

danger. As Eddy returned to the garden, he was met by his brother, who saluted him in no very respectful tone with these words:—

"Well, I don't think I'd take the trouble to help a little beggar girl; I'd like to know what mother would say to see you in such company as that."

"Would you? then come to the house, and you shall hear what she would say."

Mrs Woolsey's watchful eyes and ears had followed her children all the morning. She had heard the dispute about their play, had witnessed the sudden close of their sport, and the ready kindness shown by her younger son to the little stranger, and now she had come to take her boys aside for a short talk, in order to teach them, if she could, some useful lesson from the incident of the day.

When they had reached the sitting room, and Frank and Eddy had taken their places, one on each side of her, their mother asked:—

"Can either of you tell me what is generally the reason why people fight against each other?"

The boys hung their heads in silence; they began to suspect that they had not been so entirely alone in the garden as they had supposed. But Mrs. Woolsey waited for a reply, so Frank answered:

"It's because they want to kill their enemies; is'nt it?"

"Yes but why do they have enemies? and why do they wish to destroy them? Is it not often because they desire to make themselves powerful? You have read in your history of Cæsar, the Roman general; of Alexander, the Macedonian king; of Napoleon, the Emperor of the French. All of these, you know, the world calls great, but each of them was willing to bring sorrow upon countless thousands if only he could secure authority to himself. And their mother went on to tell them how much trouble had been made in the world because men wanted to control each other—very much, she said, as two little boys whom she knew—and how there had been many wars, and a great deal of fighting, and millions upon millions had been slain for the reason that some one or other had been all the time trying to make himself powerful; and how few had been willing to follow in humility the footsteps of the Son of Man, who "came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many."

After that, Mrs. Woolsey read from the Bible how Jesus, the great Teacher, taught his disciples; "He that is greatest among you, let him be as the younger; and he that is chief, as he that doth serve."

"And now," she continued, "which do you think is the more manly thing for a son of mine to do—to insist upon ruling his brother, even while engaged in play, or to leave his sport in order to help a little outcast, and thus follow the example of Christ, when he washed his disciples' feet? One of you succeeded in making himself captain, the other in imitating this example. Which do you think is really the greater, according to the rule I have just taught you? I do not wish to judge either of you harshly, but hereafter, whenever a dispute like that of this morning arises, I hope you will remember the words of the Apostle who wrote; 'In lowliness of mind, let each esteem others better than himself.'"

## Correspondence.

*(The Editor of the Nova Scotia Church Chronicle does not hold himself responsible for the opinions of Correspondents.)*

Dear Mr. Editor,—I am quite aware that many of your readers will be glad to learn that the address to the Bishop, published in your last number, has been supplemented by a resolution passed unanimously at a Deanery Meeting at Cornwallis; this