

Her brow is like the snow drift,  
 Her throat is like the swan;  
 Her face it is the fairest  
 That e'er the sun shone on—  
 That e'er the sun shone on,  
 And dark blue is her e'e,  
 And for bonnie Annie Laurie  
 I'd lay me down and dee.

Like dew on the gowan lying,  
 Is the fa' o' her fairy feet;  
 Like the winds in the summer sighing,  
 Her voice is low and sweet,  
 Her voice is low and sweet,  
 She's all the world to me,  
 And for bonnie Annie Laurie  
 I'd lay me down and dee.

#### THE DRUMMER-BOY'S BURIAL.

All day long the storm of battle through the startled valley swept;  
 All night long the stars in heaven o'er the slain sad vigils kept.

Oh the ghastly upturned faces gleaming whitely through the night!  
 Oh the heaps of mangled corpses in that dim sepulchral light!

One by one the pale stars faded, and at length the morning broke;  
 But not one of all the sleepers on that field of death awoke.

Slowly passed the golden hours of that long bright summer day,  
 And upon that field of carnage still the dead unburied lay.

Lay there stark and cold, but pleading with a dumb, unceasing prayer,  
 For a little dust to hide them from the staring sun and air.

But the foeman held possession of that hard-won battle plain,  
 In unholy wrath denying even burial to our slain.

Once again the night dropped round them—night so holy and so calm  
 That the moonbeams hushed the spirit, like the sound of prayer or psalm.

On a couch of trampled grasses, just apart from all the rest,  
 Lay a fair young boy, with small hands meekly folded on his breast.

Death had touched him very gently, and he lay as if in sleep;  
 Even his mother scarce had shuddered at that slumber calm and deep.

For a smile of wondrous sweetness lent a radiance to the face,  
 And the hand of cunning sculptor could have added naught of grace,

To the marble limbs so perfect in their passionless repose,  
 Robbed of all save matchless purity by hard, un pitying foes.

And the broken drum beside him all his life's short story told:  
 How he did his duty bravely till the death-tide o'er him rolled.

Midnight came with ebon garments and a diadem of stars,  
 While right upward in the zenith hung the fiery planet Mars.

Hark! a sound of stealthy footsteps and of voices whispering low,  
 Was it nothing but the young leaves, or the brooklet's murmuring flow?

Clinging closely to each other, striving never to look round  
 As they passed with silent shudder the pale corpses on the ground.

Came two little maidens,—sisters,—with a light and hasty tread,  
 And a look upon their faces, half of sorrow, half of dread.

And they did not pause nor falter till, with throbbing hearts, they stood  
 Where the Drummer-boy was lying in that partial solitude.

They had brought some simple garments from their wardrobe's scanty  
 store,

And two heavy iron shovels in their slender hands they bore.

Then they quickly knelt beside him, crushing back the pitying tears,  
 For they had no time for weeping, nor for any girlish fears.

And they robed the icy body, while no glow of maiden shame  
 Changed the pallor of their foreheads to a flush of lambent flame.

For their saintly hearts yearned o'er it in that hour of sorest need,  
 And they felt that Death was holy, and it sanctified the deed.

But they smiled and kissed each other when their new strange task was  
 o'er,

And the form that lay before them its unwonted garments wore.

Then with slow and weary labour a small grave they hollowed out,  
 And they lined it with the withered grass and leaves that lay about.

But the day was slowly breaking ere their holy work was done,  
 And in crimson pomp the morning again heralded the sun.

And then those little maidens—they were children of our foes—  
 Laid the body of our Drummer-boy to undisturbed repose.

—*Hesper's Monthly.*

#### SCHOOL STATISTICS.

'Twas Saturday night, and a teacher sat  
 Alone, her task pursuing;  
 She averaged this and she averaged that  
 Of all her class were doing.  
 She reckoned percentage, so many boys,  
 And so many girls all counted,  
 And marked all the tardy and absentees,  
 And to what all the absence amounted.

Names and residence wrote in full,  
 Over many columns and pages;  
 Canadian, Teutonic, African, Celt,  
 And averaged all their ages,  
 The date of admission of every one,  
 And cases of flagellation,  
 And prepared a list of the graduates  
 For the coming examination.

Her weary head sank low on her book,  
 And her weary heart still lower,  
 For some of her pupils had little brain,  
 And she could not furnish more.  
 She slept, she dreamed; it seemed she died,  
 And her spirit went to Hades,  
 And they met her there with a question fair,  
 "State what the per cent. of your grade is."

Ages had slowly rolled away,  
 Leaving but partial traces,  
 And the teacher's spirit walked one day  
 In the old familiar places.  
 A mound of fossilized school reports  
 Attracted her observation,  
 As high as the State House dome, and as wide  
 As Boston since annexation.

She came to the spot where they buried her bones,  
 And the ground was well built over,  
 But labourers digging threw out a skull  
 Once planted beneath the clover.  
 A disciple of Galen wandering by,  
 Paused to look at the diggers,  
 And plucking the skull up, looked through the eye,  
 And saw it was lined with figures.

"Just as I thought," said the young M.D.,  
 "How easy it is to kill 'em!"—

Statistics ossified every fold  
 Of cerebrum and cerebellum;

"It's a great curiosity, sure," said Pat,  
 "By the bones can you tell the creature?"  
 "Oh, nothing strange, said the doctor, "that  
 Was a nineteenth century teacher."

#### ANSWERS TO QUERIES.

Will Candidates at the Intermediate Examination be allowed to use the abbreviations given by Hamblin Smith in his Euclid? W. T. Yes.

Will those teachers, who taught three years and obtained a Second-Class Certificate of the lower grade, previous to seventy-five, have to attend the Normal after passing the Non-professional for a second grade "A," before a professional certificate of that grade will be granted to them. G. B. No.

Would you be kind enough to tell me in your next Journal what History is necessary to read for 2nd Class Examination in July. SUBSCRIBER.

The Examination in History for Second-Class Certificates will be upon the work laid down for the Intermediate Examination in High Schools: Leading Events of English and Canadian History; also Roman History to the End of the Second Punic War.

#### BOOK REVIEWS.

LAURIE'S COMPOSITION TEXT BOOKS. Thomas Laurie, Edinburgh. *First Steps, 6d., Practical Text-Book, 1s.* There is no subject of equal importance which is so poorly taught as composition. Undoubtedly the want of a proper text-book on the subject has a good deal to do with the quality of the teaching done. These little books would be exceedingly useful to teachers in guiding them in the right methods. *First Steps* is not so much needed in Ontario,