

**An Inspector's Visit.**

In Dr. J. George Hodgins' interesting volume on the Establishment of Schools and Colleges of Ontario is the following bit of verse, which recalls an inspector's visit of fifty years ago. One can imagine that the event, now as then, causes a flutter of excitement in the village school.

**A Vienna (Ont.) School Event.**

It was a morning in November,  
And the clouds were floating by;  
When to us came the tidings,  
"The Inspector now is nigh."

The Students soon began to gather,  
In that School of old renown,  
In the van came the Inspector,  
In the gay Vienna Town.

As from their drowsy slumbers waking,  
The bells began to chime,  
Every student's heart beat faster,  
In that intervening time.

When the prayers had been completed,  
And each his seat had gained,  
Forward came the new Inspector,  
In his fame so late attained,

Took a book from off the table,  
Placed it down upon his knee,  
And freely questions then came flowing,  
And quickly answers just as free.

Not o'erlooking Latin either,  
Which was hardest of them all,  
And he seemed to pause upon it,  
Till the bell began to call,

"Teachers, Students and Inspector,  
Time has come for you to cease;  
From your hard and toilsome labours,  
List, I grant a short release."

But my tale must have an ending;  
Long it were in verse to tell  
Of the varied school room trials,  
That to us that day befell.

And the day seemed slightly brighter,  
At the second recess bell;  
For at three the new Inspector  
Closed his book and said farewell.

Monsieur l'Inspecteur, thrice a welcome  
Here is always given to thee;  
When the wind of fortune blows thee,  
Hitherward each year to see,

What the work we are subduing;  
How we sound the Roman E;  
All, in short, what we are doing  
In this old Academie.—*W. F.*

**Historical Nuts to Crack.**

The following historical rhyme was sent by a friend in the city, who did not know the author, and so I cannot tell who wrote it. But we like it much:

"Recall the story if you can  
About a lonely shipwrecked man;  
A gentle savage he reclaimed;  
Master and man, who'll tell their names?"

A man who climbed the mountain steep,  
With fairies tipping fell asleep,  
And dozed away life's hopes and fears  
About the space of twenty years.

That king and his fair queen who sent  
A man to seek a continent;  
Their names and his, now tell who can,  
And from what port he sailed—this man.

Who laid his cloak before a queen,  
To keep her dainty slippers clean?  
A courtier, and a man of pride,  
Tell now his name and how he died.

In Athens, not the modern hub,  
A surly man lived in a tub,  
With lantern lit he sought by day  
One honest soul—his name please say."

1. Robinson Crusoe, and his man Friday.
2. Rip Van Winkle.
3. Ferdinand and Isabella: Columbus; Palos.
4. Sir Walter Raleigh.
5. Diogenes.

We like these rhymes so much that we have "made up" some of our own, and have found the doing so quite helpful, as we remember a rhyme so much longer than prose. Yours in the work.—*A Rural Teacher.—Selected.*

What time is it?  
Time to do well;  
Time to live better;  
Give up the grudge;  
Answer that letter;  
Speaking that kind word to sweeten a sorrow;  
Do that good deed you would leave till tomorrow.

What time is it?  
Time to be earnest,  
Laying up treasure;  
Time to be thoughtful,  
Choosing true pleasure;  
Loving stern justice, of truth being fond—  
Making your word just as good as your bond.  
—*Montreal Witness.*