

must be able to join in the sacred songs sung in honor of the gods, to join in the soul-stirring pæan when going into battle, as well as to give pleasure to themselves and their friends. They must be able also to run swiftly, as a soldier who could not run swiftly was only half a soldier.

Swimming was taught almost universally, and the greatest contempt was expressed by, "He knows neither the alphabet nor swimming."

At the age of twelve years, the great mass of boys relinquished study, and the wealthy entered upon the higher course, which embraced grammar, poetry, music, rhetoric, and philosophy.

The end of Greek education differed from that of the Spartan as widely as the means. The Spartan sought strength of body, while the aim of the Greek was to acquire the highest degree of beauty. The means employed by the one brought a coarseness that

might be said to be repulsive; the other a refinement that easily might degenerate, as it did, into effeminacy.

It failed in that its highest aim was to form a *beautiful* Greek. It was imperfect because it was pagan. The Greek and Spartan exposed infants to a cruel death.

Christ took little children, deformed or diseased, into His arms and blessed them. By Christian education they are regarded as the heritage of God, and parents are commanded to "bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." By pierced hands they were lifted into newness and fulness of life. Christian education alone grasped the idea of the value of the individual to himself, and the way for it was prepared by Pythagoras, when he recognized as early as the sixth century (B.C.) one omnipotent Ruler, and by Socrates, in his belief in immortality—of whom more again.—*Primary Education.*

DEPARTURES IN LIFE.

BY THE REV. JOHN WATSON, M.A. (IAN MACLAREN).

PERHAPS Hebrew literature with its unsuspected tender-nesses and winsome simplicities, does not afford a more felicitous figure than the comparison of the changes God is pleased to send upon His children to an eagle stirring up the nest in which her young are resting. With instinctive wisdom the mother bird has chosen a ledge where the home can be built safe from intrusion and alarms; with laborious effort she shapes it stick by stick, padding the hardness with plumage from her own breast. The eaglets are brought forth in the fastness of the everlasting rocks; they are kept beneath the

shelter of their mother's wings. Day by day she goes forth into the unknown to get their food, and they open wide their mouths as she returns. While the young birds are still helpless, the eagle does everything for them; as they grow and their wings gather strength, she invites them to fly. It is natural that they should be afraid to launch into that awful depth with their untried pinions. While a nest remaineth they will never dare to fly, and therefore—so the story goes—the mother deliberately wrecks her own labour of love till it lies in ruins, and the fledglings have no shelter on the windy height. She