

going to the same place, as if for the purpose of cutting wood, he let his axe slip intentionally into the river, and then sat on the bank, and made a great show of weeping.

Mercury appeared as before; and hearing from him that his tears were caused by the loss of his axe, he dived into the stream, and bringing up a golden axe, asked him if that was the axe he had lost.

"Ah, surely!" said the man, eagerly; and he was about to grasp the treasure, when Mercury, to punish his imprudence and lying, not only refused to give him that one, but would not as much as restore him his own axe again.

Honesty is the best policy.

Why did Mercury give the woodman the golden and the silver axe? What did one of his companions do? What did he say when he saw the golden axe? How was he punished?

Recitation

HE NEVER SMILED AGAIN

Blent, blended; mingled.

Fes'-til, holiday; mirthful.

Reck'-less, careless; heedless; wild.

Tour'-ney, tournament; a mock fight; a sham fight.

The bark that held a prince went down,
The sweeping waves rolled on;
And what was England's glorious crown
To him that wept a son?

He lived—for life may long be borne
Ere sorrows break its chain;
Why comes not death to those who mourn?—
He never smiled again!

There stood proud forms around his throne,
The stately and the brave;
But which could fill the place of one,—
That one beneath the wave?
Before him passed the young and fair,
In pleasure's reckless train;
But seas dashed o'er his son's bright hair:—
He never smiled again!

He sat where festal bowls went round,
He heard the minstrels sing.
He saw the tourney's victor crowned
Amidst the knightly ring:
A murmur of the restless deep
Was blent with every strain,
A voice of winds that would not sleep:—
He never smiled again!

Hearts, in that time, closed o'er the trace
Of vows once fondly poured;
And strangers took the kinsman's place
At many a joyous board;
Graves, which true love had bathed with tears,
Were left to heaven's bright rain;
Fresh hopes were born for other years:—
He never smiled again!

MRS. HEMANS.

LE CABINET DE L'INSTITUTEUR

Le chant à l'école

Nous devons à l'inspiration de Monsieur J.-B. Caouette, les couplets patriotiques que nous donnons aujourd'hui comme exercice de chant. Tous les ans à la St-Jean-Baptiste, le vieux drapeau de Carillon, celui qui eut l'honneur de conduire nos aïeux à la victoire de 1758, est porté dans la procession patriotique à Québec, et ils ne sont pas rares ceux qui se découvrent avec émotion au passage de cette vieille et glorieuse relique. C'est ce même vieux drapeau qui est chanté ici. On peut trouver la musique dans "les chants de l'enfance" de Claude Augé. Le musicien a écrit cet air de marche pour chanter le drapeau de la France, et nous pouvons bien le lui emprunter pour faire chanter à nos enfants le drapeau de Carillon, qui est aussi un drapeau de la France et non des moins glorieux.

Nous répéterons ce que nous avons dit si souvent: si l'on veut bien chanter, il faut comprendre ce que l'on chante; de là la nécessité de faire lire le texte d'abord, sans s'occuper de la musique, afin de s'assurer que ceux qui vont chanter, saisissant bien le sens du morceau, pourront y mettre de l'âme.