

barked at this dead lion, but for the most part the criticism has been kind and generous. The Independent says:

“After all, a large part of the abuse that Mr. Rhodes has suffered is due to the fact that he acquired immense wealth. But it was acquired honestly, in new enterprises in a new country, and the wealth was well and honourably used in life and in death. The acquisition of wealth is not to be made a presumption against a man. It is excellent to have a giant's strength; it is only tyrannous to use it like a giant. We do not care to mince words or to balance praise or blame when we declare our belief that Mr. Rhodes' name will live as that of the greatest man, the wisest and the most useful, in the history of what will one day be the mighty free nation of South Africa.”

It is a magnificent conception, that of endowing for all time three hundred scholarships at his Alma Mater, of bringing from the very ends of the earth—from all parts of the far-flung British Empire, and from every State and Territory of the American Union, from every kingdom of Germany—three hundred of the brightest spirits of successive generations to study in the grey old halls of learning of Oxford, one of the most ancient universities of Europe. As they light their lamps of learning at its ancient beacon fires, they will acquire a wider vision and more generous instincts. They will, let us hope, adopt as their own the University's crest, an open Bible, with the pious motto: “DOMINUS ILLUMINATIO MEA.”

Oxford has more than once rendered signal service to humanity. It may bring forth nobler fruit in its old age than ever in its prime. Let us hope the students who return from its ancient halls to the distant commonwealth beneath the Seven Stars and the Southern Cross will bind the world in golden chains of sympathy and brotherhood.

So far as Toronto and Victoria Universities are concerned, our own Mr. J. W. Flavelle set the example of such statesmanlike methods of knitting the Empire together by his endowment of a Canadian Oxford scholarship.

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#### THE CONDITION OF IRELAND.

We have pleasure in reprinting from The American Illustrated Methodist Magazine the admirable paper on

“Back From Ireland,” by kind permission of the author, Mr. Samuel H. Pye, of the firm of Jennings & Pye, Agents (as we would say, Book Stewards) of the Western Branch of the Methodist Book Concern, Cincinnati and Chicago—one of the greatest publishing houses in the world. Though a patriotic American citizen, he retains with unabated warmth his love and loyalty to the Green Island of his birth. It is particularly gratifying to such staunch Britishers as are the Canadians, to read Mr. Pye's testimony as to the just and generous treatment of the Green Island by the British Government.

A recent writer in the New York Outlook justly says: “England does not rule Ireland. Ireland is ruled by a representative assembly, in which the Irish people have a larger representation in proportion to their numbers than any other section of the United Kingdom.”

Britain is strenuously striving to remove all disabilities and redress all grievances of the people of Ireland. The disestablishment of the Irish Church by Mr. Gladstone is one such successful effort. The Great Commoner's endeavour to secure Home Rule for the Green Island was another. But that task has been made more difficult by the disaffection and sedition and obstruction of a section of the Irish politicians and their misguided followers. When Boer victories and the defeat and capture or death of British troops are exultantly cheered by an Irish faction in the House of Commons, it makes it more difficult for any Government to redress grievances and inaugurate reforms. We cannot afford to establish a hostile Transvaal at the very door of the Empire.

The wealth and prosperity of the loyal province of Ulster, contrasted with the poverty and unrest of the Roman Catholic counties, show that something beside Home Rule is needed to cure the ills of Ireland. Mr. Pye well points out that no stronger bulwark of the Empire exists than that of Ireland's loyal sons. Many of the most heroic deeds in arms, from the days of Marlborough down to the days of Kitchener, have been won by Irish regiments; while in statesmanship, diplomacy, art, and letters, on the press, in the pulpit, and at the bar, the sons of Ireland have been the very foremost sons of the Empire.