the past summer. A young man in the very prime of manhood, injured the spinal cord in his neck by striking the bottom of the river when diving, and while the body below the head is said to have been dead from the period of the accident, the head lived, for several days afterwards, and the mind, during part of that period, evinced its consciousness.—*Scientific American*

THE YOUNG MAN'S LEISURE.

Young man! after the duties of the day are over, how do you spend your evenings? When business is dull, and leaves, at your disposal, many unoccupied hours, what disposition do you make of them? I have known, and now know, many young men, who, if they devoted to any scientific, or literary, or professional pursuits, the time they spend in games of chance, and lounging in bed, might rise to any eminence. You have all read of the sexton's son, who became a fine astronomer by spending a short time every evening in gazing at the stars, after ring-

ing the bell for nine o'clock. Sir William Phipps, who, at the age of forty five, had attained the order of knighthood, and the office of High Sheriff of New England and Governor of Massachusetts, learned to read and write after his eighteenth year of a ship carpenter, in Boston. William Gifford, the great editor of the Quarterly, was an apprentice to a shoemaker, and spent his leisure hours in study. And because he had neither pen nor paper, slate nor pencil, he wrought out his problems on smooth leather with a blunt awl.

David Rittenhouse, the American astronomer, when a plow-boy, was observed to have covered his plow and fences with figures and calculations. James Ferguson, the Scotch astronomer learned to read by himself and mastered the elements of astronomy while a shepherd's boy in the fields by night. And perhaps it is not too much to say that, if the hours wasted in idle company, in vain conversation at the tavern, were only spent in the pursuit of useful knowledge, the dullest apprentice in any of our shops might become an intelligent member of society, and a fit person for most of our civil offices. By such a course, the rough covering of many a youth is laid aside, and their ideas instead of being confined to local subjects and technicalities, might range the wide fields of creation, and other stars from among the young men of this city might be added to the list of worthies that are gilding our country with bright yet unwell light.—*Rev. Dr. Murray.*

EVENING HOURS FOR MECHANICS.

What have evening hours done for mechanics who had only ten hours toil? Hearken to the following facts:

One of the best editors the Westminster Review could ever boast, and one of the most brilliant writers of the passing hour, was a cooper in Aberdeen. One of the editors of the London Daily Journal was a baker in Elgin; perhaps the best reporter of the London Times was a weaver in Edinburgh; the editor of the Witness was a stone mason. One of the oldest ministers in London was a blacksmith in Dundee, and another was a watchmaker in Bauff. The late Dr. Milne, of China, was a herd boy in Rhync. The principal of the London Missionary Society's College, at Hong Kong, was a soldier in Huntley, and one of the best missionaries that ever went to India, was a tailor in Keith. The leading machinist on the London and Birmingham Railway, with £700 a year, was a mechanic in Glasgow; and perhaps the very richest iron founder in England was a working man in Moray. Sir James Clark, her Majesty's physician, was a druggist in Bauff. Joseph Hume was a sailor first, and then a laborer at the mortar and pestle in Montrose; Mr. McGregor, the member from Glasgow, was a poor boy in Roxshire. James Wilson, the member from Westbury, was a plowman in Haddington, and Arthur Anderson, the member from Orkney earned his bread by the sweat of his brow in the Ultima Thule.

THE CHEERFUL TEACHER

Cultivate a cheerful affectionate and dignified manner in your intercourse with your pupils. Man, said Aristotle is an imitative animal and a teacher who cultivates a cheerfulness of disposition himself, and speaks kindly to his pupils, will by his example diffuse the same spirit among them, and make both himself and them happy. The feelings of human hearts in general, and of all the little hearts within the walls of your school-house, are linked together by strong and unmistakable bonds of sympathy; and cheerfulness in the teacher will spread like an electric current over his whole school, and be felt by every heart within his little kingdom. The teacher who treats his pupils with kindness and affection, will receive far more love and obedience from them, than he who never greets his scholars with a smile, and sometimes unnecessarily wounds their feelings.

A cheerful, kind hearted teacher will always be welcome to his pupils. They will rejoice to see him approach the school-house, even if the hour of study has not yet arrived; because they know he rejoices in seeing them happy, and will not interrupt their amusements before the regular time. But the morose and ill-natured teacher is ever unwelcome, and hated by his scholars. He is regarded as the enemy of their happiness, and rarely enjoys the confidence of his school.— On the other hand, the teacher, especially of larger boys, should not forget the dignity of his profession, nor place himself entirely on a level with his pupils. They should be taught to respect as well as love and confide in him. Whilst it is proper that he should witness, approve, and control their recreations, we think it in general inadvisable for him to participate in them.—*Penn. School Journal.*

EDUCATION.—Education, in the most extensive sense of the word, may comprehend every preparation that is made in our youth for the sequel of our lives; and in this sense I use it. Some such preparation is necessary for all conditions, because without it they must be miserable, and probably vicious when they grow up, either from the want of the means of subsistence, or from want of rational and inoffensive occupation. In civilized life every thing is effected by art and skill. Whence, a person who is provided with neither (and neither can be acquired without exercise and instruction,) will be useless; and he that is useless will generally be at the time mischievous to the community. So that to send an uneducated child into the world is injurious to the rest of mankind; it is little better than to turn out a mad dog or a wild beast into the streets.—*Paley.*

THE TRUE TEACHER.—The true teacher and earnest teacher will not be confined to mere book lessons. He will lead his pupils to learn from every proper source, and teach them to find

"Books in the running brook
Sermons in stones, and good in everything;
"ever endeavoring to direct them "through Nature up to Nature's God"

HUGH MILLER.

"We know of no life that teaches a better lesson to the young and friendless than that of Hugh Miller. Born in humble life, descended from a long line of sailors, his infant life was not enervated by any boast of purer blood than all mankind derive from "the grand old gardener and his wife," who tilled the soil of Eden, and who now, from the blue vault of heaven, "smile at the claims of long descent," that serve as the only pride of the dullard, who, in his pompous emptiness, had rather be the representative of a race of men who, "over since the conquest have been fools," or the sole inheritor of blood that has "crept through scoundrels over since the flood," than the worthy son of a sensible, honest, humble man. After a short term of tuition in the defective schools of his neighborhood, he commenced life as a stone-mason, studied geology and general literature in the quarry, and, in the winter holidays, by the fire-light of his humble home, was drawn from obscurity by the attention and patronage attracted by some fugitive poetry, became the accountant of a bank, and finally accepted the editorial management of the Witness newspaper, and at once took rank as one of the leading writers of the age.

We need not enlarge upon his subsequent career as the first geological writer of his time. Unequaled in the learning of his profession, he adorned it with an almost unrivalled richness of imagination, and thus presented a previously dry subject in a guise more attractive than that of many labored works of fiction.—Though his early education was not such as to give him smoothness and elegance of style, his native force of intellect and taste triumphed over all difficulties, and made of the Scottish stone-mason an English classic.

Such was Hugh Miller. His life was great and good—useful to mankind, and glorious to himself. When "all the blood of all the Howards" shall have sunk forever into its native dust, the fair renown of the Cromarty stone mason shall still live in the hearts of a grateful and admiring world.

INFLUENCE OF A CLEAN SCHOOL-HOUSE.

A neat, clean, fresh-aired, sweet, cheerful, well-arranged, and well-situated house, exerts a moral as well as a physical influence over its inmates, and makes the members of a family peaceable and considerate of the feelings and happiness of each other, the connexion is obvious between the state of mind thus produced, and habits of respect for others and for those higher duties and obligations which no laws can enforce. On the contrary, a filthy, squalid, noxious dwelling, rendered still more wretched by its noisome site, and in which none of the decencies of life can be obtained, contributes to make its unfortunate inhabitants selfish, sensual, and regardless of the feelings of each other; the constant indulgence of such passions render them reckless and brutal; and the transition is natural to propensities and habits incompatible with respect for the property of others, or for the laws.—*Conn. School Jour.*

THE GREATEST SEMINARY.

The fireside is a seminary of infinite importance. It is important because it is universal, and because the education it bestows being woven in with the woof of childhood, gives form and color to the whole texture of life. There are few who can receive the honors of a college, but all are graduates of the hearth. The learning of the universities may fade from the recollection; its classic lore may moulder in the halls of memory; but the simple lessons of home, enamelled upon the heart of childhood, defy the rust of years, and outlive the more natural but less vivid pictures of after days.

So deep, so lasting, are the impressions of early life, that you often see a man in the imbecility of age holding fresh in his recollection the events of childhood, while all the wide space between that and the present hour is a blasted and forgotten waste. You have perchance seen an old and half obliterated portrait, and in the attempt to have it cleaned and restored, you may have seen it fade away, while a brighter and more perfect picture, painted beneath, is revealed to view. This portrait, first drawn upon the canvas, is no inapt illustration of youth; and though it may be concealed by some after design, still the original traits will shine through the outward picture, giving it tone while fresh, and surviving it in decay.

Such is the fireside—the great institution furnished by Providence for the education of man.

THE DAY BOOK.

Every soul that is born into this world is like a blank book, having its pages of virgin white. Every thought, and act, and deed is written upon that soul with fearful accuracy, and durability. Each day has assigned to it its bright page either to be filled with a neatly arranged record of virtuous thoughts and actions, or to be scrawled and blotted over with sins, stains and vices.

God has given us a memory by which we are enabled to turn back the leaves of the book, and look over our past life, and take lessons and warnings by experience; and though we cannot bring to recollection every thought or deed of our life, yet they exist, indelibly engraven on the tablet of time, and will, at some time stare us fearfully in the face.

Oh, how happy is the condition of that soul who can turn back the leaves of memory, until he comes to the page where the Savior has written, "Thy sins are forgiven thee." What a difference between the pages following this and those preceding it! His "sins are blotted out, and his transgressions are remembered no more." Thenceforth are "all things done decently, and in order."

There is also a Great Book in Heaven. An angel stands by it, and whenever a sinner in this world turns to Christ, in truth and sincerity, fully endowed with faith unto salvation, with obedience to the will of Heaven, his name is written in the Book of Life, and all the holy angels rejoice at the baptism in the "blood that cleanses from every stain."

A MOST EXCELLENT THING IN WOMAN.

There is one part of a woman's education often forgotten or neglected—the culture and formation of a gentle voice. It is a great gift of nature, to be aided by culture—an instrument of powerful influence for good. I speak not of singing hymns now, and the culture of harmony and musical purposes, though these tend to God's praise, or give innocent amusement, but this gentle voice will be able to guide and persuade to good the manly heart of a faithful husband, will mitigate sorrow, lessen trial, and speak of hope and joy to her dearest friends and connections in accents at once powerful and pleasing. Let us then be careful in our schools to cultivate this most powerful acquirement. How different, in all respects, to a family, for friends and neighbors, are the kind, gentle, persuasive accents I have described, from sounds we sometimes (alas! too often) hear in the close abodes of poverty and trial—high, harsh, female treble tones of bitter import, scolding and reproaching, and driving away from the hearth and home (perhaps to sorrow and to sin) the husband and the children.

A WORD TO PARENTS WHO HAVE CHILDREN AT SCHOOL.—If parents do not feel sufficient interest in the education and training of their children—in their moral and physical, as well as in their intellectual culture—to visit the schools, see the progress of the pupils, encourage the teachers in their arduous and difficult labours, and thus assist both teacher and pupil, how can they reasonably expect the scholar or teacher to feel or manifest a desire for progress and improvement, so sadly neglected by those who should feel and exhibit the liveliest interest in the culture of their offspring? The teacher we know has many duties devolving upon him, and because he discharges them faithfully, the parent is not excused from his duty. Parents, if you have not visited your school recently, do so immediately, and you will, we are sure, find the hour well and pleasantly spent.

EDUCATION.—Thewald thought it unfair to influence a child's mind by inculcating any opinions 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?" said he, "it is covered with weeds." "O," I replied, "that is because it has not yet come to the 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 favour of roses and strawberries."—*Coleridge.*

A Teacher should be patient.—Almost every child has some trait which tries the temper of the teacher. He is stubborn or forgetful, idle or hasty, these are great faults, but that of the teacher who loses his temper, is greater. Patience is a virtue which is especially demanded in the work of instruction; but for this reason, above others, that all impatience on the teacher's part disturbs in a high degree the process of communicating moral truth.—*School Manual.*

OPPOSITE CHARACTERS.

It is very instructive, often, to observe the fitness of opposite qualities for different circumstances. A person who appears to great disadvantage in one place, acquires himself to his honor in another. Perhaps no two sisters were more unlike than Martha and Mary of Bethany. The former was a stirring, bustling, resolute, and perhaps irritable woman. The latter was moderate, quiet, diffident, and amiable. When Jesus visited them at their home, both welcomed him with glad hearts. Martha was inclined to prepare the meal, while Mary was more inclined to talk with her Lord. But the former became weary and irritated about her housework, while the latter sat meek and lovely at the feet of Jesus. How greatly to her disadvantage did Martha appear, when she yielded to the leading elements of her character, and rushed into the presence of Christ, saying, "Lord, dost thou not care that my sister hath left me to serve alone? bid her, therefore, that she help me!"—"Passionate woman!" we are ready to exclaim; and, as we turn away to Mary, she seems more lovely than ever.

But now behold them in different circumstances. At a later period, their brother Lazarus died, and the Savior visited them in their sorrow. Martha was calm, and went out to meet Jesus as he approached the house. She was so composed that she could converse about her deceased brother, and thus appeared well. The elements of her character fitted her to pass through such scenes more calmly than Mary. Even without grace, such elements enable a person to meet bereavement better than their opposites. But Mary was too much overwhelmed with grief to leave the house. She did not make her appearance till Christ sent for her, and then she could only say, prostrating herself at his feet,—“Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died.” Her gentle spirit was well nigh crushed under the sorrow. We can almost see the workings of an unreconciled feeling in her heart. Martha exhibits much more Christian fortitude and submission to the severe dispensation. And Christ appears to have recognized this difference of character. For to Martha he discoursed for her comfort; but to Mary he brought a fountain of tears. As he looked upon her at his feet, convulsed with agony, he had no words suited to her. He stood speechless, and “wept” Martha found consolation in his words—Mary in his tears.—*Congregationalist.*

HOW TO READ WITH PROFIT.

For the sake of those who are not greatly accustomed to systematic reading, we make some suggestions as to the best mode of reading, so as to gain the highest advantage from the books you peruse.

1. Ascertain the aim of the author.—You will thus know what to expect from his book, and may save much time, which might otherwise be spent in looking for what you could not find. An attentive reading of the title page, preface, and table of contents, will enable you to judge pretty accurately what the author is about. Some facts, too, which float only among

intelligent men, will aid you greatly in these matters.

2. Read *wakefully and attentively*, and with a determination to comprehend thoroughly the book you are perusing. Read neither credulously nor skeptically, but candidly, endeavoring to go to the root of the matter, if possible. One hour of such reading is worth a week of the superficial reading which is so common.

3. Read with a *good dictionary at your elbow*, and consult it freely whenever you meet a word you are not sure you understand. Webster and Worcester are the best in general use. We use Webster.—Never pass an important word without mastering its meaning in the work you are reading. In this way you will gain a good stock of words for your own use, while you are learning the meaning of the book you are reading.

4. After reading a chapter, close the book and try to recall, and state briefly in your own language, the substance of the chapter, in the order the author pursues. This is one of the most profitable exercises. It will show you just how much you have gained by reading. If you cannot do this, just read the chapter again. The second reading will probably do you some good. The first reading has been of little use to you, if you are unable to state what the main thoughts are.

5. If the book is your own—but not, if it is a borrowed one—you may mark with a pencil the most important thoughts. You will thus remember them more easily, and can refer to them more readily.

Adopting these suggestions, you will read slowly, but what you read will become yours. It will stir up your own thoughts and probably develop your mental power as healthfully as any other discipline you can have.—*Ohio Farmer.*

EDUCATION OF YOUNG LADIES.

Where are your daughters from six to sixteen? Pent up in unventilated school-rooms—their minds surcharged with studies—the light trash of the day floating through their giddy heads—stimulating to mental and physical precocity—their tongues taught to lisp a little German or French of no comparative use to them—to say nothing of their want of exercise, prone position, confined muscles and ill-adapted apparel, still more obnoxious to health.

We would be the first to urge a complete education, but never at the expense of physical development and health.—These are so imperfectly attended to that when school days are over, and the subject of marriage is alluded to, the exclamation on all hands is—and with a little more emphasis by those older than herself—why she is too young—her health is delicate—has neuralgia—spine complaint, and knows nothing of house-keeping.

We do not stand here to criticize present habits, or systems of education, or devise betters but we have presented to you a young graduate to show you how imperfectly she is prepared to be a help-mate meet for a young man desirous of early establishing a home for future enjoyment. With all her education and accomplishments, her ignorance and inca-

capacity to fill her new sphere will be a constant source of regret to herself and husband. We will merely add, that had one-half of these ten years been devoted exclusively to mental endowments, while the other half included other objects preparing for the great duties of life and living, her education would have been more complete in the aggregate—the intellectual developments and acquirements more moral and useful. *Dr. Kelley.*

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“Knowledge is Power.”

The want of a periodical on Education, established on a free, enlightened, and common basis, through whose columns every teacher, and friend of free and unfettered education in the Province of Canada may express his views without official censorship, or interested centralisation has induced the publisher, advisedly, to undertake to publish a semi-monthly, bearing the title of the *Educationalist.*

As Teachers form the minds intellectually, and to a great extent morally of the youthful population of our country, a large share of the *Educationalist* will be devoted to their interests and improvement.

The literary articles of the *Educationalist* will embrace *seriatim* all the subjects taught in our Common Schools, and the articles on Chemistry, Mineralogy, Physiology, &c., will not be mere scraps, but a well digested series of easy reference for both teachers and families.

It is the intention of the publisher, and his friends to make the *Educationalist* the best Educational Periodical in Canada, and the assistance of some distinguished scholars and practical teachers has already been secured.

An article on Agricultural Chemistry free from technical language will find a place in every issue.

The history of Canada and all matters connected with its industrial, and natural developments, will obtain a prominent place in its columns.

The *Educationalist* will be strictly neutral in Politics and Religion, while it will strenuously uphold and maintain the sacred truth that “Righteousness exalteth a nation.”

Teachers and Superintendents are respectfully requested to act as agents for the *Educationalist*, and forward the names of subscribers to H. Spencer, Publisher, Brighton P. O., C. W. The first copy will be issued as soon as a sufficient number of subscribers can be obtained.

The *Educationalist* will be published at 25 cents a year in advance and if not paid until the end of three months one dollar will be charged.