

his precepts, the whole empire mourned his death; innumerable edifices were erected to his honour, inscribed with such sentences as these:—"To the Great Master;" "To the Head Doctor;" "To the Saint;" "To the Teacher of Emperors and Kings."

Confucius left behind him several works, which are held in the highest esteem and veneration to this day, as containing the most perfect rules of government; yet such was the modesty of this philosopher that he would not claim the merit of their original composition, but confessed that he owed the information and wisdom which they conveyed, to an eminent work called the "FIVE VOLUMES."

A CANADIAN HARVEST SONG.

BY THE EDITOR.

With cradles shining brightly,
With muscles braced so tightly,
With hearts that beat so lightly,
The reapers go forth early,
And brush the dew, so pearly,
From spray and grass and grain.

The rising sun advancing,
His lustrous beams are glancing,
The brooks and streams are dancing,
The morning air is balmy,
All nature seems so palmy,
The birds are gushing song.

The lazy drones are sleeping,
While diligence is reaping,
Health, riches for safe keeping,
When the harvest work is done,
When low shines the winter's sun,
And the harvest fields are bare.