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SUMMARY.—**LITERATURE.**—**POETRY:** Why weep for the Young?—Work and Think.—Maize and Tobacco.—Notes of Travels in the East, by J. B. Forsyth, Esquire, (concluded).—**EDUCATION:** Keeping up the Interest.—Favorites in School.—Music a means of preserving Health.—Music an amusement of the Home.—**OFFICIAL NOTICES:** Notice on the subject of the Rules and Regulations for the examination of Teachers.—Appointments: School Commissioners.—Division, erection and annexation of School Municipalities.—Diplomas granted by Boards of Examiners.—**EDITORIAL:** Teachers' Examinations.—**MONTHLY SUMMARY:** Educational Intelligence.—Literary Intelligence.—Scientific Intelligence.—Miscellaneous Intelligence.—**OFFICIAL DOCUMENTS:** Rules and Regulations for the examination of Teachers, (concluded).

LITERATURE.

POETRY.

WHY WEEP FOR THE YOUNG?

Why weep for the young? They have gone to rest;
Ere pain or sorrow had entered their breast,
Gone back to heaven, all spotless and fair
And pure as the robes that angels wear.

Why weep for the young? for the spirit bright
That has soared away to the realms of light
Ere sin had entered their pure fresh heart,
Or remorse had pricked with its rankling dart.

Why weep for the young? if the morning's breath
Hath borne them away—it is not death.
They have floated off on angel's wing,
To sing the songs that angels sing.

Why weep for the young? this world of woe
Can shed no joy on us below:
And the longer we live, the more we see
Of the spirit chained that should be free.

Why weep for the young? no grief is theirs,
No wounded spirits, no bustling cares,
No fond hopes blighted—crushed in their bloom
To make this life a living tomb.

Why weep for the young? they have gone away,
To live through heaven's eternal day
And when we look at life's setting sun,
Our path and theirs—may they be made one.

M. C.

McGill Normal School, March, 9th 1862.

WORK AND THINK.

Hammer, tongs, and anvil ringing,
Waking echoes all day long,
In a deep-toned voice are ringing,
Thrifty labor's iron song.

From a thousand fly-wheels bounding,
From a thousand humming looms,
Night and day the notes are sounding,
Through the misty factory rooms.

Listen, workmen! to their playing,—
There's advice in every clink,—
Still they're ringing—Still they're saying:
"Whilst you labor learn to think."

Think! but not alone of living,
Like the horse from day to day:
Think! but not alone of giving
Health for self, or soul for pay.

Think! oh, be machines no longer—
Engines, made of flesh and blood!
Think! 't will make you fresher, stronger,
Link you to the right and good.

Thought exalts and lightens labor,
Thought forbids the soul to sink!
Self-respect and love of neighbor
Mark the men who "work and think."

—Student and Schoolmate.

MAIZE AND TOBACCO

The Indian corn looked over the fence,
And what do you think he spied?
A field of tobacco, just ready to bloom,
And stretching in lordly pride.

To the broad-leaved neighbor at once he called,
In accents loud and clear,
"I thought you belonged to a summer clime;
Pray, what are you doing here?"

So then, with a haughty air, replied
That plant of power and self,
"You are pleased to ask of my business, Sir—
What do you do yourself?"