



# JOURNAL OF EDUCATION.

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But still on earth's dawning beauty,  
Rested a gloomy shade,  
For our tiny household idol  
Began to droop and fade.

Shuddering, I felt that the frailest  
Flower in the old woods dim,  
Had perchance a surer and longer  
Lease of life than him:—  
In the flush of summer's beauty,  
On a sunny, golden day,  
When flowers gemmed dells and wood-lands,  
My blossom passed away.

How I chafed at the brilliant sun-shine  
Flooding my lonely room,  
How I turned from the sight of nature  
So full of life and bloom.  
How I longed for past wintry hours  
With snow-flakes falling fast,  
And the little form of my nursing  
In my loving arms clasped.

They put up each tiny garment  
In an attic chamber high,  
His cradle—his empty cradle—  
That they might not meet my eye;  
And his name was never uttered,  
What e'er each heart might feel,  
For they wished that the wound in my bosom  
Might have time to close and heal.

It has done so, thanks to that Power  
That has been my earthly stay,  
And should you talk of my darling,  
I could listen now all day,  
For I know each passing minute  
Brings me nearer life's last shore,  
And nearer that cloudless kingdom  
Where we both shall meet once more.

## LITERATURE.

### POETRY.

#### GIVEN AND TAKEN.

BY MRS. LEPROHON.

The snow-flakes were softly falling  
Down on the landscape white,  
When the violet eyes of my first born  
Opened to the light;  
And I thought as I pressed him to me  
With loving, rapturous thrill,  
He was pure and fair as the snow-flakes  
That lay on the landscape still.

I smiled when they spoke of the dreary  
Length of the winter's night,  
Of the days so short and gloomy,  
The sun's cold cheerless light—  
I listened, but in their murmurs,  
Nor word nor thought took part,  
For the smiles of my gentle darling  
Brought light to my home and heart.

Oh, quickly the joyous spring-time  
Came back to our ice bound earth,  
Filling fields and woods with sun-shine,  
And hearts with hope and mirth,

### SKETCHES OF INDIAN LIFE.

#### I.

##### THE ABENAQUI'S STORY.

‘I was going along my line of traps, when I met an Indian with a sledge hauled by two dogs. He was a Montagnais, so that I could not understand much of his language, but he spoke English a little, and we could easily make one another out. I said to him, “You have a heavy load on your sledge.” “A heavy load,” he replied, in a mournful tone.  
‘I saw he did not like to talk, so I asked him to come to my lodge and pass the night. We got there early, and cooked some