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**SUMMARY.**—**LITERATURE**—Poetry: Going to District School—The Secrets of Sable Island (Concluded).—**SCIENCE**: Observations of the Changes of Color and modes of taking food in the Chameleon.—**EDUCATION**: On Spelling (a Paper by A. C. Williamson).—**OFFICIAL NOTICES**: Elections, &c., of School Municipalities.—Diplomas granted by Boards of Examiners.—**EDITORIAL**: Filling Vacancies in School Boards.—Notices of Books and Recent Publications—*Principia Latina*, by Smith and Drisler.—Chambers's Educational Course.—*Un Contemporain*, G. B. Faribault; By Abbé Casgrain.—*Chansons populaires du Canada*, Edited by E. Gagnou.—*Voyage de l'Atlantique au Pacifique à travers le Canada*, by de Launay.—*Voyages et Découvertes d'Outremer*, by A. Mangin.—McGill University.—Extracts from Minutes of Annual Meeting of the St. Francis District Teachers' Association.—Extracts from the School Inspectors' Reports.—**MONTHLY SUMMARY**: Educational Intelligence.—Literary Intelligence.—Scientific Intelligence.—Necrological Intelligence.—Miscellaneous Intelligence.—**ADVERTISEMENTS**: Chambers's Educational Course.

## LITERATURE.

### POETRY.

#### GOING TO DISTRICT SCHOOL.

Barefoot boy and little girl,  
She with rosy cheeks and curl,  
His a forehead brown with tan,  
Sturdy little farmer-man.

Old straw hat, with broken rim,  
Is the least that troubles him,  
As the dinner-pail he swings,  
Full of mother's choicest things.

Happy little pair are they,  
Chatting blithely on the way,  
In the morning fresh and cool,  
Going to the district school.

From the shady farm-house door,  
Mother watches, till no more  
She can follow—out of sight  
They are gone, her heart's delight.

Can you see them sitting there,  
On the benches hard and bare,  
Tired feet swinging to and fro,  
Conning o'er the lessons low?

Sitting at the noon of school,  
By the gurgling streamlet cool,  
'Mong the brakes and bending trees,  
Eating up the bread and cheese!

Jr, with merry laugh and shout,  
When the boys and girls go out,  
Books, and pencils cast away,  
See them jump, and swing, and play.

Glide the busy hours away,  
'Till the warm sun's westerling ray  
Slants across the open door,  
And the hours of school are o'er.

Happy, healthy girl and boy,  
Full of simple, careless joy,  
Free from tyrant fashion's rule,  
Going to the district school.

In the busy noon of life,  
'Mid its restless fever strife,  
As your pathways shall divide,  
From the roof-tree wandering wide.

Memories of these morning hours,  
Sons of birds, and scent of flowers,  
Bleat of lambs, and song of rill,  
Will come sweetly o'er you still.

And your thoughts go yearning back  
O'er that simple childhood track,  
When the longest road you knew,  
Was the one that led you to  
The school-house, just a mile away,  
Where the birch and rule held sway.

#### The Secrets of Sable Island.

(Concluded.)

But the patrol does not always bring in a clear bill, and he will tell how he once found a ship's bell tolling its own dirge as it tossed in the land-wash; how he has pulled the exhausted sailor through the ground-swell; how he has found the beach strewn with many a swollen corpse, with carved locker and binnacle, richly bound volumes, and many a trinket and souvenir of a lady's toilet; and how there once drifted ashore a coat of arms richly carved and gilt—the only token the inexorable sea ever gave up of the boom of sullen guns that were heard at night in the height of the storm. Distinct and fresh as when first laid on was the golden motto that surmounted its crest: *Spero Meliesia!* Staunch ship and sturdy crew had all gone to the bottom, with all the world's prospects wrecked