

him no particular fame as a literary man, but the opinions he proclaimed were gladly received by his fellow sufferers.

While dwelling in his island home, the Angel of Death thrice visited, and took away his loved ones. The once gay Victor Hugo was transformed by years and mental anguish into a sorrowful old man. One child, a daughter, was left to him, but she was hopelessly insane; his two sons who died in Guernsey were remarkably talented and gave promise of a brilliant career. The strong heart was well-nigh broken, but he bore his grief with manly resignation. One by one, his household idols had vanished from his sight and he was left alone,—alone to dream of the happy past, to think of the sorrowful present, and to ponder on the mysteries of the future. Long and bitter as those years of exile seemed, they did more to develop Victor Hugo as a man and as an author, than had the time been spent in the midst of bustling Parisian life. The water lay between him and his foes, so he thought more kindly of them, and they in turn were softened toward him. His strong principles of morality were echoed across the sea to his people sinking deep in vice. He owes his great popularity in a measure to his exile.

With the re-establishment of the Republic in 1870. Hugo returned to France, and in the pure air of his beautiful land, he lived for fifteen years, and then passed away amid the general mourning of his countrymen.

But few men in all time present to view such a diversity of genius as Victor Hugo. His talents were many sided, and in every department of literature in which he worked, he left indelible traces. Victor Hugo has been called "a mirror and not a light;" as the manifold feelings of the age in which he lived are reflected in his writings. All types of humanity and all conditions of society are revealed in his poetry and his prose. "From the crudest impressions of the boy to the ripest convictions of the man, one common quality informs and harmonizes every stage of thought, every stage of feeling, every change of spiritual out-look, which has left its mark on the writings of which that collection is composed; the quality of a pure, a perfect, an intense and burning sincerity."

Many sided though his talents were, Victor Hugo was essentially a poet—it is in his poems alone that he best displays the sovereign power which sways the emotions of his fellow-men. But, whether regarded as poet or novelist, he is rightfully entitled to his place in the foremost ranks of French writers.

G. E. Tufts, '66, is spending a few weeks in Wolfville with his brother, Prof. Tufts. On several occasions he occupied the pulpit of the Baptist Church during the illness of the pastor, Dr. Higgins.

ANCIENT AND MODERN TRAGEDY.

The primal elements in poetic literature—epic and lyric—are represented in that of olden Greece by the rhapsode and the chorus. The former was a narrative recited by wandering minstrels; the latter a song of revellers at feasts of Bacchus. In process of time the rhapsodist was made to recite his tale before the chorus, whose leader replied with words of comment or question. Here is the germ of dramatic dialogue. Dramatic action found its origin in the gesture with which the rhapsodist accompanied his relation of events. Thus lyric and epic combined to produce tragic. Their betrothal is ancient or choral tragedy, their marriage is modern or romantic tragedy.

Tragedy in its completeness begins with Æschylus, but it is carried forward on the wings of evolution to the form which it attains in Shakespeare. For we must not think of the modern as a separate creation. It is the same tree, but when it had before only grandeur of stature it has not multiplicity of branches, greater profusion and luxuriance of foliage.

The development from Æschylus through Sophocles to Euripides is easily perceived. But between the last Greek tragedian and the first English tragedians there is a broad blank, for Roman Seneca and mediæval French, Spanish and Italian writers of tragedy are merely imitators of the Greek. We have to look to comedy for the steps in this progress, and we find that the evolution in dramatic art proceeds through that of Greece and Rome, (for art is the same in both varieties of the drama) until it attains almost the form in which Marlowe and Shakespeare clothe their tragedies.

The main point of distinction between these two unities in form relates to the chorus. In the ancient, the choral and epic constituents are merely mingled, in the modern they become a concrete unity. The chorus, as a chorus is lost, but it is preserved in other forms. The Greek choruses take a very high place in the world's lyrical literature, such was their purity of thought, richness of imagery, vividness of colouring and grandeur of expression. Their inspiration remains in the fine lyric poems of modern drama, such as "Hamlet's Soliloquy." It is seen also in the music of the orchestra, melody not of words but of sounds. Further, that flexibility produced in the ancient by variety of metrical construction is met in the modern by interchange of prose and verse.

The chorus is the determining force of Grecian tragedy, and so it is accountable for the dramatic art of that tragedy, especially for the unities of time, place and action. It was wont to remain in view of the audience throughout the whole progress of a piece, and so the action could not cover a greater extent of time or distance than the chorus could follow in harmony with natural laws. In other words,