

wooden structure at first, but in a few years, the Seminary having come into possession of it, took the structure down and erected a stone building on its site for the accommodation of two schools. This building stood until 1858, when it was displaced by a large, new parish lecture-hall. Of the two schools conducted in it one was called *la grande école*, perhaps from the more advanced character of the work. Its first master was Jean Martineau, who, after a labor of thirty years, was succeeded by Hugh Paisley. These schools were free. In 1796, there was another school established, on St. Lawrence street, under the same auspices, and having for its head-master Father Lucet, who for nearly fifty years was, perhaps, the best-known schoolmaster among French-speaking boys in Montreal. As has been said of him, he was more severe than learned, and more pious than enlightened, though he seemed to understand perfectly well the requirements of the times and the locality. In 1789, the attendance at these schools conducted at the expense of the Seminary numbered more than three hundred children. Indeed, the Sulpicians inaugurated a system which could not well escape the attention of the Dorchester Commission, and probably the supervision they exercised so successfully over their elementary schools had something to do, as an example, with the outlined prerogatives of the Royal Institution, to whose organization attention must now be turned, leading as it did, to the taking over of many of the elementary schools in the townships and elsewhere in the province for purposes of supervision, and the immediate oversight of McGill College in its earlier days.

TO THE TRUE POET.

Sweet as the sheen the dew-drops sip at dawn,
Thy purity of song hath laved my heart;
The rhythm of its light hath inward shone,
To bid the shadows from my soul depart.
As soars the lark beyond the fragrant mead,
To bear the breath of wild flowers to the skies,
'Tis his to greet the sphere that purifies
Earth's sweetness by its own; and scattering seed
Of scented truth, upborne upon the wing
Of song, 'tis thine to seek an upper light
Beyond life's clouds, while we, up-gazing, sing
A timid greeting to thy venturous flight,
And long to bathe our being in the air,
Where none but thee and such sweet singers dare.