



JOURNAL OF EDUCATION.

Volume VI.

Montreal (Lower Canada) December, 1862.

No. 12.

SUMMARY.—**LITERATURE.**—Poetry: New Year, 1863.—The Echo, (Wordsworth).—Trifles.—**SCIENCE:** Life in the Deep Sea.—**EDUCATION:** Physical and Military Exercises in Public Schools (concluded from our last).—Teaching Language.—Have Patience, Teacher.—**OFFICIAL NOTICES:** Council of Public Instruction.—Diplomas Granted by the Boards of Examiners.—Donations to the Library of the Department.—Situation as Teacher Wanted.—Notice to Teachers.—**EDITORIAL:** Superannuated Teachers' Fund.—A. D. 1862.—Report of the Superintendent of Education for Lower Canada, for 1861.—Extracts from Reports of Inspectors, for 1860 and 1860.—Notices of Books and Publications—Margry: *Les Normands dans les Vallées de l'Ohio et du Mississipi*.—Londsey: The Life and Times of Wm. Lyon McKenzie.—The British Canadian Review.—Roby: An Elementary Latin Grammar.—Todhunter: The Elements of Euclid.—**MONTHLY SUMMARY:** Educational Intelligence.—Scientific Intelligence.—Miscellaneous Intelligence.

LITERATURE.

POETRY.

NEW YEAR, 1863.

I hear in the depths of fancy,
The close of a dying sound,
Like the faintest moan of a passing breeze,
That sweeps the wintry ground.

I see in the depths of fancy,
A glimmer of warning light,
Like the palled ray of twilight;
That fades on the brow of night.

I feel in the depths of being,
That the voice and light are gone,
And only a fitful memory,
From the shadowy year is borne.

For all its glory and meaning,
And beautiful rainbow glow,
Are cold as the far-off starlight,
And pale as the passionless snow.

Like foam that wastes on the sea beach,
Like waves that break on the shore,
The changeful days of the faded year
Have vanished for evermore!

Consumed are their beauty and sadness,
And all their sweetness and grace;
They have passed away in the void of the past,
Like shooting stars in space.

But the transient year as it dieth,
A new-born glory gives,
We touch the hem of its shadowy skirt,
And feel that its beauty lives:

In the lovelier hope of a brighter dawn,
Upspringing from death and night,
The dazzling glow of another year,
That breaks upon our sight.

O golden promise that lights the dust
Of jarring, fitful days,
The aching void within our heart,
Is gilded with your rays.

O light that vivifies and warms,
Yield us a will and power
To wrest the utmost good we can
From every new born hour.

Search the waste places of our souls,
And cast forth in the past,
The cobwebbed doubts that made the days
So drear and over-cast.

Pierce the lone chambers of the heart,
If truth and faith are there,
Your rays shall give them happy birth,
To make the New Year fair.

ISIDORE.
Montreal Gazette.

THE ECHO.

Yes! full surely 'twas the echo,
Solitary, clear, profound,
Answering to thee, shouting cuckoo!
Giving to thee sound for sound.

Unsolicited reply
To a tattling wanderer sent
Like her ordinary cry,
Like—but oh how different!

Hears not also mortal life?
Hear not we, unthinking creatures!
Slaves of folly, love, or strife,
Voices of two different natures?

Have not we too? Yes we have
Answers, and we know not whence
Echoes from beyond the grave,
Recognised intelligence!

Such within ourselves we hear
Of times, ours though sent from far
Listen, ponder, hold them dear;
For of God,—of God they are!

WORDSWORTH.