



# JOURNAL OF EDUCATION.

Volume I.

Montreal, (Lower-Canada) December, 1857.

No. 10.

**SUMMARY.**—**POETRY:** The New Years Bells.—**Education:** Push on a plea for young children.—**Duties of parents to the schools.**—**Notes of Lessons.**—**On Reading Lessons.**—**Lessons on Arithmetic.**—**On vulgar fractions.**—**Science:** Notes on Canadian butterflies, (continued from our last.)—**OFFICIAL NOTICES:** Nominations of school commissioners.—**Diplomas granted by the catholic Board of Examiners for the district of Quebec,** and by the Boards of examiners for the districts of Sherbrooke and Kamouraska.—**Fourth conference of teachers, Jacques Cartier Normal School.**—**Third conference of teachers, Laval Normal School.**—**Temporary appointment of a professor of music for Laval Normal School.** Donations to the Departmental library.—**EDITORIAL:** To our readers.—**Queries on the school laws.**—**To the Editor of Ohio Journal of Education.**—**Vaccination.**—**American Association for the advancement of Science,** (concluded from our last.)—**Junior department in Bishop's College, Lennoxville.**—**Method of teaching followed in Mr. Arnolds' School.**—**Notices of Books.**—**Mr. Lovell's Directory of Canada.**—**Greenleaf's Arithmetic.** *Dictionnaire Biographique, par Billaud.*—*De l'Instruction publique chez les Canadiens-Français, par D. P. Myrand.*—**MONTHLY SUMMARY:** Educational Intelligence—Literary Intelligence—Scientific Intelligence—Miscellaneous Intelligence.—**OFFICIAL DOCUMENTS:** Circular to the School Inspectors.—**WOOD CUTS.**—**Illustrations to Notes on Canadian Butterflies.**—**ADVERTISEMENTS.**

Ring in the valiant man and free,  
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;  
Ring out the darkness of the land,  
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

Tennyson.

## EDUCATION.

### PUSHING ON.—A PLEA FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

"Push him on, Mr. Lee—push him on; that is all you have got to do. I don't mind terms; only you push him on, and keep him well up to the mark. And don't be afraid of giving him plenty of lessons, Mr. Lee; he's a clever, active boy, and that's the only way of keeping him out of mischief. No use sending children to school to idle their time away—that's my view of the case. Education is a fine thing, Mr. Lee—a very fine thing—and I mean Frank to be a scholar. Hard work and plenty of it—that was the way when I was a boy. I was kept at it morning, noon and night; and see what it has done for me. Yes, Mr. Lee, push him on, and I shall be proud of him "some day." And having thus given his view of the case, Mr. Denton took up his hat, and wishing the teacher good morning, went to his warehouse.

Mr. Denton was a wealthy merchant in the town of H—, a man very much looked up to and respected—a man who paid the best price for everything, and consequently expected the best article; no better kind of goods were to be met with anywhere than those turned out of his warehouse at H—. He also paid the best price for education, and in consequence expected the best article, and plenty of it too. No advocate he for sending children to schools where they left at four o'clock, and had holidays three times a week. He was quite right when he said that education had done a great deal for him. "Hard work, and plenty of it," had laid the foundation of his present standing; it had placed him at the head of one of the most flourishing concerns in H—; it had moulded his rough, firm nature into a form somewhat more befitting the elegancies of the sphere in which he moved—to use his own word, it had "made a man of him." What should it not do for the delicate, excitable, sensitive little Frank, was a question not yet answered.

"Now, my dear, where are your books? You must work hard to-night, for we are late with tea, and if you don't mind you will not have your lessons ready for Mr. Lee by to-morrow morning."

"Oh, mamma, mayn't I just go into the garden a little first, it does look so fine, and I haven't had time to go in all day. Mayn't I go in, mamma?"

"No, my dear; you must wait till the lessons are done. You know you must push on, and have them perfectly done. Lessons first and play afterwards you know—that is the way to be a scholar."

## POETRY.

### THE NEW YEAR'S WELCOMING BELLS.

Ring out wild bells to the wild sky,  
The flying cloud, the frosty light;  
The year is dying in the night;  
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,  
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;  
The year is going, let him go;  
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,  
For those that here we see no more;  
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,  
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,  
And ancient forms of party strife;  
Ring in the nobler modes of life,  
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,  
The faithless coldness of the times;  
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,  
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,  
The civic slander and the spite;  
Ring in the love of truth and right,  
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,  
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;  
Ring out the thousand wars of old,  
Ring in the thousand years of peace.