

POETRY.

A LITTLE STUDY OF ANATOMY.

HOW many bones in the human face?
Fourteen, when they're all in place.

How many bones in the human head?
Eight, my child, as I've often said.

How many bones in the human ear?
Four in each, and they help to hear.

How many bones in the human spine?
Twenty-four, like a climbing vine.

How many bones in the human chest?
Twenty-four ribs and two of the rest.

How many bones the shoulders bind?
Two in each—one before, one behind.

How many bones in the human arm?
In each arm one; two in each forearm.

How many bones in the human wrist?
Eight in each, if none are missed.

How many bones in the palm of the hand?
Five in each, with many a band.

How many bones in the fingers ten?
Twenty-eight, and by joints they bend.

How many bones in the human hip?
One in each, like a dish they dip.

How many bones in the human thigh?
One in each, and deep they lie.

How many bones in the human knees?
One in each, the kneecap, please.

How many bones in the leg from the knee?
Two in each we can plainly see.

How many bones in the ankle strong?
Seven in each, but none are long.

How many bones in the ball of the foot?
Five in each, as the palms are put.

How many bones in the toes, half a score?
Twenty-eight, and there are no more.

And now altogether these many bones wait,
And they count, in a body, two hundred and eight.

And then we have, in the human mouth,
Of upper and under, thirty-two teeth.

And now and then have a bone, I should think,
That forms on a joint or to fill up a chink—

A Sesamoid bone, or a Wormain, we call;
And now we may rest, for we've told them all.

Recess!

VARNO THE BRAVE :

A TALE OF THE
PICTS AND SCOTS.

BY THE LATE D. M., PERTH, N. B.

SCARCELY did the sun set than huge volumes of black clouds, heavy and deep, began to crest the Grampians, and low thunder reverberated along their lowering range. By degrees the clouds spread south and around till the sky was covered as with a blanket, through which lightning sported in awful loneliness and thunders uttered their voices, while the rain poured down in torrents as if threatening a second deluge. But with night the storm passed away, and the morning sun discovered the fiery Kenneth and his savage Scots in possession of the heights above the Pictish host. Varno groaned at the sight. With feverish haste he clutched his spear, and would have pressed to the aid of his countrymen, but an impassible barrier was now betwixt them. The storm had swollen the Tay beyond her boundaries, and made her sweep onward with a force that no strength could stem. Kenneth quickly perceived the bad position and the divided powers of Drusken. But a short time was given for parley. "Remember Alpin!" was shouted along his van, and with a shout they rushed to the onset. The Picts received the charge with silent firmness. "Death or victory!" was their cry. Wives and daughters followed them to the field, and urged the warriors on to desperate deeds. Long and doubtful was the strife, but the impetuous ardour of the Scots, kept burning by the never ceasing cry, "Remember Alpin,!" at length turned the tide of war.

Varno saw his country's last hope driven from their vantage ground, and borne back almost to the river's brink. The women, screaming, attempted to escape; but the foe was on every side and the whirling torrent behind. In despair they rushed amongst the combatants, where Drusken and Garnard still maintained the strife. All became confusion. "Remember your mangled Alpin!" again burst from the pressing foe, and once more a shout, savage and shrill, reverberated along the hills. Wildly and fierce the claymore was seen to flash; and crowds of women and warriors sank beneath the bloody steel or plunged headlong into the careering torrent to meet only a milder death. Garnard was seen to fall; the stroke of a battle-axe strewed his grey hairs on the ground. For a while Drusken kept up the unequal fight, and was lost sight of behind a wood; but he too must have fallen, for Pictavia's last king was never heard of more.

Osbeth beheld the slaughter and waited patiently till he saw the last victim of his hatred perish, then, wheeling, he began to defile rapidly around the hill, unobserved as he supposed by the Scots. But other eyes than Kenneth's, and as keen, watched his motions. "Ho! my warriors!" cried Varno, "Let us honor the blood of our sires once more! See yonder is the perfidious Saxon who betrayed our country to the Scot. Shall he pass unpunish-