



# JOURNAL OF EDUCATION.

Volume X.

Montreal (Lower Canada), November and December, 1866.

Nos. 11 and 12.

**SUMMARY.**—**LITERATURE:** Poetry—The Standard Bearer, (by Mrs. Leprohon).—The Secrets of Sahle Island.—Wild Kaffir Love and Wild Kaffir Intelligence.—The Oldest City in the World.—The Teacher's Reward.—Education: School Drill an aid to Volunteering.—Helps over Hard Places.—The Earl of Malmesbury on Popular Education.—National Musical Education in England.—Physical Exercises and Recreation for Girls.—**SCIENCE:** A Strange Place for Rotifers.—**OFFICIAL NOTICES:** Official Tour of the Superintendent of Education.—Appointments.—Deputy Superintendent of Education.—Inspector of Schools.—Examiners.—School Commissioners and School Trustees.—Books approved.—Diplomas granted in the Normal Schools.—Diplomas granted by the Boards of Examiners.—Erections, &c. of Municipalities.—Notice to School Commissioners and School Trustees.—Notice to Teachers.—Situations wanted.—Donations to the Library of the Department.—**EDITORIAL:** Departure of the Hon. Mr. Chauveau for Europe.—The McGill University Lecture.—Short School Time, with Military or Naval Drill: in connection especially with the subject of an Efficient Militia System.—Twenty-ninth Convention of the Teachers' Association in connection with Laval Normal School.—NOTICES OF BOOKS AND RECENT PUBLICATIONS: Mauvaul: *Histoire des Abénakis*.—Barthrick: 'The Battles of the World'.—Taylor: Portraits of British Americans.—*La Revue Canadienne*.—Asia: *Depuis l'Établissement des Premières Colonies jusqu'à l'Élection du Président Lincoln*.—Destruze: *Prisons et Grèves en France, d'après des textes inédits*.—Fenney: A Grammatical Analyzer.—Bain: English Composition and Rhetoric.—**MONTHLY SUMMARY:** Educational Intelligence.—Literary Intelligence.—Scientific Intelligence.—Neurological Intelligence.—Miscellaneous Intelligence.—**ADVERTISEMENT.**

## LITERATURE.

### POETRY.

(Written for the *Journal of Education*.)

#### THE STANDARD-BEARER.

BY MRS. LEPROHON.

Far and deep the roar of battle  
Thundered loud o'er hill and dale,  
Mixed with musketry's sharp rattle;  
Bullets fell like leaden hail,  
Chargers riderless, loud neighing,  
Crushed down with iron heel,  
Wounded soldiers, moaning—praying—  
Making Heaven one last appeal.

See yon banner fitful waving  
Where fierce rolls the battle tide,  
Soldiers, deadly fire braving,  
Rally round with hero's pride;  
Fair it looked in early morning  
When 'twas proudly first unrolled,  
Sunbeams bright its sheen adorning;  
Blackened, bloodstained, now, each fold.

A tall and slight limbed stripling  
Held it first within his clasp,  
Round his face bright curls rippling,  
Soon 'twas stricken from his grasp,

And caught up by foeman Lancer  
With a proud exultant cry,  
But back came defiant answer,  
"We will rescue it or die!"

What a struggle! stern browed faces  
Meet in close and deadly strife,  
Winning, losing a few paces  
At the price of untold life;  
But though scores and scores are falling,  
Like leaves strewn thick the plain,  
They seek 'mid that scene appalling  
But to win their flag again.

Ah, 't is done, with wild hurraing,  
See they wave it overhead,  
With their weapons passage fraying  
Amid foemen, dying, dead,  
And the tide of battle surges  
Adown that flower grown way,  
Where from the copse emerges  
A fresh foe eager for the fray.

Vain the latter's thirst for glory,  
Though for hours raged the fight,  
And deeds fit to live in story,  
Were wrought with valour's might,  
Still that banner flashed victorious  
'Bove the heads of friend and foe,  
When the sun sank red and glorious,  
It waved proudly in its glow.

Meanwhile, what of the fair stripling,  
So early stricken down,  
His gold curls thickly rippling  
Round his white brow free from frown?  
Heavy chargers o'er his form  
Had passed on with reckless tread,  
Round him close had waged war's storm,  
Yet, crushed—maimed—he was not dead.

With breast tumultuous swelling,  
In thought, bending o'er him now,  
Hot tears from our eyelids rolling,  
We wipe his blood-stained brow,  
And we think with pitying anguish,  
That throughout the weary day,  
He was left in pain to languish,  
Wounded, bleeding, as he lay.

Yet, strange, a smile bright, tender,  
Trembles soft o'er cheek and brow,  
'T is not from the sunset's splendour  
They gain their bright, glad glow;