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EDUCATIONALIST.

FIFTY CENTS A YEAR IN ADVANCE.]

"Knowledge is Power."

[AFTER THREE MONTHS, ONE DOLLAR

VOLUME I.

BRIGHTON, CANADA WEST, MAY 16, 1861.

NUMRBE 17

Doct's Corner.

THE LIFE-CLOCK.

BY J. W. BARKER.

What is this within my being,
Ticking, ticking evermore,
Like the sound of fairy footfalls
Dropping on some distant shore?
I can hear it in the midnight,
Hear it in the busy day,
Hear its clear and measured numbers
Wheresoe'er I chance to stray.

On that mystic little dial
There are clear and telling lines,
Over which the sunlight glitters,
And the passing hour defines.
Quicker, quicker it is beating,
Swifter move those mystic hands,
With their lean and spectral fingers
Pointing to the shadowy lands.

But the day of life is waning,
Soon its shadows will decline,
And soon within my spirit's dwelling
Cease the little mystic chime.
Dust, o'er all its motions falling,
Gathers deeper day by day,
Voices, from the future calling,
Seem to beckon me away.

Telling tales this clock is telling,
As the days and hours recede,
Noting every thought and action,
Yet we give it little heed.
Sometimes we may hear it ringing,
Loud and clear, the passing hour,
Sending through the soul's deep chamber
Tones of deep mysterious power.
Yet we fold our arms and listen
To a thousand stranger sounds,
While the Life-clock, all unheeded,
Plods its tireless, solemn rounds.

OUR COMMON SCHOOLS.

When will the great mass of the people become sufficiently aroused to realize the fact that the greatest, and most important element of our national organization, is the common schools? Some of the greatest and most renowned statesmen who ever trod the American soil, have received their first life-long impulses beneath the administration of some rural pedagogue, in a few brief years those who are now in possession of the great and vital interests of our national government, will have passed away; and their places will be filled by those who are now pursuing their studies under the tuition of the nurse of our national prosperity. I do not wish to encourage the idea that our Colleges, and other advanced institutions of learning, are to be set at naught; but I wish to impress upon your minds the fact, that they can occupy no other but a subordi-

nate position, when they are compared with our common schools. The boy is unquestionably now living, who will sit in the presidential chair in nineteen hundred; whether he is now roaming over the spacious fields of California, sliding down hill on the snowy cliffs of Maine, or chasing butterflies on the broad prairies of Minnesota, is a problem which time alone can solve. In no way can we be engaged which will contribute more to the happiness and well being of the great mass of our citizens, than by endeavoring to elevate the character of our common schools. The thought has often occurred to my mind, why it is, that a good common school is one of the most uncommon of all common things, which our common country affords. Perhaps in this connection, a few substantial reasons to sustain the verdict which I have rendered against the character of our common schools, might not be wholly unacceptable. Perhaps one of the greatest reasons which is preventing the mass of our common schools from being what they should be, is a want of co-operation between parents and teachers. Every one who has ever had any experience in teaching will uphold me in saying, that the duties and responsibilities of the teacher are not excelled by those of any other occupation or profession. The duties and obligations which are incumbent on the teacher are necessarily arduous and tiresome; and without parents and guardians do all in their power to encourage the teacher in his labors, they never can see their children properly educated. The teacher is not an isolated being who is totally unconnected with his fellow men, whose highest duty consists in endeavoring to teach "the young idea how to shoot," without receiving even an encouraging smile to cheer him in his lonely work; but he is a being like other beings, who requires the co-operation of all the friends of education, in order to prosecute his labors successfully. If the parents and guardians of the Empire State have the education of "the rising generation at heart," if they wish to see their posterity elevated to positions which will be an honor to themselves and their country, they must co-operate in

every enterprise which has for its aim the advancement of the cause of education. The old adage that knowledge is power, is strictly true under all circumstances.— For without knowledge what is man?— He may be likened unto a blind person in a museum, surrounded by a countless variety of objects, which were wisely calculated to insure his happiness; but if he is intellectually blind, they conduce no more to his happiness than if they did not exist.

The next objection which I shall urge upon your attention, consists in the general neglect of parents to visit the schools, which are making life-long impressions upon the minds of their children. If one of these parents had a valuable young horse which he was hiring kept away from his own stable, he would hardly be persuaded to remain at home without once inquiring into the treatment which his animal was receiving. He would be anxious to know the kind of food with which his horse was supplied, and many other things which would contribute more or less to his proper development; but it is strange that so excessive a degree of confidence exists in that class of persons known as school teachers, that parents feel safe in trusting their children in their care for weeks, months, and sometimes years, without even inquiring with regard to their mental and moral food. No parent can say that he has performed his whole duty to the rising generation, until he has made a personal examination of the school which he is supporting. It not unfrequently happens that trustees expel their teacher, when they have not spent even one hour in examining the character of the school. No one can fail to see that this is a gross injustice to the teacher.— All those who are interested in the cause of education, should do all in their power to raise our common schools to that high and elevated position for which they were designed.

W. IRVING HALLOCK.

Clarendon, N. Y.

A FAIR EXCHANGE.—An Irish school mistress, honestly declared:—It's little they pay me, an' spere it's mighty little I teaches 'em.

IMMENSITY OF SPACE.—Humboldt's "Cosmos" says, "It is calculated by Sir John Herschel that the light is nearly two millions of years in coming to the Earth from the remotest nebulae reached by his forty-foot reflector, and therefore, he says, those distant worlds must have been in existence nearly two million years ago, in order to send out the ray by which we now perceive them. It also follows that their light would continue to reach us for two million years, were they to be now stricken from the heavens!"



THE EDUCATIONIST.

MAY 16, 1861.

SCHOOL EXAMINATIONS.

The importance of these exercises in connection with our schools is too much underrated by parents generally, and a few remarks devoted to that important subject will not be inappropriate at the present time, when many of the quarterly examinations are approaching. Our common schools are the people's colleges, and unless they can be kept up to the standard designed in the establishment of the system, the educational status of the people of Canada must decline and the country suffer in a thousand ways. These are the palladium of our liberties, the groundwork of our free institutions, as every student of political philosophy well knows, and the grand precursor of the spread of religious truth and the advent of the millennial age. General education is proverbially the paramount care of the state in every civilized country, and it requires but an allusion to well-known facts to convince every one of its importance in the minutest details. Then why need we urge upon parents the importance of looking well to the working of their schools, and to the complete equipment of these indispensable establishments with every appliance and attention which may facilitate their advancement, or encourage those engaged in conducting them? One would think that allusions of this kind must be egregiously unnecessary. But do the facts confirm us in this opinion? It is far otherwise. Every day we hear teachers complaining that their examinations are ill attended, and that they feel almost discouraged in their attempts to

excite a necessary enthusiasm in the minds of their pupils, inasmuch as parents seem perfectly listless and indifferent as to the progress of the children, and leave everything connected with the school to take its course without either their countenance or disapprobation. The effect of this state of things must be seen in the lack of energy in teachers and the absence of a proper emulation amongst the pupils. Examinations every three months do not occur too often, and they should be looked forward to and spoken of by the parents with that deep interest which could not but engender in the children and teacher an anxiety to meet the honest expectations of the trustees and patrons which the interval had aroused. Let no parent complain of listlessness and sloth in a teacher while that functionary is deprived of the countenance and support which should be accorded by every parent in the section at the regularly appointed examinations of the school. These complaints by the parents are manifestly unjust, but such inconsistent petulance is common, and must have been experienced from time to time by every teacher. What shall we say of Trustees who so often hold office and display extraordinary officiousness but still neglect this important duty. Amongst the great mass of the people of Canada the common school is the only reservoir of those educational advantages which are obtainable, and with the majority of the more opulent it lays the foundation for that superior culture which is to be afterwards acquired in the Grammar School and University; it is therefore a subject worthy of the assiduous attention of not only friends of education generally but the whole community from the peasant to the legislator, and we cannot too earnestly impress upon our readers the interest we feel as friends of the great cause advocated by this journal, in those periodical displays of attainments and improvement in our common schools, established by a provision of our excellent School Law. Let Teachers, Trustees, and Superintendents urge upon the people of each section the necessity of greater attention to the facts at which we have hinted, and a salutary improvement will be the consequence.

—Plato observes that the minds of children are like bottles with very small mouths; if you attempt to fill them too rapidly, much knowledge is wasted and little received; whereas with a small stream they are easily filled.

INGENUITY OF AN INSECT.—Being in the habit of rising early, I have my breakfast table got ready over night.—On sitting down this morning, a remarkable circumstance attracted my attention. About twelve inches from the table, and over the sugar basin I saw suspended in mid-air two small lumps of sugar about the size of large peas. At first I felt much surprise, for I looked, and looked, and looked again; but sugar it was, and there they were—a fact. I blew at them, they moved, like the pendulums of a clock, but what held them I could not see. I thought of Mahomet's tomb being suspended between heaven and earth; then I thought of the spirit-rapping world; but surely, I thought, they had not reached this peaceful spot in Kent. However, I lifted the candle up to the ceiling, and away ran a spider along the ceiling, which at once told me that the busy little thing had been to work in the night. I then closely examined, and saw that each lump was suspended by a single thread or web of the spider, and whom I must have disturbed, or he would have had them up in his aerial abode before long.

A REMEDY FOR SLEEPLESSNESS.—How to get sleep is to many persons a matter of great importance. Nervous persons, who are troubled with wakefulness and excitability, usually have a tendency of blood on the brain, with cold extremities. The pressure of the blood on the brain keeps it in a stimulated or wakeful state, and the pulsations in the head are often painful. Let such rise and chafe the body and extremities with a brush or towel, or rub smartly with the hands, to promote circulation, and withdraw the excessive amount of blood from the brain, and they will fall asleep in a few moments. A cold bath, or a sponge bath and rubbing, or a good run, or a rapid walk in the open air, or going up or down stairs a few times just before retiring, will aid in equalizing circulation and promoting sleep. These rules are simple, and easy of application in castle or cabin, mansion or cottage, and may minister to the comfort of thousands who would freely expend money for an anodyne to promote "Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

—Most natures are insolvent; cannot satisfy their own wants; have an ambition out of all proportion to their practical force; and so do lean and beg day and night continually.

PRIMARY SCHOOLS.

From the Report of Common Schools, Providence, Rhode Island.

Erroneous impressions have prevailed, with regard to these schools. The popular idea has been that any body could teach a primary school, even the very young with limited attainments and no experience. This is a mistake; for no schools so imperatively demand all those traits and excellencies of character which constitute a model teacher: namely, gentleness of disposition, courteous and winning manners, self-control, skill in discipline, quick perception, ingenuity, a mind fruitful of expedients, habits of order and neatness, and attachment to children, a love for the profession of teaching, with a full average of mental endowment and intellectual culture. No department of instruction suffers more from inattention. What cultivator who should neglect his plants and young trees while in the nursery, and assign, as an excuse, that they were soon to be transplanted, and then would receive more attention, but would be pronounced exceedingly unwise. Every child, as well as every plant and tree, shows the effect of early culture. Our primary schools are of primary importance. Impressions made here remain through the whole course of instruction. Foundations laid here must modify, as well as sustain, the entire superstructure. The temple cannot be broader than its base. In these schools it is not enough to make right impressions; they should be made in the right way. All the exercises of the school room should be pleasant and attractive. A forbidding manner, or injudicious chiding, should be studiously avoided.

The general impression seems to be, that children naturally love play, and dislike study; that they will run to the one, but must be forced to the other.— That this is, in so great degree true, comes more from the fault of the parent and teacher, than from the nature of the child. From early infancy, we woo a child to his play, and encourage him, if he fails. We certainly never think of chiding him, but how we purane the opposite course when we turn him to his books. Now, suppose we reverse our practice. Insist upon his playing in a particular manner, at a stated time, and for a fixed period, and scold and punish him when he is tardy, indifferent, or plays badly; but, on the other hand,

make everything attractive, encourage and commend him even though he may fail at his study. How soon would his nature be changed? He would love his book, and hate his ball.

Text books are too closely followed in our primary schools, and, indeed, in all our schools. We want more of oral instruction, *more of the living voice*. Object lessons, when skillfully managed, are always attractive and interesting, especially to young children. A bit of glass, a scrap of iron, a sponge, a flower, an ear of corn, a gray stone, a green or dry leaf, any of the most common objects, often furnish a much better text than a printed book. The question in a primary school should be, How can it be entertained, as well as instructed? and so of all schools.

The attention of our best instructors is turning to the improvement of primary schools; and they certainly merit the cordial support, and fostering care, of all who feel an interest in the cause of education. A most valuable aid to oral instruction, in these schools, has recently appeared in the form of "Primary School Tablets," designed by Hon. John D. Philbrick, the accomplished Superintendent of the Public Schools of Boston.— They afford important facilities to oral teaching, which experience has proved to be indispensable to the highest success in elementary instruction. No greater mistake can be made, than to attempt to confine the attention of a young child, for any considerable time, to the printed pages of a school book. It cannot be done. Childhood will be entertained. It is impatient of confinement, and loves variety; and if the teacher does not furnish it, the boy will. All the appliances of severe discipline will not hold him much in check.

The "Tablets" referred to, are well adapted to the purpose for which they were designed, and I cordially commend them to the attention of those entrusted with the management of our schools. A set of them may be seen in the office of your Commissioner.

MEANING OF WORDS.

How many words men have dragged downwards with themselves, and made partakers, more or less, of their own fall! Having originally an honorable significance, of those that used them, or those about whom they were used, deteriorated, or degenerated thereto. What a multitude of words, originally harmless, have

assumed a harmful meaning, as their secondary lease; how many worthy have acquired an unworthy. Thus "knave" once meant no more than lad, (nor does it now in German mean more); "villain" than peasant; a "boor" was only a farmer; a "varlet" was but a serving-man; a "churl" but a strong fellow; a "minion" a favorite; "man is God's dearest minion," (Sylvester.) "Tyme-server" was used 200 years ago, quite as often for one in an honorable as in a dishonorable sense, "serving the time." "Conceits" had once nothing conceited in them. "officious" had reference to offices of kindness, not to busy meddling; "moody" was that which pertained to a man's mood, without any gloom or sullenness implied. "Demure" (*des moeurs*, of good manners) conveyed no hint, as it does now, of an overdoing of the outward demonstrations of modesty. In "crafty" and "cunning" there was nothing of crooked wisdom implied, but only knowledge and skill; "craft," indeed, still retains very often its more honorable use, a man's "craft" being his skill, and then the trade in which he is well skilled. And think you that the Magdalene could have ever given us "maudlin" in its present contemptuous application, if the tears of penitential weeping had been held in due honor by the world?

TRIBUTE TO WOMEN.—The celebrated traveler, Ledyard, paid the following handsome tribute to the female sex:—"I have observed," he says, "that women in all countries are civil, obliging, tender and humane. I never addressed myself to them in the language of decency and friendship, without receiving a friendly answer. With man it has, often been otherwise. In wandering over the barrens of inhabitable Denmark; through honest Sweden and frozen Lapland; rude and quarrelsome Finland; unprincipled Russia; and the widely-spread regions of the wandering Tartar; if hungry, dry, wet, cold or sick, the women have ever been friendly, and uniformly so; and to add to this virtue, (so worthy the appellation of benevolence,) these actions have been performed in so free and kind a manner, that if I was dry I drank the sweetest draught, and if hungry coarsest morsel with a double relish.

When Ursula went to school, she was asked why the poor bachelor was singular. "Because," she replied, "it is so very singular they don't get married."

Written for the Educationalist.

HISTORY.

Summoning before us the eternal character of the world's drama, the vast audience, the unroofed and enormous theatre, the actors themselves enlarged by art above the past generations of men. We can, verily, say that a knowledge of History will always be a source of profit and delight. Examples strike better than precepts. They serve as proofs to convince, and as images to attract. History gives us the experience of the world, and the collective reason of ages. We are organized like men of the remotest times. We have the same virtues and the same vices; and, hurried forward, like them, by our passions, we listen with distrust to those warnings of wisdom which would thwart our inclinations. But History is an impartial instructor, whose reasonings, which are facts, we cannot gainsay. It exhibits to us the past to prefigure the future. It is the mirror of truth. Before its tribunal nations and men the most renowned are judged in our eyes; conquerors descend from their triumphal cars; tyrants are no longer formidable by their satellites; princes appear before us unattended by their retinue, and stripped of that false grandeur with which flattery saw them invested. The love of liberty cherished by the Greeks may kindle the soul; but their jealousies, their fickle manners, their ingratitude, their sanguinary quarrels, their corruption of manners, at once announce and explain their ruin. If Rome with her power, excite astonishment, we will not fail soon to distinguish the virtues which constituted her grandeur, from the vices which precipitated her fall.

N. M.

THE SONS OF POOR MOTHERS.

"His mother was a poor woman, and now he walks the street like a lord."

Thus sneered a bundle of silks and feathers, as it moved faintly along, scenting with its aristocratic nose, like a genuine pointer, the well dressed and well connected persons of her acquaintance. The young man referred to, trod the ground like neither prince nor lord, but like a man conscious of his power; like an American citizen every way worthy of the name. He had trampled under foot the sneers of the scornful and pretentious, and stood before the world with his foot upon the neck of their meanness. Step by step he had disputed the ground with

adverse circumstances, and they had yielded, step by step, till he now stood where he could look down upon, and use every obstacle that had striven to hinder his progress, and make it a slave to his bidding. He had taken calumny, and pride, and envy by the throat, and flung them from him with such force that they cowered at his glance, nor dared so much as lift their skinny fingers at his shadow when his back was turned.—Through weary struggles against frightful obstacles that the poor alone know—battling with the tide of oppression, buffeted by the waves of adversity, still upward he rose, onward he went, till to-day no man is acknowledged with louder acclamation—no man bowed down to with deeper reverence—no man whose recognition is a greater honor, than this son of a poor woman.

His mother was a poor woman!

Look over the list of earth's magnates—her royal kings of intellect—her lords of genius—patents of whose greatness originated in the courts of the Most High, ere this little world brought forth its mock nobility, and tell us what proportion of those great ones were the sons of rich mothers? Very, very few. The best statesmen, the proudest poets, the holiest divines—those thunderers by whom the earth was shaken to its centre—men who have dethroned kings and founded nations—the masters of rhetoric and elocution—the most profound philosophers—the bravest generals—the noblest authors, were nearly all the sons of poor women, some of their widows who suffered in loneliness and sorrow.

In our own day, our best and brightest names have been given to little babies by the lips of poor women, their heads cradled upon coarse pillows, their little bare feet trained over carpetless floors.

Daniel Webster was the son of a poor woman. The first grandeur he knew was that of the hills that lifted their granite brows in eternal worship toward heaven—the only splendor that of majestic clouds and leaping torrents, the triumphal entry of the sun through avenues of golden glory, and his western march like that of a monarch, wrapping robes of crimson and ermine about him. And yet for greatness, intellectually speaking, the world hath scarcely his equal. Who knows if the babe, Daniel Webster, had been rocked in a rosewood cradle, and lulled to sleep with a silver rattle in his hand, reared in the midst of a city street, with no wild anthems of the forest—no

thunder leaping from crag to crag to bring out the stronger elements of the mind—no birds in the branches, and no silver streams to waken the more ethereal and picturesque characteristics of his intellect and group them into harmony; who knows but the world had sighed over greatness born to blush unseen, to droop, to die in comparative solitude?

Sons of poor mothers! What a host of them have scaled the summit of immortality! They have left their impress in the hand of the idols, and many a dark-browed heathen has learned the way of salvation through their almost superhuman exertions. Everywhere throughout the world, how do they stand forth and challenge our homage! Not with glossy kids and faultless coats, patent boots and slender canes, do they go forth, the admired whisker and eyes of thoughtless girls, but with sturdy strops and clouted shoes—with signs of the much used needle here and there seriously showing—with patched knees and elbows, and with many an evidence besides that they were the sons of poor mothers.

All honors to the sons of poor mothers! To them the nation look for statesmen and defenders. For them there will always be vacancies in the halls of science, seats in the temples of our legislatures, and pulpits in our churches. For them the doors of the White House have sprung wide open, and shall again, while the people gather in crowds to do them reverence.

"He was the son of a poor woman!"

Let it never be spoken with the sneer of self-sufficient shallowness, for it is in the hearts of poor women that the noblest resolves have birth. They make sacrifices that would put to blush the indolence and negligence of the purse-proud. Over their humble homes shine the stars that heralded the advent of heaven-born intelligence. It has ever been so since the star of Bethlehem blazed above the spot where Christ, the King of Heaven, lay upon the bosom of a poor woman. While they toil with tears, and struggle with adversity, angels whisper the destination of the babes that sleep against their hearts. At their lowly hearthstones the young mind is imbued with the holy principles of the Bible. When the child comes sobbing home, grieved and indignant, because those who were better dressed have scorned him, the poor mother, her heart filled with faith, points out his noble destiny. She it is who inspires him with glowing hopes, teaches him that merit lies not in the paltry adornments of the outward man;

that, in the years coming those who sneer at him now, may feel honored by his careless glance; that it lays with himself whether he shall be a master spirit—in his conquering all grosser inclinations—in his aspirations after the exalted, the sublime things that pertain to the intellectual might of man—in his subjugation of every vicious inclination—in his resolute will to be an honor to the country.

EDUCATION IN CHINA.

The boys commence their studies at six or seven years of age. In China there is no royal road to learning, but every boy, whatever his rank, takes the same class-book and submits to the same training. The school room is a low shed, or a back room in some temple, or some attic in some shop where each boy is supplied with a table and a stool, and the teacher has a more elevated seat and a larger table. In the corner of the room is a tablet or picture of Confucius, before which each pupil prostrates himself on entering the room, and then makes his obeisance to his teacher. He then brings his book to the teacher, who repeats over a sentence or more to the pupil, and he goes to his place repeating the same at the top of his voice till he can repeat it from memory, when he returns to his teacher, and laying his book on the teacher's table, turns his back upon both book and teacher and repeats his lesson. This is called lacking his lesson. In this way he goes through the volume till he can brook the whole book; then another, then another, till he can back a list of the classics. The boys in the school, to the number of ten to twenty, each go through the same process, coming up in turn to back their lesson, and he that has a defective recitation receives a blow on the head from the master's ferule of bamboo, and returns to his seat to perfect his lesson. The school teachers are usually unsuccessful candidates for preferment and office, who, not having habits for business or a disposition to labor, turn pedagogues. They receive from each of the pupils a given sum proportioned to the means of the parents, and varying from three to ten or twelve dollars a year from each pupil, and perhaps in addition an occasional gift of fruits or food.

The schools are opened at early dawn, and the boys study till nine or ten o'clock, when they go to breakfast, and after an hour or so return and study till four or five o'clock in the afternoon, and then re-

turn for the day. In winter they sometimes have a lesson in the evening.

The first book is called the *Trimetrical Classic*, which all Chinese boys begin with, and which some of their commentators have called a passport into the regions of classical and historical literature. We should as soon think of putting a copy of Young's *Night Thoughts* into the hands of a beginner with the expectation of seeing him master it. These young Celestials are not expected, however, to understand what they read, but simply to memorise, and occasionally write out some more simple character; and perhaps after two or three years' reading and memorising, they begin to study the sentiments of the author. The sons of tradesmen and mechanics seldom study long enough to master the classics, but gain a smattering of books, and learn to read and write the language sufficient to keep accounts, and gain a little knowledge of mathematics, when their education is ended. Such boys, and they constitute no small portion of school boys in China, as they grow up, retain the sound of many characters, but are unable to explain the meaning of a page in any common book. Three or four years of schooling forms the sum of their education, and that is insufficient to give any one a practical knowledge of their written language.—*The China Mission* by WILLIAM DEAN, D. D.

HOW TO TEACH THE ALPHABET.

At a recent meeting in Boston, George B. Emerson, Esq., had something to say of what he had seen of teaching in Europe during his travels. He spoke of what he saw in Dresden. He spoke of teaching the alphabet—of its usually being regarded as a drudgery, which he called a sad mistake. He cited an example of forty boys, seven years old, coming to learn their alphabet. It was taught by a man competent for a College President. He commenced by drawing a fish on the blackboard, and inquiring of the boys, "What is that?"

One answer was, "A fish," and another, "It is the picture of a fish," and another, "It is the drawing of a fish." "Right," said the teacher to the last. They were then required to make a nice sentence about the fish. This being done, he then placed before them the letters that made the word. They were then required to put the letters together so as to spell the

word. This was done; also the making of the letters on the slate, forming the word. They were next, required to draw the picture of the fish. This was the method of teaching the alphabet, by no novice, but by a most learned German scholar. This method of thoroughness was everywhere practiced in teaching—a little at a time, and constant repetition. "The effect of this method," said he, "was surprising." How unlike is this method to that pursued in our primary school! The teachers use no books in teaching. Consequently their minds are wholly on the matter of teaching—watching the effect of their teaching upon their children. When their interest tired, their attention was directed to a new subject, and thus the happiest results are produced.

THE FIRST MORNING HOUR.

Nature tells us what it should be. Not ushered in with din and strife, and the trumpet call to battle; but stealing softly, quietly, serenely over the senses, with song of birds and scent of myriad flowers. Just so should the spirit be in its waking hours, buoyant, hopeful, bright, soaring, rejoicing. No cloud of discontent, no fog of sullenness, no biting breath of words that slay quicker than knife or bullet, and too often, God knows, those who, defenceless and hopeless, can wage with the tyrant victor no warfare. What misery a day, the first morning of which, thus ushered in, shall bring, ere its sunset—how many aching hearts can tell! How leaden the feet of duty move unwinged by love, how many a sorrowful household might reveal, did its tomb-like walls tell all the sighs and tears witnessed within them! Oh, mothers, fathers, guard your first waking thoughts! Burden not unnecessarily, or despondingly, or selfishly, this new born day with yesterday's discontents and sorrows, do not for your own sake; do not for the sake of those whose unlifted faces reflect every fitting shadow that mars the sunshine of yours. A frowning face! How sad a legacy for children to hang up in memory's cabinet, when they sit musing, in after years, on the influences that have marred their happiness and by so much *maimed* their usefulness. Look to the first morning hours of each day, for, like the little stone which you idly throw into the lake, careless where it sinks, it leaves a ripple that shall widen and widen till it reaches the shore of eternity.

Written for the "Educationalist."

SPRING.

BY J. BLANCHARD.

Spring is the time for joy—
The hour of bud and bloom;
When Life's reviving rays destroy
The Winter's shades of gloom.
And Nature's voice awakes to birth,
Each tender germ hid 'neath the earth.

Spring is the time for mirth,
When woods and valleys ring;
And all the voices of the earth,
A gladsome psalm sing.
While all around—earth, sea and air,
Proclaim that "God is everywhere."

Spring is the time for toil,
To plough the fertile field,
To labor for the wealthy spoil,
Within its breast concealed.
And scatter wide the pregnant seeds
From which man's sustenance proceeds.

Spring is the time for songs,
When music fills the air,
And warbling birds and humming throngs;
Make music everywhere.
While field and wood and singing brook,
To Heaven send up a grateful look.

Spring is the time for praise.
Present your thanks to Him,
Who kept you through the Winter days—
The Winter cold and dim.
His wings of love He ever spreads
Around, above, beneath your heads.

All praise to Him whose love
Brings back the glad spring-time!
Let earth below and Heaven above,
Now swell the strain sublime.—
All praise to God—the wise, the good!
Whose wings of love have ever brood!

Easton's Corners, May 1st, 1861.

THE MYSTERIES OF TATTLETOWN.

BY EMILY C. HUNTINGTON.

I have never been able to find any record, written or traditional, of the way in which our town came by such an appellation as Tattletown. Whether it was legally christened in its log cabin babyhood, or whether it was only a nickname, bestowed by some neighboring settlement, out of pure spite and envy, nobody can tell. One thing is certain, it has borne the name as far back as the memory of that remarkable personage,—"the oldest inhabitant," extends, and from some natural tendency the people have been obliging enough to slide into the character indicated by it, until it would puzzle a professional linguist to bestow a more appropriate one upon the village. This is all in the strictest confidence, for I pride myself particularly upon my entire freedom from all inclination to meddle with my neighbor's affairs, but I make the remark as introductory to an account of a funny affair that has just transpired among us, which I thought you might like to hear about.

You may have heard of Tattletown Academy, the special pride and glory of the village and all the country around.—Well, the village folk were thrown into quite a commotion by the news that the Principal was about to employ a new assistant in the place of Miss Price, the English teacher. This was, particularly welcome on account of the great dearth of topics of conversation just then. The new minister and his wife had been fully canvassed, and the probable cost of every article of her dress had been settled a week before; from her velvet mantle to her boot lacings. There had been no runaway marriages—no breaking off engagements—in short, nothing of interest for some time, so of course it was natural to look with anxiety for the advent of the new teacher.

In spite of "Vigilance Committees" no body found out how or when she came to town, but one morning Mr. Marsh, the Principal, walked into the recitation-room, where about a dozen of the older girls were collected, and introduced to us our new teacher, Miss Arnold. She was a little creature, no larger than May Edwards, the pet of the school, with a face as fair as a lily, large brown eyes, and hair that clustered in rings and short curls about her forehead, and all over her head—she told us afterwards that it had just grown out after a long sickness. She bowed pleasantly to us, blushing, as well she might, at the battery of eyes turned scrutinizingly upon her, and in a few moments passed out again with Mr. Marsh. Such a buzz of voices as arose in the room defied control—and various were the opinions expressed.

"I don't see what Mr. Marsh wanted of such a little baby-faced thing as that," said the oldest girl in the room, whom the gossips slyly declared to have an eye upon our handsome Principal as a possible conquest. "I don't believe she knows anything at all, and I for one am not going to recite to her—I'll tell Mr. Marsh so this very morning."

"Now, Mary Ward, just confess you are dying with jealousy," claimed in little May Edwards. "She is a regular little beauty, and I prophecy that Mr. Marsh comes to a realizing sense of her charms before many months. Wouldn't they make a handsome couple, girls?—he needs just such a meek little rose-bud to set off his proud face and lordly airs."

We all laughed at May, except Mary Ward, who preserved a dignified silence,

and all seemed to agree in the opinion that, at all events, she was preferable to that vinegar-faced Miss Price whom we almost hated.

In the course of a few days Miss Arnold slipped quietly into her round of duties in the Academy, and as quietly into a warm place in the affections of the scholars. Only two or three persevered in a stubborn dislike led on and encouraged by Mary Ward, whose hatred seemed continually to increase.

If Mr. Marsh came into the room to see how the recitation was conducted, or gave a whispered hint about some matters that he imagined might be better arranged, Mary's eyes spoke volumes of sly meaning as she glanced at some sympathizing spirit. It was not long before strange whispers began to circulate among the Tattletown gossips, and by the middle of the summer the whispers gave place to openly repeated tales of the shocking conduct of the new teacher, and her evident attachment to Mr. Marsh. It was declared, on the best of testimony, that once they took a long ride together, in the evening, and that he called every week at her boarding place; and his landlady's daughter told Mary Ward, confidentially, that he had Miss Arnold's miniature in an elegant case in his writing desk, probably taken some time before, for her curls were long and her cheeks rounder.

It was agreed on all hands that it was shameful in the extreme, for a little upstart of a "schoolm'am" to stop so coolly in, and with so little trouble to carry off a prize for which no less than a dozen fair damsels had exhausted all their arts in vain. Various persons were deputed to approach Mr. Marsh upon the subject, and cautiously to undermine her influence over him, but he avoided the subject of her personal merits with consummate skill, and would only speak of her success as a teacher, which no one could dispute.

The long vacation drew on, and Helen Arnold, as if unconsciously of the prying eyes that were watching every movement, commenced making quite extensive additions to her wardrobe. Every item that went through the hands of milliner and mantuamaker was carefully noted, and reported at the weekly Sewing Society.—There was such an elegant traveling suit, and, above all, a white crape dress with rose-colored ribbons, that the widow Simpkins happened to see her trying on, and gave an account of. "I s'pose that is a woddin' dress, isn't it, Miss Arnold," says I. She kinder laughed and tried to turn

off, but she blushed as red as a pinoy. Says I, "I think you have done pretty well to catch a husband so soon after coming here, and as likely a man as Charles Marsh, too." She looked at me sort of surprised-like for a minute, and then I s'pose she thought 'twant no use shamming, so she said just as cool, "Oh, Mr. Marsh and I have been engaged more than a year."

"I declare I never heard the beat. If that gal aint the most brazen-faced piece I ever saw."

So poor Miss Arnold was discussed, and some plainly declared they were glad school had closed, for they would not send their children to such a person.

It was the last night of Helen's stay in Tattletown; and the widow Simpkins, having flattened her nose against the window for a distressing period of time, was at last rewarded by seeing Mr. Marsh enter the door of her boarding place and seat himself on the sofa with Helen Arnold. Then he rose and shut the blind toward the street, entirely cutting off the good widow's view of any interesting scene that might be about to transpire. The widow was in agony. All at once she recollected a pressing errand that called her to her neighbor's—Miss Sally's—and in her sympathizing ear she told what she had just seen.

"Sakes alive," exclaimed Miss Sally, "well my parlor window is close to theirs, and we can sit there without any light and hear every word they say."

No sooner said than done, and the two honorable worthies were installed by the window, but greatly to their disappointment, they could only hear disconnected sentences. What they did hear, ran about as follows:

"I do not feel as if I was worthy of such a wife, Nellie."

"I don't think you are either, and I have a great mind to enter protest now."

Then a merry laugh, during which Miss Sally whispered to the widow, "she thinks enough of herself any how."

"I met that old Widow Simpkins in at the dressmaker's the other day, and she said you were a very likely man, and congratulated me on my conquest. I can't imagine how that has got around town."

"The deceitful jade," whispered the widow, wrathfully, "I should like to box her ears."

A good deal more was said on both sides, but nothing very satisfactory to the listeners until Mr. Marsh rose to depart.

"Oh, I forgot," said he, pausing exactly before the window, and taking a small package from his pocket, he opened it, held up an elegant bracelet, which he clasped upon Miss Arnold's arm, saying, "wear that at the wedding, will you, Nellie, for my sake?"

Helen looked at the bracelet a moment, admiring it with all a child's delight, and then said, "I think I will repent and give you the kiss you teased for, after all."—So Charles Marsh bent his handsome head, and left a kiss on as rosy a mouth as ever was kissed before or since.

"Good night, little one, I shall see you again next Thursday. Give my love to your father and mother, and you know who has all the rest."

He was gone at last, down the street, and Helen shut the door, and they had a glimpse of her little feet flying up the stairs to her room.

The widow looked at Miss Sally, and Miss Sally looked at the widow. "Well, I do declare!" said the widow, setting her cap border, "I never see the beat in all my born days," said Miss Sally, smoothing her apron nervously.

With hearts too full for utterance the two worthies separated.

No sooner was Miss Arnold out of town, than Mr. Marsh went to a pleasant family, living in the edge of the village, and engaged rooms for himself and wife—and to the laughing remark of Mrs. Edwards, that she supposed, of course, the wife was to be Miss Arnold, he gave an unhesitating assent.

The furnishing of the rooms occupied the whole of his attention for several days, and many were the plans devised by the Widow Simpkins for getting a peep at them, but she failed in all of them, and Mr. Marsh finally left Tattletown with the keys in his pocket, and not so much as a crack in the blinds to gratify the woman's curiosity.

It seemed as if that summer vacation never would come to an end, but it did close at last, and it was told all over Tattletown one Saturday evening, that Mr. Marsh and his wife were at Mrs. Edwards' house.

Our good minister must have wondered at the unusual crowd that fairly filled the church the next morning, but he must have readily guessed the cause, from the universal rustle and turning of heads when Charles Marsh came slowly up the aisle, escorting a very beautiful lady, in the purest white, and followed

by a little figure in travelling costume, with a face that some of us thought was fairly running over with mischief—oven our teacher, Miss Helen Arnold.

Everybody was puzzled; Miss Sally could not think "what on airth it meant. The bride was the *very picture* of Helen Arnold, only she had longer curls and redder cheeks." The mystery was solved, however, after service, when Helen, with her eyes all in a twinkle, introduced to Widow Simpkins, "my sister, Mrs. Marsh."

School-girls are proverbially quick-witted, and it was soon universally understood in the Academy how Helen had "check-mated the gossips," and how Mr. Marsh had been engaged to her sister Alice, for a long time, and only waiting to establish himself in the Academy before he married—that Helen was her sister's bride-maid, and wore the white crape at the wedding, and a great deal more that May Edward's told us.

"Helen," said Miss Edwards to her one day, did you really tell the Widow Simpkins that you had been engaged to Mr. Marsh a year?"

"No, indeed, she congratulated me on catching a husband so soon, and the fun of the thing happened to strike me just then, so I told her, Mr. Marsh and I had been engaged more than a year. It was true, you see, for Charles and Alice have been engaged ever so long, and I have been engaged a year to—to—well no matter. Don't laugh at me, that's a dear, good Aunty—I didn't mean to tell, only don't you think Widow Simpkins is a meddling old gossip?"

Helen Arnold is our teacher still, but we are to have a new one next term, and I know something that Helen told me one night, about a locket with somebody's picture in it—but I said I wouldn't tell, and I am not a going to.

FRESH AIR.—Give your children plenty of fresh air. Let them snuff it until it sends the rosy current of life dancing joyfully to their temples. Air is so cheap, and so good, and so necessary withal, that every child should have free access to it. Horace Mann, beautifully says:—"To put children on a short allowance of fresh air, is as foolish as it would have been for Noah, during the deluge, to have put his family on a short allowance of water. Since God has poured out an atmosphere of fifty miles deep, it is enough to make a miser weep to see our children stinted in breath."

THE WORDS WE SPEAK.

Our words are imperishable. Like winged messengers, they go forth, but never to be recalled—never to die. They have a mighty power for good or evil through all time; and before the great white throne they will be swift witnesses for or against us.

The words we speak have a mighty power; and there are words angels might covet to utter. There are words of comfort to the afflicted. There are sad hearts that need comfort everywhere, and there are words of blame and cold indifference, or feigned sympathy, that fall like lead upon the stricken spirit; and there are blessed heart-words of cheer, which bear up the soul and enable it to look out from the dark night of its troubles, and discern the silver lining of the gloomy cloud.

There are words of counsel to the young, to the tempted, the erring. Speak them earnestly, affectionately, and though the waves of circumstance may soon waft them away from your observation, yet such is God's husbandry, that if uttered in faith and prayer, He will take care that on an earthly or heavenly shore the reaper shall rejoice that he was a sower.

There are kind words; how little they cost, how priceless they are! Harsh words beget harshness; and fretful words, like a certain little insect, sting us to a feverish impatience. But who can resist the charm of kind, loving words? The heart expands beneath them as to the sunshine, and they make us happier and better.

Then there are cheerful words, and why should we dote them out with such miserly care? They ought to form the atmosphere of our homes, and to be habitual in all our intercourse. We have so many weaknesses, so many crosses, so much that is down-hill in life, that the habit of thinking and speaking cheerfully is invaluable.

But there are other words against which we should pray, "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips." There are words of falsehood and deceit. They lurk in our expressions of civility, or professions of friendship, our transactions of business. How early do children, even, begin to weave a web of deceit, and how carefully should those who train them watch against this sin, and, by example and precept, teach them always and everywhere to speak the truth.

There are slanderous words—how mischievous they are! There are words of

the tale-bearers, that breed suspicions and jealousies in neighborhoods, and between families. There are envious words and flattering words, and flattery words, which are no better. Then there is the long list of idle words, or by-words, as they are called.

But there is another class of words to which we would gladly refer—they are the words of eternal life. Cornelius sent for Peter that he might speak words to him. What blessed words those were! Will they not be remembered with joy by both speaker and hearer throughout all eternity? As we pass along the world, God will often let us speak a word for Him; and if we seek His aid, He will make it a word of power and comfort, a word in season, to him that is weary.

"Speak gently; 'tis a little thing
Dropped in the heart's deep well.
The good, the joy, which it may bring,
Eternity shall tell." [Bullard.]

THE LIGHT OF A CHEERFUL FACE.

There is no greater every-day virtue than cheerfulness. This quality in man among men, is like sunshine to the day, or gentle, renewing moisture to parched herbs. The light of a cheerful face diffusion itself, and communicates the happy spirit that inspires it. The sourest temper must sweeten in the atmosphere of continuous good humor. As well might fog, and cloud, and vapor, hope to cling to the sun-illuminated landscape, as the blues and moroseness to combat jovial speech and exhilarating laughter. Be cheerful always. There is no path easier traveled, no load but will be lighter, no shadow on heart or brain but will lift sooner in presence of a determined cheerfulness. It may at times seem difficult for the happiest tempered to keep the countenance of peace and content; but the difficulty will vanish when we truly consider that sullen gloom and passionate despair do nothing but multiply thorns and thicken sorrows. Ill comes to us as providentially as good—and is as good, if we rightly apply its lessons; why not, then, cheerfully accept the ill, and thus blunt its apparent sting? Cheerfulness ought to be the fruit of philosophy and of Christianity. What is gained by peevishness and fretfulness—by perverse sadness and sullenness? If we are ill, let us be cheered by the trust that we shall soon be in health; if misfortune befall us, let us be cheered by hopeful visions of fortune; if death rob us of the dear ones, let us be cheered by

the thought that they are only gone before, to the blissful bowers where we shall meet, to part no more forever. Cultivate cheerfulness, if only for personal profit. You will do and bear every duty and burden better by being cheerful. It will be your consoler in solitude, your passport and commendation in society. You will be more sought after, more trusted and esteemed for your steady cheerfulness.—The bad, the vicious, may be boisterously gay and vulgarly humorous, but seldom or never truly cheerful. Genuine cheerfulness is an almost certain index of a happy mind and a pure, good heart.

REMARKABLE LAKES IN PORTUGAL.

On the top of a ridge of mountains in Portugal, called Estralla, are two lakes of great extent and depth, especially one of them, which is said to be unfathomable. What is chiefly remarkable in them is, that they are calm when the sea is so, and rough when that is stormy. It is, therefore, probable that they have a subterranean communication with the ocean; and this seems to be confirmed by the pieces of ships they throw up, though almost forty miles from the sea. There is another extraordinary lake in that country, which, before a storm, is said to make a frightful rumbling noise, that may be heard at a distance of several miles. And we are also told of a pool or fountain, called Fervencies, about 24 miles from Comiba, that absorbs not only wood, but the lightest bodies thrown into it, such as cork, straw, feathers, &c., which sink to the bottom and are never seen more. To these we may add a remarkable spring near Estremes, which petrifies wood, or rather encrusts it with a case of stone; but the most remarkable circumstance is that in summer it throws up water enough to turn several mills, and in winter is perfectly dry.

SECRET RELIGION.—God is often lost in prayers and ordinances. "Enter into thy chamber," said he, "and shut thy door about thee." "Shut thy door about thee," means much; it means shut out not only frivolity, but business; not only the company abroad, but the company at home; it means,—let thy poor soul have a little rest and refreshment, and God have an opportunity to speak to thee in a still small voice, or he will speak in thunder. I am persuaded the Lord would often speak more softly if we would shut the door.—Cecil.