

and from the imperceptible line by which one class is separated from another. But there are other reasons for the difference besides our democratical constitution and social theories. To a great extent, the dialects of the old country have disappeared, the peculiar customs of the various districts of Great Britain and Ireland have either passed away or become diffused throughout our whole society. Then our educational system is the same throughout all its grades. In England every district has its own traditions on education as on every other subject. No doubt the Education Act of 1870, Education Commissions, and other things have done a good deal to remove distinctions; still a great deal remains. The old Public Schools have still their own traditional sentiments, watchwords, customs. Even the two great Universities, which to a stranger seem so much alike, are marked by differences, clear and broad. It is all different here. We are reminded of the French Minister of Education who, pulling out his watch, could tell the lesson that was, at that moment, being repeated in all the elementary schools of France. It is very much so in this country, and it is the same in everything. We pass from house to house and see the same patterns in the furniture, the same character in the ornaments, the same houses and the same inhabitants. Our very clothes are very much more alike than is the case in the old world.

Under such circumstances, individuality seems to be a little difficult, if not impossible, unless perchance it comes out in the undesirable form of eccentricity. We affirm, therefore, that any school or college which can, in a legitimate manner, contribute towards preserving something of the distinctiveness of individual life, is doing good service to the country, and it can hardly be doubted that we, as a College, are more likely to make that contribution effectually by remaining as we are.

We can see some other advantages upon which we will not touch at present. We would rather, for a moment, point to the grave responsibility which is involved in this view of our position. We are a small society, but we are, for that reason, more easily observed and understood. Let us see that the contribution which we make to the life of our country shall be true, and pure, and good, and noble, and elevating. Let the narrow-minded vulgarity, which on one side is full of envy and on the other is full of contempt be utterly unknown among us, and impossible to us.

Feeling our calling of God and knowing our duty to man, let us go forward doing our one simple duty, turning neither to the right hand nor to the left, rejoicing that others are doing, in their own way, the same work that we are doing, rejoicing and learning from them, if at any time we find that they are doing it better; working with all with whom we may work without sacrifice of principle, for the common ends which we have in view; being perfectly assured that whilst we cultivate this liberal, generous, unselfish temper, our part of the general work of education in this country will never be without its value.

Seb Dien.

'Mong the soldiers of God here on earth there is one
who has fought
In the thick of the battle, the pride of the foe has he sought
And encountered alone, to be done or undone in the strife,
Had he fallen or lost there was death, but he won, he has
life.

Yet the strong will grow weak, and the body at length be
outworn.

And at last from the fight that he loved must the veteran
be borne

The new muscles and brains of the men that he taught
take his place,

While the foe and his friends at the front will alike miss
his face.

Ah—who will remember his name to be kind to him then?
Who will see in the feeble old man once the prince of all
men?

Can the will of his Master be thus? Yet at times 'twould
appear

That the Master forgets the old servant when weakness is
near.

Or perhaps it is meant that the life-work of some one
should be

Still to cherish and serve to the end, as a slave nobly free,
The old man who to free him had fought, from the
bondage of sin

And the chains of those turbulent tyrants his passions
within.

Surely here would an object be found in this life unsur-
passed

Better far than the aims of a crowded humanity massed,
Who will take it then, follow it, live in it, true to the trust,
And done with it, dying, return whence he came to the
dust?

I. F. A. W.

LEAVES FROM A DIARY.

It was a charming July morning, and the little PARC MONCEAU was in her most becoming robe as we passed down the broad leafy avenue which leads through the middle. The dew was still glittering on the deep foliage, and the flowers fresh from their morning bath, were in a blaze of colour filling the air with a rich perfume. Under the shade of the grand old trees a few early loungers were comfortably perusing the morning papers; doubtless taying up a store of gossip, political and otherwise, to be exchanged with their friends over the *café noir* later in the day. A picturesque little lake reflects in its cool depths the overhanging branches of the trees, and almost surrounding it is a Corinthian colonnade, the only indication of the fantastic character of the park in the last century.