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SUMMARY.—**LITERATURE**—Poetry: Evening Scene from the Banks of the Detroit River, C. Sangster.—The Apple Woman, George Martin.—Canadian History: The Fort George Massacre.—Education: Arithmetic, John Bruce, Esquire, Inspector of Schools, (continued).—Reminiscences of School Days.—**OFFICIAL NOTICES.**—Appointments: School Commissioners.—Erection, &c., of School Municipalities.—Diplomas granted by the Boards of Examiners.—Donations to the Library of the Department.—Situations wanted.—Teachers wanted.—**ERRATA.**—**BIBLIOGRAPHICAL:** Examinations and distribution of Prizes and Diplomas in the Lower Canada Normal Schools.—Public examinations in the Universities, Colleges and Academies of Lower Canada.—St. Francis College.—Conference of the Teachers' Association in connexion with the Laval Normal School.—Convention of the District of St. Francis.—Extracts from the Reports of the Inspectors of Schools.—**MONTHLY SUMMARY:** Educational Intelligence.—Scientific Intelligence.—Miscellaneous Intelligence.—**ADVERTISEMENTS:** McGill University.—Deaf and Dumb Institute.

The lofty woods, in summer sheen arrayed,
The trembling poplar with its silv' leaf,
The stately walnut rising o'er the glade,
The willow bending with its load of grief:

The graceful elm, the energetic oak,
The red-leaved maple, and the slender pine,
The grove of firs, half hidden by the smoke
From the white cottage clothed with jessamine;

The thirsty cattle drinking from the spring,
Or standing mid-deep in the sunny stream,
The stream itself, like Joy, meandering,—
A silver shaft shot down a golden beam:

The ruddy orchard with its tempting fruit,
The juicy apple, and the mellow pear,
The downy peach, and near the garden, mute
With eager visions of a fruitful share,

Lolled the young urchin on his bed of grass,
Thinking of Autumn, with her red ripe-store—
So Boyhood smiles to mark the seasons pass,
And Manhood sighs that they return no more:

On these the parting Day poured down a stream
Of radiant, unimaginable light,
Like as in some celestial spirit-dream
A thousand rainbows melt upon the sight,

Setting the calm horizon all ablaze
With splendors stolen from the crypts of heaven,
Dissolving with their magic heat the maze
Of clouds that nestle to the breast of even.

The fisher ceased his song, hung on his oars,
Pausing to look, a pulse in every breath,
And, in imagination, saw the shores
Elysian rising o'er the realms of Death.

And as he dreamed, the sunlight passed away,
The stream gave back no deep cerulean hue,
Eve's purple finger closed the lips of Day,
And a dim glory clothed the upper blue.

And down on tip-toe came the gradual Night,
A gentle Twilight first, with silver wings,
And still from out the darkening infinite
Came shadowy forms, like deep imaginings.

There was no light in all the brooding air,
There was no darkness yet to blind the eyes,
But through the space interminable, thro'
Nature and Silence passed in solemn guise.

LITERATURE.

POETRY.

EVENING SCENE. (1)

FROM THE BANKS OF THE DETROIT RIVER.
CHARLES SANGSTER.

I stood upon a bank that faced the West,
Beyond me lay Lake Erie, softly calm,
Calm as the thoughts that soothe the dying breast
As the Soul passes to the great I AM.

One solitary bird melodiously
Trilled its sweet vesper from a grove of elm,
One solitary sail upon the sea
Rested, unmindful of its potent helm.

There lay the Island with its sanded shore,
The snow-white Lighthouse, like an Angel-friend
Dressed in his fairest robes, and evermore
Guiding the mariner to some promised end.

And down behind the forest trees, the sun,
Arrayed in burning splendors, slowly rolled,
Like to some sacrificial urn, o'errun
With flaming hues of crimson, blue and gold.

And round about him, fold on fold, the clouds,
Steeped in some rainbow essence, lightly fell,
Draped in the living glory that enshrouds,
His nightly entrance to his ocean shell.

The woods were flashing back his gorgeous light,
The waters glowed beneath the varied green,
Ev'n to the softened shadows, all was bright,
Heaven's smile was blending with the view terrene.

(1) This, and the following pieces, are copied from Dewart's Selections from Canadian Poets,