

so perfectly as God made the world; or else I am so sharply taunted, so cruelly threatened, yea presently sometimes with pinches, nips, bobs, and other ways which I will not name for the honour I bear them, so without measure misordered, that I think myself in hell till time come that I must go to Mr. Aylmer, who teacheth me so gently, so pleasantly, with such fair allurements to learning, that I think all the time nothing whiles I am with him. And when I am called from him, I fall on weeping, because whatsoever I do else but learning is full of grief, trouble, fear, and whole misliking unto me." In the old days as in the new there were harsh parents, who made life bitter to every one depending upon them; and in such instances even school may have been found a delicious contrast. But, as a rule, "breaking-up" day was hailed with unqualified exultation. What school song can compare with the *Dulce Domum*? That is the only song we know that is the genuine inspiration and offspring of school life. Whoever wrote it was a faithful interpreter of that life. It is the one schoolboy anthem—"Nobile canticum, dulce melos":—

Post grave tædium
Advenit omnium
Meta petita laborum

Concinamus ad Penates
Vox et audiatur.
Phosphore, quid jubar
Segnius emicans
Gaudia nostra moratur?

But suppose we should now have to revise this famous ode. Just suppose a new version whose burden should be "Dulce scholam resonemus."—"Scholam, scholam, dulce scholam, dulce scholam resonemus." Our ancestors are probably at this moment turning in their graves at the mention of such a supposition. And yet is it so extravagant? It is a positive fact that the end of the scholastic term is not welcomed with the fervent avidity with which it used to be. The development of those games which can be really enjoyed where boys are gathered together in large numbers accounts for much of this change. Cricket is made difficult when the eager votary can secure only the co-operation of an occasional friend, or John the footman, of the coachman's son. The character of that man by exercise is modified when a lady cousin, however fascinating, stand "point," or an aunt, however well meaning, keeps wicket. And our young friend in the very midst of his holidays pines for the society of Robinson minor and Jones tertius and Smith centesimus, albeit such intercourse can only be secured by a return to the domains of "the Doctor." We may, indeed, take this development of school games—whether it is over-done or not is not here the question—as a sign of the school change we are noticing. It has taken place mainly because masters have begun to interest themselves in such matters. And they have done so because they have wished to improve and ennoble their relations to their pupils. Friendship between boy and master—a rare relation indeed in the older days—has become not uncommon. The great gulf that seemed fixed between them has been, if not altogether filled up and removed—perhaps it may never be that—yet narrowed and made shallow, so that they can embrace across it, and pass over it on the other. The schoolmaster's idea of his office has materially improved. He is not content to be a mere "gerund-grinder." He sees in his work something worthy of the exertion of his best powers and energies. The body has responded well to the interest shown in him. He has ceased to hate his usher as a

matter of custom and necessity. What a bond of affection when, work hours over, his form-master bowls him out, or he pays his form-master that compliment! The work hours themselves are less heavy-winged and tedious than they were wont to be. All work and no play may make Jack a dull boy; but all play and no work makes the said Jack a yet duller boy. And Jack has some inkling that it is so. He begins to see a connexion between vigour in the class-room and vigour in the field. Thus school life has undergone a transformation. It is no longer the pure weariness and misery it once was. The accommodation and the food have been correspondingly improved. We believe that there are many cases where boys live better at school than at home. At all events, all ground for complaint on this score has been taken away. It can no longer be said that schoolboys are generally ill housed and ill fed.

Now, the schoolmaster having so much improved and the schoolboy flourishing so abundantly, ought not something, we ask, to be attempted for the parent? In one way danger may spring from a prevalence of good schools. We mean that parents may be in danger of leaving everything to the master, and forgetting what they themselves ought to do for their children. Is it not so? How suspicious in more ways than one are the discussions that arise from time to time as to the length of the vacation! Is not some relief generally felt when the young gentleman's furlough is exhausted? "Heu Rogere! fer coballos!" cries Paterfamilias, not without an inner exhilaration; while his spouse views her young Hopeful's receding form *rectis oculis*, and, says grandmamma, "Now for a little peace." And the boy himself does not break his heart about going. "Some natural tears" he sheds perhaps, if he is in the lower school; but certainly he "wipes them soon." And he is as happy to-morrow as he knows how to be. One would really think, to look round nowadays, that the admonition in the Bible—a book to which people still profess to listen with deference—about the bringing up of children was addressed not to the parents, as it is, but to schoolmasters; or, to pass from St. Paul to Juvenal, that the great satirist's words were to be accepted in a quite literal sense, and the opinion held that preceptors should take the place of parents, and make them superfluous. The preceptor should no doubt, be *parentis loco*; but also, and this is what seems becoming obsolete in the nineteenth century, the parent should be *præceptoris loco*. It is not that the schoolmaster usurps the authority and position of the parent. Indeed one may hear him grievously complaining that so much is devolved upon him. He does not carry off the children; but they are thrust into his arms by their amiable kinsfolk. In these times parents have no time to look after their offspring. The claims of society are so exacting and absorbing that it is a marvel they even know them by sight. Presently a son will need a letter of introduction to his own father; and a mother meeting her daughter casually will say, looking at her neighbour, to speak Homerically, "Who is that sweet girl?"

How can this danger be encountered—this danger of good schoolmasters making bad parents? Shall we organise a Baptismal Service Reform League? For the way in which parents are ignored in that ritual is singular in the extreme. We fear that such a movement would scarcely suffice. Shall we turn to the pulpit, and beg for sermons on the subject? But sermons are so seldom up to the mark or heard with attention; and

Phtheirusin aithai chraisth omiliai kakai.