

VI. Miscellaneous.

1. ARNAULT'S WITHERED LEAF.

In the fables of Antoine Victor Arnault—a French poet of the last century—there is one, well known to the readers of French, which is remarkable for its pathetic simplicity and beauty. It is called the "Withered Leaf," and we quote it from the original :

—De ta tige détachée,
Pauvre feuille desséchée,
Où vas-tu ?—Je n'en sais rien.
L'orage a frappé le chené
Qui seni était mon soutien.
De son inconstante haleine,
Le zéphyr on l'aquilon
Depuis ce jour me promène
De la forêt à la plaine,
De la montagne au vallon.
Je vais ou le vent me mène,
Sans me plaindre ou m'effrayer ;
Je vais où va toute chose,
Où va la feuille de rose
Et la feuille de laurier.

Lord Macaulay made the following English version, which is to be found in his latter miscellanies :

Thou poor leaf so sear and frail,
Sport of every wanton gale.
Whence, and whither, dost thou fly
Through this bleak autumnal sky ?
On a noble oak I grew,
Green, and broad, and fair to view ;
But the monarch of the shade
By the tempest low was laid,
From that time, I wander o'er
Wood and valley, hill and moor,
Whereso'er the wind is blowing,
Nothing caring, nothing knowing ;
Thither go I, whither goes
Glory's laurel, Beauty's rose.

This has the defect of most of Macaulay's writings, of being too rhetorical. Arnault, in his simple lines, has nothing of "black autumnal skies," nor of "noble oaks," nor of "monarch of the shade," nor of "Glory's laurel and Beauty's rose." Fifteen years ago Mr. Bryant tried his hand upon the little poem, with this success :

Faded, severed from thy bough
Poor leaf ! whither goest thou ?
Ask me not ; my parent oak
Lately felt the tempest's stroke,
Since that moment, every gale,
From the wood to fields below,
From the mountain to the vale,
Bears me on, a withered leaf,
Whereso'er the wind may blow,
Wandering without fear or grief,
I but go where all things go.
Where the rose's leaf, at last,
And the laurel leaf are cast.

A later version we find in Miss Edwards's small volume of poetry entitled "Ballads," just published. Here it is :

Parted from thy native bough,
Whither, whither goest thou,
Leaflet frail !
From the oak tree where I grew
In the vale ;
From the woods all wet with dew
Lo ! the wind hath torn me !
Over hill and plain he flew,
And hither he hath borne me.
With him wandering for aye,
Until he forsakes me,
I with many others stray,
Heedless where he take me :
Where the leaf of laurel goes,
And the leaflet of the rose.

—N. Y. Post.

2. AUTUMN.

The autumn has again come with its fruits and their associated joyousness. The golden harvests which have been gathered by the farmer are comparatively abundant, and raise his hopes for the

future, while they lighten the burdens of the present. All the associations of this season are of a deeply interesting nature. The bounties with which the Almighty Giver of all good has loaded the earth for the sustenance of his creatures, tend to fill the land with gladness, and suggest to man the duty of benevolence to his less fortunate brother, and thankfulness to his Maker. The forest foliage is beginning to assume those exquisitely beautiful tints which are so marked a feature of American forest scenery. We know of nothing more gorgeously splendid than the blending of the purple, the yellow, the crimson, the green, and the many shades and tints exhibited to the eye in a woodland walk, at this calm and delicious season. Here and there the leaves are silently and solemnly falling, teaching thoughtless man lessons of wisdom, whispering to him that he too is mortal, and will fade and fall as a forest leaf. Spring may be the season of hope and faith and cheerfulness, but Autumn is specially suited to fill the heart with thankfulness, while it forces the mind, spite of itself, into a sober, serious, and religious mood. It seems to say to us, though the Great and Good Being who fructifies the earth, gives you plenty, and fills your barns and storerooms to overflowing, yet remember that you are mortal, repress all feelings of pride and self-sufficiency, for as the leaves on the trees and the flowers in the fields are fading and passing away, so you will fade and pass away from this beautiful earth. Do good while you may, that your memory may live and produce upon the minds of those who are left impressions as delicious and abiding as those produced by a forest landscape in the setting sun.

O Autumn ! we love thee—we love to contemplate thy beauties. We love to look upon the last lingering *aster* by the roadside, the bright golden *solidago* attempting to defy the power of the frost to mar its beauty, and the last modest little blue bell, quietly fulfilling its mission by the mossy woodland path. There is a power, a loveliness in nature at this season, which words are inadequate to express. Reader.—go and enjoy its glories, for the Winter cometh apace.—*Norfolk Messenger*.

3. AUTUMN LEAVES.

The glory of autumn beauty is fast fading, after a reign of about a fortnight. The colors of the maples and other trees this year have been as bright and varied as we have ever seen them, and, even yet, though many trees are almost bare, the color of the woods is exquisite. Crimson, scarlet, marone, purple, brown, orange, yellow, and green are blended with a richness of effect that no human skill could rival, and any picture of which would be deemed most unnatural by those who have never been in North America in autumn. The bright colors of these leaves, the result not of frost or fading, but of ripening, just as fruit becomes bright when ripe (as Thoreau clearly pointed out), are attracting the attention they deserve, for wherever there are rows of maple trees young ladies may be seen busily gathering the finest specimens of the fallen leaves, doubtless, for artistic purposes. It is to be wished that a much larger proportion of the people could drink in delight from the contemplation of the remarkable beauties of our autumn, as the pleasure, though it costs nothing, is of a high order, and wholly unalloyed with evil. The cultivation of the sense of the beautiful is, indeed, a great and permanent source of gratification.—*Montreal Witness*.

VII. Educational Intelligence.

—COUNTY WENTWORTH TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION.—The quarterly meeting of this body took place on the 1st ult. in the Central school. The President, the Rev. Dr. Ormiston, occupied the chair. The subject discussed was "The best method of dealing with indolent pupils." Messrs. Froud, of Hamilton, King, of Barton, McKea, of Dundas, Anderson, of Paris, Ewen, of West Flamboro, and several others took part in the discussion. The president in summing up, said that indolence in pupils might arise from three sources, either from the nature of the pupil himself, from the influence to which he is subjected while out of school, or from incapacity in the teacher. From the first two of these the only practical remedy lay in direct personal exertion on the part of the teacher to rouse the pupil and obtain the co-operation of his parents. Mr. McCallum's essay, read at last meeting on "School Discipline," was then taken up and discussed. The view of the essayist—that corporeal punishment is occasionally beneficial and actually necessary,—was generally concurred in. Mr. J. H. Smith, of Greensville, West Flamboro, then read an essay on the "Science of Education." It was a well prepared paper, and concluded with an eloquent appeal to the teachers to take into frequent consideration the importance of the work in which they are engaged. After this, Mr. J. B. Smith, of