

Standards III. and IV. I have drawn attention to the necessity for the early teaching of fractions, for the preparation of systematised courses of object lessons and lessons on elementary science, for a more generous acknowledgment of the claims of physical education, and for the cultivation of the musical talent and taste now lying quite undeveloped or abandoned to the promiscuous doling of chance. The revision of the

syllabus promised for next year by the Education Department is a tardy acknowledgment of its imperfections; but the good work already done for the cause of education by the present Inspector-General, strengthens one in the belief that it will be a root and branch reform; this, nay almost a revolution, is required before our syllabus can coincide with the most advanced ideas of educational thought.

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 **MY SONG.** 

I bade my love good-night,  
 So loth to part  
 With her, the deep delight  
 Of this true heart,  
 My queen of pearls!  
 My lily of girls!  
 And when her light was low,  
 And all was still,  
 Saving that rapturous flow—  
 The lone bird's trill,  
 I said:  
 "Oh come, fair dreams,  
 To soothe her pretty head,  
 Float soft as silv'ry beams  
 Now shed!"  
 Then up where the lattice swung  
 I sent a kiss,  
 In the heart of a rose there flung,  
 And murmured this:  
 "Good-night, sweet!  
 Sweet, good-night!  
 My heart's delight,  
 Good-night!"

I bade my love good morn  
 With joy, to feel  
 Her presence soft as dawn  
 Within me steal.  
 My queen of pearls!  
 My lily of girls!  
 And when she came to me  
 On tiny feet,  
 I vowed there ne'er could be  
 A maid so sweet!  
 Her hair--  
 The golden sun,  
 Her cheeks—the rose-bloom rare;  
 Was ever beauty won  
 So fair?  
 The love-light in her eyes  
 Drew forth my kiss;  
 I clasped her to me—mine, my prize!  
 The greeting this:  
 "Good morn, sweet!  
 Sweet, good morn!  
 My heart's pure dawn,  
 Good morn!"