

I could not have told 'twas a school house, it towered up to the skies.
I gazed on the noble structure 'till dimmer grew these old eyes.
My thoughts went back to the log-house—the school-house of years ago,
Where I studded and romped with the merry boys who sleep where the
daisies grow.

I was startled out of my dreaming by the tones of its monster bell,
On these ears that are growing deaf the sweet notes rose and fell.
I entered the massive door, and sat in the proffered chair—
An old man wrinkled and grey in the midst of the young and fair.

Like a garden of blooming roses, the school-room appeared to me—
The children were all so tidy, their faces so full of glee;
They stared at me when I entered, then broke through the whispering
rule,
And said, with a smile to each other, "The old man's coming to school."

When the country here was new, wife, and I was a scholar lad,
Our reading, writing, and spelling were about all the studies we had;
We cleared up the farm through the summer, then travelled through
woods and snow
To the log-house in the opening—the school-house of years ago.

Now, boys go to school in palaces, and study hard Latin and Greek;
They are taught to write scholarly essays; and drilled on the stage to
speak;
They go into the district hopper, but come out through the college spout;
And this is the way the schools of our land are grinding our great men
out.

Let them grind! let them grind, dear wife! the world needs the good
and true;
Let the children out of the old house, and welcome them into the new,
I'll cheerfully pay my taxes, and say to the age of mind,
All aboard! all aboard! go ahead, and leave the old man behind!

Our system of public schools is the nation's glory and crown;
May the arm be palsied, ever, that is lifted to tear it down.
If bigots cannot endure the light of our glowing skies,
Let them go to oppression's shores, where liberty bleeds and dies.

I'm glad I have been to-day to the new house so large and grand;
With pride I think of my toils in this liberty-loving land,
I've seen a palace arise where the old school-house stood,
And gardens of beauty bloom where the shadows fell in the wood.

To the grave by the side of my fathers they'll carry me soon away;
Then I'll go to a higher school than the one I've seen to-day;
Where the Master of Masters teacheth—where the scholars never grow
old—
From glory to glory I'll climb, in the beautiful college of gold.

A gentleman, prominent in educational circles, sends us the following.
Is has the genuine ring and spirit of the English public school of the
better class. It would make a splendid chorus for a boys' school, sung
to the tune of "The Right Little, Tight Little Island."

ADVICE TO BOYS.

Whatever you are, be brave, boys!
The liar's a coward and slave, boys:
Though clever at ruses
And sharp at excuses,
He's a sneaking and pitiful huave, boys.

Whatever you are, be frank, boys;
'Tis better than money and rank, boys:
Still cleave to the right;
Be lovers of light;
Be open, above-board, and frank, boys.

Whatever you are, be kind, boys!
Be gentle in manner and mind, boys:
The man gentle in mien,
Words, and temper, I ween,
Is the gentleman truly refined, boys.

But whatever you are, be true, boys!
Be visible through and through, boys;
Leave to others the shamming,
The "greening" and "cramming";
In fun and in earnest be true, boys.

Science Notes.

The *Sanitary Record* reports a case in which a family were poisoned from eating mouldy bread. A pudding was made from scraps of bread which had been about three weeks accumulating, and from eating it one adult and one child died. A chemical analysis was made, and the reactions indicated the presence of ergot, a poisonous fungus.

Electric Telegraphy without Wires.—Professor Loomis continues his experiments in the mountains of West Virginia, to demonstrate his theory that at certain elevations there is a natural electric current, by taking advantage of which telegraphic messages may be sent without the means of wires. It is said that he has telegraphed as far as eleven miles by means of kites flying with copper wires. When the kites reached the same altitude, or got into the same current, communication by means of an instrument similar to the Morse instrument was easy, but ceased as soon as one of the kites was lowered. He has built towers on two hills about twenty miles apart, and from the tops of them has run up steel rods into the region of the electric current.—*New England Journal*.

New Method to make Fabrics Waterproof.—By this new process woven fabrics are rendered impermeable to water without affecting the color or impeding the free passage of the air. Immerse the cloth in a bath composed of water, acetate of alumina, and Iceland moss. The latter article is just boiled in the water, and the acetate of alumina added. Allow the fabric to remain in the solution two or three hours, and carefully dry.

The Independence of Science.—We have among us a small cohort of social regenerators—men of high thought and aspirations—who would place the operations of the scientific mind under the control of a hierarchy which should dictate to the man of science the course that he ought to pursue. How this hierarchy is to get its wisdom they do not explain. They decry and denounce scientific theories; they scorn all reference to ether, and atoms, and molecules, as subjects lying far apart from the world's needs; and yet such ultra-sensible conceptions are often the spur to the greatest discoveries. The source, in fact, from which the true natural philosopher derives inspiration and unifying power is essentially ideal. Faraday lived in this ideal world. Nearly half a century ago, when he first obtained a spark from a magnet, an Oxford don expressed regret that such a discovery should have been made, as it placed a new and facile implement in the hands of the incendiary. To regret, a Comtist hierarchy would have probably added repression, sending Faraday back to his bookbinder's bench as a more dignified and practical sphere of action than peddling with a magnet. And yet it is Faraday's spark which now shines upon our coasts, and promises to illuminate our streets, halls, quays, squares, warehouses, and, perhaps at no distant day, our homes.—PROFESSOR TYNDALL, on "The Electric Light," in *Popular Science Monthly* for March.

Teachers' Associations.

The publishers of the JOURNAL will be obliged to Inspectors and Secretaries of Teachers' Associations if they will send for publication programmes of meetings to be held, and brief accounts of meetings held.

HALTON.—The teachers of the county of Halton held their half-yearly meeting at Georgetown on Feb. 27 and 28 and March 1. The President delivered the opening address: "Elements of Success in Teaching." Geometry was very fairly treated by N. J. Wellwood, B. A., of Oakville. H. S. An address on the systems of school work in Ontario and Quebec, by Rev. J. Pringle, of Georgetown, was listened to with interest. J. M. Buchan, M.A., H.S.I., spoke on Grammatical Analysis and English literature. His method of teaching, as outlined, is natural and interesting. He delivered his lecture on "Poetry and Politics" in the evening.

On Friday morning Mr. Moore gave a detailed account of his method of teaching composition. This provoked a good deal of discussion. P. McLean, H. M., M. S., Milton, read a paper on "Professional Study and Course of Reading." D. J. McKinnon, Inspector for Peel, addressed the convention on "Moral Training in the Public Schools." Prof. Young delivered his very excellent lecture on "The True Relation of Psychology to Education," which was listened to with deep interest by all who heard him. Dr. McLellan occupied the Town Hall in the evening with "This Canada of Ours." He delighted a crowded house of over four hundred for nearly an hour and a half. The doctor gave several useful hints on Algebra next morning.