

took place in school section No. 4, Brooke, county of Lambton, on Saturday Dec. 20th in presence of quite a number of spectators and teachers from the neighbouring sections, who attended, to witness the progress of the children under the control of the teacher, Mr. Donald Marshal, which reflects great credit upon both scholars and teacher.—At the close of the examination of the Lindsay High School, Mr. Donald Munro, a Mosa, boy, was the recipient of a gold watch valued at \$90, and a very flattering address.

SCHOOL HOUSE OPENING.—The people of S. S. No. 6, West Flamboro', have recently completed the building of a large and handsome Brick School House, which event was duly celebrated by a Tea Meeting, on Tuesday evening last. An ample supply of provisions was provided, and after the wants of the inner man were attended to, music, recitations, dialogues, and speeches followed until a late hour in the evening.

Able addresses were given by J. G. Hodgins, Esq., L. L. D. Deputy Superintendent of Education, Rev. E. B. Ryckman, M. A. Thomas Stock Esq., Warden, Thomas Bain Esq., M. P. Rev. J. B. Keagey, B. A. and J. H. Smith Esq., Inspector of Schools. A number of dialogues and recitations were given by the pupils of the school, and the teacher Miss Brown, is deserving great credit both for the selections and the manner in which her pupils rendered them. The music was furnished by the pupils of the school who were trained by Miss Smith. On the whole it was one of the most pleasant gatherings we have attended for many a day. The Trustees and the people of the section are deserving of great credit not only for such an entertainment, but for the very elegant and substantial school house they have erected.—*Dundas Banner*.

CHOICE MISCELLANY.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

Methought I saw the Old Year, bent and gray,
Pass like a flitting shadow from the land;
He bore no sceptre, emblem of his sway,
But feebly grasped a rude staff in his hand.

And as he tottered toward a mighty throng
Of shades as dim as he himself had grown,
There rose upon my ear the voice of song,
Solemn and sweet, a requiem in tone.

The portals of the past had opened wide,
Moved by the power of an unseen hand,
And guardian angels stood on either side,
With faces strangely calm and sweetly bland.

And as I gazed I saw a long, long train
Follow the Old Year and the picture fill;
Grief that is past, and hopes that were in vain,
And joys that now no more the bosom thrill.

But suddenly the vision seemed to fade,
The sweet yet mournful music died away,
And where across my path had been a shade,
The glory of a wondrous brightness lay.

I looked, and saw the misty folds that shroud
The secrets of our future from our ken
Part like the breaking of a tempest-cloud,
When light and beauty clothe the world again.

The young year, beaming, beautiful and gay,
Smiled on me with a promise full and sweet,
And ah! such influence who could gainsay:
Or fail to trust the words such lips repeat!

Hail to the New Year! that for some is fraught
With youth and health and blessing manifold;
For some with nobler life and freer thought,
And with a glimpse of Heaven for the old.

Who knows what precious privilege will come
To gild with joy's own brightness all the year?
Who knows what happy hearts will find a home
That now are wanderers and oppressed with fear?

The bird that flutters on with wounded wing
Finds time a healer, and aloft can soar
When come again the rosy days of spring,
To sing as sweetly as it sung before.

The future beckons and the past is not;
The sunshine brightens, and the sky is clear;
Be every bitter pang of grief forgot
In joyous welcome of another year!

To make us know our duty and do it;
to make us upright in act and true in
thought and word, is the aim of all instruction
which deserves the name,—the epitome
of all purposes for which education exists.

EDUCATION is partly allopathic, partly
homœopathic; often like causes like; and
the doses to effect must be infinitesimal.
And if this were all, only the good could
make virtue flourish around them, whereas
now the sweetest flowers often cover the
saddest ruins.