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EDUCATIONALIST.

FIFTY CENTS A YEAR IN ADVANCE.] "*Knowledge is Power.*" [AFTER THREE MONTHS, ONE DOLLAR

VOLUME I. BRIGHTON, CANADA WEST, JULY 15, 1861. NUMBER 21

Poet's Corner.

A MOTHER'S KISS.

A child whose infancy was joy,
 A little boy of noble mien,
Now tossing gaily many a toy,
 Now romping through the garden green,
His parent's blue-eyed little pet,
 He tripped one morn, and down he fell;
His mother cried, "Come, Willie, let
 Me kiss the spot and make it well."

A mother's kiss has power to cure;
 Her love is balm for every wound;
Her gentle smile, her words so pure
 Can heal the bruise and make us sound;
And if there come a bruised heart,
 And bitter tears arise and swell,
A mother's love still soothes the smart—
 A mother's kiss will make it well.

What matter if the world forget
 To praise us for the good we do,
Or, if it never pays the debt
 Which to our truthfulness is due!
A *mother's* sympathy is ours
 Wherever on the earth we dwell;
Though gone forever childhood's hours,
 The mother's kiss still makes us well.

My mother's hair is grey, and mine
 Is slightly touched with silver streaks;
I am a full-grown man—but Time
 Has deeply marked my mother's cheeks;
Yet still her thrilling kiss is warm
 Upon my brow imprinted well;
Through all my life it hath a charm,
 My mother's kiss! to make me well.

From infancy until to-day,
 In sickness, sorrow, and mistrust,
Her gentle words drive care away
 And lift my spirit from the dust;
She tells me that the angels call,
 That she must go with God to dwell;
My broken heart! if such befall,
 No mother's kiss will make *thee* well.

INTO THE SUNSHINE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"I wish father would come home."

The voice that said this had a troubled tone, and the face that looked up was sad.

"Your father will be very angry," said an aunt who was sitting in the room with a book in her hand. The boy raised himself from the sofa, where he had been lying in tears for half an hour, and with a touch of indignation in his voice, answered:

"He'll be sorry, not angry. Father never gets angry."

For a few moments the aunt looked at the boy half curiously, and let her eyes fall again upon the book that was in her hand. The boy laid himself down upon the sofa again, and hid his face from sight.

"That's father now?" He started up, after the lapse of nearly ten minutes, as the sound of a bell reached his ears, and went to the room door. He stood there for a little while, and then came slowly back saying with a disappointed air:

"It isn't father. I wonder what keeps him so late. O, I wish he would come!"

"You seem anxious to get deeper into trouble," remarked the aunt, who had only been in the house for a week, and who was neither very amiable nor very sympathizing towards children. The boy's fault had provoked her, and she considered him a fit subject for punishment.

"I believe, aunt Phebe, that you'd like to see me whipped," said the boy, a little warmly; "but you won't."

"I must confess," replied aunt Phebe, "that I think a little wholesome discipline of the kind you speak of would not be out of place. If you were my child, I am very sure you wouldn't escape."

"I'm not your child; I don't want to be. Father's good, and loves me."

"If your father is so good, and loves you so well, you must be a very ungrateful or a very inconsiderate boy. His goodness don't seem to have helped you much."

"Hush, will you!" ejaculated the boy, excited to anger by this unkindness of speech.

"Phebe!" It was the boy's mother who spoke now, for the first time. In an under tone she added:—"You are wrong. Richard is suffering quite enough, and you are doing him harm rather than good."

"It's father!" And he went gliding down stairs.

"Ah, Richard!" was the kindly greeting, as Mr. Gordon took the hand of his boy. "But what's the matter, my son? You don't look happy."

"Won't you come in here?" And Richard drew his father into the library. Mr. Gordon sat down, still holding Richard's hand.

"You are in trouble my son. What has happened?"

The eyes of Richard filled with tears as he looked into his father's face. He tried to answer but his lips quivered. Then he turned away, and opening the door of the cabinet, brought out the fragments of a broken statuette, which had been sent home only the day before, and set them on a table before his father, over whose countenance came instantly a shadow of regret.

"Who did this, my son?" was asked in an even voice.

"I did it."

"How!"

"I threw my ball in there, once—only once, in forgetfulness."

The poor boy's tones were husky and tremulous.

A little while Mr. Gordon sat, controlling himself, and collecting his disturbed thoughts. Then he said cheerfully:

"What is done, Richard, can't be helped. Put the broken pieces away. You have had trouble enough about it, I can see—and reproof enough for your thoughtlessness—so I shall not add a word to increase your pain."

"O, father!" And the boy threw his arms about his father's neck. "You are so kind—so good!"

Five minutes later, and Richard entered the sitting-room with his father. Aunt Phebe looked up for two shadowed faces, but did not see them. She was puzzled.

"That was very unfortunate," she said, a little while after Mr. Gordon came in. It was such an exquisite work of art. It is hopelessly ruined.

Richard was leaning against his father when his aunt said this. Mr. Gordon only smiled and drew his arms closely around his boy. Mrs. Gordon threw upon her sister a look of warning, but it was unheeded.

"I think Richard was a very naughty boy."

"We have settled all that, Phebe," was the mild but firm answer of Mr. Gordon; "it is one of our rules to get into the sunshine as quickly as possible."

Phebe was rebuked, while Richard looked grateful and, it may be, a little triumphant, for his aunt had borne down upon him rather too hard for a boy's patience to endure.

Into the sunshine as quickly as possible! O, is not that the better philosophy for our homes? Is it not Christian philosophy? It is selfishness that grows angry and repels because a fault has been committed. Let us get the offender into the sunshine as quickly as possible, so that true thoughts and right feelings may grow vigorous in its warmth. We retain anger, not that anger may act as wholesome discipline, but because we are unwilling to forgive. Ah, if we were always right with ourselves, we would oftener be right with our children.

THE EDUCATIONALIST.

JULY 15, 1861.

TEACHERS' CONVENTION.

A Convention of the Teachers' Association for the East Riding of the County of Northumberland was held in the Union School Room, in Brighton, on Saturday, 6th instant.

There were about fifty Teachers present.

In the absence of E. Scarlett, Esq., President, Mr. Isaac Squier was moved to the chair.

The following is a list of the subjects, with the names of the Lecturers:—

Grammar—Messrs. J. O'Sullivan and John Bell.

The Convention then adjourned for two hours.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

Dr. Gould, Vice-President, in the chair.

Arithmetic—Mr. Isaac Squier.

Algebra—Messrs. J. Macoun and W. Squier.

Geometry—Mr. W. F. Hawking.

Mr. E. D. Sherman then introduced his system of teaching Geography by singing, after which Dr. Gould read the following lecture on the

LAWS OF LIFE.

Ladies and Gentlemen,

May I say in the commencement of the present hour's exercise "that we live in an age of progression." Many great men and nations are every where striving for honor and power; and amid all this commotion and strife for greatness the inquiring mind naturally asks, "who is the greatest man of the age?" Is it he who commands armies and nations,—who causes Kings and crowns to tremble?—No—far from it! His imaginary laurels are won at the expense of others, and every inspiration of such honor but saps the vital element from the heart of suffering humanity. The tears and sorrows of women and children pay too dearly the forfeit, and every effort for power but proves him a slave to ambition. Is it he who gives advice to the world,—who wins respect by his talent, eloquence, and affability to mankind? Such a man may be great in the eye of society; he may be deserving of praise, and yet not come within the scope of my definition of the greatest man. You may ask, then, "who is the greatest benefactor to mankind?" I unhesitatingly reply, it is the liberal thinker, who, by his unassuming wisdom, his ardent desire and untiring effort to benefit mankind, wins the love and esteem of all!—who looks with a liberal eye upon everything within the range of his vision,—is perfectly free from all prejudice,—is ready and willing to investigate everything for himself, and never takes the ideas of another for his own, without first subjecting them to the test of thorough investigation.

After these preliminary remarks, I propose to spend a few moments in the consideration of Animal Life and its dependencies in connection with Chemistry.

All substances on the face of the earth are constantly shifting and changing into three different conditions, namely, solid, liquid, and aeriform, or gas. The principal cause of these changes is the great and important agent—*heat*, called, in the language of Chemistry, *caloric*. Thus, lead is a solid at the usual temperature, if heated to a great degree it melts into a fluid; if still farther forced by caloric it rises into vapor or air. It is the same with every body in existence. All substances on the face of the earth have certain properties, and those properties, in connection with heat, will make them appear visible or invisible. Thus, when charcoal, candles, and paper are burned, these substances disappear and become invisible. Matter, which in condition is perfectly opaque, and will not admit the least ray of light to pass through it, will in another form become quite transparent. The charcoal, candles, and paper, being burned, are not destroyed or lost; by Chemical means they can be recovered, and again be rendered visible; some in exactly the same state as they were before their invisibility; others, though not in the same state, can be shown in their elementary condition; consequently it can be proved that matter, having once existed, never ceases to exist, although it can change its condition, like the cattepillar, which becomes a chrysalis and then a gorgeous butterfly.

When a bushel of charcoal is burned in a stove it disappears in consequence of the gas produced being mixed with the vast atmosphere, but yet the coal is still in the air.

The Creator of the universe has called into existence two very different and distinct principles—*mind* and *matter*—and has stamped the latter with inherent properties peculiar to itself, and endowed the former with certain powers or faculties, susceptible of an indefinite progressive state of improvement, and subject to pain and pleasure.

Thus man, with his two-fold nature, finds himself placed upon this our planet, where he is incessantly acting and being acted upon,—where he is subject to innumerable influences, exterior to himself, and may extend as many in return. At a glance upon surrounding objects we perceive everything changing. The rose that blushes to-day fades to-morrow.—Mutability and Change are written upon all visible forms. The orb of day, the sun of our system, is perpetually changing in aspect and position. All its attendant planets are subject alike to change and motion. The invisible atoms which compose the visible forms of the material world are undergoing perpetual revolutions. From the inorganic world, directly or indirectly, all living things originate, and to it they all return. From the mineral world, matter can pass only to the vegetable kingdom. A part of this returns by natural decay to the inorganic world, while another portion is consumed by herbiverous animals, and forms the fabric of their bodies. Some of the herbiverous animals die, are decomposed, and fall back into inorganic nature, while others are devoured by carniverous animals and converted into their structure; the carnivora in their turn perish, rot, and are dissolved like the rest into gasses and earthy elements. Such is the mysterious round of organization, of which this globe is the scene. The particles of matter which compose our bodies are not to-day that they were yesterday, and probably never will be the same again.

Our minds, our feelings, our passions, and our associations cannot escape the general vortex of change. Not an individual within the hearing of my voice

probably will ever have at any future period of his existence precisely the same mental state as at this moment. Man, then, with all the rest of the world, is a changeable creature, and while sailing down the stream of Time is like a bubble upon the ocean wave, which reflects for a moment the variegated hues of the sunbeams and soon mingles with the general mass and is seen no more.

Change, indeed, is a primary law of nature, or, perhaps, more properly the necessary and universal result of those laws of nature, arising from the inherent properties with which the Creator has impressed mind and matter.

By these laws all the phenomena of the moral and physical world are controlled. There can be no change in matter without motion,—no motion without force, and no force without an adequate cause. So in the operations of mind, every mental condition depends upon impressions produced by the external world through the medium of sensation, or by being linked with some other mental state in the relation of cause and effect.

Design, Principle, System and Law are stamped upon every page of Nature's book. Every visible part of creation bears indubitable proof that nothing is beyond the control of law. And while change is a law of nature, the law of change is unchangeable. Science is a knowledge of the laws of nature,—the laws of nature are the laws of God. We have no evidence of change in the essence of mind or matter,—no evidence that the properties of the one or the attributes of the other do not remain as in the "beginning," unaffected by time.

Until within comparatively a short period of time a knowledge of the laws that govern the human system had been very imperfectly understood, and mankind groped through many centuries in darkness, ignorance, and superstition. Shortly after the immortal Harvey discovered the true circulation of the blood, the light of science soon burst upon the world with astonishing effulgence. Rapid progress has been made in every department of human knowledge. It has been shown that man, physical, is made up of only a very few of the most common materials in the world—three kinds of air or gas, Oxygen, Hydrogen, and Nitrogen, with a small quantity of a solid substance called Carbon, seven-eighths of the whole being gas, or in Chemical language, forty pounds of charcoal and nitrogen, and five and a half pails of water. Who would suppose that a tub of water, tinctured with a little charcoal, would make a man? These comparatively worthless materials, as common as the water of the sea or the air we breathe, have no beauty or comeliness of form in themselves, but when subjected to the laws of life there results the most complete and wonderful piece of mechanism that ever issued from the hands of the great Architect,—a structure whose mysterious organization eludes the sagacity of the most skillful anatomist, and the action, use, and design of many of its functions have baffled the profoundest researches of Philosophy.

I must say a few words on Animal Chemistry, and then leave the subject for the present.

We all know that within the last century—since the days of Lavoisier, Leibig, Dumas and Davy, more facts have been added to our knowledge of Animal Chemistry than during eighteen centuries before.

The design of Chemical Philosophy is to unfold the laws of the material world, so far as they are connected with our life, health and happiness, and thus enable us to fulfil the great mission of our present state of existence,—to teach us a knowledge of ourselves and a knowledge of those powers and forces in action around us,—to place in our hands the means of relieving suffering humanity, of increasing the comforts and enjoyments of life, of bringing the mighty powers of nature into subserviency to our will, as ministering servants to our wants and pleasures.

What infinite advantages the intelligent physician now possesses over those who have gone before him!

Instead of crude materials thrown together without any knowledge of their chemical action, and administered with as little conception of the nature of the disease to be removed, the scientific physician studies carefully the constitution and pathological condition of the patient, and understands, if possible, the true character of the disease. And then, with a thorough knowledge of the nature and chemical action of his remedies, he prescribes in accordance with the laws of science and of nature.

Every condition and occupation of life, from the beggar to the prince, from the humblest labor to the highest profession require a general knowledge of those principles of chemical science which are inseparably connected with the successful prosecution of labor, and the wants and pleasures of civilized life.

A large majority of mankind know more of the constitution of their horses or their dogs, than they do of their own physical nature.

Let us look again at man physically. Where do we find such perfect examples of the mechanical powers, as in the moving limbs and joints of the animal body? Where such a pneumatic apparatus as in the breathing chest? Where such a hydraulic engine as the heart and blood vessels, with perpetual and uniform pulsations, sending the crimson current of life through a thousand pipes to all parts of the system? Where such an optical instrument as the eye? Where such a chemical laboratory as the stomach and digestive organs, by which the coarse materials in the shape of food, after having undergone mechanical division by mastication, are subjected to the most elaborate and refined analysis, each element being carefully selected and assigned to its proper place in the system, some forming the fluid and others the solid parts of the body, as bone, flesh, hair, &c every particle as if a living thing, taking its own peculiar station, and faithfully performing its proper function?—in short, where do we find such beauty, variety, and perfection as here combined? When such a temple is dignified by the immortal spirit, what a structure is then completed! How wonderfully adapted is the mansion to its exalted tenant—what a mysterious connection between them—what mutual claims upon each other, distinct in some sense, yet united by the tenderest ties of sympathy!

It is the physician who has the charge of keeping in order this curious, this wonderful and complicated piece of mechanism; not indeed for the sake of the machine merely, but for the sake of the tenant. What wisdom and skill are required to determine the needful wants of the tenant,—to see that all the apparatus connected with this beautiful dwelling is in order,—to keep in good repair every apartment that may contribute in any way to the comfort of its occupant, until the time shall come to quit this earthly house for a more exalted and enduring mansion.

I know of no science that the philosophic mind can be engaged in to greater advantage than that of Physiology. We should be thoroughly acquainted with our constitutions,—understand the "house we live in," and by so doing we may in a measure secure to ourselves the choicest of blessings, Health, without which all others are as evanescent as the dew of the morning.

"Know thyself" is a command that originated from the same great source from which all other commandments came, and while we have time, talent, and ability, let us make our lives useful by investigating nature's laws.

"Seize upon truth wherever found,
On christian or on heathen ground."

Friends of Education, may our motto be, in every sense of the word,—Onward

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Below we give a list of subjects to be discussed at the next sitting of the Convention which will meet at Castleton, on the last Saturday in September next.—

Grammar—Messrs. J. Bell and W Squier.

Arithmetic—Messrs. Brisbin and Hen man.

History—Messrs. Macoun and Mc Grath.

Geometry—Mr. E. Scarlett.

Geography—Messrs. J. O'Sullivan, I Squier, and E. D. Sherman.

Essay—*Mind and Matter*—Dr. Gould

Debate—Subject—Is corporeal punishment necessary to the good government of a school, or can a school be governed by moral suasion alone?

SOCIAL LIFE.

BY A. H. ST. GERMAIN.

God created His beings with capacities for social intercourse. He did not intend that life should consist merely in three score years and ten—to eat, drink, and sleep—with habits, wealth and trade—these blessings alone, will not give vitality to the mechanism of existence. Unconscious humanity requires to be awakened. Knowledge, Truth, Love, Goodness, and Faith, must be possessed by man before he begins to live the life that his Creator designed him to.

The good of society demands Education. A sound mind in a sound body may be a great blessing; but, soundness of mind without mental acquirements gives a man no fair pretensions to merit.

There are various kinds of knowledge; however, man is not expected to learn every kind, but he must not allow his mind to remain a barren desert, or a forest overgrown with weeds and brambles. Not an hour that passes but calls for an exercise of our judgment upon some one thing or other relative to our family, neighborhood or government. It is necessary, then, that we improve our understanding, inform our judgment, and treasure up useful knowledge, and acquire the necessary qualifications to make us useful and honorable members of society, and thereby escape the danger of plunging into folly and guilt.

In early times the youth were trained up to be useful to their country, and were taught to do all they could to promote its welfare. This course of instruction produced characters and actions creditable to reflect upon, and has killed in the breasts of thousands a laudable ambition to imitate those virtues that have appeared admirable in others. Very many people are restrained from associating together to do good owing to conventional forms.—They do not wish to become identified with any society lest they may subject themselves to the frown of some sect, or the anathema of some synod, or the fashion of some clique, or the laugh of some club. Under these influences have many noble impulses and high thoughts been suppressed—neighbors have been afraid of each other, their hands have been bound and their feet fettered. Would that there were more joyful freedom in the social intercourse of communities and individuals.

Selfishness destroys many of the sources of happiness to be derived from social life, and makes slaves of its subjects, who feel it a relief to part company. It is human nature to be happy and miserable by times; but, it is to be regretted that too many of Adam's erring mortals prefer the privilege of always being miserable. Again, there are those in the world who imagine themselves so exalted in intellect and influence as to cause them to behave with arrogance towards others. This class of persons, however, does not always triumph—their schemes are often nipped in the bud—and sociality and good feeling allowed to take the place of discord and confusion.

Life has no charms without friendship. Virtue, purity of manners, and elevated soul, and a perfect integrity of heart, render friendship true and lasting. To be safe and sure in the means of promoting our social happiness, we should select our companions from the society of the good and virtuous.

Courtesy and politeness towards those among whom we mingle promotes social happiness. We should, in our intercourse with one another in life, avoid giving offence. Bluntness and Gothic freedom are not always agreeable companions in society. Some people say there is a pleasure in what they call "speaking their minds." But what may be an artificial pleasure to them is often a pain to those whose feelings they intended to wound. There are those who aiming at honor and reputation, try these means, but they often reap contempt and derision. Ill-nature has ever been hated; while civility is always courted and esteemed. Narrowness of mind often incapacitates men from taking a correct view of all the complicated influences that cause inconsistencies in their actions; thence it is that a want of prudence and decency are practiced among the bulk of mankind. Thence arise bickerings and dissensions instead of generous and hearty good-will.

Men are too apt, while engaged in disputations, to heap nonsense and reproach on the heads of their opponents, when reason and truth could be as handily employed. We ought to keep our minds free from passion and prejudice, as they give a wrong turn to our observations, both on persons and things. When we desire to make proper observations, let self, with all its influences, stand aside, as far as possible. A great deal of social happiness is destroyed through the thoughtlessness of many who seem never to be done speaking evil of their fellows. It is an old rule, but nevertheless a good one, that our conversation should rather be laid out on things than on persons.

Impertinencies of discourse, and reproaches of the tongue, should not be tolerated in the social circle. It is a misfortune that mankind act more from habit than reflection. Man is a bundle of habits. If he habituates himself to be abrupt and disagreeable in his manners, he becomes a nuisance in the social gathering, and his absence would always be preferred to his presence. On the contrary, if he be a man of good principles, information and social qualities, his acquaintance is sought after by the good and wise, and he is at once placed in a position to benefit his neighbors intellectually and morally.

How necessary it is, then—in order to fulfil the designs of Providence—that we, in common with others, become possessed of those social qualities and right principles, which will render our days pleasant here, and ensure us a peaceful departure from this transient state.—*Home Journal.*

GENIUS FOR SUCCESS.

I have great confidence (says "Elsie Venner,") in young men who believe in themselves, and are accustomed to rely on their own resources from an early period. When a resolute young fellow steps up to the great bully—the World—and takes him boldly by the beard, he is often surprised to find it come off in his hand, and that it was only tied on to scare away timid adventurers. I have seen young men more than once, who came to a great city without a single friend, support themselves and pay for their education, lay up money in a few years, grow rich enough to travel, and establish themselves in life, without ever asking a dollar of any person which they had not earned. But these are exceptional cases. There are horse-tamers born so, we all know; there are women-tamers who bewitch the sex as the pied piper bedeviled the children of Hamelin; and there are world-tamers, who can make any community—even a Yankee one—get down and let them jump on its back as easily as Mr. Rarey saddled Cruiser.

☞ "Now, gentlemen," said Sheridan to his guests, as the ladies left the room, "let us understand each other. Are we to drink like men or like beasts?" Somewhat indignant, the guests exclaimed, "Like men of course." "Then," he replied, "we are going to get jolly drunk, for the brutes never drink more than they want."

MANAGEMENT OF SCHOOLS.

It would seem that enough had been said and written upon the subject of Common School Education to now let the matter remain in silence, but when we consider that the little children composing our schools, are soon to enter the great field of action, as the thinkers and workers upon whom will rest the destiny of our country, we think that too much cannot be spoken to arouse teachers and patrons to a sense of their duty.

The child's mind is a canvas upon which the principles and character of those with whom he has daily intercourse soon becomes impressed. A word may change his whole after life—may awaken the energy and the power to rank first among the honored of our land, to achieve works of true greatness, or may crush that spirit, and the child becomes the "vilest of the vile," an inhabitant of a prison cell. Yet how many parents there are who never enter the school-room to look after the interests of their children? The lowest applicant is usually employed, without any regard to reputation as a teacher, and the work is begun and ended without further notice.

"Haven't time to attend to such matters," says one—"business will not admit," remarks another. Certainly you "haven't time," yet of what enlargements will not your "business" admit, and all receive due attention. Perhaps you never thought how a few hours spent in the school-room now and then, would encourage pupils and interest teachers in their work. The same round of duties, day after day, becomes irksome—the child longs for some change, and the thought that some one is interested in their welfare, and desires to see them progressing, will give to each a new relish for study and a new determination to improve.

Some say "our school is small, hardly worth *teaching*, much more *visiting*." If you possessed an acre of ground, would you neglect to cultivate it because you hadn't fifty, or bestow your whole care upon it in order that the harvest might be more abundant? In either case the idea of neglect suggests itself to our minds as a very erroneous one. If the few are not educated, how are the mass to become so? That little company may contain another Washington, a Newton, or a Franklin—let him be educated judiciously, then, and receive his place in society. At a time when an education is within the reach of every one, let every possible exertion be made to enhance the cause.—Let teachers visit the parents and talk with them about the matter. If they neglect to send their children regularly, tell them the evils resulting from such a practice, and get them interested—if too poor to afford to buy a book, buy one yourself—the expense would be but a trifle, and the consciousness of having performed a kind action would more than furnish a recompense. Since immortality is the birth-right of every human being, let no one be left in ignorance of those divine truths which refine the nature, and prepare the soul for that "glorious hereafter," promised us as a reward for well doing.

THE FIRST SCHOOLMASTER IN NEW YORK.

The first schoolmaster who ever wielded the ferule in New York, came here in April, 1633, on board the good ship Southberg, from Holland, in company with stately old Everardus Bogardus, the domine who married Anneke Jans, and owned jointly with her so goodly a portion of worldly wealth, which afterward came down to Trinity Church, in conjunction with much heart-burning and an interminable lawsuit.

Adam Roelandson (or Rolandson) was the first schoolmaster of Manhatten Island, and his name should be remembered as that of the local tutelar saint of the book and the ferule. He came in other good company, too, for Wouter van Twiller, the new Director-General, was on board the same ship—good old Wouter, whose luminous decision and portly breadth of person have been so drolly caricatured by Irving, and who really seems to have been not only a thriving and prosperous merchant, but quite as good a Governor of traditional ridicule—as the times could very well afford for such an out-of-the-way and ever-troublesome colony as New Amsterdam. Adam Roelandson had not a pedagogic charge of great extent. The little tin horn, with which he called his dilatory charges from the school-house door on sunshiny mornings, could be heard over all the settlement, and the school-house itself was only of rough slabs, of height enough to clear the head of the pedagogue, and a dozen feet each way in extent.

☞ It is as true of love and friendship as of anything else, that with what measure we mete, it shall be measured to us again.—*Smith.*

BROADCLOTH AN ENEMY TO HEALTH.

Prof. Hamilton, in an address on hygiene to the graduates of the Buffalo Medical College, denounces broadcloth as an enemy to exercise, and therefore health. He says:

"American gentlemen have adopted as a *national custom*, broadcloth—a thin, tight-fitting black suit of broadcloth. To foreigners we seem always to be in mourning—we travel in black, we write in black, and we walk in black. The priest, the lawyer, the literary man, the doctor, the mechanic, chooses always the same unvarying monotonous black broadcloth, a style and material which never ought to have been adopted out of the drawing-room or the pulpit; because it is at the North no suitable protection against the cold, nor is it indeed any more suitable at the South. It is too thin to be warm in the winter and too black to be cool in the summer, but especially do we object to it because the wearer is always soiling it by exposure. Young gentlemen will not play ball, or pitch quoits, or wrestle and tumble, or any other similar thing, lest their broadcloth should be offended. They will not go out into the storm because the broadcloth will lose its lustre if rain falls upon it; they will not run, because they have not confidence in the strength of the broadcloth; they dare not mount a horse, or leap a fence, because broadcloth as everybody knows, is so faithless. So those young men, those old men, merchants, mechanics, and all, learn to walk, talk and think soberly and carefully, they seldom venture even to laugh to the full extent of their sides."

VIOLENCE AND TRUTH. — It is a strange and tedious war, when violence attempts to vanquish truth. All the efforts of violence cannot weaken truth, and only serve to give it fresh vigor. All the rights of truth cannot arrest violence, and only serve to exasperate it. When force meets force, the weaker must succumb to the stronger; when argument is opposed to argument, the solid and convincing triumph over the empty and false, but violence and verity can make no impress on each other. Let none suppose, however, that the two are therefore equal to each other, for there is this vast difference between them, that violence has a certain course to run, limited by the appointment of heaven, which overrules its effects to the glory of the truth which it assails; whereas verity endures forever, and triumphs over its enemies, being eternal and almighty as God himself.

THE FIRST DISAPPOINTMENT.

BY MRS. H. J. BEVERIDGE.

I saw a youthful mother,
Once on a summer's day,
Set down a smiling infant
To watch its frolic play;
It gamboled on the flowers
That decked the carpet o'er,
And seemed, with childish wonder,
Each object to explore.

A something on the instant
Its glad career arrests,
And earnestly it gazes where
A golden sunbeam rests;
While on the new-found glory
It fixed its wondering eyes,
And trustingly reached forth its hand
To seize the glittering prize.

And now its tiny fingers clasp
The treasure rich and rare,
Which in its baby innocence
It surely thought was there.
But, ah! that hand uncloses,
And to its earnest gaze
Reveals no gem of beauty—
No bright imprisoned rays!

And then the first of many tears
Fell on the cherub face—
The first sad disappointment
In life's uncertain race!
And thus it has been with us all,
Who its dark game have played—
We've sought to grasp the sunshine,
And only found the shade.

MY STORY.

My Story is about Alice Grey. When I first knew her she had numbered nearly forty years, but was still treading the quiet path of maidenhood. Why she was unmarried I never ascertained.—Some imagined that Death, perchance, had claimed the object of her early love; others praised the filial heart which had led her to devote her life to her widowed mother; while others, still less charitable. said they "guessed she never had an offer." All agreed, however, that Alice was a model old maid. Cheerful and content she trod her solitary way, and if, in earlier days, thoughts of husband and children had made pleasant maiden reveries, such dreams had long ago been dismissed from her heart.

But there was one who was beginning to plot against the "quiet tenor of her way." A year before, Esq. Moreford had buried the wife of his youth. In his desolate farm-house were four motherless children—dependent upon hirelings for the care a tender mother had always lovingly given—and feeling, at length, the necessity of having some one who should have more than a hireling's interest in his home, he began to look around in search of such an one, and his eye rested on Alice Grey. Death had been in Alice's home, too, and when the worthy suiter came to woo, he found she could be won; so, as widowers' courtships are usually short, Alice was soon introduced into a new path in life. Alas! she found it a path of trial. Filial, and loving, it had been easy to discharge a daughter's duties, but those of wife and mother were new to her and all untried. It had been more than twenty years since she was "little Alice." No little ones had played about her hearthstone, and so she had become a stranger to children's ways and children's hearts. Carefully she abstained from everything unkind, but there was a want of sympathy between her own and her children's hearts. She entered into none of their childish plans; they did not tell her of their childish joys or griefs; and very soon they began to regard her with suspicion, and even with dislike. At length, Charles, the oldest child, who could not help contrasting this state of things with the sunny home his own dear mother made, felt that it was a home no more for him. So, one night, leaving tearful good-bye kisses with his sleeping brother and sisters, he stole softly down the stairs, and went out to be a wanderer. The earliest gleaming of the morning found him sobbing by his mother's grave, and the first tidings of him were that he had gone to sea.

Then Gracie, the youngest of the household, was taken sick, and in her delirium she cried—"Go away naughty woman! I want my own dear mama!—Come mama and kiss Gracie! Come sweet mama!" and in a little while the plaintive voice was hushed forever.

Alice Moreford was very, very sad, as she sat alone in her room the night after Gracie died. One of the children to whom she had come to fill a mother's place was away on the stormy sea.—Death had claimed another; and she felt that neither from the absent ones nor from those still left to her care had she won a mother's share of confidence and love. Long time she sat and thought; then long and fervently she prayed that God would teach her. When she arose from prayer, it was with a new light in her heart, and on her face.

Gracie's funeral was over, and Esq. Moreford's house had become as quiet as ever, and more cheerless than before.—George was the second son, a lad of thirteen years. One night after he had gone to rest he heard a rap at his door. "Who is it?" he inquired. "Mother! May I come in?" Half pettishly he consented, and his step-mother entered and sat down by his bed. She began talking about Gracie, and then about his dear dead mother. She told him how anxious she was to fill that mother's place; she spoke of the difficulties in her way, she assured him of her love for him and her desire to see him happy. Then she knelt by his bedside and prayed God to bless them and to help them to love each other as they ought; and, kissing him, bade him a kind "good-night."

Georgie's proud little heart did not permit him to answer his mother a word. but as soon as she had gone he began to think over all she had said to him. He remembered how kindly she had talked of his own dear mother, and sobbed himself to sleep full of memories of that dead mother, and with kindlier feelings than he had ever had towards her who filled that mother's place.

Ellen, too, received a visit from her mother that night, and before they parted Ellen had told of all her longings after love, and how she had wanted to talk of her dead mother. They wept together and then the mother prayed. As she gave the child her first good-night kiss, Ellen threw her arms around her neck and said, "I love you, mother," and from that time they knew and loved each other. In angry moods, Ellen would sometimes say:—"I wish a step-mother had never come to darken our home," but in a very little time she would come, in tears to be forgiven.

Georgie was not so easily won; but Alice was not discouraged. She sought his confidence in every way; interested herself in his plans, and he would find some nice little offering of her handiwork on his table, with a card attached, saying it was "a little token of love from one who would be a mother to him." Finally, she found, one morning, a little gift for her, with these words attached, "To my kind mother"—"From Georgie."

Then sunshine began to dance all over the old farm-house, to the sweet music of loving words and tones. Clouds came sometimes, but Alice prayed, and wore the same gentle look and smile, and they passed without a storm.

Years went by. The sad news came that the bright-eyed Charlie rested in an ocean grave. George and Ellen grew to manhood and womanhood and went to preside over homes of their own. Mrs. Moreford sat alone one evening awaiting her husband's return from the village.—As he entered he handed her two letters, —"from the children," he said.

With a full heart she read George's

letter. He had just been recalling the scenes of his childhood, and gratefully and touchingly alluded to the time when she came to bless them. He assured her that he had treasured in memory her years of unwearied love and kindness, and that in his devotion he always thanked God for giving him such a step-mother.

Ellen's letter was mostly filled with descriptions of a little wee stranger who had come to gladden her Western home.—"We call her Alice," she said, "and only hope she will be as good as the one whose name she bears." Tearfully and gratefully Alice Moreford read those affectionate tributes to her motherly care and love. Then she complained of sudden faintness, and retired. Morning found her very ill. A physician was sent for, who came and pronounced her symptoms alarming. Day after day passed, and she grew rapidly worse, and then the doctor said, sadly, "I fear there is no hope."—George and Ellen were informed that their mother was dying. They hastened home, but arrived in time only to receive one of her own sweet smiles, and then the eyes which had looked so lovingly on them closed forever.

So Alice died—not unmourned. Still is her memory very sacred in the hearts of her bereaved husband and children, who, as long as they live, will bless God that she did not always keep her maiden name of Alice Grey.

PERSEVERANCE.

Nothing valuable is to be gained without labor and patience, and a few faint efforts after intellectual culture, never rendered him who put them forth either learned or great. There have been but few who did not, in childhood or youth, possess ardent aspirations for learning, and picture to themselves the great things that they were to accomplish in after-life. But how few carry out their plans. The failure is often owing to the want of perseverance. They become discouraged at the difficulties that they have to contend with, and give up the task they have undertaken. There are difficulties in the way of the accomplishment of any noble object, and the greatest natural endowments do not free the posessor from the necessity of persevering toil if he would become truly learned. There are those who profess to make men learned, (at least in some branches of literature,) in an easier method than any with which our fathers were acquainted; but it may be doubted whether any person has ever yet found his way into the temple of knowledge by walking in the path which these individuals have marked out. He must have a wonderful intellect who can acquire a knowledge of Spanish or German in twelve lessons, and yet certain professors would be happy to inculcate such ideas with the masses. If we would lay up a store of valuable knowledge, we must devote much time to its acquisition.

How much encouragement there is for persevering effort. Perseverance has enabled others to surmount great obstacles. Sir Isaac Newton, in childhood, was thought uncommonly dull, and he ascribed the greatness of his attainments and discoveries in after life, more to his perseverance than to the natural superiority of his mind. Dr. Adam Clarke's childhood was very far from being characterized by any remarkable display of aptness at gaining knowledge; yet his perseverance placed him among the most learned men of his age. Who has not heard of Demosthenes being hissed from the stage when he first attempted to address the people. Three times was it repeated before they would listen to him, yet his perseverance rendered him the greatest orator that Greece ever produced. It was not until after long years of training, that Cicero won classic fame. Even those who are the favorites of the masses, have often been indebted, in no small degree, to this peculiarity of character for the position they occupy. Goldsmith had his "Traveler" on hand for nine years, and his "Deserted Village" six or seven years. Moore often labored upon a song for two or three weeks before he deemed it finished.

Reader, the Hill of Science is before you. There you gather the richest fruits, if you will only toil up the rugged steeps on which they grow; but it is vain for you to dream of plucking them, without persevering labor. You will never gain the fruits by wishing them within your grasp. You must clamber up if you would get them, and the reward is worth the labor. When you have once gained the victory, you will be fitted to be more useful than you could otherwise be, and the possession of knowledge will open to you sources of happiness that are unknown to uncultivated minds.

S. L. LEONARD.
Oak Creek, Wis., 1859.

Teach your children to help themselves—but not to what doesn't belong to them.

THE BEDOUINS.

It is a curious fact, observes the London Quarterly, that while the Christian Missionary has made his way to every part of the globe, and has taught with more or less success, he has never succeeded in mixing with the Bedouins. They wander over a region which, from physical causes, can be inhabited by none others but men following their mode of life. From earliest times every effort has been made to reduce them to subjection, and to render their haunts by human skill fitted to receive a settled population. Canals and water courses were carried as far as human ingenuity could devise, and where water could reach, there the land was conquered. But there remained beyond a large reigon which the *Bedouin* could call his own. There he is to be found still, as we see him represented on the walls of Assyrian palaces, riding his swift dromedary; we read him in sacred history, suddenly appearing as a robber in the midst of the quiet cultivation of the soil, and as suddenly returning unharmed before their well trained legions during the height of their power; he remains to this hour unchanged in his manners, his language, his arms, and his dress. It is this unchangeableness which renders a Bedouin so interesting a study. He is the only link between the earliest ages of mankind and the present time—like a single, strange animal, connecting the actual world with some geological period.

THE HAIR WORM QUESTION SETTLED.

Our readers will remember the several letters which have appeared in our columns on hair worms, and how unsatisfactory the matter was left. Dr. R. P. Stevens, of this city, has just brought to our notice an essay on human testoides, by Dr. Weinland, in which the hair worm is described in a note. It is there stated that hair worms comprehend two families—the common horse hair worm (gordiacea) and the mermidacea or tender white worm, which the plowman often finds in rich soil entangled in bunches. The female gordius deposits millions of eggs in water, and the embryo which are hatched in no way resemble their parents. This larva penetrates into water insects. The young hair-like gordius is found in beetles, which they ultimately leave; and when they reach a ditch of rain water or a spring, their final developement goes on.

I AM THINKING.

BY KATE CAMERON.

I am thinking—I am thinking
Of the loved and true,
All the friends so kind and faithful,
That I ever knew.
Some are near me—others absent,—
Some, alas! are dead,
Ah! how much of Life's bright sunshine
With those dear one's fled!

I am thinking—I am thinking
Of my childhood's hours,
When with joyous heart I wandered,
Culling early flowers:
Tho' their fair hues quickly faded,
Yet I loved them well,
And their memory still lingers
Like a holy spell.

I am thinking—I am thinking
Of the visions fair,
Which I once so fondly cherish'd,
Where are they—Oh, where?
Rainbow-hued were they, and fleeting
As the morning dew,
Yet they show'd my heart some glimpses
Of the Good and True.

I am thinking—I am thinking
Of my future way,
Leading on thro' light and darkness
Unto "perfect day!"
Little know I what of gladness,
Or of grief may be mine:
Be this, then my prayer—"Oh! Father,
Not my will, but Thine!"

HOME CONVERSATION.

Children hunger perpetually for new ideas, and the most pleasant way of reception is by the voice and ear, not the eye and the printed page. The one mode is natural, the other artificial. Who would not rather listen than read? We not unfrequently pass by in the papers a full report of a lecture, and then go and pay our money to hear the self-same words uttered. An audience will listen closely from the beginning to the end of an address, which not one in twenty of those present would read with the same attention. This is emphatically true of children. They will learn with pleasure from the lips of parents, what they deem it a drudgery to study in books; and even if they have the misfortune to be deprived of the educational advantages which they desire, they cannot fail to grow up intelligent, if they enjoy in childhood and youth, the privilege of listening daily to the conversation of intelligent people. Let parents, then, talk much, and talk well at home. A father who is habitually silent in his own house, may be, in many respects, a wise man; but he is not wise in his silence. We sometimes see parents who are the life of every company which they enter, dull, silent, and uninteresting at home among their children. If they have not mental activity and mental stores sufficient for both, let them first provide for their own household. Ireland exports beef and wheat, and lives on potatoes; and they fare as poorly who reserve their social charms for companions abroad and keep their dullness for home consumption. It is better to instruct children and make them happy at home, than it is to charm strangers or amuse friends. A silent house is a dull place for young people, a place from which they will escape if they can. They will talk or think of being "shut up" there; and the youth who does not love home is in danger. Make home, then, a cheerful and pleasant spot. Light it up with cheerful, instructive conversation. Father, mother, talk your best at home.

ANIMAL HEAT—CARBON AND OXYGEN.

In an able lecture, delivered by the Rev. Dr. Storrs, of Brooklyn, in the Cooper Institute, recently, on the "Influence of Climate on Civilization," he seemed to attribute much of the vigor of races to the food required by their climate. The popular theory of animal heat, which is inculcated in all common books on physiology. These compare the lungs to a furnace, in which air and carbon are brought into chemical union in producing heat. This theory is simple and somewhat beautiful, but not correct. The combustion of our food-fuel does not take place in the lungs, in the same manner that the fire is produced in the furnace; the food of man is not fed into his lungs, neither does the oxygen of the air combine with the food or carbon in the lungs, but passes into the blood through their membrane tissue; carbonic acid and moisture being given out in exchange. All our food undergoes a chemical change before it reaches the lungs in the form of blood and the warmth of the body comes from the organic processes which make and unmake the animal tissues. These facts, which would be familliar to all, lay the axe at the root of the common furnace theory of animal heat.

Man requires the same elements for his food in all climates. The northern races eat much fat which is almost pure hydrocarbon; the inhabitants of tropical climates eat gums and sugars, which are just as rich in carbon. Some castes of Hindoos, in India, live exclusively on vegetables; the Caffres of hot South Africa are the greatest beef gormandizers in the world.

The temperature of man is 98 degrees in all seasons in the hottest and coldest climates. A change in this uniform temperature of the human body is the sign of disease. Man preserves his stand and temperature in the tropical and arctic regions in virtue of this peculiar organism which adjusts itself to varying circumstances, but the means by which it does this is still involved in much obscurity.—*Scientific American.*

I WAS ONCE YOUNG.

It is an excellent thing for all who are engaged in giving instruction to young people, frequently to call to mind what they were themselves when young. This practice is one which is most likely to impart patience and forbearance, and to correct unreasonable expectations. At one period of my life, when instructing two or three young people to write, I found them, as I thought, unusually stupid. I happened about this time to look over the contents of an old copy-book, written by me when I was a boy. The thick up-strokes, the crooked down-strokes, the awkward jointing of letters, and the blots in the book, made me completely ashamed of myself, and I could at the moment have hurled the book into the fire. The worse, however, I thought of myself, the better I thought of my backward scholars. I was cured of my unreasonable expectations, and became in future doubly patient and forbearing. In teaching youth, remember that you once were young, and in reproving their youthful errors, endeavor to call to mind your own.

INFLUENCE.—It is not position that gives influence, it is character. What men are, determines their power over others, not where they are; themselves, not the places they stand in. When Diogenes had been captured by pirates, and was about to be sold as a slave in Crete, he pointed to a Corinthian, very carefully dressed, saying, "Sell me to that man, he wants a master." His wish was granted him; and the event demonstrated his sagacity. Character overcame position: that man bought a master in buying Diogenes!

THE GOOD THINGS OF THIS WORLD.—Much of this world's goods usually cause great distraction, great vexation, and great condemnation at last to the possessors of them. If God gave them in his wrath, and does not sanctify them in his love, they will at last be witnessed against a man, and millstones forever to sink him in that day when God shall call men to account, not for the use, but for the *abuse of mercy.*