

whose indomitable energy, fertility of resource, catholicity of intellect, and administrative capacity were of untold advantage to it during its long struggle against adverse circumstances. In the present Chancellor, Rev. Dr. Burwash, the institution has a fitting successor to those who preceded him, and all friends of higher education will join in the hope that he may be long spared to devote himself to its development along the lines which his own hopeful spirit has sketched out. For four years past Victoria has left her degree-conferring powers in abeyance for the purpose of working out in co-operation with the University of Toronto a scheme of university federation. This experiment is still on trial, but so far it has succeeded so well that no one suggests any change. Should the great Methodist body choose to resume for the College an independent status, the debt due to both for what they have done to promote higher education should be none the less cheerfully recognized.

The Queen and the Pope.

One of the most remarkable and most pleasant incidents in connection with the completion of the sixtieth year of Queen Victoria's reign is the personal letter sent to Her Majesty by Pope Leo XIII. In it the venerable prelate congratulates the equally venerable monarch on her long and happy reign, and expresses his gratitude to her Government for the freedom enjoyed by her Roman Catholic subjects. Her Majesty responds in perfectly appropriate terms to the salutation of His Holiness, and assures him of her deep interest in those of her subjects who are under his spiritual jurisdiction. This interesting correspondence reminds us of the fact that the Catholic Emancipation Act was passed less than ten years before Victoria ascended the throne, and that the Pope's first attempt, some years later, to confer ecclesiastical titles in England gave rise to a very energetic anti-Papal crusade. All this has long been matter of history, however, and we can all afford to smile in sympathy when these two illustrious people, who have far passed the ordinary limit of human life, write to each other such interesting personal letters.

The Roman Catholic Cleavage

The deposition of Bishop Keane from the presidency of Washington University is simply an incident in a very formidable struggle that has been going on for some years in the Roman Catholic Church in the United States. There is no allegation that Dr. Keane is unfit for his position as regards either academic qualifications or administrative capacity; his removal is due apparently to the fact that he belongs to the wing of the Church which is identified with Archbishop Ireland and is opposed to Archbishop Corrigan. The latter seems to have for the present the ear of the Vatican, but the Roman Catholic laity of the United States is a tremendous force, and any obscurantism in the Papal treatment of it might easily prove disastrous to the prosperity and progress of the Church. The great merit of Dr. Ireland's position is his resolute determination to secure for the children of Roman Catholic parents an education as good and as cheap as that enjoyed by the children of their Protestant neighbours. It is hard to believe that in the closing years of the nineteenth century such a policy can be successfully denounced from either New York or Rome. Dr. Keane's deposition may be followed by the withdrawal of Archbishop Ireland from his diocese, but that would not settle the matter. Much will depend on the amount of common sense which the new Apostolic Delegate, Cardinal Martinelli, displays in dealing with troubles which tried, if they did not baffle, the skill of his predecessor, Cardinal Satolli. It may easily be that Irish-American Catholics will be constrained

to inquire how long they are expected to submit to seeing their favourite clergy contumeliously treated by Italian superiors, who manage to perpetuate Italian control over an ecclesiastical organization that purports to be cosmopolitan.

Anniversary of Parnell's Death.

The celebration of the anniversary of Parnell's death was this year as spontaneous as ever before. Many thousands of people visited the cemetery in Dublin and decorated his tomb with flowers. It is not hard to understand how a man who had so little in his character to attract the common people should have acquired so strong a hold upon them. He made great personal sacrifices for the cause he advocated. He had in him, with singular weaknesses, much of the stuff of which heroes and martyrs are made. He was incorruptible and indomitable. By his personal efforts and qualities he brought the Home Rule movement into prominence, and, if he had not suffered a moral eclipse which darkened his political prospect, he might have had achieved for it a signal success. He has left behind him no personality comparable to his own. The party he built up is now split into warring factions, and for some time to come its impotence is likely to be increased by the similar condition of the Liberal party in Great Britain. Remedial legislation for Ireland may go on, as it went on last session, but the long-expected "Parliament on College Green" is still in the dim future.

Morris and Du Maurier.

Death has removed from the scene of their active labours, two men who resembled each other in the fact that they were artists as well as *littérateurs*, while they were a perfect contrast to each other in the nature of their artistic as well as their literary work. A quarter of a century ago Mr. Morris became suddenly popular as a writer of poetry which displayed more originality than genius. He delighted in classic themes, but he was a romanticist in spirit. His popularity would probably not have endured very long at the best, but he had the good sense to recognize his own limitations, and to devote himself to the production of esthetic designs and the bringing out of artistic editions de luxe. He will always be kindly remembered for the purity of his thought and the exquisite technique of the form in which he clothed it, but his typography will do more than his poetry to perpetuate his name. Du Maurier has for many years been famous as an illustrator in the pages of *Punch*. His pre-eminence in the style of art which suited that famous journal was undisputed, but a few months ago he surprised the world and himself by producing a popular novel. There is good reason to doubt whether his reputation would not have been better in the long run if "*Trilby*" had remained unwritten, or if it had been possible to collect all extant copies of the story to be cremated with his remains. Fault has been found with the book on moral grounds, but after all its chief defects are artistic. It is ill calculated to survive the wear and tear of time, and people will glance over the back numbers of *Punch* to smile at Du Maurier's cartoons long after "*Trilby*" has passed into merited oblivion.

Barnardo Boys.

Whether the importation of English waifs by Dr. Barnardo is an enterprise that ought to be encouraged is a question that admits of discussion, but there can hardly be two opinions about the satisfactory character of the decision given by Mr. Justice Ferguson, that a school section in Muskoka is not bound to provide them with school accommodation. For some reason not clearly apparent the Barnardo agents send boys to the back townships to "board," and in some places they are so numerous as to seriously embarrass the local school authori-