

in the pie-bald uniform of a professed fool, perfectly new, but boasting a greater number of colours than he cared for.

"Well," said the stranger, "are you satisfied with your new suit?"

"I'm made a real fool of at last," replied Tom, "but tell me what is your reason for playing these tricks on me?"

"You may well ask that," said the stranger. "All you have suffered is the fruit of your own covetousness. You were extravagant in your days of prosperity, and poverty did not teach you compassion."

"I own it," said Tom, with a sorrowful look, "I blame myself now very much that I didn't take the fair half I was offered both times, since I see you know all about it—or that I did not content myself with even a part of the same."

"Still," said the stranger, "it is your covetousness makes you express that regret, and not a due sense of your error. And now do you wish to know who I am?"

"I would, indeed, be glad to hear it," said Tom.

"I am Don Firine," replied the stranger, "of whom I dare say you have often heard, and I reside in this mountain."

At the sound of this famous name, McEnciry started back in astonishment.

"I heard of your distress," continued Don Firine "and came to relieve you when you first left home with your harp, thinking that one or two severe lessons might be sufficient to open your eyes and your heart but you would not be taught. I would have made you rich and prosperous for the remainder of your life; but now, that fool's coat you wear shall be the only one you shall ever be able to purchase."

Saying these words, he disappeared, and McEnciry returned to his home poorer than when he left it. His wife and daughter received him kindly, until he told them how he fared since they parted, and the cause of his re-appearing amongst them in his present ridiculous dress. When they had heard his story, they all joined in blaming him, and

though they shared his disappointment, could not but acknowledge that he had brought it on himself.

THE END.

CANADIAN ESSAYS.

EDUCATION.—(Continued.)

BY JOSEPH K. FORAN.

STILL do we seek the past. Having tried two different ways, both of which lead us back along the ages; having succeeded to a certain extent in showing how useful are documents, records, books, and other monuments when taken in connection with men and things and facts, that without their aid would be lost in oblivion; having connected these two branches or chains as closely as we could possibly do, in the space of two short essays, we now turn to a third and perhaps not less important means whereby the fields of antiquity may be explored. We now come to a third chain which binds us to the past. We refer to COINS.

In the days when Abraham lived, when Jacob and the numberless patriarchs of Israel reigned in the East, men lived not so much by the produce of the soil as by the produce and increase of their flocks. From reign to reign, from country to country, the great families wandered seeking over for food pasturages and fertile lands. And they had a species of trade—a kind of exchange. The one gave his sheep, and in return received oxen or corn or clothing. This was well enough in a time when men were few and all were united. But as years rolled on and the human family grew larger, other means had to be devised in order to establish some kind of equality between the traders and peoples of the divers countries. A medium had to be found whereby all could join in this commerce. And thus originated the idea of money.

Called by different names in different countries and at the different epochs, it was the same still—a medium or a means whereby all goods and all objects had their own special value, and whereby one man could place himself