



# JOURNAL OF EDUCATION.

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**SUMMARY.**—**LITERATURE.**—Poetry: The Blind Man of Jericho, by Mrs. Leprohon.—Revolutions in English Literature, by the late Hon. T. D. McGee.—**EDUCATION:** Teaching Rhetoric and Composition.—Preponderance of Female Teachers in the United States.—Too Much Arithmetic.—Oliver Optic.—Where lies the Blame.—**SCIENCE:** Curious Application of Electricity.—**OFFICIAL NOTICES.**—Appointments: School Commissioners and School Trustees.—Diplomas Granted by Boards of Examiners.—Erection of School Municipality.—Notice to Secretary-Treasurers.—Notice to Teachers.—Situations Wanted.—**EDITORIAL:** The so called "American System."—**OFFICIAL DOCUMENTS:** Table of Distribution of Grant for Superior Education.—Books and Publications Received.—**MONTHLY SUMMARY:** Educational Intelligence.—Literary Intelligence.—Meteorological Tables from Quebec for the Months of March and April, and from Dr. Smallwood, from Records of Montreal Observatory for April.

## LITERATURE.

### POETRY.

(Written for the Journal of Education.)

#### THE BLIND MAN OF JERICHO.

BY MRS. LEPROHON.

He sat by the dusty way side,  
With weary, hopeless mien,  
On his worn brow the traces  
Of care and to want were seen;  
With outstretched hand and with bowed down head,  
He mutely begged for alms — for bread.

The palm tree's feathery foliage  
Around him thickly grew,  
And the smiling sky above him  
Wore Syria's sun — bright hue;  
But dark alike to that helpless one  
Was murky mid-night, or noon-tide sun.

But voices breaking the silence  
Are heard, fast drawing nigh,  
And falls on his ear, the clamour  
Of vast crowds passing by:  
"What is it?" he asks with panting breath;  
They answer: "Jesus of Nazareth."

What a spell lay in that title,  
Linked with such memories high  
Of strange miracles of mercy,  
Wrought 'neath Judea's sky!  
Loud calls he with pleading voice and brow,  
"Oh! Jesus, on me have mercy now!"

How often had he listened  
To wondrous tales of love —  
Of the Galilean's mercy,

Of power from above,  
Giv'n as yet to none of human birth,  
To heal the afflicted sons of earth.

As with growing hope inspired,  
Still louder rose his cry,  
Despite the stern rebuking  
Of many standing nigh,  
Who bade him stifle his grief or joy,  
Nor "the master rudely thus annoy."

But, ah! soon that voice imploring  
Struck on the Saviour's ear,  
He stopp'd, and to his followers,  
He ordered: "Bring him here!"  
And turning towards him that god-like brow,  
He asked the suppliant, "what would'st thou?"

Though with awe and hope all trembling,  
Yet courage gaineth he,  
And imploringly he murmurs,  
"Oh, Lord! I fain would see!"  
The Saviour says in accents low:  
"Thy faith hath saved thee — be it so!"

Then upon those darkened eye halls,  
A wondrous radiance beamed,  
And they quick drank in the beauty  
That through all nature gleamed;  
But the fairest sight they rested on,  
Was the Saviour, David's royal son.

Oh! rapture past all words to tell  
The bliss that vision brought;  
Say could a Life's praise, thank *Him* for  
The wonder he had brought?  
Yes,—where Jesus stepp'd was sacred sod,  
Him he thenceforth followed, thanking God.

#### Revolutions in English Literature.

A LECTURE: BY THE HON. T. D. MCGEE. (1)

*Ladies and Gentlemen,*

The language we speak has become a property and inheritance of exceeding great value to every one born within the sphere in which

(1) A melancholy interest attaches to this *Lecture* as being the last ever delivered by the late Mr. McGee. It appears now a faithful print of his own *MS.* as sent from Ottawa March 31st to the *Assistant Editor* of this Journal.