

chief expounders of that doctrine, and what do you observe. In their works and often also in their lives, they appear as men longing after pleasures of which they feel the bitterness, and though panting with the desire for enjoyment, this very enjoyment, when reached, turns dead upon their lips. The cup which was to bring delight is changed into the poison-bowl, because it was sought inordinately and in violation of the laws of morality which are the laws of reason. Consequently the teachings of this school have fitly been called the philosophy of despair.

But besides this spurious realism there exists a true realism in art, which represents life as it actually is; not, however, as it is reflected in the visions of the voluptuary, but as it exists in the hearts of the noblest of our race. Nor is this realism an invention of our own days. It is as old as Homer, the father of ancient art, and has found in Shakespeare its most illustrious representative in modern times.

In Shakespeare's creations not a feature of life is wanting, not a passion that agitates the human heart not a vice that corrodes it, nor a crime that blackens it. And yet, though vice and crime have their full proportionate share in his pictures of life, virtue always occupies her proper relative place, and our sympathies are ever enlisted in her cause. Whose heart can

remain unmoved in witnessing the sweet innocence of Desdemona and the noble, trustful generosity of Othello, and who will not be horrified in beholding the mischief wrought upon their lives by that diabolical monster Iago? Whose love for country and liberty will not be kindled to greater ardor by the noble words of Marcus Brutus, and whose hatred of tyranny will not be intensified by the evil deeds of Richard III? Who can perceive without loathing the horrible crimes that drove Hamlet to distraction, and who will observe without sympathy, and without profit for his own conduct, the sad errors that caused the ruin of the life of King Lear? Thus we see that, with the greatest masters, art, besides its immediate object of pleasing, assumes a nobler, higher mission, the mission namely of raising man, through the contemplation of the beautiful, to the love of the true and good. And as the true, the beautiful and the good, in their higher union, are identical with the divine, which is the source of all truth and beauty and goodness, it follows that art is not its own law and must not be cultivated for its own sake, but that, through its alliance with virtue and truth, with morality and religion, it must lead man to his final destination, to God.

EUGENE P. GROULX, '89.

THE OLD MAPLE.

Once wast thou what thou art not now,
The glory of each summer hour;
Soon as the sunbeam lit thy bough
With smile of early dawning,
The children came to cull thy leaves,
The bee to sip thy nectar, flowing
So gently down thy pallid side,
A sweet, pellucid amber tide.
Then did'st thou rule in queenly pride,
Tall and peerless maple tree;
And every scented breeze that sigh'd
Told the love it bore for thee.
The song bird came, a yearly guest,
To thy impervious screen,
In which the schoolboy left her nest
And sky-blue eggs unseen.
The violet, dark and lily fair
'Neath thy shade were ever found,
Where the fluttering noon-tide air
Sent the dew drops patt'ring round.

At eve fond lovers oft would meet,
Ling'ring 'neath thee until night;
When fire-flies kindling at their feet
Bade them take their homeward flight.

Now, never more beneath thy shade
Shall the village lovers rest,
For darkly bare thine arms are laid
Against the sunset in the west:
And they are lifeless, sad and drear,
And the coming of sweet May
Will cause no leaflets to appear,
Blooming on a wither'd spray.

It matters not—remembrance will
Paint thee as thou once hast been,
And the old maple on the hill
Yet in mem'ry shall be green.
No matter what the months may bring,
That trunk shall share my sympathy—
A year shall come without a Spring
For me as for the maple tree

M.