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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 1, 1862.

NUMBER 5

Poetry.

VALEDTORY.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO THE DRESDEN
SCHOOL BY THE TEACHER, MISS A. MARSHALL.

Can it be true that I must part,
With these I love so well,
Must give the parting hand and go
Away from them to dwell;
No more to meet their playful smiles,
Or share their merry glee—
No more with them in solemn prayer,
To bow the suppliant knee.

Ah! yes, the time draws to a close,
And I must bid farewell,
To this dear happy youthful band,
With whom I love to dwell.
But while I bid you all adieu,
The tears unbidden start,
Yet faith points to a time when we
May meet no more to part.

With you, my pupils, ever dear,
I've met day after day,
For fifteen months now past and gone,
Nor wished from you to stay;
For in the school I loved to meet,
Your smiling faces bright;
And hear your voices softly raised,
Your lessons to recite.

You heeded not the Summer's heat,
Nor feared the Winter's cold;
But to the school room found your way,
With footsteps firm and bold:
The path of learning to pursue,
Your youthful minds to improve,
And store with various sciences,
With virtue and with love.

But now the solemn hour has come,
And we must parted be;
Permit me, then, my pupils dear,
To say, "Remember me."
When youth and beauty fade away,
And age is drawing nigh,
Remember when I said to you,
These solemn words, "Good-bye."

And if we never more should meet,
On this side of the tomb,
May heaven's angels guard you to
Your everlasting home:
Where Jesus says we all may come,
And never more to part,
May dwell with joy at His right hand,
The Teacher and the taught.

Dresden Dec. 9th, 1861.

WHY TEACHERS FAIL.

Of the large number of those who engage in the work of teaching, but few, comparatively, are successful. A very large majority teach but a short time and with no true success. It may not be unprofitable to consider some of the reasons for these numerous cases of failure in teaching. That such cases are numerous, no one will question,—but why they are so numerous, but few stop to consider. It

will be one object in this article to name a few of the more prominent reasons as they occur to us.

1. *Want of sufficient education.* It is often the case that persons enter the teacher's desk with a very limited educational capital. By the favor of some relative or the committee, and by the direct or indirect connivance of the examiners, they are entrusted with work for which they have no proper qualification. From want of the requisite knowledge, they fail to interest their pupils or to awaken any true love for school and its exercises. They "keep the school" for the stipulated time, but in no true sense do they teach it. At the expiration of their term they take their pay, having rendered no equivalent: indeed the district would have been the gainer if the money had been paid and the services dispensed with,—for no school is better than a poor school.

2. *An excess of education.* This may seem rather paradoxical. It is, however, unquestionably true that some know too much,—in their own estimation,—to teach a common school. Knowledge proves a power, only where it is clearly possessed and wisely directed. A teacher with a little knowledge, well secured and earnestly and intelligently used, is better than one who possesses vast knowledge but who has a very sparse stock of sound common sense.

3. *Want of a lively interest in the work.* No one can expect true success to attend any work in which he engages with feelings of indifference. Especially is this true of teaching. The true teacher will love his work and ever study to promote the growth and development of the minds intrusted to his care—and his earnest devotion to his chosen work will awaken kindred feelings in his pupils.

4. *A lack of confidence.* If an excess of confidence is undesirable, a deficiency is equally so. A degree of it is indispensable to true success. To feel that we can do a certain work will do much to make its accomplishment certain. That teacher who has a constant feeling of inability to do the work required of him will be very likely to fail of success.

5. *A want of true courtesy.* If a teacher would be in the truest sense successful and useful, he must have the respect and good wishes of those with whom he is called to labor. A lack of genuine politeness has done much to prevent the usefulness of many a teacher. A rough exterior, negligence of personal appearance and dress, unpolished and abrupt modes of address or excessively formal and frigid manners, have, in many cases, blighted the prospects of teachers whose intellectual qualifications were ample.—Teachers should cultivate genial feelings, and ever meet parents and pupils with that cordial and kindly spirit which will do so much to call forth heartfelt respect and co-operation. A kind word and pleasant look will gain friends and friendly aid,—while stern looks and uncounted modes of expression will be sure to awaken unfriendly feelings. A want of genuine politeness has proved a prominent and frequent cause of failure in the teacher's vocation.

6. *Want of professional feeling and interest.* "Every man," said Webster, "owes a debt to his profession." By this we understand that every member of a profession is under obligations to do what he can for the elevation of his profession. This he must do by promoting his own improvement, by uniting with others in associational and in various ways by manifesting a professional interest and feeling,—a true *esprit de corps*. A teacher who secludes himself, withdrawing from all efforts and meetings for mutual improvement, may keep a good school,—but as a man and a professional teacher he will fall far behind the mark. If his own views, plans and results are entirely satisfactory to himself, he will, if he has true professional feeling, gladly communicate them to others and not be content to hide his light as under a bushel.

We would then advise all teachers who would make success sure, and do all the good they can, to unite heartily in every effort and plan designed for the good of their profession. By the very means adopted for professional improvement, personal profit and advancement will be secured.—

Con. C. S. Journal.

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TERMS TO CLUBS.

Persons sending us four Subscribers, the cash accompanying the order, will be entitled to one copy of the Educationalist for one year.

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

POSTAGE FREE.—The Educationalist goes Free of Postage to all parts of Canada.



THE EDUCATIONALIST.

JANUARY 2, 1862.

WE can supply a few back numbers of the Educationalist to those who desire them for binding.

APPOINTMENTS.

E. Scarlett Esq., Local Superintendent, will meet the Trustees and Teachers of the several school sections in this county at the following places, for the purpose of receiving school reports. It is to be hoped that there will be a large attendance, as important subjects will be discussed at each meeting:—

Township of South Monaghan, at Bloomfield, Jan. 9th, 1862, at 10 o'clock, a.m.

Township of Hamilton, at Baltimore, Jan. 10th, at 10 a. m.

Township of Haldimand, at Grafton, Jan. 11th, at 10 a. m.

Township of Cramahé, at Colborne, Jan. 13th, at 10 a. m.

Township of Brighton, at Hilton, Jan. 14th, at 10 a. m.

Township of Murray, at the Town Hall, Jan. 15th, at 10 a. m.

Townships of Alwick and Percy, at Warkworth, Jan. 16th, at 10 a. m.

Township of Seymour, at Campbellford, Jan. 17th, at 10 a. m.

From Clark's School Visitor.

WHAT EDUCATION DOES.

BY JOHN OGDEN,

Principal of Minnesota Normal School.

1. It makes men and women larger.
2. It makes them healthier, stronger and hardier.
3. It makes them long-lived.
4. It makes them better looking.
5. It makes them better in heart as well as in head.
6. It makes them wiser, and fits them for heaven.

Education makes its Subjects more Beautiful, i. e.,

It adds fullness, completeness, symmetry, grace, dignity and true beauty to all

the faculties of human beings, not excepting those that relate to bodily organism, by refining, elevating, strengthening and developing them. It confers the highest possible type of beauty upon all the limbs, features and faculties, since it is education alone that can give the fullest development to all of these.

2. This is effected chiefly by the action of the thoughts upon them, and the passage of the emotions through them.—These, whether good or bad, leave their impression upon the organs through which they pass, just as essentially and assuredly as that light affects the eye, or the ambrotype through which it passes. Anger, for instance, we know, distorts and poisons the beauty of the countenance; so of all the evil passions.

3. Love, and indeed all the tender emotions, elevate and refine it—and not only so, but when acting in harmony with the designs of the Creator, they give health and soundness to all the organs of the body. All the evil passions injure the organs through which they manifest themselves, simply because these channels were made to conduct the opposite emotions and thoughts. The human race, today, with all its deformity and weakness, exhibits but too faithful a transcript of these unholy influences.

4. Ignorance, or a want of knowledge—the food for the mind—also enfeebls the powers, and thereby destroys the symmetry and beauty of the bodily organs.—These organs were made to conduct the highest thoughts, and the most refined and tender emotions. Hence they can only attain their proper size and shape, and consequently their true style of beauty, when they are fed and stimulated by their proper food; or, in other words, when they are used for what God intended they should be used.

5. Now a true education gives a proper direction and scope to all the thoughts, emotions and desires. It checks anger, and gives the subject entire control of the channels through which it acts. It arrests and curbs all the evil passions and gives a proper direction to all the influences that affect man. How meagre and mean that education which leaves its subject a prey to all the carnal appetites!—And how essentially the educator fails, when he does not direct his education to the weak points in humanity!

6. Nothing can attain perfection unless it performs its legitimate office. The leaves of the trees could never arrive at

perfection by usurping the place of the trunk, or the trunk the leaves. The body never could perform the functions of the head; nor the head, the body; the hands, the feet, nor the feet, the hands. Well, deformity, or imperfection, is but the offshoot of indiscretion and ignorance.

7. Weakness, deformity and imbecility in the race, are but the legitimate results of a long train of violations of natural and divine laws; and these characteristics stamp themselves as unmistakably upon the frame and the facial appearance, as that early abuse will make knots and scars and crooks and rotten streaks in the oak. Not a single crime, not the indulgence of one single evil passion, or impure desire, but that is marked by the finger of God in the face of the fool.

8. How the poor sensualist thinks to hide his shame! But God sees him, and all nature shrinks from him. Compare the eye of the bleared and bloated debauch with the eye of purity and chastity, and the contrast between light and darkness could scarcely be greater. But to one unaccustomed to read God's writing, all the pages and all the stages of depravity are legible.

9. Again; compare the eye of the idiot with the eye of a person of intelligence and refinement, and what is the contrast? Why, the one is expressionless, cold, dull, leaden, without the power to attract; while the other warms, irradiates, burns, and melts into liquid loveliness and beauty, in consequence of the mind and soul that look through it. And so it is with all the faculties, and all the organs thro' which these peculiarities manifest themselves. There is a brightening, a lifting up, a glow of beauty that overspreads all the countenance of the person in which intelligence and goodness combine—and nothing else is true education. All else is one-sided, half-way, monstrous.

10. Solomon says: "A man's wisdom maketh his face to shine, and the boldness of his face shall be changed;" i. e., shall be changed from the stupid gaze of ignorance, or the glare of impudence, into the calm, sweet refinement of humility, modesty and beauty.

11. And so it is with all possible grades of refinement and education, where sufficient time has elapsed, for knowledge and discipline to work out their results upon the body and the soul. True, the features of the soul may be of the right size and shape; but they will lack the soul of active beauty and attractiveness, just in the

proportion as their possessor lacks intelligence, refinement and goodness.

12. In fact, the highest standard of beauty is pure spirituality. Indeed, there is no other. All other beauty is borrowed from this. The body and the features of the same, are beautiful only in the proportion as that they reflect the spiritual. A lie is a moral deformity; and all moral and physical deformity originated in that big lie that Satan told six thousand years ago. It fell and fastened, like a great foul blotch, right on the heart of humanity; and it has been blistering there ever since. It has eaten great holes through and through it. It has worked inward and outward alike. Its poisonous venom has mingled with the very life-blood, until its very breath has become hot and fetid with sin. Hence the physical as well as the moral obligations of human nature.

13. Oh, what a thorough cleansing it needs, before it can again assume its normal shape, and grow into forms of beauty. *Nothing but the blood of Jesus Christ the Lamb of God that was slain on Calvary for sin, can ever wash out those deep stains!* There, now you have it—the whole of my creed of education. Religion is education, and education is religion; and both conspire to bring out the beautiful, the pure, the excellent, the spiritual in man. All other beauty, all other education is false.

14. I know, we call a painting or a piece of statuary beautiful; but it is only so, in the sense, or to the extent that it reflects the author's spiritual idea of beauty. It is the representative beauty. The real exists in the author's mind and soul. And could it be seen and realized, the ideal beauty would as far transcend the poor representation of it, on canvass, or in marble, as the substance transcends the shadow. So of the beautiful in thought. We get an occasional corruscation of it on paper, or in discourse; but who can measure the depths of that fountain whence those well up? Who can grasp that ethereal essence, and make it speak on paper or in discourse? Who can prison it up long enough in clay, to make it reveal its bewildering witchery?

15. It dwells deep down in the soul, whence those thoughts and conceptions spring up. Education uncovers it, unchains it, disentombs it; leads it out and sets it free. It leaps up like flashes of lightning, but leaves its living impress upon the organs through which it escapes from the material, to the eternal. This

gives soul to the physically beautiful. It fashions it as the wind fashions the sea into such stupendous shapes of sublimity, or as the world has been wrought out, through countless ages into such forms of living beauty.

16. The beautiful in man and animals and all material forms is measured by this influence. As it flashes along the coarse materials of clay, they assume form and features in similitudes of the divine beauty prisoned in the earth. The beautiful in the flower is only the escape of this living, spiritual principle, thus confined in all nature. God sets it free, and sends it out along the little feathery edges of its tiny leaves, to catch the eye of the delicate maiden. The beauty in her heart leaps up to meet its kindred in the flower, and they both rise blushing as sweet incense to the skies.

17. O, the beautiful! the beautiful!! Goodness is beautiful, purity is beautiful, intelligence is beautiful—the soul of man is beautiful, the soul of the beast is beautiful, the soul of the flower is beautiful, the soul of all nature is beautiful. But the living God alone is beauty. He breathes one great breath of beauty upon his creation, and lo, her vales and mountains, her brooks and fountains leaped and laughed, and shed but one divine profusion of beauty!

18. The great thought ran like lightning through every department of creation, and soon the shining orb caught the Divine effulgence and rent back a silent hymn, and all the sons of the morning shouted for joy. Thus the earth was once clothed with beauty. But Satan came and breathed his foul breath upon it, and fastened his great lie upon mortals; and deformity spread like a blasting plague spot upon all the fairest. But the beauty did not die. It was only blighted and withered. Christ came and breathed up on it again, and the beauty prisoned there, began to peep out from every flower, from every tree, from every vale, from every fountain, from every rock, from every river, from every mountain, from every meadow and forest, from every man and woman and beast of the field, where beauty had formerly been planted.

19. But for Christ no beauty would ever have been visible. All would have been a sealed book, if he had not unsealed it, if he had not broken the apocalyptic seals, and let imprisoned beauty free.—Then the earth smiled again, as it waked from a mortal death.

20. Thus, I say, spirituality is beauty. No other save that upon which this principle acts, possesses even the lineaments of beauty. The painting, or the statue, may imitate beauty, but it never can possess it. All its visible outlines may be there; all the features may be perfect in their form, but the hallowed fire is wanting.—Touch the lips—they are cold, stony—the eye, it is glazed and leaden. It is but the material. The soul is wanting. There is no warm breath, no lifting up into the spiritual atmosphere of love.

21. So it is when a true education is wanting. The avenues of beauty are closed. The soul or beauty cannot manifest itself. The bodily organs become rather the outlets of deformity than beauty. There is a sad letting down of all the features and organs. Not acting in their appointed channels, and not performing their legitimate offices, they become distorted, dwarfed, deformed, defective. In the face, the lines and angles which indicate and mark the outlines of beauty, are irregular, indistinct, defective. The mouth hangs down at the corners. The expression is coarse and loose. The eye seems to look, but it does not see. The tongue may utter sounds, but they are as unmusical and meaningless as the face is expressionless. But education opens these avenues and lets the beauty out; and in its passage, it touches every faculty and every organ, and leaves its Divine impress upon the person. Thus education makes the race more beautiful.

DEFINITION, BY AN OLD MAID.

Man.—A conglomerate mass of hair, tobacco smoke, confusion, concert, and boots.

Woman.—The waiter, per force, on the aforesaid animal.

Husband.—An instrument constructed to growl over shirt-buttons that "arn't there."

Wife.—A machine made for darning stockings, making puddings, and sewing on shirt-buttons.

Father.—A being who thrashes the boys, and won't "fork over" as his fair olive branches desire.

Mother.—A pleasant song, a sweet vision of childhood.

Child.—A compound of delightful and distressing elements.

Baby.—An invention for keeping people awake a-nights, and for the aggrandizement of washerwomen.

SNAPPING UP.

Mad dogs and turtles are not the only snapping animals in the world. It is to be feared that most families are afflicted with one or more "snappers," who are wont to exercise their spitfire propensities, especially at the table or around the family fireside. Addressing herself to her mother, Mary, with her eyes full of twinkling and fun, says:—"I took a walk at ten o'clock this morning, and—" Here John broke in. Now, John was just at that age when a youth knows everything under the sun, and more too; he never makes a mistake; is always positive that everything he does, says, or thinks, is just exactly so, and could not possibly be any other way. "Why, sister, how could you say it was ten o'clock? it was quarter past ten at least!" One sample is enough.—Every one of observation can, of his own knowledge, multiply cases indefinitely.

The unseemly habit is sometimes observed in families whose position and opportunities of association would lead to the supposition that everything vulgar and uncourteous would be instinctively shunned. The person criticised, not having sense enough to pass over the boorishness, begins a defence; and before one is aware of it, the whole table or circle is silenced, and find themselves in the awkward position of listeners to a series of angry contradictions about a matter of no possible consequence to any one of the whole company, in one sense, but of importance in another, as there is a certain disagreeableness about it which all feel more or less. What if a thing happened a minute or a month later or sooner? it is the general statement to which attention is directed. Contradictions, criticisms, and corrections in general company are clownish; they are clear proof that, in almost every case, the person who assumes such an ungracious office is a boor of the first water, and is essentially deficient in that refinement and delicacy, which are inseparable from a cultivated mind and a taste for all that is beautiful, elegant and refined. A whole evening's enjoyment has been frequently marred, and all of the company have gone home with a kind of blight upon the sensibilities, in consequence of a jar caused by the impatient contradiction or correction of some unimportant fact in a narration.—*Hull's Journal of Health.*

Ingratitude is so deadly a poison that it destroys the very bosom in which it is harbored.

PHYSICAL CULTURE.

It is gratifying to see a greater interest awakened in this important department of education. We heartily endorse the following from the *Massachusetts Teacher*:

Every school house should at once be provided with a fine playground, and a complete gymnasium. A large quantity of apparatus for both yard and gymnasium should be provided. Every boy and girl in attendance should be conducted through an elaborate course of bodily training. If they are now kept in school six hours each day, let them be kept seven, under the new regime and devote, during the first year, one hour per day; during the second year, two hours each day, and from the beginning of the third year, three hours each day to physical training. It is only those who have studied the beautiful forms and matchless genius of the classic Greek, with the knowledge that this exquisite development and finish were the legitimate fruits of a national education, in which gymnastics filled the largest and highest—it is only such, and those who are conscious that nothing is impossible in physical development and achievement, who can begin to calculate the results of such an innovation upon our present system of education.

Every one of those pale, feeble, crooked little ones who now swarm in our streets at the hour of school dismissal, would be changed into an erect, vigorous, elastic, ruddy, and happy child. Every one of those sunken, nervous, fainting young ladies now lying in wait to break the hearts of men who become their husbands, would be transformed into a healthy, happy woman, and prove a joy and blessing to husband and children. And every one of that miserable, premature, nervous, tobacco-cursed class, known as "Young America," would become decent, manly, and useful.

May we not reasonably hope, that the niggardly, contemptible expenditures thus far incurred to secure physical education for the young of our land, will, in time, expand into a wise and noble munificence?

Whenever half the amount now expended in mental culture shall be devoted to a wise physical culture, this great American people will become ten times more beautiful, vigorous and happy, than it is to-day.

A smile may be bright while the heart is sad—the rainbow is beautiful in the air while beneath is the moaning of the sea.

HOW WE ABUSE OUR STOMACHS

No other civilized people probably, are accustomed to abuse their stomachs so badly as we Americans of the United States. Our food is often badly chosen, still more frequently spoiled in cooking, and always eaten in utter disregard of dietic rules. We eat far too much flesh-meat, (and especially pork, in its most objectionable form,) and too little bread, vegetables and fruits. Our hot, soda-raised biscuits, hot griddle-cakes, saturated with butter, and the hot, black, intolerable coffee, which form the staples of our breakfast, are, in the way in which they are taken, among the most deleterious articles ever put upon a table. Pies are another American abomination, and have no small share of our ill-health to answer for. The mince-pie, as it is generally made, is the abomination of abominations. Some describe it as "very white and indigestible at the top, very moist and indigestible at the bottom, and untold horrors in the middle." Even our bread is unwholesome. It is made of the finest of fine flour, and fermented till its natural sweetness and a large portion of its nutritive elements are destroyed, or raised with those poisonous chemicals, soda and cream of tartar. In either case, it is unfit to be eaten. The rich cakes which our good housekeepers deem so indispensable, are still worse, and so on. Now, add to our badly chosen dishes and our objectionable crockery, the rapid eating and imperfect mastication, and the continually interrupted digestion which our intense and feverish life necessitates, and we have a complication of abuses, which would, one must believe, have long since utterly destroyed the vital stamina of any people not originally endowed with marvelous physical powers.—*Jacques' "Hints towards Physical Perfection."*

VALUE OF ONE CENT.—A French mathematician has been calculating what would now be the sum produced by one cent put out at 5 per cent. per annum, compound interest, at the commencement of the Christian era. He estimates what would be the value of a ball of solid gold, equal in size to the earth. He then makes the astounding statement that had one such ball of gold fallen each minute during the past eighteen hundred and sixty years, the value of all these globes together would not amount to so much as the sum produced by one cent, at compound interest, during the same period. "We don't see it!"

EDUCATE YOUR CHILDREN.

In youth, while the child is vigorous in mind, before the cares and toils of this life overtake them, is the time to educate the child. Secure to each one of them, while in their youth, an education, that, when they grow up to manhood and womanhood, though misfortune may assail them they may have something to which they may look for succor. It will be an *asylum* in time of adversity, from which old age and youth can still gain sustenance and protection, though misfortune may rob them of all else—it cannot take from them education, and, with it, they still feel they are free—still entitled to walk the green earth and breathe the air of Heaven, in defiance of the potency and power of accumulating wealth and domineering of the pretended and ambitious. They are still happy. Their education will make them warriors in the time of eternal strife. Secure an education to every child, and you rivet the affections of the child in years of manhood, by a stronger tie than any earthly consideration that could exist. He will remember the old school house and the play-ground where he gambled in his early youth; the stream upon whose banks the old school house stood; his pleasant schoolmates who would greet him with their sweet smiles, each morning when he would go to school; and then he will remember that he is blessed with an education—a treasure that nothing in this world can take away, and he will be happy.

WHAT A GOOD PERIODICAL MAY DO.—Show us an intelligent family of boys and girls, and we shall show you a family where newspapers and periodicals are plentiful. Nobody who has been without those silent private tutors, can know their educating power for good or evil. Have you never thought of the innumerable topics of discussion which they suggest at the breakfast table, the important public measures with which, thus early, our children become familiarly acquainted; great philanthropic questions of the day, to which, *unconsciously*, their attention is awakened, and the general spirit of intelligence which is evoked by these quiet visitors? Anything that makes home pleasant, cheerful and chatty, thins the haunts of vice, and the thousand and one avenues of temptation should certainly be regarded, when we consider its influence on the minds of the young, as a great moral and social blessing.—*Emerson*.

UNIFORMITY OF THE TEXT BOOKS IN SCHOOLS.

It is believed that the period has now arrived when an earnest and systematic effort should be made, under the auspices of the Town and County Superintendents, to relieve our institutions of elementary instruction from the serious embarrassments resulting from the diversity and constant change of text books. The several County Superintendents are therefore enjoined to avail themselves of the earliest practicable opportunity to cause a uniform series of text books, embracing all the elementary works ordinarily used in the common schools, to be adopted in each of the districts subject to their supervision, under the direction and with the consent of the Trustees; and when so adopted, not to be changed for the term of three years. Whenever such uniformity can be extended throughout all the districts of the Town, and throughout all the Towns of the County, it is very desirable that such extension should be made; but from the great diversity of views in relation to the relative merit of different works, the progress of this extension must necessarily be slow. The foundations may, however, be laid by the attainment of uniformity in the respective districts, for an ultimate harmony of views and concert of action on a wider theatre.—*Official instructions of N. Y. State Superintendent of Schools, 1843.*

THE EYE is a haven, at which the treasure fleets that sail through the ocean of light are unladen, and their stores deposited in the vaults of the intellect; but it is through the whispering gallery of the ear that man reaches the heart of his fellow-man most quickly and surely. Light and knowledge are for the eye, love and music for the ear. Hearing oftentimes seems to me a nobler sense than sight, with richer benedictions attendant on it, with tenderer and holier offices assigned to it. Man's voice, tuned by sympathy, moving to the modulations of intelligence and love, may perform the sweetest and holiest ministry of human life.

INTELLECT.—The only true source of happiness is that which springs from the intellect, because it is pleasure enjoyed by that faculty which is to live throughout eternity; and it is not certain whether our amount of happiness in the next world may not depend upon our intelligence and the cultivation of our talents in this, provided they are cultivated consistently with religion.

A LITTLE CHILD AT PRAYER.

A child at prayer,—a beautiful sight? Dimpled hands clasped, eyes lifted heavenward, imploring a blessing upon the youthful one. An orphan of six summers,—*God help the orphan*,—though not one word was breathed, her looks would be eloquent enough. An orphan! sweet child, like a frail bark upon the uncertain sea of life, to battle with the waves of sorrow and disappointment. But a mother's spirit watches over you, and though the canopy of heaven veil her from view, yet she is a talisman. The evening hour bears upon its fleeting wings your orisons to the shrine of heaven; angels there the record write. Who could harm you? Who could say one cruel, unkind word, when they gaze upon you and reflect that you are indeed an orphan? An orphan! What does that word convey? It is but a name, alas! of too many thrown upon the unfeeling world, trusting to kindness when so little is to be found. Heaven shield you from all harm; pluck the thorns from your pathway, and strew sweet flowers.—As I watch you on your bended knees, does it not seem an example bidding me to "go and do likewise." And as the sweet words, "Our Father," fall from your lips, angels are the listeners. Let it breath its simple prayer. He who hath said, "Suffer little children to come unto me," will hear your voice, sweet one.—*Leisure Moments.*

WINTER.

Cold, gloomy, cheerless Winter, is fast coming upon us. The Autumn leaves are gathering to their wintry bed, and the wind will soon commence its mournful wail. Whilst nature assumes a weary aspect without, we must enliven our spirits, and warm our hearts that we may contribute happiness to the home circle within. Although Winter is considered the most dreary of all seasons, I think it is the most social. With a bright fire blazing cheerily, kind friends conversing merrily, useful books and music to enliven, what can be more social and cozy than the Winter fireside? and why should we not be happy?

NATURAL CONVENIENCES.—A tribe of dwarfs has been found in Africa, says Petheric in his new work on "Central Africa," whose ears reach to the ground, and are so wide that when they lie down one ear serves as a mattress, the other as a covering.

PRESERVATION OF CHARACTER.

An observing man is never without sources of amusement, and it is certain that among these sources the unconscious devices resorted to for the creation and preservation of character, in the eye of the world, deserve a prominent place. We meet in every town men who feel that they have filled up the measure of their character, and have nothing further to do in life but to bear that character, like a full vessel, to their graves, without spilling a drop. They walk the streets as if they were bearing it upon their heads. They bow to their acquaintances with the consciousness of their precious burden constantly uppermost. They refrain from all complication with the stirring questions of the times through fear of a fatal jestic. They speak guardedly, as if a word might jar their priceless vase from the poise of continence. There is nothing so important to them as what they are pleased to consider their character; consequently, that is always to be consulted before any course of action can be determined upon. All questions of morality and reform, all matters of public or political interest, all personal associations, are considered primarily with reference to this character. If they prove to be consistent with it, and seem calculated to reveal something more of its glory, they are entered upon, or adopted, otherwise, they are discarded.

When a man arrives at a point where the preservation of his character becomes the prime object of his life, he may be considered a harmless man, but one upon whom no further dependence can be placed in carrying on the work of the world. As a member of society, he becomes strictly ornamental. We point to him as one of the ripe fruits of our civilization. We make him President of Conventions and Benevolent Associations. We introduce strangers to him that they may be impressed. We chronicle his arrival at the hotels. We burn incense before him, because we know it will please him, and because we know that he rather expects it. Small children regard him in respectful silence as he passes. He becomes one of our institutions, like a City Hall or an old church. We always know where to find him as we do a well-established town-line. But one thing we never do; we never go to him in an emergency that demands risk and self-sacrifice, because we know that those things are not in his line. His character is the first thing, and that is to

be taken care of. When we want any thing of this kind done, we go to men who have no character, or, having one, are not uncomfortably conscious of it.

THE MOUNTAINS.

How grand, how gloomy, how eternal are the mountains! Their veteran heads, hoary with Nature's symbolic snows, tower towards the vast concave of Heaven, and in their proximity to the sky o'en forget that their foundation is on the humble earth. The mountains are the sentinels of the land. Far away towards the heavens they rise, and stern and immovable as earth itself, watch over the ant-hill bustle at their feet. Never shall I forget the noble range of Catskill's that bounded my youthful vision, and for many a childish year daily charmed me and taught me to love my native place. Away to the south and south-west they stretched, an unbroken chain, their undulating outline sketched in bold relief against the sunset sky, and their forest-mantled sides blended in one haze of blue, that darkened into more sombre shades as the sun withdrew its smile, and when by moonlight's mystic beam the mountain tops were gilded, dark and gloomy shadows lurked at their base, like the overhanging ban of an evil spirit. What a teacher is Nature—and the mountains are her children.

Go and trace to its rocky fountain the crystal streamlet that, from the dark caverns of the mountain, comes dancing and leaping as in joy at its freedom from its prison stone. Go where never human foot has trodden and, midst the wild ravines and gigantic forest monarchs, study the lessons that the grandeur and simplicity of Nature present to us. Search where never sunlight strayed, and find the tiny flowers whose scented petals were never kissed by the sunbeam, and which, "wasting their sweetness on the desert air," bloom and die unseen by human eye. Go to the mountains, ye misanthropic dwellers in the dusty city, and there, where form and fashion, and hollow-heartedness cannot follow you, make your home with the happy creatures of Nature—the birds, flowers, and trees,—the rocks, winds, and storms. Commune with the voices that whisper from the tremulous pines, and ask the murmuring rill for its talisman of happiness.

"How do you get on?" asked one of our brave soldiers, while crossing a river. "Swimmingly," replied another.

THE CRICKET IN THE WALL.

Hark! 'Tis the small voice of the cricket in the crevices of the wall. How cheerful is his little song. What is the subject of his lay? Is he chanting melody in the ear of his lady love, or is he pouring out his soul in an evening hymn? Is he singing the praise of some mighty insect warrior, or lauding the name of some one who has gathered wisdom beyond that of his fellows? Have insects their heroes, their tyrants, their poets and their orators? Who can tell?

And why is it that all living things have glad voices given them? Why is it, that when the sun is gone down, and the hum of business is still—when man has withdrawn from the cares and business of the day, and the winds have retired to their caves, that the voice of the insect tribes, low and solemn, comes abroad upon the air? Why does not silence come down with the current of night, and brood with the darkness over us? It is that we may not forget the great teachings of nature. The heavens may be darkened by clouds, the stars may not look out to remind us, the face of the moon may be veiled, and the sound of the winds hushed, but the voice of the insect world tells us that life, beauty, joy and happiness, are still rife in the works of God. We remember the cricket, that chirped in the corner, when we set by our father's fire-side. His voice was cheerful, and it was a pleasant thing to listen to his happy song. Father, mother, brothers, sisters, were beside us then, and we talked of the little warbler as a thing we all loved.—But the corner and the cricket, and the home of our childhood, are all gone.—Swept by time into the returnless abyss of the past. And those who listened with us, where are they? Father, mother, brothers, sisters, where are they? "They are scattered and parted by mountain and wave, And some are in the cold, silent womb of the grave."

Sad are the memories that the song of the cricket brings to our heart. It tells of happy days, now gone forever—of merry hours that have passed away. It brings clustering around us the furrowed brows of the living, and the pale, still faces of the dead.—*State Register.*

"How did you come by that apple?" asked an old woman, of a youngster who had just walked off with one of the best pippins from her stand. "I didn't come by it," replied the urchin, "I stopped and took it."

TO KEEP POTATOES, BURY THEM.

A correspondent of the *Scottish Farmer* relates the following case respecting the preservation of potatoes. He says:—"I had an old ice well of the ordinary description, which I abandoned when I built one constructed of double timbers on the surface, after the American fashion. My gardener used, for several years, the old well as a potato store. It happened three years ago that the roof fell in and buried several hundred weight of potatoes, which, as we had plenty, was not cared for at the time. Last year we required stones and had those forming the sides and roof of the old well dug out, when to our astonishment we found almost the whole of the potatoes as sound as those of the same year's crop. I mention this as it may be turned to account in seasons when we have, as we had last year, a surplus crop; by burying them deep enough and in a dry place, we might secure ourselves against a short crop, as in all probability will be the case this year on account of the prevailing disease. In mentioning this to a friend learned in such matters, he tells me that potatoes buried one foot deep produce shoots near the end of spring; at the depth of two feet they appear about the middle of summer; at three feet in depth they appear very short and never come to the surface; and between three and five feet they cease to vegetate. He further informs me that he has buried potatoes in his garden at the depth of three and a half feet, which were not removed until after one or two years, when they were found quite sound and possessed their original freshness, firmness, goodness and taste."

A THOUGHT.—When there is a thought in my heart, and I wish it to be in thine also, I seek a sound, as it were for a vehicle, by which it may pass to thee. I take a sound, and, as it were, put the thought into it. Thus I utter, and produce, and teach that thought, yet lose it not. If my thought can go forth to thee and still remain with me, cannot the Word of God do the same thing by means of the flesh which he took on him? Behold the Word of God, God with God, the Wisdom of God, remaining unceasingly with the Father, that he might proceed to us, sought the flesh, as it were a sound, and introduced himself into it. By this expedient he both proceeded to us and did not recede from the Father.—*Augustine.*

A GOOD STORY IF TRUE.

One Tetzal, a Dominican, and a retailer of indulgences, had picked up a vast sum at Leipzig. A gentleman of that city, who had no veneration for such superstitions, went to Tetzal, and asked him if he could sell him an indulgence beforehand for a certain crime, which he would not specify, and which he intended to commit? Tetzal said, "Yes, provided they could agree about the price." The bargain was struck, the money paid, and the absolution delivered in due form. Soon after this, the gentleman, knowing that Tetzal was going from Leipzig well loaded with cash, waylaid him, robbed him, and cudgelled him, and told him at parting, that this was the crime for which he had purchased an absolution.

FAMILY ECONOMY.—There is nothing which goes so far toward placing young people beyond the reach of poverty, as economy in the management of their domestic affairs. It is as much impossible to get a ship across the Atlantic with half a dozen butts started, or as many bolt holes in her hull, as to conduct the concerns of a family without economy. It matters not whether a man furnish little or much for his family, if there be a continual leakage in the kitchen, or in the parlor; it runs away, he knows not how; and that demon, *Waste*, cries "More," like the horse-leech's daughter, until he that provides has nothing more to give.—It is the husband's duty to bring into the house, and it is the duty of the wife to see that nothing goes wrongfully out of it.

CONTROLLING THE INCLINATION.—It is hard work to control the workings of inclination, and turn the bent of nature; but that it may be done, I know from experience. God has given us, in a measure, the power to make our own fate; and when our energies seem to demand a sustenance they cannot get—when our will strains after a path we may not follow—we need neither starve from inaction, nor stand still in despair; we have but to seek another nourishment for the mind, as strong as the forbidden food it longed to taste, and perhaps purer; and to hew out for the adventurous foot a road as direct and broad as the one Fortune has blocked up against us, if rougher than it.

When is a house not a house?—
When it is a fire.

PERSONAL INFLUENCE.—Blessed influence of one true-loving human soul on another. Not calculable by algebra, not deducible by logic, but mysterious, effectual, mighty, as the hidden progress by which the tiny seed is quickened, and bursts forth into tall stem and broad leaf, and glowing tasseled flower. Ideas are often poor ghosts, or sun-filled eyes cannot discern them; they pass athwart us in their vapour, and cannot make themselves felt. But sometimes they are made flesh; they breathe upon us with warm breath, they touch us with soft responsive hands; they look at us with sad, sincere eyes, and speak to us in appealing tones; they are clothed in a living human soul, with all its conflicts, its faith, and its love. Then their presence is a power, then they shake us like a passion, and we are drawn after them with gentle compulsion, as flame is drawn to flame.—*Blackwood's Magazine*

IF, AND ITS PROGENY.—If every man was honest, we need not lock our doors. If everybody would just mind his own business, there would be much more business done. If we would only talk less of other people, other people would see fewer numb-skulls. If you charge your servants with lying, they will soon become liars, if they are not so already. If students would read less and think more, there would be a larger number of great men in every community. If girls now-a-days, did not become women at thirteen, men would have better wives.

Sally, the great French statesman, always kept up at the table the frugality to which he had been accustomed in early life in the army. His meal consisted of a few dishes dressed in the plainest manner. The courtiers often reproached him with the simplicity of his table; and he would reply, in the words of an ancient:—"If the guests are men of sense, there is sufficient for them; if they are not, I can very well dispense with their company."

A vender of hoop-skirts was recently extolling his wares in presence of a customer's husband. "No lady should be without one of these skirts," said the storekeeper. "Well, of course not," dryly responded the husband, who was something of a wag; "she should be within it."

NO PROPHET.—A young fellow fond of talking remarked, "I am no prophet."—"True," replied a lady present; "no profit to yourself, or to anyone else."

WILLIE'S SPEECH.

BY E. D.

I am sure you can't expect great things
From one so young as I,
And yet, to do my very best,
I here, and now, will try.

The greatest men who ever lived,
Were once but little boys;
They had their sports as well as we,
And played with tops and toys.

They had to learn first lessons, too—
To read, and write, and spell;
To speak their lessons on the stage,
And try to do them well.

I doubt if Everett or Webster,
Or even Henry Clay,
Didn't tremble in his shoes, when first
He tried his piece to say.

So you must not expect too much
Nor criticise us here,
While we appear before you all
With trembling and with fear.

CHARLIE'S SPEECH.

Brother Will has said his piece,
I'll try my little hand.
Although I own it's pretty hard
Before so many folks to stand.

Little folks should not be heard,
Only seen, some people say,
So I will end my little speech,
Since you have all seen me to-day!
Troy, N. Y.

COOL DUTCHMAN.

A cunning Dutchman was a member of the Pennsylvania legislature, some years ago, from _____ county. On one occasion he promised a lobby member to vote for a certain local measure; but when the measure came up, he voted against it, and it was lost. The lobby member came to him in great wrath, and the following colloquy occurred:

"Sir, you promised to vote for my bill."

"Vell," said the Dutch member, "vell, vat if I did?"

"Why, sir, you voted against it."

"Voll, vat if I did?"

Why, sir, you lied!"

"Vell, vat if I did?" was the cool reply.

TRUE ELOQUENCE.—Milton thus defines it: "True eloquence I find to be none but the serious and hearty love of truth; and that, whose mind soever is fully possessed with a fervent desire to know good things, and with the dearest charity to infuse the knowledge of them into others, when such a man would speak, his words, like so many nimble and airy servitors, trip about him at command, and in well ordered files, as he would wish, fall aptly into their own places."

THE RIVER JORDAN.

A correspondent of the Utica Herald thus describes the River Jordan:—A line of low green forest trees betrayed the course of the sacred river through the plain. So deep is its channel, and so thick is the forest that skirts its banks, that I rode within twenty yards of it before I caught the first gleam of its waters. I was agreeably disappointed. I had heard the Jordan described as an insipid, muddy stream. Whether it was the contrast with the desolation around, or my fancy had made its green banks so beautiful, I know not, but it did seem at the moment of its revelation to my longing eyes, the perfection of calm and loveliness. It is hardly as wide as the Mohawk at Utica, but far more rapid and impassioned in its flow. Indeed, of all the rivers I have ever seen, the Jordan has the fiercest current. Its water is by no means clear, but it little deserves the name of muddy. At the place where I first saw it, tradition assigns the baptism of our Savior, and also the miraculous crossing of the children of Israel on their entrance to the promised land. Like a true pilgrim, I bathed in its waters and picked a few pebbles from its banks as tokens of remembrance of the most familiar river in the world. Three miles below the spot where I now stand, the noble river—itsself the very emblem of life—suddenly throws itself on the putrid bosom of the Dead Sea.

HOW TRUE.—Round about what is, lies a whole mysterious world of what might be—a psychological romance of possibilities and things that do not happen. By going out a few minutes sooner or later, by stopping to speak with a friend at a corner, by meeting this man or that, or by turning this street or the other, we may let slip some great occasion of good, or avoid some impending evil, by which the whole current of our lives would have been changed. There is no possible solution to the dark enigma but the one word "Providence."

The lights of heaven do not shine for themselves, nor for the world of spirits who need them not; but for man, for our pleasure and advantage. How ungrateful and inexcusable then are we, if, when God has set up these lights for us to work by, we sleep or play, or in a manner trifle away the precious moments given us, and thus burn our Master's candles, but mind not our Master's work.

The action of Chloroform has been attributed by the majority of writers to a special electric affinity for the nervous system with which it is brought in contact by the circulation—a direct power of paralyzing, in a greater or less degree, the various functions of the brain. The researches of Faure and Gosselin have deeply shaken this hypothesis. The late Dr. Snow was impressed with the notion that the insensibility produced stood in direct relation to the imperfect oxygenation of the blood. The subject has been investigated by Dr. A. E. Santon, late of King's College Hospital, who gives as his conclusion in a paper read before the Medico-Chirurgical Society—that chloroform narcotism is due to the imperfect stimulus of the vital functions by mal-oxygenated blood, and caused by the direct caustic action of chloroform upon the blood, and especially on the blood corpuscles and their cell-walls. If the blood be so much deteriorated as to supply an insufficient stimulus to the heart, death ensues by syncope. If stagnation be effected in the vessels of the lungs, death takes place by suspended respiration.

M. Saint Eclure, a French chemist, has noticed that when an iron rod is immersed in nitric acid of ordinary strength, the acid boils about the surface of the iron, and this action is continuous; but if steel be used instead of iron, this action of the acid only lasts for a few seconds, and then finally ceases. After the action of the acid has ceased the steel is said to be in a "passive" condition, and its capability of becoming thus "passive" completely discriminates it from iron. The cause of nitric acid acting upon steel only to a very limited depth is the accumulation of carbon on the surface as the iron of the steel is taken up by the acid.

A DANGEROUS EXPERIMENT.—A husband recently cured his wife of divers ills by kissing the servant girl and allowing his wife to catch him at it. He says she was up in an instant, forgetting all her complaints, while he has never had to pay a cent for "help" since.

Deborah, from the Hebrew, means a bee; Rachel, a sheep; Sarah, a princess; and Hannah, the gracious.

Why should potatoes grow better than other vegetables?—Because they have eyes to see what they are doing.

The girls say that the times are so hard now that the young men cannot pay their addresses.