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"Knowledge is Power."

[AFTER THREE MONTHS ONE DOLLAR.]

VOLUME I.

BRIGHTON, CANADA WEST, MARCH 16, 1861.

NUMBER 13

Poet's Corner.

AMBITION.

BY JOSEPH BARBER.

Aspire!
But be not led,
Godless, to tread
On love's cleft heart and Honor's head
By mad Ambition's father dread
Of crimes most dire!

Aspire!
But ah! beware
The slippery stair,
Whose steps are treach'rous—climb not there!
Lo! on the top most stands Despair,
With goad of fire!

Aspire!
Not only power
Or golden dower—
Falls things demolished in an hour;
The level earth to Babel's tower
To God was higher!

Aspire!
Yet do not crave
The wreath or grave
Won by Ambition's butchering slave;
Not those who smite, but those who save,
True fame acquire!

Aspire!
The mount in breast
Throned on whose crest,
Fair Honor crowns her toil worn guest:
There is a realm of perfect rest
A little higher!

Aspire!
Christ goes before;
Excelsior!
From height to height, 'til life is o'er,
March, to the Music angels pour
From every lyre!

Aspire!
Ambition waits
'Mid sins and faults;
But earnest Truth all wrongs assaults,
And over every barrier vaults
To God, its she!

(From the New Era.)

THE TEACHER'S MISSION.

BY MISS M. J. MORTON.

[The following Essay was delivered before the Teachers' Association of this County at its last meeting—Ed. Era.]

In the mechanism of nature we behold a wise economy, far surpassing anything exhibited in the most transcendent accomplishments of art. No man can ascend into the heavens and view the revolutions of the planetary system without being struck with solemn awe; or descend into the earth and learn its complex structure without feeling a nothingness in himself; for, of a truth, he exclaims, "a great mind hath conceived—a mighty hand hath performed these things."—Wherever we turn our eyes we behold unprecedented workmanship, perfect har-

mony; and while we admire the achievements of the great masterbuilder this much forgotten truth presents itself to our minds. Everything has its work to do—its mission to perform; and, though the earth has been engaged in the fulfilment of her duties nearly 6000 years, yet she is no more remiss to-day than when she emanated from the hand of the Creator. The same with every thing God has created. Well might we exclaim, "When I behold the heavens—the work of thy fingers, the moon and stars which thou hast ordained, what is man?" Though the nations in the sight of Omnipotence are "as the small dust of the balance, yet, individually, man hath his mission to fulfil." The queen upon the throne, the pauper in the street, are alike responsible for the accomplishment of their task. Alexander, Cæsar, and Napoleon had their work to do; it is done, and you and I have our part to play in the great drama of human affairs. We, as individuals, who are set apart as teachers of the rising generation, should make serious inquiries concerning our duties.

The Teacher's Mission. This is a broad extensive field; we would not dare presume to explore it. It sufficeth for us to sail around the coast, gather here and there a gem, and leave the interior with its rich diamonds and costly jewels for brighter talents—a greater mind.

We speak in eloquent terms of the minister's calling, what is it? to direct in a right channel that teaching already committed to the hands of the pedagogue. We admire the high and holy office of a parent, but too frequently children are hurried to the school-room, there to be educated physically, mentally, morally and religiously, if this portion of their education they receive at all.

It is a part of the teacher's task to develop the child's physical frame and teach its nature's laws. We must also improve its mental faculties, the training of that mind destined to live forever in happiness, or go down to the cold grasp of death, is comitted to him. Who can tell the height, the depth of the teacher's calling? We look over the broad Atlantic—its dashing waves—its foaming billows, and form an idea of its extent and power; we turn our eyes to the snow-crowned hills of Switzerland, whose summits appear to hold communion with heaven itself, and measure their height and calculate their magnitude; but who can tell the extent—the power—or the grandeur of the Teacher's Mission? We take an historic view of the past and learn the work of ages. We look at Garibaldi's movements and venture to conceive in our own minds the results of his labors; we go farther and lift the impenetrable veil which obscures the future, to take a glance of coming events; but, who can conceive the result of the teacher's labors or lift the

mighty curtain and expose to view in the resplendent light of an intellectual sun, the importance of the Teacher's Mission?—Dr. Cummins, in a recent lecture, speaking of the religious world, remarks that fashion is become the Sinai of some—the Gerizim of others. Let us erect a standard fashion to-day to become the Sinai of every teacher—to study to know the extent of our accountability.

The teacher's calling is a trying one. Are there not those here who through many long years have climbed up a hill as it were a glare of ice? You remember when you stood in the valley and viewed the top. It was an arduous undertaking; but you have gained the summit. How did you accomplish your task? You learned the steps you were to take; you walked in them; you triumphed, or in other words, you learned your duty and performed it; you looked back to the hour when you first left your father's house a teacher, you remember the scalding tear—the crimson cheek, compelled to bear the ridicule of an ignorant populace. Ah! those darts of pain are not yet forgotten which pierced your heart when those who should have been your auxiliaries turned away with a cold "let him alone." You had much to bear which we have not.—Teaching is not what it was twenty years ago, though it is still attended with many difficulties; but the time is fast hastening when the teacher will receive proper respect. What does this association announce? It speaks in terms of certainty; it lights up the prospects of the teacher as a flash of lightning the darkened heavens; its mighty accents proclaim, teaching shall rank high as a profession.

A teacher's calling demands co-operation. There must exist reciprocal feelings; sympathy must prevail. Not long ago I read an Essay on "human sympathy." Me thought that young lady could look back to a time when she needed the assistance of a brother or a sister teacher; but her cry fell unheeded and she was left to triumph or recede alone.—Teachers, if you would prosper you must work together. Be ever ready to lend a helping hand. While you are so tenacious of that good old proverb, "knowledge is power," forget not one equally as good—"Union is strength." We also require the united efforts of parents. No teacher can expect to gain readily the hearts of his pupils if the parents have previously poisoned their minds.

The teacher's high and exalted profession require men and women too, of great purity of mind as well as good natural abilities. No immoral man can be a successful teacher. He may appear to be successful for the present, but he will most assuredly taint the mind of his pupil and leave his mark upon him. He may impart a knowledge of geography, grammar, mathematics, and the various other branches usually taught: he may

thus far succeed; but is this the sum of the teacher's labors? We remarked, previously, that he must educate morally; but how can he possibly perform this portion of his task if he understands not the first principles of morality? It is not enough that he abstain from the inebriated bowl—from the ball-room, and more noted places of "public dissipation;" his mind must be pure, his heart uncorrupted. "Mind acts upon mind;" no man can mingle in society without partaking, to a certain extent, of the spirit of that society; how much less a little child, so susceptible of every impression, either good or evil. Nor does the injury cease here. "The angle of reflection and incidence are always equal." We have heard it remarked of a "fast" young man, make a school teacher of him for he will never make anything else. Most assuredly if he will never make anything else, he will never make a school teacher. We need not apply to Euclid for a demonstration of this; it is self-evident.

We live in an age of knowledge, improvement and refinement; as the poet has beautifully expressed,

"To be living is sublime."

Theories the most absurd are presented to the world; they are received by some, reflected by others—passing from the stage of public opinion give place to a volley of ideas more Quixotic than they. No time for investigation—a decision is made at once. Man is impatient of the swift flight of thought itself. "This age is proverbial for the velocity of its movements." Nothing is now done with the slothlike pace of former days; mankind rush from one thing to another with unceasing activity; time is too slow to satisfy the aspiring mind.

The world to-day is more intelligent than at any previous time; yet the unceasing cry daily echoes in our ears more talent, more genius. The world is ever moving; but like the locomotive it sometimes moves backward, probably with the same intention to take a fresh start in the advance. If we do not live in an age of infidelity, we live in an age of extreme mental corruption and depravity. Mankind are not christians, they are "practical atheists." I speak in general terms. We need not labor to substantiate this statement, it is admitted by all; but shall we venture to trace it to its first cause. Though we might naturally anticipate a difference of opinion, yet we unhesitatingly say the common school teacher is answerable for much—very much of this grand evil. It is in the school room we receive impressions, imbibe principles for right or wrong. We might by way of apology, speak of the wrongs of the teacher; but it is said that it is woman, oftener than her wrongs, that needs redressing. We think this a parallel case; surrounded by the essence of those living realities shall our profession be left to men of meagre minds? It shall not be. There is a band of men coming up who are determined the profession shall not be neglected or left to men of small abilities and smaller souls,—men who consider the result of the operations of the human organization of less value than the organic machinery in the abstract.

"Truth must fight its way into notice." The establishment of every principle is preceded by a revolution. This is literally true in the world's history. Look at the Egyptian—the British,—the American revolutions; it is also true relevant to the teacher on his humble throne surrounded by his pupils. You all remember the circumstance in a certain neighborhood upon the introduction of grammar in the school. A "gentleman" called to see, I suppose, how they were getting along. His own daughter was called to the stand and requested to conjugate the verb "love"—Potential, "I may or can love." The father did not like it much, but thought he would wait and see how matters stood. "Thou must love," "he must or can love." The father was indignant—the teacher remonstrated: the child proceeded to the past tense: "I might, could, or should love" "Thou might—" The father could endure no longer, fiercely demanded of the child who she loved, and giving the teacher to understand that he was not employed to "love" his daughter or teach her to imitate the holy emblem of Omnipotent goodness. No doubt when that teacher took his little bundle and left the place he was convinced of the truthfulness of the saying "truth must fight its way into notice." The establishment of every principle is preceded by a revolution; but had he possessed the knowledge of human nature, which every teacher should possess, he might have succeeded. In conclusion allow me to draw a picture of the perfect teacher. You look out upon the rising sun, watch him as he progresses, brighter and brighter he grows, until he reaches the summit of his glory. Thus with the teacher, gradually his light increases until the halo of glory encircling himself and all his acts, surpasses the brilliancy of the "Sun of Austerlitz." Again, watch the sun in his downward course; in a little while he sinks from our view; but the virtue of his rays still warm and refresh the earth and prepare it for the rising of another sun. Here we behold the teacher, worn down with care and anxieties; we see him pass from the stage of action. In a little while the green grass covers his frail form. "Though he is dead, yet he lives." His influence still warms the hearts of his pupils. They pass the silent tomb—a sigh heaves the breast—a tear moistens the eye, but they remember that in the morning of the resurrection, he, with all teachers, will assemble in one vast concourse, to meet their pupils and receive their reward.

TRUTH.—A parent may leave an estate to his son, but how soon may it be mortgaged! He may leave him money, but how soon may it be squandered.—Better leave him a sound constitution, habits of industry, an unblemished reputation, a good education, and an inward abhorrence of vice in any shape or form; these cannot be wrested from him, and are better than thousands of gold and silver.

SIGN OF VANITY.—Scarcely have I over heard or read the introductory phrase—"I may say without vanity," but some striking and characteristic instance of vanity has immediately followed it.—*Franklin.*

A SHORT CLERGYMAN.

A few miles below Poughkeepsie, N. Y., there now lives, and has lived for many years past, a worthy clergyman, a man, however, very short in stature. Upon a certain Sunday, about eight years ago, this clergyman was invited by the pastor of a church in that village to fill his pulpit for the day. The invitation was accepted, and Sunday morning saw Mr. — in the pulpit. Now it happened that the pulpit was a very high one, and accordingly nearly hid the poor little clergyman from view. However, the congregation, out of respect, managed to keep their countenances, and with over pious faces, seemed religiously anxious for the text. They were not obliged to wait long for a nose and two little eyes suddenly appeared over the top of the pulpit, and a squeaking, tremulous voice, proclaimed in nasal tones the text:

"Be of good cheer; it is I—be not afraid."

A general roar of laughter followed the announcement—the clergyman became confused, and turned all sorts of colors.—Many in the general uproar left the church; and it was a long time before the minister was enabled to proceed with the sermon, so abruptly broken off.

Afternoon came—and the little man, standing on a footstool, had a fair view of his audience. The text was announced in due form:

"A little while ye shall see me, and again a little while and ye shall not see me."

In the course of his sermon he repeated his text with great earnestness, and stepping back, lost his elevated footing and disappeared from his hearers! The effect may be more readily imagined than described.

SCENE IN A SANCTUM.

Enter a large, strong man, with a long cow-hide in hand.

"Is the editor in?"

"He is."

"You?"

"Yes."

"I have come to settle with you."

"Well, (Editor draws a revolver) go ahead."

"I have taken your paper now about a year—"

"Well" (Capping his pistol.)

"And an article in your last week's paper (Editor cocks the pistol) convinced me that you need—"

"I deny your right to give it—be cautious, sir."

"Give you what?"

"A thrashing."

"Why, no, my dear sir, I came to pay in advance for another year."

The Editor immediately winked.

POWER OF KINDNESS.—No man has ever measured it, for it is boundless; no man ever seen its death, for it is eternal. In all ages of the world, in every clime, among every kind, it hath shone out a beautiful star, a beaming glory.

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THE EDUCATIONALIST.

MARCH 16, 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.

PERSONAL.

We are now approaching the fourteenth issue of the *Educationalist* and although we have been favored with literary contributions from many of our friends, yet we would respectfully solicit many more of those who are interested in the success of our periodical, to favour us with articles on educational subjects. Our paper is issued for the benefit of the people generally, and there are many among our subscribers whom we have not had the pleasure of visiting that we should like to find among those who furnish us with original articles. School Teachers are particularly requested to send us their views on school organization, and other matters which merit discussion among the members of that laborious but honorable profession.

TO TEACHERS.

The publisher will take pleasure in announcing in the EDUCATIONALIST, free of charge, the times, and places of holding Teachers' Associations, in any part of the country.

AN EASY MODE OF DOUBLING OUR SUBSCRIPTION LIST FOR THE "EDUCATIONALIST."

May we respectfully solicit our friends to try it? The plan is simply this—let each subscriber obtain another subscriber in his own locality, which can easily be accomplished with a little effort, if he will only try, and thus while the divided effort will be light for each of our friends, it will double our number of subscribers, and thereby add an increased stimulus to our energies to make the *Educationalist* what every friend of educational progress desires it should be. Persons subscribing can be supplied with back numbers from the first of January; a few copies can be furnished from the beginning of the publication.

FORM OF THE EARTH.

The first impression produced upon the eye of an observer, who has not carried his enquiries farther, is that the surface of the earth is a flat plane interrupted only by the inequalities of the land.—But this impression is erroneous as we shall presently see. It is well known that if a voyage were made upon the earth, continually preserving one and the same direction as nearly as circumstances will permit, we should at length arrive at the place from which we departed. If the earth were an unlimited plain, this could not happen. It is evident then that whatever be the exact form of the earth, it is a body which must have such a surface that a traveller or navigator can completely surround it in one continuous course.

A more conclusive proof is found when the moon passes directly behind the earth, so that the shadow which the earth projects behind it in the direction opposite to the sun shall fall upon the moon, we invariably find that shadow to be, not, as is commonly said, circular, but such exactly as one globe would project upon the surface of another globe. Now as this takes place always, in whatever position the earth may be, and while the earth is revolving rapidly with its diurnal motion upon its axis, it follows that the earth must either be an exact globe, or so little different from a globe, that its deviation from that figure cannot be discoverable in its shadow. We may then consider

it demonstrated that the earth may be regarded as globular in form. Perhaps some may think that the inequalities which exist in the shape of mountains are incompatible with the globular figure of the earth. Now let us see the real extent of this presumed deviation from the globular form. The highest mountain on the surface of the globe is little more than 5 miles above the general level of the sea. The entire diameter of the globe is about 8,000 miles. The proportion then which the highest summit of the loftiest mountains bear to the centre diameter of the globe, will be that of 5 to 8,000 or 1 to 1,600. Now if we take a 16 inch globe the hundredth part of an inch will correspond to 5 miles. Now if we take a narrow strip of paper so thin that it would take 100 leaves to make an inch in thickness, and paste such a strip on the surface of the globe, the thickness of the strip on the surface of the globe of 16 inches would represent the height of the loftiest mountain on the earth.

MEMORY.

Without memory the judgment must be unemployed and ignorance must be the consequence. Pliny says it is one of the finest gifts of nature. Although there is something calling in that sad, inevitable word, the past—although in looking through the thronged rolls of history and reading of all the dead passions, the fruitless anxieties, the vain unproductive yearnings of beings that were once as full of thrill life and feeling as ourselves, and now are nothing, we gain but the cold moral of our own littleness—still the very indistinctness of the distance softens and beautifies the objects of a former epoch that we thus look back upon; and in the far retrospect of the day gone by, a thousand bright and glistening spots stand out and catch the last most brilliant rays of a sun that has long set to the multitude of smaller things around them.—*Anonymous.*

TALENT AND GENIUS.

Talent shows me what another man can do; genius acquaints me with the spacious circuits of the common nature. One is carpentry; the other is growth. To make a step into the world of thought is now given to but few men; to make a second step beyond a first, only one in a country can do it; but to carry the thought on to three steps marks a great teacher. Aladdin's palace, with its one unfinished window, which all the gems in the royal treasury cannot finish in the style of the meanest of the profusion of jewelled windows that were built by the genii in the night, is but too true an image of the effort of talent to add one verse to the copious text which inspiration writes by one or other scribe from age to age.—*The Dial, U. S.*

To the Editor of the Educationalist,
Kingston, Feb. 20th, 1861.

DEAR SIR,—Knowing the interest which you take in things appertaining to education, I make free to address a few lines to you on a subject which puzzles me, and a few others beside. In the "Revised Programme for the Examination and Classification of Teachers for Common Schools," there is a clause which says: "To understand the proper organization and management of schools, and the improved methods of teaching." Now sir, candidates may have different ideas as to the "proper organization and management of schools," and when a question is put to them at their examination, bearing on this subject, their answers must widely differ from each other unless there is some standard by which they are guided. If there is such a standard, I should feel much obliged to you if, through your valuable columns, you would inform me how to become acquainted with this subject; or perhaps you would be kind enough to explain the proper organization and management of schools. My reason for addressing you on this subject was to obtain from you what standard the boards of examiners are guided by in their examinations on this subject. The clause also states that candidates are required to be acquainted with the improved methods of teaching. I should feel much obliged to you if you would inform me what these methods are, or how to become acquainted with them.

I am, &c.,

ESQUIRE.

In reply to the queries in the foregoing communication, we would state that there is no authorized standard "for the organization and management of schools" published in Canada West. We feel obliged to our friend "Esquire" for calling our attention to this subject, as we have often thought that there ought to be a text book containing all the necessary information sufficient to guide teachers of all grades on school organization. We are not, moreover, aware of the existence of any work on the "improved method of teaching" as it is styled. We are strenuous advocates of progress, and we consider that the teacher who communicates the most information in a given time is the most efficient. We hold it is as utterly impossible to teach by rule, as it is to preach by rule. Let a teacher, as Lord Brougham lately stated, thoroughly understand the subjects to be taught in his

school, and let him be in earnest in relation to his duty, and such a teacher will instruct his pupils more effectually and pleasingly than one who apes the mode and manner of any man. We do not place much weight in what Locke calls a mill-horse course. The talented and educated teacher, will strike out a course for himself, both in the organization of his school and in the method of instructing his pupils. We doubt not, however, that a text-book issued on school organization would be well received in the Province, while at the same time we should regret to find our talented teachers tied down to any system of fixed rules and regulations. We should be gratified to receive and publish communications on school organization from teachers and other friends of education, and we hope our friend the "Esquire" will favor us with his views on the subject.

We may remark *en passant*, that T. J. Robertson, M. A., the Principal of the Provincial Normal School gives a course of lectures on the above subjects in connection with the course of study provided for in that institution; but why has not that talented gentleman, or some other of our leading educational men, written a work on the subject, for general reference? We shall very thankfully receive any suggestions which may be offered by any of our friends who have acquired personal experience in the arduous labor of "school organization."

"CONSIDER THE LILIES."

BY MARIA J. DENNING.

Garb of gold, well art thou fitted to spend thy bright blossoms mid our many-peaked arch fragments, adorning the mountain from beating sunbeams, watered by sparkling dews, and fed by gentle breezes. As thou gracefully watest thy bright head upon the slender stem, surrounded by thy wealth of glittering leaves, like pearls, ever so gracefully warest thy golden crown, well, innocents, thus be called the queen of wilderness.

2. As, acquiring eyes, gaze upon thy beauty, and soft fingers, stroke thy velvet leaves, thou wilt cause my withering voice. Consider the Lilies!

3. Valley lily, pure and white, who bidst thou thy snowy petals behind a veil of gold? In valley the V. lily, glowing in the sun, shines to the humble cot, and yet; thy thy humbly doth with thee; as we do, though thy beauty, and thy loved. Then bow thy head, and say to man, by modest, not beauty, thy show.

4. Cold lily of the lake, thou art a lovely one; thy floating cup in the broad water is alone. Yet there thou dwellest in sanctity divine, lifting thine incense up to the Father's throne. And sweet to the Father's nostrils thy pure incense, and beautiful the center, and bright its golden contents. Oh, do the waters murmur to thee a soothing song in the stillness of the night, and in thy restful place secure and broad!—Yet there thy Father holds thee up and loves thee best; through thy pale beauty His voice says, "In exilio honor God!"

5. Nay, praise thy bright, hide not thy speckled breast! Thou needest not be ashamed to stand beside the gayest one in thy rich-scarlet dress. The bee admires thee and flits to thy bosom bright—Perchance he pours into thine ear a stream of juring words, and for his flattery pays himself by sipping sweets. The humming-bird flutters round thee oft, and hums for thee his simple song.

The proud earth may scorn thy humble mien, yet by the lowly country child thou art loved; he plucks thy blossom gay and smooth green leaves, oft are and they of pleasure and a joy to him. Field lily, be content; from thy plash petals the Christ did teach the wise and learned. He looked upon thy face and said, "Even Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these."

7. Flag lily, tall and blue, lifting thy head to the sunshine bright, and the azure sky, the color of thy perfect leaves, be content within thy gloomy swamp, since there thou hast been placed. Thou invest the tall green reeds, the long marsh grass, the whispering wind that waves thy purple robe, the rustling forget leaves and the moss that grows at thy feet. Thou too art loved, by them, and well adorest thy humble sphere. "Who doth the best bet come, doth well," and surely thou hast acted well thy part.

INDUSTRY

Is the grand antagonist of crime as well as poverty. It is the salt which preserves from moral corruption. Where industry duly and universally incited in youth, and enlightened, encouraged, and honoured, we should have much less need of jails, and poor houses, and we opine of lawyers, than we have now—three items of expenses that consume much of our substance. The late Bishop Asbury, having, in one of his sermons, offered a bitter reproof to those who neglect the duty to their children, of bringing them up with moral and industrious habits, suddenly paused and said, "but you will say that is hard!" Alas! added he, letting his voice fall to a low and soft key, "it is harder to be damned!" And temporarily speaking, it is harder to see them in the jail or poor house, or vagabonds at large.—Anonymous.

Every man complains of his memory, but no man complains of his judgment.

LAMP MUSINGS.

Silence! not a leaf is stirred, not a brook moves. Nature is taking a rest, a quiet repose; and so the earth floats softly through space in the gentlest of all moods, with her great pulse beating slowly and her thousand voices hushed and stilled. There is something expressive in silence. Speak the word and your voice falls to a whisper; think of it, and your mind will run back along the path of years to the first great Silence. In a book published along time ago and not read as much as it should be, there is a passage which describes the place in which it dwelt; here it is:—"And the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep." In that darkness and over the dreary waste of those waters black, there reigned a solemn silence.—Even the attendants of old chaos moved about in shadowy forms that made no noise, and the King himself spoke not, for no "palpitating air" could tremble with a sound. Within those realms no whisper rose. Black gates that turned on vapor hinges, shut in those silent lands of moving mist, all tenantless of speech or echoing sound. No voices of birds—no rush of cooling streams—no gentle murmurs of a summer breeze—no grating voice of tempest hoarse—no whispered waving of the golden grain—no clashing of embattled trees—no music from the voice of man—no deep-toned thunder from the hand of God; one deep mysterious silence reigned o'er all. Can mind conceive the nature of that silence? Can the deepest reasoning fathom it?—In the music of nature, as well as in that which springs from the heart of man, there are sympathetic chords that oft-times mingle into one deep strain. So there are, also, periods of rest, that fold each in a calm repose; and how impressive is that repose! Here, far away from the "busy haunts of men," I may and do notice it in a striking manner. Above, the moon in silence takes her evening walk; not a cloud moves—not a star stings, all is quiet there. Here around my western home there is the same stillness. I do not hear the whip-poor-will's voice—nor the cricket's hum—nor the beetle's droning notes—nor the katy-did's contradiction—nor the owl's cry—nor the watch-dog's bark—nor any of the "voices of the night."

The fact (in spite of all my wondering) still remains. Nature is resting in silence. Well, if her mighty energies need recuperation, those of man certainly do. It is a great thought, and I would that I could do it justice. From God to man two principles ever typify the nature of mind and intelligence—labor and rest. We may conceive, but we never can realize either the giant toil, or the mighty effort that in six days made Heaven and Earth, or the significant rest that followed the completion of the work; but the thought, deep and startling, remains, that even God rested. It is a natural sequence of a first cause. Think of it, children of earth, men of business, when ye turn night into day and toil incessant on the ledger's page. Student of the midnight, damp and dim, whose soul, laudable in effort, but untempered with prudence, hithereth long within the "still small hours," and

drinketh seeds of death in waters of knowledge—votary of science, training a nice result, or searching for another precedent to form the wondrous law of fact. And ye, citizens of a great metropolis, when ye seek pleasure in the theatre or the concert room, and inhale the tainted air of closely fitting walls, remember that through the day, ye labored, and your system needeth rest. Remember that rest is a law of your nature, and it cannot be broken with impunity. O! how many energies have been wasted—how many bright eyes dimmed—how many burning lights extinguished in the fields of science—how many hearts beating strong with the highest impulses of an exalted humanity, and full of generous love and sympathy for the beautiful and true of life, have been stilled forever by the iron hand of endless labor. Let us go lovingly to rest, nor aim to emulate the ridiculous industry of some, who shut one eye in sleep and keep the other open in business.

Would you count the evils of an infringement of nature's rights, read the ages of the sleeping ones who lie within the cities of the dead! Not in a country burying-place, but where the remains of the denizens of a crowded city are placed. There are seen mournful epitaphs of men and women who have destroyed themselves, who have gone to their long rest before their appointed time, by striving to interrupt the natural course of nature's laws, and by endeavoring to place in the balance sheet of their lives a greater amount of credit on the side of labor.—When, O, man, wilt thou "know thyself?"

Poor Charles Lamb, how fond thou wast of silence, and how kindly didst thou look upon thy thought, which it gavest. Thou couldst ever love the quiet Quaker meeting houses, for an atmosphere of heavenly stillness surrounded those places, and may in quietude worshiped his Creator. Truly, when thy speech grew faint, and thy thoughts went seeking for oral vehicles in which to visit men, thou couldst think and write great thoughts in silence. And thou, too, dear Thomas Gray, singing thy immortal eley in the "solemn stillness" of a "country churchyard," with the "glimmering landscape" fading on the sight, and the air lulled with "drowsy tinklings" thou knewest the claims of silence, for then thou couldst write in heavenly numbers that shall never die. O, silence! most favorable to contemplation; most favorable to those severer thoughts that rise, with alacrity, to heaven, and most favorable to those just reflections which the great mystery of our lives present. Most favorable to the whisperings of that "soft still music of humanity" which strikes impromptu chords with that of a better land. Let others seek the "maddening crowd's ignoble strife"—let them learn to love the excitement of a city life; but oh, give to me the "stilly" night and quiet days of a country life where silence sometimes reigns. There I may call in the transient memories, and look with profit on my faithful pictures which the artist hand of time has painted on the glowing past. There I may learn how great secrets we perpetrate in our minds and bodies, each day of our lives—there I may

administer to one the food of knowledge, and warm the other by the fires of exercise. But, if ambition calls me to the marts and trading places of the world, if within red walls I shall work out the sum of my destiny, let me have some seasons of silence such as this in which to grow better and wiser.

WORK AND STUDY.

EDS. REVIEW.—In a late issue, Vinton asks if a person can follow farming and a course of studies at the same time. I would ask Vinton, can you follow farming constantly, and pleasantly, without permitting a single thought or care, not directly relating thereto, to enter your mind? Then, in our natures, you and I differ most materially.—In these long days, after the sun has gone to seek a different scene in the farther west, don't you feel a little lonesome and much wearied, after having applied yourself, both physically and mentally, within the limits of your own farm? Then seek relief in the studies you love! Study is a very essential ingredient in the composition of a useful life, though it is of little value unless accompanied by physical exercise and a searching mind.

Six or eight hours is enough to sleep. Then you have several spare hours, morning and evening. Through the whole season, you can do as much work from six to eight, including an hour's nooning, as from daylight till dark each day; and in that hour after dinner, you might learn much from reading some light study that will not require deep thought.

Experience tells me that neither labor nor study, alone, is at all pleasant, but with both, all glides smoothly and swiftly on. As the Editor tells us, we need mental discipline to teach us to turn our attention from one thing to another; and to take hold of the different ones with that will that shows that the mind and hands are both at work.

Most certainly, one thing at a time is enough. But it does not follow that that thing need last forever. For, at day-time we can work upon the farm, and at night, forget the day, turn our attention towards some other object of a different nature.—Then, Vinton, you can go to town return without forgetting your errand there, and to your labor with your mind refreshed by what you have seen. Try it.

Wisconsin, June, 1859.

EUGENE

The city of London contains a population of nearly three millions of people, and it increases at the rate of 25,000 per annum. It extends eighteen miles in one direction and ten in another, and it goes on devouring up fields and gardens like a great monster.

Wisdom is the olive which springs from the heart, blooms on the tongue, and bears fruit by the actions.

Thirty-Five.

BY HENRY MORFORD.

Halt on the road a little space!
Pull up your team, old charioteer!
You're hurrying on at a slapping pace;
Suppose we stop and consider, here!
If our lives are three score and ten—
If my count is all to be told—
The half-way house we are passing, then,
Thirty-five long winters old!

How has the ride been, charioteer?
Plenty of dust and a little mire?
Cold north winds on the hills severe,
And the air of the valley thick with fire?
Horses baulking, then running away—
Lynch pins lost and axle down!
Creaking, crippled, at close of day,
To a night of rest at tavern or town!

More than this, oh charioteer!
We have rounded the hills in the flush of
morn—
Heard the sunrise bird sing loud and clear,
And snuffed the breeze on the blue waves
born.
We have caught such glimpses of Eden vales,
Heard such sounds by wood and stream—
Drank such sounds by wood and stream—
As made all life an Elysian dream!

Rough and loud have voices been—
Pelting and bitter missile and storm;
But ever at last have we hurried in
And found some shelter snug and warm.
Kind, sometimes, have been word and fare;
Strong and steady the hand;
And erring roads had many a prayer
Breathed o'er them from the better land!

How much further, charioteer,
To the end! and he shakes his head.
No, to the eyes of an elder seer
Peril is looming near and dread!
Tell me not, oh charioteer!
Bold and blind let me meet my fate!
Only thus our journey steer—
So that we wreck at the Beautiful Gate!

Onward, now, but tighten rein!
Downward, now, our journey lies!
Weakened soon will grow hand and brain!
And the mist comes over failing eyes!
God be with us charioteer!
Keep us with a heart and hope alive!
Sad and short is our stoppage here—
At the half-way house of thirty-five!

INSECT LIFE.

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

BY THE REV. DR. SHORTT.

(From the Home Circle.)

Continued.

In the course of one brief popular lecture, it is not easy to give much insight into a topic exhibiting such great variety as *Insect life* suggests. Many volumes have been written on the fruitful theme; and the merest outline of the Science of Entomology, as it is styled, would occupy much more of your time and patience than I can venture to trespass on. I must therefore content myself with endeavouring to stimulate your curiosity by bringing before you a few interesting facts, collected from the sources within my reach, which may induce you to make further inquiries in a field so full of interest, and so fraught with edification.

In order to excite an inclination in the minds of their readers in favour of the studies to which they devoted so large a portion of their lives, Kirby and Spence, able writers on the subject of insect life, in their introductory remarks, select some instances of striking interest, and make statements which, to those entirely uninitiated in the science must, probably, appear overstrained and exaggerated. This however is by no means the case, as a very small progress in the study of the subject is sufficient to convince us.

They say—"The Lord of the creation plumes himself upon his powers of invention, and is proud to enumerate the various useful arts, and machines to which he has given birth;" not aware that "He who teaches man knowledge" has instructed these despised insects to anticipate him in many of them. The builders of Babel doubtless thought their invention of turning earth into artificial stone a very happy discovery; yet a little bee had practised this art (using indeed a different process) on a small scale, and the white ants on a large one, ever since the world began. Man thinks he stands unrivalled as an architect, and that his buildings are without a parallel among the works of the inferior order of animals. He would be of a different opinion did he attend to the history of insects; he would find that many of them have been architects from time immemorial; that they have had their houses divided into various apartments, and having stair cases, gigantic arches, colonnades, and the like; nay, that even tunnels are excavated by them so immense, compared with their own size, as to be twelve times larger than the Thames Tunnel.

The modern fine lady, who prides herself on the lustre and beauty of the hangings which adorn the stately walls of her drawing room, or the carpets that cover its floor, fancying that nothing more rich and splendid was ever seen, and pitying her ancestors who were doomed to unsightly whitewash and rushes, is ignorant all the while, that before she or her ancestors were in existence, and even before the boasted Tyrian dye was discovered, a little insect had known how to hang the walls of its cells with tapestry of a scarlet more brilliant than any her rooms can exhibit; and that others daily weave silken carpets, both in tissued and texture infinitely superior to those she so much admires.

No female ornament is more prized and costly than lace, the invention and fabri-

cation of which seems the exclusive claim of the softer sex. But even here they have been anticipated by these industrious little creatures, who often defend their helpless chrysalis by a most singular and beautiful covering of lace.

Other arts have been equally forestalled by these creatures. What vast importance is attached, very properly, to the invention of paper! For nearly 6000 years one of our commonest insects has known how to make and apply it to its purposes; and even pasteboard, superior in substance and polish to any we can produce, is manufactured by another.

We imagine that nothing short of human intellect can be equal to the construction of a diving bell or an air pump, yet a spider is in the daily habit of using a kind of diving bell; and what is more, one exactly similar in principle to ours, but more ingeniously contrived, by means of which she resides, unwetted, in the bosom of the water, and procures the needful supplies of air by a much more simple process than ours. The caterpillar of a little moth knows how to imitate the air pump, producing a vacuum, when necessary, without any piston besides its own body.

If we think with wonder of the populous cities which have employed the united labor of man for many ages to bring them to their full extent, what shall we say to the white ants, which require only a few months to build a metropolis, capable of containing an infinitely greater number of inhabitants than imperial Nineveh, Babylon, Rome, or Peking, in all their glory?

That insects should thus have forestalled us in our inventions, ought to urge us to pay a closer attention to them and their ways than we have hitherto done, since it is not at all improbable that the result would be many useful hints for the improvement of our arts and manufactures, and perhaps for some beneficial discoveries. The painter might thus probably be furnished with more brilliant pigments, the dyer with more delicate tints, and the artisan with a new and improved set of tools. In this last respect insects deserve particular notice; all their operations are performed with admirable precision and dexterity, and though they do not usually vary the mode, yet this mode is always the best that can be conceived for attaining the end in view. The instruments also with which they are provided are no less wonderful and various than the operations themselves.

They have their saws, files, augurs, gimlets, knives, lancets, scissors, and forceps, with many other similar implements; several of which act in more than one capacity, and with a complex and alternate motion to which we have not attained in the use of our tools. Nor is the fact so extraordinary as it may seem at first, since "He who is wise in heart and wonderful in working," is the inventor and fabricator of the apparatus of insects, which may be considered as a set of miniature patterns drawn for our use by the Divine hand.

One of the most curious things connected with insect life is that succession of changes from the egg to the perfect state through which most insects pass.—How surprising it would be were a naturalist to announce to the world the discovery of an animal, which, for the first five years of its life, existed in the form of a serpent; which then, penetrating into the earth and wearing a shroud of pure silk of the finest texture, contracted itself within this covering into a body without external mouth or limbs, and resembling, more than anything else, an Egyptian mummy; and which, lastly, after remaining in this state, without food and without motion for three years longer, should, at the end of that period, burst its silken cœment, struggle through its earthly covering, and start into day a winged bird. And yet something analogous to this is continually going on.—With various modifications of minor import, it is the course through which all insects pass.

There are four stages of insect life—the egg, *ovum*, which is motionless and apparently lifeless; the grub, *larva*, which is active, but without wings, is voracious, and grows rapidly; the chrysalis, *pupa*, which is quite motionless, and does not occur in all insects; the perfect insect, *imago*, which is active, has wings, does not grow, and which, by laying eggs, perpetuates its kind.

The butterfly, with its gorgeous hues, its devious flight, and the comparative obscurity of its former life, has furnished to poets of all ages some of their most glowing similes, and to philosophers; from a very early date, a number of striking and beautiful analogies with the repose of the tomb, and the probability of a more glorious hereafter. How closely associated they are with the most agreeable images of the happy days of childhood when, like the youthful Marcius, portray-

ed by Shakspeare, we pursued the "rain-bow butterflies."

Witnessing, as the ancients did, the extraordinary changes of insect life without being able to account for them, it is quite possible that some of the wonderful tales of the olden time were grafted on the changes which they observed taking place in insects. The story of the Phoenix for example, in many of its particulars, closely resembles minor occurrences in the metamorphosis of insects. At first a worm, emerging from the ashes of its parent's funeral pile, and eventually a glorious winged creature, providing in the means of its own destruction the nidus of its future and unseen progeny. The fabled Phoenix might assuredly have acquired its type from the actual butterfly, without any violent stretch of the imagination. Then again, the ancient doctrine of metempsychosis or transmigration of souls would, to the minds of the early observers, be shadowed forth in the apparent restoration to life of the seemingly dead chrysalis. But the doctrine of a future state more glorious than that of transmigration also derived support and countenance from the same remarkable vicissitudes of insect life. What can be more wonderful than the fact that an unsightly worm should pass through a shrouded and death-like sleep, and should wake at last a splendid butterfly, to bask in the sunshine, float on impalpable atmosphere and quaff the luscious nectar of beautiful flowers. Well might those philosophers, on whose mind there dawned, albeit dimly, the great truth of an after life—well might they imagine their toilsome existence typified in the caterpillar, their descent to the quiet grave in the tomb-like repose of the chrysalis and the hereafter they signed for in the spirit-like resurrection of the happy butterfly; and seizing the idea, well might they designate these aerial creatures by the same word Psyche as that which signified soul.

If we enquire more minutely into the nature of the change, we shall perhaps be still more surprised at what we learn.

We find that a caterpillar is not in fact, a simple, but a compound animal, containing within it the germ of the future butterfly, enclosed in what will be the case of the pupa, which is itself included in the three or more skins, one over the other, that will successively cover the larva. As this increases in size, these parts expand, present themselves, and are in turn thrown off, until at

length the perfect insect, which had been concealed in this succession of masks, is displayed in its genuine form. That this is the proper explanation of the phenomenon, has been satisfactorily proved by Swammerdam, and other insect anatomists. This illustrious naturalist discovered, by accurate dissections, not only the skins of the larva and of the pupa incased in each other, but within them the very butterfly itself, with its organs indeed in an almost fluid state, but still perfect in all its parts. Of this fact you may convince yourselves without Swammerdam's skill, by placing in spirits of wine a caterpillar about to assume the pupa state, and letting it remain there a few days, for the purpose of giving consistency to its parts; or by boiling it in water for a few minutes; careful dissection will then enable you to detect the future butterfly. You will find that the wings, rolled up in a sort of cord, are lodged between the first and second segment of the caterpillar; that the antennæ, or feelers, and the trunk are coiled up in front of the head; and that the legs, however different their form, are actually sheathed in the caterpillar's legs.

Malpighi discovered the eggs of the future moth in the chrysalis of the silk worm only a few days old; and Reaumur those of another moth seven or eight days before its change into the pupa.

A caterpillar, then, may be regarded as a sort of locomotive egg, having for its embryo the included butterfly, which after a certain period assimilates to itself the animal substance by which it is surrounded; and its organs gradually develop and at length break through the shell which encloses it.

What a proof of Almighty and benevolent design there is in all the wonderful process. How hardened must be the heart which, in full view of these manifest proofs of divinity can say to itself, "No God." Is it not surprising that a larva, at first not thicker than a thread, includes its own triple or sometimes, eight fold skin, the case of a chrysalis, and a moth or butterfly, all curiously folded into each other; with an apparatus of vessels for breathing and digesting, of nerves for sensation, and of muscles for moving; and that those various forms of existence will undergo their successive changes by aid of a few leaves received into the stomach.

To be Continued

STIMULUS TO EDUCATION IN CHINA.

It is a remarkable fact, that there exists in China probably greater inducements, and higher prizes, for the successful exertions of her people in their native literature, than in any other part of the world; and the result is, that education is eagerly embraced by all who are not too poor to be enabled to afford the necessary time and expense. The theory of the Chinese Government professes to promote to the offices of state only such natives as shall have obtained a literary degree; and Government Commissioners are periodically sent round the country, to conduct the literary examinations in the several provinces, and to award the degrees. And though China is still groaning under the yoke of a foreign dynasty—the Manchow Tartars—even the most disappointed of the native scholars allow, that, under this foreign government, literature is the usual road to rewards and honours; for though many high offices in China are given to the Manchow Tartars, by far the greater part of the offices of the state are filled by Chinese scholars.—*Rev. G. Smith.*

DEVELOPMENT OF A BAD EDUCATION.

Better hang a blazing torch into your neighbour's house, than mutter invectives against his credit. If it concerns you, inquire into it; and when you have discovered a fact, whether it be for or against him, out with it, for the truth can do no harm. If it does not concern you, leave it to those it does. To repeat a mere rumour, is, in most cases, to take part in the manufacture of a lie, for the gossiping weakness that prompts the repetition, craves, and can seldom deny itself, the gratification of adding some little to its strength; and though the first inkling may have been born of a fact, the chances are a thousand to one against the final assertion, rumour-built and folly-fastened as it is, bearing any decent resemblance to the truth.—*Chambers' Journal.*

CICERO ON BOOKS.

"Their study is the nourishment of the mind of youth, and the delight of that of old age. It is the ornament of prosperity, the solace and the refuge of adversity. Book studies are delightful at home, and not burthensome abroad; they gladden us at night, and on our journeys, and in the country." And *D. Israeli* says, "Amidst all his public occupations and private studies, either of them sufficient to have immortalized one man, we read with astonishment in the Familiar Epistles, of the minute attention he paid to the formation of his library and cabinet." And when sending his small collection (small, relatively, we mean) to any one of his several villas, he calls it "infusing a soul into the body of his house."

There is nothing like a fixed and steady aim with an honorable purpose. It disciplines your nature and insures your success.

REMEMBRANCE.

In some instances, to recollect the instructions of a former period will be to recollect too the excellence, the affection, and the death of the person who gave them. Amidst the sadness of such a remembrance, it will be a consolation that they are not entirely lost to us. Wise admonitions, when they return on us with this melancholy charm, have more pathetic cogency than when they were first uttered by the voice of a living friend, who is now silent. It will be an interesting occupation of the pensive hour, to recount the advantages which we have received from beings who have left the world, and to reinforce our virtues from the dust of those who first taught them.—*Foster's Essays.*

FREE SCHOOLS.

"It is, on all hands, acknowledged that the best hope of genuine patriotism is the complete instruction of the whole population; and that the best securities of wise, virtuous, and paternal governments, are the cultivated faculties of the people, enabling them to discriminate between law and oppression, liberty and anarchy, protection and despotism; and, from the condition of mankind in other times and countries, to draw comparisons favorable to the happy condition of their own, while it should never be forgotten that a cultivated mind finds that resource in intellectual pursuits, which constitutes the best security of public and private morals."—*Blair's Universal Preceptor.*

AN INGENUOUS WAY OF DESTROYING A CROCODILE—The river Indus in the East Indies, was infested by a large old crocodile, who carried off two or three natives, one of them being a woman. His skin was so thick that no ball penetrated it, so some young artillery officers formed the following plan for destroying it: They killed a sheep, and in its body placed a bag filled with gunpowder and some other combustible matter, to which a long wire was attached, with a detonating powder at the end. Presently the crocodile saw the prey and seized it, and carried it to a hole which he was known to frequent. Time was allowed him to swallow the sheep, the wire was pulled, the water then became violently agitated, a loud report was heard, and up came the crocodile, dead, and his stomach blown open.

PROFANE SWEARING.

The detestable practice of profane swearing is motiveless and gratuitous wickedness. It is a vice which neither gives any property to the poor man, nor any luxury to the vile one. It degrades even the clown to lower state of vulgarity; and it would render the presence of even the most polished gentleman offensive and disgusting, if it were ever possible for a gentleman to be guilty of it.—*Hon. Horace Mann.*

It is better to keep children to their duty by a sense of honor and by kindness than by the fear of punishment.

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