

one above the last four or five of the lowest forms may be fagged. The services the fag has to perform are of two kinds. For the whole of the upper boys he has to attend the games, standing behind the wickets to stop balls while his seniors are practising, retrieving balls which have been "skied" out of the racket courts, &c. But worse than these are the tasks he has to do for the special master to whom he is assigned, such as preparing his breakfast, replenishing his fire, carrying his messages, &c., and also often bearing his punishment and abuse. A nice distinction made by the apologists of this custom, which is now almost obsolete, is that the services required of the fag are not *menial*, i.e., are only such as each boy would, in the absence of a fag, naturally perform for himself. Numerous arguments are still urged by some of the old time High School boys in support of fagging, such as that it corrects "bumptiousness," prevents "bullying," &c., but no such practice could be tolerated in a democratic country. The next paragraph presents in a touching manner the nervousness and timidity of the little new-comer, in the midst of so strange surroundings.

Staring. Why?

1st paragraph, 19th page. "*The light burned clear; the noise went on.*" Why are these particulars introduced? How do they affect the situation? There was no hush, no solemn shadow, nothing to help the faithful lad in his devotions, or to harmonize with them.

"*The tender child, and the strong man in agony.*" A beautiful and effective antithesis.

Heareth and beareth.—Old forms used in solemn discourse as being more reverent.

The next two or three paragraphs set forth in clear outline three marked types of boy character. The coarse-natured sneerer, lacking in reverence, in nice perception, and in tender feeling; Tom, of much nobler mould, full of good impulses and physically brave, but weakened by moral cowardice; and little Arthur, of still higher type, who bravely triumphs over constitutional timidity in the determination to do right.

Ferger.—Properly, an official who used to carry the mace, the emblem of authority, before bishops, justices, magistrates, etc.; also, as here, an officer in a college or cathedral, having charge of the rooms, furniture, etc.

Big, brutal; slipper, shied, snivelling, shaver, &c.—Note how this sentence abounds in alliterations.

In the following paragraphs the effect of little Arthur's act upon the minds and consciences of other boys is well told. Arthur was conscious of no special merit. He simply did his duty, obeyed his conscience, and, no doubt, despised himself for any hesitation or tremor he felt. But, in contrast with the cowardice of other boys who had failed under the same trial, his act appears one of moral heroism. The effect of faithfulness to conscience is well brought out. Arthur's simple act wrought more powerfully on many natures than a dozen sermons could have done.

The lesson is a valuable one, and, in the hands of a good teacher, should be effective. Moral cowardice, such as that of Tom and the other boys, is the most common and the worst form of cowardice. Many a boy who would stand up bravely in an unmanly fight, or even face necessary pain and danger manfully, is made an abject coward by fear of ridicule. The same is equally true of thousands of grown up men and women. How many fear vastly more doing an odd or unusual thing which they know to be right, but liable to ridicule, than doing a mean or selfish one which they know to be wrong, but which "everybody does."

The struggle which goes on in Tom's mind, the victory he achieves, and the way in which he afterwards finds that he had exaggerated

both the act and its effect, is told naturally, and bears its lesson also.

Arnold's manly piety, page 20.—The reference is to Dr. Arnold, of Rugby. It would occupy too much space to sketch fittingly the life of this noble man. Those who read the whole of Tom Brown, as pupils should be encouraged to do, will get a better conception of his character than any we could give here. For fourteen years (1828-1842) he was head master of Rugby. Few men, if any, have ever exerted a more powerful influence in changing methods of education and discipline in schools. He left a lasting impress, not only upon Rugby, but upon many other institutions in England and America. He was a most manly man, and a genuine Christian. He had the tact to make himself both loved and feared. He made it his aim to form and guide the public opinion of the school, and succeeded admirably in creating a high moral and religious tone, which made discipline easy and study and instruction delightful. "In the higher forms," says his biographer, "any attempt at further proof of an assertion was immediately checked. 'If you say so, that is quite enough; of course, I believe your word;' and there grew up in consequence a general feeling that it was a shame to tell Dr. Arnold a lie—he always believes one." On one occasion, when he had been compelled to send away several boys, he said: "It is not necessary that this should be a school of 300, or 100, or of 50 boys, but it is necessary that it should be a school of Christian gentlemen."

Dr. Arnold was also an able and prolific writer, and took a prominent part in the discussion of all the great questions of the day, political and theological. His principal works are: five volumes of sermons, an edition of Thucydides, and a History of Rome, which was broken off at the end of the second Punic War by his sudden death in 1842, shortly after his acceptance of a Regius Professorship of Modern History at Oxford.

Matthew Arnold, one of the most distinguished writers on philosophical questions of the present day, and equally noted as a profound thinker, and as a master of the best style of English, is a son of Dr. Arnold. He is unhappily destitute of his father's strong Christian faith, much of his writing being of a sceptical character.

For Friday Afternoons.

LEARN A LITTLE EVERY DAY.

Little rills make wider streamlets,
Streamlets swell the rivers' flow;
Rivers join the mountain billows,
Onward, onward as they go!
Life is made of smallest fragments,
Shade and sunshine, work and play;
So we may with greatest profit,
Learn a little every day.

Tiny seeds make countless harvests,
Drops of rain compose the showers,
Seconds make the flying minutes,
And the minutes make the hours!
Let us hasten, then, and catch them
As they pass us on the way!
And with honest, true endeavor,
Learn a little every day.

Let us read some striking passage;
Cull a verse from every page;
Here a line and there a sentence,
'Gainst the lonely time of age!
At our work, or by the wayside,
While the sunshine's making hay;
Then we may by help of study,
Learn a little every day.

—Our Country and Village Schools.