

self so much voluntary, though greatly needed and extremely profitable labor.

*Dartmouth Literary Monthly.*—The Dartmouth Literary is one of best representatives of the literary life of the higher American Colleges. It mingles charming bits of verse with learned literary criticisms and spices the whole with pleasing short stories. "The Villain of the English Novel" and "Carlyle and the Sartor Resartus" are two articles that show extensive reading and splendid analytic abilities. "The Trial" is interesting and welltold. The Dartmouth's "Contributors' Club" is in our opinion superior to the same department in any of the other literary monthlies.

*Pastoral Letters on Education.*—That veteran in the Episcopacy, Most Rev. C. E. Bonjean, O. M. I., Archbishop of Colombo, Ceylon, has just issued to the Catholics of his Archdiocese an energetic pastoral letter on Education. After a brief review of the progress and present position of Catholic education in Colombo, His Grace points out the crying need of further advance especially in the line of higher collegiate and classical studies. He then outlines his plans for the establishment of an institution to meet the wants of his Catholic subjects. The proposed institute will be composed of two sections—a commercial, presided over by the Christian Brothers, and a literary and scientific, under the direction of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate. Ottawa University prays that success may attend the new venture and hopes that the nucleus of a great Catholic university is now forming in distant Ceylon.

*Dominion Illustrated Monthly.*—Unless this magazine, of which we had formed so high hopes, wishes its career of usefulness to be considerably narrowed, it had better radically change the tenor of "The Raid from Beausejour." Never was an article better named "fiction," but even fiction cannot excuse bitterness, partisanship, and untruth. Not even the great name of Prof. Roberts is sufficient authority for the attacks. We tell the Professor that his whole story so far is based on ancient calumnies and impudent forgeries. The Professor, no doubt, takes

his information from the Nova Scotia documents compiled under the superintendence of a man named Aikens, who had the audacity to insert a note endorsing the statement that Abbé Le Loutre was an accessory, to the shooting of Capt. Howe advancing under a flag of truce. Another gem in the same precious collection is a letter purporting to be from the Bishop of Quebec to Abbé Le Loutre and which was forged by the French spy Pichon. We have not the slightest objection to the lime-light of true history being turned on the Acadian or any other question, but there is no use in painting even Negroes blacker than God made them. Professor Roberts is making the whole body of Acadian priests a set of scheming villains, filled with implacable hatred of those in any way opposed to them, and revelling in deeds of more than devilish cruelty. Professor Roberts ought to be heartily ashamed of the nasty job he has set himself to do, and the *Dominion Illustrated* of being the circulating medium for such offensive falsehood.

*Nassau Literary Magazine.*—The Nassau Lit. pleads guilty to the charge that *dolor sancta* is bad Latin; the excuse is: "We were always backward in dead languages." This from Princeton, one of the three great universities of the United States! But the Lit. has a Roland for our Oliver. It censures us for applying the term "sonnet" to a poem of twelve lines. While admitting that "sonnet," meaning any short poem, is now obsolete, and acknowledging that we used the word in the Pickwickian sense, we must say that there is good authority for making a "sonnet" thirteen and even twelve lines. The Lit. advises us to study our "splendid literature" in "plain English." The advice is tendered in a sentence of *eighty-eight* words, and which, as an example of not practising what you preach, is worthy of a place beside that other dictum "Never use a preposition to end a sentence with." Judged by your eighty-eight word sentence, Dear Lit., you are also "backward" in the living languages. It may be the result of deep study, of our "splendid literature" in "plain English," but to us it looks like one of Mark Twain's famous funny translations from the German.