

Scholars, &c., are most excellent. The instructions, cuts, and working specifications for making a cheap school gymnasium are alone enough to recommend the book.

THE WORLD'S FAIR AT PHILADELPHIA, 1877. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co., 75 cents. This work consists of a series of articles originally contributed to the *International Review* by Francis A. Walker. It contains many valuable suggestions relative to the organization and carrying on of great Exhibitions, and a summarized comparison of the nature, extent and importance of the exhibits of different countries in the various departments.

PAPERS ON EDUCATION. New York: E. Steiger, Box 5310. This is the title of a selection of papers, addresses, &c., on important educational topics, published by the enterprising Steiger, and sold at the bare cost of production. Twenty are already published. To secure the regular receipt, prepaid by mail, of these *Papers* as they are issued, it is necessary to subscribe for them by runs which are supplied at the rate of 50 cents. Each run will contain pamphlets aggregating not less than 600 pages.

Readings and Recitations.

WOUNDED.

Arranged from two pieces, "Wounded," by J. W. Watson, and "I'm Mustered Out." They were written during the late American War.

Steady, boys, steady!
Keep your arms ready!
Step slowly,
Speak lowly,

These rocks may have life.
Lay me down in this glen,

We are out of the strife,
Just here in the shade of this cannon-torn tree;
Here low on the trampled grass, where I may see
The surge of the combat, and where I may hear
The glad cry of victory cheer upon cheer.
Let me lie down.

Oh! it was grand;
Like storm-clouds we charged in the triumph to share.
The tempest—its fury and thunder were there.
On, on, o'er entrenchments, o'er living and dead,
The foe under foot, and our flag overhead;
We stood, did we not? like immovable rock,
Unheeding their balls and repelling their shock.
Did you mind the loud cry,
When as turning to fly,
Our men sprang upon them determined to die?

Oh! was it not grand?
God help the poor wretches who fell in the fight.
No time was there given to set matters right.
Thank God, I—
Hark! there's a shout!
Quick, raise me up, comrades, we've conquered I know,
Up, up, on my feet with my face to the foe.
Ah, there flies the flag, Britain's glory and pride!
What matters this torrent which flows from my side
When doing my duty 'neath that flag I die?
Were it not for dear mother I'd heave not a sigh,
But I see her sweet face and her dim tearful eye
As they looked, when she wished me that last sad good-by.
Oh! that I now lay on her pillowing breast
To breathe my last breath on the bosom first pressed.
Well, well,
Farewell,
Dying at last
Soon 'twill be past.

No, boys, 'tis too late now, no surgeon can save;
This bullet hole gapes in my breast like a grave;
But, lads, say a prayer; there is one that begins
"Our Father" and then says "forgive us our sins."
O don't forget that; say that strongly, and then
I'll try to repeat it, and you'll say "Amen,"

Pray!
Our Father! Our Father! Why don't you proceed?
Can't you see I am dying? Oh, God, how I bleed!

Ebbing away,
The light of day
Is turning to gray.
Pray! Pray!

Here, Morris, old fellow, take hold of my hand;
Don't weep for me, comrades; O, was it not grand!
When they swept down the hill like a thunder charged cloud,
And were scattered like dust by our brave little crowd.
Comrades, a roll-call, when I shall be sought,
Say I fought till I fell, and I fell where I fought.
Sing, Morris, that hymn about Jesus, you know
We learned it at Sunday School, long, long ago,
It says there's a fountain for all, which is free—
Oh, pray that my Saviour may show it to me.

Jesus keep us near the cross,
There's a precious fountain,
Free to all, a healing stream
Flows from Calvary's mountain.

Near the cross! near the cross!
Be my glory ever,
Till my raptured soul shall find
Rest beyond the River.
(The piece should be sung by the school, softly.)

DEATH THE PEACEMAKER.

ELLEN H. FLAGG.

Two soldiers, lying as they fell
Upon the reddened clay—
In daytime, foes; at night, in peace,
Breathing their lives away.
Brave hearts had stirred each manly breast,
Fate only made them foes;
And, lying, dying, side by side,
A softened feeling rose.

"Our time is short," one faint voice said,
"To-day we've done our best,
On different sides. What matters now?
To-morrow we're at rest.
Life lies behind; I might not care
For only my own sake,
But far away are other hearts
That this day's work will break.

"Among New Hampshire's snowy hills,
There pray for me to-night
A woman, and a little girl
With hair like golden light."
And at the thought, broke forth at last
The cry of anguish wild,
That would no longer be repressed:
"Oh, God! My wife and child!"

"And," said the other dying man,
"Across the Georgia plain,
There watch and wait for me loved ones,
I'll never see again.
A little girl, with dark, bright eyes,
Beside her mother's knees,
Oft asks when father's coming home,
His little girl to see.

"To-day we sought each other's lives;
Death changes all that now,
For soon before God's mercy seat
Together we shall bow.
Forgive each other while we may;
Life's but a weary game;
And, right or wrong, the morning sun
Will find us dead, the same."

The dying lips the pardon breathe,
The dying hands entwined;
The last ray fades, and over all
The stars from heaven shine.
And the little girl with golden hair,
And one with dark eyes bright,
On Hampshire's hill, and Georgia plain,
Were fatherless that night.