

No bearded soldier old in wars  
 He lay in the happy place,  
 He who died nearest to the works,  
 Wore but a boyish face.

They buried him just where he fell,  
 Those foeman with rude art,  
 They said that he had earned the place  
 By his undaunted heart.  
 And one a poet in his soul,  
 Though rough in garb and mien,  
 Planted upon the simple mound  
 The dead boy's sprig of green.

The brave man dies, but his brave deed  
 With death will not be found,  
 And travellers say that to this day,  
 The children playing round,  
 Can point the stranger to the spot,  
 The fairest in the scene,  
 The grave where sleeps the Irish boy  
 Who wore the sprig of green.

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## ST. MARGARET, QUEEN OF SCOTLAND.

A. D. 1093.

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St. Margaret was little niece to St. Edward the Confessor and grand-daughter to Edmund Ironside. She was sister to Edgar who should have succeeded the Holy King Edward to the throne of England. But he was obliged to flee from the tyranny of William the Conqueror and the winds brought to Scotland the vessel which carried himself and his sister Margaret. Malcolm who had suffered persecution and banishment, received them most kindly, and refused to deliver them up to the Conqueror and sustained for their sake a bloody war with the tyrant William. The victory in this honorable battle shed much glory over the valiant Scots.

Malcolm was so much taken with the virtues of the princess Margaret, that he most impatiently desired to make her his consort. She had learned from her cradle to contemn the vanities of the world, and to regard its pleasures as a poison to