

encouraged by publishers is even more common now than when Macaulay wrote his famous essay against it seventy years ago. The mercenary spirit of our age must also be considered. The majority of the authors write simply and solely for money and as long as they can get this they care not how they write. Besides these, which, though they are more of less general, are especially hard on a young literature like ours, we have the apathy of the Canadian reading public, which forces almost our every writer to go to the United States or England to procure his very bread and butter.

These are the chief obstacles in the way of a speedy and lasting improvement. But Canada has in her favor the natural strength of a new and great country, which like her mineral wealth, lies yet almost wholly undeveloped. If we Canadians only fully recognise this, and act accordingly, our literature will yet rank with the greatest of ancient and modern times.

JOHN J. O'GORMAN, '04.

VIA CRUCIS.



shaped a plan,
A cherished, fair design—
It was to charm, to glorify
This life of mine.

God shaped a cross.
And laid its rugged weight
Athwart my plan; in ruins it
Lay desolate!

With stormful soul
And sullen steps I trod—
Slighting the hand of love—beneath
That cross of God.

Crushed by its load,
Upward I looked at length;
And through the dark reached and grasped
His hand of strength.

In contrite shame
I breathed, "Thy will be done."
And, lo!--illumin'd with gems—my cross
Became a crown!