

THE GRUESOME GIRL.

She was a very nice little girl,
 With hair that hung in one long curl,
 And she was meek as meek could be.
 But when, one day, she came to me,
 And said, "I done it," for, "I did,"
 Down from my nose my glasses slid,
 I opened very wide my eyes,—
 I did this to express surprise,—
 And said, in voice that gruesome grew,
 "This will not do."

She often folded in her lap
 Her hands, and like a saint she seemed;
 She sat for hours and hours that way,
 But when, one time, I heard her say
 "I seen it," when she should have said
 "I saw it," I just shook my head,
 Took my goloshes from the shelf,
 And in the rain, walked by myself,
 Remarking, "She's not what she seemed,
 Or what I dreamed."

Moral.

Oh little girls with yellow hair
 And angel looks, beware! beware!
 Be very careful what you say,
 Nor drive your dearest friend away
 By fearful grammar; and when you
 Don't know exactly what to do
 Or say — say nothing. No real saint
 Was ever known to say, "I ain't."

THE SPELLING MATCH.

They'd all sat down but Bess and me
 I surely thought I'd win.
 To lose on such an easy word,
 It was a shame and sin!
 We spelled the longest in the book,
 The hardest ones — right through,
 "Xylography!" and "pachyderm,"
 And "gniess" and phthisic," too.
 I spelled "immalleability,"
 Pneumonia — it was fun! "
 "Phlebotomy" and "zoophyte,"
 Each long and curious one
 Then teacher gave a right queer smile
 When Bess spelled "aquarelle,"
 And backward quick she turned the leaves
 And then she gave out "spell."

I'm sure I never stopped to think
 About that "double l."
 It seemed like such an easy word;
 But one can never tell.
 "S-p-e-l," I spelled it —
 And how they all did laugh!
 And teacher said "I think, my dear
 Too easy 'twas by half."

Now Bessie was not proud nor mean
 She said "No wonder, Jane;
 For we were thinking of big words.
 You'd spell it right again."
 I'm glad that it was Bess who won,
 And not the others. Well!
 If I did miss one little word
 I showed that I could spell

THE FLAG GOES BY.

Hats off!
 Along the street there comes
 A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
 A flash of color beneath the sky.
 Hats off!

The Flag is passing by!
 Blue and crimson and white it shines
 Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines.
 Hats off!
 The colors before us fly;
 But more than The Flag is passing by.

Sea-fights and land-fights, grim and great,
 Fought to make and to save the State:
 Weary marches and sinking ships;
 Cheers of victory on dying lips;

Days of plenty and years of peace,
 March of a strong land's swift increase;
 Equal justice, right, and law;
 Stately honor and reverend awe.

Sign of a nation, great and strong,
 To ward her people from foreign wrong;
 Pride, and glory, and honor — all
 Live in the colors to stand or fall.

Hats off!
 Along the street there comes
 A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums;
 And loyal hearts are beating high;
 Hats off!
 The Flag is passing by!

The death of our honoured friend, Dr. G. U. Hay, for so many years the able editor of the EDUCATIONAL REVIEW, will be deeply felt throughout the Maritime Provinces. He was generous in his appreciation of the services of others, forgetful of self, and never failed to give to each the full measure of honour due. The influence he exerted was as kindly and inspiring as it was far-reaching; and many discouraged teachers have been cheered and helped by his suggestions.

C. M. C.