

schools, they either neglected grammar, or were perhaps too young to fully grasp its principles. Now that they have entered a University, they find a knowledge of them is in a great measure pre-supposed. Grammar does not enter directly into the class-work assigned, and, in consequence, receives none of their attention. They thus go on translating tongues with whose genius they are in great part unacquainted, and are surprised to find that as they advance, their tasks, instead of becoming easier, grow more difficult. After hours spent in thumbing a dictionary, they only succeed in making confusion worse confounded. For, such an earnest study of grammar is the only alternative to dismal failure.

Its importance is likewise paramount in scientific studies. The acquirement of sciences, natural or intellectual, requires a systematic mode of thinking; a man may, by the mere power of memory, store up in his mind a large number of isolated facts, but if these be not so ordered as to form a composite whole, he possesses no real science. To impart the power of thus classifying knowledge is the office of logic. But logic itself is based upon grammar; not indeed upon the specific grammar of any one tongue, but upon the fundamental principles which underlie all grammars. Let the student, then, thoroughly familiarize himself with these principles, if he would not have his quest for truth be vain, or, worse still, end in error. These form the first bough by which the tree of science is to be climbed; this lopped off, the others are beyond our reach, and we shall never be able to pluck the golden fruit of wisdom.

OBITUARY.

It is always a painful task to record the death of an old student; but it becomes doubly so when the deceased is in the spring-time of manhood with hopes of a bright future before him, and when he leaves behind him to mourn his loss rela-

tives so closely connected with the University and endeared to the students that their sorrow is alone sufficient to cast a gloom over the whole body. With intense pain, indeed, we chronicle the sad and premature death of Mr. John Kehoe, which occurred at his home in Ottawa last month, occasioning a profound regret which was widely participated in by both students and professors, and more especially by the latter, who remembered the deceased as a bright and intelligent young man, when twelve years ago he sat on the benches of St. Joseph's College. Since that time till a few weeks prior to his demise, he had been engaged in business pursuits in the City of Chicago, whence, owing to a sudden decline in health, he was brought home to Ottawa. Although not personally known to the present body of students, he was, nevertheless, no stranger to them, inasmuch as two of his brothers are still connected with the institution—one in the seminary, a promising young theologian, the other on the eve of entering upon his course in philosophy.

We sincerely sympathize with them in their bereavement, and extend our heartfelt condolence to their highly respectable and much esteemed family in their present affliction.

And while we deeply regret our young friend's departure from our midst, we have still every reason to be consoled by the thought that, surrounded by his best and dearest friends and fortified with the Sacraments of the Church, he passed away in a most Christian-like and edifying manner. *Requiescat in pace.*

EXCHANGES.

The *Swarthmore Phoenix* is one of the bulkiest and, at the same time, one of the best sustained of our exchanges. The present number is embellished with a fine cut of the late president of Swarthmore accompanied by a sketch of his life. A series of papers entitled "Views in the Papal States," descriptive of the Italy of to-day, has been running in the *Phoenix* for some time past, and has added much to the general interest of the paper. We are sorry to observe that the *Phoenix* looks not kindly upon the introduction of our Canadian national game into its College, for to our mind it seems one of the finest field sports.