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EDUCATIONALIST.

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"Knowledge is Power."

[AFTER THREE MONTHS, ONE DOLLAR]

VOLUME II.

BRIGHTON, CANADA WEST, NOVEMBER 16, 1861.

NUMBER 5

Poetry.

SORROW.

Tendery, tendery,
Fold the pale hands,—
Hands that held stendery
Life's weary bands,—
That, ere death's agony
Wrenched them apart,
Rested so prayerfully
Over his heart.

Young in the battle-field,
Well you may say;
Too young to lightly yield
Life's breaking day.
Loved,—oh, so tenderly,—
Truly and well;
How well, remember ye,
Tongue cannot tell.

But with all weakness
Over at last,
All the night's dreaminess
Evermore past,
Let them not lovingly;
Pity his pain,—
Say ye, reprovingly,
"Death is his gain."

Well that for loving hearts
Slow tears should fall,
Meet that the tie that parts
Sadden ye all.
Love's strongest pulses beat
Over the grave;
There all our yearnings meet
Helpless to save.

Yet to the faithless soul
Reaching in vain,
Out where the waters roll
Over Death's plain,
Say with love's comforting,
Tender and blest,
"Faith cannot mourn for him,—
He is at rest."

THE OLIVE AND THE VINE.

The following is a portion of an address delivered before an Agricultural Society in Michigan, by the Hon. Lewis Cass, late U. S. Secretary of State:

The Mount of Olives, which overlooks Jerusalem, derives its name from these trees, existing there from the earliest ages, and at its foot, divided from it by the brook Kedron, is the garden of Gethsemane, for ever memorable as the scene of the passion of our Saviour. Eight olive trees, bearing every mark of extreme age, are yet growing there, and tradition has invested them with a sacred character, as contemporaries of the life and death of Jesus Christ. No believer in Christianity can gaze upon them, as I have done, without feeling the most powerful emotions—without feeling that force of association which connects us with names and

deeds, long since passed away, when we stand upon the place they have made immortal. The world contains no such spot as this, where the mission of the Redeemer was fulfilled, and where he pronounced its termination in the declaration, "IT IS FINISHED."

THE CEDAR.—But the most interesting relic of the ancient vegetable creation is to be found upon one of the ridges of Lebanon, not far from the renowned temple of Baalbec. It consists of twelve gigantic cedars, the remains of the primitive forests which once covered that great mountain chain of Syria, and which yet rear their heads, prodigies of vegetation, and each surmounted with a dome of foliage overshadowing the spectator, as in the time of biblical story. One of them is forty five feet in circumference, and all, both in size and height, tell the long ages that have swept over them, leaving them the most striking natural monuments that the eye can rest upon. What interesting associations cluster around them! They have been consecrated by history, religion and poetry. Their beauty has been recorded in Ezekiel, and their excellence and perfume by Solomon, who placed them at the head of vegetable creation, when he discoursed of trees "from the cedars which are upon Lebanon, even to the hyssop that springeth out of the wall."

Could these mute memorials of by-gone times tell the scenes that have passed in the shadow of their foliage, what lessons of power and instability might they not teach in the long interval that has elapsed, since these hills resounded with the noise of the workman, preparing the timber for the Temple of Jerusalem, to the solitude which establishes its dwelling places where the Moslem plants his standard!

I have worshipped in many of the high places of the Old World—in the Cathedrals of Christendom, the Basilic of St. Peter, when the Sovereign Pontiff, the head of the Catholic Church, ministered at the altar; and though educated, as I have been, in the simplicity of the Presbyterian faith, yet I could not look upon the imposing solemnities without feeling a reverential awe pass over me, as though I were in the presence of Him whose

visible glory descended upon the temple of Mount Moriah, and yet a naked Greek mass—for it happened to be an annual *fete* when I was there, celebrated under the patriarch cedar, before a rude altar of unwrought stone, by a poor priest, surrounded by a little band of worshippers, with the cliffs of Lebanon around them—this primitive devotion in a temple not made with hands, has left traces upon my mind and memory more powerful than the most gorgeous ceremonies, and which no subsequent event can eradicate.

THE HOT WINDS AND DUST OF INDIA.

Campaigning can only be done at an enormous cost. The hottest day that comes, let some one who is sincerely desirous of understanding what the dry winds of India are like, repair to an iron foundry in full activity, and let him stand in front of the fire when the furnace-door is opened; but unless he can add to it the odors procurable by standing over the furnace of a Strand cookshop, in the dog-days, he will have but a poor idea of the nastiness of the blast, which, sweeping over burning sandy plains, covered with putrefying remains, whisks clouds of pulverized animal matter along with it, and rushes in dense, fetid volutes, all over the city and plains around it.

To the increasing heat there is added length of days, greater power to the wind, and if possible, more dust. Of the latter it is quite beyond the powers of writing to give a description. It is so fine and subtle that long after the causes which raised it have ceased to exert their influence, you may see it like a veil of gauze between your eyes and every object. The sun, while yet six or seven degrees above the horizon, is hid from sight by it as though the luminary was enveloped in a thick fog, and at early morn and evening this vapor of dust suspended high in the air, seems like a rain-cloud clinging to a hill-side. When the dust is set in motion by a hot wind, and when the grosser sand, composed of minute fragments of tal, scales of mica and earth, is impelled in quick, successive waves thro' the heated atmosphere, the effect is quite sufficient to make one detest India forever. Every article in your tent, your hair, eyes and nose, are filled and covered with dust, which deposits a coating half an inch thick all over the tent.—W. H. Russell, in London Times.

THE HOMERIC AGE.

The tired way-farer of to-day sometimes imagines a golden past, and fondly recalls the fifth act of a drama whose scenery was the heavens and earth, and the actors illustrious mortals. Some think of those far-distant days as mysterious hieroglyphics, strange and unaccountable; others as dreamy marvels and fable-given. But let him who can, turn aside, and give his hours to that land of strong men and iron character, now known only in story,—to that elegant people and marble splendor of the city of wisdom,—to those Grecian skies where modern beauty-lovers resort,—and the old Greek isles where incense perpetually smoked on alters consecrated to the heavenly synod. To such as care to turn away from the bustling now, and seek the retired then, there are cool retreats, and refreshing waters, where heated energies may calm, and thirsty lips moisten. Also, profit and treasures of intellectual wealth, and rich examples are found to help and fertilize the mind.—But the multitude are not thus influenced. Drawn on by the great human tide, they look beyond, but never behind. For them there are no pleasures in remote days, when epic song drew infant breath, and romance had reign over the Greek heart. With such the cry is—no toil for daily bread, and care not for the old theories, the sweat of Olympic sports, the tales of Spartan Leonidas, the talk of colloquial Plato, and polished atticisms—or whether the theatre had green curtains, and how many Atheniums were on the street corners,—we think of to-day, and look up to-morrow. This prevails with not a few intelligent, but practical men.

There were no modern doctrines and improvements in that spring-time of intellectual glory, nor the thousand-and-one inventions of an ingenious age. No Manchester thrived on the water-courses of the green valleys, or by the great cities, with myriad looms and busy shuttles working for the million. But we read of those who wove the sea-purple threads of wool all the day, and prepared the vesture. Nor were there heard the shrill notes of steam amid hills, and around the temples—but had not Greece her Calliope? We know not that dinners were served in the nabob style of modern fashion-lovers, but dinner was as indispensable to ancient as to latter-day stomachs. Quite minutely are we informed as to the nature of the feast and the dishes. Boiled goose, served up in sauce, satisfied the keen appetite of

the old epicureans, and why not our turkey-lovers? Pickled livers, with a potage of pigeons, delighted Theban gourmards—and why not modern clubs? We are not informed as to whether pumpkin pies served as desert, but roasted poppy seed, mixed with a hock of pork baked in honey, was a common dish. The land of song had no Deake or Raleigh, instrumental in polluting the pure atmosphere and classic promenades with fumerous mouths,—nor were the public enlightened on “the confessions of an opium-eater,”—so that we presume the entertainment did not conclude with those unwise, sense-gratifying pleasures of latter-day civilization. Those Greeks were not puny and sallow, but given to a healthy vigor, and generous circulation of blood. Perhaps the Greek idea of a public dinner was not Americanized. At any rate, it is improbable that on the following day, the newspapers announced that “the tables literally groaned with the delicacies of the season”—for where were Faust and Hoe at that period?

While winter keeps the fashion-devotees and voluptuaries of the present age in “brown ston front” and marble houses, the summer heat bears them to sea-shore resorts, and far away to the green valleys and picturesque scenery of a mountain home. But the Greek mammomites had summer vacations, and watering places, and quiet seats, remote from dusty streets and undisturbed by the hum of crowded cities. There was no sea-washed Newport, or healing Saratoga, or Baden, in the category of Theban and Athenian pleasure rolls, but there were cool groves, and famous walks, and inspiring scenery, and isles of the deep, to while away estual hours. Where the blue Egean laved the shore, a princely Newport had the ocean-breeze, and the smooth beach. Healing waters—waters of forgetfulness and inspiration—gushed forth from Parnassian heights; and on adjacent hills and groves were the villas where tired throngs resorted.

The Greek theology was a harmonious faith. One church code satisfied the heart, and Jesus was the spiritual Bishop. No unhealthy qualms of conscience, or stinging remorse over an unregenerate heart, soured the temper, or brought on hypochondria. The age was not blessed with divinity schools and orthodox quills to lay bare Polytheism, and expose the pseudo-tenets of the Jovine disciples.—The heavens and the earth were their

testaments. The thunder was the voice of their Great Father; and earth had mansions on mountain-tops and caverns in the deeps, where his activities dwelt, and obeyed his nod. Whether that graft upon the old tree of evil, which has now blossomed in its youth—that last work of the Parent of Darkness—entered “the land of genius and of lovely women,” and invisible hands rapped on tables, and chairs danced, the historians of the age have not informed us. Nevertheless, the manes sometimes made a flying visit to the abodes of men, and held colloquies. Had ingenuity been as largely developed in the Greek brain as in Yankeeedom, there might have been Salem tribunals, and worse than “scarlet-letter” penalties enforced.

While we know not futurity, and can only move forward by a gradual march, it is possible to return to other days, and view the ancient world. The distant in-time throws off its vagueness, and the old marvels, myths and wonders of the past mingle with the present. We are indeed remote from the days of Homer. But through the gates of poetry and history we may visit them, still fresh and vivid to the inner eye. We are ushered into the age of mythic glory, free thought, fertile conceit,—an age of heroism and sensualistic beauty.

WINTER SCENES.

The following from the Chicago Journal is worthy of being placed beside the winter sketches of Jacob Abbott and N. P. Willis:

That old red sleigh, with its long box that never was full, for down in the straw, wrapped in the robes, or on one or another of the four seats it contained, there was always room for one more. What a group of bright young faces there used to be in it! Faces in hoods, in caps, and in blankets; hearts that have loved since; hearts that have broken; hearts that have mouldered. And away we went over the hill, and through the vale, under the moonlight, and under the cloud; when the stars were looking down; when the sun kindled the world into a great white jewel; but those days have gone forever away, and the sweet old necklace of bells, big in the middle of the string, and growing small by degrees, has lost its power over the pulses.

In that old sleigh, brides have gone away before now—those that were married to manhood, those that were “mar-

sied unto death." Great ships have gone over the waters with less of hope and happiness than that rude craft has borne over the billows of winter; swan-like glances now glance along the arrowy way, but give us, for its sweet memories of Yesterday, the old red sleigh.

Then, the days when we were "coast crew;" and down the big hills by the maple wood, through the little patches, far into the valley we came with merry shout, each the solitary Palinurus of his own small craft. How like a flock of swallows we were, dashing down the declivity, in among a group of sleds, side by side with a rival, shooting by like an arrow, steering in gallantry ahead, like a jockey, and on our way up with a sled in tow, ere the party had reached the valley below. And then it was, when the wind had swept away the snow from pond and stream, and the ice was glare, that we put on the "rackers," and darted hither and thither, and cut sixes and eights, and curves without number, and drew the girls that we loved, and hurled them like leaves over the highway of cristal.

And the schools where we pelted each other down, and the schools where we sang Nyndham and Mear, and the schools where we ciphered and wrote, and "went up;" gone, all gone, teacher and taught, like the melting snows under the rainbows of April. And when, sometimes, after the great snow, the winds came out of the north for a frolic, what wreathings and carvings of the cold alabaster there were. What Corinthian adornings surmounted the fence posts; what mouldings were fashioned beside the way; what fairy-like caves in the drifts, what flowers of rare finish and pendants of pearls on the trees.

Have you quite forgotten the footprints we used to find in the damp snow; as delicate, some of them, as a love letter, the mysterious paths down to the brook or the old hollow tree, that we used to wonder over and set "figure fours" by, if perchance, we might catch the makers thereof? Have you quite forgotten how sorry you were for the snow birds that fluttered among the flakes, and seemed tossing and lost in the storm? And there, in the midst of that winter, Christmas was set, that made the Thanksgiving last all through the night of the year, and what wonder the stars and the fires burned more brightly therefor! Christmas, with its gifts and its cheer; its carol and charm; its evergreen branch and its bright morning dreams. Christmas, when there were prints upon the chimney tops if we

were only there to see them, where Santa Claus set his foot as the clock struck twelve. Christmas, when stockings were suspended by hearth and by pillow all over the land, stockings silken and white; stockings homely and blue, and even the little red sock with a hole in the toe.—Blessed forever be Bethlehem's star.

ASTRONOMICAL.

(From the Scientific American.)

MR. EDITOR.—Permit me to ask you and others a question relative to the ultimate destiny of all the suns, planets and satellites in this our stellar system (which is no doubt a distinct and independent creation). First, is there any known law that will ultimately dissolve the planets and smaller bodies in their sun or center? Second, are the sun's now revolving around Aeyone, their supposed center, tending inward, or outward from the Milkyway? Third, can it be demonstrated upon scientific principles that as the bodies, called planets, cool and become more dense, their attraction for the sun becomes greater and greater without increasing their outward tendency, called centrifugal force—so much so as to finally land them in the sun? We now find the most dense bodies are nearest the sun.—Now, is it because they are more dense and the sun's attraction greater? Or did it so happen by mere chance that the least dense bodies are most remote from the sun?

If it can be demonstrated that, as the bodies grow cool, that their tendency is toward their center, so as to keep up an equal temperature for a much longer time than could be possible under any other known principle, then, when Neptune comes to have the density of our earth, he may also move in the Earth's present orbit, and so with all the planets, until Neptune moves in the orbit of the body planet and completes his revolution in but three weeks, instead one hundred and sixty-four years. But long before that time all the planets within the orbit of Neptune will rest upon the bosom of the Sun; and, finally, Neptune will rest, with all his brethren and sisters upon the bosom of their father. Can this be demonstrated? Then the same law will ultimately not only bring our sun into the central sun, but the last, and furthest, star in the Milkyway will also join the many million suns upon the bosom of their father, Aeyone. Then this creation will be in a great measure spiritualized; all things combus-

tible and subject to change from the effect of heat, will return to their constituent elements; and all oceans, seas and waters within our creation, will unite with the atmosphere, which would be vast indeed.

Now, the question is, can such a result be demonstrated from any known law or facts discovered? It is my opinion that this will be the ultimate result, though I solicit scientific evidence. For the law that can be demonstrated within our little creation, will have to be taken as a universal law for all those other creations far, far beyond the Milkyway, two thousand five hundred of which have already been discovered—whose light of to-day may sweep through that dark intervening space for many thousands or perhaps millions of years, with a velocity of 12,000,000 of miles per minute before it reaches this creation of ours within the Milkyway.—These are thoughts for reflection, and he that hath an ear to hear, let him answer.

G. NEWCOMER.

Meadville, Pa., Sept. 18, 1861.

[The condensation of the mass of a planet would cause it to revolve more rapidly on its own axis, but would have no tendency to carry it nearer to the sun.

If there is a resisting medium in which the planets revolve, then they will be drawn gradually inward till they end their circling course in the sun. The latest discoveries render it probable that there is such a medium, but the question is not settled. If this medium extends throughout the interstellar spaces, and if the stars of our stellar system are revolving around a common center, then they also will finally be all drawn together into a common mass. It is difficult to conceive of any observations by which the centripetal motion of the stars can ever be determined; but since it has been positively ascertained that iron, sodium, &c., enter into the composition of the sun, it would be irrational to affirm that any knowledge is necessarily beyond the reach of the human intellect.—Ed.

THERE be three degrees of this hiding and veiling of a man's self, the first, closeness, reservation, and secrecy, when a man leaveth himself without observation, or without hold to be taken, what he is; the second, dissimulation in the negative, when a man lets fall signs and arguments that he is not that he is; and the third, simulation in the affirmative, when a man industriously and expressly feigns and pretends to be that he is not.

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THE EDUCATIONALIST.

NOVEMBER 16, 1861.

We wish it to be distinctly understood that no papers will be discontinued until settled for.

Miss GINSON: Your paper will be discontinued when you tell us what P. O. it has been received at.

According to our advertised rules, those of our readers who are in arrears for three months will be charged one dollar. To such we would say, if the dollar is sent immediately you will be entitled to the EDUCATIONALIST for another year.

We bespeak for the communication "Why Do Teachers Fail?" a careful perusal. F. E. McE. is a gentleman of acknowledged literary talents, and great experience as a teacher. We hope to hear from him often.

Mr. Rous, Local Superintendent for the County of Hastings, has our thanks for his kindness in sending us the list of teachers' names in that county. We have forwarded the EDUCATIONALIST as you directed: some have been returned, but we trust there is spirit enough in the others to encourage the only teachers' paper in the Province.

We hope that other Superintendents will take the same interest in our paper that has been manifested by Mr. Rous, and we will have no difficulty in maintaining a prosperous existence.

AGENTS WANTED,

In each County in the Province, to obtain subscribers to the EDUCATIONALIST. We are desirous of obtaining men of the highest stamp to engage in this work. This enterprise is one that cannot fail to succeed, if prosecuted with energy.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Subscribers wishing their papers discontinued, or their post-office address changed, must be particular in letting us know the name of the Post Office where their paper is received, or it will be impossible for us to find their names on our books. We sometimes receive returned papers without either the name of the person or the post office to which they were sent; consequently it is impossible for us to know where to look for the person's name on our books.

TRY, EVERYBODY.

Will not our readers, every one, try to procure one new subscriber for the EDUCATIONALIST. Try it once. By such an effort our subscription list would be increased to double its present number, enabling us at once to enlarge our paper to twice its present size; so, you see, you would be working for yourselves more than for us. Some teachers have been so good as to canvass their school sections, while others are so disinterested in the dissemination of knowledge that they have really refused to become subscribers. We have spent a good deal of time and not a little expense in circulating the EDUCATIONALIST, and have succeeded so far as to maintain an existence, in our somewhat contracted form; but we are not satisfied with this; we want to do more; we want to enlarge and raise the EDUCATIONALIST to that rank which such a paper should hold; and we cannot do so without the assistance of the friends of education.

WHY DO SO MANY TEACHERS FAIL?

This question, although frequently asked, is not so easily answered, especially by those who have not deeply studied the matter; and yet, to those who have carefully investigated the subject, the solution is far more doubtful than satisfactory.

Of all the occupations in life, there is not one that has a greater tendency, if faithfully carried out, to elevate and refine our rising generations than that of teacher; and yet it is in too many instances fearfully neglected, and falls, alas, too far short

of what might and ought to be accomplished. Many young men of good education, and talents above mediocrity, go forth into the world with the *insane idea* that they are well qualified to successfully discharge the important and responsible duties of a competent teacher, while they are almost entirely ignorant of the fundamental principles upon which their success depends. Without an education of the first-class stamp, no man should undertake the responsibilities incumbent upon a teacher; for no matter what his attainments in scholastic lore may be, unless he has a thorough and extended knowledge of all the several branches required to be taught in a good common school, his attempts will prove abortive, his expectations thwarted, and if he possess a proud temperament, he will retire from this, one of the most honorable callings, in utter disgust.

I find many who do not understand the cause of their failure, and yet they work with untiring assiduity to accomplish the desideratum that lies above all else, nearest their hearts. There are few men at the present day who are able, no matter how familiar with their subject, to impart in a free, smooth, and intelligible style, what they do actually know, and thoroughly understand themselves; and lacking in this most essential part, they are too apt to follow the dry, dull, and monotonous language contained in the text books, instead of giving *viva voce* the same truths in a friendly conversation.

I do not wish by any means to be understood as being anxious for the disuse of text books in school; but on the contrary, contend that a blind adherence entirely to them has an injurious tendency upon the minds of the pupils; for every observing man must know that children, like adults, take more interest in, and remember longer, what they have been told in colloquial conversation than if they read it themselves; but how much more so when falling from the lips of a teacher in whom the children have implicit confidence, especially when related by him in an easy and familiar style. Then the soul of the intelligent teacher will rejoice while he sees the sparkling eyes, the index of the soul, of those men and women in miniature, glow with delight as they drink from his lips some new-born, to them, truth.

Such scenes as these have borne me up amid many trials that were almost unbearable; but, often, while contemplating the rapid expansion of the minds of those

placed under my care, I have been lulled into that happy train of thought which gave me more real consolation and satisfaction, in my humble sphere, than if I were whirling in the turmoils of national politics, surrounded by the great, the giddy, and the gay.

Again, many teachers do not succeed because they do not fully appreciate the importance of their calling; for I do contend, without fear of successful contradiction, that in a national point of view there is a more serious duty devolving on the head of a conscientious teacher than upon any other man, be he lay or clerical, for, "as the twig is bent the tree inclines;" and if by the teacher's lack, or ignorance of duty, the inclination takes the downward course, the chances are that the clerical teacher cannot wholly remedy the evil. Some of my clerical friends may demur to this declaration, and accuse me of lack of veneration; but to my mind the demonstration is as clear as the 47th proposition of the first book of Euclid. Hence, fellow teachers, be proud of your calling; make it the aim of your highest aspirations; and, above all things, respect yourselves; and others, even the bad, will respect you.

A teacher, to succeed, should fully understand the temperament of his scholars; and to this end he should make himself master of the science of Phrenology; a science, no matter how old school men may sneer, which is yet destined to do its part in the cause and advancement of education in this, the land of my birth. By the aid of Phrenology the intelligent teacher will at once thoroughly understand the character of those whom he has undertaken to instruct; and where he finds the moral sentiments low, and the animal passions preponderatingly high, it will be his incumbent duty to cultivate the former, while he cautiously and perseveringly endeavors to curb the latter. And while on this topic, let me say that no man, I care not what his abilities or mental attainments may be; who is low in the organ of Philoprogenitiveness, can ever be a happy or successful teacher of youth. His authority must be maintained by the infliction of corporeal punishment, which should be avoided by all who aim at reaching the head of their profession. There is a magnetic influence existing between all animate bodies which, when Phrenology is understood, can be exercised over the minds and actions of ninety-nine pupils in one hundred. Let any one

enter a well-conducted school, and he will at once perceive that every scholar in the room understands, if you allow me the phrase, the language of the teacher's countenance; yea, his will is read by them from the very glance of his eye; and in the same way the teacher can read and understand—only to a far greater extent, the very inward emotions of his pupils' minds.

Another reason why teachers do not succeed is that they feel their labors are not fully appreciated by the parents and guardians of the children, and therefore allow themselves to grow weary in well-doing, instead of boldly confronting and dispelling the ignorance and prejudices by which they are surrounded. The moment a teacher enters a school room or school section, he should at once be determined to command the confiding respect of his pupils, and through them gain the friendship and esteem of the parents. This is as easily done as not, if you only think so; for no man or woman will hate the teacher who is loved and respected by his child. It is contrary to the laws of nature; and I aver that there is no surer channel to a parent's good opinion than through the medium of his children. To succeed you must have good examinations; the scholars up to their duty, but not crammed; have every mother and father in the section present; reward the industrious competitor, emulate the unsuccessful; cheer the whole by constantly drawing vivid pictures of those great men who have risen from the lower walks of life to the very pinnacle of fame, by their study and perseverance.

In short, to be a successful teacher, you must be a master of human nature; study its laws, analyze its parts, compound the whole, and teach more for the sake of an honorable profession than the mere accumulation of dollars and cents, and you will pass peaceably and quietly thro' life, and leave a lasting stamp for good upon those whom you leave behind. So wrote it be. Yours, F. R. MCB.,
Orangeville, Nov., '61. Teacher.

DOES any man doubt, that if there were taken out of men's minds vain opinions, flattering hopes, false valuations, imaginations as one would, and the like, but it would make the minds of a number of men poor shrunken things, full of melancholy and indisposition, and unpleasing to themselves?—Bacon.

THE TEACHER IN THE SCHOOL-ROOM.

If we enter successively a number of school-rooms, we shall probably discover a contrast something like this.—In one we shall see a presiding presence, which it will puzzle us at first sight to analyze or to explain. Looking at the master's movements—I use the masculine term only for convenience—the first quality that strikes us is the absence of all effort.—Everything seems to be done with an ease which gives an impression of spontaneous and natural energy; for, after all, it is energy. The repose is totally unlike indolence. The ease of manner has no shuffling and no lounging in it. There is all the vitality and vigor of inward determination. The dignity is at the farthest possible remove from indifference or carelessness. It is told of Hercules, god of real force, that "whether he stood, or walked, or sat, or whatever thing he did, he conquered." This teacher accomplishes his ends with singular precision. He speaks less than is common, and with less pretension when he does speak, yet his idea is conveyed and caught, and his will is promptly done. When he addresses an individual or a class, attention comes, and not as if it was extorted by fear, nor even paid by conscience as a duty, but cordially. Nobody seems to be looking particularly, yet he is felt to be there, through the whole place. He does not seem to be attempting anything elaborately with anybody; yet the business is done; and done remarkably well. The three-fold office of school-keeping, even according to the popular standard, is achieved without friction and without failure. Authority is secured, intellectual activity is stimulated, knowledge is got with a hearty zeal.

Over against this style of teacher we find another. He is the incarnation of painful and laborious striving. He is a conscious perturbation; a principled paroxysm; an embodied flutter; a mortal stir; an honest hummer hurly-burly. In his present intention he is just as sincere as the other. Indeed, he tries so hard, that by one of the common perversions of human nature, his pupils appear to have made up their minds to see to it that he shall try harder yet, and not succeed after all. So he talks much, and the multiplication of words only hinders the multiplication of integers and fractions, enclouds his government and beclouds the recitation. His expostulations roll over the boys' consciences like obliquely shot bullets over the ice, and his gestures illustrate nothing but personal impotence and despair.—*American Journal of Education.*

OBJECTIONABLE ENGLISH.

(From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.)

Aggravate, in the sense of irritate. "He aggravated me so much that at last I struck him." The least reflection on the etymology of the word is sufficient to show how erroneously it is here used. A gentleman might say: "His conduct towards me was very insolent; the offence was aggravated by my having never shown him anything but kindness." It is probably from its use in such a legitimate connection of ideas, that it has at length come, in loose common speech, to represent the words insult and irritate.

Some. "It took the counsel some two hours to cross-examine the witness." The proper word to be used is "about." It is remarkable that Raleigh, Bacon, Addison, and Prior, use the word "some" in this objectionable way.

Progress, as a verb. "We are progressing favourably." This is a barbarism, recently introduced from America. While such words as proceed and advance exist, it seems a pity to adopt a new one out of its old and accustomed sense. Here, too, however, there is not wanting a certain classic sanction, for the word is used as a verb by Milton.

Antiquarian, as a noun. Antiquarian being the adjective, it is surely best that we use antiquary as the noun, seeing that it is at our service. The language, by being varied, is enriched.

Talented. "Talents," in the sense of mental abilities, is itself a scarcely legitimate term, being only adopted figuratively from the word in the scriptural parable. When used as above, it becomes unbearable. Our language, as it happens, exhibits a poverty of words for mental ability; yet "gifted" would be preferable to "talented."

"You would wish me to invite you; but I am not going to." "Mark caught the words he was not intended to." These sentences give examples of an elision which has become very common in the familiar language of the middle classes, and is even creeping into print. Let it be condemned and avoided.

As well, in the sense of also. "He was very angry, and I was hot as well." This is another growing grammatical evil much to be deprecated.

Directly, in the sense of when or as soon as. "Directly the pot is boiling, take it off the fire." The word is here manifestly used in a wrong relation.

"The question lays in a nutshell." This sentence occurred a few years ago in a daily journal of very high repute. It

is an example of a mistake very general in conversation among the middle classes of the English people (it is unknown in Scotland)—the active verb *lay* substituted for the neuter verb *lie*—and which most frequently occurs in the preterite, as "I laid down in bed," for *lay* down," &c.; or "I had scarcely laid down in bed," for "I had scarcely *lain* down," &c.

Left, for departed. "Thomas left this morning at six." In using the word "left," the mention of the place departed from is strictly necessary.

In this connection. "In this connection, we may also advert to the shallow learning of the present age." Meaning, in connection with this fact, or proposition, or group of ideas. This is a piece of corrupt phraseology which seems to have taken its rise in the American pulpit, but is now spreading in England.

Those sort of things. The proper expression to use would be that sort of things, or things of that kind.

John, whom she said was looking another way. This is an example of a direct breach of grammar not unfrequently seen in books. The relative pronoun ought obviously to be in the nominative (who,) to govern the verb "was looking;" the words "she said" being parenthetical.

Party, for person. "I asked Thomas if he had long known that party," referring to a gentleman formerly seen in Thomas's company. This vulgarism seems to have taken its rise in the counting-house and exchange, where, being first used legitimately with regard to individuals in a bargain, it has at length come to be employed as a general term for an individual or person. It ought to be sternly repressed.

To these specimens of improper English may be added a specimen of improper Scotch. The word "canny" is constantly used in English as a Scotch word, appropriate to a low prudence or roguish sagacity, which southern people are pleased to attribute to their northern kinsfolk. Now, if Englishmen feel themselves entitled to use terms of obloquy regarding the morals of their neighbors, let them do it in correct language. The word "canny," in reality, means gentle, innocent, propitious, and has no connection whatever with either cunning or prudence.

THE best composition and temperature is, to have openness in fame and opinion; secrecy in habit; dissimulation in seasonable use; and a power to feign, if there be no remedy.

VOICES.

The voice was the crowning gift of God to man. By means of it we can most readily convey our thoughts to our fellow-creatures, and through this medium the most of us can exercise the greatest influence. The different tones of the voice have great power over the emotions of the soul,—if they are gentle and kind, a kindred feeling will be awakened within our own breasts; if harsh and austere, like emotions will be aroused. How carefully then should we guard this delicate instrument, so that its keys, when touched, shall ever send forth sweet, harmonious music.

But there are voices, myriads of voices, breathing everywhere. 'Tis not alone to man that God has granted this great gift. Ah, no: Who has not heard another voice—even the voice of Nature, either amid the loud roaring of the cataract, the howling of the storm, or in the musical plash of the mimic waterfall. There may be much in her sublime tones to stir the quick perceptions of the soul, but her gentle whisperings have so much of beauty and sweetness they cannot fail awakening deep emotion. Glad songs have the little babbling brooks sung to us in our childhood, and now we can never watch their silvery waters, murmuring so peacefully along, without having our thoughts wafted back to happy by-gone days.

But the human voice and the voice of Nature are not the only ones we may hear; for there are voices, sweet spirit voices, that thrill through the soul, and echo there long after the tones that awakened them have died away. When the heart is sad and weary, soothing whispers are heard telling of a Land of Rest where the cares and sorrows of earth have no entrance. They speak of unfading flowers,—of trees that always are green,—of bright, beautiful waters, ever flowing peacefully,—of angel bands with wings and golden harps,—of music more melodious than e'er was struck from earthly lyres,—of a starry crown to be exchanged for the burdensome cross, and we long to say to the fettered soul, "Plume thy pinions for thine everlasting flight,—leave far behind the sin and sorrow of earth, and find an eternal rest amidst the glories of the Bet Land." At such moments, when we feel an impatient restiveness of soul, and find it well nigh impossible to exclaim, "Thy will be done," one spirit voice, superior to all others, will speak to the heart, and if we but listen it will teach us the difficult lessons of heroic endurance and patient waiting, till we be called to inherit our eternal reward.

MENTAL HYGIENE

In a recent issue of the *American Journal of Insanity*, we find an able essay upon this topic from the pen of GEORGE COOK, and we purpose making some extracts as space will permit. The entire article is worthy of close perusal, but its length forbids publication in our columns:

It is only by a careful observance of the early peculiarities of disposition and mind in their relations to the physical constitution, that parents can prepare themselves for the enlightened training of their children, and are enabled so to bend the twig as to insure a sound and upright growth. The young learn more from example than precept, therefore it is essential that their early years should be passed within the sacred precincts of a home, surrounded by the healthful influences of parental affection, which by its own faith and trust in a Heavenly Father shall fix in the innermost heart of the child that confiding reliance upon a higher power, and the instinctive love of truth and goodness which serve as a shield against the assaults of trial and temptation.

Children should be impressed by the routine of daily life that there is a place for them in the home circle, ever vacant in their absence, and which they are expected to fill; thus will be developed a love of home, the chief corner stone of health and safety to the young. The lives of parents should inculcate the all-important lessons of patience and self-denial, without which a healthy balance of the mental and moral powers is rarely developed.

Any tendency to undue nervous development should attract the attention, and instead of being cherished by parental pride as a mark of precocity and promise, should give rise to a watchful anxiety; and especial care should be taken to retard the early growth of this dangerous element. Children require much exercise in the open air—the sunlight being as essential to their healthy development as it is to healthy growing plants. Hence the deleterious effects of confinement for many hours every day in close rooms at home, or in the impure atmosphere of school-rooms, by which the growth of bone and muscle is retarded, and the nervous system unduly stimulated.

In searching for the causes of mental disease in the numerous patients now pressing into the asylums of our country, the physician is often struck with the apparent insufficiency of the one assigned.

A slight disappointment, reverse in business, religious excitement, or some other equally trivial cause, which a healthy brain and nervous system should be able to encounter without danger, is frequently the only immediate cause discoverable on the closest examination. But a minute history of the whole life of such individuals will almost invariably reveal remote causes, sometimes hereditary—more frequently, perhaps, the offspring of defective training and education. In no small number of those who have passed under our observation have we been able to trace the mental disease back to the disregard of some of the rules given above, and the consequent errors which have usurped their place in so many minds. We now proceed to speak of these evil influences in no evil-ing spirit, but with an earnest desire to contribute, in some degree, to the correction of what is fast becoming a gigantic and far-reaching evil. The fountain, corrupted or embittered at its source, fed by impure springs and flowing on amidst increasing impurities, will only widen and deepen its channel as it passes on with ever-increasing power. So with the evil in question, unless arrested at its source, all efforts to hold in check the flood of moral tergitude and mental disease which is sweeping over our country, will meet with partial success.

Albert Smith was one day boasting, in the presence of Douglas Jerrold, that he and Lamartine always rowed in the same boat. "Oh yes," replied the wit, "but with very different sort of sculls!" The point of Jerrold's wit loses none of its sharpness when turned against many parents of the present day. It would be well for them to remember that, though in the providence of the Creator they are rowing in the same boat with their children, they may not have the same sort of sculls. It is a sad truth that too many parents give no thought whatever to this matter; they cannot see why there should be such differences in the character and disposition of their children, when they subject them all alike to the same system, or rather no-system of government. The high-spirited, impulsive and excitable child is governed in the same manner as the meek and retiring one, or more frequently he is left to his own self will and inclinations.

It was a high speech of Seneca (after the manner of the Stoics), that the "good things which belong to prosperity are to be wished; but the good things that belong to adversity are to be admired."

REVENGE.

Revenge is a kind of wild justice, which the more man's nature runs to, the more ought law to weed it out; for as for the first wrong, it doth but offend the law, but the revenge of that wrong putteth the law out of office. Certainly, in taking revenge a man is but even with his enemy, but in passing it over he is superior; for it is a prince's part to pardon; and Solomon, I am sure saith, "It is the glory of a man to pass by an offence." That which is past is gone and irrecoverable, and wise men have enough to do with things present and to come; therefore they do but trifle with themselves, that labor in past matters. There is no man doth a wrong for the wrong's sake, but thereby to purchase himself profit, or pleasure, or honor, or the like; therefore why should I be angry with a man for loving himself better than me? And if any man should do wrong, merely out of ill nature; why, yet it is but like the thorn or brier, which prick and scratch, because they can do no other. The most tolerable sort of revenge is for those wrongs which there is no law to remedy; but then, let a man take heed the revenge be such as there is no law to punish, else a man's enemy is still beforehand, and it is two for one. Some, when they take revenge, are desirous the party should know when it cometh: this is the more generous, for the delight seemeth to be not so much in doing the hurt as in making the party repent: but base and crafty cowards are like the arrow that flieth in the dark.—*Bacon.*

HE that talketh what he knoweth, will also talk what he knoweth not, therefore set it down, that a habit of secrecy is both politic and moral. and in this part it is good that a man's face give his tongue leave to speak; for the discovery of a man's self, by the tracks of his countenance, is a great weakness and betraying, by how much it is many times more marked and believed than a man's words.

WE see in needleworks and embroideries, it is more pleasing to have a lively work upon a sad and solemn ground, than to have a dark and melancholy work upon a lightsome ground. Judge, therefore, of the pleasure of the heart by the pleasure of the eye. Certainly virtue is like precious odors, most fragrant where they are increased, or crushed, for prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue.

IMPORTANT TO PARENTS AND TEACHERS.

(From the *Scientific American*)

We respectfully but very earnestly call the attention of our readers to the statements below. It will be seen that it is proved by a very extensive collection of facts that children learn more when they study three hours a day than they do when they study six. We have long been convinced of this from our own experience and observation, and we believe that no more important truth can be disseminated among the community.

When a child comes in fresh from his play, with the blood bounding through his veins, his brain is full of life and vigor, his ideas are all clear, and he can learn more in fifteen minutes than he can in two hours after his brain is fatigued and his whole system has become languid by confinement at his desk.

From pretty extensive inquiry we are satisfied that the present murderous system of long confinement in school is continued by a want of frankness between parents and teachers. Nearly all the parents are opposed to the practice, but it is kept up by the teachers under the mistaken idea that they will give dissatisfaction by reducing the hours of their own labor.

Not only should the gross amount of study be greatly diminished, but recesses should be more frequent. Thirty minutes is quite long enough for any young child to study, and one hour for a child of any age. The human brain is not like a steam engine that the longer you run it, the more work you get out of it. What the brain can do depends wholly upon its condition. Any person can accomplish more mental labor in one hour with the brain in a healthy and active state, than he can perform in a month when the brain is tired and exhausted.

Among the Parliamentary papers recently issued in England, are two small volumes containing some information collected by Mr. Edwin Chadwick during the recent education inquiry. Mr. Chadwick shows in these papers that the practice of long hours of teaching is a wide cause of enervation and predisposition to disease, and induces also habits of listlessness and dawdling. The half-time system is found to give nearly, if not quite, as good education as the whole time; and common sense tells us that a boy who has acquired the same amount of knowledge in half the time of another boy must have obtained a proportionately superior habit of mental

activity. It is this alertness, combined with the bodily aptitude created by drill, that gives the comparatively stunted boys of the town a preference over the strong robust lads from the coast. Good schoolmasters say that about three hours a day are as long as a bright, voluntary attention on the part of children can be secured and that in that period they may really be taught as much as they can receive: all beyond the profitable limit is waste.—Hence it is urged that part of the present long school hours be devoted to gymnastic exercises or drill, as part of the system of education, or that the half-time system be more adopted. It is a frequent complaint by runaway apprentices and vagrant children that the work to which they were first put was really very painful to them; but children, while at school, might be gradually introduced and accustomed to labor and exertion. Early physical training would remove or diminish congenital defects or bodily weakness. It is estimated that an addition of at least a fifth might be made to the efficiency and value of a boy as a laborer in after life—an addition equivalent, in the mass, to the produce of the labor of one-fifth more of population, without the expense of additional food, clothes or shelter, to maintain them. Drill is very strongly recommended by many eminent men, who give their testimony in these papers. It improves the health, the carriage, the manners, even the character; sharpens the attention, gives habits of obedience, promptness, regularity and self-restraint. Sir F. B. Head writes:—"No animal, whether on four legs or two, can be of any use in the worship of man until he has been sufficiently divested of that portion of his natural inheritance called a 'will of his own.' What's the use of a cow if she won't allow either man or maid to milk her?—what's the use of a horse if he won't put his head into a collar or suffer a saddle on his back? A system of military drill in our schools would prove so beneficial that, if once adopted, an undrilled young man, like a raw, unbroken horse, would be considered unserviceable." "I should consider a youth of double value," says Mr. Whitworth, "who has had the training of the nature of a drill; he attends to commands; he keeps everything he has to do with in a high state of cleanliness; defects are corrected, and special qualifications brought out." "We find the drilled men very superior," says Mr. Fairbairn. "They are constantly in readiness for the protection of the coun-

try," writes Lieutenant General Shaw Kennedy. "I would not," said an eminent manufacturer, "take less than £7,000 for my whole set of workmen in exchange for the uneducated, ill-trained and ill-conditioned workmen of the manufacturer opposite. The readiness of the educated man induces steadiness of work, and comparative certainty in the quality and quantity of the produce." "Why do you bespeak children from the infant school in preference to others?" an operative was asked. "Because they require less beating, and they are sooner taught," was the expressive answer. It is maintained in the papers that much more might be made of the existing means of education by a system of union and consolidation and gradation of schools, and a division of educational labor; and with improvements of this nature, and contemplating results of education in the district half-time industrial schools for pauper—schools which are emancipating children from hereditary pauperism and crime by methods of training which might be so much more widely adopted—"men like us, past the middle period of life," writes Mr. Chadwick, "might expect to see in a few years a change in the whole moral and intellectual condition of the population, as great as any change produced by improvements in physical science and art in our time."

PURE HEARTS

I think we must all admit there is nothing so beautiful as a pure heart,—a heart through which Jesus has gone as he went through the courts of the temple at Jerusalem, driving thence everything that offended,—all hatred, all malice, all jealousy, all envy, all uncleanness,—a heart whose thoughts are pure, whose desires are pure, whose affections are pure, whose motives are pure, whose purposes are pure, whose principles are pure,—a heart that is the house of the immaculate Spirit of the infinite and eternal God! O, there is nothing beneath the skies so attractive, so beautiful, so desirable, so glorious as a pure heart? If not, if candor and conscience constrain us to answer in the negative, let me ask another question,—could we have pure hearts? Are we groaning after conformity to God? Are we hungering and thirsting after righteousness?

It is not the lie that passeth through the mind, but the lie that sinketh in and setteth in it that doth the hurt.