

artist immediately exclaimed that all his labour was lost if the fire had touched his Satyr or his Eros. Phryne immediately confessed the trick she had played, and chose the Eros. This statue was removed to Rome, then sent back to Thespiae, and finally brought to Rome again by Nero, where Pliny saw it in the schools of Octavia, and, finally, it perished in the burning of that building in the reign of Titus.

If you bethink yourself of any crime unreconciled as yet to Heaven and grace, solicit for it straight.--*Othello*, v. 2.

He that hath a contented spirit hath great riches; and he that addeth field to field addeth trouble to trouble. For length of days is the increase of sorrow; and Wealth pouring in at the door driveth Happiness out by the window.—*Sophocles*.

EDUCATION IN FRANCE.

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THE clever and versatile French journalist, Francisque Sarcey, now and then turns his attention to the Educational problem, which in France, as in Ontario, occupies no small share of public attention. He regularly writes "Notes of the Week" for *Les Annales*, an excellent Paris journal, and, in a late article, he published, with expressions of much satisfaction, a letter he had received from a young *demoiselle* of which the following is the substance:—

"When my father died, I was twelve years old, and my sister nine. The fall from affluence to comparative poverty that followed was sudden and complete. Everything had to be sold—horses, carriages, furniture, even our superbly dressed dolls. With some waifs saved from the wreck my mother took an apartment on a fourth flat, which seemed to us as narrow and gloomy as the tomb. But my father was a man of excellent common sense. He had made it a point to see that I should learn how to make my bed, to black my shoes, and do other trifling duties of every day life. The servants knew why we

did it, why my sister and I used to lay the cloth, wipe the plates and dishes, even on company days, and why we put everything in order.

"From the time I was able to do addition, he used to make me keep the kitchen accounts. It was I who cooked the egg he had for breakfast. He was fond of giving me instruction on all subjects, for this purpose often exciting my curiosity if needs be. When I used to go to the factory, he would teach me the nature of the business, and laughingly would say to me:—'You see, Lottie, if you have ever to buy a silk dress, I don't want you to be cheated.'

"I used to study in the afternoon, but in the morning my father would make us take long excursions; we would go to the fencing school, to the chase, into the country, and when he would take us for a trip in his yacht, it was indeed a red-letter day for us.

"Thanks to such an education as this, my sister and I were able to accommodate ourselves without much trouble to our altered circumstances. Nothing would have induced us to give Mamma the least trouble. In