

Ay, ye may well look upon it—
 There is more than honour there,
 Else, be sure, I had not brought it
 From the field of dark despair.
 Never yet was royal banner
 Steep'd in such a costly dye;
 It hath lain upon a bosom
 Where no other shroud shall lie.
 Sirs, I charge you, keep it holy,
 Keep it as a sacred thing,
 For the stain ye see upon it
 Was the life-blood of your king!

FIRST CITIZEN.

O, the blackest day for Scotland
 That she ever knew before!
 O our king! the good, the noble,
 Shall we see him never more?
 Woe to us, and woe to Scotland!
 O our sons, our sons and men!
 Surely some have 'scaped the Southron,
 Surely some will come again!

RANDOLPH.

Till the oak that fell last winter
 Shall uprear its shattered stem,
 Wives and mothers of Dunedin,
 Ye may look in vain for them!

PROVOST.

Thou hast spoken, Randolph Murray,
 Like a soldier stout and true;
 Thou hast done a deed of daring
 Had been perilled but by few.
 For thou hast not shamed to face us,
 Nor to speak thy ghastly tale,
 Standing—thou a knight and captain—
 Here, alive within thy mail!
 Now, as my God shall judge me,
 I hold it braver done
 Than hadst thou tarried in thy place,
 And died above my son!
 Thou needst not tell it: he is dead—
 God help us all this day!
 But speak—how fought the citizens
 Within the furious fray?
 For, by the might of Wallace!
 'Twere something still to tell
 That no Scottish foot went backward
 When the Royal Lion fell!

RANDOLPH.

No one fail'd him! He is keeping
 Royal state and semblance still;
 Knight and noble lie around him,
 Cold on Flodden's fatal hill.
 Of the brave and gallant-hearted,
 Whom ye sent with prayers away,
 Not a single man departed
 From his monarch yesterday.
 Had you seen them, O my masters,
 When the night began to fall,
 And the English spearmen gather'd
 Round a grim and ghastly wall!
 As the wolves in winter circle
 Round the leaguer on the heath,
 So the greedy foe glared upward,
 Panting still for blood and death.
 But a rampart rose before them,
 Which the boldest dared not scale;
 Every stone a Scottish body,
 Every step a corpse in mail.
 And behind it lay our monarch,
 Clenching still his shiver'd sword;
 By his side Montrose and Athole,
 At his feet a Southron lord.
 All so thick they lay together,
 When the stars lit up the sky,
 That I knew not who were stricken,
 Or who yet remain'd to die.
 'Then I stoop'd, and took the banner,
 As you see it, from his breast,
 And I closed our hero's eyelids,
 And I left him to his rest.

PROVOST.

Rouse ye, sirs; for now we may not

Longer mourn for what is done;
 If our king be taken from us,
 We are left to guard his son.
 We have sworn to keep the city
 From the foe, what'er they be;
 And the oath that we have taken
 Never shall be broke by me.
 Up, and rouse ye! Time is fleeting,
 And we yet have much to do;
 Up, and haste ye through the city,
 Stir the burghers stout and true!
 Gather all the scatter'd people,
 Fling the banner out once more,—
 Randolph Murray, do thou bear it,
 As it erst was borne before;
 Never Scottish heart will leave it,
 When they see their monarch's gore.
 No, if we are doomed to perish,
 Man and maiden, let us fall,
 And a common gulf of ruin
 Open wide to overwhelm us all!
 Never shall the ruthless spoiler
 Lay his hot, insulting hand
 On the sisters of our heroes,
 Whilst we bear a torch or brand.
 Up, and rouse ye, then, my brothers;
 But when next ye hear the bell
 Sounding forth the sullen summons
 That may be our funeral knell,
 Once more let us meet together,
 Once more see each other's face,
 Then, like men that need not tremble,
 Go to our appointed place.
 God, our Father, will not fail us
 In that last tremendous hour;
 If all other bulwarks crumble,
 He will be our strength and tower:
 Though the ramparts rock beneath us,
 And the walls go crashing down;
 Though the roar of conflagration
 Bellow o'er the sinking town,—
 There is yet one place of shelter
 Where the foemen cannot come,
 Where the summons never sounded
 Of the trumpet or the drum.
 There again we'll meet our children,
 Who, on Flodden's trampled sod,
 For their king and for their country
 Render'd up their souls to God.
 There shall we find rest and refuge,
 With our dear departed brave;
 And the ashes of the city
 Be our universal grave!

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.

EAST VICTORIA.—Programme, Friday, May 21st, 10 a.m., President's Address; 11 a.m., Statics, Mr. W. E. Tilley; 2 p.m., Decimals, with class, Mr. S. Armour; 3 p.m., English Literature, Mr. C. J. Logan; 4 p.m., Fractions, with class, Mr. H. Hart; 7.30 p.m., Composition, Mr. J. Shaw; 8.30 p.m., Recent Changes in School Law, Mr. Knight. Saturday, 9 a.m., Question Drawer, Committee; 10 a.m., Election of Officers; 11 a.m., Prosody, Mr. J. Shaw. The meeting on Friday evening will be held in the Town Hall. G. H. Howson, Esq., Reeve of Bobcaygeon, has kindly consented to take the chair. G. I. IRWIN, President; J. H. McFAUL, Secretary.

FRONTENAC.—Thursday, May 13th, 11 a.m., Business Meeting; 1.30 p.m., How to Teach the First Book, Mr. McIntyre; 2.15 p.m., A Sketch of Mr. Alcott's School, Boston, Mr. Bamford; 3 p.m., School Hygiene, T. Dupuis, Esq., M.D.; 4 p.m., Common Inapproprieties of Speech, Mr. Summerby. Thursday Evening, Public Address. Friday, May 14th, 9 a.m., Cultivation of the Memory, J. H. Metcalfe, M.P.E.; 9.40, Practical Arithmetic, Mr. D. Robb; 10.20, A few of the Trials of a Teacher, Mr. Bole; 11.00, Question Drawer; 1.30 p.m., Grammatical Analysis, Mr. Hensbridge; 2.15 p.m., Election of Officers for the ensuing year. N. F. DUPUIS, M.A., President; J. W. HENSTRIDGE, Secretary.

GRENVILLE.—The next regular meeting will be held in the High School, Kemptville, on Friday and Saturday, May 21st and 22nd, 1890. Friday, 9 to 12 a.m., and 2 to 5 p.m., Opening Address, by the President; Reading of Minutes and Report of Committee on Library; Discussion on School Journal; Arithmetic, Messrs. A. McDonald, T. Meoch, and D. Halfpenny; Geography, Miss Amelia Gibson and Miss Jennie Thompson; Authorized Text-Books, Rev. Geo. Blair, M.A.; Algebra, Miss Kirkup and Mr. Conerty; Grammar, Mr. McPherson, M.A., and Mr. O. McCullough. Evening Lecture by John Burchell, Esq., F.L.S., Subject—Hints and Encouragements to Teachers. Saturday, 9 to 12 a.m., and 1 to 2.30 p.m., Methods of Teaching, the President; Reading, Mr. Conerty; Object of School Life, Mr. McCullough; Geometry, Jas. Carman, M.A.; Involution