

THE LECTURE.

Last Tuesday, Mr. Rigsby, of Grace Church, Detroit, an old Rugby boy and Oxford graduate, gave much pleasure to the boys by his lecture on English schools, and that of Winchester in particular. Mr. Rigsby first conducted his hearers up High street, Winchester, to the "Hall of Princes," where may be seen in effigy, in the clothes which they wore in life, the dead kings and queens of England. Farther up the Cathedral was reached—Winchester Cathedral, "towering to the heavens, every part as delicately carved as lace-work," and containing its lofty pulpit, "as high as the walls of the Assembly Hall." (Were we to address the boys from it we fear he might be told to "come off the roof.") At length the school is reached. Its gate is decorated with the horse-shoes presented to the school by sovereigns, who have visited it since the time of Henry VIII. The Emperor of France presented a silver one, and the German Emperor, not to be behind, had his made of gold. Around the close are scattered the stones of the wall, lying as they were left, when, by the aid of the students, Charles I. defeated the Roundheads. Then we cross over to the head-master's house and pull the bell. The door swings open and a little page-boy ("you haven't reached that dignity here"), decked from head to foot with all the buttons he can carry, and bearing a silver salver, takes our cards, we are shown into the library which has the disadvantages of all old rooms—"you can reach up and touch the ceiling with your hand." But it has a fine floor, and it is in these old floors, which never wear out, we learn the meaning of "English oak." It is black as ink and polished so that you can see your image reflected as in a mirror, and when time has been given to take in these details the head-master comes in. Head-masters in England, when they are offered a position, never ask, "What is the salary?" They never consider that; their question is, "What are the perquisites?" At Eton these are valued at \$80,000 a year, while those of Winchester reach the respectable figure of \$20,000. "You notice one thing which the head-master says, and on which he lays special emphasis, 'It doesn't cost much to send a boy to Winchester, £200 for board in the head-master's

house and £70 with an under-master.' And then, lest you would be shocked at the lowness of the charge, 'But there are extras.'" Then the head-master conducts us to the refectory where the tables are spread out for dinner. That meal in English schools is served in mediæval style. The joint is placed on the table in a metal dish on wheels and each boy helps himself and pushes it on to his neighbor, and, as the dish is filled with gravy, in a day or two the table cloth is "beautifully ornamented with landscapes done in oil."

The school rooms in Winchester, a hundred years ago, were very different from the modern school room. "There were no mutual aid societies," and if a boy didn't know the answer to a question it was not passed, but he was questioned until he gave some answers before he was allowed to sit down, and by that time, as likely as not he had several impositions and a few half holidays were lost. In one book I saw the following definition of a boy, and it was so good I could not pass it, so I stole it and have it now! "A boy is a little animal with a body and a soul and a Latin imposition."

And then came the stories: of a boy who died of a broken heart; the episode of the squirt, the ink, the key-hole, the ear, and the master's frill; and of the recitation illustrated with woodcuts.

And then the tomb of Thomas Arnold, who spent his boyhood at Winchester, was reached and at the marble crypt, covered with roses and forget-me-nots, the lecture ended.

Mr. Rigsby had to hush the applause several times during the lecture and was roundly applauded at its conclusion.

Brown—"How often have I told you not to play ball in the house?" Johnny—"Every time you have caught me at it."

"How is business?" asked Jones addressing the astronomer. "My business," replied the investigator of celestial phenomena—"my business is looking up."

The following heading appeared above an article in one of our local magazines: "Nature's best work is done during the hours of repose" Perhaps so, but it looks incongruous.