

with the Greek who sacrificed Marathon at the shrine of internecine enmity and disunion; with the Italian Republics who perished with their fangs in their children's throats; with modern France whose bane is a frivolous incontinency; with Ireland whose curse is an hereditary aversion to Imperial legislation. In one word, the history of national decline is to be found in the decline of national reverence, at once the source and fountain head of all pure religion and true patriotism.

What then is the nucleus of this glory of patriotism in the firmament of national being, the last gleam of whose departing trail is the herald of a Cimmerian and dawnless night? Doubtless there may be more than one; but one, it may be unhesitatingly averred, is *the school*. The well ordered home is a good nursery of the patriotic spirit, for therein we learn the reverence for the first of earthly institutions; but it is in a sense isolated and therefore not far reaching. To acquire the true patriotic instinct we must associate with our fellows. We must both give and receive the magnetic spark of a common sympathy, admiration and reverence. And what better time to commence the patriotic training than the season of ingenuous youth? What better training places than the school and the college?—and essentially the best class of boarding schools and colleges massed as universities in the true sense of the term. The common schools do useful work. It is doubtful whether they train to the true patriotic spirit, to true reverence—nay, the fault of Canadian youth is not illiteracy, it is irreverence, they sin in the face of light. Isolated colleges, more especially if denominational, useful as they are in their way, lack the incentive of a universal brotherhood, separating, not welding, tending to spiritual disruption rather than corporate and patriotic union.

The weak point of the Common,

and even of the High School, is that neither is in any sense of the word a home, and where the idea of home, however remotely, cannot be brought in, there can be no abiding interest. The boarding school is of all institutions, *par excellence*, the nursery of patriotism and the fountain head of reverence, always provided that the school have an efficient staff and a reputable history. Rugby and Arnold are names that will endure as long as the English language.

With what love do we look back to the walls of time honoured institutions, within whose hallowed precincts our fathers, ourselves, first beheld, as it now seems from a far away realm, the dawning rays of intellectual light. There is ever a glamour round the dead which we fail to perceive in life. Some deride the idea as mere sentimentality. With these it is invariably "let the dead past bury its dead,"—not so, says the patriot, let the dead past bring its dead, in all the silent but undimmed glory of its successes, in all the pathos of its failures, the mortal with the immortal, to lay it at the feet of the living present, to tell us the story of what has been, to animate for the future, to instruct, to admonish, to teach us to hold as well as build, to retain as well as reform, to honour as well as remember, to reverence as well as enshrine.

Not till the spirit of the school in its best sense is spread over the land; the Rugby, the Harrow, the Eton, the Winchester, the Sandhurst, the Woolwich, shall the true national spirit be evoked. Not alone that spirit which prompts to defence of territory and glorification of national interests, commercial and political, but that more enduring power, that stronger pledge of fellowship, gentleness linked with progress, culture with ability, the true spirit of reverence, the very essence of a manly and independent patriotism.