

the adjective "painful," and a final "o" makes the adverb "doliko"—painfully. The language is ingenious and simple to the last degree, but though it was approved and acclaimed at three international congresses, and though over seventy European societies were formed to inculcate its adoption, Volapuk is now merely an academic curiosity. Its adoption as the medium of commerce was boldly foretold, but instead of mastering the simplicity of Volapuk Europe wrestles with the daintiness of French, the cumbersome of German, and the eccentricities of English. More recently M. Leon Bolak has produced another universal language, which he calls "Blue," after the sky, in the hope it will become as universal as the azure dome of heaven. Each of the nineteen letters in the Blue alphabet has only one sound, and the spelling is phonetic. But there is one new letter like an inverted "h," pronounced "tch," and eight new parts of speech. By prefixes and affixes the root word is converted into a verb, adjective, or its antonym. "Lov" is the Blue for love; the prefix "a," signifying the minus quantity, converts it into "alov," or indifference, while the addition of "a" makes "lova," or the verb "to love."

Ideal as the adoption of a universal language would be, recent events have shown how remote is the possibility. Far from all men speaking in one tongue, the spirit of nationalism is reviving the use of minor languages. Dublin has its literary coterie devoted to the revival of Erse, in which tongue the House of Commons recently

found itself addressed. The Arikander members of the Cape Parliament persist in delivering themselves in the Dutch taal, though they are infinitely more familiar with English, which they use on every other occasion. It is the polyglot claims of Austrian legislators which cause the ever-recurring scenes of disorder in the Reichsrath. The suppression of the national language in Finland in favour of Russian is causing the Finns to emigrate to Canada, where, inevitably, they will adopt English. In this connection there is an amusing instance of the linguistic patriotism of the Welsh. When in 1865 the teaching of English was made compulsory in Welsh schools, to escape the yoke of Sassenach speech some 300 Welsh men and women emigrated to Argentine and established a Celtic colony at Chubut. The settlement prospered after long years of want and hardship, but these heroes of revolt against English speech now converse in excellent Spanish. Such an escape out of the frying-pan into the fire is delightfully Celtic. In striking contrast is the stubbornness of the Anglo-Saxon, that by its sheer stolidity is fast becoming the universal language. Until the eighteenth century Latin was the international language, the medium of statesmen, scholars, and strangers in strange lands. When John Wesley met Count Zinzendorf so late as 1740, their conversation was conducted in Latin, but it had been succeeded by French as the language of literature, of diplomacy, of Courts, and of commerce. A knowledge of French would then carry a man