

teachers, and he who lives continually out of doors with her must have that true purity, that perfect sanity which understands the fitness of things, which can place the animal, the intellectual and the spiritual each in its proper place, and keep it there. Nature has taught man that elementary law of life, as to decency and the fitness of things, which is expressed in the following stanza:

Teach me that lesson which mother earth
Teacheth her children each hour,
When she keeps in her deeps the basic
root,
And wears on her breast the flower.

This is nature's example for man to follow, if he would rise above the mere brute beast. This is a very wonderful and beautiful analogy in nature to the ideal life, where everything is kept in its place, and the basic root is hidden in the earth, while the very blossom of things, nature's banner, her eternal sign, her language of hope, love and development is shown abroad in the beautiful.

The husbandman, the country dweller, can learn this great, this most vital lesson, on which hinges the whole hope or decay of men and nations, every hour of his life. Then, if nature is teeming with examples of beauty, sublimity and morality, why should man, made "but a little lower than the angels," in the image of his Maker, not live up to this great ideal? In the country this is quite possible, if, in the environment of nature, her great laws of selection and rejection are practiced in life.

It may be advanced, as a reason for the low standard of social culture in some rural districts, that the country receives all of the cheaper educative influences—the inferior classes of professional men. This is, so far, true. The country parson, the country doctor, the country teacher, the country or village lawyer, the editor, are all considered inferior to those of the larger town and city. But it is not always necessarily true. It does prove that to-day the larger salaries and the more active or ambitious personalities are found in the cities, but it does not mean that the professional men of the rural districts are any less cultured. On the other hand, from the fact of their living away from the rush and turmoil of life, it is more likely that they should have abundant time to cultivate their minds. However, it is true that the refining influences in the religious worship are not so evident in the country. It is a pity that this is so. Religious worship could be made a great medium for refinement, and an education in dignity and decorum. The class of preaching, the standard of music and the form of service can all unconsciously mould the manner and ideal of a people. It is also important that the men who influence the character of a community should be persons of culture and high ideal. The people should see to it that they are gentlemen. It is not suggested here that they are not, but there is too much of the crude and unlettered in our Canadian pulpit-oratory. It is time that we realized that mere education at a school or a college does not make a man worthy to guide others, and that it is not sufficient for culture. It is quite possible that a man, bred on a farm, who has had the proper home influence and training, may be not only more presentable, but more a cultured, refined man of the world than one without such influences who has gone to college.

It is the early home life that, after all, in the majority of cases, stamps and grades the man. Therefore, it is very essential that the rural home should be a place where vulgarity is absent, where dignity, repose, and the every-day knowledge and practice of refinement are present and carried out.

We have in our rural communities some of nature's gentlemen and gentlewomen. They are like those rare stones of great price amid the

common dull pebbles of a brook, and are continual witnesses of the wonder of heredity. But it is not fair to our general humanity, not just to the community, to leave such matters as deportment, manners and refinement to a mere chance of nature. Nature's gentility is, like genius, rare, and we have to consider the good of the general community.

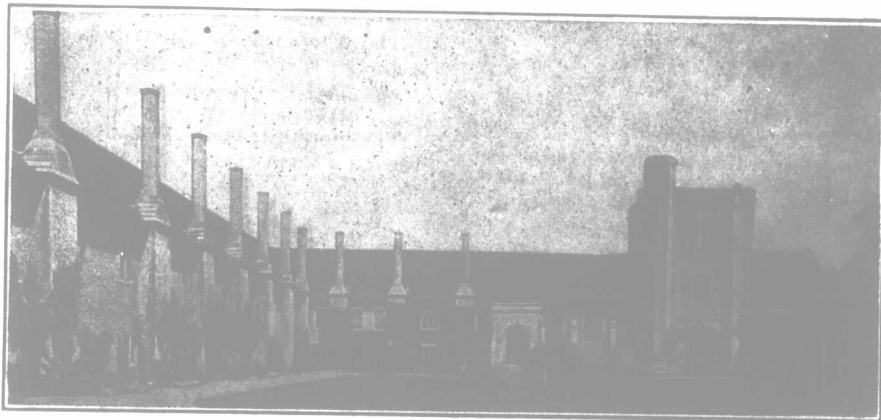
Emerson, in a little poem called "Tact," illustrated the uselessness of other gifts if unaccompanied by "address":

"What boots it thy virtue?
What profit thy parts?
The one thing thou lackest
Is the art of all arts.
The only credentials,
Passport to success,
Opens castles and parlors—
Address, man, address."

Some refer to this as good form, but the only true culture to fit the man or woman for social dignity and ease of manner is that acquired in the home which is surrounded by the refinements of life. Lacking this, even genius is hampered. George Eliot has a character in one of her stories illustrative of this, namely, Felix Holt, who, with brains and strong personality, was rendered impossible by reason of his boorish qualities. He prided himself on the fact that he was above such petty trifles as neatness in linen, manners,

many would have him be—only a two-legged beast of burden. Here he may surround himself with the outward symbols of his higher nature—good books, beautiful pictures, and that eternal influence, perhaps the divinest of all, exquisite music. Here, in an atmosphere of taste and breeding, the lord of the soil may, for a season, forget what has been called the primal curse, and realize that man shall not live by bread alone. It may be said, with reference to social distinctions in the rural home, that in many cases necessity prevents any division or grade between the family and the servants. For these objections might be recommended the ancient fashion of the well-to-do of Northern Europe and Britain, where all sat together—lords, retainers and servants—at the one table, but that in the center, half way down from the head, where the lord sat, was placed a large salt-cellar, and that the servants were of those who sat below the salt, which was a symbol of ladceny, and recognizing not only the headship of the household, but also the sacredness of the family circle.

[While heartily approving of many of Mr. Campbell's high ideals for rural life, we feel that there is room for difference of opinion in regard to some portions of his article. We shall be pleased to hear the opinions of our reading public on this subject.—Ed.]



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OUR ENGLISH LETTER. SOMETHING ABOUT ANCIENT WINCHESTER.

I suppose there is hardly a place to be found anywhere throughout the Motherland which is without a story to tell to those whose ears are open to hear it, or beauties to reveal to those who have eyes to see them. Most certainly this applies with special force not only to the County of Hampshire, but more particularly to the ancient City of Winchester, at one time—i. e., in the year 686—the capital of England.

PARTLY REMINISCENT.

Perhaps it was from the fact that nine years of my early girlhood had been spent there which gave an added zest to the pleasurable anticipations with which I returned to it, although in those days I had probably thought but little of its historic interest, caring far more for a scamper to "Oliver's Battery" over the breezy downs behind us, or for the delights, on a rare half-holiday, of fishing for minnows in the river Itchen (of Isaac Walton fame), than I did for the far-away facts which connected the questions and answers of my school lessons with the story of old St. Cross, the architectural beauties of the fine cathedral, or the damage which the latter received from Cromwell's vantage-ground from the mile-off battery which still bears his name. When word came to us that we were to have a picnic-tea amongst the fine old trees which crowned it, or were to be allowed to take a long summer evening's walk round by the quaint old Twyford, or by still quainter little Compton Church, then not much larger than a good-sized packing-case, but now enlarged and beautiful beyond recogni-

tion, the past was simply non-existent for us, and the present all-sufficing.

SOME OLD CORNERS OF WINCHESTER.

I wish I could picture to you the quaint little corner in which a friend had found for me a snugger for the week which was all I could spare for the revisiting of some of my old haunts of fifty years ago. The windows of my small quarters faced the high wall which enclosed the Cathedral Close, one of the gateways of which, with the huge doors black with age, and studded with nails between the panels, occupied one angle, whilst just round the corner was the heavy-browed archway, above which was old St. Swithun's Church, to reach which a somewhat steep stairway had to be climbed. Passing under the archway, one turned into Kingsgate Street, and, keeping to the left, came to Winchester College, founded by William of Wykeham in about 1360; and, farther on, to the ruins of old Wolvesey Castle, the palace of Alfred the Great, carrying one back to days before the Norman Conqueror landed upon the shores of Great Britain. To St. Swithun, it seems, is owed the fact that, by his influence with King Ethelwulf, of Heptarchy days, the strong wall around the cathedral precincts was built, which since then has more than once saved the cathedral from destruction, for the Danes, who burnt Canterbury Cathedral, spared that of Winchester; and in the frightful civil war between Stephen and Matilda, when half the city was burnt down, again the cathedral escaped. Although but little remains of the original edifice, there are still many records of it in existence, amongst them, of the ancient Monastery of St. Swithun, the present deanery being the prior's refectory, its beautiful three-arched doorway having been the work of Bishop Godfrey de Lucy. Here, the pilgrims who had come by sea to Southampton, received food before they passed onwards on their pilgrimage.

The roll of Winchester bishops throughout the centuries is a notable one, especially the earlier ones, each in turn leaving his mark upon that fine old city, and especially upon its cathedral. To Bishop Fox is accredited the screens at the sides of the choir, upon which are placed the six mortuary chests, in which, we are told, repose the bones of Canute, Queen Emma, William Rufus, and many of the early kings and bishops. True, one cannot be quite sure that these stone chests actually contain the very bones of those whose names are inscribed upon each, for not only might mistakes have been made when they were originally discovered in the crypt, but later on, Cromwell's soldiers are said to have dragged them forth and searched them for possible treasures enclosed.

The two unique features of Winchester Cathedral are its screens and chantries, which latter are really small but exquisitely-carved chapels, built by bishops in their lifetime for their last resting-places. The effigy of William of Wykeham, with flesh and robes tinted, and accompanied by other figures of monks and angels, attracts, perhaps, more general attention; but, of the seven chantries, the two finest are conceded to be those of Cardinal Beaufort and Bishop Fox. Good old Bishop Fox was blind for ten years before his death, and was so beloved by citizens and monks alike that loving hands were always ready to lead him into his chantry, where he would stay to meditate and to listen to the chanting of the daily service.

Of course, there were royal marriages in Winchester, although its dignity had eventually to yield to that of the newer Abbey of Westminster. Henry IV. married Joan of Navarre, as his namesake, the first Henry, had married Saxon Matilda; and it was at Winchester that Philip of Spain married Queen Mary. The old chronicles say that, coming up from Southampton in a storm,