

# CANADA:

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*"Righteousness exalteth a nation; but sin is a reproach to any people."*

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## Our Contributors.

### WINTER-DAWN.

BY ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

WHEN clouds are vanishing slowly. Overhead  
The stars melt in the wakening sky; and, lo,  
Far on the blue band of the eastern snow  
Sober and still the morning breaks dull red.  
Innumerable smoke wreaths curl and spread  
Up from the snow-capped roofs. From the grey north  
A little wind that bites like fire creeps forth.  
The purple mists along the south hang dead.

Out of the distance eastward frosty, still,  
Where soon the gold-shower of the sun shall be,  
A file of straggling snow-shoers winds aslant,  
Across the dull blue river, up the hill,  
Toward the dusk city plodding silently,—  
The jaded enders of some midnight jaunt.

Ottawa, Ont.

### ON A PERMIT.

WHEN I say that I am intellectually lazy you will see why I never got higher than a "third", but I must make an explanation of my teaching for five whole years on a "permit."

My "room" loved me, for "Mary loved the lamb, you know", and my "discipline" was always pronounced "excellent" by the good inspector, who would shake his grey head and urge upon me the necessity of taking a "second", and also the advantage from a pecuniary point of view.

I would rather have been a "music teacher"—delightful euphemism!—if I could have a secure salary in return for the daily 1-2-3-4, 1-2-3-4, and other abominations of elementary instruction, but I knew that "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush", and besides Jack Hart used to waste my evenings—the only time I had for practice, etc.

There came a day at length when my good friend, Mr. Trustee Horton, said: "Now *don't*, my dear Miss Weatherbee, *don't* ask for a 'permit' again; take a 'second', you know we *don't* do it in face of Mr. Inspector's remarks at the last examination."

"I am not going to ask any such favor," I replied, though it had been my fullest intention before he spoke. "I am going to ask you to have me appointed to that school which Mr. Loudly has just vacated." "You don't mean 'No. eleventeen,' at Jig-saw!" exclaimed my trustee in dismay. "I do mean 'No. eleventeen', if you please." "Why my dear Miss Weatherbee, do you know that the boys there actually thumped Mr. Loudly! They are perfect ruffians, I do assure you. No lady ought to go there." "Oh!" I exclaimed, with a nonchalance I was far from feeling, "I dare say it served Mr. Loudly right. But they will not be so rude to a lady; at any rate I will risk it".

"Well, but really, now! Perhaps we might persuade Mr. Inspector once more. You could not possibly go to Jig-saw." "O yes, I could; and I do not wish to be under any further favour to the Inspector than to be allowed to go where nobody else can do anything. A 'third' is good enough for them, and next year I'll write".

I got the appointment to Jig-saw school, and arrived at the little way station, within five miles of it, one October afternoon.

In reply to enquiries, I learned that Jig-saw school trustees "never sent for no teacher; they al'ayshad to walk."

"And my luggage?"

"O we'll get it to ye in a week or tew."

"Suppose I wait, will a team be likely to come along that will take me there?"

"Mebbe."

I waited, and as the dusk came on I saw I had made a mistake in doing so. How was I to walk five miles on an unknown road in the dark? But fortune favored me. A team came along before it was quite dark, and I agreed to give two dollars to the woman who drove it for the journey, if she would take my trunk too.

"Got ter call fer th' old man at the tavern," she remarked, as we started.

The "tavern" was a mile along the road, and after waiting two mortal hours for "th' old man," he got in, took the reins, and at once shewed he was scarcely fit to drive. After a frightful journey, over corduroy, rock and mud, we reached Jig-saw, and I was allowed to help myself down, and my trunk was swung after me. I had paid the woman at an early stage of the road, and I was left alone.