

diligent in discharging the duties of your calling, be that calling high or low, you are truly a teacher, for your example will be imitated by others.

Goethe has very well said—"Having found out what you have to do—whether to lead an army or sweep a crossing, to keep a hotel or drive a hack, to harangue senates, or address juries, or prescribe medicines—do it with all your might, because it is your duty, your enjoyment, or the very necessity of your being."

Self-respect, noble sentiments and a kindly heart are characteristics that know no rank or station. How beautiful are the following lines from Schiller;

"What shall I do to gain eternal life;

Discharge aright

The simple dues with which each day is rife?

Yea, with thy might.

Ere perfect scheme of action thou devise,

Will life be fled,
While he who ever acts as conscience cries
Shall live, though dead."

In conclusion, then, I do not hesitate to say that those persons who show at every opportunity a delicate regard for the rights of others, who are just as slow to think evil of another as they are to do any unjust act themselves, who speak with as much respect to the humblest cottager as to the greatest magnate in the land, are the very ones who have learned at an early age to respect themselves.

Burns was not far astray when he wrote:

What though on homely fare we dine,
Wear hoddens gray and a' that
Give fools their silk and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that.

M. F. FITZPATRICK, 91.



MUSIC.



HAT are they? These sweet sounds that break
In golden ripples on the ear,
Piercing the denser atmosphere
And ever upward, upward, take
Their flight—while following their wake
Our raptured souls on wings appear
From earth so far, to Heaven so near,
To where golden gateways make
A bar,—and there the sweet sounds slide
Between, and leave our souls alone
With wearied drooping wings outside!
What was it, that which we have flown
To reach? we stretch our hands in vain,
And silent fall to earth again!