



JOURNAL OF EDUCATION.

Volume X.

Montreal (Lower Canada), May, 1866.

No. 5.

SUMMARY.—**LITERATURE.**—Poetry: Verses in Honor of Margaret Bourgeoys—Recognition.—**SCIENCE:** Pleasant Ways in Science.—Are there other Inhabited Worlds?—**EDUCATION:** Intellectual Education.—**OFFICIAL NOTICES.**—Appointments: Examiners.—Diplomas granted by Boards of Examiners.—**SITUATIONS WANTED.**—**EDITORIAL:** McGill University Convocation.—Twenty-seventh Meeting of the Teachers' Association in connection with the Loyal Normal School.—**NOTICES OF BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS.**—Faillon: *Histoire de la Colonie Française en Canada.*—Martin Bossange.—Figuer: *L'Année Scientifique.*—Begg: *The Antiquities and Legends of Durham.*—*La Gazette Médicale.*—*L'Echo de la France.*—Toussaint: *Traité Élémentaire d'Arithmétique.*—*Le Foyer Canadien.*—Michel and Hunt: Reports of Messrs. A. Michel and Steery Hunt on the Gold Region of Canada.—*Le Colonel Dambourgets.*—**MONTHLY SUMMARY:** Scientific Intelligence.—Statistical Intelligence.—Miscellaneous Intelligence.

There came a day of tempest, where all was peace before—
The Huron war-cry rang dismay on Hochelaga's shore—
Then in that day all men confess'd with all man's humbled pride,
How brave a heart, till God's good time, a convent serge may hide.
The savage triumphed o'er the saint—a tiger in the fold—
But the mountain mission stands to-day! the Huron's tale is told!!

Glory to God who sends his saints to all the ends of earth,
Wherever Adam's erring race have being or have birth,
Glory to God who sheds his saints, our sunshine and our dew,
Through all the realms and the nations of the old world and the new,
Who perfumes the Pacific with his lily and his rose,
Who sent his holy ones to bless and bloom amid our snows.

Dear Mother of our mountain home! loved fountress of our school—
Pray for thy children that they keep thy every sacred rule,
Beseech thy glorious Patron—Our Lady full of grace—
To guide and guard thy sisterhood—and her who fills thy place,
Thy other self to whom we know all glad obedience given—
As rendered to thyself, will be repaid tenfold in heaven!

For thee, my Country! many are the gifts God gives to thee,
And glorious is thine aspect from the sunset to the sea;
And many a cross is in thy midst, and many an altar fair
And many a place where men may lay the burthen that they bear,
Ah! may it be thy crowning gift, the last as 'twas the first
To see thy children at the knee of Margaret Bourgeoys nurs'd.

Villa Maria, October, 1865.

LITERATURE.

POETRY.

VERSES IN HONOR OF MARGARET BOURGEOYS.

[Homage offered to the Reverend Mother Superioress of the Congregation de Notre-Dame by the Pupils of the First Class, on the Festival of Saint Ursula.—Read by Miss McGee.]

Dark is light of Prophecy—no heavenly dews distil
On Zion's rock, on Jordan's vale, or Hermon's holy hill—
"Save us, O Lord!!" the Psalmist cries, pouring his soul's complaint;
Save us, O Lord! in those our days, for Israel has no Saint.
Not half so dark the sky of night her starry hosts without,
As the night time of the nations when God's living lamps go out.

But wondrous is the love of God! who sends his shining host,
From age to age, from race to race, from utmost coast to coast;
And wondrous 't was in our own land—e'en on the spot we tread—
Ere yet the forest monarchs to the axe had bowed the head,
That in our very hour of dawn, a light for us was set
Here on the royal mountain's side, whose lustre guides us yet.

'T is pleasant in the gay greenwood—so all the poets sing—
To breathe the very breath of flowers, and hear the sweet birds sing;
'T is pleasant to shut out the world, behind their curtain green,
And live, and laugh, or muse and pray, forgotten and unseen;
But men or angels seldom saw a light to heaven more clear
Than Sister Margaret and her flock, upon our hill-side here.

From morn till eve, a hum arose above the maple trees,
A hum of harmony and praise from Sister Margaret's bees;
Egyptian hue and speech uncouth, grew fair and sweet, when won
To sing the song of Mary, and to serve her Saviour Son;
The courier halted on his path, the sentry on his round,
And bare head blessed the holy nun, who made it holy ground.

RECOGNITION.

(Translated from the German).

There comes a wanderer, staff in hand,
Homeward returning from distant land.

His beard is tangled, his face is brown;
Will they know him again in his native town?

'T was a youthful comrade, true and fast;
Once many a wine cup between them passed.

Yet strange—the toll gatherer knows him not;
Do beard and sunshine his features blot?

He shakes the dust from his trodden boot;
He turns in silence, with brief salute.

Behold his true-love stands at the door;
"Thou blooming fair one, welcome once more?"