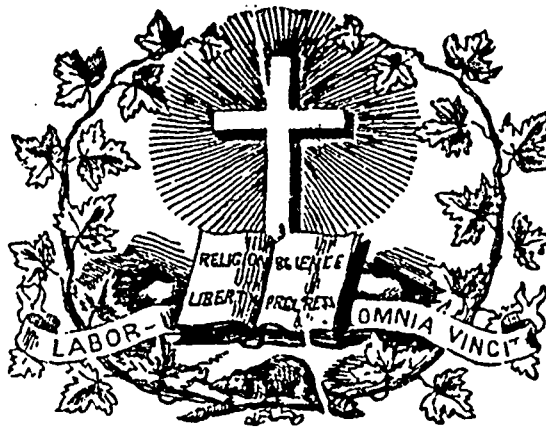




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**SUMMARY.**—*LITERATURE*—Poetry: Under the Snow, (by Mrs. Leprohon).—The Tambourine Boy, (by A. E. Phelane).—The Brouth of Night, (by A. E. Phelane).—The Secrets of Sable Island, (to be continued).—*EDUCATION*: Progress.—Physical Education (a lecture by Mr. Barajum).—*SCIENCE*: The Metric system of Weights and Measures.—*ORIGINAL NOTICES*.—Appointments: School Commissioners and Trustees.—Diplomas granted by Boards of Examiners.—Erections, &c., of School Municipalities.—Notice to School Commissioners and Trustees.—Notice to Teachers.—Military Drill in the Normal Schools.—*EDITORIAL*: Local Decision.—Education in New Brunswick.—Short School Time, with Military or Naval Drill in connection especially with the subject of an Efficient Militia System.—*MONTHLY SUMMARY*: Educational Intelligence.—Literary Intelligence.—Arts Intelligence.—Scientific Intelligence.—Necrological Intelligence.—Miscellaneous Intelligence.—*ADVERTISEMENT*: Chambers' Educational Course.

## LITERATURE.

### POETRY.

(Written for the *Journal of Education*.)

#### BENEATH THE SNOW.

BY MRS. LEPROHON.

'Twas near the close of the dying year  
And December's winds blew cold and drear,  
Driving the snow and sharp blinding sleet  
In gusty whirls through square and street,  
Shrieking more wildly and fiercely still  
In the lone grave-yard crowning the hill.

No mourners there to sorrow or pray,  
But soon a traveller passed that way;  
He paused and leant 'gainst the low stone wall,  
Whilst sighs breathed forth from the pine trees tall,  
Darkly looking on the silent crowd  
Of graves all wrapped in a snowy shroud.

Solemn and wierd was the spectral scene—  
The tombstones white with low mounds between—  
The awful stillness, eerie and dread  
Brooding above that home of the dead;  
Whilst Christmas fires blazed bright on each hearth  
And shed their glow upon scenes of mirth.

Silent the weary wayfarer stood,  
The spot well suited unto his mood,  
And severed friendships, bright day dreams flown,  
Thronged on his thoughts in that hour lone;—  
"Yes, happiness—hope," he murmured low,  
"All buried alike beneath the snow."

"Oh for the right to lay down the load  
I've borne so long on life's dreary road,  
Heavily weighing on heart and brain,  
And galling to both as convict's chain;—  
No more its strain shall I tamely bear  
But join the peaceful sleepers there."

His head on the old wall drooped more low,  
Whilst faster came down the sleet and snow,  
Sharply chilling the blood in his veins,  
Racking his frame with dull, deathlike pains;  
No matter, he thought, I'll soon lie low,  
Calm—quiet enough beneath the snow.

Ah! hapless one, thus thine arms to yield,  
When nearly won perchance is the field,  
After long struggling to lose at last  
The price of many a victory past,  
Of many an hour of keen sharp strife,  
Most nobly borne in the war of life.

But, hark! on high sound the Christmas bells,  
Of hope that to mourners their chiming tells,  
Of the sinless hours of childhood pure,  
Of a God who came all griefs to endure;  
And he sudden whispers, "Father, send,  
That I may be faithful to the end!"

#### THE TAMBOURINE BOY.

BY A. E. PHELANE.

Boy of the black eyes  
Whence do you come  
With chilly feet and hands,  
Thoughtless of kindred, heedless of home,  
A minstrel in many lands?  
You speak a strange speech, you sing a strange song,  
The song a mother may prize,  
But odd to ears that vainly long  
Your sweetest music to glean—  
Then tap the Tambourine!

The sun of a blue sky  
That bronzed your cheeks,  
And fired your soul with love,  
Still lives in your eye and boyish freaks,  
Though lost to you above.  
And you dance in the sleet of a snowy clime,  
And gambol low and high,  
Muttering words of an oddish rhyme,  
Touching to ears more keen—  
Then tap the Tambourine!