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VOLUME I.

BRIGHTON, CANADA WEST, JANUARY 1, 1861.

NUMBER 8

Poet's Corner.

STRIVE AND HOPE.

BY SARAH FAUSETT.

Oh! though the shadows of evening hover,
Morning will dawn in its brightness at last;
Clouds may not always the bright sunshine
cover,
Storms will be over—the darkness be past.
Strive! though the conflict may seem un-
availing;
Hope! though no light in the dread future
beams;
Hoping and striving is better than wailing,
Actions are better than rosy-hued dreams.

Then onward! press on in the glorious weal,
On! till the conflict, the struggle are done.
Only by toil may be gained the ideal,
Only by action the victory won!
Then on! and remember, though all unavailing
Each noble aspiring, each soul yearning
seems,
That hoping and striving is better than
wailing,
Actions are better than beautiful dreams.

GRIEF.

There's good in tears, or they had not been
sent
By him who is all good! It is not wise
To keep our sorrows in our hearts up-
pent,
When we can give them freedom from
our eyes.

The storm-cloud only darkens our fair earth,
Until it falleth down in gentle rain;
And then what wondrous beauties have
their birth,
So, when the heart is overcharged with pain,

We see a shadow upon every good,
But let our heavy sorrows have their way,
And as they well into a tearful flood,
What comfort may not come! Ah, who
can say.

Grief hath a mission holier than ever—
It moves the selfish, and it warms the cold,
A common sorrow will even pain destroy,
And change the king and beggar to one
mold.

Our griefs should make us gentler to our kind,
And as we comfort need more comfort pay;
So using sorrow, we our tears shall find
Have washed some grossness of our souls
away.

For the Educationalist.

LITERARY ACQUISITIONS:

THEIR PLEASURES AND PRACTICAL
ADVANTAGES.

BY J. T.

The life-track of the learner leads
through flowery meads and over moun-
tains, affording the sublimest prospects.
Standing as he does, much of the time,
on the high table-lands of science, he has
but to cast his eye abroad, and visions
the most glorious awaken the grandest
emotions of the soul. The world of

knowledge spreads out before him like
the concave heavens, presenting an inter-
minable museum, with objects ever new
and never tiring.

With more interest than that with
which a traveller surveys the scenes
of a foreign clime he gazes on the
wonders of the land of intellectual
observation. The latter has all the
attractions of both a new and an old
country. Aside from the imposing struc-
tures which modern scientific research
has reared, it contains, like the an-
cient world, vast ruins, which, like all
ruins of whatever character, are fraught
with the noblest teachings.

Whole cities of false theories lie half
buried in lava belched from the Vesuvius
of philosophical investigation; and the
young Marius of learning peering over
those ruins, is forcibly reminded of the
end of the false—taken in its broadest
sense—and contemplating the fallen cas-
tles of visionaries and mere dreamers, he
rejoices that later theorists have been
more successful in laying the ground-
work of their edifices, and is willing, aye,
ambitious to aid in their completion.

We have compared the world of know-
ledge to the concave heavens. The com-
parison cannot be wholly devoid of aptness.
It is easy to imagine a child so situated
that during the first half-dozen years of
its life it has never for once beheld the
starry company of night. And now for
the first time it watches the sun go down,
and the shades of twilight deepen, till
Hesperus begins to twinkle in the west.
The vesal light of that solitary star,
growing more and more intense, at length
completely rivets its attention; the stream-
ing effulgence flows like a warm current
of divine love into its elastic spirit, and
dilates it; and the child is aroused from
a delightful trance only by the sudden
appearance of another radiant gem. It
now begins to turn here and there, as one
after another, those golden lamps in the
vestibule of night are lit up, till their
number baffles its powers of enumeration,
and their splendor dazzles its eye and
dissolves its tender heart in ecstasy.—
The student is the child hunting the
diamonds that are concealed in the fields
of uninvestigated truth. The canopy of
night is ever above him—not a night
however, sometimes shrouded in dun
clouds and terrifying gloom—but the ever-
luminous, star lit night of scientific glory.
The shepherds on the plains of Chaldea
no doubt found pleasure in surveying the
starry heavens, but what was their delight
compared with that of the youth who
watches the great orbs of truth as they
roll out from behind the night curtains of
ignorance and become forever fixed in the
expanding canopy of his mental sky.

The cry of Archimedes when he had
discovered a method by which to deter-
mine the specific gravity of bodies, is the
cry of every human soul whenever en-

gaged in scientific pursuits. "I have
found it! I have found it!" is the sponta-
neous and oft repeated, though it may be
silent ejaculation of the scholar, from the
time he solves the first equation contain-
ing an unknown term, till he ascertains
the distance of the moon from the earth,
runs his measuring line over the perimeter
of the sun, or ranges in tabular order the
dynamics of every orb that claims its home
in the solar system.

But in speaking of the pleasures of
literary acquisitions we purpose to be
somewhat explicit, and shall confine our-
selves mainly, perhaps exclusively, to
those of the understanding and those of
the imagination.

It is pleasant to behold the myriads of
wild flowers that bloom in the vale and on
the hill side, even though their names are
all unknown to us, but when we learn their
genus and species, and the mind compre-
hends the method by which they are
analyzed and arranged in families, they
have a new interest and are viewed with
increased delight. The attention of a
little child is arrested by the hum of an
insect scarcely visible in the night air, or
the chirp of the cricket that sings beneath
the hearth on a cold autumnal eve; but
when, in after years, the child hears the
music of the same insects in the great
cathedral of science there is a double
fixedness to its attention; for the under-
standing is busied in arranging each in
its separate and distinct class, according
to some peculiarity in its nature, its
habits, or its construction. The young
artisan, while ignorant of mechanical
philosophy, may observe the movements
of bodies and the operations of machinery
with almost stupid indifference; but
when science unfolds the principles of
those movements and operations to his
understanding, joy, mingled with the
beams of intelligence, irradiates his coun-
tenance.

To the dim-eyed sons of ignorance,
what a dull, cold object is the earth at
this season of the year, with her forests
rest of their royal garniture, her fields all
verdureless, and her whole dead form, as
it were, wrapped in a winding sheet of
gloom! They see nothing in the whole
broad prospect to admire, and the view
is not, perhaps, even suggestive of one
pleasurable emotion! But with how
different a feeling the individual of a culti-
vated mind and a strengthened under-
standing, surveys the scene. The sight
of the snow or ice suggests its chemical
ingredients, and leads him along through
a delightful train of thought, and his
contemplations gradually merge into the
grand and the transporting. He views
the earth as a great globe of situated and
austrified rocks, with fossils scattered
here and there, serving as an alphabet to
the geologist, enabling him to read the
most mysterious portions of his history—the
remoteness of her birth and the step-

dorful changes in her physical appearance during the multitudinous ages of her growth. He contemplates her covered, at first, with forests, more, with not even a bird in all her borders to hail the approach of morn or break the painful solitude that reigned as much at the tooming tropics as at the barren poles.—Again he contemplates her peopled with strange and onomous animals—the Ichthyosarus, the Iguanodon, the Megalosarus, the Megatherium, the Dinotherium—and more wonderful still, the Pterodactylus, that alternately traversed the land, the sea, and the air. Lastly he contemplates the earth peopled by man, with a new race of lower animals and a different order of plants. Her rich deposits of lime and marl; her variegated and beautiful rocks; her valuable mines of copper, silver, and gold; and her vast storehouses of coal, which was deposited ages before the origin of man, to supply his wants when he should have felled the forests, and other resorts for combustibles should become necessary;—all these facts are grasped by the understanding, and are made to yield their secreted honey. It matters not to the lover of the natural sciences, whether the earth be folded in the icy pall of winter, or unveiling her life-full charms in the lap of summer, she is always replete with interest to his watchful eye. Every atom of dust which helps to compose her ponderous bulk, is an object for analysis, and offers abundant and delightful exercise to his mind.

Scientific attainments afford pleasure in correcting errors of the sense. The understanding here gains, as in all literary pursuits, a wide scope, and has presented to it the noblest opportunities to try its strength. One of the most classical writers of the age—Edward Everett, has beautifully and truthfully observed that "sense and science are at war." The sparkling gem that glitters on the brow of night is converted, by science, into a mighty orb, the source of light, the centre of attraction, the sun of a system like our own. The beautiful planet which lingers in the western sky when the sun has gone down, or heralds the approach of morning; whose mild and lovely beams seem to shed a spirit of tranquility not unmingled with sadness, not far from devotion, into the very heart of him who wanders forth to behold it, is, in the contemplation of science, a cloud-wrapped sphere—a world of rugged mountains and stormy deeps. We study, we reason, we contemplate. We climb the giddy scaffold of induction up to the very stars.—We borrow the wings of the boldest analysis, and flee to the uttermost parts of creation, and then shutting our eyes on the radiant points that twinkle in the vaults of night, the well-constructed mind sees opening before it the stupendous mechanism of the heavens. Its planets swell into worlds. Its crowded stars recede, expand, become central suns, and we hear the rush of the mighty orbs that circle round them. The bands of Orion are loosed, and the sparkling rays which cross each other on his belt, resolved into floods of light, streaming from system to system across the pathway of the outer heavens.

But the pleasures of the understanding and those of the imagination are so intimately connected, that in treating of the former, we almost unconsciously, trespass on the grounds of the latter. Letting those pass, with the notices already received, these must now be briefly adverted to.

Everything in science has an elevating and an ennobling effect upon the mind.—Its objects for contemplation are so lofty that they buoy the thoughts above much that is low, sordid and debasing. Thus the whole mind is, in a manner, purified and refined, and consequently the flights of the imagination, while they are less confined and more bold, are fraught with more chastened delight. One by one, the fields through which she is to range, are opened, as we continue our scientific travels, till at last she soars through every realm of space, and makes her home with whatever is beautiful, marvellous or sublime. Directed by the finger of knowledge, she views no object in the universe with insignificance or with cold indifference. All seems warm, plastic, and freshly polished as if just tossed from the moulding hand of its Maker.

The individual who possesses a well stored mind and a lively imagination, though never in reality a dozen miles from his birth place, may, by the help of this faculty, journey all over the globe.—He may wend his way to the rolling prairies of the west, and with the poet feel his soul dilate while the eye (of the imagination) "takes in the encircling vastness," or continuing his route, he may rove with the red man through the wilds of Missouri, and join the exciting chase.—He may climb the Andes at the South, and pluck a feather from the wing of the condor, or view the sublime eruptions of Cotapaxi; he may swing the lasso over the head of the wild horse on the plains of Peru, or embark for a southern isle and there survey a splendid night scene—the glorious panorama of a new heavens. He may dart to the north, and at midnight, by the intenser light of the aurora borealis, chase the white bear over the frozen seas, or climb the ice-hills and gaze on those now verdureless islands which, ages before the creation of man, were beautified by groves of pine, and fragrant, perhaps, with the daisy and the primrose. He may go to the old world, and visit the great ones of the past, whose foot-prints are so distinct along the shores of immortal fame. He may embark with Cadmus and convey the first freight of science to the shores of Europe—may sit with Socrates in the refreshing arbors of Academus, and listen to the half-impacted lessons of the first instructor in worldly wisdom—may stand on the forum with Demosthenes, and view the awe-struck multitude raised to their feet by the mere magic of eloquence—may wander with Homer along the banks of his native stream and listen to the fresh breathings of song, which, like the sage instructions of Nestor, "flowed from his lips like a river of honey," and which still heard in every classic hall, is to cease only with the last pulsation of time. He may chat with Solon and Lycurgus, with Galileo and Newton, Bacon and Locke, Linnæus, Cuvier, and Davy—all the renowned votaries

of learning whose liberal contributions to science have secured for them the grateful remembrance of all after generations of mankind.

Not content with roving over the earth, the cultivated imagination plunges its possessor into her bosom where he views those wonders already hinted at, which the earth presented in her infant state.—She is contemplated as an oblate spheroid, eight thousand miles in diameter, with a crust, some forty or fifty miles in thickness, beneath which, is nought but a liquid mass of fire, the parent of thermal springs and burning mountains; and all this globe of molten minerals is seen rushing through space at the rate of a thousand miles in a minute. Taking an upward flight, he gets upon the track of a ray of light which has been travelling at the rate of 190,000 in a second, to reach the earth; at a glance of thought, he darts to its starting point, and there sees a vast orb of light, which is larger than the sun, and though apparently fixed, to the natural eye, is moving annually, 120,000,000 of millions of miles.

How beautifully the poet has depicted this power and disposition of the imagination to soar and roam through the empyrean:—

"The high born soul
Disdains to rest her heaven-aspiring wing
Beneath its native quarry. Tired of earth
And this diurnal scene, she springs aloft
Through fields of air, pursues the flying
storms;
Rides on the volleying lightnings through
the heavens;
Or yoked with whirlwinds and the northern
blast,
Sweeps the long track of day. Then high
she soars
The blue profound, and hovering around
the sun,
Beholds him pouring the redundant stream
Of light; behold his unrelenting sway
Bend the reluctant planets to absolve
The fatal round of time. Thence far effused
She darts her swiftness up the long career
Of devious comets: through its burning sign,
Ballooning measures the perennial wheel
Of nature, and looks back on all the stars
Whose blended light, as with a milky zone
Invests the orient."

(To be continued.)

"EDUCATION AND INFLUENCE OF WOMAN."

We select the following beautiful picture from a recently published address of Richard V. Cook, Esq., of Columbus, Texas, on this subject. It will touch the heart of the reader. We seldom stumble upon so well expressed an idea of woman's true mission:

I fancy a young man just emerging from the bright elysium of youth, and commencing the bright journey of life. Honest, noble and gifted—the broad world to his warm hopes is the future scene of affluence, fame and happiness. Under his active energies, business prospers, and, as a consequence, friends come about him. Ere long he meets a sensible and simple girl, who wins his heart, and who loves and trusts him in return. He does not stop to ask what the world will say about the match in case he marries her. Not he. The world is kicked out of doors, and the man determines to be the architect of his own happiness. Ho

does not stop to inquire whether the girl's father is rich in lands, and slaves, and coin; but he marries her for that most honest and philosophic of all reasons—because he loves her. He builds his house in some quiet spot, where green trees wave their summer glories, and where bright sunbeams fall. Here is the Mecca of his heart, towards which he turns with more than Eastern adoration. It is a green island in the sea of life, where rude winds never assail, and storms never come. Here, from the troubles and cares of existence, he finds solace in the society of her who is gentle without weakness, and sensible without vanity.

Friends may betray him, and foes may oppress; but when towards home his weary footsteps turn, and there beams upon him golden smiles of welcome, the clouds lift from his soul—the bruised heart is restored, and the strong man made whole. I see the man fall into adversity. Creditors seize his property, poverty stares him in the face, and he is avoided on all hands as a ruined bankrupt. When he sees all go—friends, credit and property—grief-stricken and penniless, he seeks his humble home.—Now, does the wife desert him too? Nay, verily! When the world abandons and persecutes the man, she draws closer to his side, and her affection is all the warmer because the evil days have come upon him. The moral excellencies of her soul rise superior to the disasters of fortune. And when she sees the man sit mournful and disconsolate, like Themistocles by the Household Gods of Admetus, hers is the task to comfort and console. She reminds him that misfortune has oft undertaken the wisest and best; that all is never lost while health and hope survive; that she still is near to love, to help and encourage him. The man listens, his courage rallies, and the shadows flee from his heart; armed once more, he enters the arena of life.—Industry and energy restores him to competency, fortune smiles upon him, friends return, and

"Joy mounts exulting on triumphant wings."

Again the scene shifts. I see the man stretched weak and wasted on the bed of sickness. The anxious wife anticipates every wish and necessity. Softly her foot falls upon the carpet, and gently her hand presses the fevered brow of the sufferer. Though the face gives token of her own weariness and suffering, yet through the long watches of each returning night, her vigils are kept beside the loved one's couch. At last disease beleaguers the fortress of life; and the physician solemnly warns his patient that death is approaching. He feels it too, and the last words of love and trust are addressed to her who is weeping beside his dying bed. And, in truth, the last hour hath come. I imagine it is a fit time to depart; for the golden sun himself has died upon the evening's fair horizon, and rosy clouds bear him to his grave behind the western hills! Around the couch of the dying man, weeping friends and kinsmen stand, while the minister slowly reads the holy words of promise:

"I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord; he that believeth on me,

though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whoso liveth and believeth in me, shall never die." Slowly the clock marks the passing moments, and silently the sick man's breath is ebbing away. Slowly the cold waters are rolling through the gateways of life. And now, as the death damp is on the victim's brow, and the heart throbs its last pulsations, the glazed eye opens and turns in one full, farewell glance of affection upon the trembling weeper who bends over him; and ere the spirits forever, the angels hear the pale wife whisper—"I'll meet thee,—I'll meet thee in heaven!"

THE WHIP AMONG THE ROMANS.

(From *Once a Week*)

The whip played a very conspicuous part, in both the public and private life of the Romans. The victors always attending the consuls wore their bunches of rods not merely for state show, although it was not permitted to beat Roman citizens except in the case of being thieves; but slaves were beaten with small leather straps, called *ferulae*; more painful were the *rutrae*, made of several strips of parchment twisted together; and the suppletive was *oxhide*, called *flagellum*, often right terrible. Most terrible of all was an instrument imported from abroad, the Spanish whip, used only by very severe masters. They had not only the right of whipping slaves at pleasure, but even of killing them. Some masters, not satisfied with the plain Spanish whip, made it more terrible by fastening small nails or bones, and little leaden balls to it. Slaves were stripped, their hands tied to a tree or post, and their feet hindered from kicking by a clog of a hundred pounds weight. The most trifling faults were punished in this manner, and a poor fellow might be flogged for the mere amusement of his master's guests. It was no rare occurrence that a slave died under the whip, and there was no more regret than for the loss of a pan or any other piece of household property.

The ladies were particularly cruel to their slaves. The poor girls in attendance, scratched and bleeding from wounds made with the long pins the ladies wore as an ornament, sometimes filled the house with their cries.

The cruelty towards the slaves increased so much that the Emperors made some effort to check it. Laws were made pursuant to which such masters as would forsake their slaves in sickness forfeited their rights to them after their recovery, and a Roman who would intentionally kill a slave was to be banished from Rome. Any lady who would whip or order the whipping of a slave to such a degree that death ensued before the third day, was to be excommunicated for from five to seven years.

The young Roman libertines often chose

the disguise of a slave's dress for their love adventures. Rich people kept so great a crowd of slaves that they did not know them all personally, and thus the introduction into houses was made easy. Sometimes, however, the master of the house got a hint, perhaps from the shroud lady herself, and the intruder was flogged as a runaway slave or a spy. Such an occurrence gave particular delight to the real slaves. It was a misfortune that happened to the celebrated historian Sallust, who courted Faustina, the daughter of Tulla and wife to Milla. After having received a severe flogging, Sallust was released on paying a considerable sum.

Caligula used the whip with his own hand, and on the spot, even upon people who, by talking too loudly at the theatre, spoilt his enjoyment of the players. He did not much care who the offender was. Even the vestals were not exempt from this punishment. The guilty one, covered with a thin veil, was whipped by a priest in a dark room. Even Emperresses were not always spared, at least in the Christian time, and in Constantinople, where the mother of Justina II. was so admonished. To be whipped, however, was in the eyes of a Roman the lowest disgrace, and for this reason judges ordered Christians to be whipped at their first examination.

THE VALUE OF SABBATH SCHOOLS.

A fact which ought always to be remembered in estimating the influence of Sabbath Schools is, that very much of their work is "underground," or, as one has said, it is in its very nature a preparation of the ground and a seed-sowing—a work very necessary to be done, but which must be followed by other operations, or in the joy of the harvest may be forgotten or contemned. In many instances the Sabbath School, while it has not indeed secured the conversion of those who have attended it, yet it has been a restraining power in all the after life; and its instructions, carelessly received, it may be, when given, revived in after years, have prevented many an outburst of wickedness which would otherwise have been given way to. The trophies of Sabbath Schools are on every hand, wherever the schools have been conducted with the true spirit and with perseverance. From the various schools of this country, thousands and tens of thousands of souls have been added to the Church of Christ. Many most precious revivals of religion have commenced in our Sabbath Schools; many vigorous churches have grown out of them, and they have frequently followed the tide of emigration to our frontiers, and supplied for a period, in many instances, the only means of grace for the destitute portions of our country.—*Presby. Mag.*

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THE EDUCATIONALIST.

JANUARY 1, 1861.

TRIUMPHS OF SCIENCE.

THERAPEUTIC OR HEALING PROPERTIES OF GALVANISM.

Dr. Wilson Philip, one of the most noted physicians of England, and a man well known to scientific scholars, has employed Galvanism, with great success, as a remedy in Asthma. By transmitting its influence from the nape of the neck to the pit of the stomach, he gave relief in every one of twenty-two cases, of which four were in private practice, and eighteen in the Worcester Infirmary. These results of Dr. Philip have been confirmed by Dr. Clarke Abel, of Brighton, England, (Journal of Science, Vol. IX.). When digestion is interrupted in nervous individuals, this vital function is much aided by the influence of the galvanic battery; and Dr. Philip states that galvanism, when properly applied, is a sure cure for Dyspepsia. In a paper read by Dr. Philip, and recorded in the Philosophical Transactions, he showed the immediate dependence of the digestive function on the nervous influence. The eighth pair of nerves, distributed to the stomach, and subservient to digestion, were divided by incision in the necks of several rabbits; after the operation, the palsy which they had eaten remained without alteration in their stomachs, and the animals, after evincing much difficulty in breathing, appeared to die of suffocation. But when in other rabbits similarly treated the galvanic power

was distributed along the nerve below its section, to a disc of silver placed closely in contact with the skin of the animal opposite to its stomach, no difficulty of breathing occurred. The action from the battery being kept up for twenty-six hours, the rabbits were then killed, and the parsley was found in as perfectly digested a state as that in healthy rabbits fed at the same time; and their stomachs evolved the smell peculiar to that of rabbits during digestion. These experiments were several times repeated, with similar results. Galvanism is now generally employed in England and in the United States, also in France and Germany, and has been found of great service in many cases, such as palsy, contractions of the limbs, rheumatism, St. Vitus's dance, and in some kinds of deafness and impaired vision.

The *Christian Age* relates an interesting case of a French officer, who, while making a reconnoissance near Sebastopol, during the hostilities between the allied powers of England, France and Turkey, was knocked down by the wind of a cannon ball, the shock of which was so severe as to cause paralysis of the tongue, so that he could neither move it nor speak. Obtaining leave of absence, he returned to Marseilles, and placed himself under galvanic treatment—After a few applications he could move his tongue with more facility, and at length, after an unusually powerful charge, his speech was fully restored to him.

ENGLISH STATISTICS.

The old system of postage was abolished in England in 1840, when Mr. Rowland Hill's penny postage was established. The price, before 1840, of transmitting the smallest letters through the country varied from six pence to eighteen pence. In the year 1833, the whole number of letters delivered in the United Kingdom was 76 millions; in the year 1857, the annual delivery exceeded 504 millions. The number of newspapers sent by post in 1857 was 51 millions, and there were 25 millions of book-parcels.—The distance over which the mails are carried, by various conveyances, is 63,000 miles a day, and the gross revenue of the post office exceeds 15,000,000 of dollars.

There are in England 7,447 miles of railway in actual operation, representing a capital of nearly 2,000,000,000 of dollars, yielding a gross annual revenue of about 100,000,000 of dollars. During the year 1857, the number of passengers on all the lines was 139,000,000.

England possesses the greatest trophy of architectural skill. The Great Eastern is the largest vessel ever built. Seven thousand tons of iron were employed in the construction of the hull, which is 632 feet long, 118 feet broad, and 70 feet high.

KNOWLEDGE.—I envy no man that knows more than myself, but pity them that know less.—Sir, T. Browne.

USE OF TEXT-BOOKS IN SCHOOLS.

We would not depreciate the value of text-books in school; on the contrary, we appreciate them at their true worth, and consider them valuable assistants to the teacher, when properly used. What we would protest against is their abuse.

Text-books are good things in their proper sphere, but, like other good things, they are often misused. We have frequently seen teachers, in hearing a recitation, take the text-book and read the questions from it, in the regular order in which they occurred; the class, in the meantime, answering, parrot-like, the questions propounded, while he who could give the answer in the exact words of the author was pronounced the best scholar.—There were no explanations asked or given as to principles involved in the subject under consideration; and there was no effort made to arouse or cultivate any faculty of the mind save the memory. Ask a child for the why or the wherefore of the thing affirmed, and he would look at you in blank amazement, or simply answer that "it was not in the book." Attempt to explain the subject to him, and he will perhaps reply, "the book don't say anything about that." He will seem to wonder where you could have acquired any information that was not contained in the "book." "The book," with him, is "law and gospel." The authors of the "book" have found out everything there is to be known upon the subject, and have expressed it in the very words in which it should alone be expressed.

We have repeatedly met with such instances, and consider such a misuse of text-books far worse than the entire exclusion of text-books from a school. It unmans a child, depresses his reasoning faculties, destroys his self-dependence, the cultivation of which should be the principal aim of the educator, and causes him to be dependent upon others for the opinions he may entertain. Such a course of education may answer the purposes of a despot, but in our country, the child should be taught to think for himself.

Our school rooms should be well supplied with charts, maps, black boards, globes, etc. Our teachers should then be so well prepared for their duties as to dispense with text-books in recitations. The class should not be required to repeat a rule as given by any author, but should be drilled in principles, and taught to reason for themselves. But, where the school-room is not thus properly furnished, the teacher must, from necessity, be more dependent upon the assistance of text-books than would otherwise be desirable.—*Wisconsin Journal of Education*.

The happiest man in the world is the one with just wealth enough to keep him in spirits; and just children enough to make him industrious.

ORNAMENT THE SCHOOL GROUND.

In too many places the ground around the school house is destitute of a shrub, or tree, or flower—nothing but a bare yard, worn even bare of grass by the many little feet. We never pass such a school house without a feeling of regret, especially when we remember how beautiful it could be made with only a little labor, which could be performed by the scholars, or by their older brothers and friends.—We know of a case where the older boys of a district clubbed together and improved the grounds for those who succeeded them. With how much pleasure will these thoughtful youth look upon the result of their labor in after years. He who plants a tree, plants a monument for himself. We commend this example to all Young Ruralists.

Mrs. Hoyt, in the *Wisconsin Journal of Education*, gives some valuable thoughts and directions on the subject, from which we make the following extract:

For single trees, where there is to be left sufficient space for their entire exposure, in a level or moderately hilly region, there is no tree in grace and beauty which can surpass the drooping elm. The oak and chestnut are among the largest and noblest of our trees, and either of them may be taken for the central object of a group. The weeping willow appears best as a single tree, and in a level space.—The spruce, hemlock, ash, and beech from our common forest, all make beautiful shade trees. Among those that can be easily procured, in some portions of the country, are the horse-chestnut, locust, and hickory, the magnolia and the cottonwood of the Southern States, and the buckeye, sycamore, and black walnut of the West. The soft maple is especially valuable as an ornamental tree, on account of its red blossoms of early spring, its dense, green foliage of summer, and its beautiful dress of deep crimson after the first frost of autumn. But whatever are the trees selected, the arrangement of them should be the subject of careful study. They should be planted singly, or in groups.—Single trees should be such as have a graceful and beautiful outline, and convey to the mind the feeling of completeness. Groups should always be composed of one principal tree, larger and taller than the rest, with others grouped around it as subordinates. Shrubs that are used for hedges should be planted in gracefully curved lines, so as to screen such fences and buildings as, exposed, would detract from the general beauty of the scene.

School grounds arranged in this manner would become great powers of refinement and influence for good. When trees are once planted, the winds, the sun, and the rain, nurture them, supplying their every want, and converting their puny stalks into giant forms, until

"They stand mossy, and tall, and dark,
Fit shrine for humble worshiper to hold
Communion with his Maker."

But trees cannot grow in a day, neither are they more valuable than those shrubs and flowers which are at once, and in such diversity of form, and tint, within our reach. Plant trees, most certainly; and

wherever they would be a beauty or a refreshment, let their roots begin to pierce the mold above which their branches may, year after year, wave with a fascination of grace and variety, like which there is nothing else in nature. But while making provision for these more enduring and imposing improvements which must be the work of time, do not forget

"That delicate forest flower,
With scented breath, and look so like a
smile."

In their influence over the feelings, to refine and soften the nature, to elevate the thought, and to imbue with that love of the beautiful which must always precede the practice of virtue, flowers have a value peculiar to themselves. Their gay colors attract the eye, their exquisite forms chain the observation, and with the odors exhaled from the scent-chambers of drooping bell, or golden chalice, there comes a soul of piety, a sense of sweetness, a something that finds its way into the very recesses of the youthful nature, winning it to goodness, and exalting it to beauty,

"Ere it is aware."
"It is my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes."

And it is a truth founded no less on observation than philosophy, that every child reflects, to a fearful extent, the spirit of its surroundings. Flowers are the most beautiful, the most suggestive, and the most available ornaments with which we can adorn the school premises. Let it be the business of parents and friends to supply the means, and a no less faithfully performed duty of teachers to see that the culture of flowers is not neglected in the embellishment of school house grounds.

THE BEGINNING OF NEWSPAPERS.

The first newspaper was issued monthly, in manuscript form, in the republic of Venice, and was called the *Gazette*, probably from a farthing coin peculiar to Venice, and which was the common price at which it was sold. Thirty volumes of it are still preserved in a library at Florence. It was long supposed that the first newspaper published in England was at the epoch of the Spanish Armada, but it has been discovered that the copies of that bearing the imprint of 1588, in the British Museum, were forgeries.—There was no doubt that the puny ancestor of the myriads of broad sheets was not published in London till 1622—one hundred and fifty years after the art of printing had been discovered, and it was nearly one hundred years more before a daily paper was ventured upon.—Periodical papers seem first to have been used by the English, during the times of the Commonwealth, and were then called "weekly newsbooks." Some of them had most whimsical titles. It was common with the early papers to have a blank page, which was sometimes filled up, in the paucity of news, by selections from the Scriptures.

The first newspaper in North America was printed in Boston, 1690. Only one copy of that paper is known to be in existence. It was deposited in the State Paper Office in London, and is about the size of an ordinary sheet of letter paper. It was stopped by the government. The *Boston News Letter* was the first regular paper. It was issued in 1704, and was printed by John Allan, in Pudding lane. The contents of some of the early numbers are very peculiar. It had a speech of Queen Anne to parliament, delivered one hundred and twenty days previously, and this was the latest news from England. In one of the early numbers there was an announcement that, by order of the Post Master General of North America, the post between Boston and New York sets out once a fortnight. Negro men, women and children were advertised to be sold; and a call was made upon a woman who had stolen a piece of fine lace worth fourteen shillings a yard, and upon another who had conveyed a piece of fine calico under her riding-hood, to return the same or be exposed in the newspapers.

CHARACTER IS POWER.

It is often said that knowledge is power, and this is true. Skill or faculty of any kind carries with it superiority. So, to a certain extent, wealth is power, and rank is power, and intellect is power, and genius has a transcendent gift of mastery over men. But higher, purer, and bitter than all, more constant in its influence, more lasting in its sway, is the power of character—that power which emanates from a pure and lofty mind.—Take any community, who is the man of most influence? To whom do all look up with reverence? Not the "smartest" man, nor the cleverest politician, nor the most brilliant talker, but he who, in a long course of years, tried by the extremes of prosperity and adversity, has approved himself to the judgment of his neighbors and of all who have seen his life, as worthy to be called wise and good.

HAPPINESS.

Tillotson truly says that man counts happiness in a thousand shapes, and the faster he follows it, the swifter it flies from him. Almost everything promises happiness to us at a distance—such a step of honor, such a pitch of estate, such a fortune, or watch for a child—but when we come nearer to it, either we fall short of it or it falls short of our expectation; and it is hard to say which of these is the greatest disappointment. Our hopes are usually larger than the enjoyment can satisfy; and an evil long feared, beside that it may never come, is many times more painful and troublesome than the evil itself when it comes.

IMPORTANCE OF EDUCATION.—All who have meditated on the art of governing mankind, have been convinced that the fate of empires depends on the education of youth.

HEAT AND VENTILATION.

Ancient philosophers divided the material world into four great elements, namely fire, air, earth and water, and they supposed that all bodies were constituted of these. Modern chemists have already discovered more than sixty different elements; yet, in a general sense, ancient science was not so very far wrong. At present, we do not know whether heat is a subtle ether or simply an action of matter, but we know a great deal about its operations and effects. All organic creation is dependent upon the proper distribution of heat, moisture, air, and earth (food). Deprive man of any one of these elements for a certain length of time, and he will cease to live. And as the normal temperature of his blood is the same in every climate, if it be elevated above 100° Fah., or depressed much below it, he soon becomes depressed and helpless. Man is so constituted that he only requires food and water at intervals of several hours, but it is far otherwise with air. A constant supply of this element is necessary every moment of his existence; he takes in fresh air and expels carbonic acid gas at every respiration. Our bodies must be maintained at the same heat in all places and at all periods of the year, and yet we live in a climate the temperature of which ranges from blood heat to more than a hundred degrees below it. The air which we breathe is the great vehicle of changes in our atmosphere. It comes warm from the south, mild from the west, and piercing cold from the icy north. To maintain health and life, therefore, we require this element in certain quantities, and generally in a warm condition. A few words at this season of the year, on this important subject, may be of great service to many persons.

In nature, the currents of the atmosphere distribute pure air over the entire surface of the globe. The primary source of these currents is heat. It rarefies one stratum of air, causing it to extend, thus leaving a partial vacuum which is instantly filled up by the free cool air which forms an under current, thus maintaining a constant circulation. The true theory, therefore, is the production of a current of air by the displacement of the impure with a supply of fresh air. So efficient is this natural system of ventilation that chemists have been unable to detect any difference between the air of the most thinly peopled hamlets. It would be well for humanity if this system was more thoroughly understood and carried out, in cold climates, by those who occupy dwellings. When on a cold day, we enter most public buildings, churches, workshops, stores and dwelling houses, we become sensible of the presence of noxious gases, independent of the warmth of the inclosed atmosphere. These gases are generally exhalations from the lungs; they tend to diminish vitality and produce disease. In cold weather, it is positively necessary to heat the atmosphere of rooms, in order to maintain the body at a constant temperature, but provision should always be made for the production of an artificial atmospheric current. In apartments heated by fires in open grates, this

system is generally carried out in the most simple manner, and in buildings heated by steam pipes, or hot air furnaces, when suitable ventilators opening outward and placed near the ceiling, are employed, the same results are attained, because under currents of cold air generally find access under the doors and by other chinks in the rooms. But there are thousands of houses heated by stoves and furnaces in which no provision is made for the exit of the impure air, consequently, no artificial current is formed in them. Fevers are very common in such dwellings.

A mistake is frequently made respecting the purity of warm and cold air in houses. A cold room may contain very impure air, because it may have remained unchanged for several days, just for want of a little fire to produce an atmospheric current, while on the other hand, a warm apartment may contain very pure air, owing to the maintenance of a constant current in it. With a distinct understanding of these views, every house may be ventilated in the most efficient and simple manner by the very agents which we require to heat them; this is nature's plan. There can be no doubt of the salubrity of warm houses in winter, and it seems that the colder the climate, so in the same degree the human frame requires warmer dwellings. The great object to which attention should be paid—and there can be no excuse for neglecting it—is to secure a constant and sufficient supply of warm fresh air. In this bit of knowledge is concentrated the true theory of artificial heating and ventilation.—*Scientific American.*

MORAL QUALIFICATIONS OF TEACHERS.

The moral qualifications of teachers should be of the highest order. The most extensive learning does not always make the best teacher. Great intellect can never compensate for deficient morals.—The most distinguished teachers have ever been the best, as well as the wisest men. It should be borne in mind, in estimating the dignity of teaching, that the Savior, to whose unsullied moral purity naught human can be compared, came to the earth in the character of a teacher. Great and good teachers have left impressions upon whole nations, and, during thousands of years, lived in their annals. Thus was it with Confucius, Socrates, Plato and Aristotle—men whose names will always be revered, not because they taught with skill, but because they endeavored to teach, by example as well as precept, the lessons of virtue and philanthropy. They, however, were teachers of men; and if upon these they could exert so powerful and permanent an influence, how much more may we not hope to effect, with the impressible minds of children, awake to every moral influence, good or evil, and imbibing, as if by instinct, the impressions of virtue and vice!

Let not the teacher, then, who would shine in his profession, neglect this important qualification. Let him not neglect it, unless he would incur, by so doing, a mountain of responsibility more

fearful than that placed upon the rebellious giants of ancient fable. Patience, forbearance, mercy, justice, kindness, conscientiousness, all have their appropriate sphere in the school-room; and when they are wanting, and instead of them irritability, injustice and passion reign, to none is the true condition of the teachers' mind and character so apparent as to the seemingly heedless youth, who sits a silent but vigilant spectator of all that transpires around. Nor is the impression of to-day merely. It endures as an ineffaceable memorial of the teacher as long as life lasts, the only change being, that the distrust and aversion of childhood become the disgust and contempt of maturer years. Every teacher should bear in mind, that he will inevitably be accountable to the mature judgment and reflection of his pupils in after years, for the manner in which he discharged the duties of an instructor.—Who would wish, for instance, to receive such a sentence as Dr. Johnson pronounced upon the teacher of his youth, in the following terse expression? "The master was severe, and wrong-headedly severe. He used to heat us unmercifully; and he did not distinguish between ignorance and negligence; for he would beat a boy equally for not knowing a thing as for neglecting to know it. For instance, he would call a boy up, and ask him the Latin for candle-stick, which the boy could not expect to be asked. Now, sir, if a boy could answer every question, there would be no need of a master to teach him."

A teacher requires the firm discrimination of a master mechanic. As the latter, by a single rude touch, may utterly spoil the delicate machine which he is employed to repair or construct, so the teacher, by a single harsh reproof or untimely chastisement, may leave a blot upon the delicate texture of his pupil's moral nature, never to be effaced. Reproof and castigation are indeed necessary; but to make every communication to the pupil, as is often done, in terms and tones of reproof and severity, is to blunt the pupil's moral sensibility, and destroy the teacher's influence at the same time. If the words of a teacher are ordinarily those of kindness and gentleness, reproof when necessary will come with ten-fold effect, and the pupil will receive the impression that the teacher has his good in view, and not the gratification of his own passion and spleen.—*H. K., in the New York Teacher.*

THE TEST OF LOVE.—It is a great practical principle in the religious life, that a state of suffering furnishes a test of love. When God is pleased to bestow his favours upon us, when his blessings are repeated every hour, how can we tell whether we love him for what he is or for what he gives? But when, in seasons of deep and varied afflictions, our hearts still cling to him as our only hope and joy, we may well say, "Thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee."

READING.—Read not to contradict and confute, not to believe and take for granted; but to weigh and consider.

MAN'S SUSCEPTIBILITY OF MENTAL CULTURE.

Such is the constitution of man that he is capable of becoming fitted for states of life for which he was once wholly unqualified. The human mind is susceptible of great changes, from the circumstances in which it is placed, and from the attention and culture which it receives. On this susceptibility, the whole system of education is founded. A person's estimate of the value of education will be very much in proportion to the strength and vividness of his belief in the capacity of the mind for cultivation. On this same belief will depend his hope for the elevation of nations in the scale of civilization and social improvement. Were the mind incapable of acquiring knowledge, of securing discipline, of experiencing development, the occupation of the teacher would be gone, and his office have no existence. Were nations also incapable of improvement in the arts of life, and destitute of the power of mental and social elevation under the appliance of the means of culture, the philanthropist would cherish no hope of the advancement of society, and the Christian no expectation of moral redemption of the barbarous tribes of the earth under the influence of Christianity. The fact that mankind are susceptible of improvement by culture is a fact full of significance in its bearings on the cause of education and the hopes of our race. The plant and the animal are not required to become a different thing from what they already are at the moment of their mature growth. The purpose of their existence is realized in its full extent by the fact alone of their material nature and physical organization. But with man, it is quite otherwise. He is destined for improvement. This is the law of his being. Instinct is less in man than in the animal, because man is constituted with this susceptibility for development—the power of acquisition—the capability for advancement and elevation. The physical man, however admirable may be his organization, is not the true man. Man as a barbarian, or as a corporeal giant, is not all he is capable of being. He has a higher nature and a higher mission. He has a susceptibility for improvement—for intellectual, social, and moral culture. The barbarian may be made a civilized man. Under the influence of education in its largest sense he may be elevated to a high position of honor, enterprise, and happiness. Here is the warrant and the security for systems of education.—*R. I. Schoolmaster.*

To the discoverer of the law of gravitation—Sir Isaac Newton—we also owe the first distinct philosophical elucidation of the great chemical law of affinities. "Sugar," said he, "dissolves in water, alkalies unite with acids, and metals dissolve in acids. Is not this on account of an attraction between their particles? Copper dissolved in aquafortis is thrown down by iron. Is not this because the particles of iron have a stronger attraction for the particles of the acid than those of copper; and do not bodies attract each other with different degrees of force?"

SCHOOLS AND SCHOOL COMMUNIONERS.

Every person conversant with our free institutions, will readily admit that their permanency depends mainly upon the intelligence and patriotism of the people. In proportion as these are weakened and degenerated, in that degree will their stability and permanency be affected.—The Common School is the "Alma Mater," from whence the mass of the people derive their education. Hence, upon its efficiency, hangs, we might almost say, the destiny of the nation. Crush out our common schools, and their hallowed influence, and the liberties of our country must inevitably perish. The liberties of an intelligent and patriotic people can scarcely be wrested from them. There is little difference between ignorance and barbarism, if not synonymous, they are, at least, twin sisters.

All must see the importance of our common schools—seeing their importance, do we really appreciate them as we ought? Do we manifest that deep interest and anxious solicitude that they demand?—Or, has our interest in common schools declined? If so, for what cause? Are they of less importance now than in former times? Is not the education of the mass even more important now than ever before? These are questions of great significance, and should be pondered long and earnestly, by every lover of general education. That there is a general apathy manifested, in reference to our common schools, must be apparent to the most casual observer. Indeed we should scarcely know that there was such a thing, did we not occasionally see the school-house. We hear little said upon the subject. True, there is an occasional echo from the press, as though the thing was being throttled and smothered-out, rather than nourished into life, and vigor, and health. There must be something wrong, vitally wrong. We are no doubt reaping what we have sown.

The following is told of Horace Vernet, the celebrated French Artist:—The artist was coming from Versailles to Paris in the cars. In the same compartment with him were two ladies whom he had never seen before, but who were evidently acquainted with him. They examined him very minutely, and commented upon him quite freely—upon his martial bearing, his halo old age, his military pantaloons, etc. The painter was annoyed, and determined to put an end to the persecution. As the train passed under the tunnel of St. Cloud, the three travellers were wrapped in complete darkness. Vernet raised the back of his hand to his mouth and kissed it twice violently. On emerging from the obscurity, he found that the ladies had withdrawn their attention from him and were accusing each other of having been kissed by a man in the dark. Presently they arrived at Paris, and Vernet, on leaving them, said:—"Ladies, I shall be puzzled all my life by the enquiry—Which of these two ladies was it that kissed me?"

MIXED SCHOOLS.

Mr. Stowe, a celebrated Glasgow teacher, in advocating mixed schools, or the union of males and females, in the same room, says:

"It is stated on the best authority, that of those girls educated in schools of convents, apart from boys, the greater majority go wrong within a month after being let loose on society, and meeting the other sex. They cannot, it is said, resist the slightest compliment of flattery. The separation is intended to keep them strictly moral; but this unnatural seclusion actually generates the very principle desired to be avoided. We may repeat, that it is impossible to raise the girls as high, intellectually, without boys as with them—and it is impossible to raise boys morally as high without girls.—The girls morally elevate the boys and the boys intellectually elevate the girls. But more than this, girls themselves are morally elevated by the presence of boys, and boys are intellectually elevated by the presence of girls. Girls brought up with boys are more positively moral, and boys brought up in schools with the girls are more positively intellectual, by the softening influence of the female character."

ROMPING.

Never punish a girl for being a romp, but thank Heaven who has given her health to be one. It is better than a distorted spine or hectic cheek. Little girls ought to be great romps—better than paying doctors' bills for them.—Where is the gymnasium that should be attached to every school? That's coming, too, like other improvements.

CONVERSATION.—The most casual remark lives forever in its effects. There is not a word which has not a moral history. And hence it is that every "idle word" which men utter assumes a character so important, that an inquest will be held on it in the general judgment.—*Harris.*

The Principal of a male and female academy, near Somerville, Tenn., says, in his catalogue:—"The use of tobacco will not be permitted, and all male pupils will be required to wear suspenders, and be attentive to their personal appearance."

A man went to a judge to be qualified for an office. Said he, "Hold up your hand, I'll swear you, but all creation, couldn't qualify you."

A cubic foot of gold is worth two hundred and fifty-two thousand two hundred and eighty-eight dollars.

Every man is the former of his own character which determines individual destiny.

GENIUS OF ENERGY.

There is no genius in life like the genius of energy and industry. You will learn that all the traditions so current among very young men—that certain great characters have wrought their greatness by an inspiration, as it were—grows out of a sad mistake.

And you will further find, when you come to measure yourself with men, that there are no rivals so formidable as those earnest determined minds, which reckon the value of every hour, and which achieve eminence by persistent application.

Literary ambition may inflame you at certain periods, and a thought of some great name will flash like a spark into the mind of your purposes; you dream until midnight over books; you set up shadows, and chase them down—other shadows, and they fly. Dreaming will never catch them. Nothing makes the "scent lie well" in the hunt after distinction, but labor.

And it is a glorious thing, when you are weary of the dissipation, and the ennui of your own aimless thoughts, to take up some glowing page of an earnest thinker, and read, deep and long, until you feel the metal of his thought tinkling on your brain, and striking out from your flimsy lethargy, flashes of ideas, that give the mind light and heat. And away you go, in the chase of what the soul within is erecting on the instant, and you wonder at the secularity of what seemed so crude. The glow of toil wakes you to the consciousness of your real capacities, you feel sure that they have taken a new step toward final development. In such mood it is, that one feels grateful to the dusty tomes, which at other hours stand like curiosity-making mummies, with no warmth and no vitality. Now they grow into the affections like new-found friends, and gain a hold upon the heart, and light a fire in the brain, that the years and the mould cannot cover nor quench. — *It Mirrel.*

THREE BAD HABITS.

There are three weaknesses in our habits which are very common, and which have a prejudicial influence in our welfare. The first giving way to the ease or indulgence of the moment, instead of doing at once what ought to be done. This practice almost diminishes the beneficial effects of our actions, and often leads us to abstain from action altogether, as, for instance, if, at this season of the year, there is a gleam of sunshine, of which we feel we ought to take advantage, but we have not the resolution to leave at the moment a comfortable seat or an attractive occupation, we miss the most favorable opportunity, and, perhaps, at last justify ourselves in remaining indoors on the ground that the time for exercise is past. One evil attendant upon the habit of procrastination is, that it produces a certain satisfaction of the mind which

impedes and deranges the animal functions, and tends to prevent the attainment of a high state of health. A perception of what is right, followed by a promptness of execution, would render the way of life perfectly smooth. Children should be told to do nothing but what is reasonable, but they should be taught to do what they are told, at once.

The second weakness is, when we have made a good resolution, and have partially failed in executing it, we are very apt to abandon it altogether. For instance, if a person who has been accustomed to rise at ten resolves to rise at six, and after a few successful attempts, happens to sleep till seven, there is great danger that he will relapse into his former habit, or probably even go beyond it, and lie till noon. It is the same with resolutions as to economy, or temperance, or anything else; if we cannot do all we intend, or make one slip, we are apt to give up entirely. Now what we should aim at is, always to do the best we can under existing circumstances; and then our progress, with the exception of slight interruptions, would be continual. The third and last weakness to which I allude is the practice of eating and drinking things because they are on the table, and especially when they are to be paid for. How seldom it is that two men leave a few glasses of wine in a decanter at a coffee-house, though they have both had enough, and the consequence of not doing so is frequently to order a fresh supply; but at any rate, even the first small excess is pernicious. Excess, however slight, either in solids or liquids, deranges the powers of digestion, and of course diminishes the full benefit of any meal. A very small quantity will cause the difference between spending the remainder of the day profitably and agreeably, or in indolence and dissipation.

THE STUDY OF NATURE.

From a recent educational lecture by Hon Geo B Emerson, we make the following extracts:

Teachers are too much limited in their thoughts to dry and abstract subjects.— They need to spend more time in the study of Nature, examining the causes that give strength and vigor to the oak, as well as vigor and spirit to man. Too little is done to make men more manly; and teachers, especially, are in danger of losing their manliness, for want of exercise in the open air. Many examples can be referred to of the training of the ancients in manly exercise.

The forest and gardens are the schools where the first lessons in beauty are to be learned, they may be given in the school room, or the parlor, or by the way. Each mass of trees has its own elements of beauty, as distinct in its character as that of different individuals. Color, form and motion conspire to add beauty to the forests, as all these in infinite variety are combined, as trees are grouped in larger or smaller numbers. Some would have us study the elements of beauty, in paintings. But why not study the originals?

Doubtless the human form and "human face divine" are more beautiful, and of a higher order of beauty than any-

thing to be seen in the forest or the landscape. Childhood, in everything that belongs to it—how beautiful in its perfect trust, its guileless simplicity, its gentleness, its hopefulness, its quickness to enjoy the external about it in all the shapes and forms of life!

The time has come when instruction should be given to children to prepare them for the work they are going to engage in in the world, in a knowledge of those principles of science upon which the arts of farming, gardening and managing trees depend. The better educated teachers should make a beginning and set the example. Nothing so fully combines all the advantages of the exercise which teachers need in the open air, as the study of some branch of beauty. In concluding, the lecturer urged upon teachers the motives they have to form the higher spiritual natures of children. They should see that there is nothing in their own character which they would not willingly have reproduced in its flower and in its fruit.

The number of artificial water works for supplying cities and villages, in the United States, is 82; in the British Provinces, 7. The entire cost of them all is estimated at \$71,172,471. Water stock, as a public debt, is held to be very secure, and there are no water shares found in the market.

PROSPECTUS OF THE EDUCATIONALIST.

"Knowledge is Power."

The want of a periodical on Education, established on a free, enlightened, and common basis, through whose columns every teacher, and friend of free and unfettered education in the Province of Canada may express his views without official censorship, or interested centralisation has induced the publisher, advisedly, to undertake to publish a semi-monthly, bearing the title of the *Educationalist*.

As Teachers form the minds intellectually, and to a great extent morally of the youthful population of our country, a large share of the *Educationalist* will be devoted to their interests and improvement.

The literary articles of the *Educationalist* will embrace *seriatim* all the subjects taught in our Common Schools, and the articles on Chemistry, Mineralogy, Physiology, &c., will not be mere scraps, but a well digested series of easy reference for both teachers and families.

It is the intention of the publisher, and his friends to make the *Educationalist* the best Educational Periodical in Canada, and the assistance of some distinguished scholars and practical teachers has already been secured. An article on Agricultural Chemistry free from technical language will find a place in every issue.

The history of Canada and all matters connected with us industrial, and national developments, will obtain a prominent place in its columns.

The *Educationalist* will be strictly neutral in Politics and Religion, while it will strenuously uphold and maintain the sacred truth that Righteousness exalteth a nation.

Teachers and Superintendents are respectfully requested to act as agents for the *Educationalist*, and forward the names of subscribers to H. Spencer, Publisher, Brighton R. P. C. W. The first copy will be issued as soon as a sufficient number of subscribers can be obtained.

The *Educationalist* will be published at 50 cents a year in advance and if not paid until the end of three months one dollar will be charged.