

plied the Jew ; 'he was not like other boys in the same circumstances.'" Surely no more irrefutable evidence of Oliver's sterling qualities could possibly be adduced.

After his almost miraculous escape from the hands of this band of ruffians and his restoration to health under his new found friends we see him in an altogether different light. Henceforth only his gratitude and love for the kind benefactors to whom he owed his life, attract our attention. His first act on regaining consciousness was to assure his protectors of his deep and lasting gratitude for their kindness, and of his eagerness to repay them by performing any little offices they might think fit to impose. He is never so happy as when employed in the service of Mrs. Maylie and her niece Rose ; he has only one thought, and that is the happiness of his kind friends. His anxiety to see Mr. Brownlow, the gentleman who had formerly befriended him and from whose house he had been kidnapped by the emissary of Fagin, is another evidence of his loyal and generous heart ; while his sorrow and disappointment on finding that Mr. Brownlow had gone to the West Indies is scarcely less touching. His untiring devotion to Rose Maylie during her illness, and his heart-rending grief at the thought of losing her forever, show that he was indeed worthy of the confidence that had been placed in him.

In fine, *Oliver Twist* is throughout an ideal specimen of boyhood. With scarcely a single objectionable trait, he unites all the ennobling qualities of our nature. In his good fortune he did not forget his little workhouse friend, Dick ; in the midst of pleasures he had none so great as the coming back to make little Dick happy too. We last see him weeping bitterly in the midst of a host of loving friends, and all because he has found that poor Dick is beyond the power of assistance,—a fitting scene with which to close the history of one who in all the vicissitudes of his strange career gave so many proofs of genuine heroism.

J. A. MEEHAN, '00.