



# JOURNAL OF EDUCATION.

Volume IX.

Montreal (Lower Canada), February and March, 1865.

Nos. 2 and 3.

**SUMMARY.**—**LITERATURE.**—Poetry: Harvests, by Mrs. Leprhon.—Out in the Air.—The Early Rain, by Miss Campbell.—**SCIENCE:** Leaves from Gosse's Romance of Natural History (continued).—**EDUCATION:** An Essay on Common School Education, by Miss Robertson (concluded).—On the Preparation of Lessons at Home, by Mr. Arnold.—Conducting Recitations.—Too Much Help.—Arithmetic, by John Bruce, Esq., Inspector of Schools (continued).—**OFFICIAL NOTICES.**—Nominations: Examiners.—School Commissioners.—Diplomas granted by Boards of Examiners.—Situations wanted.—**EDITORIAL:** To Our Subscribers.—A few words more on the Question of Protestant Education in Lower Canada.—Twenty-fourth convention of the Teachers' Association in connection with the Jacques Cartier Normal School.—Twenty-fourth convention of the Teachers' Association in connection with the Laval Normal School.—**NOTICES OF BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS.**—Ryerson: Remarks on the new Separate School agitation.—Sngard: *Histoire du Canada*.—Carayon: *Premières missions des Jésuites en Canada*.—Napoleon III: *Jules César*.—Marsou: *Notice sur les gisements de la Pointe-Lévis*.—Martigny: *Dictionnaire des antiquités chrétiennes*.—Le Foyer Canadien.—Gagnon: *Les chansons populaires du Canada*.—Cauchon: *L'Union des Provinces*.—Casgram: *Histoire de la Mère de l'Incarnation*.—**MONTHLY SUMMARY:** Educational Intelligence.—Literary Intelligence.—Scientific Intelligence.—Necrological Intelligence.—Statistical Intelligence.—**OFFICIAL DOCUMENTS:** Table of the distribution of the Superior Education grant for 1864.—Table of the distribution of the Grant in aid to Poor Municipalities for 1864.—**ADVERTISEMENT:** Complete series of the Journal of Education.

## LITERATURE.

### POETRY.

(Written for the *Journal of Education*.)

#### HARVESTS.

By Mrs. LEPRHON.

Other harvests there are than those that lie  
Glowing and ripe neath an autumn sky,  
Awaiting the sickle keen,  
Harvests more precious than golden grain,  
Waving o'er hill-side, valley or plain,—  
Than fruits mid their leafy screen.

Not alone for the prescher, man of God,  
Do those harvests vast enrich the sod,  
For all may the sickle wield,  
The first in proud ambition's race,  
The last in talent, power or place  
Will all find work in that field.

Man toiling, lab'ring with fevered strain,  
High office or golden prize to gain,  
Rest both weary heart and head,  
And think when thou'lt shudder in Death's cold clasp  
How earthly things will elude thy grasp;—  
At that harvest work instead.

Lady, with queenly form and brow,  
Gems decking thy neck and arms of snow,  
Who need only smile to win,  
Mid thy guests, perchance, the gay, the grave,  
Is one whom a warning word might save  
From folly, sorrow or sin.

Let that word be said, thine eyes so bright  
Will glow with holier, softer light  
For the good that thou hast done,  
And a time will come when thou wilt reap  
From that simple act, more pleasure deep  
Than from flattery conquests won.

Young girl in thy bright youth's blushing dawn,  
Graceful and joyous as sportive fawn,  
There is work for thee to do,  
And higher aims than to flirt and smile  
And practise each gay, coquettish wile,  
Admiring glances to woo.

Ah! the world is full of grief and care,  
Sad, breaking hearts are every where,  
And thou canst give relief,  
Alms to the needy—soft word of hope  
That a brighter view may chance to ope  
To mourners bowed by grief.

That gauzy tissue, yon bud or flower  
That tempt thee at the present hour,  
To be worn, then cast aside,  
Bethink thee, their price might comfort bring,  
Food or fuel to the famishing  
And help to the sorely tried.

Such harvest fruits are most precious and rare,  
Worthy all toil and patient care,  
Suff'ring and inward strife,  
Not earthly gains that will pass away  
Like morning mist or bright sunset ray,  
But eternal glorious life.

#### OUT IN THE AIR.

"I have read somewhere of a custom in the Highlands, which, in connection with the principle it involves, is exceedingly beautiful. It is believed that, to the ear of the dying, which just before death always becomes exquisitely acute, the perfect harmony of the voices of nature is so ravishing as to make him forget his sufferings and die like one in a pleasant trance. And so, when the last moment approaches, they take him from within and bear him out to the open sky."

N. P. WILLIS.