

This, however, was in my time merely a dim tradition of a distant past. Moreover the natural jealousy for their own privileges made the Sixth keenly resentful of any usurpation of them on the part of big boys low down in the School, and thus checked much of that petty tyranny out of which bullying so easily springs. Indeed, the extent to which the Sixth stood in their dignity might well have seemed somewhat ridiculous to the adult onlooker, though it did not seem absurd to us, and was, I think, beneficial to the School. I remember a case which will illustrate this. On one occasion, our house-master was absent from lock-up; a somewhat imprudent lower boy seized the occasion to answer "Here," without adding the usual "Sir." The captain of the house admonished him afterwards, and not merely verbally, that the house-master was theoretically present and he must respond accordingly. Again, a master who wished to send a message to another would ask a member of the Sixth to lend him a fag for the time being.

Of one element in our School Life I do not feel I can speak adequately, but I dare not entirely pass it over. Our Chapel Services, and above all, our Headmaster's sermons, were to many an influence not to be forgotten, perhaps all the more potent because hardly realized at the time. About four Sundays in each term he would preach, and thus speak directly to every boy in the School.

What was the total result of such an education? A very brief answer must suffice for a large question. The Persians taught their boys, says Herodotus, "to shoot with the bow and to speak the truth," and the results of an English Public School Education are, in the main, not dissimilar. Fortunately, the right education of character is not confined to them. In addition the chief lesson we learnt was that of subordination, not merely the subordination of discipline, of obedience to Master and Sixth Form, but the feeling that the individual boy counted for very little in comparison with the honour and welfare of house and School. We did not regard our work as the main thing, it is true; on the other hand, we did not regard Education as a means to an end, but as a thing valuable in itself. We did lambies (so the Headmaster told us) in order to "learn to think;" the method may seem circuitous, but was not in all cases ineffectual. Though our hours were not very hard, every afternoon being practically free, the intellectual side of our life pursued us in odd ways. I remember, when a catch

was badly missed at a crisis in a house-match, that the culprit urged that he was doing his verses, an excuse with the captain reluctantly accepted. A good deal of work was, in fact, done in this way at spare moments. We believed (and this is an excellent faith for youth) that our School was the best in the world and our Headmaster one of the greatest men living. Looking back now, though I see many points that might be altered for the better, though our life was not very industrious and not very intellectual, I am not sure that we were wrong.

F. C.

## LES MISÉRABLES.

(Suite.)

Il est temps de nous demander quelle est l'impression finale qui résulte de l'ensemble de cet ouvrage. Quand je dis l'impression, j'entends la mienne, car toute impression est subjective.

Victor Hugo ne serait pas lui-même, si son livre ne contenait pas des parties remarquables. Il y a des trouvailles de style d'une rare beauté. C'est le génie de l'expression élevé à sa plus haute puissance; par exemple: "La révolution française est un geste de Dieu." (p. 119.)—"L'idéal n'est autre chose que le point culminant de la logique, de même que le beau n'est autre chose que la cime du vrai." (id. 121.)—"Le martyre est une torture qui sacre." (p. 375.) Je n'ai pas choisi; j'ai pris dans le tas; il y en a des milliers d'aussi belles, de plus belles.

L'effet dramatique est parfois saisissant. Telle scène est si vivante qu'on croirait y assister. Je doute que le théâtre pût souffrir un tel réalisme, ou naturalisme. Les tableaux y sont tantôt grandioses, comme la charge de la garde à Waterloo; tantôt exquis, comme le duo d'amour de Cosette et de Marius dans le vieux jardin de la rue Plumet; tantôt effrayants, comme la marche périlleuse de Jean Valjean emportant Marius inanimé à travers l'égoût de Paris; tantôt hideux, comme l'intérieur du ménage Thénardier; tantôt sublime, comme la mort de l'ancien forçat. Cependant, quelque repoussants qu'ils soient, par moments, ils ne blessent jamais la décence. La peinture du mal n'y est pas attrayante; elle inspire l'horreur du crime à tous ses degrés. C'est un assez grand mérite, de nos jours, pour qu'il vaille la peine de l'indiquer.