

an education to the whole of the youth of Canada equal to the Free School system. Where that system has been established, the school-house has filled to overflowing; and where it has again been changed for a rate-bill system, however low that rate-bill might be made, the school would dwindle to about one-fourth of the free-school number. We are, therefore, fully of opinion that the Provincial Legislature could not confer a richer boon on the Province generally, and on the rising generation particularly, than to incorporate a provision in the present School Law, making all schools throughout the Province free, or, in other words, supported in the manner now provided for free schools.

From Archibald Young, Esq., Port Sarnia.

ALTERING SCHOOL SECTIONS.—Would it not be well to have the School Bills so altered as to give the Municipal Council of each Township the power of altering school sections from time to time, as the wants of the inhabitants may require? As I understand the law as it now stands, the power of altering the boundaries of school sections is entirely in the hands of the inhabitants of the section; therefore, if there is a large section adjoining a small one, there is little chance of them ever being equalized, as the inhabitants of the large section will be unwilling to have it reduced, as, by so doing, they would be increasing their own taxes. The same holds good with regard to the formation of new sections. This causes much trouble and hard feeling among the people; but if the power was vested in the Township Councils, they being disinterested bodies, and yet perfectly acquainted with the wants of the community, would be much more likely than those more immediately interested, to act in a way that would be for the benefit of all.

[NOTE ON THE FOREGOING.—From No. 1 of the official replies of the Chief Superintendent of Schools, published in the *Journal of Education* for February, 1852, page 26, and also in the Annual Report for 1851, page 174, it will be seen that Township Municipal Councils already possess the powers sought to be conferred upon them by Mr. Young.—Ed.]

ADDRESS FROM THE BOARD OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION OF THE COUNTY OF KENT.

To the Rev. Egerton Ryerson, D.D., Chief Superintendent of Schools for Upper Canada.

REVEREND SIR,—It is with feelings of unmixed satisfaction that the Board of Public Instruction for the County of Kent beg to welcome you to this section of the Province.

Your unceasing efforts in the cause of education have, they feel proud to assure you, nowhere met with more general and enthusiastic approbation: and the stand you have lately taken on a subject which so vitally affects the whole system of common schools, and which they firmly trust you will carry to a successful termination, is, they feel, not the least of your claims to the gratitude of both parents and guardians.

To one in your exalted position, controlling, throughout this magnificent portion of the British Empire, a department upon which so materially depends the happiness and prosperity of its inhabitants, they are aware it would be idle to offer any further address than the humble tribute of their deep appreciation of your unwearied devotion to the cause you have undertaken; and which, under Providence, cannot but lead to the most important results.

They, therefore, in the strongest spirit of sincerity and truth, trust that you may be long spared to promote the cause of which, under you, they are the zealous supporters; and that you may enjoy health and happiness for a long series of years, and beg to subscribe themselves

Your obliged and faithful servants,

THOMAS CROSS, M.D.

Chairman B. P. I., Kent.

ALBERT PELLEW SALTER,
Secretary-on behalf of the Board.

Miscellaneous.

STEAM, AND THE STEAM-ENGINE.

The vaporous power, whose close-pent breath
Potent alike, and prompt to great or small,
Now rives the firm-set rock, now deigns to point
The needle's viewless sting; now drains the bed
Of mighty rivers, or the tide of ocean;
Now weaves the gossamer of silken robe,
Beauty's fantastic tissue, iris-tinged,
That floats with every breeze. Yes, 'twould rear
The Memphian pile, or loom the spider's web.
It sees the toiling miner, deep in earth,
Delving the adamant; yet its rage,
By mighty waters, bursting the dark mound
Of subterranean channel; stern it grasps
The rushing torrent with Charybdis force,
And binds it to obedience; yet its rage,
Softened to weakness, dares with virgin touch,
Expand the snowy fabric, bright and fragile,
That chains the ether of adventurous thought,
And scatters o'er the world ephemeral tale,
Or deepest cogitation, long to live,
Of man's immortal spirit.

Now it swells
With giant groans, while in Cyclopean cave
It rolls the glowing rocks of molten ore,
And 'midst the deafening clamour spend its fury
On massy bars, whose strength its breath has forged,
And renals them as 'twere silken thread, cut short
By maiden finger; yet, while sporting wild,
Crushing to film transparent the huge mass
That dared its might, it deigns to check its wrath,
To fondle with the gem, whose glossy cheek
Touched by its hand, puts off its rugged scale,
And blushes into beauty.

Now, in pride,
It rolls o'er boiling seas the rapid bark,
As on a bed of glass, with oily smoothness,
Nor fears the mountain billow, or the gust
Of adverse tempest; yet the timid maid
Calm at her wheel, unshrinking, curbs its might,
And sees it wait, a passive, crouching slave,
To do her bidding; an Aleides tamed,
And she a village Omphale, that smiles,
Decked in its spoils, to wield its giant arms,
And bend its lofty strength to spin with women.
Yoked to the rapid car, it cleaves its way
Fleeter than arrow, panting to outstrip
The slow-paced Arctic sun; yet can it curb,
Instant its volleyed course—immoveably
Reposing—or retrace its whirlwind track,
When worked to ire, it rends the craggy mountain,
Overwhelms proud cities, an Euceladus,
Raging 'neath Ætna, or Vesuvian torrent,
Entombing fair Campania, yet the infant
Plays round it smiling, fearless of the fate
Of Herculaneum, or the hapless wreck
Of long-immured Pompeii.

A BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT.

An Irish schoolmaster, who, while poor himself, had given gratuitous instruction to certain poor children, when increased in worldly goods began to complain of the service, and said to his wife he could not afford to give it any longer for nothing—she replied:

“Oh! James, don't say the like of that—a poor scholar never came into the house that I didn't feel as if he brought fresh air from heaven with him—I never miss the bit I give them, my heart warms to the soft homely sound of their feet on the floor, and the door almost opens of itself to let them in.”

A sentiment so beautiful could not help to express itself beautifully. The prosperity which contracted his heart enlarged hers. Her love was moved by it; it turned her sorrow into joy.