



# JOURNAL OF EDUCATION.

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**SUMMARY.**—**POETRY:** *Solemn Words*, by Mrs. Leprohon.—*Dies Iræ*, by Rev. J. McD. Dawson.—**SCIENCE:** *Leaves from Gosse's Romance of Natural History*, (continued).—**EDUCATION:** *Arithmetic*, by John Bruce, Esq., Inspector of Schools, (continued).—*Lecture on the Art of Questioning*, by the same.—*Idle Genius in School*.—*Three Rules for good reading*.—**OFFICIAL NOTICES:**—*Notice to School Commissioners and Trustees*.—*Books approved by the Council of Public Instruction*.—*Notice to the creditors of the old School Corporation of St. Michel d'Yamaska*.—*Notice to Teachers*.—*Notice to Directors of Institutions claiming aid on the Grant for Superior Education*.—*Appointments: School Commissioners*.—*Diplomas granted by the Laval Normal School*.—*Diplomas granted by the Board of Examiners*.—*Donations made to the Library of the Department of Education*.—**EDITORIAL:** *Teachers' Salaries*.—*Law to protect Birds*.—*School of Agriculture of St. Ann*.—*Meeting of the Bedford District Teachers' Association*.—*Convocation of McGill University*.—*Notices of Books and Publications*.—*Dawson: Lament for the Right Rev. James Gillis and other poems*, by Rev. D. Dawson.—*Dawson: Euzoos Canadense*.—*Meredith: Short School Time with Military and Naval Drill*.—*Stone: The Life of Sir W. Johnson*.—*Vainberg: Travels in Central Asia*.—*Hunt: Canada. A Mineralogical sketch*.—*Catalogue of the Canadian Contributions to the Dublin Exposition*.—*Perrault: Traité d'Agriculture Pratique*.—*Benjamin: The St. Alban's Raid*.—*Hodgins: A School History of Canada*.—*Wright: The Life of Major General Wolfe*.—**MONTHLY SUMMARY:** *Educational Intelligence*.—*Literary Intelligence*.—*Scientific Intelligence*.—*Neurological Intelligence*.—*Miscellaneous Intelligence*.

## LITERATURE.

### POETRY.

#### SOLEMN WORDS.

BY MRS. LEPROHON.

See, Love, watch the lovely shading  
Of the bright clouds softly fading  
From yon sunset sky above us,—gaze, for soon will they be gone.  
One would think mid them were given  
Glimpses of that glorious heaven  
To which with humble faith, I trust I am journeying on.

Ah! why sorrow thus so madly  
When I whisper to thee sadly  
That for a speedy parting, we must both our hearts prepare?  
Of all regrets that grieve me,  
The sharpest is to leave thee  
O'er burdened, overwhelmed with such terrible despair.

Had it been the will of heaven  
That long life should me be given,  
I'd have been a fond companion, a true and tender wife,  
But, perchance, our love fond, yearning,  
Would have kept our hearts from turning  
To all thoughts or aspirations of a higher holier life.

Ah, whisper not despairing  
That grief thy heart is tearing,  
That thou wilt not, canst not bow to heaven's stern decree,

But dearest, tell me rather,  
That our kind and heavenly Father,  
In mercy and in wisdom, knows what's best for me and thee.

Thou art only in the dawning,  
In the bright and sunny morning  
Of a manhood full of promise, of genius' noble pride,  
And because one hope is banished,  
From thy sky one lone star vanished,  
Thou must not from earth's highway, useless, aimless turn aside

To that dark and dreary valley  
In which none may pause or dally,  
If murmuring, if still grieving, I am quickly hastening on,  
But the One whose arms will fold me,  
Will, beloved, too, uphold thee,  
And be thy mighty solace, and thy comfort when I'm gone.

Up, Love, banish now this sorrow,  
Nor shrink weakly from the morrow,  
Whate'er of grief it bring thee, or myself of dying pain,  
But whilst thus my cold hand pressing,  
Whispering tender word and blessing,  
Promise, darling, thou wilt live so in heaven we'll meet again.

#### DIES IRÆ.

(Translated by Rev. Æneas McD. Dawson.)

Day of anger, day of dread!  
The world, in fire, shall pass away:  
The doom in David's and Sibylla's lay.

Oh! what fear shall then prevail,  
When God shall come, the judge of man,  
And all his deeds inexorable scan!

Loud shall the last trumpet sound;  
Shall hear the silent grave its tone,  
Shall face each startled soul the judgment throne.

Death and Nature both shall see,  
Spring from the dust each creature forth,  
Before the Judge severe, to plead its worth.

The doom book in Heaven writ,  
Wherein the witness all is read,  
Mankind to judge, that day will be outspread.

What, ah! wretched, shall I say?  
What patron's aid shall I invoke?  
When scarce the good shall 'scape stern justice's stroke.