

Those banded serfs—what would they have,
By tyrant Kings together brought?
Whom are those fetters to enslave
Which long ago their hands have wrought?
You, Frenchmen, you, they would enchain;
Doth not the thought your bosoms fire;
The ancient bondage they desire
To force upon your neck again?
Then up, and form your ranks, the hireling foe withstand;
March on—his craven blood must fertilise the land.

Those marshalled foreigners—shall they
Make laws to reach the Frenchman's hearth?
Shall hireling troops who fight for pay
Strike down our warriors to the earth?
God shall we bow beneath the weight
Of hands that slavish fetters wear?
Shall ruthless despots once more dare
To be the masters of our fate?
Then up, and form your ranks, the hireling foe withstand;
March on—his craven blood must fertilise the land.

Then tremble, tyrant—traitors all—
Ye, whom both friends and foes despise;
On you shall retribution fall,
Your crimes shall gain a worthy prize.
Each man opposes might to might;
And when our youthful heroes die,
Our France can well their place supply:
We're soldiers all with you to fight.
Then up, and form your ranks, the hireling foe withstand;
March on—his craven blood must fertilise the land.

Yet, generous warriors, still forbear
To deal on all your vengeful blows;
The train of hapless victims spare,
Against their will they are our foes
But oh, those despots stain'd with blood.
Those traitors leagued with base Bouille,
Who make their native land their prey,—
Death to the savage tiger brood.
Then up, and form your ranks, the hireling foe withstand;
March on—his craven blood must fertilise the land.

And when our glorious sires are dead,
Their virtues we shall surely find
When on the self-same path we tread,
And track the fame they leave behind,
Less to survive them we desire
Than to partake their noble grave;
The proud ambition we shall have
To live for vengeance or expire.
Then up, and form your ranks, the hireling foe withstand;
March on—his craven blood must fertilise the land.

Come, love of country guide us now,
Endow our vengeful arms with might;
And, dearest liberty, do thou
Aid thy defenders in the fight.
Unto our flags let victory,
Called by the stirring accents haste;
And may thy dying foes at last
Thy triumph and our glory see.
Then up, and form your ranks, the hireling foe withstand;
March on—his craven blood must fertilise the land.

2. GERMAN NATIONAL WAR SONG.

The following is a translation of the new Rhine song, which, set to an inspiring tune, has fast become the German "Marseillaise" of the present war:

The Queen of Prussia has sent the following telegram to Gen. Herwarth de Bittenfeld: "In the joyful and grateful emotion I feel at the victories of our armies, I send you to-day two gold medals, one for the author and one for the composer of the song, 'Die Wacht am Rhein,' in which the passionate patriotism of our citizens and soldiers has so admirably found expression, and which has become a real national song of Germany." On the face of the medal is the bust of the King, and on the reverse the figures 1870, surrounded by a laurel.

DIE WACHT AM RHEIN, (THE RHINE WATCH.)

A roar like thunder strikes the ear,
Like clang of arms or breakers near,
"On for the Rhine, the German Rhine!
Who shields thee, my beloved Rhine?"
Dear Fatherland, thou needst not fear,
Thy Rhineland watch stands firmly here.

A hundred thousand hearts beat high,
The flash darts forth from every eye,
For Teutons brave, injured by toil,
Protect their country's holy soil.
Dear Fatherland, thou needst not fear,
Thy Rhineland watch stands firmly here.

The heart may break in agony,
Yet Frenchman's thou shalt never be,
In water rich is Rhine: thy flood,
Germania, rich in hero's blood.
Dear Fatherland, thou needst not fear,
Thy Rhineland watch stands firmly here.

When heavenward ascends the eye
Our hero's ghosts look down from high;
We swear to guard our dear bequest
And shield it with the German breast.
Dear Fatherland, thou needst not fear,
Thy Rhineland watch stands firmly here.

As long as German blood still glows
The German sword strikes mighty blows,
And German marksmen take their stand,
No foe shall tread our native land.
Dear Fatherland thou needst not fear,
Thy Rhineland watch stands firmly here.

We take the pledge. The stream runs by;
Our banners proud are wafting high,
On for the Rhine, the German Rhine!
We all die for our native Rhine.
Hence, Fatherland, thou needst not fear,
Thy Rhineland watch stands firmly here.

3. WHO WAS HE?—A QUESTION FOR THE CHILDREN TO ANSWER.

Exactly one hundred years ago, a little Scotch country boy, eleven years old, was winning the hearts of his teachers and playmates by being an excellent scholar of his age, and by being warm-hearted, generous, frank, truthful and brave. Meantime, one great source of delight to him was the company of an aged relative—a sunny-hearted old woman, whose stock of songs and stories seemed to have no end. These, as he says, first cultivated within him the seeds of poetry. He ploughed in his father's fields, and plodded through many a hard day's work, his name obscure, and his condition humble. But his thoughts and fancies were as free as air, and full of tenderness and beauty. In time, these shaped themselves into verses that made him famous. He grew prosperous. Friends and admirers flocked around him. Gentle, loving and brilliant, a man of wonderful genius, one of the sweetest poets the world had ever known, he was beloved at home and abroad. Only one cloud settled about him, and that brought poverty, ill health and trouble. It was a cloud of his own raising, yet he had not strength to clear it away. He died at the age of thirty-seven, and was buried in the parish of Dumfries, with military honors. Who was he?

4. AN AMERICAN WOMAN'S OPINION OF WOMEN TEACHERS.

Women preside in far the larger portion of our school rooms. This is well for her, and should be best for the pupils. Nature has better fitted her for the position than she has man; but woman does less for herself.

The New England girl, in circumstances which necessitate employment for a livelihood, with a well-founded prejudice against the servitude of the factory, and an aristocratic antipathy to a trade, starts in a race, the goal of which is the teacher's desk. With no special love of children, and less love for knowledge, she drills herself in text-books, and, at the earliest possible moment, secures a situation. Some, a little more ambitious, or blest with better school advantages, "go through a course of study," and are graduated at some boarding school, academy, or normal school. But the result in the school-rooms they come to govern is obviously much the same: they are practically little better prepared to be examples for growing minds while forming habits of speech and manner, than their less fortunate sisters.

Throw aside text-books, and examine a class of young ladies about to receive their diplomas, and to enter the lists of the teaching profession. The majority are too youthful to receive a diploma for any employment save dressing a doll; yet they will repeat pages of Paley and Butler in the exact language of the book. They will astound you with their fluency in Algebra and Geometry. They have "finished" the sciences. They have "gone through" Chemistry, perhaps, without witnessing, much less performing, an experiment; but they can repeat the Automic Theory, and are glib with the nomenclature of the science. Geology has been hurried over