

At the general meeting of the Girls' Association, held on April 26th, Miss A. DeForest was elected treasurer in the place of Miss A. Puddington, and Miss McKean was chosen secretary in the place of Miss Jarvis. The following were elected to serve on the committee for the ensuing year:

Miss Ethel Butt, Miss M. Fairweather, Miss E. Payne, Miss E. Allison, Miss A. Armstrong, Miss H. Perkins.

It was moved by Miss M. Fairweather, seconded by Miss Perkins, that a vote of thanks be given to Mr. J. R. Ruel for his kindness in paying Mr. Peters' account, and votes of thanks were also passed to the retiring officers.

JOCK McCRAW.

THE LAY OF A TALL SCOTCH SOLDIER.

(Sung by Mr. Lindsay at the V. M. A. Concert.)

In me a sodger ye behold,
A stalwarth lad an' brave an' bold,
Siccan a maun ye wadna meet
Fra Canongate tae Princess street.

When Ah was a lad ma faither said
He'd pit me till a decent trade,
But the wark wadna suit me ava,
Sae Ah tuk the bawb' an' the Forty-twa.

The sairgeant when he 'listed me,
He winked his eye and then quo' he :
A maun like you sae lean an' tall
Could never be struck wi'a cannon ball.

The officer when he cam the roon',
He looked me oop an' he looked me doon ;
Said he to the sairgeant,—Oot, ye scamp,
Ye've 'listed Scot's monument oot on a tramp !

When they gaed oot till Ashantee,
They a' got licked till they sent for me ;
When Ah cam' oop wi' ma big gun,
The naygurs cut their stick and run.

The Queen she held a gran' review,
We numbered twalve thoosan' an' saxty-two,
And when the sodgers mairchit past,
Jock McCraw he mairchit last ;

The Royal pairty stretched their necks,
The Queen she glowered oot of her specks)
Quo' she to the Colonel ; 'Whit ! ma fren' McColl,
Ah tuk yon man for a telegraph pole !

CHORUS:

The cock may crawl, the day may daw,
The wind may blaw, the snow may snaw,
But ye couldna frichten Jock McCraw,
The langest man in the Forty-twa.

THE CHICKEN AND THE FOX.

A FABLE.

An old hen, belonging to a farmer in the country, had a solitary chicken, of which she was very fond. She would hardly let it out of her sight, and was forever warning it not to run far from the hen-coop, because danger might befall it.

One day, Mother Hen was busily engaged with some fine young worms which the rain had brought to the surface, and the little chicken thought it a good opportunity to see something of the world. So she went on and on, past the yard where the coops were placed, into the pasture. There the Jersey cow saw her and said : 'Where are you going, you little mite?' 'I am going to see the world,' replied the chicken ; 'my education has been much neglected at home, and I must improve myself.' 'And why can't you learn from your mother?' asked the cow. 'Oh,' said the chicken, 'the goose tells me that my mother knows nothing except picking up food and laying eggs, and that is not the education of a hen now-a-days.'

The cow tossed her head in disdain, and went on eating grass, and the little chicken continued her way until she reached the fence which bounded the farm. The fence was very thick and close, and she could not find any opening, and could not fly over it, for she was so little. At last, through a crevice, she saw an animal with a reddish brown skin, sharp eyes, and a very bushy tail, and she thought she would enquire of him.

'Please, sir,' she said, 'can you tell me how to get through this fence, and which is the way to the school for young hens?' (For she never called herself a chicken.)

'You have come to the right quarter,' said the Fox, for he it was. 'I am the principal of an academy for young poultry of all denominations, and I finish their education so completely that they never want any after I have done with them.' 'And what are your terms?' asked the chicken. 'We will take *you* for nothing,' said the Fox, 'for you look so clever that I am sure you will do me credit.' 'But how shall I get through?' enquired the chicken, now very eager to profit by this liberal offer. 'Come round this way,' replied the fox, 'and there is a place large enough for you to pass.' So the chicken squeezed through the hole in the fence, and went to the fox, who immediately gobbled her up, feathers, bones, and all.

MORAL: (*For little girls to find out.*)

TINA.

NOTES AND NOTICES.

At a special meeting of the new Vestry, held on Friday, April 22, the following appointments were made:—

FINANCE COMMITTEE—Messrs. G. F. Smith (Chairman), G. A. Knodell, W. H. Merritt, F. W. Daniel, G. E. Fairweather.

BUILDINGS AND LAND—Messrs. J. R. Armstrong, W. K. Crawford, W. M. Jarvis, R. B. Emerson, A. T. Thorne, A. W. Adams, G. G. Ruel.