

ception our author is fully in accord, or perhaps better, I caught the germ of the thought from him—certainly a much more reasonable supposition. I would like to give that essay "About Books" in full, so replete is it with wise suggestions, but neither time nor space would allow it. Let it be passed by, then, but as we leave a longing look is cast behind.

Into poetry also has Father Farrell plunged, and the two pieces in the present volume show their author to have possessed the true poetic spirit. In "Seedlings" he gives expression to weighty thoughts, draped in words of exquisite sweetness. A few extracts will suffice to prove the remark true. Speaking of liberty he exclaims:

God's noblest gift to man is Liberty,  
The abstract power to choose or right  
or wrong.

But abstract powers have concrete exercise,  
And, in its concrete action, liberty  
Is worse than worthless when it chooses  
wrong.

Again in describing a wanderer, from whose heart hope has fled, and who, coming to a wayside shrine, sees the face of Christ pictured on the walls, he says

He has become a child in sorrow's school,  
Where Christ is teacher—in the dust he sits  
Discrowned and desolate, for his schemes have  
failed.

But lo! Heaven opens, and an angel flies,  
Borne back upon the prayer he flung to God.

How original and expressive is this description of the answered prayer. An angel flies from Heaven and is "borne

back upon the prayer" the wanderer "flung to God." That is poetry indeed; poetry in all its richness and brilliancy. He then paints this spiritual wayfarer's progress from Faith to Hope, and from Hope to Love, and concludes with the following lines

He sat in sorrow's school at Christ's pierced feet,  
Has learnt his lesson, has become a child.  
Sits now—above the storms that vex the world—  
A happy child at the great Father's feet,  
Whose food it is to do the Father's will,  
Whose soul is fed by words from God's own  
mouth,  
Whose loftiest science is the hope he holds,  
Whose dream of liberty is leave to love.

Needless is it to comment on Father Farrell's capabilities as a child of the Muses; the passages quoted illustrate these more forcibly than I could.

The clock on the mantle tells me I have almost reached my limit of time, and the wise bird perched above, is casting suggestive glances toward me. To placate the latter, as well as the reader, I will bring this disjointed paper to a close. Would it be too bold to express the hope that some may be induced, by a perusal of this article to read these "Lectures of a Certain Professor." If such be the case I will feel that the time taken up in writing these lines has not been lost, for the book is one which cannot but do good to him who reads it; cannot but lift him to the consideration of lofty truths, around which Father Farrell has thrown a glamour that enraptures.

W. F. KEROE, '89.

