



JOURNAL OF EDUCATION.

Volume VI.

Montreal (Lower Canada) August, 1862.

No. 8.

SUMMARY.—LITERATURE.—Poetry: Memories of school days. Cowper.—What a teacher should be.—Will's first speech by Sophie May.—**EDUCATION.—**Graduation in teaching and training, (continued from our last).—The study of nature, abstract of a lecture by professor Agassiz.—Accuracy in teaching.—Pleasant echoes.—**OFFICIAL NOTICES.—**Erection and division of school municipalities.—Donations to the library of the Department.—Situations wanted.—**EDITORIAL.—**Examinations and distributions of prizes.—McGill University.—Extracts from the reports of the Inspectors of school for 1859 and 1860, (continued).—List of honours awarded in the McGill Normal School.—**MONTHLY SUMMARY.—**Educational intelligence.—Miscellaneous intelligence.—Literary intelligence.—Scientific intelligence.—Fine Arts and Industry.—Statistical intelligence.

LITERATURE.

POETRY.

MEMORIES OF SCHOOL-DAYS.

Be it a weakness, it deserves some praise,
We love the playplace of our early days;
The scene is touching, and the heart is stone,
That feels not at that sight, and feels at none.
The wall on which we tried our graving skill,
The very name we carved subsisting still;
The bench on which we sat while deep employed,
Though mangled, hack'd, and hew'd, not yet destroyed,
The little ones, unbutton'd, glowing hot,
Playing our games, and on the very spot;
As happy as we once, to kneel and draw
The chalky ring, and knuckle down at law;
To pitch the ball into the grounded hat,
Or drive it devious with a dexterous pat;
The pleasing spectacle at once excites
Such recollection of our own delights,
That, viewing it we seem almost to obtain
Our innocent sweet simple years again.
This fond attachment to the well-known place,
Whence first we started into life's long race,
Maintains its hold with such unflinching sway,
We feel it even in age, and at our latest day.

COWPER.

WHAT A TEACHER SHOULD BE.

A polished man; so affable and mild,
His very grace should awe the rude and wild;
His smile win love, his slightest frown bring tears,
His gentleness dispel the coward's fears;
His just discernment make no partial choice:
'T is plainest bird that pipes with sweetest voice.

A learned man; with skill to grasp the lore
Once but the sages' hieroglyphic store;

To strip the glorious stars of myths and signs,
And teach how God's great wisdom through them shines.
To pluck the flowers, and show his skill who made
The modest violet and the velvet blade;
To smite the rock, and by its sparkling grains
Unfold its nature—born of seas and plains,
To range the universe with varied skill,
And mould rich thoughts to beauty at his will.

A social man; not he whose stately walk
Keeps pompous time to high resounding talk,
Gains the sweet homage of the unfolding mind—
A trust more sacred than the wealth of Ind,—
But that rare teacher who the lowliest makes
A sharer in his joys, and warmly takes
The little poor boy's hand with zest as great
As though his father steered the 'ship of state'.

A Christian man; all princely virtues meet
In one who sitteth at the Savior's feet;
Though honors crown, though wealth encompass him,
Their splendor in religion's light grows dim.
Wealth without Christ is but a scorpion-rod,
There is no honor like the love of God.

So should he teach; in every lesson find
Some precious grains for the immortal mind,
And lead his charge not only up the height
Of great Parnassus, with its founts of light,
But to high Heaven, where he one day may stand,
A godlike teacher, with a godlike band.—*Educator.*

Will's First Speech.

BY SOPHIE MAY.

"Hurrah!" cried William Lawrence, rushing into the house like a hurricane. "I'm on the affirmative! The boys are all as mad as March hares about it, I can tell you!"

"Why, what for?" said Rose, coolly, as she continued to paste her scrap-book.

"What for?" echoed Will, with the look of an older brother who pities a sister's ignorance. "Why, to think I'm put on the question instead of one of the rest, my dear! There has n't a boy in our class spoke in the Lyceum yet," added he, jerking his sister's elbow by way of pointing the remark. "I suppose you know that, do n't you?"

"I know you do n't talk grammar," returned Rose, "and I know you have made me drop a great blot of paste on my book. See there!"

"Well, do n't fuss! Just reach me the big dictionary, won't you? I've got to work, I tell you! I'm going to read up from the foundation of the world, down to the battle at Island Number Ten.—Where's 'Plutarch's Lives?'"