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SUMMARY.—**LITERATURE.**—Poetry: The Garden of Gethsamane.—Deadman's Island.—**EDUCATION:** An Education for Active Life.—Governed Too Much.—Some of the Mistakes of Educated Men.—The Purpose of the School.—A Few Thoughts on the Educational Problem.—A Recipe for Happiness.—How to Win a Child's Heart.—Vacation.—Denominate Numbers.—**SCIENCE:** Description of an Ancient Sepulchral Mound near Newark, Ohio.—On the Velocity of Nervous Impressions.—Are there Other Inhabited Worlds?—**OFFICIAL NOTICES.**—Appointments: School Commissioners.—Diplomas Granted in McGill Normal School.—Diplomas granted by Boards of Examiners.—**EDITORIAL:** Fête of the Pupils of the College of Nicolet.—Public Instruction in Nova Scotia.—Twenty-ninth Meeting of the Teachers' Association in Connection with Jacques Cartier Normal School.—McGill Normal School.—McGill Model School.—Convocation of Bishop's College.—Educational Convention.—Teachers' Association of the District of St. Francis.—Report of the Annual Meeting of the District of Bedford Teachers' Association.—St. Francis College and Grammar School, Richmond, C. E.—**MONTHLY SUMMARY:** Educational Intelligence.—Scientific Intelligence.—Literary Intelligence.—Neurological Intelligence.—Miscellaneous Intelligence.—**ADVERTISEMENTS:** McGill University.—McGill Normal School.

Garden of Gethsemane! the God-like lesson then
Left as precious token to suff'ring, sorrowing men,
Has breaking hearts oft strengthened, that else so sharply tried
Would quick have sunk, or hopeless, have cursed God and died.

Garden of Gethsemane! when "pressed and sore afraid,"
May I in spirit enter beneath thy olive's shade,
And however great my anguish, still like that God-like One,
Submissive say, "oh Father! Thy will not mine be done!"

WRITTEN ON PASSING DEADMAN'S ISLAND, (1)

IN THE GULF OF ST. LAWRENCE, LATE IN THE EVENING, SEPTEMBER, 1804.

See you, beneath yon cloud so dark,
Fast gliding along a gloomy bark?
Her sails are full,—though the wind is still,
And there blows not a breath her sails to fill!

Say what doth that vessel of darkness bear?
The silent calm of the grave is there,
Save now and again a death-knell rung,
And the flap of the sails with night-fog hung.

There lieth a wreck on the dismal shore
Of cold and pitiless Labrador;
Where, under the moon, upon mounts of frost,
Full many a mariner's bones are toss'd.

Yon shadowy bark hath been to that wreck,
And the dim blue fire, that lights her deck,
Doth play on as pale and livid a crew
As ever yet drank the churchyard dew.

LITERATURE.

POETRY.

(Written for the *Journal of Education*.)

THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.

BY MRS. LEPROHON.

The place is fair and tranquil, Judea's cloudless sky
Smiles down on distant mountain, on glade and valley nigh,
And odorous winds bring fragrance from palm tops darkly green,
And olive trees whose branches wave softly o'er the scene.

Whence comes the awe struck feeling that fills the gazer's breast,
The breath quick drawn and panting, the awe, the solemn rest?
What strange and holy magic seems earth and air to fill
That wordly thoughts and feelings are now all hushed and still?

Ah! here, one solemn evening, in ages long gone by,
A mourner knelt and sorrowed beneath the starlit sky,
And He whose drops of anguish bedewed the sacred sod,
Was Lord of earth and heaven, our Saviour and our God.

Well may mournful whispers breathe from olive leaf and bough,
They fauned His aching temples, His damp and grief-struck brow;
Well may the soft winds murmur with low and grieving tone,
They heard His words of anguish, they heard each sigh and moan.

Alone in deepest agony whilst friends—apostles slept,
None to share His vigil—weep with him whilst He wept,
Before Him clearly rising the Cross—the dying Pain—
And sins of hosts unnumber'd for whom He'd die in vain.

(1) "This is one of the Magdalen Islands, and, singularly enough, is the property of Sir Isaac Coffin. The above lines were suggested by a superstition very common among sailors, who call this ghost-ship, I think, "the flying Dutchman."

"We were thirteen days on our passage from Quebec to Halifax, and I had been so spoiled by the truly splendid hospitality of my friends of the *Phaeton* and *Boston*, that I was but ill prepared for the miseries of a Canadian vessel. The weather, however, was pleasant, and the scenery along the river delightful. Our passage through the Gut of Canso, with a bright sky and a fair wind, was particularly striking and romantic."

We may add that Deadman's Island is a rock forming part of the Magdalen Islands in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. It also bears the name of *Corps-mort* (Dead body), from its resemblance when seen at a certain distance, to a corpse floating on the surface of the water. It was when passing this island, in September 1804, that Moore composed these verses. A French translation of them by Mr James Donnelly, of the college of St. Thérèse, will be found in the June number of the *Journal de l'Instruction Publique*.