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**SUMMARY.**—**LITERATURE.**—Poetry. The Final Reckoning, by Mrs. Lepron.—Longfellow in England.—Peace Hath Her Victories, by T. D. McGee.—**CANADIAN HISTORY:** Memoirs of the Richelieu, St. Johns.—British Colonial Empire.—**EDUCATION:** What is, and may be meant by teaching "English," by J. D. Micklejohn, Esq., M. A.—Information for the People on Education.—**SCIENCE.**—Biology: Disinfectants.—Another Observatory at Quebec.—**OFFICIAL NOTICES:** Books sanctioned by the Council of Public Instruction.—**NOTICE.**—**EDITORIAL:** Mr. Whitworth's Scholarships.—McGill Normal School.—Thirty-fourth Conference of the Teachers' Associations in connection with the Jacques Cartier and Laval Normal Schools.—**Books Received.**—**MONTHLY SUMMARY:** Educational, Literary, Miscellaneous, and Meteorological Intelligence and Tables.

It was not for Him I battled with the sword or with the pen,  
Nor for his praise I thirsted, but that of my fellow men,  
And amid the light now flooding this my life's last setting sun,  
I see, misguided word ing, how much I have left undone."

Thicker darker fell the shadows, fainter grew his flutt'ring breath.  
Then a strange and solemn stillness, 't was the awful hush of death:  
Hope we that a tender Saviour to gentle pity won,  
May judge in loving clemency, what'er he had left undone.

## LITERATURE.

### POETRY.

(Written for the Journal of Education.)

#### THE FINAL RECKONING.

By Mrs. LEPRON.

'T was a wild and stormy sunset, changing tints of lurid red  
Flooded mountain top and valley and the low clouds overhead;  
And the rays streamed through the windows of a building stately—high,  
Whose wealthy high born master had now lain him down to die.

Many friends were thronging round him, breathing aching heavy sighs—  
Men with pale and awe struck faces, women too with weeping eyes,  
Watching breathless, silent, grieving, he whose sands were nearly run  
When with sudden start he muttered, "God! how much I've left undone!"

Then out spoke an aged listener with broad brow and locks of snow,  
"Oh patriot, true to country and her welfare, say not so,  
For the long years thou hast served her, thou hast only honour won,"  
But from side to side still tossing, still he muttered "much undone!"

Then the wife with moan of anguish like that of stricken dove,  
Murmured; "Husband, truer, fonder, never blessed a woman's love;  
And a just and tender father both to daughter and to son,  
But more feebly moaned he ever, "oh! there's much! there's much undone!"

Quickly then a proud stern soldier questioned "Say will not thy name  
Long descend in future story, linked with honour and with fame,  
For thine arm was prompt in battle and thy laurels nobly won,  
True patriot, soldier, citizen, what then remains undone?"

Then the dying man upraised him; at his accents loud and clear,  
Into silence men lapsed quickly, women checked each sob and tear;  
And he said; "To fame, home, country, my heart, my thoughts I've given,  
But, tell me, oh ye dreamers, what I've done for God on Heaven?"

#### LONGFELLOW IN ENGLAND.

Welcome to England! thou whose strains prolong  
The glorious bede-roll of our Saxon song;  
Ambassador and Pilgrim-Bard in one,  
Fresh from thy home—the home of Washington.  
On hearths as sacred as thine own, here stands  
The loving welcome that thy name commands;  
Hearths swept for thee and garnished as a shrine  
By trailing garments of thy Muse divine.  
Poet of Nature and of Nations, know  
Thy fair fame spans the ocean like a bow,  
Born from the rain that falls into each life,  
Kindled by Dreams with loveliest fancies rife;  
A radiant arch that with prismatic dyes  
Links the two worlds, its keystone in the skies.  
The noblest creatures of those dreams of thine,  
From Hiawatha to Evangeline,  
Here thou wilt find, where'er thy footsteps roam,  
Loved as the cherished Lares of each home.  
What prouder refrain heartens to the core  
Than thou hast sung in brave Excelsior?  
Where sounds more gladdening 'mid this earthly strife  
Than the sweet clarions of the Psalm of Life?  
None but the rarest raconteur may grace  
The mimic contest where most yield thee place  
Say which, for either, fairer wreaths produce,  
Irving's Astoria or thy Flower de Luce?  
Which haunted hostel lures more guests within,  
Hawthorne's Seven Gables or thy Wayside Inn?  
Turning thy pictured page, what varying dyes  
Shine through each latticed margin's new surprise!  
Here the swart Blacksmith, smirched with grime and tan,  
Tears in his eyes, yet every inch a man.  
Here, 'mid the rice-field, heaving his last breath,  
The poor Slave-monarch dreams himself to death,  
Here, while without loud raves the tempest's din  
Here, while around the revellers brawl within,  
The dying Baron thro' the grave's dark goal  
Seeks Christ's redeeming passport for his soul.  
Who hears not now, stormed down among thy leaves,  
The rain that poured like cataracts from the eaves,