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EDUCATIONALIST.

FIFTY CENTS A YEAR IN ADVANCE.]

"Knowledge is Power."

[AFTER THREE MONTHS, ONE DOLLAR

VOLUME I.

BRIGHTON, CANADA WEST, JUNE 1, 1861.

NUMBER 18

Poet's Corner.

TO MY OLD SCHOOLMATES.

BY J. NEWTON BARTHOLOW.

"I gazed upon the ruins of those memorable walls, and wept."—*Extract from a letter written to a lady, in sight of the old schoolhouse.*

I know not how it is; but when
I gaze upon the past,
The happy scenes of schoolboy days
Still cling to memory fast;
Their joyous hours, so free from care,
Cannot return again,
And nothing but their memories
Unto us now remain.

O, well do I remember how
We, on the green sward played,
And laughed as only schoolboys laugh,
As in the woods we strayed;
O, those were bright angelic days,
That dawned upon us then,
When fancy held life's magic brush,
And Poetry its pen.

Though parted now by space, yet we
In unison still dwell,
And memories of the happy past
Do still within us swell;
And amidst the busy scenes of life
There comes a keen regret
That the bright sun of schoolboy days
Has now forever set.

Yet in my heart's remotest cell,
There is a safe retreat,
Where schoolmates as in days of yore,
Shall still together meet;
And there, in memory's magic glass,
We can the past review,
And love the schoolmates of past years,
While gazing on the now.

Then on sweet memory's magic stream
I pass away my hours,
And weave bright garlands of my youth
From fancy's fairest flowers;
And schoolmates one and all, shall have
This solace to them given,—
We once again shall taste the bliss
Of schoolboy days in Heaven.

YOUTH'S DREAMINGS.

They are many and brightly colored—intangible, yet to our eager spirits, a foreshadowing of the surely "Coming," and we stand under the flushing skies of life's dawn, looking out from the fair land, whose spring-tides keep time with our heart-throbs, to the Future, whose warriors we are yet to be—in whose days and hours we are to find, or the alchemy of our hopes failing, not to find the culmination of our yearnings and the reality of our dreams.

Strong in an enthusiasm that will after years will fail to waken—fair with a purity of purpose and an unselfish aim,

that the world will not give us to "possess in peace"—are the dreams of coming life that our youth knows—dreams that break up at first the calmness of childhood's pleasures, startling with their intensity, and half-mystifying by the glimpses of awakening power which they reveal, yet growing in a little time to be companions for all solitude, giving through their promptings, and our sole title of possession, balm for many a thorn thrust.

May-time clouds float between us and their brightness many times; clouds that send us to the gate of the Future with questionings of their reality, doubts, perchance, of their power to work out the aim we have given them, and fears of the world-influence, that must reach them ere that aim can be accomplished, yet, at the last, when they drop, dead, faded, and useless out of our hearts, the pain seems to come so suddenly, so bitterly, that in our blindness and despair we forget that

"Only through the dismal rack
Of clouds, our eyes can bear the sun,
Only the broken glass gives back
A thousand shapes instead of one."

Yet this we may know, that never a thought, or dream, or yearning, died out of our hearts thro' lack of sustenance, or dearth of appreciation, when God had further mission for it—when the end and aim which He saw from the beginning, was unaccomplished.

This is true of our mortal lives, why not, then, of the lives of our hopes and aspirations?

Hearts go outward to the future,
Dreaming of the days it keeps,
Wondering what of love or treasure
In its folds of mist may sleep;
But in crowns that press the forehead,
Thorns are set that pierce the brain
And in world-praise there's no sweetness
Shutting out the gall of pain.

READING AND DEFINITION.

I do not propose to speak of rhetorical excellence in reading, but of the importance of being able to do it with correctness and fluency. A child should be able to read mechanically well, before he is required to recite a lesson learned from a book. I believe every child can become a fluent and correct reader; and the importance of it grows out of the fact that most of our knowledge is gathered from books. Before the art of printing was

known, those who desired to add to their stock of knowledge, were obliged to travel from city to city, and from one country to another, to converse with those who know what they did not. This was a long and expensive method of acquiring knowledge. Now we can remain at home, and learn from books all that is known on any given subject.

But the boys and the girls that read hesitatingly, do not read much. They never undertake to read a volume through, because it is a slow and tedious process. They may as well not read at all, as not read with readiness and care. I speak of this because I find that many children pass through the common school course without being able to read mechanically well.

It is quite important, that they never miscall, or mistake one word for another which resembles it in appearance: as *conduit* for *conduct*, or *troth* for *truth*. I frequently hear mistakes in recitations which were occasioned by thus mistaking the word. But of what use is it to read fluently and correctly, if we know not the meaning of the words? We shall either get no idea, or a wrong one. It by no means follows that we understand a sentence which we pronounce fluently.

Special pains should be taken to teach children the meaning of words. Some attention should be given to it in every recitation. It is not enough to refer the scholar to the dictionary; the definition there given is general, and does not meet the wants of the child. If he can be shown the thing defined, nothing more is necessary. But this cannot always be done. It is useful to explain the difference between one word and others that resemble it; as between *meat* and *flesh*, *lie* and *lay*, *single* and *singular*, *freedom* and *liberty*, etc. It is a very useful discipline for children to be able to point out the difference of allied words and things. It cultivates a habit of observation and discrimination; as, what is the difference between *stationary* and *stationery*, or a *ship* and a *sloop*, or *patience* and *hope*. I trust every teacher who may read this, will do all he can to make his pupils fluent and intelligent readers.—E. D., Jr. *Massachusetts Teacher.*



THE EDUCATIONALIST.

JUNE 1, 1861.

PARENTAL INFLUENCE IN CONNEXION WITH OUR COMMON SCHOOLS.

Parents have an unbounded influence in every section in making common schools efficient. They will in most cases benefit children, only in proportion as the precepts and instruction of the teacher are enforced by the parent. If the parent shows by his deportment that he values the school, and that he is anxious to increase its efficiency and usefulness; if instead of obstructing the teacher in his plans or disputing his authority, he assiduously furthers both; if he manifests a lively interest in the progress of his children—in such a case both the teacher and the children will have the strongest inducements to exertion and the school will flourish as it ought. But if on the other hand parents neglect their duty in this respect, and no cheering influence is exerted from the family to the school, the teacher must be more than human if he does not become discouraged in the midst of his unrequited and unaided labours. Surely he cannot exert himself with enthusiasm when he meets around him nothing but cold indifference and neglect. It is not natural to expect that a teacher's lessons will make a strong impression on the children when the parents, who ought to be most deeply interested in their advancement are careless and indifferent. Carelessness and want of interest on the part of parents is one great cause why our schools are not so efficient as they ought to be. Hence the preference which is often given to teachers of the lowest class because they are the cheapest. Now these parents, and they not few, do not act so in other cases. When they propose to raise a crop of good marketable wheat, they are very careful to get the best seed, to see that the ground is carefully prepared and to guard the young plant at every stage of its growth against every thing that would injure it or impede and hinder its growth. These same parents will trust no workman who is unacquainted with his business and omit no precaution which can secure them against loss and injury. Let them

then only manifest the same care in the education of their children which they almost invariably exhibit in every other relation of life, and our schools will become one of the greatest blessings to themselves and the world at large.

I have also observed that our schools suffer much from irregularity of attendance. Indeed this is a general cause of complaint throughout the country. And surely nothing can be more clear, than that the best schools can do little for those who are frequently absent. No child can be expected to make respectable proficiency whose attendance is irregular. Besides this, irregularity of attendance must act most injuriously on the child himself in many respects. It weakens and destroys his desire for improvement, makes him listless and careless, exhibits a bad example to others and increases the labors and vexations of the teacher, besides depriving the section of a proportionate amount of the taxes.

Intimately connected with irregularity of attendance in retarding the progress of our common schools is the frequent change of teachers which in some sections is an evil to be deplored. The course of a child's education at school may be compared to the ascent of the pyramids. You cannot reach the top without carefully ascending each successive step. So education at school consists of a series of processes, the latter always upon the earlier, and requiring therefore to be conducted, within certain limits on the same principles and by the same methods. Now every school is in some respect different from every other school, and no two teachers in whatever manner they may be trained have either the same acquirements or the same methods. No opportunity is afforded to the teacher under the system or practice of frequent changes, to form the habits of his scholars; and it is evident that when every new teacher arrives, the progress of the school is arrested, until he can learn his position. Besides as every teacher will cling to his own system and views of instruction, he will, in most cases, proceed to undo what has been effected by his predecessor. Thus the children will often spend much of their precious time in retracing their studies or in pursuing their education according to a new method. And what is the effect of frequent changes upon the teacher? The effect most certainly is to render him a sort of wandering gypsy, an unsettled vagrant without any

fixed residence or habitation. He may almost, with some appearance of truth, give the reply which Louis Kossuth made when asked, on a certain occasion, where he lived, the answer was, "Nowhere."—So teachers may almost say they live nowhere. Neither man nor woman in such circumstances can have much ambition to form a character.

For the Educationalist.

DON'T GET DISCOURAGED.

Disappointed and weary the fainting heart cries out—It is no use striving thus—throw aside your efforts, and let your thoughts and habits drift away with the rubbish of this turbulent tide of life. What if he does imagine that he might sparkle in the sunlight of popular favor!

The world is all too busy to pause and glance at such little ripples as yours. It takes large, dashing waves to make the froth and foam that look so fair and glittering to the passers by!

Still the yearning spirit cries—Nay, but I would rather be one of the vain strivers, than a listless idler, floating aimlessly on the current of life—though the hand of affection even should not pause to gather the gems we vain would scatter along the way, and their brightness beam in fancy alone, there is light enough to fringe the clouds with a silvery tint.

F. A. D.

DIMENSIONS OF HEAVEN.

Dimensions of Heaven.—REVELATION xxi: 16:—"and he measured the city with a reed, twelve thousand furlongs. The length, and the breadth, and the height of it are equal." Twelve thousand furlongs, 7,920,000 feet, which, being cubed is 948,088,000,000,000,000,000,000 cubical feet, the half of which we will reserve for the Throne of God and Court of Heaven, half of the balance for streets, and the remainder, divided by 4,096 the cubical foot in the rooms, 16 feet square, and 16 feet high, will be 30,843,750,000,000 rooms. We will now suppose the World always did and always will contain 903,000,000 of inhabitants, and a generation will last 33½ years—2,700,000,000, every century, and that the World will stand 100,000 years—27,000,000,000,000 persons. Then suppose there were 11,230 such worlds, equal to this in number of inhabitants and duration of years, there would be a room 16 feet long, and 61 wide, and 16 high for each person, and yet there would be room

"Written for the Educationalist."

WHAT IS LIFE?

- Life is not in the length of days
Vouchsafed to man below,
Nor in the pomp that wealth displays,
The honors men bestow.
- Life is not in those deeds of arms,
So much renowned in song,
Nor is it in the thousand charms
That lead the giddy throng.
- Life is not in the sparkling bowl,
Which Bacchus' votaries drain,
Nor is it in the vast control,
Which despots would maintain.
- Life is not in the food we eat,
Nor in the clothes we wear,
Nor does it render life complete
To free the brow from care.
- But life consists in doing right,
In acting well our parts,
In opening fountains of delight,
To sad and drooping hearts.
- Then let the voice of wisdom call
Aid to all mankind,
That he who does most good to all
The most of life shall find.
- Princeton, C. W., May, 1861. M. T. T.

PUNCTUALITY.

This trait of character is one of the most prominent in all such persons as are called "lucky," or successful in their undertakings—whether it be in honorable attainments in science and morals, or in the more paltry things of earth—riches and popular approbation.

We find as a rule, that those who excel—those who make rapid strides in ascending the rugged steps of science, and accomplish great works, are among those who possess much of this noble characteristic. It is true, that the man who is never in season in fulfilling his obligations and duties in the many relations of life, will have the confidence of all the people who have formed his acquaintance, and this secures to him a treasure in itself; besides he saves time, anxiety, and unnecessary expense, naturally incurred by indifference and laxness.

There is economy in being prompt—in being in season in our business transactions. Pecuniarily, we economize, and not only so, but we cancel many of the perplexities of life, so wearing upon human nature, and antagonistic to harmony and happiness. When we fail to be punctual—when we neglect to fulfil to the letter our promises and agreements—then we most certainly fail to fulfil the great moral command, "Do unto others, &c." Who thinks of this? Who realizes that this is indeed a moral wrong? and that he who violates the moral law, most certainly brings up'n himself the

disgrace—the penalty. Can we claim the title of moralist, and still continue to be careless and negligent in our most important duties? Let him who thus thinks, grovel on, bear the inevitable consequences, and become wise by experience.

It is too true that the manifestations that should come from the people, indicating this trait of character to be strong and vigorous, have but little power as an example to reform the young. Parents, if you would begin the work of revolutionizing society—of inculcating great moral principles, make yourselves examples such as you would that your children should be. If you would teach your children morals, begin by being yourself in season in every duty, for your acts far surpass your precepts, in making impressions upon the minds of your little ones. We should see to it that we have exemplary teachers in our schools, in this respect. This is absolutely necessary, for scholars have much confidence in their teachers and will, in a measure, become what their teachers are, from example. If we have teachers to govern and instruct our children who are drowsy and loose in their mode of life, what more can we expect, than that our children will partake of their natures in customs and habits. Therefore, practice and precept in our homes, and in our schools, should be such as we would be proud to sanction in the characters of those we love.

The great responsibility of leading and influencing mind in that direction, which will ultimately result in the good and well being of the possessor, and tell upon the happiness of the world sooner or later, rests with the instructors of the youth—as are their precepts and corresponding examples, so is the happiness and harmony in society. The great beginning of this work is to be punctual in all our transactions, thereby impressing the great lesson upon the minds of the young, and in this manner, begin the work of moral as well as business reform.

When you find a person a little better than his word, a little more liberal than his promise, a little more than borne out in his statement by facts, a little larger in deed than in speech, you recognize a kind of eloquence in that person's utterance, not laid down in Blair or Campbell.

Most of their fault women owe to us, while we are indebted to them for most of our better qualities.—*Lemuel*.

THE UNITY OF THE BIBLE.

As in Bethoven's matchless music there runs one idea, worked out through all the changes of measure and of key—now almost hidden, now breaking out in rich natural melody, whispered in the reble, murmured in the bass, dimly suggested in the prelude, but growing clearer as the work proceeds, winding gradually back till it ends in the key in which it began, and closes in triumphant harmony; so throughout the whole Bible there runs one great idea—man's ruin by sin, and his redemption by grace—in a word, Jesus Christ the Savior. This runs through the Old Testament, that prelude to the New, dimly promised at the fall, and more clearly to Abraham; typified in the ceremonies of the law; all the events of sacred history paving the way for His coming; his descent proved in the genealogies of Ruth and Chronicles; spoken of a Shiloh by Jacob, as the Star by Balaam, as Prophet by Moses; the David of the Psalms; the Redeemer looked for by Job: the Beloved of the Song of Songs. We find Him in the sublime strains of the lofty Isaiah, in the writings of the tender Jeremiah, in the mysteries of the contemplative Ezekiel, in the visions of the beloved Daniel, the great idea growing clearer and clearer as the time drew on. Then the full harmony broke out in the song of the angels—"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." And evangelists and apostles taking up the theme, the strain closes in the same key in which it began; the devil, who troubled the first paradise, forever excluded from the second; man restored to the favor of God, and Jesus Christ the key-note of the whole.—*Evangelist*.

"Dear mother," said a delicate little girl, "I have broken your china vase!"

"Well, you are a naughty, careless, troublesome little thing,—go up stairs until I send for you."—And this was a Christian mother's answer to the tearful little culprit, who had struggled with and conquered the temptation to tell a falsehood to screen a fault. With a disappointed, disheartened look, the child obeyed; and in that moment was crushed in her little heart the sweet flower of truth, perhaps never to be revived to life! Oh! what were a thousand vases in comparison!

Riches hide vice, and poverty conceals virtue.

THE TWO HOMES.

Two men on their way home met at a street crossing, and they walked on together. They were neighbors and friends.

"This has been a very hard day," said Mr. Freeman; in a gloomy voice. And as they walked homeward they discouraged each other, and made darker the clouds that obscured their whole horizon.

"Good evening," was at last said hurriedly, and the two men passed into their homes.

Mr. Walcott entered the room where his wife and children were gathered, and without speaking to any one, seated himself in a chair, and leaning his head back, closed his eyes. His countenance wore a sad, weary, exhausted look. He had been seated thus for only a few minutes, when his wife said, in a fearful voice:

"More trouble again."

"What is the matter now?" asked Mr. Walcott, almost starting.

"John has been sent home from school."

"What?" Mr. Walcott partly rose from his chair.

"He has been suspended for bad conduct."

"Oh, dear!" groaned Mr. Walcott, "where is he?"

"Up in his room; I sent him there as soon as he came home. You'll have to do something with him. He'll be ruined if he goes on in this way. I'm out of all heart with him."

Mr. Walcott, excited as much by the manner in which his wife conveyed the unpleasant information as by the information itself, started up, under the blind impulse of the moment, and going to the room where John had been sent on coming home from school, punished the boy severely, and this without listening to the explanations which the poor child tried to make him hear.

"Father," said the boy, with forced calmness, after the cruel stripes had ceased, "I wasn't to blame, and if you will go with me to the teacher, I can prove myself innocent."

Mr. Walcott had never known his son to tell an untruth, and the words fell with a rebuke upon his heart.

"Very well, we will see about that," he answered, with forced sternness, and leaving the room he went down stairs, feeling much more uncomfortable than when he went up. Again he seated himself in his large chair, and again leaned back his weary head and closed his heavy

eyelids. Sadder was his face than before. As he sat thus, his eldest daughter, in her sixteenth year, came and stood by him. She held a paper in her hand:

"Father," he opened his eyes, "here's my quarter's bill. Can't I have the money to take to school with me in the morning?"

"I am afraid not," answered Mr. Walcott, half in despair.

"Nearly all the girls will bring in their money to-morrow, and it mortifies me to be behind the others." The daughter spoke fretfully. Mr. Walcott waved her aside with his hand, and she went off muttering and pouting.

"It is mortifying," said Mrs. Walcott, a little sharply; "and I don't wonder that Helen feels annoyed about it. The bill has to be paid, and I don't see why it may not be done as well first as last."

To this Mr. Walcott made no answer. The words but added another pressure to the heavy burden under which he was already staggering. After a silence of some moments, Mrs. Walcott said:

"The coals are all gone."

"Impossible!" Mr. Walcott raised his head and looked incredulous. "I laid in sixteen tons."

"I can't help it, if there were sixty tons instead of sixteen—they are all gone. The girls had hard work to-day to scrape up enough to keep the fire in."

"There's been a shameful waste somewhere," said Mr. Walcott, with strong emphasis, starting up and moving about the room with a very disturbed manner.

"So you always say, when anything runs out," answered Mrs. Walcott, rather tartly. "The barrel of flour is gone also; but I suppose you have done your part with the rest in using it up."

Mr. Walcott returned to his chair, and again seating himself, leaned back his head and closed his eyes as at first. How sad, and weary, and hopeless he felt!—The burdens of the day had seemed almost too heavy for him; but he had borne up bravely. To gather strength for a renewed struggle with adverse circumstances, he had come home. Alas! that the process of exhaustion should still go on—that where only strength could be looked for on earth, no strength was given.

When the tea bell was rung, Mr. Walcott made no movement to obey the summons.

"Come to supper," said his wife, coldly.

But he did not stir.

"Are you not coming to supper?" she called to him as she was leaving the room:

"I don't wish for anything this evening. My head aches very much," he answered.

"In the dumps again," muttered Mrs. Walcott to herself. "It's as much as one's life is worth to ask for money, or to say anything is wanted." And she kept on her way to the dining-room. When she returned her husband was still sitting where she had left him.

"Shall I bring you a cup of tea?" she asked.

"No, I don't wish for anything."

"What's the matter, Mr. Walcott? What do you look so troubled about, as if you hadn't a friend in the world? What have I done to you?"

There was no answer, for there was not a shade of real sympathy in the voice that made the queries, but rather of querulous dissatisfaction. A few moments Mrs. Walcott stood behind her husband, but as he did not seem inclined to answer questions, she turned away from him, and resumed the employment which had been interrupted by the ringing of the tea bell.

The whole evening passed without the occurrence of a single incident that gave a healthful pulsation to the sick heart of Mr. Walcott. No thoughtful kindness was manifested by any member of the family; but on the contrary, a narrow regard for self, and a looking to him only that he might supply the means of self-gratification.

No wonder, from the pressure which was on him, that Mr. Walcott felt utterly discouraged. He retired early, and sought to find that relief from mental disquietude in sleep which he had vainly hoped for in the bosom of his family. But the whole night passed in broken slumber and disturbing dreams. From the cheerless morning meal, at which he was reminded of the quarter's bill that must be paid, of the coals and flour that were out, and of the necessity of supplying Mrs. Walcott's empty purse, he went to meet the difficulties of another day, faint at heart, almost hopeless of success. A confident spirit, sustained by home affections, would have carried him through; but unsupported as he was, the burden was too heavy for him, and he sank under it. The day that opened so unpropitiously closed upon him a ruined man!

Let us look in for a few moments upon Mr. Freeman, the friend and neighbor of Mr. Walcott. He, also, had come home weary, dispirited, and almost sick. The trials of the day had been unusually

severe, and when he looked anxiously forward to scan the future, not even a gleam of light was seen along the black horizon.

As he stopped across the threshold of his dwelling, a pang shot through his heart, for the thought came—"How slight the present hold upon all these comforts." Not for himself, but for his wife and children was the pain.

"Father's come!" cried a glad little voice on the stairs the moment his footfall sounded in the passage, then quick, pattering feet were heard—and then a tiny form was springing into his arms. Before reaching the sitting-room above, Alice, the eldest daughter, was by his side, her arm drawn fondly within his, and her loving eyes lifted to his face.

"Are you not late, dear?" It was the gentle voice of Mrs. Freeman.

Mr. Freeman could not trust himself to answer. He was too deeply troubled in spirit to assume at the moment a cheerful tone, and he had no wish to sadden the hearts that loved him by letting the depression from which he was suffering become too clearly apparent. But the eyes of Mrs. Freeman saw quickly below the surface.

"Are you not well, Robert?" she inquired, tenderly, as she drew his large arm-chair toward the centre of the room.

"A little headache," he answered, with a slight evasion.

Scarcely was Mr. Freeman seated ere a pair of hands was busy with each foot, removing gaiter and shoes, and supplying their place with a soft slipper. There was not one in the household who did not feel happier for his return, nor one who did not seek to render him some kind office.

It was impossible, under such a burst of heart-sunshine, for the spirit of Mr. Freeman long to remain shrouded. Almost imperceptibly to himself gloomy thoughts gave place to more cheerful ones, and by the time tea was ready, he had half forgotten the fears which had so haunted him through the day.

But they could not be held back altogether, and their existence was marked during the evening by an unusual silence and abstraction of mind. This was observed by Mrs. Freeman, who, more than half suspecting the cause, kept from her husband the knowledge of certain matters about which she had intended to speak to him, for she feared they would add to his mental inquietude. During the evening she gleaned from something he said the

real cause of his changed aspect. At once her thoughts commenced running in a new channel. By a few leading remarks she drew her husband into conversation on the subject of home expenses and the propriety of restriction in various points. Many things were mutually pronounced superfluous and easily to be dispensed with, and before sleep fell soothingly on the heavy eyelids of Mr. Freeman that night, an entire change in their style of living had been determined upon—a change that would reduce their expenses at least one-half.

"I see a light ahead," were the hopeful words of Mr. Freeman as he resigned himself to slumber.

With renewed strength of mind and body, and a confident spirit, he went forth the next day—a day that he had looked forward to with fear and trembling. And it was only through this renewed strength and confident spirit that he was able to overcome the difficulties that loomed up, mountain high, before him. Weak dependency would have ruined all. Home had proved his tower of strength—his walled city. Strengthened for the conflict, he had gone forth again into the world and conquered in the struggle.

"I see light ahead," gave place to "The morning breaketh."—*Orange Blossoms*.

FERTILITY OF THE HOLY LAND.

No county of equal size, probably, contains greater inequalities of surface than Palestine—varying from the peaks of Lebanon, 10,000 feet above the sea level, to the plain of Jericho, 1,300 feet below it. Hence the Holy Land afforded almost every variety of vegetable productions; and when in its glory, populous and cultivated, and enjoying the smiles of Jehovah, it was not unworthy of the glowing rhapsody of Dr. Hamilton, the emphatic terms of which are almost all from the Bible:

"A better country than this, earth did not contain. It was 'a delightful' and 'a pleasant land;' 'a goodly heritage of the best of nations.' It was variegated and intersected with all the elements of sublimity and beauty—with whatever was bold and gentle. It was a wealthy place. Aromatic herbs covered its hills, and the fairest flowers decked its glens. The rose was in Sharon, and the lily in the valleys. The voice of the turtle was heard in the land. There roamed the vine, and there clustered the date. And there hung the

pomegranate. The cedar towered on the mountain, and the myrtle skirted their sides. No human hand could raise the clusters of Eshcol. The south winds passed over the gardens, causing the spices thereof to flow out. The seasons revolved in their variety, but with a blended sweetness. There was the upland breeze, in which the fir could wave its arms, and the softer air, in the olive unfolded its blossom. The sun smote not by day, nor the moon by night. The birds sung among the branches. There was balm in Gilead. The lignaloe drooped from the river bank. Lakes glistened in the landscape, and cooled the drouth. Beautiful for situation was Mount Zion. The cattle browsed on a thousand hills. The excellence of Carmel, and the glory of Lebanon set their pinnacles against the deep azure of Canaan's sky. The barns were filled with plenty—the vineyards distilled the pure blood of the grape. The fountain of Jacob was upon a land of corn and wine. The granaries were filled with the finest wheat. It flowed with milk and honey. Its heavens dropped fatness. At stated periods fell the early and latter rain. The land might be called Beulah. The distant glimpse of its prospects refreshed the dying eye of Moses: and of all thine earthly territory this is emphatically thy land, O, Immanuel."

This flowery description by no means applies to Palestine as it now is. Depopulated, neglected, misgoverned, it has become as desolate as it once was beautiful and fertile; and testified to truth the of God's word, "Woe be unto them when I depart from them."

TO SPOIL A DAUGHTER.—1. Be always telling her how pretty she is. 2. Instil into her mind a proper love of fine dress. 3. Accustom her to so much pleasure that she is not happy at home. 4. Allow her to read nothing but novels. 5. Teach her all the accomplishments, but none of the utilities of life. 6. Keep her in the darkest ignorance of the mysteries of housekeeping. 7. Initiate her into the principle that it is vulgar to do anything for herself. 8. To strengthen the latter belief, let her have a lady's maid. 9. And lastly, having given her such an education, marry her to a mustached bachelor, who is a clerk on a salary of \$250 a year.

It is better to be of the number of those who need relief, than of those who want heart to give it.

ADDRESS TO J. B. DIXON, A. M.

Below we publish an address presented, some time since, to the Principal of the Colborne Grammar School by his pupils.

To J. B. DIXON, A. M., HEAD MASTER OF COLBORNE GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

Respected Teacher,—We, the pupils of the Colborne Grammar School, who have been under your tuition during the last half year, desire to express our approval of, and perfect satisfaction with the efficient manner, in which you have discharged the laborious duties of the high and honorable position which you occupy; and indeed we feel the greater confidence in doing this, as we know that you have passed the various stages of mental effort and intellectual discipline, which have been necessary to qualify you for the exalted station, the functions of which you have so satisfactorily performed.

We are aware that there are many trials and vexations connected with the faithful discharge of your duties, and we often wonder how you can have as much patience with us as you manifest; and while we feel a desire to express our regret for the negligence, irregularities, and backwardness, which we have often evinced in pursuing our studies, we at the same time desire to offer our sincere thanks and deepest regard for the kindness which you have always manifested towards us.

As regards the ability which you have manifested in conducting the numerous and difficult studies, which have of late occupied your attention, we beg leave to offer our deepest respects, and we cannot but congratulate you on the success which has attended your efforts.

By you we have been shown that a man may be learned, yet not pedantic; wise, yet not ostentatious; strict, yet not rigorous; and commanding, yet not haughty; and possessing that affability of manner, ease of action, and energetic spirit, which have ever signalized and honored your name as a Teacher, and have procured for yourself the sincere affection and constant regard of the students of this Institution.

And now since the term is about to close, and many of us are to be separated from you, and from one another, and our vacant places are to be filled by others, realizing that in all probability we will never all meet again, if we may be allowed to express the feelings of those who are about to leave this School, endeared to them by a thousand ties, we would say

that they are those of the deepest gratitude, mingled with melancholy regret and sadness.

With respect to those that are to fill these vacant places, we only say that we hope they will be such as will more obediently and zealously follow your instructions and example.

And now, in conclusion, we feel a desire to express to you our kindest wishes and sincerest hopes for the happiness and prosperity of that future which now so promisingly dawns upon you. May your path, through the varying scenes of this dramatic existence, be constantly lighted by the ever refulgent star of hope, continually strewn by the constant fragrance of the never fading flowers of pure intelligence and moral worth, which we hope may render your life one continual scene of never changing happiness, unvarying peace, unsullied joy.

J. L. SPAFFORD,
B. BRISBIN,
GEORGE M. GRIER,
F. J. McMILLAN,
W. R. BURNHAM,
J. C. CLARKE,
IDA POWERS,
MARGARET LUTMAN,
CHARLOTTE C. BURNELL,
SARAH SIMMONS,
&c., &c., &c.

THE HEAD MASTER'S REPLY
TO THE STUDENTS OF THE COLBORNE
GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

My Dear Students,—In reply to your kind Address, I wish to offer a few remarks. To every Teacher who is heartily engaged in his work, it must be a source of extreme pleasure to know that in his arduous labors he is assisted by the sympathies and aided by the co-operation of his students. The relations existing between Teacher and Scholar are close and sacred. In former times these relations were such as exist between master and slave, or between lord and vassal; now they are more nearly allied to those which bind in their hallowed and magic embrace the kind parent and the affectionate child.

To be convinced that I have done my duty is, I assure you, a sufficient reward for all my toils in the school-room; to realize that I labor not in vain gives me very great pleasure, but to know that my efforts to train the nobler powers of the immortal mind are duly appreciated and warmly seconded by you, fills me with a loftier and nobler enthusiasm and nerves me for the future contest of life.

I am well aware that he who takes upon himself to discharge the sacred duties of

an instructor has need of an extreme degree of patience, and ought to possess a heart overflowing with genuine kindness, and actuated by the purest motives; and unless he does his utmost to inspire those under his care with confidence in his integrity and good will, his life cannot fail to be one of intense anguish and keenest grief. If, as you intimate, I have exercised some small degree of patience and been moved by feelings of kindness in my actions towards you, I have only, to some extent succeeded in doing what I have for many years attempted to accomplish. From my earliest days I have been of the opinion that Schools are generally governed in a wrong manner, that the halls of learning are, too frequently degraded to a level with the military drill, or converted into flogging establishments, to which every youth who possessed the spirit of noble independence common to the best of our race, bent his unwilling steps in anguish and disgust. But in my short intercourse with the world, I have ever found that kind actions and encouraging words make their way to the hardest heart, and that youth are more effectually controlled by gentle means than by harsh and domineering treatment. The example of the great and self-sacrificing Wickersham, and of the benevolent Harvey, commends itself to the best judgment and purest affections of every Teacher.

This Institution is yet in its infancy. What it is destined to become depends on many circumstances; but judging from what it has accomplished during the past year, from the actual knowledge which I have of the people of Colborne, and from the well known fact that the youth of this village and neighborhood are not inferior to any in the Province, I can see only a brilliant future radiant with hope and usefulness opening up before us; and I can assure you that as long as I have the honor and the happiness to preside over its destinies, I shall not fail to exert all my powers to render it equal to the best Institution of its kind in this rapidly advancing Province.

I fondly hope that the day is not far distant when our Legislature, actuated by enlarged and statesmanlike views, shall see the necessity of dealing much more liberally and impartially with all our Schools of any grade. But let us never rely on anything short of our own determined and energetic action for the success and permanence of this Grammar School. By your actions and attainments shall it be judged, and to you and your influence

it looks mainly for its prosperity. Remember that the very best School or College education can only fit you to make a practical use of your talents, and that in reality the work of education is never ended. Having completed your "course of study" here, you have only learned to use the powers of your mind to advantage.

Never, never suffer these intellectual and moral faculties; with which God has kindly endowed you for the noblest of purposes, to remain inactive; but after you have passed from school to the active duties of life, continue faithfully and systematically to use them for the advancement of yourself and for the benefit of society. Most of you I hope to meet again after a short vacation, and I expect to find you determined to succeed still better in your studies, and believe me that nothing shall be wanting on my part to render the time you may spend here pleasant, agreeable, and profitable.

To the young men that are now preparing for matriculation at the University, I would say that I admire your resolution, and heartily commend your choice, and I cannot help thinking that you will distinguish yourselves by your close attention to your studies and by your thorough mastery of the different branches of a College education; that your deep sense of moral and religious obligation will raise you high above the allurements of vice; and even after you have entered the duties of professional life you will not forget the moral and intellectual lessons which you have learned at the Colborne Grammar School. Years of hard toil, days and nights of deep anxiety are still before you; buckle on, therefore, manfully the student's armor, and never give up the glorious and ennobling contest till you have fully accomplished your object.

To you who intend to devote yourselves to the profession of teaching, I would say, never rest satisfied with inferior qualifications: labor hard both day and night till you gain honor and distinction as scholars and as original and vigorous thinkers.

Let the law of kindness regulate all your intercourse with your pupils; respect their rights and they will certainly respect you; and though you may fail at first, be not discouraged, but faithfully persevere in your course, and you may rest assured that abundant success will crown all your efforts. I know that you will pardon an allusion to myself. For the few years during which I have presided over the

operations of this Grammar School, I have not inflicted corporal punishment on a single student under my charge. But in my first attempts to govern, I signally failed, and no wonder, for I relied mainly on *physical force*. By repeated experiments I find that there is a higher force by which to govern than the one to which I have just alluded, namely, an *intellectual and moral one*, and by this alone should you attempt to govern your schools. Remember that the road to success ever lies through repeated failures, that with failure we learn to succeed better in our next attempts, and that what we do at first only very imperfectly we learn by and by to do well and without any my apparent effort.

In regard to all of you, I entertain high hopes and feel fully satisfied that Providence has destined you to take no mean position. I never have been better satisfied than I am with the progress made by you, and it is with pride and pleasure that I point you to the many useful, studious and excellent teachers who were once students of this Grammar School. In going away they have carried with them the spirit and principles which are so highly applauded in the address to which I have just listened, and when I consider that the students of 1860 are in every respect better qualified than those of any previous year, am I not justified in predicting that you will be eminently successful? That you may be as successful in performing the duties of your office, as you have been in your course as students is my fondest hope—my deepest and most earnest prayer.

Be assured that all your thoughts and actions shape your characters, mould your inmost souls, give a hue to all your feelings, tinge the operations of your intellects, and communicate themselves to the students under your charge, not merely during the fleeting years of an earthly existence, but through the countless cycles of eternity. Never under any circumstances lose sight of the interests of those who are entrusted to your care, but with all honesty and faithfulness, teach them to think deeply and systematically, to act nobly, and to endure bravely.

And now in conclusion, I would humbly and sincerely hope that a kind Providence may ever guide every one of you; watch over your destiny; keep you in the way of high and noble actions; impress upon you the absolute necessity of culti-

vating your noblest powers; make you an honor to your country and a blessing to the world; and at last after the joys and sorrows are at an end, translate you to that purer and holier land which it baffles all our powers to describe.

JAMES B. DIXON.

Colborne Grammar School, }
December, 1860. }

THE COMET.

The new comet, which has been for some time in the vicinity of the northern celestial pole, is now rapidly descending to the ecliptic, traversing the arctic constellations lying northward of Leo and Cancer. It is readily discernible by the naked eye, and is distinguishable at present by its nebulous aspect. A telescope of moderate power reveals the existence of a tail of several degrees length. The following parabolic elements of its orbit, computed by Mr. Safford, of the Cambridge Observatory, give important information of its future career while it remains visible in our skies:—

Perihelion passage June 4, at noon, Washington.

Perihelion distance 0.9235 of the earth's mean distance from the sun.

Longitude of Perihelion.....242 deg. 30 min.
" Asc. Node....29 " 15."
Inclination.....8 " 14."

According to these elements it will reach the ecliptic about the 12th inst., crossing the same in the heliocentric longitude occupied by the earth on the 19th of April, and at a distance from the sun equal to that of the earth at that date. It will continue to approach the earth for a few weeks longer, and will reach its perihelion on the 4th of June. These circumstances are favorable for its becoming quite a brilliant object in the evening sky before it disappears. So far as is now known, the priority of its discovery belongs to the American astronomer, Mr. Thatcher, of New York.

THE NEW CREATION.—Every Spring God works countless wonders. (We do not call them miracles, because we see them every Spring.) Out of a little bud, he brings a branch with leaves, and flowers, and fruits. From a tiny seed he evolves a whole plant, with its system of roots and branches. And more wonderful still, we see springing into life a new generation of insects and creeping things, and birds and beasts. "In wisdom hast Thou made them all."

ECHOES.

The ear cannot distinguish one sound from another, unless there is an interval of one-ninth of a second between the arrival of the two sounds. Sounds must, therefore, succeed each other at an interval of one-ninth of a second in order to be heard distinctly. Now, the velocity of sound being eleven hundred and twenty feet a second, in one-ninth of a second the sound would travel one hundred and twenty-four feet.

Repeated echoes happen when two obstacles are placed opposite to one another, as parallel walls, for example, which reflect the sound successively.

At Admath, in Bohemia, there is an echo which repeats seven syllables three times. At Woodstock, in England, there is one which repeats a sound seventeen times during the day, and twenty times during the night. An echo in the villa Smionetta, near Milan, is said to repeat a sharp sound some thirty times audibly. The most celebrated echo among the ancients, was that of the Metelli, at Rome, which, according to tradition, was capable of repeating the first line of the *Æneid*, containing fifteen syllables, eight times distinctly.

Dr. Birch describes an echo at Roseheath, Argyleshire, which it is said, does not now exist. When eight or ten notes were played upon a trumpet, they were returned by this echo upon a key a third lower than the original notes, and shortly after upon a key still lower. Dr. Page describes an echo in Fairfax county, Virginia, which possesses a similar curious property. This echo gives three distinct reflections, the second much the most distinct. Twenty notes played upon a flute are returned with perfect clearness. But the most singular property of this echo is, that some notes in the scale are not returned in their places, but are supplied with notes which are either thirds, fifths, or octaves.

There is a surprising echo between two barns, at Belvidere, Alleghany county, N. Y. The echo repeats eleven times a word of one, two, or three syllables; it has been heard to repeat thirteen times. By placing oneself in the centre between the two barns, there will be a double echo, one in the direction of each barn and a monosyllable will be repeated twenty-two times.

A striking and beautiful effect of echo is produced in certain localities by the Swiss mountaineers, who contrive to sing

their *Rans des Vaches* in such time that the reflected notes form an agreeable accompaniment to the air itself.

The Killarney notes are quite famous, and resound with marvellous clearness to the notes of a bugle, as the traveller rows from point to point in the beautiful lake.

—*Prof. Silliman.*

"LEADING MEN."—It is customary to speak of sundry men in the Church of Christ, as "leading men;" i. e., they go before others, and make and second the motions which others vote for. It should not be forgotten, however, that a man in a Christian Church, who really deserves the name of a "leading man," serves the Church. He moves and goes in the right direction; and determines others in that direction. As Baxter well remarks, "Church greatness consists in being greatly serviceable."

AFRICAN DISCOVERIES.

It is said that a Mr. Chaylion, now in London, has penetrated across the African continent on the line of the equator and has there discovered, in a densely wooded region, of lofty mountains (one peak calculated by him at 12,000 feet) which contain, according to his conviction, the sources of the four great rivers of the African continent—the Nile, the Niger, the Zambesi, and the Zaire or Congo.

THE OFFICE OF GRACE.—When the house is on fire, if a man should only pray or cry, he may be burnt for all that; therefore he must be active and stirring; he must run from place to place, and call out for help, and bestir himself as for life in the use of all means whereby the fire may be quenched. So grace must be acted on; it is not all a man's praying and crying that will profit him or better him; grace must be exercised, or all will be lost—prayers lost, strength lost, time lost, soul lost.

THE HIGHEST GLORY.—The highest honor and glory that earthly princes can put upon their subjects, is to communicate to them their greatest secrets. Now this high honor and glory the King of kings hath put upon his people. "For his secrets are with them that fear him, and he will show them his covenant."

The finest composition of human nature, as well as the finest china, may have flaws in it; though the pattern may be of the highest value.

VA BABY'S EFFORT.—A bright little girl just beginning to talk, was very observant of all that passed around her.—She saw a gentleman, with a dog, enter a house on the opposite side of the street. He shut the door, and left the dog without, who, by various canine movements of whining and scratching, manifested painful impatience. Moved by his desolation and complaining, she thrust her small face through the bars of her nursery window, and cried in a clear, earnest tone, "Ing 'e bell, doggie!—ing 'e bell!"

Very touching and beautiful were the words of the old schoolmaster, as life passed away.—"It is growing dark—the school may be dismissed." Down to the very gates of an unseen world he carried his love for the children whom he had trained.

—Plato observes that the minds of children are like bottles with very small mouths; if you attempt to fill them too rapidly, much knowledge is wasted and little received; whereas with a small stream they are easily filled.

A beautiful thought is suggested in the Koran:—"Angels, in the grave will not question thee as to the amount of wealth thou has left behind thee, but what good deeds thou hast done while in the world, to entitle thee to a seat among the blest."

A new asteroid was discovered by Mr. H. P. Tuttle, of Harvard College, on the night of the 10th of April. This is now the 66th small planet that is known to exist between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter.

Two comets are now looked for by astronomers—the De Vico comet, which appeared in 1855, and the celebrated comet of Charles V.

The policy that can strike only while the iron is hot, will be overcome by the perseverance that can make iron hot by striking.

There is many a man whose tongue might govern multitudes, if he could only govern his tongue.

Eloquence consists in feeling a truth yourself, and making those who hear you feel it too.

—Children are sensible of the slightest injustice.

Learning makes a man fit company for himself.