

The ideal aim of professors is probably to make the university student 'omnibus ornatum excellere rebus'—a model of excellence in all respects, manners included. One must not, of course, expect too much. Your average student can hardly be required to cultivate the calm repose that stamps the caste of Vere de Vere. But sit modus in rebus—there should be a medium in all things, even in ebullitions of youthful frolicsomeness on capping day. We are in accord with what Chief Justice Sir Robert Stout said on this subject some days ago at a meeting of the University Senate. The rowdiness indulged in on such occasions is (said Sir Robert) 'such as to bring university institutions into contempt, and it is impossible to ask men of light or leading to deliver any address on university subjects, for it cannot be guaranteed that they will be heard or allowed to speak. The only object of a capping ceremony,' the speaker added, 'is to utilise it as an opportunity for bringing the subject of university education before the public, and for keeping our university institutions in touch with public opinion. It is perfectly plain from what has taken place at many of the capping ceremonies that these ceremonies have ceased to afford such an opportunity. They cost a considerable sum of money; the expenditure would endow at least two junior scholarships a year, and I think the money would be better spent in that direction than in continuing the public exhibitions of disorder which take place when degrees are granted.' It is now left to the students to determine, by their conduct, whether degree-day ceremonies are to be continued or not.

Good manners are the natural adornment of good morals. They are, in fact, the umbra or shadow cast by virtue. They should also (as Chesterfield points out) adorn knowledge and smooth its way through the world. The scholar without good breeding, says he, 'is a pedant; the philosopher a cynic; the soldier a brute; and every man disagreeable.' The witless and riotous exhibitions associated with our capping ceremonies are only

'Fit for the mountains and the barb'rous caves,
Where manners ne'er were preached.'

Chesterfield was merely a cultivated pagan. He did not know that sound principles of morals are the only true foundation for the good behavior and the social courtesies that make this creaky old world move along with the sweet springiness and ease of pneumatic tyres. None the less, he recognised the necessity of mutual courtesy for social well-being, and of 'the graces' for success in life. His social hero was the Duke of Marlborough. The Great Duke was a man quite devoid of brilliancy. 'He was eminently illiterate,' says Chesterfield; 'wrote bad English, and spelled it still worse.' But he had 'an excellent good plain understanding, with sound judgment'—and exquisite manners. With these he rose to place and power and wealth. 'He could refuse more gracefully than other people could grant; and those who went away from him the most dissatisfied, as to the substance of their business, were yet personally charmed with him, and in some degree comforted by his manner. With all his gentleness and gracefulness,' the writer concludes, 'no man living was more conscious of his situation, nor maintained its dignity better.' Some good may indeed be effected by the threat of the University Senate to end, if they cannot mend, the ceremonies of degree-day. The brutal custom of 'hazing' was, for instance, stamped out of West Point (U.S.A.) after years of strenuous effort. But it is also possible that the University Senate's threat may only change the venue of the annual orgie. Meantime, it is generally agreed that the rowdies of capping-day are 'des gens d'une aimable absence'—people whose room is preferred to their company. The percolation of religion into their daily lives would, however, furnish a better founda-

tion than senatorial threats on which to build up an unflinching courtesy and good behavior. And there were some things in which even the victor of Kamillies was sadly lacking.

War of Extermination

There is no mistaking the spirit that animates the French Freemasons in their war upon religion in France. Time and again they have declared, with frank brutality, that it is a war of extermination, and that the abrogation of the Concordat is merely a means towards an end. Here is a further and recent statement of the Masonic programme from the columns of 'La Lanterne': 'The war between the Republic and the Roman theocracy can only end by annihilation. One or the other of the combatants must disappear. Yes, we intend to destroy utterly by law the last vestiges of the privileges accorded to the Church, just as we also intend by propaganda and by political and social influence to fight against the Church so long as she survives. It is absurd to hope, we shall not say for a reconciliation, but even for a truce. Whether the clericals accept the present law, or defy it, we shall go on fighting them mercilessly. There can be no doubt that if the Church refuses to submit to the decrees of the legislature, she will facilitate what we have undertaken to do in the decisive struggle that will enable us to get rid of her altogether.'

There is no mistaking the substance and temper of this frank avowal of policy. But, for their comfort, French Catholics can remember that the Church, even as stripped to the bone in lodge-ridden France, possesses a power of internal resistance for which her enemies will be probably quite unprepared when the real test of strength has to come. Nations have fallen away, and may fall again. But it seems to us that the star of hope of the Church in France is rising over the troubled waters of persecution. As to the Church herself, however she may be harassed in this land or that, she can never know decay. Some years ago (it was early in 1899) the Rev. H. K. Carroll, a prominent American Methodist clergyman, writing in the 'Christian Advocate,' said of the Church of Rome that she 'is evidently not to be crushed by any forces yet discovered. Kings,' said he, 'who have measured arms with it have in the end gone to Canossa, and but recently a man whose name was a synonym of strength in Europe went to his grave after a memorable conflict with the powers of Rome, in which he was not successful. . . The Church emerged from what was pronounced to be a duel to the death, without the scars of wounds.' And so may she emerge from the 'duel to the death' that is at present being fought in France.

The man 'whose name was a synonym of strength in Europe' was, of course, the Man of Blood and Iron, the late Prince Bismarck. During his great struggle with the Church, the situation in Germany was neatly hit off by a cartoon in a Dublin newspaper—we think it was 'Zozimus.' On one side of the picture was represented a tall building. A stout cable was twisted around it, and the burly figure of Bismarck was pulling away at it with might and main. Satan steps up and queries:—

'What are you doing, Bizzy?'

'Oh, just pulling down this old Papist Church.'

'And when do you expect to have it down?'

'In about a year,' said the Iron Chancellor.

'In about a year? Very good. If you do, I'll exchange places with you. For I've been pulling away at it for over eighteen hundred years, and blest if I've loosened a stone in it yet. Worst of it is, the older the plaguy thing grows, the stronger it gets.'

The story bears repetition at the present juncture.

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