

one of hers, and the great change that was effected in him was not more than momentarily felt in the University. Froude gave himself but little trouble in the solution of the intricate problems which the religious upheavals of the time threw in the path of the seeker after truth. Even then he seems to have had the very faith that is in him at present. In his address, already mentioned, he makes light of the philosophy of history by saying that "theories shift from generation to generation, and one ceased to believe in any one of them." As for himself, in teaching history, his highest object, it appears, will be the one that animated Carlyle, when he said that "the history of mankind is the history of its great men; to find out these; clean the dirt from them, and place them upon their proper pedestal." We are none too sanguine about the thoroughness with which Mr. Froude will acquit himself of his self-appointed task. In the case of Oxford alone, he has a vast field for the exercise of what energy he still possesses, but we rather fancy that his aim will be to draw tighter still the curtain that hides from view that brilliant past when Oxford was not only a famed seat of learning for England, but the centre of thought and energy for the whole of Europe. These were the days when *Aemula Parisiensis* was Oxford's watchword, not in the thousands that were accustomed to flock to her standard, but in the purity of doctrine, the solidity of labor, and in the generally high standard of excellence which so long characterised the Paris university. Behind that curtain, also, Mr. Froude will see that galaxy of brilliant intellects from Duns Scotus to Roger Bacon, and that long list of titled teachers, masters in all of the arts, at whose feet the pupils of every land sought abiding truth and wisdom. It will, furthermore, be within the mission of Oxford's new professor of history to point out

that the very time in which she burst forth into such extraordinary richness—the richest of all her days—was also the time when the two mendicant orders of St. Dominic and St. Francis acquired a dominant influence in the university; the time when the public examinations for degrees were held alternately in the houses of these two orders. *Dominus Maminatio mea* is Oxford's motto, and the best that we can hope from her new professor, or ask of him, is to honor it and follow its teaching.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

HARRY DEE OR MAKING IT OUT. By Francis J. Finn, S. J. Benziger Bros., New York. An excellent schoolboy's story, we said, as soon as we heard of "Harry Dee," for surely the unqualified praise that fell to the lot of "Tom Playfair" and "Percy Wynn," a year ago, is sufficient guarantee of the excellence of subsequent stories by the gifted Father Finn. When it reached us we read it through with interest, from cover to cover, and found it all that we expected. "Harry Dee" tells his own story, and there is not an incident in it that might not present itself in the life of any of our schoolboys, not all of them, however, nor yet half of them, would acquit themselves with anything like the credit which "Harry Dee" has won. Our boys are not to be blamed for this, they do better, as a rule, than their ideals, but these being devoid of almost all that goes to make an ideal, the result cannot but be unsatisfactory. That no one is more thoroughly convinced of this than Father Finn himself is settled when we hear one of "Harry Dee's" companions speak as follows: "What we want just now is a good Catholic magazine for boys and girls. Instead of having Catholic writers growl at the books boys read, we must get them to write something that they will read instead. American boys don't care for translated French stories and I don't blame them. They want stories about themselves, and that's why they go to Oliver Optic and Harry Castlemon. Instead of running these writers down,