

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/  
Couverture de couleur

Covers damaged/  
Couverture endommagée

Covers restored and/or laminated/  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Cover title missing/  
Le titre de couverture manque

Coloured maps/  
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Bound with other material/  
Relié avec d'autres documents

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/  
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/  
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Additional comments: /  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Coloured pages/  
Pages de couleur

Pages damaged/  
Pages endommagées

Pages restored and/or laminated/  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Pages detached/  
Pages détachées

Showthrough/  
Transparence

Quality of print varies/  
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Continuous pagination/  
Pagination continue

Includes index(es)/  
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from: /  
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Title page of issue/  
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/  
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/  
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/  
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
									<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>		

# EDUCATIONALIST.

FIFTY CENTS A YEAR IN ADVANCE.]

"Knowledge is Power."

[AFTER THREE MONTHS ONE DOLLAR.]

VOLUME I.

BRIGHTON, CANADA WEST, FEBRUARY 16, 1861

NUMBER 11

## Poet's Corner.

### THE AURORA BOREALIS.

BY MRS H. F. GOULD.

The north! the north! from out the north  
What founts of light are breaking forth  
And streaming up these evening skies,  
A glorious wonder to our eyes!  
The north! the north! who can tell  
What flees in thy cold bosom dwell.  
It fades! it shifts! and now appears,  
An army, bright with shields and spears,  
That, winding on in proud array,  
Up the blue heights pursue their way,  
With waving plumes and banners, where  
No eagle's wing e'er cleaved the air.  
Battalions, now again they march  
Beneath the high, triumphal arch,  
And while the vast pavilion spreads,  
Gold fringed and tasselled o'er their heads,  
A zenith loop superbly holds  
Its o'erhanging, green, and purple folds  
"Tis changed! a city seems to glight,  
With towers and spires staining white!  
Behind its snowy mountains rise—  
Before, a flaming ocean lies,  
And eager throngs march in a sweep  
Fast downward to that yawning deep!  
Their van now meets in war the fire,  
While that the mount and sea retire  
The north! O, who can view in sight  
But he who said "Let there be light!"—  
Himself a glorious mystery,  
Turned in his calm eternity!

### OUR ACADEMY.

Most likely this is the natal day of many a soul-stirring poem, for its serene loyalties cannot but stir the very depth of that nature-worshipping wonder—a poet's heart. The sparkling emeralds with which mother Earth is decorating her russet robe, the bright blue sky, the trilling of robins, and even the little birds on the hazle boughs, are poems of themselves.

Let us stroll away and read them, not with our optics only, but, forgetful of self, send our hearts to revel in them, for, if we read aright, we shall learn that they have, like the fabulous fountain sought by the Spaniards of old, the property of restoring a vigorous youth.

Let us take the path that leads towards the old academy, for it is pronounced by "sentimental young ladies" of Oakwood, "decidedly romantic." True, a little way it is sort of common-place, but here it improves, lying ennobled by majestic old oaks whose branches seem to be interwoven, forming a beautiful arch overhead. But yonder appear the walls of Oakwood's time-honored hall of learning. The situation is picturesque, is it not? A pleasant eminence overlooking the village.—But the most attractive feature is the grove on the south, with its inviting seats, whose hospitality we will not scorn, since we may gain wisdom from the "silent teachings" of the time and spot. For our academy, "if walls might speak," would tell us touching stories of the past. But Memory has diligently garnered them

in her store-house—let us ransack her homely treasures.

Our remembrance of the "first teacher" is imperfect, yet his very name inspires us with a sacred awe, for older brothers and sisters have taught us to thus revere it. Very often, as in the twilight hour, old-time scenes are revived in their minds, they repeat to us kind words of admonition which were wont to fall from the lips of that never-to-be-forgotten teacher, as guiding his pupils in the path of knowledge he bade them look upward for light which never fails. For he was a young man of eminent piety, who guarded the attainments of those entrusted to his superintendence, as one who must render a "report of progress" at celestial courts. We can trace the origin of many a career of usefulness to germs of right implanted by his careful hand, and nurtured by his prayers.

But his holy mission was soon accomplished. One morning in the spring-time we placed our childish hands upon his cold brow, beautiful in its sad repose, and, though we could not comprehend why he slept so long, there was a deep void in our hearts when we were told that we should never hear his voice again. Even now the sages of Oakwood speak in saddened tones of that first teacher—of the good he would have done, while the young dwell with earnest gratitude on that which he did not leave undone.

Like that of others, the government of our academy is necessarily an absolute monarchy, and the next who seized the sceptre was one fully competent to quell all subjects, and preserve a general good humor throughout his dominion—an energetic, resolute young man, and very faithful withal. Pursuing an independent, manly course of action, he not only gained the esteem of his pupils, but what subsequent teachers can testify to by exceedingly difficult attainment, the co-operation of good people of Oakwood in the advancement of his students. But he, too, bade us farewell, for Oakwood had become to him the burial-ground of crushed hopes, the dreary resting-place of his beautiful bride.

So it seemed we were fated to a constant change of preceptors, and we were now treated to an entirely original character in the person of a middle-aged minister, with flaxen hair, blue eyes, and a most ludicrous physiognomy. A "perfect whirler" we youngsters termed the bustling Divine. Under his jurisdiction we made rapid advancement, for scores of school books were "completed," by those who had heretofore been entire strangers to the latter half of books to which they were introduced years before. And you have not forgotten his custom of tumbling nervously at every recitation the pages yet to be glanced at ere we should have the intense pleasure of saying adieu to the musty text-book.

A very exalted opinion of himself had our clerical teacher. But we would not detract from the intrinsic excellence of his character, nor depreciate the great assistance he rendered to the growth of Oakwood, for perhaps it is to his influence that we are indebted for the new church and stores erected after his arrival among us, and the neat, orderly appearance of our village. But, after advancing those under his guidance a long way up the "fearful hill," in which arduous task he passed several years of sincerely earnest labor, he delivered his farewell address to a tearful audience, for he was not unloved, and we spoke another goodbye.

A few weeks before there was a solemn gathering at the old parsonage, and we followed to the tomb the gentle form of her who still lives in the hearts of Oakwood's people. Methinks "all hearts did pray God love her"—our minister's wife—and now we regard, with a holy affection, the pure spirit above. A bitter adieu to each who held sway in our academy-world, we seem to have been destined to speak. Tears will come as we think of him we next received to our school-room, for, one short month after speaking the word of welcome, we gathered an afflicted band at the grave of the teacher, around whom the tendrils of our young hearts had begun to cling.

The students who have assembled here season after season, are scattered now.—You remember the sweet voices of those two sisters which our music teacher prized so highly. They write that they carol as freely now in their homes of the far west, though their song is oftener "lullaby" than those we used to sing. Some the angel of death long since claimed, and "Lore over the river." Others are bright stars in the crown of honor, which we award to our Academy, for, though she be the humblest of the sisterhood, we think she has whereof to boast. Memory, in her faithful record, has inscribed the names of young men who gathered gems of knowledge within her walls, and unsatisfied, stepped higher, ever into the temple wherein are garnered the deeper treasures of science. They came forth enriched, and the jewels they bore thence, now shed a glorious radiance along their pathway.

Others have gone from the old Academy into Nature's great school-room, and now their broad acres and beautiful homes testify that they are apt pupils.—The teacher's ranks have been reinforced by others who bore their regalia from our Academy. Indeed, this venerable institution has supplied competent occupants of nearly every honorable station, and though it has not even a name among the seminaries of our land, how pleasant a field it presents for the study of character—what touching, yet profitable lessons, we might learn from the pages of its history. But it is most solemn to meditate

upon the influence which even in its insignificance, is emitting to the world. Though we smile at the thought, still if we ponder a moment we are convinced that there is much of importance attached to the characters of those it has sent forth into life's great conflict. None will be idle. The bearing of each, even the least, will affect the conquest to be gained—Let us trust they will all do battle under the "banner of Right," that they may share the glory of a victory over Error, and you, dear old Academy, be able to render a worthy account of your labors. Oakwood, Mich., 1859.

AMY SUMMERS.

From the N. Y. Teachers' Advocate.

### SUPERFICIAL TEACHING.

It was the custom of a former age to study much in order to become good scholars. Every great attainment in literature and science was accomplished by much toil and application. No one even suspected that there was any short cut to superior scholarship. It was even a standard adage that there was no royal road to geometry. Or in other words, that the learner cannot overcome difficulties without his own exertions. It was the custom that teachers should exact tasks of the scholars—that scholars should be required to study—that teachers should labor to inculcate moral precepts, and store the minds of learners with the elements of those sciences which they were required to teach. In order to this end, there was line upon line and precept upon precept to be given. It was the duty of the teacher to use all the means of enforcement consistent with a proper exercise of wildness and authority, to encourage and persuade the pupil to the exercise of judgment and memory, and sometimes to correct his delinquency if necessary, by penal proceedings.

But the people of this age of progression cannot rest upon antiquated theories, nor be content to re-enact what has been done a thousand times in a prescribed way. Possibly there is a better way, and why should not the psychological discoveries of transcendental philosophy in other lands, be applicable to the unfolding mind in ours? And why should we not make progress in teaching, and find out new processes and labour-saving methods of mental expansion and development comparable with the discoveries in other departments of philosophical research? These inquiries are specious and plausible, but they betray great ignorance of the human mind. We had thought that the pointing-in process had by this time revealed its own fallacy, and that teachers would betake themselves to teaching, and put their scholars to study, instead of substituting pleasing lectures. Illustrations in many places are the peculiar business of the teacher, and lectures, to minds somewhat matured, will seldom be over-estimated; but the substitution of these for reading and reflection cannot be too severely condemned. They seem to be a device by which the immature mind is dazzled by the trappings and adornments of an interesting presentation, instead of becoming indoctrinated and instructed in the preliminary details of an

elementary education. The mind must be trained. Continuous and regular exercise give to the mental faculties strength and power, just as they do to the physical. Repetition and tautology, though a fault in rhetoric, is necessary in teaching. He who supposes a whole class has learned a subject because he told them, once, will beyond all controversy be a very poor teacher. He must illustrate, explain, repeat again and again, if he would have a class of well-taught scholars, and the scholar must read and consider again and again, if he would be a good scholar.—The good teacher is patient, persevering, industrious, good tempered,—indeed a man of all the virtues.

### TASTE FOR READING.

Sir John Herschell has some admirable remarks on this subject—"Give a man his taste," says he, "and you place him in contact with the best society in every period of history—with the wisest, the wittyest, with the tenderest, the bravest, and the purest characters which have adorned humanity. You make him a denizen of all nations—a contemporary of all ages. This world has been created for him. It is hardly possible but his character should take a higher and better tone from the constant habit of associating with a class of thinkers, to say the least of it, above the average of human nature." What is still farther in favor of this habit, it may be cultivated as amusement, not as an occupation, and therefore may be possessed by any one: for it need not interfere with any business of life. The testimony of literary men indeed goes to show that literature itself should never be the sole employment even of an author, that should be pursued only in the intervals of business as a relaxation. Mr. Coleridge speaks feelingly on this point, and recommends to every literary man to have some occupation more or less mechanical, which, requiring no labor of the mind, hours of leisure, when he can turn to his books, to be looked for with pleasing anticipations.

It will be found that the authors who have written most and who have written best, were chiefly men of active lives whose literary labors were their amusement. Cicero, one of the most voluminous of ancient writers, was a lawyer and a statesman, whose whole life was passed in a contention of the forum or in the service of the republic, inasmuch that no great political event of the period is without some mark of his active participation therein. Milton was a school-master and a warm controversialist. He was better known to his contemporaries as the antagonist of Salmassius than as the author of Paradise Lost. What was Shakspeare's life but a continued scene of active labors, and those too of a very vexatious kind—for he was the manager of a theatre. The voluminous works of Sir Walter Scott were written, no one could tell how or when, so numerous were his other occupations.

The knowledge derived from books, and that which is gained by a practical acquaintance with the world, are not of such diverse natures that both can not be pursued together. On the other hand,

they act mutually as correctives; the one tends to liberate from narrow views, the other to give reality and truth to intellectual conceptions. There is moreover a certain freshness and elasticity of mind required by mingling with the business of life which enables one to use efficiently the knowledge derived from reading. He learns to understand the character of men in various points of development, to comprehend the spirit of the age, its wants, its tendencies, and to know how to accommodate himself accordingly.

### TALKING AND WRITING.

A man never knows what he has read until he has either talked about it or written about it. Talking and writing are digestive processes which are absolutely essential to the mental constitution of the man who devours many books. But it is not every man that can talk. Talking implies, first of all, a readiness on the part of the speaker, and next a sympathetic listener. It is, therefore, as a digestive process, the most difficult, if it is the most rapid, in its operation. Writing is a different affair; a man may take his time to it, and not require a reader; he can be his own reader. It is an easier, although more formal, process of digestion than talking. It is in everybody's power; and everybody who reads much makes more or less use of it, because, as Bacon says, if he does not write, then he ought to have extraordinary faculties to compensate for such neglect. It is in this view that we are to understand the complaint of a well-known author that he was ignorant of a certain subject, and the means by which he was to dispel his ignorance—namely, by writing on it. It is in this view that the monitorial system of instruction has its great value—to the monitor it is the best sort of teaching. It is from the same point of view that Sir William Hamilton used to lament the decay of teaching as a part of the education of students at the universities. In the olden time it was necessary to the obtaining of a degree that the graduate should give evidence of his capacity as a teacher; and in the very titles of his degree; as a magister, and doctor, he was designated a teacher. "A man never knows anything," Sir William used to say, "until he has taught it in some way or other—it may be orally, it may be writing a book." It is a grand truth, and points a fine moral. Knowledge is knowledge, say the philosophers; it is precious for its own sake, it is an end to itself. But nature says the opposite. Knowledge is not knowledge until we use it; it is not ours until we have brought it under the command of the great social faculty, speech; we exist for society, and knowledge is null until we give it expression, and in so doing make it over to the social instinct.—Blackwood.

Humboldt said ten years ago, "Governments, religion, property, books, are nothing but the scaffolding to educate a man. Earth holds up to her Master no fruit but the finished man. Education is the only interest worthy the deep controlling anxiety of the thoughtful man."

## HALLOWED BE THY NAME.

BY ELIZA COOK.

List to the dreamy tone that dwells  
In rippling wave or sighing tree;  
Go, hearken to the old church bells,  
The whistling bird, the whirring bee;  
Interpret right, and ye will find  
That "power and glory" they proclaim—  
The chimera, the creature, waters, wind,  
All publish, "Hallowed be Thy name!"

The pilgrim journeys till he bleeds  
To gain the star of his desires;  
The hermit pores above his beads,  
With zeal that never wanes nor tires,  
But holiest rite or longest prayer  
That soul can yield or wisdom frame,  
What better import can it bear  
Than "Father! hallowed be Thy name!"

The savage, kneeling to the sun,  
To give his thanks or ask a boon;  
The raptures of the idiot one  
Who laughs to see the clear round moon;  
The saint well taught in Christian lore;  
The Moslem, prostrate at his flame—  
All worship, wonder, and adore;  
All end in "Hallowed be Thy name!"

Whatever may be man's faith or creed,  
Those precious words comprise it still;  
We trace them on the bloomy mead,  
We hear them in the flowing rill,  
One chorus hails the Great Supreme;  
Each varied breathing tells the same—  
The strains may differ; but the theme  
Is "Father! hallowed be Thy name!"

## MY TEACHER'S PRAYER.

It was morning in winter. The wind moaned and shrieked around our dwellings, swept the slender arms of the shade-trees fiercely against our windows, and whirling and tossing the fast-falling snow-flakes, finally piled them in huge drifts at our very doors. I sat by my study window and gazed without upon the storm, whose bitter wailings seemed to be in perfect unison with my own thoughts and feelings. Yes, a more furious storm, a wilder conflict, was raging within my breast,—a school-mate had that morning uttered sharp, provoking words, I had retorted, the pool of passion had been stirred, and its angry waves were dashing fearfully against the chambers of my soul.

Presently, above the roar of the elements, sounded the academy bell. I threw on bonnet and shawl, and seizing my books, rushed hastily forth into the blinding storm, unmindful of its fury. I entered the school-room and took my seat moody and silent. Every thing there wore a cheerful and happy look; a bright fire diffused a comfortable degree of warmth through the room. Our kind teacher sat at her desk smiling and affable, and merry school-mates were grouped together, complimenting each other on their fleecy appearance, retelling the last bit of village gossip, or listening attentively to the recital of school-girl's secrets.

Soon we were summoned to attend the chapel exercises. I entered with the rest and took my usual seat. After a few preliminary remarks our beloved professor opened the "Book of Books," and read aloud from its holy pages. He was an old man, his head was crowned with the snows of age, and his voice possessed a richness of tone, a depth of feeling,

which I have seldom heard equalled,—never surpassed. And now, as he read the words of "Holy Writ," they seemed invested with a deeper sanctity, and fell upon my heart with a soothing, tranquilizing power, like "oil upon the troubled waters." He closed the book and bowed his head in prayer. He prayed for us—the company of youth then and there assembled,—that we might walk in the paths of wisdom and holiness, in the footsteps of Him who was "meek and lowly of heart,"—that we might dwell together in "brotherly unity," and if any was harboring ought against his fellow, he might be led to forgive as he would be forgiven. When he closed, tears, burning penitential tears, were falling through my clasped fingers. My anger was gone. That prayer was as the "still small voice" of the SAVIOUR, saying "Peace, be still." And there was a calm.

Not many years have passed since then, but I trust many will pass ere the memory of that prayer, and the impression which it made, be effaced from my mind. My teacher still lives,—still takes his accustomed seat in the school-room,—still offers the morning prayer, "holy, acceptable unto God." May his labors be abundantly blessed,—may his prayers reach the hearts of his erring students,—and when he shall have finished his earth-work,—when his last prayer shall have ascended to the throne of the Most High,—may he receive as an answer the welcome plaudit,—"Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy LORD." JESSIE JUNE.

Concord, Pa., 1860.

## OUR COMMON SCHOOLS.

The common school gives the key of knowledge to the mass of the people. I think it may with truth be said that the branches of knowledge taught therein, when taught in a finished, masterly manner,—reading, in which I include the spelling of our language; a firm, slightly, legible handwriting, and the elemental rules of arithmetic,—are of greater value than all the rest which is taught now-a-days at school. I am far from saying that nothing else can be taught at our district schools; but the young person who brings these from school, can himself, in his winter evenings, range over the entire field of useful knowledge. Our common schools are important in the same way as the common air, the common sunshine, the common rain,—invaluable for their commonness. They are the corner stone of that municipal organization which is the characteristic feature of our social system; they are the fountain of that wide-spread intelligence which, like a moral life, pervades the country. From the humblest village school there may go forth a teacher who, like Newton, shall bind his temples with the stars of Orion's belt,—with Herschel, light up his cell with the beams of before undiscovered planets,—with Franklin, grasp the lightning.—EDWARD EVERETT.

## FIRMNESS AND DECISION.

Is firmness a quality indispensable to the teacher? Before we answer this question fully, let us look around us and see what effect this trait of character, or its opposite, has upon others.

In the common walks of life we behold the merchant, the mechanic, the professional man, busily engaged in their different pursuits, prosecuting with vigor, energy and enterprise their daily avocations. Yet even among these we observe that some excel and become noted for their business capacities, while others remain in comparative obscurity.

But, is the cause less apparent than the effect? Behold the merchant who habitually cheats and deceives his customers,—is it a wonder to you that he meets with ill success in life? The farmer who makes believe at farming,—only does it by halves,—the carpenter who slights his work to save time,—the doctor who deceives his patient, although almost at the point of death,—should these meet with success, even though they could excel? Certainly not. They are wanting in principle, they fail in firmness and decision of character, they care not to stand up for the right, but heedlessly adopt the wrong.

Is not this effect produced by the same cause among us teachers? Look not at the teacher who hesitates in the path of duty,—whose brow with many cares grows fretted, and who is upon the point of violating some rule of right. As a well-read book, so the children read his countenance,—every gesture, every word, every look, are carefully watched, and woe be to that man who hath not his members in subjection. Need we then ask, are firmness of principle and decision of character indispensable qualifications of the teacher? Try well, Oh, Teacher, the gifts God has given thee,—ascertain whether or not thou art lacking here, for he who attempts to teach without these, leans upon a broken staff, which shall deceive him in the hour of trouble,—which shall pierce his hand, and be to him a source of distress.

But mark, do not imagine that when we talk of firmness, we mean obstinacy,—far be it from us to recommend such a trait. The obstinate person sticks to his theory, or favorite idea, in face of right and wrong,—even when he knows he is wrong, still clings to it with the tenacity of a parasite. How foolish, how detestable such a mind. Nor would we be understood to recommend that humility which causes its possessor to be trampled upon and underrated by his pupils,—this, indeed, is not humility, but unworthy self-abasement, which we confess to be as dangerous as its extreme.

Choose, then, a happy mean,—a mean which is neither found in stern obstinacy, nor in weak humility, but which lies in that firmness which lays its hands upon both. To speak in plainer words, let us remark, 1st, Have few rules, but have them well observed; 2d, Never uphold a rule which you know to be wrong in its principle; 3d, Never give up a good rule simply because your pupils so desire.

EDUCATION.

EDUCATION is not confined to any one class of individuals, but is universally diffused throughout the masses, so that the poor reap its benefits as well as the rich. It is not to be obtained by a close application to books alone; they are only aids to the attainment of this much to be desired object; they are *only aids*; if we rely upon them entirely, our purpose will be defeated. We are assisted in our education as much by a close observation of men and things, and by studying nature, as we are by books. In fact, it is progressing so long as we sojourn here. Its advantages are too numerous to mention. What cannot be accomplished by it? How much has already been done? It has enabled the geologist to analyze the earth; the astronomer to traverse the starry heavens, to compute the distances of the stars, to ascertain the motions of the earth; it has filled our libraries with books and periodicals. By it the literature of former ages has been preserved, in which are recorded the heroic deeds and lives of great and good men. By it we become acquainted with the history of our own and other countries, and the various improvements that are going on in the arts and sciences. Also, news flies from place to place, on wings that are swifter than the wind. The iron horse speeds alike through city and wilderness, safely bearing its precious freight of life.

It tends much to the elevation of society, both morally and intellectually. It has been said, educate a man, and you keep him from crime. So it is; for where do we find a community of well informed persons who are vitiated in their tastes, or obscene in their habits.

To strive with all our ability to reach the topmost round of the ladder of "science," is a duty we owe ourselves, our fellow men, and our God,—a duty we owe ourselves, because with it we can spend this life with much greater profit than without; a duty we owe our fellow men, for, by possessing it, our facilities for doing them good are greatly increased; a duty we owe to God, for he has given us minds susceptible of improvement, and has commanded that we improve the talents which he has given us.—*Seminary Bell.*

EDUCATE ALL.

Most people do not, as it appears to me, duly appreciate the importance of a general diffusion of knowledge. It is deemed essential that a few should be well educated; and accordingly here and there a boy is selected to pursue a course of academical and collegiate studies with the view of having him go into some one of the professions. His parents, and brothers and sisters, work harder and fare poorer than this favored boy may have a "liberal education." They even deprive themselves of many of the comforts of life—deprive themselves of intellectual food and nourishment—starve their bodies and scrimp their souls—that the son and brother may some day be able to—do what? *live without physical labor!* Yes, the family will subsist upon articles that cannot be disposed of in the

market, and become intellectual puppets—more ragged and wretched than Lazarus—that a member thereof may ascend into a higher sphere, from which he may look down upon his benefactors with derision and scorn!

Now, it may be better that some few individuals should be thoroughly educated than that all should remain in mental darkness; but I don't understand why five children should be suffered to grow up in ignorance, in order that the sixth may have a finished education. It strikes me it would be wiser and more just to afford them all equal advantages, and if one of them happens to be ambitious of knowing more than the rest, let him go to work upon his own account and rely upon his own exertions for the accomplishment of the result.—*B. Brockway.*

A BOY TO BE TRUSTED.

We once visited a public school. At recess a little fellow came up and spoke to the teacher; as he turned to go down the platform, the master said: "That little boy I can trust; he never failed me." We followed him with our eyes, and looked at him when he took his seat after recess. He had a fine open, manly face. We thought a good deal about the master's remark. What a character that boy had earned. He had already got what would be worth more to him than a fortune. It would be a passport into the confidence and respect of the whole community. We wonder if boys know how soon they are rated by other people? Every boy in the neighborhood is known, and opinions are formed of him. He has a character either favorable or unfavorable. A boy of whom the master can say: "I can trust him; he never failed me," will never want employment. The fidelity, promptness and industry which he shows at school are in demand and prized everywhere. He who is faithful in little, will be faithful also in much.

**BAD PUNCTUATION.**—We have suffered some by way of bad punctuation, but have the consolation of realizing that others have "enjoyed the same privilege." In recent editorial of one of the American papers in regard to the inauguration of the new hospital building in New-York, the writer is made to state that an extensive view is presented from the fourth story of the Hudson river. Correspondents will please take warning and put in the points at the right spot.

MUSEUM OF ANTIQUITIES IN EGYPT.

The Pasha of Egypt is establishing a magnificent palace, built of French cast iron, for a museum of antiquities, to be filled with relics of antiquity found in Egypt, in the execution of which 2,500 men are now employed under the direction of Mariette, the French archaeologist.

BE HAPPY.

YET not in studies above their years, or in irksome tasks, should children be employed. The joyous freshness of their young natures should be preserved while they learn the duties that fit them for this life and the next. Wise away their tears. Remember how hurtful are heavy rains to the tender blossom just opening on the day. Cherish their smiles. Let them learn to draw happiness from all surrounding objects, since there may be some mixture of happiness in everything but sin. It was once said of a beautiful woman, that from her childhood she had ever spoke smilingly, as if the heart poured joy upon the lips, and they turned it into beauty.

May I be forgiven for so repeatedly pressing on mothers to wear the linaments of cheerfulness? "To be good, and disagreeable, is high treason against the royalty of virtue," said a correct moralist. How much is it to be deprecated, when piety, the only foundation of true happiness, fails of making that joy visible to every eye. If happiness is melody of soul, the concord of our feelings with the circumstances of our lot, the harmony of our whole being with the will of our Creator, how desirable that this melody should produce the response of sweet tones, and a smiling countenance, that even slight observers may be won by the charm of its external symbols!—*Mrs. Sigourney.*

TO FAULT-FINDING PARENTS.

There are times when it is necessary to censure and punish; but very much more may be done by encouraging children when they do well. Be, therefore, more careful to express your approbation of good conduct, than your disapprobation of bad. Nothing can more discourage a child than a spirit of incessant fault-finding on the part of its parents; and hardly anything can exert a more injurious influence upon the disposition, both of the parent and child. There are two great motives influencing human actions—hope and fear. Both of these are at times necessary. But who would not prefer to have her child influenced to good conduct by a desire of pleasing, rather than by the fear of offending? If a mother never expresses her gratification when her children do well and is always censuring them when she sees anything amiss, they are discouraged and unhappy; their dispositions become hardened and soured by this ceaseless fretting; and at last finding that, whether they do well or ill, they are equally found fault with, they relinquish all efforts to please and become heedless of reproaches.

**THE** metal platinum, when massive, is of a lustrous white color; but is always brought, by separating its particles no longer reflect light, and it forms a powder as black as soot. In this condition it absorbs more than 800 times its volume of oxygen gas, and this oxygen must be contained within it in a state of condensation greater than that of liquid water.

## SPONTANEOUS GENERATION OF PLANTS AND ANIMALS.

An earnest discussion is going on in the Paris Academy of Sciences in relation to the question whether plants ever grow except from seed, and whether animals are ever created except by the process of being born from parents or hatched from eggs. Mr. Pouchet, a professor at Rouen, and a correspondent of the Academy, contends that he has observed the generation of microscopic plants and animals, under circumstances which precluded the possibility of their coming from either seed, eggs or parents. But the correctness of his conclusions is denied on the ground that eggs or seed may have been floating in the atmosphere, and may thus have entered his solutions in which the organisms which he saw made their appearance. We find in the *Presse Scientifique des Deux Mores* an account of an experiment tried by M. Pasteur to determine whether these germs come from the air.

He partly filled a number of small, hollow glass with globes putrefiable liquor, such as albuminous water, yeast, sugar-water, to which was added a little white of egg, milk, urine, &c., and then melting the necks of the globes with a blow-pipe, he drew them out into long slender tubes, which he sealed hermetically at the end. He then boiled the contents of the globes to destroy the life of any germs which they might contain, after which he opened them under different circumstances more or less favorable for collecting the dust from the atmosphere. Some of the slender necks of the globes were straight so that the dust from the atmosphere might fall into them freely, while others were bent in numerous curves to obstruct the entrance of the dust. Some of the globes were opened by breaking off the ends of the necks, a portion of them in the deep cellars of the academy, and a portion in the open court where there was a free circulation of air. In those which were not broken there was no growth of mold or other plant, and no appearance of animal life, while in those broken in the open air the organisms were more numerous than those opened in the cellar.—From these experiments M. Pasteur concludes that the living plants and animals found in putrefiable liquors come from eggs or germs floating in the air, and are never the product of spontaneous generation.

M. Pouchet, and the other advocates of the doctrine of spontaneous generation, reply that the existence of plants and animals has been produced, under the requisite conditions, without any ancestors. The weight of opinion in the academy is against the idea of spontaneous generation.

**ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.**—If four dogs, with sixteen legs, can catch twenty-nine rabbits, with eighty-seven legs, in forty-four minutes, how many legs must the same rabbits have to get away from eight dogs, with thirty-two legs, in seventeen minutes and a half? We have seen sums in the books nearly as sensible as this.

## PHYSICAL EXERCISE AT SCHOOL.

A proper combination of physical with intellectual exercise and enjoyment, will endear the school-house to the young, as mere intellectual pursuits never can that old brown building, with its dilapidated steps, its marred interior, its stiff and plain, and unattractive walls, broken windows, its general air of original bad taste, and superadded desolation. Why is it that when ever you have returned to the home of your boyhood, your feet have so spontaneously sought its threshold as one of the truest Meccas of the soul? What thrilling memories were those which stirred your heart to its depths, and filled your eyes with the luxury of tears? Not merely—if I may infer the experience of others from my own—not merely the memories of books and recitations, and daily intellectual tasks, nor of teachers and fellow pupils, as associated with these, though these, too, have their place, and their inestimable value in your thoughts. But blending inseparably and happily with these come the memories of school boy sports and games; again you

Feel the thrill of the daring jump,  
And the rush of the breathless swing;

again you recall the emulous activity, and courage of the playground; again you feel yourself returning from its exercises with the fresh glow of health upon your cheek and the fresh energy which hearty play imparts to all the life-currents in your brain; and again you recall, with a fresh sentiment of interest and kindness, those with whom you have mingled in those school-boy sports and enjoyments, and wish you could meet them all again, wherever they may have wandered away in the devious paths of human effort and experience, could take them once more by the hand with the old familiar grip, and ask them "What cheer?" and bid them "God Speed!" in the wearisome, and the perilous battle of life.

We cannot make the place of school education too dear to the young mind. We cannot connect it with too many of these sources of a true youthful enjoyment, which can be spared from home. We cannot afford to do without the play ground itself, with its amplest practicable means of sport.

## POETRY.

Poetry is the breath of beauty, flowing around the spiritual world, as the winds that wake up the flowers do about the material. The love of moral beauty, and the retention of the spirit of youth, which is impelled in the indulgence of a political taste, are evidences of a good disposition in any man, and argue well for the largeness of his mind in other respects. For this is the boast of poetry above all other arts; that, sympathizing with everything, it leaves no corner of wisdom or knowledge unrecognised, which is a universality that cannot be said or predicted of any other science, however great.

## CHANGE IN THE MEANING OF WORDS.

How many words men have dragged downwards with themselves, and made partakers, more or less, of their own fall! Having originally, an honorable significance, they have yet, with the deterioration and degeneration of them that used them, or those about whom they were used, deteriorated or degenerated too.—What a multitude of words, originally harmless, have assumed a harmful meaning as their secondary lease; how many worthy have acquired an unworthy!—Thus, "knave" meant once only no more than lad (nor does it now, in German, mean more;) a "villain" was no more than a peasant; a "boor" was only a farmer; a "varlet" was but a serving-man; a "menial" one of the many or household; a "churl" but a strong fellow; a "minion" a favorite. Sylvester says,—"Man is God's dearest minion." "Time-server" was used 200 years ago as often for one in an honorable as in a dishonorable sense, "serving time." "Conceits" once had nothing conceded in them; "officious" had reference to offices of kindness and not of busy meddling; "moody" was that which pertained to a man's mood, without any gloom or sullenness implied. "Demure" (des moeurs—of good manners) conveyed no hint, as now, of an over-doing of the outward demonstration of modesty. In "crafty" and "cunning" there was nothing of crooked wisdom implied, but only knowledge and skill; "craft" indeed, still retains, very often, its more honorable use—a man's craft being his skill, and then the trade in which he is skilled. And think you that the Magdalen could ever have given us "maudlin" in its present contemptuous application, if the tears of penitential weeping had been held in due honor by the world.

## FROZEN FISH COMING TO LIFE.

It is well known that several species of fish may be frozen quite stiff, and several miles, and when put into cold water, will revive. Several artificial ponds have been stocked with fish carried from a distance in a frozen state; and yet it is stated that the celebrated Dr. John Hunter, having tried several experiments to restore frozen fish, always failed to do so. A recent French experimenter in this line states that he has discovered the reason of this. He asserts that the tissues of fish and frogs may be frozen and the creatures may be restored to activity, but if their hearts become ice-chilled, they never can be reanimated.—Perhaps the hearts of fish are surrounded with fat containing a great amount of glycerine—a substance which is not frozen at quite low temperatures. Some of our readers living in the northern sections of our country can easily settle this question during the present winter. This is a topic of no small interest to students of natural history. It is well known that some fish can be kept longer than others while frozen, and then be revived; the above may account for the phenomenon.—*Scientific American.*

### The Infant's Death.

Close the door lightly,  
Bridle the breath,  
Our little earth angel  
Is talking with Death;  
Gently he woos her,  
She wishes to stay,  
His arms are about her—  
He bears her away.

Music comes floating  
Down from the dome;  
Angels are chanting  
Their sweet welcome home.  
Come, stricken weeper,  
Come to the bed,  
Gaze on the sleeper—  
Our idol is dead!

Smooth out the ringlets,  
Close the blue eye—  
No wonder such beauty  
Was claimed for the sky;  
Cross her hands gently  
O'er the white breast,  
So like a wild spirit  
Strayed from the blest.  
Bear out softly,  
This idol of ours,  
Let her grave-slumbers  
Be 'mid the sweet flowers.

### SUGGESTIONS TO YOUNG TEACHERS.

THE two columns devoted to the Educational Department of the *RURAL* are always viewed with great interest by me, and the articles perused with much eagerness, for I expect to find something well worth reading, nor am I often disappointed, unless, perchance, it happens to be blank, i. e., occupied with other matters. My interest, perhaps, in that particular department arises from the fact that I have taught the "young idea."

I well know how to sympathize with those who follow so noble a vocation. Would it not be a good idea for teachers to compare notes occasionally?—give each other's experience in that greatest of all *patience-trying* professions?—for by so doing, not only would we benefit one another, but learn those who have just commenced, or are about to commence teaching, things that would otherwise cost them much trouble and experience.

The great secret of successful teaching, as I have learned it, is in governing a school; and the secret of governing is in beginning right. It wants a combination of traits,—I might say a decided talent, to make a good teacher. First of all we want *firmness*,—it is more efficient than an acre of hazel and birch, *decision*, to determine in a moment what it is best to do under the most extraordinary circumstances,—*confidence*, to carry out our plans, and lay down our rules, especially if they are new ones,—*quick perception*, to tell at a glance how matters stand when trouble is brewing,—*kindness*, so as to fill the minds of the pupils with affection and respect. And, lastly, we should understand human nature, so as to read the disposition of each new customer. Partiality should ever be discarded; it is a monster that will beget trouble whenever it enters within the walls of a school-room. Use every honorable means to beget a laudable spirit of competition, and so regulate it that all will be stimulated, and none

discouraged. Use the rod as little as possible. For my own part, I never use it unless in extreme cases. Let the pupil know that if he obeys the rules, studies hard, and endeavors to do as near right as possible, he will gain the esteem and respect of his teacher, and, in nine cases out of ten, he will try and do his best.

The idea of moving several spheres above the pupils, so as to cause them to think you are better and greater than they, and should therefore be obeyed implicitly, is an erroneous one, and should be discarded at once. After governing the school right, then teaching commences. Teach them, not only by causing them to learn their lessons, but by questions, short lectures, practical illustrations, and interesting stories, and success will surely crown your efforts.

HEBRON BELL.

Out West, 1860.

### "YOU ARE A STUPID BLOCK-HEAD!"

Are you sure of that? Is it not just possible that the boy's teacher is the stupid one? Are you quite certain that your questions, or your explanations, are expressed in intelligible language? Don't you talk so rapidly that none but the brightest scholars can follow you? Does not your severity of manner frighten the poor fellow so that he cannot tell what he knows perfectly? Are you not, in your anxiety to make him recite promptly and brilliantly, embarrassing him so that he cannot recite at all? Have you ever done anything to give that boy self-confidence? Have you ever heartily encouraged him, sympathized with him, made him feel that you are his friend? Have you ever earnestly tried to find the avenue to his heart and his head? Say to yourself thoughtfully, "After all am not I the stupid one?"

But grant that the boy is naturally a 'stupid blockhead.' Is that his fault? Had he the making of his own brains? Is it not misfortune enough to have been born a blockhead without your repeatedly reminding him of the disagreeable fact?—Will your statement make him any brighter, or yourself more amiable? Put yourself down in that boy's place. How much better would you feel, how much more clearly would you think, how much more cheerfully would you study, if your teacher were to make a public announcement of your stupidity? Would you not be either utterly discouraged, or righteously indignant? What right, then, have you to outrage that scholar's feelings by your cutting words? If his father were sitting in your school-room, think you that you would utter such harsh words? And have you the thoughtlessness, or the meanness, to use language in the father's absence which you would be ashamed, and would not dare, to use in his presence? Is it not your duty to remember that that boy has sensibilities to be moved, feelings to be respected, as much as you have? And have not his

parents a right to demand that you shall treat him with kindness and patience?—Will you not do away, that you shall treat him with kindness and patience? Will you not do away, then, with all bitter words, assured that they will do no good, but much harm?—*Massachusetts Teacher.*

### ILLUSTRIOUS DUNCES.

An interesting chapter might be written on the subject of illustrious dunces—dull boys but brilliant men. We have room, however, for only a few instances. Pietro di Cortono, the painter, was thought so stupid that he was nicknamed "Ass Head" when a boy; and Thomas Guini was generally known as "heavy Tom" (*Massoccia Tomassaeia*) though by diligence he afterwards raised himself to the highest eminence. Newton when at school stood at the bottom of the lowermost form but one. The boy above Newton having kicked him, the dunce showed his pluck by challenging him to fight, and beat him. Then he set to work with a will and determined also to vanquish his antagonist a scholar, which he did, rising to the top of his class. The well-known Dr. Chalmers and Dr. Cook were boys together at the parish school of St. Andrew's; and they were found so stupid and mischievous, that the master, irritated beyond measure, dismissed them both as incorrigible dunces.

Chatterton was returned to his mother's hands as "a fool of whom nothing could be made." Burns was a dull boy, good only at athletic exercises. Goldsmith spoke of himself as a plant that flowered late. Alfieri left college no wiser than he entered it, and did not begin the studies by which he distinguished himself till he had run over half of Europe. Robert Clive was a dunce, if not a reprobate, when a youth; but always full of energy, even in badness. His family, glad to get rid of him, sent him off to Madras; and he lived to lay the foundation of the British power in India. Napoleon and Wellington were both dull boys, not distinguishing themselves in any way at school. Of the former the Duchess d'Arbantes says: "He had health, but was in other respects like other boys."

BROODING ON ONE THOUGHT.—If you think long and deeply on one subject, it grows in apparent magnitude and weight; if you think of it too long it may grow big enough to exclude the thought of all things besides. If it be an existing and prevalent evil you are thinking of, you may come to fancy that if that one thing were done away, it would be well with the human race: all evil would go with it. I can conceive the progress by which, without mania, without anything worse than the workable unsoundness of the practically sound mind, one might come to think as the man who wrote against stopping thought. For myself, I feel the force of this law so deeply, that there are certain evils of which I am afraid to think much, for fear I should come to be able to think of nothing else and nothing more.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

## VANITY OF WORLDLY THINGS.

WHERE are now the famed potentates whose powers extended over almost the whole earth?—Who is it that made them descend from their lofty height, and despoiled them of all treasures?—Whither have gone those vaunted heroes whose achievements drew forth such expressions of admiration; those learned prodigies of acquirements, whose writings are spread to the remotest corner of the globe; those sublime orators who decided the decrees of Senates at their pleasure? Ask where are the proud, the rich, the voluptuous, the loungers? where those haughty nobles, those hard masters, who so rigorously required such implicit obedience? Ask the earth—she will show you the places where they lie. Interrogate the tomb—it will tell you the narrow space in which their bodies are compressed. Their bodies? Do they then still exist? Perhaps a handful of dust may remain of each.

But whilst all around us thus passes away, whilst everything escapes us, the kingdom which shall not pass away draws nigh. So many revolutions, such a continual flux and reflux of human things, these perpetually changing scenes of a fleeting world, all point the end towards which we are hastening our steps. It is the voice of the bridegroom who calls us to the marriage feast, and by his reiterated warnings, urges us to walk accordingly. You who are deaf to this voice, who remain buried in the mire of earthly things, go down yet lower, and what will you find? the grave which is waiting for you, and into which you must descend, whether you will or not. Already death stands at your side, ready to fall upon you and drag you into it, as he has done with those who have preceded you.—*Book of the Fathers.*

**BUSINESS OF EDUCATION.**—It was an observation of Dr. Johnson, that the business of education had long been as well understood as it ever could be.

Now we are disposed to think that the very reverse of this position would be something nearer the truth, and that there is, in fact no business in the world that has been so long carried on that is so ill understood, over which the experience of ages has done so little towards any improvement in our practice. In other things we know that we have advanced—in arts, in science, in learning, in war, in policy—but it is a proof that our education is wrong when it can be put as a question. Whether the moral progress of mankind has kept pace with their intellectual? The very question, we say, implies whenever it is asked, and however it may be answered, that our aim is a wrong one,—that we make the intellect rather than the heart the object of our care; and of a truth, is it not so?—*London University Magazine.*

**TRUE VIRTUE.**—Whatever tends to the perfection of the mind and that leads it to the felicity suitable to its nature, is truly virtue, and the law of philosophy; and all things that tend only to a certain human decency are only shadows of virtue that hunt after popular applause, and whose utmost care is to appear virtuous to the world.—*Microcles.*

Would it not be well for every young man to remember the truthful anecdote of the rich Quaker banker, when asked the secret of his success in life, answered "Civility, friend—civility!" How much does it cost a man, either old or young, to be truly civil in the intercourse of society? Rather, how much does it cost a young man to form his habits, which if formed, will sit upon him easily, gracefully, and profitably, so long as he lives? Far more often depends on this little, than any other single adventitious circumstance by which men rise and fall. We may look around us at any time, and see men high in place and power, who have not attained that elevation by force or individual character or great knowledge, but simply from the fact that the trifling graces of life have not been dispised. It is not a dancing master's grace that is here referred to, but that benevolence of manner that recognizes in little things the rights of others, and fully acknowledges such rights. The thousand ways in which this little courtesy does good, need hardly be mentioned. It may be said, however, that a courteous manner has reflective influence on the benevolent feelings. It is a source of gratification to the man who practices it. If it sits naturally upon a man, it is a passport to any place and any circle. It has smoothed many a rough path for men first starting in business, and has been one of the things that has often crowned efforts with success. The man of experience, looking on an ungracious manner in a young man just started into the world with nothing he can depend on but himself, is not angered, but rather pained, by what he sees; knowing as he does, that the want of that little something to please as we go along, will cause many a rough jog in the road, which otherwise might be as smooth as a summer stream. Wear a hinge in your neck young man, and keep it well oiled.

**WOMAN'S GROWTH IN BEAUTY.**—If a woman could only believe it, there is a wonderful beauty even in the growing old. The charm of expression arising from softened temper or ripened intellect, often amply atones for the loss of form and coloring; and, consequently, to those who never could boast of these latter years, give much more than they take away. A sensitive person often requires half a life to get used to this corporeal machine, to attain a wholesome indifference, both to its defects and perceptions, and to learn at last what nobody would acquire from any teacher but experience, that it is the mind alone which is of consequence; that with good temper, sincerity and a moderate stock of brains—or even the two former only—any sort of body can, in time, be made useful, respectable and agreeable, as a traveling dress for the soul. Many a one who was plain in youth thus grows pleasant and well looking in declining years. You will hardly ever find anybody net ugly in mind, who is repulsively ugly in person after middle life.

Estimating the amount of human blood in the human body at twenty four pounds; twelve pounds pass through the heart every minute.

**EDUCATION MOULDS AND ELEVATES THE CHARACTER.**—Those are truly well bred not only whose understanding and discerning faculties are improved and enlarged, but especially whose natural rudeness and stubbornness is broken, and wild and unruly passions tamed; whose affections and desires are made governable and orderly; who are become manageable and flexible, calm and tractable, willing to endure restraints, and to live according to the best rules. By good education we are, as it were, made over again, the roughness of our natural tempers is filed off, and all their defects supplied; and by prudent discipline, good example, and wise counsel, our manners are so formed, that by the benefit of a happy education, we come almost as much to excel other men, as they do the brute beasts that have no understanding.—*Dr. Calamy's Sermons.*

**POW AND THEM.**—Living was cheap enough in olden time. Socrates was supposed to have lived upon an income of seventy-five dollars; but he lived worse than a slave. His coat was shabby, and he wore the same garment both winter and summer; he went barefooted; his chief food was bread and water; and as he engaged in no business to mould his estate or income, it is not wonderful that his wife scolded. Demosthenes, his sister, and their mother, paid for their board \$105 a year, and provided the house into the bargain.

**MATERIALS FOR THE MEMORY.**—Orations, fables, and passages of poetry, are not materials for the memory; they injure instead of helping the power of invention; but every fact and circumstance which is to be known in the natural world, is a proper article for the memory; and reason or imagination may make use of it, according to the genius or purpose of the possessor.—*Williams on Education.*

The chief art of learning is to attempt but little at a time. The wisest excursions of the mind are made by short flights, frequently repeated; the most lofty fabrics of science are formed by the continued accumulating of single propositions.—*Locke.*

**GOOD MANNERS.**—Good manners are blessings of good sense, and, it may be added, of good feeling too; for if the law of kindness be written in the heart, it will lead to that disinterestedness in little as well as in great things—that desire to oblige, and attention to the gratification of others, which is the foundation of good manners.

**TRUE VIRTUE.**—There is no virtue that adds so noble a charm to the first traits of beauty, as that which exerts itself in watching over the tranquillity of an aged parent. There are no tears that give so noble a lustre to the cheek of innocence, as the tears of filial sorrow.

A clear stream reflects all objects that are upon its shore, but it is unscathed by them; so it should be with our hearts—they should show the effect of all objects, and yet remain unharmed by any.

## EDUCATION IN LOWER CANADA.

From the *Report of the Superintendent of Education for Lower Canada, for the year 1859*, we learn that the general results of the year have been satisfactory. The Normal Schools have had increased success; 219 students were trained in them, and 106 diplomas have been granted. Connected with these institutions are three Model Schools, with 669 pupils.—The whole amount expended for Normal and Model Schools within the year, has been \$36,810, of which sum \$9,431 proceeded from the fees paid by the pupils. The expense of the two teachers' journals have exceeded the receipts by \$839; but twice that sum is due for subscriptions.

The most formidable obstacle to the gradual increase of teachers' salaries, and therefore to the improvement of their material and social condition, is acknowledged by all to be the preference given, in many places, to teachers, both male and female, who hold no diploma, and, therefore, put up with small salaries. Cases have occurred, especially in poor or remote localities, where teachers have been chosen without regard to their ability, and solely with an eye to the lowness of the salary.

The number of Common Schools was 3,199; that of pupils, 168,148; the contributions amounted to \$498,456. There were 509 students in universities and superior schools; 2,756 in classical colleges; 1,962 in industrial colleges; 6,568 in mixed colleges; 14,278 in academies for girls.

Teachers' salaries:—97 males received less than \$100 per year; 487 from \$100 to \$200; 341 from \$200 to \$399; 51 from \$400 and upwards. 1,000 females received less than \$100; 1,022 from \$100 to \$199; 106 from \$200 to \$399; and only one female teacher received \$400. In many municipalities, teachers are provided, in addition, with lodging and firing.

## HAPPY CHILDREN.

How mistaken are some parents who toil to make their children happy, by gratifying every childish wish, whether it be in food, or in dress, or in innocent play-things! The very effort to please them, if improperly manifested, is an injury to them. The first lesson to teach a child, is, that the will of the parent is not law only, but that it is best for it.—The young mind *hates law*, rebels against restraint. Hence the will of the parent must not be held up before the child as a rod, but as a benefit—a blessing. It is astonishing how easily a parent may convince and persuade a child that it is not best for it to have its stomach loaded with sweet, pernicious things. When you succeed, a piece of wholesome bread is sweeter than sugar. It is so in matters of dress. What child does not feel as happy and as good, in neat, clean, plain clothes, as in costly apparel? It is so in toys and play-things. Give your children plain food, plain dress, and a few play-things, and they will be far happier—if they are taught that Pa and Ma think it best—than if thousands were peat on them.—*Mrs. M. E. Gorman.*

## TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION.

At a meeting of School Teachers of Canada West in Toronto on Friday, an Association called the "National Teachers' Association" was formed and a constitution adopted. The following officers were elected:—President, Mr. T. J. Robertson. 1st Vice-President, Mr. J. McCallum, Hamilton; 2nd, Mr. J. A. McLellan, St. Mary's; 3rd, Mr. Alexander Campbell, Toronto; 4th, Mr. Wm. Anderson, Toronto; 5th, Mr. Thos. Nixon, Newmarket; 6th, Mr. Hay, Cornwall.—Secretary, Mr. Acres, Paris. Treasurer, Mr. Alexander, Newmarket.

Councillors to represent the following Counties—Ontario, Mr. McKee; Peel, Mr. Groat; Middlesex, Mr. Groat; Hastings, Mr. McShee; Stormont, Mr. McDermot; Halton, Mr. Fronde; Lanark, Mr. Kidd; Oxford, Mr. Vardon; Brant, Mr. McFarlane; Northumberland, Mr. Young; Wentworth, Mr. Cameron; York, Mr. Carlisle; Carleton, Mr. Henderson; Wellington, Mr. Reed; Perth, Mr. Stafford; Lambton, Mr. Taylor; Elgin, Mr. A. H. Brown—17 counties altogether.

It was moved that in the opinion of the Association the establishment of a monthly journal devoted to the objects of the Association is a subject worthy the consideration of the Board of Directors, and that said Board report thereon at its next meeting.

The motion was carried, and the meeting adjourned until the 1st of August next.

## THOUGHTS FOR YOUNG MEN.

Costly apparatus and splendid cabinets have no magical power to make scholars. In all circumstances, as man is, under God, the maker of his own fortune, so is he the maker of his own mind. The Creator has so constituted the human intellect, that it can grow only by its own action, and by its own action it must certainly and necessarily grow. Every man must, therefore, in an important sense, *educate himself*. His books and teachers are but helps; the work is his. A man is not educated until he has the ability to summon, in a case of emergency, all his mental powers in vigorous exercise to effect his proposed object. It is not the man who has seen most, or who has read most, who can do this; such a one is in danger of being borne down, like a beast of burden, by an overloaded mass of other men's thoughts. Nor is it the man that can boast merely of native vigor and capacity. The greatest of all the warriors that went to the siege of Troy, had not the pre-eminence because Nature had given him strength, and he carried the largest bow, but because *self-discipline* had taught him how to bend it.

DESIGN OF EDUCATION.—The real object of education is to give children resources that will endure as long as life endures; habits that time will ameliorate, not destroy; occupations that will render sickness tolerable, solitude pleasant, age venerable, life more dignified and useful, and death less terrible.—*Sidney Smith.*

## AGENTS WANTED

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

TEACHERS are expected to act as Agents for the EDUCATIONALIST.

FEMALE TEACHERS getting up a club of four, or more, will be entitled to one volume free.

E. SCARLETT, Esq., Local Superintendent of Schools, is Agent for this County.

POSTMASTERS are requested to act as Agents.

WARKWORTH—J. H. GORMAN.

COLBORNE—J. B. DIXON.

GRANTON—C. WINTKIN, Postmaster.

TRENTON—GEO. DEANE.

BELLEVILLE—W. J. DIAMOND, Post Office

CANIFTON—REV. S. W. LADD.

FERGUS—Dr. WILKIE.

CHATHAM—W. H. STEPHENS.

## PROSPECTUS OF THE EDUCATIONALIST.

"Knowledge is Power."

The want of a periodical on Education, established on a free, enlightening, 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 national 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 *Educationalist* will be published at 50 cents a year in advance and not paid until the end of three months one dollar will be charged.