



# JOURNAL OF EDUCATION.

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**SUMMARY.**—**LITERATURE.**—Poetry: British Canadian Poets. Lecture by the Revd. Ed. McD. Dawson (continued).—**CANADIAN HISTORY:** Memoirs of the Richelieu, No. 5. Chambly.—**EDUCATION:** Pickings from Blue-Books (concluded from last).—What to Read, and How to Read it.—A Professional Education for Teachers.—The Nazareth Infant School, Montreal.—Hamilton City Schools, by A. Doyle.—**SCIENCE:** Treatment of Diphtheria.—**OFFICIAL NOTICES.**—Ministry of Public Instruction.—Appointments: School Commissioners.—School Trustees.—Separations, Annexations, Erections, &c., of School Municipalities.—Diplomas Granted by Boards of Examiners.—**EDITORIAL:** Farewell Visit of Lady Monk to the Ursulines, Quebec.—McGill University.—Roman Catholic Charities of Montreal.—**MONTHLY SUMMARY:** Educational Intelligence.—Literary Intelligence.—Scientific Intelligence.—Arts Intelligence.—Meteorological Intelligence.

You will not fail to appreciate as it deserves, the exquisite feeling so finely expressed in the following Ode.

## THE HIGHLAND EMIGRANT'S LAST FAREWELL.

Adieu my native land '—adieu  
The banks of fair Lochfyne,  
Where the first breath of life I drew,  
And would my last resign!

Swift sails the bark that wafteth me  
This night from thy loved strand;—  
O must it be my last of thee,  
My dear, dear Father land!

O Scotland! o'er the Atlantic roar,  
Though fated to depart,  
Nor time nor space can e'er efface  
Thine image from my heart.

Come weal, come woe—till life's last throe,  
My Highland Home shall seem  
An Eden bright in Fancy's light,  
A Heaven in memory's dream!

Land of the maids of matchless grace,  
The bards of matchless song,  
Land of the bold heroic race  
That never brook'd a wrong!

Long in the front of nations free  
May Scotland proudly stand;  
Farewell to thee,—farewell to thee,  
My dear, dear Father land!

As you listen with evident pleasure to Mr. McColl, I shall venture to give you one of his Gaelic poems; not in the original language, however, which to most of you here is an unknown tongue, but as elegantly translated by the late Dr. Buchanan of Methven, Scotland.

## THE CHILD OF PROMISE.

She died—as die the roses  
On the ruddy clouds of dawn,  
When the envious sun discloses  
His flame, and morning's gone.

She died—like waves of sun glow  
Fast by the shadows chased,  
She died like Heaven's rainbow  
By gushing showers effaced.

She died—like flakes appearing  
On the shore beside the sea;  
Thy snow as bright! but nearing  
The ground swell broke on thee.

## LITERATURE.

### British Canadian Poets. (1)

LECTURE BY THE REV. E. McDONNELL DAWSON.

(Continued from our last.)

#### THE LAKE OF THE THOUSAND ISLES

Though Missouri's tide majestic may glide  
There's a curse on the soil it laves;  
The Ohio too, may be fair, but who  
Would sojourn in a land of slaves?  
Be my prouder lot a Canadian cot,  
And the bread of a freeman's toil;  
Then hurrah for the land of the forests grand,  
And the Lake of the Thousand Isles!

I would seek no wealth at the cost of health,  
'Mid the City's din and strife;  
More I love the grace of fair nature's face,  
And the calm of a woodland life:  
I would shun the road by ambition trod,  
And the love which the heart defiles;—  
Then hurrah for the land of the forests grand,  
And the Lake of the Thousand Isles!

O away, away, I would gladly stray  
Where the freedom I love is found;  
Where the Pine and Oak by the woodman's stroke  
Are disturbed in their ancient bound;  
Where the gladsome swain reaps the golden grain,  
And the trout from the stream beguiles;  
Then hurrah for the land of the forests grand,  
And the Lake of the Thousand Isles!

(1) ERRATA.—In third paragraph of Note on p. 141 (October No.)—fourth line from the bottom,—instead of "they were delivered"—read—*it (Lecture) was delivered.* Same page second column, 11th line from the bottom,—leave out "such." On page 143, third stanza from the top, for "ghostly"—read *ghastly.*