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# EDUCATIONALIST.

FIFTY CENTS A YEAR IN ADVANCE.]

"Knowledge is Power."

[AFTER THREE MONTHS, ONE DOLLAR

VOLUME II.

BRIGHTON, CANADA WEST, JANUARY 16, 1862.

NUMBER 9

## Doctry.

### MRS. GRAMMAR'S BALL.

Mrs. Grammar gave a ball  
To the Nine different parts of speech,—  
To the one and the tall,  
To the short and the small,  
There were peas, plums, and puddings for  
each.

And at first, little Articles came,  
In a hurry to make themselves known,—  
Fat A, An, and The,  
But none of the three  
Could stand for a minute alone.

Then Adjectives came to announce  
That their dear friends, the Nouns, were  
at hand—  
Enough, Bougher, and Boughest,  
Tough, Tougher, and Toughest,  
Fat, Merry, Good-natured, and Grand.

The Nouns were indeed on their way,—  
Ten thousand and more, I should think;  
For each name that we utter,—  
Shop, Shoulder, and Shutter,—  
Is a Noun; Lady, Lyon, and Link.

The Pronouns were following fast  
To push the Nouns out of their places,  
I, Thou, You, and Me,  
We, They, He, and She,  
With their merry, good-humored old  
faces.

Some cried out—"Make way for the Verbs!  
A great crowd is coming in view,—  
To Bite and to Smite,  
And to Light and to Fight,  
To Be, and to Have and to Do.

The Adverbs attend on the Verbs,  
Behind them as footmen they run;  
As thus—"To Light: Badly,  
They run away Gladly,  
Shows how fighting and running were  
done.

Prepositions came—In, By, and Near,  
With Conjunctions, a poor little band,  
As—"Either, you Or me,  
But neither them Nor he—  
They held their great friends by the hand

Then, with a Hip, Hip, Hurra!  
Rushed Interjections uproarious,—  
"Oh, dear! Well a-day!"  
When they saw the display,  
"Ha! ha!" they all shouted out, "Glorious!"

But, alas! what misfortunes were nigh!  
While the fun and the feasting pleased  
each,  
There pounced in at once  
A monster—a Demon,  
And confounded the Nine parts of Speech!

Help friends! to the rescue! on you  
For aid, Noun and Article call,—  
Oh, give your protection  
To poor Interjection,  
Verb, Adverb, Conjunction, and all.

The above might be repeated by every  
child, night and morning, beneficially.  
Nor would it do any hurt for many of the  
"children of a larger growth" to follow  
suit!

## NATURAL HISTORY.

No other of the industrial employments  
of man is so favorable to the study of  
Natural History as farming. The farmer  
is brought into constant contact and com-  
munion, so to speak, with animated nature.

—Quadrupeds, birds, reptiles, fish,  
insects and fishes, are his every-day com-  
panions as it were, if his eyes be only open  
to what is going on about him. The  
habits, uses and abuses of these creatures,  
constitute matter for daily and almost  
hourly observation and contemplation.  
The happiness derived from meditating  
upon subjects like these, will be in propor-  
tion to the knowledge he possesses. The  
child who only knows his A B C's, can  
receive little pleasure from turning over the  
printed pages of a book, compared with  
another who can read fluently whatever  
volume is placed before him. So of the  
farmer; if he only knows the names of  
the creatures over which he has dominion,  
his enjoyment is meagre when compared  
with that of him who is familiar not only  
with their names, but is also well acquaint-  
ed with their habits and uses. No one is  
ignorant of the pleasure derived from  
knowing the people that live about him in  
the rural regions. It is a source of real  
discontent no be amid strangers, as people  
emigrating West learn and testify.

Why then should the farmer be content  
to live amid quadrupeds, birds, reptiles  
and insects, almost totally ignorant of  
their names, habits and uses? Children  
are inquisitive from their birth, and con-  
tinue so until their curiosity is blunted by  
the ignorance of their seniors, to whom  
they have often resorted, but in vain, for  
information which they earnestly coveted.  
Their curiosity to know, being so general-  
ly met with "I don't know," from both  
parents and teachers in regard to the na-  
tural world, that they very naturally con-  
clude that their desires to know are vain,  
and they soon sink into that state of indif-  
ferentism touching such subjects, as seems  
to pervade nearly all about them.

It would be a source of constant pleasure  
and satisfaction to the farmer to be able  
to recognize the quadrupeds, birds, rep-

tiles, worms and insects, that frequent  
his farm and its suburbs—to know their  
habits and to be acquainted with their  
uses—to know whether they promote his  
labors, or interfere with his crops, their  
culture and maturity. Some animals are  
his co-workers—others seriously hinder  
the growth of fruits, tubers, roots, grains  
and grasses. Knowledge here, as else-  
where, gives power; and the conscious  
possession of power always gives one the  
feeling of self-respect.

## WHAT THE LEAVES SAY.

You have often gazed upon the many-  
colored leaves which fluttered in the au-  
tumn breeze, just ready to fall to the ground.  
Did you ever listen to hear them talk  
to you? for talk they do, in their silent  
language,—telling you of the bright spring-  
time, when they drank in the gentle dew,  
and inhaled the balmy air, and spread out  
their delicate fibres to the rays of the sun;  
and, fashioned by a divine Creator, took  
forms of beauty; and, painted by His  
hand, assumed the pleasant green; and  
how, upheld by His power, they had borne  
the pelting of many a pitiless storm, and  
the scorching heat of the noonday sun,  
while many of their companions had faded  
and fallen to the ground. And they would  
tell you that, one by one, they, too, should  
fall. Thus these fading, falling leaves,  
talk to us of life's evening, and whisper  
to us to be ready, for "we all do fade as a  
leaf." And do not they talk to us of  
something brighter and better,—of the  
unfading leaves of the tree that grows on  
the banks of the river of life, and urge us  
to seek that heavenly world?

Religion should influence its pro-  
fessor in all the relations of life. What-  
ever he does, he should do it better for be-  
ing a Christian. Religion should make  
one a better student, a better servant, a  
better master, a better parent, a better  
child, a better man in all respects. The  
pious but eccentric Rowland Hill, remark-  
ed, "That he would not give a farthing  
for that man's religion whose cat and dog  
were not the better for it."

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## THE EDUCATIONALIST

JANUARY 16, 1862.

## TEACHERS' CONVENTION.

The Teachers' Convention for the East Riding of the County of Northumberland met at Warkworth, Dec. 14th, 1861, E. Scarlett, Esq., in the chair. A larger attendance than usual filled the splendid school house of that village.

The lectures were delivered in the following order. The speakers acquitted themselves admirably.

*Grammar*—Messrs. O'Sullivan and Bell; subject—Staffs, 4th Book of Lessons.

*Mathematical Geography*—Mr. Gorman.

After an hour's recess, Mr. E. Scarlett addressed the assembly and urged the members to study Geometry, which they unanimously resolved to do.

A very animated discussion took place between Messrs. Spafford, McGrath, Scarlett, Macoun, &c., on the subject of Moral Suasion, or corporeal punishment, which proved clearly that an intermediate or combination of both was the system suited to our imperfect organization. Messrs. Massey and Gorman spoke at some length on the same subject.

The next meeting will be held in Campbelford on the last Friday and Saturday of February, 1862, when a subject of great interest will be brought forward, and where, from what the writer knows of the hospitality of the inhabitants, every thing will be done to promote their comfort.

Subjects to be brought forward at Campbelford: *Grammar*—21st Lesson 4th Book, "The first Sabbath,"—Messrs. Hamilton and I. Squier.

*Geography*—Messrs. O'Sullivan and Spafford.

*Arithmetic*—Messrs. McGrath, Hinman and Emboy.

*History*—Messrs. Macoun, Perry, and Easton.

*Algebra*—Messrs. Bell and Brisbin.

*Geometry*—Mr. Scarlett.

T. S. GILLON, Sec.

## CLARK'S SCHOOL VISITOR.

Contents of the January number, being No. 1 of Vol. VI. of Clark's School Visitor, published by Daughaday and Hummond, 1309 Chestnut street, Philadelphia. Only 50 cents a year—eight copies \$2.

*When? a War-Poem* by Alex. Clark, *A Tale of the Woods*, by Louisa E. Vicroy, *Where is Papa to-night?* by Cora M. Eager, *The Union*, an amusing and patriotic School Dialogue, by W. Sabeau, (of Nova Scotia,) *What I mean to be*, a recitation for several small boys, by Miss Doolittle, *How it Happened*, by Mrs. Gilderleeve, *New Years Greeting, Letter to the Children, School Visiting*, and *What is Glorious*, editorials, *Visitor's Stairway, The School is Dismissed, Literary Notices, The Battle Cry, "Gay and Happy," Don't you hear the Angels?* music, *Selections*, &c., &c.

The February number will contain—*Sliding down Hill*, by H. Ward Beecher, *How a Pioneer Teacher in Kentucky whipped a Wild Cat, A Temperance Story, A Dialogue*, by Rev. W. M. Cornell, M. D., of Philadelphia. *Rural Scenes in the Wild Woods of the West*, and a great variety of other original reading matter, and a piece of excellent school music.—Every number shall be prepared with the greatest care. Now is the time to form clubs of eight or more and get the School Visitor, in beautiful magazine form, at half price—only 25 cents a year. Send for specimen.

## PERCEPTION.

*A Lecture delivered before the Teachers' Association at Warkworth, December 14th, by Curman M. Gould, M. D.*

The term Psychology and the phrase, the Science of the Soul, are synonymous. It treats about discourses upon the soul. Death will not interfere with the subject of this science. It is not only a science for the study of man, but it is also a science for the investigation of Angels, Seraphs and Cherubs. The soul being immortal, it must everlastingly be a subject of research to its possessor.

The word Anthropology, and the clause the Science of Man, are used in the same sense. It embraces the history of Man—the races of men, sex, age, temperament, the relations between man and the outer world, the anatomy and physiology of the body, the relations between the body and soul, food, drink, climate, employment,

&c. The body being mortal, the science of Anthropology, as far as it relates to a single individual, will terminate with the bodily life. Anthropology is a mundane science, while Psychology is a celestial science. The former is a ladder to the latter. These sciences, heretofore neglected, are now receiving some attention. As they emerge from obscurity, will men recede from ignorance, superstition, and intolerance, and approach wisdom.

The subject of this essay, Perception, belongs to Psychology. It is one of the primary elements of the mind. It is a simple faculty, unconfounded, individual, and indestructible. The word Mind is here used in a generic sense. It signifies that group of faculties which man employs in the acquisition, use, retention, and enjoyment of knowledge. It is used not to signify a single essence, but to express an association of primary elements or faculties, possessed by a celestial, not terrestrial, organization, known as Soul.

One of the members of this family of faculties is Perception, and the attention of the audience is called to its essence, nature, objects of action, condition of action, effects of its action, the probable cause of its action, the cause of its inaction, and how it perceives the objects of the senses.

The essence of matter, as well as that of mind, is beyond human comprehension. Not a chemical element, the essence of which is understood, or ever will be, for the reason that it eludes entirely the senses and imagination, and therefore man cannot form a judgment about it.—We may believe, however, that the mind uses the eye to see, the ear to hear, the hand to feel, and the brain to think; and if so, why not one part of the brain to enjoy the pleasures of friendship, another part to raise the emotion of benevolence, and still another to quicken the energy of resentment.

While the essence of matter is wholly removed from man, and while the essence of that substance which constitutes the soul and all its parts, is equally cut off from human cognition, the properties of matter, the elements of matter, the elements of mind, and the acts of these elements are capable, on the one hand of perception, and on the other of consciousness. Hence we know nothing about the essence of Perception; this word is here used to express a faculty, not an act.

The nature of Perception, what is it? The word nature is here used to express

what is characteristic of this faculty. Every faculty of the mind has an individuality, something that no other one possesses. Such will be the nature of a faculty. A definition, then, of Perception, will be its nature—its characteristics.

Perception is that primary element of the mind which informs the conscious being, by the aid of the five physical senses, of the outer, material world. It perceives through the eye, nose, mouth, ear and surface, mundane objects. This is its nature. This is its proclivity, and so bent is it constitutionally, that all the art of mankind cannot alter it. This may be affirmed of every other element of the mind. The nature of each is indestructible; none but the philosophic, however, can fully appreciate it.

The office of Perception is to perceive the objects which play upon the five senses. It performs but a single function. The five senses, the nerves which pass from them to the sensorium, the ascending set of nerves from the sensorium, and the cerebrum, constitute the windows in the body through which Perception surveys the material world. Besides these windows in the body for the convenience of this faculty, it requires another aid, a sublimated medium that can play between the cortical cells of the cerebrum and its own intellectual substance; a medium sufficiently rare, subtle and swift that will impinge Perception as often and as variedly as the objects appear before the senses. When thus furnished, it looks out upon Nature, and, aided by her sister, Conception, through nature to nature's God.

The objects of Perception are whatever exists in the material world that possess sufficient size and intensity to stimulate to a certain degree any of the five senses. They are wholly terrestrial. This is true as long as this life lasts, unless the catenation or adjustment of soul and body is partially broken, but not true when this life ceases. The medium which connects soul and body, and of course mind and body, is spirit, which belongs to a degree of substance above matter, and is the atmosphere of departed intelligences, as it is, while they are here, the medium of the mind. Even in this life mind perceives through spirit, because the electrical disturbances which the objects of the senses produce in the senses, and which they produce in the cortical cells of the cerebrum, impress the spirit something as the vocal chords of the larynx impress the air in speech, and these associations of the

spirit seek Perception and impinge it according to the electrical changes in the brain. And we learn to call these impressions by the spirit upon Perception, excited by the brain, sounds, odors, flavors, objects of vision, &c.

The acts of Perception are called perceptive. The same word is used for the faculty and for the acts of the faculty.—The words, see, hear, taste, smell and touch, are used to express actions of Perception. The acts of Perception constitute a class of mental actions. And they are known as the first class. This class may be divided into five orders, viz. — Sights, Sounds, Tastes, Smells and Touches; into first, second, third, fourth and fifth orders of class first.

The first order of class first embraces four genera, namely, size, shape, distance and motion. The eye, as an informant of the mind, is ever presenting the above properties of matter. They bound the theatre of its action. The second order of class first contains many genera, such as intonation, accent, melody, rate, note, force, discord, &c. These embrace the objects of the ear. The third order of class first includes the following genera, viz., salt, bitter, sweet, pungent, nauseating, acid, &c. The fourth order of class first embraces three genera, viz., fragrant, nauseating and indifferent. The fifth order of class first possesses these genera, viz., warm, cold, weak, sickly, chilly, hungry, biting, lancinating, congestion, &c. External mediums, light, air, odors, heat, solid objects, flow into the senses. The senses flow into their nerves. These five nerves flow into the sensorium, the sensorium flows into the diverging, ascending nerves of the brain.—These nerves flow into the cortical cells of the hemispherical ganglia. These cortical cells constitute the last link in the organic medium, and the five senses in the periphery of the body constitute the first link in the organic medium. The first link is related to the mundane—outer mediums. The last link is associated with a psychological, celestial medium—the spirit. Now the cortical cells flow into this inner medium, and the ability with which they transmit impressions to this impressible medium, depends upon their number, the completeness of their association by inter-nuncial nerves, and the vigor of circulation through them. Their power lies in their number, while, their intensity depends upon their unity caused by their commissural connections. When these condi-

tions obtain, the outer world flows with power and intensity into perception. The mind then easily and rapidly acquires a knowledge of the material world. Such persons are rich in observation and in the use of such facts.

The immediate cause of the activity of Perception next presents itself for our investigation. In all probability the natural, that is uncultured ability of Perception in all is the same. That it is not always active is proved by sleep. Hence there is an immediate cause of its activity. This is the result of an accumulation and concentration of the spirit upon it. The spirit is not only a medium between the brain and Perception, but is a faithful medium between Will, the dictator of the mind, and the other faculties of the mind. Again, besides being a medium between brain and perception, and between will and the other faculties of the mind, it is the immediate stimulant of the mind and of each faculty. Will directs its current upon Perception, and in proportion to the direction and concentration is the activity and utility of Perception.

Lastly, how does Perception perceive the objects that impinge the finer senses? The incident nerves of the body are related to the nerve cells at their periphery.—These same nerves are also related at their center to nerve cells; they lie between nerve cells. The nerve fibre is the conducting medium between the peripheral and central or ganglionic cells. While the system is in a normal condition, the nerve fibre is in a slight positive electrical state. The cells which are situated at the periphery are subject to the stimulation of the five mediums outside of the body. They stimulate the cells of the five senses. This stimulation causes a chemical action to occur between the oxygen of the vessels of the parts and the contents of the cells. This chemical action evolves electricity, and this electricity renders the cells positive. These cells are related to the already positive nerves. When positives meet the major repels the minor, the minor is in the nerve fibre.

Hence a current by induction of electricity is caused to pass from the peripheral to the central cells. This current thus passed to the ganglionic cells by the centripetal nerve, becomes, when it impinges the cells, a stimulant to these cells. This stimulation by currents of electricity from the periphery causes the oxygen in the blood vessels in the immediate neigh-

## "THAT CHILD."

BY MARY J. CROSMAN.

*(From the Rural New-Yorker.)*

Life is a mystery, a mingling together of the known and the unknown, real and the ideal, the beautiful, the terrible, and the stern—a wondrous melody wherein low rhythms of magic sweetness and delicate minor notes of thrilling pathos blend and alternate with the deep bass which is sometimes rough, sometimes jarring.

It gave our village such a shock when the rumor passed from lip to lip that Esq. Jones had failed—he, whom the school children said had "oceans of money," and whose name the humble folk regarded as the synonym of gold. Many of the poorer class had placed their hard earned dollars in his keeping, and among them was my father. True, the sum was small—only two hundred and fifty dollars—but it would nearly cancel the mortgage against our little home. My father had been a confirmed invalid for years. I remember his nights of suffering, so intense that it seemed the spirit must break free from the tenement that inclosed it. To these would succeed days of dreamy rest and quietude. Feeling that his time on earth was short, it had been his cherished hope to leave our place unencumbered.

Alice and I were the only children, and all the family. When we were little girls mother went away to the Upper Homestead, whose walls are of jasper, garnished with all precious stones, and the foundations thereof are of gold like unto clear glass; and, reader, to these mansions, my father had long held a "title clear." Mother's portrait in the parlor served to retain her likeness in our memories, and in childhood I knew we would sit and cry for hours on the sofa beneath it, because we should see her face no more. Dr. Brown, our next door neighbour, used to say she was "one of the few women who was worth her weight in gold," and praise from him was always merited. She was not only good but beautiful, and Alice was her counterpart. Sometimes when she would sit by father's bedside to talk or read to him, he would close his eyes, and, in delicious dreaming, forget but that the silvery tones belonged to her of the angel-land.

After our loss, father sank rapidly. He had never possessed that strong, obstacle-overcoming nature which belongs to manhood, and in general management and business tact he was deficient; but the

virtues and graces that thrive best on other soil, and that may be transferred beyond the veil, adorned and glorified his character. His last hours were almost free from pain. The visions and the thoughts that swept over his soul must have been as marvelous to himself as to us. His anointed eyes beheld afar off the country he was so soon to enter, and the rich fragrance of his words so transformed the death room that each one present could say—"It is good for me that I am here,"—and there came upon him a spirit as of prophecy constraining him to its purpose. "Susan," said he to me, as we were alone, "the hopes you are cherishing will never be realized—but God will bring light out of darkness. What we know not now we shall know hereafter; trust Him in the stormiest hour. My poor, poor Alice! Oh, beauty is a fearful dowry,—smooth her passage to the tomb, Susan, as you have mine,—love and labor will brighten your after years."

An hour passed and my father was not, for God had taken him.

We were orphans, and but two. Life lay before us like a dim field enwrapped in twilight; the arras of the future had amid their foldings vague and uncertain figures, but God was our trust. First, we desired to pay up the mortgage against our place, and defray other expenses that had been necessarily incurred. Alice was a fine scholar, and soon had a situation offered her in the village school, so that she could teach and board at home. We took boarders, and I did plain sewing and whatever else opportunity offered. Sometimes we were weary. It was hard bearing the heat and burden of life alone.—After three years of toil the day dawned that saw our last debt canceled, and that night we knelt to our prayers with a gratitude and gladness that words failed to express. Alice had been so occupied with teaching and home duties that she paid little heed to the claims of society—but this could not hide her, and though she sought not the distinction, was an acknowledged beauty and belle. Many who did nothing but dress and dance, watched the gentle, care-burdened girl with jealous eyes. She was of queenly style, and in all her manners were a winning grace and high-born dignity. The aged loved her, and the children every morning filled their hands with sweetest flowers to put upon her table.

We still wore mourning. It had been our purpose to remove it the year before,

but one morning in rosy June, when we were talking about summer dresses of soft, cheerful hues, a letter was handed me written by an unknown pen. It said that a new grave had been made in the far-off West, on the Pacific shore, and a young stranger slept therein to waken no more till the morning of the resurrection.—Though a score of years has since gone by, deepening the imprints of care, and thought, and feeling, on my forehead, flecking my hair with silver, giving birth to other hopes and other joys, yet I still wear black, unless it be sometimes when I go out to socials or to the minister's for a tea-drinking, when Philip, "that child," will say, "Come, Auntie, please wear your striped silk, and that pretty head dress, you look so young in them;" and to please the boy I put them on, though you may think, old woman and old maid as I am, that it is for the latter words instead.

With the reading of that letter came a darkness that no language can express.—The room of my heart had not a ray of light only as the faint glimmerings of immortal hope strayed through them; yet I was willing to live few or many years in sorrow and alone, if thereby my mission might be fulfilled. Alice at the time was twenty-two. For her, my noble, my beautiful sister, I thought that life had some bright crown—some precious gifts.

An artist from an eastern city had been in our village for months, and his visits at our home were becoming very frequent. Philip Elbridge Corydon was a man who stood high in his profession. Accustomed to the best circles of society, no wonder he could sway and fascinate with such resistless power in our midst. His language and manners were elegant; his character, so far as we saw or could judge, was bright and symmetrical; and when he turned from the flatteries and admirings of the rich, and knelt with his dowry of gifts at the heart of Alice, repeating in fervid tones the old scripture phrase—"Lovest thou me?" how could the spell-bound girl reply other than from the same text—"Thou knowest that I love thee!"—even though a shadow from the prophecy of the dying flitted before her.

During the tenth month of their acquaintance they were married. I looked upon my brother-in-law with great pride, but with a nameless, unspoken fear. After a tour of some weeks they returned—Mr. Corydon renewing his professional duties, and Alice, in his society and freedom from

the arduous labors of the past, seemed supremely happy.

We were sitting in the parlor at twilight one evening, when Billy Webb, our little neighbor and errand boy, came in with Mr. Corydon's mail. I noticed a startling expression of countenance as his eye rested for a moment upon one of the letters. Alice did not observe it, for as he went toward the window to look over the superscriptions, she said, "wait a moment, Elbridge, dear, till I light the lamp," and by the time she had returned, his manner was the same as usual. He could control himself wonderfully, and all through the evening was unusually talkative, josting in playful badinage with Alice, and in his arch way repeating graceful compliments and tender words. I knew there was a warfare in his soul,—that his mirth was counterfeited,—knew it as well as when the next day he said that he must leave on the afternoon train to meet an artist-friend in Boston, who had unexpectedly returned from Europe.

That was the last time we ever saw Philip Corydon. Alice received three letters from him afterward, which I read. He pleaded business engagements which were imperious, and making it necessary for him to be absent from the United States a year. His professions of love I knew were sincere. Alice held a place in his heart that no other woman had ever occupied; but early sins had poisoned the well-spring of his life, and tangled the weaver's rich and silken web. "How great a thing it is to be a man!" My christian sister had been in the furnace of trial before, but now it was "seven times hotter than it was wont to be heated." I write the words with reverent joy, that she walked not alone; there was One beside her like in form unto the Son of God, and day by day her purified spirit reflected his likeness more perfectly.

September had come; the summer grasses and leafy frillings upon the boughs told unmistakably that thoughts of death were in her heart; the red and golden skies had a cheating brilliancy; her winds were the plaintive, solemn chants she had breathed at the summer's burial. Alice lay in a darkened chamber; her cheeks whiter than the pillow they pressed; and her eyes lustrous and tearless like the eyes of the dying. I stood by the bed-side with her hands in mine. She had looked outward over the wide and boundless fields of eternity, backward upon the narrow limits of time, and turn-

ing her gaze to the fair, beautiful babe beside her, exclaimed, "I must go,—Susan, that child!—*let's kill!*" Another movement and she had joined the white-winged throng.

It was after the burial. The orphan babe was sleeping, wrapped in the delicate garments upon which his mother had wrought through the long summer hours. To me had been delegated the responsibility of directing a human life. I knelt and prayed as did Solomon, "Great God, give wisdom!" It was granted; through the succeeding years, my great love for the boy did not hinder the administering of reproof and discipline, though often given amid tears.

Very proud was I when he lisped his first word, "Auntie," which I had been for weeks teaching him, as was I all through his childhood from hearing the commendations he would receive at school and Sabbath school.

Philip Elbridge, (the name his mother called him by,) was very unlike other children of his age. Sometimes I thought him a marvel of maturity and precocity. His esthetic nature developed finely, and though he was passionately fond of the paintings and portraits his father had executed, yet he was very far from becoming an artist. His soul had other and higher riches; the voices that called to him were from men of mighty purposes—men upon mountain heights, who sway into paths of their own marking the multitude beneath them.

I remember one day when Philip was in his thirteenth summer, as I sat in the dining room, about to look over some plums for preserving, which the Doctor's wife had sent me, he laid his head in my lap, saying, "Now, Auntie, please magnetise me, my temples throb so hard." As I brushed back the dry curls from his forehead, he told me that all through the night he could hardly sleep for the bright hopes and visions that thronged about him. He repeated them, and it gave my heart a new unrest. Partly to conceal this, I said, "Come, Phil, you must get up; we're to have company this afternoon and I must make my preserves, tidy up the parlor, and you must finish weeding the strawberry bed." "O, Auntie, let's talk a little first—I've a question to ask," he pleaded. "Well, what is it my love?" and fixing his large eyes on my face, he said in calm, measured tones, "Auntie, do you suppose I can ever go through college? Chatterton's favorite expression

was, that 'God has sent his creatures into the world with arms long enough to reach anything, if they choose to be at the trouble.' Are the words true?" "Chatterton, my darling, is not a safe pattern,—he defied intellect, he owned not the power of grace over the heart, and never confided in God's love and wisdom. Had it been otherwise, the marvellous boy might have become the perfect man, and instead of dying of sorrow and madness at nineteen, history would have written him the happy poet and the christian philosopher."

"Auntie, what would have pleased my mother best?" said Philip, after a little pause.

"That you should become a good man."

"And my father?"

"The same," I added, though with some hesitation. Then I told him more of his parents than he had before known,—of my own family,—of the grave beside the Pacific waters,—designing to teach him thereby that all things earthly are unsatisfying and insecure,—that only the hopes anchoring within the veil are worth the tireless pursuit of our lives.

Alice, his mother, was very fond of literature. Often when I was busied with making or mending, she would read to me from the histories and thoughts of the gifted, and I had observed this,—that men and women of genius reach by paths of wondrous suffering the heights from which we view them,—that their sorrows outnumber and outweigh their joys,—that their heart-throbs are oftener born of grief than gladness. Yet, I dared not dissuade the boy—dared not think to allay the fever-thirst upon his soul with other than wisdom's waters. An hour passed and we quitted our conversation.

During the three succeeding years Philip received a good deal of encouragement and assistance from George Wilton, our minister's son. He was a young man of fine talents, and had characteristics that would distinguish him in any circle—that would elevate and sustain him in high positions. Added to these was a mastering ambition,—a will-power that would subjugate every hindrance in an upward path. The breathings of his spirit upon Philip's were a mighty influence. New hopes were born in the boy's soul whose pinions were strong and tireless; beating through the bars of present circumstances, they would flit away on and on into a future as grand as the pencil of youthful prophecy could portray. "O, Auntie," he would sometimes say, "I shall one

day go out and take part in the great life beyond our little village."

It was the day George Wilton was to graduate. A good many of our acquaintances were going down to the city to attend Commencement, for George was a great favorite with all his father's people. The minister invited Phil. and me to join their company, which we did.

Corinthian Hall was crowded to overflowing. In the throng sat men whose lives were crowded and clustered with the noblest fruitage,—men of middle age, who had turned away from the din of life to sit for a while in the windows of their lives which looked to the eastward. There were women of beauty and goodness, merry and blithesome maidens and graceful girls, fair as lilies that float upon the bosoms of sunny lakes. The orations were remarkable, but that of George was conceded to be the most finished and scholarly of all; it had greater grasp and intensity of thought; its figures were rich and luxuriant as the flowers of the tropics. As he retired, a murmur of applause ran through the crowd, and the venerable President bowed to our minister, who sat near him, with a look of commendation that spoke more than any words could do.

In due time Phil. went to college. He had finished his studies as a Sophomore, and was home for vacation. By selling three of his father's paintings and making a few other efforts, his expenses had thus far been defrayed. But my health began to fail, and Phil., with unspoken pain in his heart, feared that he should not be able to return to his studies at the opening of the Junior year.

I had been out in the country twenty miles and spent two weeks with an old friend, hoping for some benefit from the change. Phil. met me at the depot, and as soon as we were alone he said, "Auntie, you'll not believe me, but I saw my father yesterday!" I hardly knew whether I was in the body or not, as Phil. told me that the day before, while he was at his mother's grave trimming up the box that borders it, a tall stranger, with a foreign air, came there from the cars, and kneeling upon the mound, sobbed and wept like a broken-hearted girl. He left on the next train, after placing in Phil.'s hands two hundred dollars, and telling him that ere long he would hear from him again. Six months afterwards he received a paper with the intelligence of his father's death, together with a check for a thousand dollars, and some small articles of value and personal interest.

Well, the time came when Philip was to graduate, and I again went to the city. Three years afterwards he stood up in the pulpit of our church, and by the laying on of hands was set apart and ordained by men to be a teacher of righteousness. I remember his first sermon, and may God forgive me if on that day there was in my heart more pride than piety.

It is again September, and Autumn is writing her glowing rhetoric on leaf and sky. Twenty-two years to-day since Alice died! I shall be forty seven next month. How time flies!

Next Thursday there is to be a wedding at the minister's. Susan their only daughter, and Philip are to join hands and repeat that beautiful word—*forever*! George Wilton, the distinguished lawyer, will be there with his dark-eyed Julia and three year old Charlie. In four weeks our beloved pastor, who for twenty years has broken the bread of life unto us, will leave for Europe to be gone a year, and Philip, I almost tremble for the boy, is to take his place and occupy his pulpit. But God will take care of those whose trust is in Him.

#### THE MIGHTY CURE-ALL.

Several gentlemen were talking one evening at the house of a friend when one of them exclaimed, "Ah, depend upon it, a soft answer is a mighty cure-all."

At this stage of the conversation, a boy who sat behind at a table studying his Latin grammar, began to listen, and repeated, as he thought, quiet to himself, "A soft answer is a mighty cure-all." "Yes, that's it," cried the gentleman, starting and turning round to see where the echo came from— "Yes, that's it, don't you think so, my lad?" The boy blushed a little at finding himself, so unexpectedly addressed, but answered, "I don't know as I understand you, sir."

"Well, I'll explain, then," said the gentleman, wheeling round his chair: "for it is a principle which is going to conquer the world." The boy looked more puzzled than ever, and thought he should like to know something that was equal to Alexander himself.

"I might as well explain," said he, "by telling you about the first time it con-  
quered me. My father was an officer, and his notion was to settle everything by fighting: if a boy ever gave me a saucy word, it was, 'Fight 'em Charley, fight 'em!'"

"By and by I was sent to the famous  
school, and it so happened my

seat was next to a lad named Tom Tucker. When I found he lived in a small house behind the academy, I began to strut a little and talk about what *my father was*; but as he was a capital scholar, very much thought of by the boys, besides being excellent at bat and ball, we were soon on pretty good terms, and so it went on for some time. After a while, some of the fellows of my stamp, and I with the rest, got into a difficulty with one of the ushers; and somehow or other we got the notion that Tom Tucker was at the bottom of it.

"Tom Tucker! who is he?" I cried, angrily. 'I'll let him know who I am!' and we rattled on, until we fairly talked ourselves into a parcel of wolves. The boys then set me on to go down to Tom Tucker's, and let him know what he had to expect. Swelling with rage, I bolted into his yard, where he was at work with Trip and his little sister. 'I'll teach you to talk about me in this way,' I thundered, marching up to him. He never winced, nor seemed the least frightened, but stood still looking at me as mild as a lamb. 'Tell me,' I cried, throwing down my books, doubling up my fist, and sidling up to him; 'tell me, or I'll kill you,' I was going to say, for murder was in my heart. He stepped one side, but answered firmly, yet mildly 'Charles, you may strike me as much as you please; I tell you I sha'n't strike back again: fighting is a poor way to settle difficulties. I'm thinking, when you are Charley Everett, I'll talk with you.'

"Oh, what an answer was that; how it cowed me down: so firm, and yet so mild. I felt there was no fun in having the fight all on one side. I was ashamed of myself, my temper, and everything about me. I longed to get out of his sight. I saw what a poor foolish way my way of doing things was. I felt that Tom had completely got the better of me—that there was a power in his principles superior to anything I had ever seen before, and from that hour Tom Tucker had an influence over me which nobody else ever had before or since: it has been for good, too.—That, you see, is the power, the mighty moral power of a soft answer.

"I have been about the world a great deal since then; and I believe," said the gentleman, "that nearly all, if not all the bickerings, the quarrels, the disputes, which arise among men, women, or children, in families, neighborhoods, churches, or even nations, can be cured by the mighty moral power of a soft answer; for the Scripture has it, 'A soft answer turneth away wrath.' Yes, yes, it is just so; it stops the leak in the beginning."

The fighting principle has been tried these many thousand years in the world, and every body admits that the remedy is worse than the disease; in fact, that it increases the disorder. Anger begets anger, fighting makes fighting, war leads to war, and so on. Difficulties are neither healed nor cured by it. Let us turn about and try the peace principle.



[Continued from page 67.]

borhood of the cells to unite with the contents of the cells, chemically. This chemical action sets free electricity. By this liberation of electricity in the cortical cells of the cerebrum, they become positively electrified. The ganglionic portion of the brain is now in a positive electrical state. Now this condition is that condition which enables the cortical cells to impinge the medium between the brain and mind, something as vibrations in a sonorous body is the state that enables it to impress itself upon the impressible atmosphere. And these changes established in the innermost medium by the electrical state of the cortical cells of the cerebrum being as numerous and as diversified as the physical objects, are straightway born to Perception, and it, being its nature, intelligently perceives these changes or modifications in the spirit medium, and the being, conscious of these spiritual impingements and perceptive actions, instantly, by habit, considers every change an object in the mundane world. Perception does not perceive the object at the physical sense—at the eye, ear and finger, but at its own home in the soul. All facts are made to pass through ingeniously contrived mediums, commencing at the material object and terminating at the perceptive intellect, located in the dome of the soul.

The true man—the immortal man—the man that never loses his identity, even in this life, has a truly spiritual existence.—He is safely removed from matter. Spirit pervades his soul and connects his soul to his body. He even moves his own flesh, blood and bones by spirit. It—the spirit of the soul—is the obedient servant of the Will, and also of that most divine force of man—Life; a force which dwells in the very penetralia of the soul, and which reaches back for its support, power, and skill to the inexpressible.

If the activity of Perception is understood, its inactivity may be readily comprehended. Opposite conditions will secure its sleep. The Spirit is the servant of the Will; as it nods so the spirit obeys. It lies in the power of an efficient will to remove the spirit from perception; not only so, but it naturally recedes from perception whenever the body is exhausted and requires renovation and nutrition.—The great force, Life, flows into the body by the aid of this medium, and when it is called upon to recuperate or preserve the body, it demands the aid of its me-

dium, and this absorption of the spirit to itself vacates the mental chamber of the spirit, and a corresponding inaction follows. At night-time—the time for vital action—does the principle of life call to itself the spirit, will is robbed of it, and hence is Perception torpid—is sleep upon the mind.

Psychology, we repeat, does not assert nor imply that the mind is material, or that it cannot exist and act separately from the body, it employs material organs for its manifestation. It is impossible to define the nature of the soul, or to decide upon its duration merely by philosophic research. Would we know the truth on these recondite subjects, we must consult a higher source, and by faith in divine revelation, we may have our desires gratified in the most satisfactory manner in *Matth., 10th chap., 28th verse.*

Our views of things at present are, in a measure, obscure, imperfect, partial, and liable to error; but when we arrive at the realms of everlasting light, the clouds that shadowed our understanding will be removed; we shall in all probability behold, with amazing clearness, the attributes, ways and works of God,—shall perceive more distinctly the design of his dispensations,—shall trace with rapture the wonders of nature and become acquainted with a thousand glorious objects, of which the finite mind can as yet have no conception. *Vide Romans, chap. II., 33rd verse; also, Eccl. III., 11th verse.*

Hereby I intend to stop my metaphysical musings or meditations. Many of the foregoing remarks have been desultory; but when strictly viewed in connection with late investigations in the sciences of Phrenology, Physiology, Psychology, and the Word of God, they will bear, I trust, very good inspection.

The weakest living creature, by concentrating his powers on a single object, can accomplish something; the strongest, by dispersing his over many, may fail to accomplish anything. The drop, by continuing falling, bores a passage through the hardest rock; the hasty torrent rushes over it with hideous uproar, and leaves no trace behind.

How many words do we use? The common vocabulary in all languages is limited. An agricultural laborer employs about three hundred words; an eloquent speaker often uses ten thousand: The Bible six thousand. Milton uses eight thousand, Shakspeare fifteen thousand.

## BURY ME IN THE MORNING.

Bury me in the morning, mother,  
Oh, let me have the light  
Of one bright day on my grave, mother,  
Ere you leave me alone with the night  
Alone in the night of the grave, mother,  
'Tis a thought of terrible fear.  
And you will be her alone, mother,  
And the suns will be shining here;  
So bury me in the morning, mother,  
And let me have the light  
Of one bright day on my grave, mother,  
Ere I'm alone with the night.

You tell of a Saviour's love, mother,  
I feel it is in my heart;  
But, oh! from this beautiful world, mother,  
'Tis hard for the young to part.  
Forever to part when he e, mother,  
The soul is fain to stay;  
For the grave is deep and dark,  
And Heaven seems far away.  
Then bury me in the morning, mother,  
And let me have the light  
Of one bright day on my grave, mother,  
Ere I'm alone with the night.

## SCHOOL IN THE HOUSE.

Every family is a school. All its members are teachers, all are scholars. Without text-books all study, and by instinct all learn. Looks, smiles, frowns, caresses, reproaches, shrugs, words, deeds, make up daily household lessons, from which each learner derives, first impressions, next convictions, and then character.

What the school in the house should be may oftentimes be best known by noticing what it is not. If domestic courtesy, and family politeness, and mutual forbearance, and considerate patience, and benefitting love are not in the house, there will be in their stead, rudeness and selfishness, and impatience and strife. These last are scorpions whose deadly venom is sure destruction of domestic peace, concord and happiness. Christian parents, you are teachers at home! Let your children learn what practical piety is from the benignity of your tempers and the blamelessness of your examples.

"Jeems, my lad, keep away from the gals. Ven you see one coming, dodge. Just such a critter as that young 'un cleaning the door-step, t'other side of the street, fooled yer poor dad; Jimmy. If it hadn't been for her, you and yer dad might ha' been in Californy huntin' dimuns, my son."

If your sister, while engaged with her sweetheart asks you to bring a glass of water from an adjoining room, start on the errand, but you need not return. You will not be missed. Don't forget this, little boys.

Rates not to be submitted to—The Cent. rates.



## MUSIC OF YESTERDAY.

"The choral, the harp's full chord, is hushed,  
The voice hath died away,  
Whence music, like sweet waters, gushed  
But yesterday."

It was swept by skillful fingers and gave forth some of earth's sweetest sounds,—now rising in wild grandeur and sublimity, now falling in low, soft cadences,—as though some stray zephyr had gently breathed over its musical surface, and, enchanted at the melody its footsteps called forth, still lingered at the play; or, as if telling earth's children some sweet, bewildering dream of the far-off land and its spirited inhabitants, who, clothed in pure white, sang continually the praises of their Golden City.

"Dark, evil wings took flight before the strain,  
And showers of holy quiet, with its fall  
Sank on the soul."

*To-day*, I list if, perchance, I may catch some low whisper, some faint breath; but alas! those chords are broken, mute and speechless. Aye! thou art the Music of Yesterday—thou art buried in the past.

*Yesterday* the spirit's harp may have caught some song of gladness, the chords of memory may have been swept by some joy, and at the touch flowed on free, free as air, but buoyed up, higher and still higher, found no rest, no foundation for their glad, some harmonies, and sank sadly, wearily, heavily to earth. Ah! it is a sight which might even make the dwellers of your Golden City weep—if for them to weep were possible—to see the chord of the spirit's harp severed, broken, forever hushed.

Oh! Music of Yesterday, bright, joyous and glad were the songs, the melodies thou didst weave for us; naught but happiness swept our spirit-strings; and when eager hands, prompted by eager hearts, were waiting, watching, ready to grasp thee, thou didst fade, fade away into mist. The strings of our spirit's harp were loosed, yea, snapped, and buried was all our joy in the Music of Yesterday. No, not all our joy, for in the Paradise above golden harps are swept, whose chords vibrate and re-vibrate as the ceaseless ages of eternity roll onward.

## WHAT KIND OF WORDS TO USE.

Use simple, familiar Anglo-Saxon words in preference to those of Latin and French origin. The latter may seem finer and more high sounding, but the former are stronger and more expressive, and you will be able to set forth more clearly in

them what you have to say. If your thought is a great one, simple words will besit it: if it is trifling or common-place, your grand phrases will only make it seem ridiculous. Father, mother, brother, sister, home, happiness, heaven; sun, moon, stars, light, heat; to sit, to stand, to go, to run, to stagger, are Anglo-Saxon words; as are most of those used to express habitual actions, and designate persons and objects familiar and dear to us. We may say in Latin-English, "Felicity attends virtue," but "Well-being arises from well-doing"—Saxon-English—is a far better wording of the same idea. Mark the strength, expressiveness and majestic movement of the following lines from Byron's "Destruction of Sennacherib," in which nearly all the words are Anglo-Saxon:

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,  
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;  
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,  
And their hearts beat but once, and forever lay still!

The French and Latin elements of our language, of course, have their place and use, and cannot be left out; but the Anglo-Saxon should furnish the staple of our common writing and talk.—*How to Write.*

Parents cannot be too careful in everything that relates to their children, or in any of the duties and responsibilities devolving upon them. They should act consistently at all times, and then will their instructions be deeply implanted in the heart. But the slightest deviation from truth and justice will generally be detected, and shake, in a moment, the foundation upon which you wished to build their superstructure. Nothing can be more pernicious in its effects upon the minds of children, than to teach by precept what is not taught by example. Confidence, the basis of families, societies, and nations, is destroyed, and cannot be easily regained. Mistrust finds a secure retreat where it had never before been able to penetrate, and once there the eradication will be most difficult.

The wicked and sensual part of the world are only concerned to find scrape and room enough to wallow in: if they can but have it, whence they have it, troubles not their thoughts; saying grace is no part of their meal; they feed and grovel like swine under an oak, filling themselves with the mast, but never so much as looking up either to the boughs that bore, or the hands that took it down.

## THE MINERALS IN OUR BODIES.

In the body of a man weighing 154 pounds, there are about 7½ pounds of mineral matter; consisting of phosphate of lime, 5 pounds 13 ounces; carbonate of lime, 1 pound; salt, 3 ounces 3.76 grains; peroxyde of iron, 150 grains; silica, 3 grains—making 7 pounds, 5 ozs. and 49 grs., with minute quantities of potash, chlorine, and several other substances. The rest of the system is composed of oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, and carbon; 111 pounds of the oxygen and hydrogen being combined in the form of water.

Though the quantity of some of these substances is very small, it is found absolutely essential to health that this small quantity be supplied; hence the importance of a variety of food. If we furnish nature with all the material required, she will select such as the system needs, and always just in the proper quantities.

**THE TRAINING OF HOME CONVERSATION.**—To subordinate home training to school training, or to intermit the former in favor of the latter, is a most palpable and ruinous mistake. It is bad even in an intellectual point of view. To say nothing of other disadvantages, it deprives girls of the best opportunities they can ever have of learning that most feminine, most beautiful, most useful of all accomplishments—the noble art of conversation. It is learned best by familiar intercourse between young and old, in the leisure and unreserve of the evening social circle. But when young girls are banished from this circle by the pressure of school tasks, talking with their school mates till they "come out" into society, and then monopolized entirely by young persons of their own age, they easily learn to mistake chatter for conversation, and "small talk" becomes for life their only medium of exchange. Hence, with all the intellectual training of the day, there never was a greater dearth of intellectual conversation.

A traveler stopped at a farm house for the purpose of getting dinner. Dismounting at the front door he knocked, but received no answer. Going to the other side of the house, he found a white headed man in the embrace of his wife, who had his head under her arm, while with the other she was giving her little lord a pounding. Wishing to put an end to the fight, our traveler knocked on the side of the house, and cried out in a loud voice, "Hallo, here, who keeps this house?" The husband, though much out of breath, answered, "Stranger, that's what we are trying to decide!"