

you have felt bound, in some case, to treat your brother with severity. Should you blame your brother if, in a similar case, he behaved with severity to you? By all means let us learn the law of love—at the cross—at the throne—from the lips of Christ—by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost. But let us remember if we would be sure that it is the gold of love and not a spurious imitation, we must test it by the Golden Rule.

The Last Class.

(From the French by Alphonse Daudet.)

On this special morning I was very much behind time in going to school, and I was exceedingly afraid of getting a scolding, inasmuch as Monsieur Hamel had told us that he should question us on the participles, and I did not know the first word of them. For a moment the idea came to me of missing the class and of taking a run across the fields.

The weather was so warm, so fine!

One could hear the blackbirds whistling on the outskirts of the wood; and in the Rippert meadow, behind the saw-mill, the Prussians, who were at drill. All this was a much greater temptation to me than the rule of the participles, but I was strong enough to resist it, and I ran very fast to school.

In passing the mayor's residence I saw that some people had stopped round a board on which bills were posted. During the last two years, it was from this spot that all the bad news had come to us; battles lost, requisitions, orders from those in command, and without stopping, I thought, "what is the matter now?"

Then, as I was running past the place, blacksmith Wachter, who was there with his apprentice, on the point of reading the notice, called out to me:

"Do not be in such a hurry, little man; you will still be quite soon enough at your school."

I thought he was making fun of me, and I got into Monsieur Hamel's little court yard quite out of breath.

Generally at the beginning of lessons there was a great commotion which could be heard even in the street, desks opened, closed, lessons which every one repeated all at the same time very loudly, stopping their ears that they might learn better, and the master's great ruler which he tapped on the tables.

"A little more silence!"

I was counting on all this bustle for gaining my form without being noticed; but just on this day all was quite quiet, like a Sunday morning. Through the open window I saw my comrades arranged in their places and Monsieur Hamel passing and re-passing with the terrible steel ruler under his arm. I was obliged to open the door and enter in the midst of this great stillness. You may think whether I grew red, and whether I was frightened!

Well, no. Monsieur Hamel looked at me without any displeasure and said very gently to me:

"Go quickly to your place, my little Francis; we were on the point of beginning without you."

I strode over the bench and seated myself at once at my desk. Then only, having a little recovered from my fright, did I remark that our master had on his grand green frock-coat, his finely plaited shirt-frill, and his black silk embroidered cap, which he only put on on days of inspections and of the distributions of prizes. The whole school, however, had something unusual and solemn about it. But what surprised me the most was to see at the bottom of the hall, on forms which usually stood empty, the village people sitting silent as ourselves, the aged Hauser with his three-cornered cap, the former mayor, the former postman, and other persons besides. All these people looked very sad, and Hauser had brought an old spelling book, eaten at the corners, which he held open on his knees and his large spectacles were laid across the pages.

Whilst I was wondering at all this, Monsieur Hamel had gone up into his desk, and in the same gentle and grave voice with which he had received me, he said to us:

"My children, this is the last time that I shall give you a lesson. The order has come from Berlin no longer to teach anything but German in

the schools of Alsace and Lorraine. The new master arrives to-morrow. To-day is your last lesson in French. I pray you to be very attentive."

These words overwhelmed me. Ah! the miserable creatures! this then was the notice put up at the mayor's residence.

My last French lesson!

And I, who scarcely knew how to write! Then I never should learn! I should have to stop short there. How much I now wished for the lost time again, for lessons missed by running bird-nesting or in sliding on the saars! My books, which but just now I had found so tiresome, so heavy to carry—my grammar, my sacred history, now seemed to me like old friends which it would give me great pain to leave. It was the same with Monsieur Hamel. The idea that he was going away, that I should see him no more, made me forget the punishments, the blows from his ruler.

Poor man!

It was in honour of this last class that he had put on his grand Sunday clothes, and now I understood why these village elders had come to seat themselves at the end of the hall. This seemed to say that they regretted not having come oftener to the school. It was also a mode of thanking our master for his forty years of good service, and of paying their respects to their native country, which was passing.

I had got to this point in my reflections when I heard my name called. It was my turn to recite. What would I not have given to have been able to say at full length this famous rule of the participles, in a loud voice, very clearly and without a mistake; but I became confused at the very first words, and I remained standing, balancing myself against my bench, with my heart full and without daring to raise my eyes. I heard Monsieur Hamel, who was saying to me:

"I shall not scold you, my little Francis; you ought to be sufficiently punished—that is how it is; every day one says to oneself, 'Bah! I have plenty of time. I will learn to-morrow.' And now you see what happens. . . Ah! it has been the great fault of our Alsace always to put off its education till to-morrow; now these people have a right to say to us: 'What! you pretend to be French, and you do not know either how to speak or to write your own tongue!' In all this, my poor Francis, it is not, however, you who are the most to blame. We all have our full share of reproaches to make to ourselves. Your parents have not attached importance enough to seeing you educated. They have preferred to send you to work in tilling the ground or at the mill, in order to have a few cents the more. Myself, have I nothing to reproach myself with? Have not I often made you water my garden instead of working? And when I wanted to go and fish for trout, did I make myself uncomfortable at giving you a holiday?"

(To be Continued.)

Dying of Thirst.

Some are disappointed and disgusted with life. After long seeking from the world a happiness which it fails to bring, they have become dissatisfied with everything, and with themselves, and are filled with sadness and distress; they are dying of thirst! Others have lost what had been to them their joy, and know not where to turn for comfort; their souls are parched and dry, as those who are dying of thirst! Others have failed to find true and lasting happiness in the pleasure of the world, or in the gratification of their own passions and desires. Conscience awakened is causing alarm. They would silence this voice if they could; or they may truly seek for pardon and peace and purity, but know not how or where to satisfy their wish. They, too, are dying of thirst. Others, still, have attained to the purpose of living good and honest lives, free from grosser vice, and with store of commendable virtue, so as to merit God's favour. But they find this a vain attempt. They see their lives to be a tissue of sin and misery, and they dread the approach of death and of judgment. They also are dying of thirst.

To all these the same word is to be said—the same announcement of glad tidings made: Believe and live, the waters of Divine love and salvation are within your reach. "Ho, every one that

thirsteth, come ye to the waters," was the voice heard in olden time; and these are the words of Christ, the Saviour: "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink." "Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst, but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life."

Eggs in their Relation to Easter.

Very pretty little gifts, suitable for Easter presents, can be made from egg shells. Pierce each end with an egg drill, and blow out the contents with a little blower that comes for the purpose. Almost any boy interested in making a collection of birds' eggs, you will find possesses these little implements. But if they cannot be procured, pierce each end with a darning needle, and blow out the white and yolk. Paint a little landscape, a spray of flowers, or an appropriate motto on them. Knot some narrow ribbon and run through the shells. They are pretty decorated with "Black Eyed Susans" and knotted with bright yellow and brown ribbon, or "Forget-me-nots" with pale pink or blue.

It was formerly a Swiss custom for the troubadours to stroll through the country, guitars in hand, singing and playing their Easter carols, after which they were regaled by good wives on bread and wine and colored eggs which had been prepared expressly for the occasion.

A prominent ancient writer supposes the egg at Easter, "An emblem of the rising up out of the grave, in the same manner as the chick entombed, as it were, in the egg, is in due time brought to life."

That the Church of Rome has considered eggs as emblematical of the Resurrection, may be gathered from the following prayer, "Bless O Lord! we beseech Thee, this thy creature of eggs, that it may become a wholesome sustenance to Thy faithful servants eating it in thankfulness to Thee, on account of the resurrection of our Lord."

"What we Have Done for Others."

Jeannie Deans says in the "Heart of Midlothian":—"It is na when we sleep soft and wake merrily ourselves, that we think on other people's sufferings. Our hearts are waxed light within us then, and we are for righting our own wrongs and fighting our own battles. But when the hour o' trouble comes to mind or to the body, and when the hour o' death comes to high and low, then it is na what we hae dune for ourselves, but what we hae dune for others, that we think on maist pleasantly."

The Permanency of Religion.

If one man's life could be protracted through three or four centuries, the changes which he would witness would be indeed astonishing; but certain things, it may be confidently predicted, would not have changed, for they have never been other than what they are. Sin, pain, death, are what they were in the days of the Tudors, in the days of the Crusades, in the days of David. Sin, pain, death, they are permanent elements in the life of human beings, and because they are permanent, religion too will last. Only a robust faith in the unseen, only faith in our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, can relieve the human heart when face to face with the solemn, irreversible conditions of our life. So long as they last the religion of the crucified will last too. If the sense of sin could be drugged by a false philosophy, if pain could be forgotten, if chemical science could only arrest the march of death, then the religion of Jesus Christ might die; but as matters stand, it is too intimately associated with the facts of human life, it strikes its roots too deep in the experiences of the human life, to vanish at the bidding of any unbelievers. So long as men sin, so long as men suffer, so long as men die, Jesus Christ our Lord will be believed in, will be worshipped as the Light of the World, as the Divine Master, whose teaching and whose death has made the darkness of human destiny to be light indeed.

Canon Liddon.