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SUMMARY.—**LITERATURE.**—Poetry: Under the Maple Tree—Old Letters—Fall—Indian Summer by I. G. Ascher.—The *Voyageurs* of Canada; by W. George Beers.—Selling Old Things.—**EDUCATION:** Permanency.—Do n't Fret.—Arithmetic; by John Bruce, Esq. (continued).—**OFFICIAL NOTICES:** Election, &c. of School Municipalities.—Appointment of School Commissioners and Trustees.—Diplomas granted by Boards of Examiners.—**EDITORIAL:** Appointment of Teachers.—Permanency.—The Provincial Exhibition.—Semi-annual Convention of the District of Bedford Teachers' Association.—Report of the Chief Superintendent of Education for Upper Canada; 1862.—Extracts from Reports of School Inspectors (continued).—**NOTICES OF BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS:** *La Franciade*; by Viennet.—*Recueil de Poésies par M. Ad. de Puibusque—Le Foyer Canadien* (Nos. for Aug., Sept. and Oct.)—*Les Beaux Arts, journal littéraire des arts, des sciences et de l'industrie*—Exercises on the French Past Participles; by M. Boimeau.—The Student's Companion, or Elementary lessons and exercises in translating from English into French; by Prof. Darey.—Voices from the hearth; by I. G. Ascher.—**MONTHLY SUMMARY:** Educational Intelligence—Literary Intelligence—Scientific Intelligence—Miscellaneous Intelligence.

Under the maple tree,
With joyful hearts and free
We'll boast in our pride, of our land, far and wide,
In glorious, thanksgiving song;
For our hearts are as true as the heavenly blue,
As our hopes and our arms are strong.
So let old and young,
With prayer on each tongue,
Praise their God for the maple tree,
For the beautiful maple tree.

I. G. ASCHER,
(Voices from the Hearth).

LITERATURE.

POETRY.

UNDER THE MAPLE TREE.

Under the maple tree,
With tuneful voice of glee,
The choristers near, without tremulous fear,
May echo our heart-stirring song,
That syllables praise, through the long summer days;
When thy leaf-crested branches, strong
Are waving aloft,
To the music soft,
That we sing to the maple tree,
To the beautiful maple tree.

Under the maple tree,
That veils thy eyes from me,—
O would that their lustre might fall and alight—
On the heart now beating for thee!—
The shadowy gloom, may betoken my doom,
And the rustling sound, mocking glee;
A jest or a scoff,
A coquettish laugh,
That I hear 'neath the maple tree,
'Neath the beautiful maple tree.

Under the maple tree,
That spreads its arms for me,
I sit in the shade of a calm mossy glade;
And longing for rest, lay me down,
Or wondering muse, in the cool evening dews,
Of the buzz of the babbling town—
The strife and the din,
That steals not within
The folds of this dear maple tree,
Of this beautiful maple tree.

OLD LETTERS.

Don't burn them—they preach love and wisdom,
Of life's purest joys they are part;
I read loving memories within them,
Deeply traced on the scroll of the heart.
Don't burn them—the past fades too swiftly,
O! let these dim treasures remain;
Faint records of life's fleeting moments
That the heart yearns to scan o'er again.

I gaze at a heart's fond confession,
And tears blind my eyes as I read;
It breathes love! well, well, it don't matter,
Some hearts, 'tis ordained, are to bleed.
Such letters I'll fold uncomplaining,
And lock them away from the sight,
The bitterness folded forever,
Regrets locked in stillness and night.

These lines, touched with Time's shrivell'd fingers,
Are yellow and dim, like dead leaves;
Yet the light of remembrance glows o'er them,
Like rays that make golden the sheaves.
The letters, though blurred, are not faded,
But speak like an old tender strain,
That flashes at once, when its music
We strive to recall, but in vain!

Don't burn them—they speak mystic wisdom
That sermons or lore cannot teach,
And from the vague twilight of memory,
Deep lessons of comfort they preach:
They cling to hard rocks of existence,
Like mosses deep rooted for e'er,
Made green with the years that pass o'er them,
Though sorrow or ruin be there!

These letters are links that bind closer
The heart to the dead, buried years;
Why scatter in dust and in ashes
The relics that memory endears?