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SUMMARY.—**LITERATURE.**—Poetry: The Footsteps of Decay.—Don't Leave the Farm.—**CANADIAN HISTORY:** Memoirs of the Richelieu, St. Johns.—Fontainebleau and its History.—**EDUCATION:** What is, and may be meant by teaching "English" (concluded), by J. D. M. Meiklejohn, Esq., M. A.—A Schoolmaster's Reminiscences.—**SCIENCE:** American Association for the Advancement of Science, by H. H. M. Ed. Office.—**OFFICIAL NOTICES:** Appointments; Examiners; School Commissioners; School Trustees.—Separations, Annexations and Erections of School Municipalities.—Female Teacher Wanted.—**EDITORIAL:** The Fifth Annual Convention of the Provincial Association of Protestant Teachers of the Province of Quebec.—Public Examinations and Distribution of Prizes at the Universities, Colleges, Boarding Schools and other Educational Institutions of the Province of Quebec.—Distribution of Prizes and Diplomas in the Normal and Model Schools: McGill Model School; Jacques-Cartier Normal and Model Schools; Laval Normal and Model Schools.—Annual Convocation of Bishop's College, Lennoxville.—Montreal High School.—St. Francis' College, Richmond, P. Q.—**NECROLOGY:** The late Lord Bishop and Metropolitan of Montreal.—**MONTHLY SUMMARY:** Educational Intelligence.—Arts Intelligence.—Meteorological Intelligence.

LITERATURE.

POETRY.

THE FOOTSTEPS OF DECAY (1).

O! let the soul its slumbers break—
Arouse its senses, and awake
To see how soon
Life, in its glories, glides away,
And the stern footsteps of decay
Come stealing on.

And while we view the rolling tide,
Down which our flowing minutes glide
Away so fast,
Let us the present hour employ,
And deem each future dream a joy
Already past.

Let no vain hope deceive the mind,
No happier let us hope to find
To-morrow than to-day;
Our golden dreams of yore were bright,
Like them the present shall delight—
Like them decay.

Our lives like hastening streams must be,
That into one engulfing sea
Are doomed to fall—
The sea of death, whose waves roll on
O'er king and kingdom, crown and throne,
And swallow all.

Alike the river's lordly tide,
Alike the humble rivulet's glide,
To that sad wave!
Death levels poverty and pride,
And rich and poor sleep side by side,
Within the grave.

Our birth is but a starting-place;
Life is the running of the race,
And death the goal;
There all our glittering toys are brought—
That path alone, of all unsought,
Is found of all.

See, then, how poor and little worth
Are all those glittering toys of earth
That lure us here;
Dreams of a sleep that death must break;
Alas! before it bids us wake,
We disappear.

Long ere the damp of death can blight,—
The cheek's pure glow of red and white
Has passed away;
Youth smiled and all was heavenly fair—
Age came, and laid his fingers there,
And where are they?

Where is the strength that spurned decay,
The step that roved so light and gay,
The heart's blithe tone?
The strength is gone, the step is slow,
And joy grows wearisome, and woe!
When age comes on!

—*Rich. Guardian.*

DON'T LEAVE THE FARM.

Come boys, I have something to tell you,—
Come near, I would whisper it low—
You are thinking of leaving the homestead,
Don't be in a hurry to go!
The city has many attractions,
But think of the vices and sins;
When once in the vortex of fashion,
How soon the course downward begins.

(1) The following is a translation from an ancient Spanish poem, which, says the *Edinburgh Review*, is surpassed by nothing with which we are acquainted in the Spanish language, except the "Ode of Lou's de Leon."