

How far in this age the bearing of coat armour by the individual is deserving of encouragement, or the reverse, is a matter foreign to my present purpose. There can, however, be no question as to the advantage accruing from corporate communities, from the nation downwards, having their peculiar devices, and having worthy devices at that. And of all corporate communities, next to the nation as a whole, it is most desirable that institutions of sound learning, public schools, colleges and universities should possess them—institutions of which the developing man is a member at the time when the character is becoming moulded, and through which and in which he develops into what he is, the device becoming the symbol of all the traditions and the influences of the institution.

I happened but recently to call upon a Montreal tradesman, and with pride he pointed out to me the emblazoned shield bearing the arms of his old school across the sea. That shield immediately recalled to me the antiquity of the school in question, for it was of royal foundation, dating back to the middle of the sixteenth century, and the arms were the Tudor arms. I recognized them, for it so happened that my old college in Cambridge was also of Tudor foundation, and bore a like device. And I was immediately reminded that that school had, during Victoria's reign, given to the Church of England a great Archbishop and an even greater Bishop; to the Church of Rome, if my memory does not fail me, a great and noble-minded Cardinal, and to one of the most flourishing of English cities a long line of active and progressive merchants and public men. I knew the school merely by reputation, and that shield brought all this to my mind. What must it mean to its owner? What memories of old days, of old associations, and of old aspirations must it conjure up?

Travel through England and visit here and there the squire, the parson, the country doctor, the lawyer, the schoolmaster, the merchant, and, if he has had a public school or university education, you will more than likely encounter in study or smoking-room, or bedroom, some such shield or shields hanging on the wall. To you they may mean little; to him they are the outward and visible signs of years and associations, the memories of which are among his most valued possessions. Those arms are to him what the regimental colours are to the soldier. They recall to him ever that he was—and still is—a Wykehamist, a Carthusian or a Cheltonian, a Trinity, an Oriel, or a Jesus man. The