

tive reverence for the lofty and the good, it was found possible to debate the question as to the propriety of the maintenance of an educational institution, the oldest of the kind in the Province, which had done good work in the past and was proved conclusively to be doing good work in the present, with a future before it, fairer and more pregnant with promise than even the past records had warranted the assumption. It was found possible, I say, to debate the question; yet stranger, it was found possible to find advocates, many advocates, even among the so-called educated, for the total suppression of the institution, and the diversion of its endowment into a channel alien to the purpose decreed by the original grant.

Now it is to institutions of this type that we owe much of the truest culture, and more of the truest patriotism among the cultured. It has been well said that Eton won Waterloo. The spirit that has fostered the truest British patriotism is the tutelary spirit of the upper class British school, that broods over the urchin at his ink-besmirched Delectus and accompanies him to his pastimes, that animates him alike in the class room, the tennis court and the cricket field.

What constitutes patriotism? It is love for one's native land and reverence for its institutions. Destroy reverence and one half, and the better half, of patriotism is gone. It is not the English soil nor the Canadian soil we love. For English soil before the Anglo-Saxon settlement means nought to us. It was but a wilderness, wolf-haunted and savage, with no history but a wood-stained barbarism, and no sentiment but a monolithic riddle, which puzzles the centuries. So the Canada of four hundred years ago is to the Canadian of to-day a *terra-incognita*, the *Ultima Thule* of middle age geographical re-

search, with untrodden depths of forest and uncrossed expanses of water, with here and there settlements, peopled by the red-skinned aborigines whose highest vocation in life was the chase, and whose national archives were the tomahawk and scalping knife. But what reverence is there for the Pict or Druid, for the hunter or the scout? Reverence is born of progress and enlightenment. It grows with institutions, with the Church of Augustine, the law of Alfred, the schools of Gislebert, of Walter de Merton, of Henry VI., the Witanagemot of the Saxon, the parliament of Montfort, the heroism of Cranmer, of Wellington, of Nelson, of Pitt. It is true that the savage may have his instinctive love for the soil on which he is reared, but it is an unthinking and unquestioning attachment. It is the preference of the wild beast for his lair, the eagle for her eyrie. There they breed their young and there they defy the foe who would molest their callow offspring. But true patriotism has its origin in a higher faculty, far beyond that of mere instinct. It is born of Divine Right, the outcome of Divine Progress. With mere animal instinctive preference is associated the pride of heritage, of accumulated prestige, reverence for the glory of the institution, and love and gratitude for the founders. Love of land and treasured memories of progressive institutions linked in inseparable communion form the crown of Reverence, without which no people can exist intact and unassailable, no patriot dare take his stand as the upholder of national or popular right. *Quem Deus vult perdere, prius dementat.* The nation which the gods would destroy, they previously deprive of reverence. So it has proved with the Jew, who forsook his God and fell; with the Roman who bartered his heritage for a short-lived dream of Eastern luxury;