

feel. Education, as above described, is in no sense narrow. The more we extend the vision (in reading, etc.), the more do we extend the sympathies, enrich the sentiments and broaden the intellect, thus increasing the powers of enjoyment and inducing contentment and happiness, which go far towards producing the maximum of usefulness. The farmer would be fitted to attain a high measure of success in his chosen work, and would also be able to take a prominent position among the public and professional men of the day. The dearth of agricultural representatives in our legislative halls is often lamented. But this will continue only until the farmers, as a class, fit themselves, by judicious education, to take a high place as public-spirited, inquiring citizens, whose independent life makes them successful in securing happiness and contentment.

"JOHN."

Some Old Time Echoes.

THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR.
NO. III.

Maybe the hearing from the lips of those who have seen or personally suffered from the needless brutalities to which they had been exposed upon the field of battle brings more closely home to one the unutterable horrors of war than when one only reads about them in cold print. Let us hope and pray for that blessed time when the differences between nations may be settled by methods less murderous than by sword and fire. Other prophetic utterances to be found in the Book of Books have already been realized. May it not be possible that even some of us of the so-called civilized world who are living to-day may be spared to see that blessed time, when "They shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks," "when nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

As the war progresses and the passions of the fighters on both sides are aroused beyond control, it is greatly to be feared that the terrible atrocities which are so frequently recorded of the brutal Turcos, and the Alsatian peasants, who, partly for loot, and partly from natural savagery, so cruelly ill-treat the wounded Prussians as they lie dying on the battle-field, will produce similar acts as reprisals for the same. Just now one hears on many lips the question, "What can be said of a nation which claims so leading a place in the world's history, and which attempts to dictate to every other European power, using as its tools creatures so dead to every sense of honor and justice, to compare whom with brute beasts is a dishonor to the latter! Yet France lets loose these demons to fight its battles and feels no shame at the enormities they perpetrate."

My notes speak of the light-heartedness of the French prisoners, who already were daily passing through Cassel. Dainty in their tastes too, some of them who owned to positive hunger, and never having had enough of rations to allay their cravings, actually throwing out of the train windows the so-called "black-bread," eaten by all classes in Germany. Their jokes, verbal and practical, were irrepressible, and seemed to be appreciated by friend and foe alike. "Tickets! Tickets, gentlemen; get your tickets ready please," cried a wag of the party, with the air of one travelling for pleasure.

We were told that one whole train full of French troops, probably without having been once under fire, was taken possession of by a clever stratagem on the part of the Prussians. "Is the road clear?" had telegraphed the French. "It is," had mendaciously replied the Prussians in charge of the line. Unsuspectingly they had steamed into the very arms of their enemies, and are now being safely guarded by Prussian sentinels. But they were light-hearted Frenchmen, and so far looked upon war as but a mere game, which their side was sure to win!

My notes recording the winning of the first victory are lost, but the occasion stands out in my memory without a blur. No especial news from the front had been looked for, but my brother had told his wife that he would take one

final stroll down town to see if there were any change upon the bulletin board. Meanwhile our best wisdom was to go quietly to our beds. I believe I was enjoying my first sleep, when I heard a scattering of gravel upon one of the windows of our large flat, and the voice of my sister-in-law calling to one below, "Is it thou, Carl? What news?" The reply came in the tones of a stranger, an Englishman to whom my people had shown some social attentions. "Good news for you Frau M——. The battle of Weissenburg is won by the Prussians. Everyone is gone mad down town. I told your husband I'd contrive to let you know. You need not look for him yet awhile! I'll wait on the steps for you if you like to risk the crowds and take a share in the rejoicings. We will find him somewhere—but please be quick!"

By her answer, not meant for my ears, I gathered that my sister, though quivering with excitement and longing to go, did not like to leave me behind, a catastrophe I had no intention of allowing to happen; so a few moments saw us equipped as inconspicuously as possible for our escapade, and pushing and elbowing our way as best we could in the wake of our guide, and singing Fatherland songs as lustily as any of the almost delirious multitude who surged around us. That we did contrive to find my brother was little short of a miracle. We owed it partly to the fact that his inches made him a good target for our eyes to discover, and partly because of a peculiar bird-note whistle, understood of both husband and wife, which, inch by inch, drew us together. I remember feeling almost as glad and thankful then to hold on to his strong arm as when in my girlhood's days it was my pride and delight, as his little sister, to be allowed to walk by the side of my big soldier brother. "Don't try to speak" was his wise counsel—"not English anyway"—for just then England was in somewhat bad odor, owing to some misconception (or so I suppose it must have been), as to what was or was not "contraband of war," a courtesy-law which I believe some of the mercantile ships of Great Britain had misconstrued.

Later in August, 1870, my notes remark "that in spite of the logic of very plain facts, and still sustained by the spirit of undying brag, which never appears to desert the Frenchman even in extremity, it seems next to impossible to convince any of his nationality that the tide has turned for France, and the fortunes of war are against it. The fact that the city of which they are so proud, Paris the Beautiful, is in a state of siege; that numbers are slowly starving to death within its boundaries, awaiting what retributive justice may have in store for them, does not seem to open eyes which will not see; nor to unstop ears which will not hear. They know, of course, that they are everywhere sorely pressed by the sons of the Fatherland, who, indignant at their wrongs, and believing that the cause is holy for which they are laying down their lives, are just waiting to strike, and they must know that when their hour of retribution comes, as come it must, that that punishment will befall them at the hands of those in whose hearths and homes are vacant places, caused by the greed of power of their rulers, who surely, if they would let their consciences speak, would gladly blot out, if they could, the direful memories of the cruel war which their ambition had provoked.

"The German 'Punch' has a rather good caricature of the Emperor and the Prince Imperial crossing the Rhine on a tight-rope, each on a velocipede. 'Papa,' cries the boy, 'I think I am falling.' 'I think I am falling too,' replies papa, and if the last telegraphic despatch from Paris is to be relied upon, the Emperor will shortly be called upon to resign the command of the army, which would be the beginning of the end indeed."

H. A. B.

(To be continued.)

"Have you ever seen any worse weather than this, Mr. Sailor?" asked a nervous lady passenger of a deck-hand. "Take a word from an old salt, mum," says the deck-hand, "the weather's never bad while there's any females on deck a-makin' henquiries about it."

Hope's Quiet Hour.

Bear No Grudge.

Thou shalt not bear any grudge against the children of thy people, but thou shalt love thy neighbors as thyself.—Lev. xix.: 18.

"Love is kind, and suffers long.
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong,
Love than death itself more strong;
Therefore give us love."

I have taken my text from the Book of Leviticus to-day—that Book which is so legal in character that we are apt to skip it out of our Bible-reading. And yet many of the laws given in it are not ceremonial only, they are not only intended for the Jews, but are as up-to-date as if they were written yesterday, and as pointed as if they were aimed especially at us. Take this nineteenth chapter, for instance, and note a few of its commands: "Thou shalt not go up and down as a talebearer among thy people thou shalt not hate thy brother in thine heart nor bear any grudge ye shall do no unrighteousness in judgment, in meteyard, in weight or in measure I am the LORD." The chapter contains only 37 verses, yet 16 times in it the reader is reminded that he stands in the Presence of God—can any sin be trifling in the eyes of Him Who says: "Ye shall be holy: for I the LORD your God am holy?"

Thousands of years ago these warning words were written, and yet—standing in the Presence of our God—how many who call themselves Christians still dare to cherish a grudge against another member of his family, as if they had never heard the call to goodwill. Just think of the mockery of kneeling before the Father and saying: "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us," when we are making no real effort to forgive that other child of His who has vexed us. Think of the comment which our Lord made when He gave us this prayer: "If ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you: but if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses."

It is very common to attempt to justify the bearing of a grudge in this manner. "Oh, I don't bear him (or her) any illwill, if he were in trouble I would not refuse to help him. I have forgiven him, but I don't wish to have anything more to do with him."

Is this the kind of forgiveness we hope for from God? How forlorn, desolate and helpless we should be if He should stand aloof from us.

But perhaps we think we have good reason for feeling resentful, for hating a brother secretly in our heart. Why, even a heathen savage does not dislike a member of his own tribe without thinking he has reason—are we satisfied to remain at his level, though we have held up before us always the glorious ideal of a Man strong enough in Love to pray with all His might for those who were cruelly and unjustly torturing Him?

Perhaps that Example is so high that we feel hopeless of imitating it, then let us glance at another. King David was driven from Jerusalem by his own dearly-loved son, Absalom. He climbed up the ascent of Olivet, weeping, and had his head covered, and he went barefoot: and all the people that were with him covered every man his head, and they went up, weeping as they went up. Such a sight might have roused pity in the hardest heart, but it emboldened one base coward to heap undeserved insults on the man who had already so much to bear—to hit him when he was down. Shimei followed the broken-hearted procession, flinging curses, stones and dust at David and at the mighty men who were on his right hand and on his left. No wonder the wrath of Abishai blazed out in the words: "Why should this dead dog curse my lord the king? let me go over, I pray thee, and take off his head." It shows the wonderful personality of the crushed king, that he not only controlled his own spirit, but was able to hold in check the anger of his mighty men. "Let him curse," he answered, "it may be that the LORD will look on mine affliction, and that the LORD will re-

quite me good for his cursing this day." And yet this noble generosity apparently failed to make Shimei ashamed of his low behaviour, for he still followed, presuming on his immunity from danger, cursing and throwing dust and stones. Anyone could have flung stones and angry words in return. Such retaliation would have been so easy and commonplace that it would not have been worth recording, but the world can never forget David's control over his own temper.

Someone has said that "temper is nine-tenths of Christianity"—if that is so, then much of our Christianity must be of very poor quality, for our temper is not often very much to be depended on. Perhaps the weather is disagreeable, or we have a "splitting headache" (which really is not so bad as we make out, probably), or someone else is displeasing to us, and so we look cross and speak snappishly and feel very ill-used. Then, if we hear that someone has made some disparaging remark about us, we resent it indignantly—though we may have deserved it thoroughly—quite forgetting how many unkind things we have said about other people which we should be very sorry to have repeated.

Instead of resenting criticism, it is wiser—as well as nobler—to accept it humbly, knowing that we deserve far more blame than we usually get, and examining ourselves to see whether it is possible to cure the defects of character which are so visible to the eyes of our friends and neighbors. There is a story told of King Philip of Macedon, which shows that it is wiser to profit by blame than to resent it. One of his officers was reported to have said many hard things about the king. "What should be done with this Nicanor to punish him?" the king was asked. But King Philip calmly replied: "I must first find out whether my own conduct has given occasion for this abuse of me." He soon remembered that Nicanor had risked life in his service and had not been rewarded, so—instead of punishing him—he gave him a good and honorable position. Some time afterwards he was told that Nicanor was never weary in praising the king, who said: "Do you not see? It lies in ourselves whether we are well or evil spoken of."

There are so many quarrels which poison the happiness of life, and most of them could be avoided if one of the parties concerned refused to bear a grudge. It takes two to make a quarrel, and Love is as mighty an enchanter as the sun when any coldness has to be got rid of. If anyone is trying to pick a quarrel with you, all you have to do is to go on shining. Repay rudeness with real courtesy (not a frigid politeness), talk about the person who is against you only to God, and be especially careful not to discuss him with your sympathizing neighbors. There is nothing like gossip to fan the miserable flame of a petty grievance. Look honestly and humbly at your own life, and see whether there is not some reason for his disapproval of you. Don't wait for him to make the first advances towards a reconciliation, but do the harder, greater part of going more than half-way to meet him.

Do you think that "bearing a grudge" is a small matter, not injuring seriously your spiritual condition? Can you live a day without needing God's forgiveness? How can you receive that great blessing unless you cast out of your secret heart the poison of resentfulness? "If ye forgive not men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will not forgive you."

But forgiveness—real love for those who have injured or vexed us—is not an easy matter. Our Lord gives us advice which we should do well to follow whenever we have this battle to fight. He says, "Do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you"; and then He points out that those who return good for evil, blessing for cursing, are in deed, as well as in name, the children of the Loving Father, who sends the blessings of sunshine and shower on the evil as well as on the good. He also commands each obedient disciple to do his very utmost to make friends with one who has wronged him. He must not nurse a grudge himself, and must do his very best to straighten out the tangle. First he is to quietly talk the matter out with the 'offended' brother. If that fails—and love and prayer can do wonders, combined with such a straightfor-