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EDUCATIONALIST.

FIFTY CENTS A YEAR IN ADVANCE.]

"Knowledge is Power."

[AFTER THREE MONTHS ONE DOLLAR.

VOLUME I.

BRIGHTON, CANADA WEST, APRIL 15, 1861.

NUMBER 15

Doct's Corner.

LINES.

"How shall I make a mark in the world?"

BY H. E. TURNER.

Who would gain the lofty summit,
Of the mighty-mount of fame?
Would behind him, when departed,
Leave a never dying name?

Who would have the richest honors,
That society can give?
Who a life of shining glory,
Yea us, unceasingly to live?

Who would win a crown of laurels,
Wear it proudly on his head?
Rise a star of beaming brightness,
O'er the earth a lustre shed?

Who that holds a lowly station,
And whose life is just begun,
Would with splendor have it beaming,
Brighter than the noon-day sun?

Let him bravely struggle onward,
Bravely battle on in life,
And success shall be vouchsafed him,
He shall conquer in the strife.

Truth and Wisdom first of all things,
He should grasp with eager hand;
Onward, upward, be his watchword,
Error's temptings brave withstand.

See that not a moment's wasted,
Time is precious to us all;
Swiftly onward it is flying,
And it stops not at our call.

Be our efforts strong and earnest,
Then our mark in life we'll make
Then our names will never perish,
Though on earth we no more wake.

EMPLOYMENTS AND AMUSEMENTS OF CHILDREN.

Little restraint should be placed upon the boisterous merriment and activity of early childhood. Those exuberant spirits which constrain the little one to run, jump, climb trees, shout, laugh, and sing, are the wise provisions of Providence, not only for its happiness, but for its physical development. Following out its native impulses, its limbs become strong for the labor of after years, the lungs are strengthened for their important work, and the whole body acquires a perfection which, under the "quiet" system of management, is not possible for it to attain.

One of the most effectual means of promoting the happiness of children is to "keep them employed." But the employment must not be distasteful; their playful inclinations must be greatly consulted, and all labor or study made at-

tractive. For very young children, perhaps all employment should be really amusement, but when a few years have passed over them, it will be necessary that they be taught patiently to endure toil, although they become weary, and the task be unpleasant.

In how many ways may be effected the combination of labor and play, in a manner to promote the child's enjoyment,—not alone from the stimulus of agreeable exercise, but from the idea of being useful! A child, rightly trained, will delight to feel that he has done some good—that he has added to the happiness of others. With what keen pleasure will he sit down by the glowing fire on a stormy winter's day, when sliding, skating, snow-balling, and the like, are impracticable, to roast chestnuts, parch corn, and crack nuts, not only for his own eating, but his dear mamma, who is too busy to spend time for this purpose herself! How will he delight to sit by her side and pick out stitches, or read stories to her while she sews! One kiss from her sweet lips is an ample reward. Then, the gathering of snow to wash—the filling of the wood-box, for her approbation, become pleasant labors—amusements, even.

But one of the most useful entertainments for children, and one in which they may be led to take great delight is gardening. A spot of ground all their own, a hoe, a rake, a spade, their own property, and how assiduously will they work, digging the soil, laying out beds, sowing seeds and removing weeds. If required to keep it all in order, they may tire of the requisite labor, but if encouraged by the desire to do something nice in the way of furnishing the table with vegetables—of cultivating fine flowers for mamma's vase—or, if allowed the proceeds of their toil for pocket-money, how faithfully will they labor for the reward! The hope of reward is always a stimulus to effort. It may be a parent's smile, or a pocketful of pennies, but some inducement must be offered, or the energies will flag, and a habit of indolence obtain.

Even in maturity we do not work without a motive. The back-woodsman who, axe in hand, enters upon the stern labor

of subduing the wilderness, sees spread out before him, in some bright future, a beautiful home for his wife and children. The farmer who plows his ground in the storm, expects to reap golden harvests.—The citizen who bends over his folios in the counting-room, till his brain is weary and his eyes are dim, is, perchance looking forward for future wealth, days of independence, and retirement from business to the bosom of his family. The Christian, in the faithful occupation of his post, has his eye on "the mark of the prize." The philanthropist who, with his pitying heart, denies himself the comforts of life that he may relieve the "weary and heavy-laden," hears softly in the distance the approaching voice of his Master, the largest-souled philanthropist the world has ever known, saying, "I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me in; naked, and ye clothed me; I was sick and ye visited me; I was in prison, and ye came unto me!" The reformer, who, alone, braves the derisions of the world, and "presses the battle to the gate," hopes for the time when the truths he loves will be appreciated, and govern human action—when *might* shall be on the side of *right*. The student who grows pale with his midnight watchings, grows pale for the need of glory, or of usefulness. The warrior who dares the sword and the cannon's mouth, is urged onward by the hope of victory. Even so must it be with the child, some bright star of promise must shine in the skies, or he will prefer to fold his pinions in the vale of Indolence rather than spread them for the "upward flight."

And in all our intercourse with children, it would be well for us to remember that their feelings are but our own, with a tropical growth of luxuriance. The sun shines warmer on the plains of childhood than away up on the mountain-tops of maturity! The flowers of hope which spring there, although, perchance, more tender and transient, have deeper tints, and yield a richer, sweeter fragrance; the birds of joy that warble there are more melodious and wear a brighter plumage; and so also, perchance, are the serpents of

passion which lurk there more ready to in-
dict their passion. For all this we should
make allowance, and not attempt their go-
vernment altogether by our own cold stand-
ard, but we should go back to the child-
years of our own lives, think of their
smiles, their tears, think how the one, gush-
ing into our heart like the Spring's early
sunshine, was as quickly followed by the
other as the weepings of April dispel it—
think how, to our inexperienced minds,
there was no happiness like *our* happiness,
and no sorrow like *our* sorrows. We
should go back again, and feeling how
love was a full cup of gladness to our
hearts, and unkindness the bitterest
draught that we could drink, govern
gently, govern lovingly, govern sympa-
thizingly, with the full belief, that, as a
general thing:

"He who checks a child with terror,
Stops his play and kills his song;
Not alone commits an error,
But a grand and moral wrong."

We may prune and direct the vine we
have planted, but let us be careful lest by
a too free use of the former means—effica-
cious if used prudently to promote a noble
growth—we destroy its vigor. One or
two severe applications might be useful,
but five or ten might prove its ruin. One
may be too strict in family government,
as others are far too lax; not too strict
perhaps in insisting upon uprightness and
integrity, but too exacting in the require-
ment of attention to non-essentials.—
Especially should the parent be careful
when the child approaches the period of
life spoken of by Hugh Miller, in the
following passage from his "Autobiog-
raphy:"—

"There is," says he, "a transition
time in which the strength and indepen-
dence of the latent man begin to mingle
with the willfulness and indiscretion of
the mere boy, which is more perilous than
any other, and in which many more
downward careers of recklessness and folly
begin, that end in wreck and ruin, than
in all the other years of life which inter-
vene between childhood and old age.—
The growing lad should be wisely and
tenderly dealt with at this critical stage.
The severity that would fain compel
the implicit submission yielded at an
earlier period, would probably succeed, if
his character was a strong one, in insuring
but his ruin. It is at this transition
stage that boys run off to sea from their
parents and masters, or, when tall enough,
enlist in the army for soldiers. The
strictly orthodox parent, if more severe
than wise, succeeds occasionally in driv-

ing, during this crisis, his son into Popery
or infidelity; and the sternly moral one,
in landing his in utter profligacy. But,
leniently and judiciously dealt with, the
dangerous period passes,—in a few years
at most, in some instances in even a few
months,—the sobriety incidental to a fur-
ther development of character ensues, and
the wild-boy settles down into the rational
young man."



THE EDUCATIONALIST.

APRIL 15, 1861.

NOTICE.

In order to extend the circulation of the
EDUCATIONALIST, we issue a few copies
more than we have subscribers for,
which we send to our friends, whom we
will hold as subscribers unless the papers
are returned before the next number reaches
their post office.

TEACHERS' CONVENTION.

We were present, on the 23rd ult., at
the Quarterly Convention of the "Associ-
ation of School Teachers for the East
Riding of Northumberland," which was
held at Hilton. This Association has
been in existence rather over a year, and
appears to be in a flourishing condition.
We hope to be able to lay the minutes of
the meeting before our readers in our next
issue; meanwhile we cannot do better than
state some few ideas which were sug-
gested to our mind in witnessing the
proceedings of the Convention.

The only true method of improving the
social condition of our Teachers, consists
in raising their intellectual qualifications;
and we know of no better means of doing
this, than the encouragement of Institu-
tions of this description.

It is a fact that cannot be disputed,
that many of the professions are but ill
fitted for their business. It is true that
an examination must be passed and a cer-
tificate obtained, before they are allowed
to officiate as teachers; but this exami-
nation must necessarily be imperfect.—
The time is too limited. It is impossible,
in the few hours devoted to this object, to
do more than test the acquirements of the
candidates in the most elementary portions
of the subjects under consideration. The
examiners are, many of them, men who
have no practical experience in teaching;
and, therefore, that most important sub-

ject, school-government and organization,
is, in like cases cut off, entirely neg-
lected; moreover, in examinations, as at
present conducted, the candidates are put
in the position not of teachers, but of
learners. A good plan, as it seems to us,
would be to compel each candidate for a
certificate to illustrate some subject, as he
would to his pupils in the school-room—
And this is done to some extent in these
teachers' meetings. This operates bene-
ficially, not only on the appointed instruc-
tors, but on every individual present; for,
by this means, different methods of in-
struction are exemplified, and the hearers
have an opportunity of deciding on that
which best meets their own requirements
and circumstances. A healthy spirit of
emulation is also encouraged. Each feels
that he is on trial by his peers, and that
any error or short-coming will be immedi-
ately detected by an audience, each of
whom is engaged in the daily study and
explanation of the subject he is illustrat-
ing, and is therefore more careful than he
would be, were he never to leave his stu-
tion in the school-room, and to lecture
only to those, to whom his word is law,
and his opinions infallible. A spirit of
friendship is also engendered in those who
meet periodically to interchange opinions,
and to give each other the advantage of
discussing any new plans of instruction
or illustration which may have suggested
themselves to them. Teachers may, in
this way, become a band of brothers,
strong in unity; whereas, when each
works separately, their endeavors are con-
fused, jarring, chaotic. Great, truly, is
the virtue of union. United, every stroke
tells, the improvement of one becomes the
property of all; disorder and confusion
are replaced by organization and disci-
pline; *Cosmos* arises out of *Chaos*. We
hope the day is not far distant when not
only every county, but every township in
Canada will have its Teachers' Union,
believing that by this means not only will
the position of the teacher be improved,
but that, consequent on that improvement,
the people will become better educated,
and therefore more fitted for the high po-
sition that our Province must eventually
hold among the nations of the world; and
that the light of literature and science
will fill the land, in glorious anticipation
of that great promised era, when "the
earth shall be filled with the knowledge
of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea,"
when "all our children shall be taught of
the Lord, and great shall be the peace of
our children."

(From the Connecticut School Manual.)

PLEASURES OF SCHOOL TEACHING.

The communication in the Manual upon the *Sorrows of School Keeping*, it seemed to me, did not tell the whole truth, only one side of the truth, and that, too, not the most desirable to have told. It is lamentable that teachers, who are engaged in a work necessarily attended with much perplexity and trial of patience, should be subjected to so many evils which are not necessary. Green wood housed in the ditch, broken windows, tardy scholars, and officious parents, are needless annoyances, and should be speedily removed. And being removed, I doubt whether the business of the teacher is any more sorrowful than any other employment or profession. With a convenient school-house, and scholars well supplied with books, I find more pleasures than sorrows, in teaching. There is, first, the pleasure of being engaged in a useful and noble work. No matter what public opinion says of teaching, it is, in itself, an employment as honorable as any other.— Look at the common lawyer; forever meddling with other people's business,— looking into their little, foolish quarrels; blackening or whitewashing, as the case may be, some good-for-nothing character; familiar, for the most part, with the vices, cheatings, duplicity, and all manner of meannesses of mankind; and one would suppose, not without a fair share of perplexities, and annoyances;—is his profession altogether blessed? Is it most improving to his mind or heart?

Or the physician, working over the bodily bruises, sores, contagions and all manner of ills to which *flesh* is heir; riding, if not "boarding, round," called up every dark and stormy night to leave wife and home, to attend the pressing calls of disease, which a bad night never fails to produce;—is his calling so very desirable? Is he free from anxieties, cares, troubles and all sorrows? Or shall the clergyman, with a half dozen snarling parishioners finding fault with his orthodoxy, or with his stupid mesmerizing sermons, or with his partiality in visiting the people, or prying into his family to detect some deficiency, —shall be pronounced the happiest of men?

True all these men are, about a useful and respectable work; but no more so than the teacher. What is a professor in college but a teacher? And his station

commands the best talents, men leave other honourable professions to be teachers of students. Yet a college teacher does not do as much to form character,— the mental and moral habits of the young, as the teacher of a district school. He is with his class only one, or two hours a day, scarcely knows their names, rarely passes a social five minutes with one of them, and cannot exert the influence upon character which the common teacher, who is with his scholars constantly, must have. Nor is the hearer of lessons recited in Latin and Greek and the higher mathematics, more improving to himself, than hearing the lessons of the school is to the public teacher. *Opinion* places teaching in college in a higher rank, and gives it a steadier home and better pay. But, whether it is more useful or honourable depends not upon the station or kind of teaching, but upon the teacher.

There is, again, the pleasure, of watching the growth and development of mind. The district school teacher, above all others, has this happiness. Minds of all kinds and peculiarities are under his training, and at a time when their expansion is so rapid that it can be seen. There is pleasure in seeing the opening bud of the flower, and the amateur gardener is in raptures every morning as he visits his "vegetable children." It is one of the purest joys of life to watch the growth of whatever nature, through our agency, is forming and maturing. The teacher of children and youth has this joy. Under his training, one faculty after another of the young mind, is shooting up, and giving promise of what it is soon to become. In every child there are all the susceptibilities and faculties of a Newton, a Napoleon, or a Paul; and the teacher is watching to see in how many, or in what favoured one, these may exist, in as great a degree. Half the distinguished men of our state and nation once sat, children, in the district school. And many of them enjoyed no advantage of instruction beyond this school. Probably four-fifths of all who will make themselves felt upon this world, in thirty or forty years hence, are now in these humble temples of learning; and the character and extent of their influence are every day being affected by the teacher. In all this there is a subject of pleasing reflection. How many men have blessed—and some have cursed, their early teachers! The teacher is conscious that he can turn those young faculties and susceptibilities into almost any chan-

nel, it is his express work to mould them into the noblest forms of manhood. And daily he can see them assume shape and permanence under his moulding hand.

To the teacher belongs the pleasure of invention. He can continually try new modes of teaching; see what manner of conducting recitations is best calculated to impress and discipline mind. He can experiment upon dull heads and upon bright ones. And one deeply interested in teaching, will continually be devising new ways of cultivating the temper, disposition, and whole character of his pupils. He finds this improving to himself, and profitable for the school.

On the whole, I cannot see why the business of teaching is not as full of pleasures as any other. Every calling has its cares and sorrows; even *doing nothing* is said to be a miserable business. Remove from teaching what need not and should not be incidental to it; give the teacher a home and a fair compensation, and he has no reason to complain above other men. One of the happiest men that I know is a school teacher, and has been for many years. He meets with more truly smiling countenances than the lawyer, physician, or minister. He improves himself as much as most men in other professions, and his usefulness is probably greater than it would be if he was in any other station. Let not teachers change their profession with the expectation of lessening their sorrow; but, if they love it, let them continue in it, and they will increase their pleasures.

SOLO.

PICTURES.—A room with pictures in it, and a room without pictures, differ about as much as a room with windows and a room without windows. Nothing we think is more melancholy, particularly to a person who has to pass much time in his room, than bleak walls with nothing on them,—for pictures are loop holes of escape to the soul, leading to other scenes, and other spheres. It is such an inexpressible relief to a person engaged in writing or even reading, on looking up, not to have his line of vision chopped off by an odious white wall, but to find his soul escaping, as it were, through the frame of an exquisite picture, to other beautiful and perhaps heavenly scenes, where the fancy for a moment may revel, refreshed and delighted. Thus pictures are consolers of loneliness; they are a relief to the jaded mind; they are windows to the imprisoned thought; they are histories and sermons, which we can read without the trouble of turning over the leaves.—*Doering.*

(From Moore's Rural New Yorker.)

THE LAKE OF THE MOUNTAIN.

During our Canadian sojourn, while we dwelt in that loveliest of all cottage retreats,—sweet Shady Side,—which nestled among embowering trees, and overlooked the picturesque and most beautiful Bay of Quinte, my husband one day proposed we should take a drive to the far famed Lake of the Mountain, which lay about five miles distant down the Bay. Having procured an open carriage, with a black selim gaily prancing before it, the wee birdlings of our nest and a basket of lunch were packed in, and leaving the house and baby Charlie to the care of faithful Jenny, my maid of all work, we resolved to throw off the cares and responsibilities of life, and make the most of our so seldom afforded day's recreation. And none but those who have spent many weary months in the school-room, and sick chamber, can tell how intensely that ride was enjoyed. Report had told us much of the beauties of the way, and a trip by steam up the Bay had confirmed the tale, so we knew a rich treat was in store for us. And certainly, of all the pleasant memories my life affords, that ride is the richest in varied and beautiful views it has ever been my lot to enjoy.

Our route lay along the high ridges and table lands that extend back from the Bay, and its waters, like a sheet of silver, lay gleaming through the trees, with the white sails of the "Sea Bird" and "Flying Cloud" slowly gliding over its surface, now curving round some graceful point, then losing themselves behind the lofty headlands, that rose far above the water, their perpendicular sides half concealed by briar rose, blue bells, and wild honey-suckle which, creeping down their rocky face, kissed their shadows in the liquid mirror beneath. The opposite shore lay in fair beauty, with its green, sunny points, gently swelling hills and plains, luxuriant even to the water's edge with highly cultivated farms, pleasant homes, parks and pleasure grounds, stretching away far as the eye could reach. And amid this magnificent panorama, ever changing, ever beautiful, one forgets in their enthusiasm to wish for the ruined castle or old monastery that should give it renown and perfect its glory.

But one must not linger too long on these romantic shores, though they are fresh and green in my memory as when I last looked upon them many years ago. All too soon we found ourselves on the shore of the wau-

drous lake, which lay in gem-like beauty on the very brow of the mountain, three hundred feet above the waters of the Bay below. No source of supply has ever been discovered, nor its death fashioned; its only outlet, a tiny stream, rushed in wild, playful leaps, down the precipitous side of the mountain.

With thoughtful and wrapt pleasure we greeted this fair lake-well of the mountain, musing upon its mysterious birth. Was it indeed the child of some ancient volcano, cradled in its extinct crater, and nourished from the hidden depths of the earth? Or was it, as others said, a fathomless fountain, fed subterraneously by distant Lake Erie, with which its attitude is said to correspond? And here fancy, taking a wild leap, suggested imaginative possibilities of its construction long ago, by that extinct race of men who once peopled this continent, traces of whose noble and highly civilized works yet remain. Had it been a reservoir with mains deep laid reaching to that distant lake whence they drew their primitive "Croton" to supply the vast cities that have extended on either side of the Bay, which Nineveh of old was yet the glory of the East? Time had left no records for us to study, and slowly we came back to the Lake before us. Strange and sombre it lay, everywhere surrounded by a dense forest, tall pines ever wafting o'er it their fragrance and solemn music, save where a little hamlet clustered between it and the Bay shore, with its neat white cottages and luxuriant fruit gardens. Here our little party stopped for rest and refreshment. An hour was spent in tracing out wild romantic paths in the woods, or, as the children, willed, gamboling on the white sands that, like a gleaming line of light, encircled the water, contrasting finely with the dark, overhanging shades of the forest. At length, wearied and hungry, we sat down to lunch under the wild grape vines that formed graceful arbors amid the trees. Then with beauty and delight enough to keep our hearts fresh and glowing another three months term, we prepared for our homeward ride, and that, together with the pleasant tea-drinking at the quaint old mansion of "Burnside," was enjoyed with scarcely less pleasure than the morning's ride had been.

Mrs. F. A. Dick.
Buffalo, N. Y., 1861.

When you look at a picture, you try to give it the advantage of a good light. Be as generous to your fellow-beings and all will be well.

THE LITTLE SAMARITAN.

BY MISS M. W. TOWLE.

"In as much as ye did it unto one of the least of these ye did unto me"

Eddie.—Come, Willie, why don't you hurry? Here goes the old woman I told you about—just see what a comical thing she is.

Willie.—Aye, that she is; let me go round to the other corner and scatter stones for her to stumble over, and you talk with her while I am getting the sport ready.

While the two boys were holding this conversation, a sweet little girl, with a bright, truthful face, passed them, and, hearing a part of their proposed plan, waited to see if the boys (who were her schoolmates) really intended to lay such a cruel snare for the unsuspecting old woman, and then, bounding forward with a quick step, she determined to interpose in her behalf. Ere she could reach the fatal corner, however, the mischievous deed had been done, and the poor infirm old creature lay prostrated on the sidewalk. Mittie hastened to the spot, and with a kind, sympathetic voice, exclaimed, "Oh! I am so sorry you have fallen! Are you hurt? take my hand, I will help you up."

"Never mind, dear child, I am a poor old creature that no one cares for."

"But," said Mittie, "I care for you, and I know you are hurt."

Just then a gentleman drew near, whose face was familiar to Mittie, and she said—

"Wait, Mr. Benton, do assist this poor old lady to rise; those wicked boys have thrown stones on the sidewalk, on purpose for her to stumble over, and she has fallen and hurt herself so badly!"

Mr. B—— paused, and, lifting the sufferer from her prostrate position, set her upon the sidewalk, while Mittie ran home to her papa for more efficient aid.

As she approached her home, she saw her father in the garden, pruning the grape vines, and, hastening to him, exclaimed:

"Father, dear father, will you get the pony, and mother's easy chaise, and take a poor old lady home, who has fallen on the sidewalk, and hurt herself? Oh, do, dear father, quick."

Her papa thought at first, he could not leave his work; but finally, yielding to her entreaties, he took the horse and carriage, which was standing at the door, and drove, with Mittie to the place where she had left her charge. In attempting

to raise the poor creature from the sidewalk to the carriage; he observed she was in great pain, and when she told him she had dislocated her hip, he knew that she must be suffering intensely."

"Drive slowly, father," said Mittie "she lives just round the corner of our street, in that little brown cottage."

"Oh, you are too kind, sweet child," said the suffering woman; "I am not worth all this trouble you are taking for me."

"Yes you are," replied the tender hearted child; "I love old people, and it always makes me sad to see them treated unkindly."

Just then, they reached the humble dwelling of the old lady; Mr. W. carried her into the house, while Mittie ran for their physician. After an hour of intense suffering, the dislocated limb was replaced, and our kind little Mittie installed, at her own request, as nurse to the invalid.

The loving, tender little watcher, spent a part of each day at the cottage, and always chose to devote the time she had usually given to play, to the childless, suffering old lady, who regarded her as she would have done an angel visitant.

Mittie had frequently read to her from the word of God, and it was while thus engaged; that her aged friend said to her, "Why, my dear child, do you come so often to comfort and cheer me in my lonely home?"

"Because I love to," replied the child, "and I know if Jesus were on earth He would come to comfort you too."

"Ah! yes," replied the aged disciple, "it is for Christ's sake you have done all this for me, and you will be richly rewarded, darling for the blessed Saviour himself has said, 'In as much as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto me.'"

HOME.—How touchingly beautiful are the relations of home! There each is bound by an electric chain, that seems to pass to all hearts in the family group; so that one cannot enjoy pleasure unless all partake in it. If one heart is oppressed, all sympathize; if one is exalted, all must share the happiness. It is in the home where the aching heart is soothed, where the oppressed are relieved, the outcast reclaimed, the sick healed, or falling, the tear of joy drops from the mourner's eyes, when the dear ones are gathered to their long home.—Selected.

EXAMINATION OF TEACHERS.

[The following valuable remarks we take from the Annual Report on Public Schools in Rhode Island.]

"I think the time has arrived, when these should be more comprehensive and more thorough. The evidence can not be ignored, that these examinations are, in quite too many instances, altogether superficial, nor are they made in the right direction. I apprehend, that a question or two in geography—perhaps as many more in history—a paragraph in reading—a few words in spelling—a sample of penmanship—a reference to the very simplest elements of grammar—the repetition of a few rules of arithmetic, and the solution of a problem, make up the whole of very many examinations, all of which may be *passed through*, without so much as touching the *real* qualifications of a teacher: his idea of manners, of morals, of discipline, of *teaching*. Guizot remarks, 'That a good schoolmaster ought to be a man who knows much more than he is called upon to teach, that he may teach with interest, intelligence, and taste; who is to live in an humble sphere, and yet have a noble and elevated soul, that he may preserve that dignity of mind and deportment, without which he will never obtain the respect and confidence of families; who possesses a rare mixture of gentleness and firmness; * * * * * a man not ignorant of his rights, but thinking much more of his duties; not given to change, but satisfied with his situation, because it gives him the power of doing good. A bad schoolmaster, like a bad parish priest, is a scourge to the community, and, though we are often obliged to be contented with indifferent ones, we must do our best to improve the average quality.' The schoolmaster should not merely *know*; he should know *how*—just as a farmer should not only know enough to hold a plow, but should know *how* to hold it. Very many teachers have sufficient endowment, and intellectual culture, while they are quite ignorant of the *art* of teaching. Their labors are awkward and ill advised, and consequently they fail. Their schools are dull, lifeless, with no system—no purpose—no mental activity—no progress."

EARTH'S TREASURES.

There are as many opinions afloat in the world, as to what the treasury of the earth consist, as there are blessings which compose it, and invariably; will each class

be found bending all their energies toward securing their ideal treasure. They who find it in shining gold, or glittering pearls, may be seen wending their way over rugged heights, and deep ravines, to the golden land of promise—or perchance, plunging far below things animate in order to glean from Ocean depths, the wished-for treasure. With this class, no sacrifice seems too great to offer,—life, health, home and friends, are objects not too dear to be relinquished, if only their ideal treasure be won.

With another class, wealth seems to possess no charms, but Fame's broad scroll is unrolled, and they gaze upon the names thereon inscribed, with an inherent desire to see their own written in more glowing characters, far above those of their predecessors; and being actuated with such emotions, they begin their arduous task. Inspired by a vain, delusive hope, they struggle onward until the wheels of life grow weary; and if, perchance, their hopes are realized, in getting to themselves a name, which is to live while "ceaseless ages roll," what a worthless treasure, when so soon they must pass from sublunary scenes, to an untried eternity.

There is another class whose treasures are found amid the groveling, sensual things of earth—of these we forbear to write.

But there is a treasure obtainable on earth upon which we love to dwell, for it proves to be not only a beacon light to guide the mariner over life's tempestuous ocean, but serves to point out to other shoals and breakers of false doctrine and sin. The miser, the lover of fame, and the pleasure seeker, feel the influence of that irradiating power as its possessor moves along unruffled by the storms of life, and when the grave messenger, Death, approaches, how quickly he smiles a welcome. Such is earth's noblest, heaven-bought treasure,—"the pearl of great price." Reader, would you seek it?—you may obtain it without money and without price, and it shall not only secure thy happiness in this world, but in the world to come,—life everlasting.

Salt Lake is probably the saltiest body of water on the globe. Three barrels of this water are said to yield a barrel of salt. The water is of light green color for about ten or twenty rods, and then dark blue. No fish can live in it—no frogs abide in it—and but few birds are seen dipping in it.

*INSECT LIFE.

A Lecture delivered before the Mechanics' Institute of Port Hope, Whitby, Newcastle, and Belleville,

BY THE REV. BR. SHORTT.

(From the Home Circle.)

The benefit of observing the habits of insects may be illustrated by the fact related that when Mohomet, exposed to the wrath of his enemies, fled from Mecca in company with Alubekar, they took refuge in a cave three miles from the city, called the cave of Ther, where the two fugitives concealed themselves for three days. His pursuers coming to the cave found that a spider had woven a web across the entrance, from which circumstance they judged that no one could have recently entered it. They accordingly retired without examining the interior. Mohomet and his companion afterwards escaped in safety. But for that spider's web Mohomet had then lost his life, and all the wide spread influence of his conquests would never have existed.

The celebrated Damonlin effected his escape from the massacre of St. Bartholomew by creeping into an oven, over the mouth of which a spider immediately wove a web. When the murderers inspected the premises, they passed by the oven without looking in, saying that it was plain no one could have been there for some days.

The weather has been accurately foretold by observing the habits of the spider: and deliverance from prison effected thereby. Quatremér Disjonvol, a Frenchman by birth, was adjutant general in Holland, and took an active part on the side of the Dutch patriots, when they revolted against the Stadtholder, and on the arrival of the Prussian army, under the Duke of Brunswick, he was immediately taken, tried, and having been condemned to twenty-five years imprisonment, was incarcerated in a dungeon at Utrecht, where he remained eight years. Spiders, which are the constant, and frequently the sole companions of the unhappy inmates of such places, were almost the only living objects which he saw.—Partly to beguile the tedious monotony of his life, and partly from a taste which he had imbibed for natural history, he began to seek employment, and eventually found amusement in watching the habits and amusements of his tiny fellow-prisoners. He soon remarked that certain actions of spiders were intimately connected with

approaching changes in the weather. Farther observation confirmed him in the belief that they were in the highest degree sensitive of approaching changes in the atmosphere, and that their retirement and reappearance, their weaving of their webs, and their general habits were a true and a real intimation of what kind of weather might be expected. Disjonvol, in the course of his eight years' imprisonment, pursued his enquiries with so much industry and intelligence that he was able to prognosticate, from the movements of the spiders, the approach of severe weather, from ten to fourteen days before the change set in. This knowledge eventually led to his release from prison, which occurred in the following manner: When the troops of the French Republic overran Holland in the winter of 1794, and kept pushing forward over the ice, a sudden and unexpected thaw threatened the necessity of the troops' withdrawal. The French generals were seriously thinking of retreating, when Disjonvol, who hoped the success of the French would lead to his release, succeeded in getting a letter conveyed to the French general, in which he assured him, from the peculiar actions of the spiders, of whose movements he was now enabled to judge with perfect accuracy, that within fourteen days there would be a severe frost. The commander of the French forces believed his prognostication, and persevered. The cold weather made its appearance in twelve days, with such intensity that the ice in the rivers and canals became capable of bearing the heaviest artillery. On the 28th Jan., 1795, the French army entered Utrecht in triumph, and Disjonvol, who had watched the habits of his spiders with so much intelligence and success, was, as a reward for his ingenuity, released from prison.

Spiders are not the only insect that practice the art of spinning. Many caterpillars aid themselves in moving from place to place by this process, especially in their progression over smooth surfaces, and also in descending from a height through the air. The caterpillars of the cabbage butterfly are thus enabled to climb up and down a pane of glass, for which purpose it fixes the threads that it spins in a zig-zag line, forming so many steps of a rope ladder. Other caterpillars which feed in trees, and have often occasion to descend from one branch to another, send out a line, which they can prolong indefinitely; and thus, suspend themselves in the air, or let themselves

down to the ground. They contrive, while walking, to spin a thread as they advance, so that they can always retrace their steps, by gathering up the clue they have cast, and re-ascend to the height from which they allowed themselves to drop.

How remarkably adapted are the organs of all creatures for the uses they require. We find that insects destined to move in the water, have, sometimes all their legs, but occasionally only one pair lengthened and expanded into broad triangular surfaces, capable of acting as oars, and these surfaces are farther extended by the addition of marginal fringes, of hair, so disposed as to project and set upon the water every time the impulse is given, but to bend down when the leg is drawn up preparatory to the succeeding stroke; thus producing the same effect as what is called "feathering the oar."—Whoever could adopt such an arrangement to the paddle of steamboats will soon make his fortune. The insect called the boatman, is so shaped as always to swim on its back, which resembles somewhat the bottom of a boat. Its long pair of legs, extending at right angles to the body, are remarkably similar to the oars of a boat, and act in the same way.

The feats of agility and strength exhibited by insects have, often been the theme of admiration with writers on natural history; and offered incontrovertible proofs of the enormous power with which their muscles are endowed.—A remarkable instance of the force and permanence of muscular contraction is exhibited by those caterpillars which frequently remain, for hours together, in a fixed attitude with their bodies extended in a partly horizontal position from a twig, to which they cling with their hind legs alone. Ants will carry loads 40 or 50 times heavier than their bodies. Linnæus has computed that the *chaffer* is, in proportion to its bulk, more than six times stronger than the horse. And he has asserted, that if the same proportional strength as the stag beetle possesses, had been given to the elephant, that animal would have been capable of tearing up by the roots, the largest trees, and of hurling huge works against his assailants, like the fabled giants of the ancient mythology.

Great as the power is which insects possess in proportion to their size, the imagination of those who had not knowledge enough, to enable them to search out facts, has far outstripped the surprising reality, and has clothed insects with all the terms of supernatural might. It has been truly

said that ignorance is the mother of superstition. How often have the hours of childhood been rendered miserable, by superstitions which have been improperly connected in their minds with insects, from the dense ignorance prevailing respecting the true nature and habits of these creatures on the part of those to whose care young children have been entrusted. Children have thus acquired feelings in reference to insects which all their after knowledge in future years has not enabled them wholly to overcome. They have been wrongly led to look with horror and disgust on living beings which are the result of the skill and power of the same Creator. The appearance and the action of insects, which, were children properly instructed, would teach them to admire and adore the power, wisdom, and goodness of God, have caused to be connected in their tender and pliable imaginations with the supposed freaks of imaginary Spirits of Evil. How many persons have been themselves terrified, and have themselves terrified others, in consequence of not knowing more of insect life.

Much more might be said on the interesting subject before us. Many facts might be brought forward, showing the surprising effects of instinct; and illustrating the wonderful display of the Almighty's power in this portion of His creating and persevering work. But I should probably weary you by any greater multiplicity of details than have now been presented. One of my principal objects in addressing you will be accomplished, if I have succeeded in exciting your curiosity so far, as to induce you to read some of the many excellent, edifying, and amusing works which have been written on the Science of Entomology, the wonders of "Insect Life." The work of Kirby and Spence is one of the best of these; but there are others, less voluminous, and of later date. I shall never forget with what interest I read "Kirby and Spence's Entomology," borrowed from the Garrison Library, at Quebec, in the year 1827. At that age I should have taken but little pleasure in its perusal, if it were not written in a very different style from the dry and tedious form presented by many treatises on various branches of knowledge. The book possesses the advantage of being truly scientific, while it is plain and intelligible to all. And better still, there is a vein of true piety, running thro' the whole, a leaven of godliness which, unobtrusively, leavens all the book. Thus it is, which

so highly recommends it to every one who is anxious for the cultivation of the mind, and advancement of knowledge, at the least possible risk of pandering to the pride of intellect; and with the least danger of fostering that natural tendency to infidelity, so unhappily ministered to, by many pleasing, plausible, and able writers and speakers of the present day.

There is a Christian stand-point from which all-secular knowledge may be viewed, and from which alone it can be viewed truly. All truth is one. It emanates from the one True God; and whether it be Secular, or Religious; whether it be Moral, Physical, Social, Political or Personal; it must throughout consistent with itself. The Almighty is the God of Providence, as well as of Grace; the creator and controller of matter in all its forms and combinations, as well as of Spirit in all its developments. "Knowledge is Power." But partial, one-sided knowledge, Secular knowledge separated from Religious knowledge, is only power for evil. An intimate acquaintance with all the laws of nature may be attained by the diligent Student; but if he have not learned how the laws of nature are the laws of God, his knowledge may rather tend to confirm him in an infidel pride of intellect; and to lead to entire neglect of those other laws of God which relate to the moral character, and which concern the Spiritual and eternal existence.

Irrational, fanatical, and destitute of common sense is the position of those who imagine that immortal beings can safely pass through this world, and happily enter another, in practical ignorance that their souls are immortal and responsible. Idiotically absurd is the proposition which should assert any propriety in separating from each other the Book of Nature, and the Book of Revelation.

Kirby well remarks: "The Works of God, and the Word of God may be called the two doors which open into the Temple of Truth; and both proceed from the Almighty and Omniscient Author, they cannot, if rightly interpreted contradict each other, but must mutually illustrate and confirm, though each in different sort and manner, the same truths."—Doubtless, it was with this conviction on his mind, that the learned and pious Professor of Natural History in the University of Liège expressed his opinion—that in order rightly to understand the voice of God, we ought to enter the august temple of nature with the Bible in our hands.

TEACHERS SHOULD STUDY.

Much has been said and written on both the art and science of teaching. But I apprehend that half of the battle of teaching is won when the teacher comes before his pupils with that freshness which is the result of daily study. It is this more than anything else which gives life and animation to teaching.

The teacher should never make present attainments, in any study, a finality. There is hardly such a thing as a finality to any subject. What have been considered as finalities have given way, like gossamer, before investigation.

Teachers should study many authors on every branch which they are called upon to teach. All the better if they review them for the hundredth time; some new thought will be elicited and old ones revived. The teacher will thus go before his school anticipating his pupils' difficulties, and can impart instruction with eloquence, incite attention, awaken thought, and cause the vacant stare to give place to conscious intelligence.

Without study the teacher will soon exhaust his stock of knowledge. He will then wonder at the restlessness of his pupils and the difficulty in managing his school. He has fairly taught himself thread-bare and the keen eyes of his pupils see it. This must be the fate of every teacher who does not study and keep posted.

We place this habit of the teacher of studying in advance of the lesson to be taught, in the front rank of qualifications for success. Because a teacher that has this habit is earnest and striving to rise in his profession, and, as a consequence, will improve both himself and his school.

The teacher should not only study for ideas, but for methods of imparting the same, and inciting thought in his pupils. Here is another secret in teaching.—Where manner and matter go together in the teacher, success must follow. What is the best method of presenting a subject, should be a constant thought with the teacher. Any one method of conducting a recitation will become dull and monotonous.

In short, the teacher who would discharge the debt which he owes to his profession must be the most studious and industrious of men. If we honor our profession, it will honor us.—N. T. Teacher,

A DIFFICULT QUESTION ANSWERED.

Can any body tell why, when Eve was manufactured from one of Adam's ribs, a hired girl wasn't made at the same time to wait on her?—*Exchange.*

We can say! Because Adam never came whining to Eve with a ragged stocking to be darned, a collar-string to be sewed on, or a glove to be mended "right away, quick now!" Because he never read the newspaper until the sun got down behind the palm tree, and then stretched himself, yawning out, "Ain't supper most ready, my dear?" Not he. He made the fire and hung over the tea-kettle himself we'll venture, and pulled the radishes, and peeled the bananas, and did every thing else that he'd ought to do! He milked the cows and fed the chickens, and looked after the pigs himself. He never brought home half a dozen friends to dinner, when Eve hadn't any fresh pomegranates, and the mango season was over! He never stayed out until eleven o'clock to a "ward-meeting," hurraking for the out-and-out candidate, and then scolding because poor dear Eve was sitting up and crying inside the gates. To be sure he acted rather cowardly about apple-gathering time, but then that didn't depreciate his general helpfulness about the garden! He never played billiards, nor drove fast horses, nor choked Eve with cigar smoke. He never loafed around corner groceries while solitary Eve was rocking little Cain's cradle at home. In short, he did not think she was specially created for that purpose of waiting on him, and wasn't under the impression that it disgraced a man to lighten his wife's cares a little.

That's the reason that Eve did not need a hired girl, and we wish it was the reason that none of her fair descendants did.—*Life Illustrated.*

HOW MUSIC IS MADE UP.

The following ingenious and beautifully expressed thoughts upon the sources of music, are from the pen of Taylor, of the Chicago Journal:

It is a curious thought that the great translators of the dialect of heaven—the Mozarts, the Handels, and Jubals of all time—have caught their notes from the hammers of Tubal Cain, or the murmur of running streams, or the winds sighing among the reeds, or the songs of singing birds, that, should there be a bird convention, upon a summer's day by a flowing

river near a ringing forge, and some master-piece that has rolled a tone of melody thro' mighty ministers, were performed, its author would be pronounced a faithful listener—"only this and nothing more." How the robin would claim its warble, and the brown-thrush recognize its own; the bell-note, Robert O'Lincoln would catch up and repeat, and the quail whistle back its little share of the song. The soft-sighing winds would echo a tone now and then; the stream, through the reeds, murmur on with its own, the hammers beat out the battle-like strain, and the rain on the roof wash away a whole bar of "the score."

So, when the anthem was ended, it would all be drifted, like the down of the thistle, back to nature and labor again. The lark would go up with a carol, and the little ground sparrow fly away with a note, and the music be scattered abroad.

A GOOD OLD MAN.

A good old man is the best antiquity, and which we may with least vanity admire, one which time has been thus long a working, and, like winter fruit ripened, while others are shaken down. He hath taken out as many lessons of the world as days, and learned the best thing in it—the vanity of it. He looks over his former life as a danger well past, and would not hazard himself to begin again. The near door of death saps him not, but he expects it calmly as his turn in nature, and fears more his recoiling back to childishness than dust. All men look to him as a common father, and an old age, for his sake, as reverent. He practices his experience on youth, without the harshness of reproof, and in his counsel is good company. He has some old stories still of his own seeing to confirm what he says, and makes them better in the telling; yet is not troublesome with the same tale again, but remembers with them how often he has told them. He is not apt to put the boy on a younger man, nor the fool on a boy, but can distinguish gravity from a sour look, and the less testy he is the more regarded. You must pardon him if he likes his own times better than these, because those things are follies to him now, that were wisdom then; yet he makes of that opinion too when we see him, and conjectures those times by so good a relic. He goes away at last, whensoever, with all men's sorrow but his own; and his memory is fresh when it is twice as old.—*Bishop Earle.*

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