

I remember—I remember
 One—a blue eyed girl—that stood
 Next to me, whose simple beauty
 Made her always seem so good ;
 And the proud, bright boy, whose talents
 Prophesied an honored name ;
 But they laid him in the church-yard,
 Long before his manhood came.

I remember—I remember
 How “ the pass ” hung at the door,
 Bearing many weary traces
 Of the turnings “ o'er and o'er ; ”
 And the bell, whose dreaded summons
 Always seemed to come too soon ;
 Still, through all life's weary changes,
 Does it keep the same old tune ?

I remember—I remember
 How the long, bright noons were spent,
 When, beside our faithful teacher,
 To the forest shades we went ;
 And how, from some treasured volume,
 She would sit and sweetly read ;
 O, the memory of those hours
 Makes the old heart young indeed.

I remember—I remember
 When the world grew dark and chill,
 How the hands of shouting brothers
 Led us safely down the hill ;
 How we clustered round the fire,
 To receive the genial glow ;
 Even then we sought the school-room
 Through the piles of drifting snow.

I remember—I remember
 How the “ seventh-day ” would come,
 When we took “ our sides ” for spelling,
 Just before returning home ;
 Those were palmy times—our conflict
 Was the battle of the mind,
 And the foot-prints of the vanquished
 Left no bloody trace behind.

I remember—I remember
 How the last day gilded on,
 And our teacher told us sadly
 That the term was nearly done ;
 I remember well the parting—
 How the choking sobs would rise,
 When she told us we might never
 Meet again below the skies.

I remember—I remember
 And I shall not soon forget,
 All the petty griefs and trials
 That our feebler natures met ;
 They were small, and years have taught me
 To withstand their harmless stroke ;
 But the *North wind* bends the sapling
 As the *whirlwind* does the oak.

I remember—I remember
 All the mingled hopes and fears
 That made checkered shade and sunshine,
 In those long departed years ;
 And I would not, looking backward,
 Wish them less of joy or pain,
 If my hand could lift the curtain,
 And revive the “ scenes ” again.
 —From the “ *Children's Friend*.”

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

POSTAGE STAMPS.—We would thank our patrons and subscribers not to send us any considerable amount in postage stamps, as we frequently have more on hand than we can conveniently or profitably dispose of. Subscribers will generally find no difficulty in remitting small amounts, by sending script, or by Post Office Order.

TEACHERS' DESK.—We regret extremely to be again compelled this month to omit the “ Teachers' Desk.” Pressure of work on Mr. Glashan has been so great as to render it utterly impossible for him to give it any attention. We trust shortly to make up for the temporary omission of what has always been one of the most valuable features of our journal.

THE CANADIAN MONTHLY AND NATIONAL REVIEW for May is an exceedingly interesting No. of this ably conducted magazine. The “ Current

Events ” review is ably written as usual ; and is largely devoted to a criticism of Mr. Mills' Parliamentary report on the causes of the depression of trade, which is reviewed from a Protection standpoint. Professor Goldwin Smith contributes a scholarly article on the “ Immortality of the Soul,” in which, while fully accepting the Darwinian doctrine of evolution, he nevertheless asserts that the universal consciousness of a future state existing in all ages and nations, is a sufficient proof of the doctrine of the soul's immortality. Professor Watson, of Kingston, contributes an able reply to Professor Tyndall's latest announcement of his own peculiar views. Other articles, tales, poetry, &c., make up an unusually excellent bill of fare. Those who wish to know and appreciate the “ Canadian Monthly ” should see it for themselves. Toronto, Adam Stevenson & Co.