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SUMMARY.—**LITERATURE.**—Poetry: The Canadian Pioneers, by Miss M. M. Bothwell, McGill Normal School. — **EDUCATION:** School Discipline: Its Objects and Methods.—**OFFICIAL NOTICES:** Appointments of School Commissioners.—School Trustees.—Erections, Separations, Annexations, &c. of School Municipalities.—Diplomas granted by the Boards of Examiners.—**EDITORIAL:** Filling vacancies in School Boards.—Educational Features of the New Militia Bill.—Convocation of McGill University.—**OFFICIAL DOCUMENTS:** Apportionment of the Supplementary Grant to Poor Municipalities, for 1867.—**MONTHLY SUMMARY:** Educational Intelligence.—Scientific Intelligence.—Literary Intelligence.—Meteorological Intelligence and Tables.

LITERATURE.

POETRY.

THE CANADIAN PIONEERS.

BY MISS M. M. BOTHWELL.

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We are a nation, and we boast
A country fair and free;
Our fathers placed the landmarks here
When first they crossed the sea.

With willing hands and honest hearts,
Their purpose to fulfil:
To make the fields they tilled their own,
They worked with iron will.

They came from Severn's flowery meads,
From many a Highland home;
And Erin saw, with sorrowing heart,
Her children hither roam.

And oft the blackened ocean ships
Came struggling up the tide,
And left their living cargoes here
Along St. Lawrence' side.

'Mid Summer heat and Winter snows,
Through many a weary year,
The well directed woodman's axe
Laid hills and valleys bare.

How oft the wild beast missed the haunts
He never missed before!
How oft the wild bird left her nest,
And never found it more!

Returning Spring new life infused,
Where forests fled the plain;
And Autumn, year by year, looked forth
On widening fields of grain.

'Twas by their sweat, and not by blood,
They won our virgin soil,
And we shall still revere their names,—
Brave pioneers of toil.

We are a nation, and we boast
A country fair and free;
Our fathers placed the landmarks here
When first they crossed the sea.

We have no sins of pirate bands
To check our hopes with fears;
What honest toil procures for man
Will stand the test of years.

For Norman blood invigorate,
Still courses through the veins
Of those whose fathers' chivalry
Reclaimed Canadian plans.

The plough has turned the war-path up,
The wigwam's hearth is cold,
And culture decks with flowers and fruit
The hunting-grounds of old.

Two generations of a race
Alike are known to fame,
As history and tradition span
The stream which bears their name.

The first reclaims the wilderness,
And portions out the soil;
The last relinquishes the lands
Won by ancestral toil.

Our first have done their duty well,
And left a heritage;—
Oh! may the last lie far beyond
A long and glorious age!

We are a nation, and we boast
A country fair and free;
Our fathers placed the landmarks here
When first they crossed the sea.