

Do you hear it calling, calling?
And yet, I am none so old.
At the herring fishery but last year,
No boat beat mine for tackle and gear,
And I steered the coble past the reef,
When the broad sail shook like a withered leaf.
And the rudder chafed my hold.

Will it never stop calling, calling?
Can't you sing a song by the hearth.
A heartsome stave of a merry glass,
Or a gallant fight, or a bonnie lass.
Don't you care for your grand-dad just so much?
Come near then, give me a hand to touch,
Still warm with the warmth of earth.

You hear it calling, calling?
Ask her why she sits and cries.
She always did when the sea was up,
She would fret, and would never take bite or sup
When I and the lads were out at night,
And she saw the breakers cresting white
Beneath the low black skies.

But then, in its calling, calling,
No summons to soul was sent,
Now—well, fetch the parson, find the book,
It is up on the shelf there if you look,
The sea has been friend, and fire, and bread,
Put me where it will tell of me, lying dead,
How it called and I rose and went.

OFFICIAL NOTICES.

Ministry of Public Instruction.

APPOINTMENTS.

The Lieutenant Governor has been pleased, by order in council, dated the 24th November last, and in virtue of the powers conferred on him by the 48th clause of chapter 15 of the Consolidated Statutes of Lower Canada, to make the following appointments of school commissioners, to wit:

SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS.

County of Bonaventure, Saint-Charles de Caplan, Mr. Cléophas Arsenault, *vice* the Reverend André Audet.

County of Gaspé, Cap-aux-Os Mr. Célestin Jacques, *vice* the Reverend M. T. A. Séguin.

County of Gaspé, Gaspé South Mr. Joseph Eden, junior, *vice* Mr. L. D. Patterson.

County of L'Assomption, Saint Roch The Reverend Thomas Dagenais, *vice* the Reverend L. M. Brassard.

County of Rimouski, Sainte-Félicité The Reverend M. Tobie Thérberge, *vice* the Reverend L. A. Perrier.

County of Saguenay, River Sainte-Marguerite Messrs. Augustin Gravel and Pierre Gauthier, *vice* Messrs. William Gravel and Napoléon Gauthier.

SCHOOL TRUSTEES.

County of Quebec, Saint-Roch Nord: Thomas May, Esq., and Horatio Nelson Jones, Esq.

ERECTION OF SCHOOL MUNICIPALITY.

The Lieutenant Governor has been pleased by order in council of the 3rd December instant, and in virtue of the powers conferred on him by the 30th clause of chapter 15 of the Consolidated Statutes of Lower Canada, to unite into a district municipality for school purposes under the name of Rivière Gati-neau, in the county of Ottawa, lots number nineteen, twenty, twenty one, twenty two, twenty three, twenty-four and twenty-five of the sixteenth range of township Hull, in the same county, and lots numbers four, five, six, seven, eight, nine and ten of the first range of township Wakefield, in the same county.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Sunshine.—Children need sunshine quite as much as flowers do. Half an hour is not enough. Several hours are required. The most beautiful flowers that ever studded a meadow could not be made half so beautiful without days and days of the glad light that streams through space. Light for children. Sunshine for the little elves that gladden this otherwise gloomy earth. Deal it out in generous fullness to them. Let the nursery be in the sunshine. Better plant roses on the dark side of an iceberg than rear babies and children in rooms and alleys stunted of the light that makes life.—*Herald of Health.*

A Literary Waif.—(From the *Ithaca Journal*)—In the winter of 1837, Revd. Dr. Stebbins, of Ithaca, then in the Senior Class of the Divinity School at Cambridge, Mass., was invited to deliver an address on peace before the Bowden street Young Men's Peace Society, in the old Boston Odeon. One passage from that address has been going the rounds of the newspapers from Maine to Texas, and in England, for about thirty years, sometimes with no name, and sometimes with a wrong name. Soon after it found its way to England some person published a poetical paraphrase of it in Dickens's *Household Words*. This poetry also ran the rounds of the papers in the same way, sometimes alone sometimes in connection with the original prose, but not often. We propose to give them a start together in the *Journal*, so here they go. Let them not be sundered on pain of our displeasure:

"Give me the money that has been spent in war, and I will purchase every foot of land upon the globe; I will clothe every man in an attire that kings and queens would be proud of; I will build a school-house upon every hill-side, and in every valley over the whole habitable earth; I will supply that school-house with a competent teacher; I will build an academy in every town, and endow it; I will crown every hill with a church consecrated to the promulgation of the gospel of peace; I will support in its pulpit an able teacher of righteousness, so that on every Sabbath morning the chime on one hill should answer to the chime on another, 'round the earth's broad circumference; and the voice of prayer, and the sound of praise, should ascend like an universal holocaust to heaven."—(Stebbins.)

The Waste of War.—(From Dickens's *Household Words*)

Give me the gold that war has cost,
Before this peace expanding day—
The wasted skill the labour lost,
The mental treasure thrown away—
And I will buy each rood of soil
In every yet discovered land,
Where hunters roam, where peasants toil,
Where many peopled cities stand.

I'll clothe each shivering wretch on earth
In needful, nay, in brave attire;
Vesture befitting banquet mirth,
Which Kings might envy and admire.
In every vale, on every plain,
A school shall glad the gazer's sight,
Where every poor man's child may gain
Pure knowledge, free as air and light.

In every crowded town shall rise
Halls academic, amply graced,
Where ignorance may soon be wise,
And coarseness learn both art and taste.
To every province shall belong
Collegiate structures, and not few,
Fill'd with a truth-exploring throng.
And teachers of the good and true.

A temple to attract and teach
Shall lift its spire on every hill,
Where pious men shall feel and preach
Peace, mercy, tolerance, good-will;
Music of bells on Sabbath days
Round the whole earth shall gladly rise,
And the great Christian song of praise
Stream sweetly upward to the skies!