

see has been magnificently developed and solidified. Its churches, convents, schools, hospitals and various other institutions are to-day so many monuments of the wisdom and zeal of the great prelate. But it is to the splendid pile on the brow of Valentine Hill, the new St. Joseph's Seminary at Dunwoodie, that posterity will turn as the crowning work of Dr. Corrigan.

Matchless for situation and unequal in the world for the completeness and fitness of its appointments Dunwoodie Seminary shall abide a majestic memorial of the gentle firm Bishop, whose greatest solicitude was for the young men who are to be the priests of to-morrow. The faithful every where felicitate His Grace upon his jubilee. *Ad multos annos!*

The current issue of the Catholic World contains a short criticism on some of the characters to be found in the works of the celebrated author of "Quo Vadis." The writer holds that Sienkiewicz has been greatly influenced by Shakespeare's dramas, that many of his heroes very closely resemble some of the creations of the great English poet. Thus for instance.—"The self-torturing dilettante Plozowski is not Hamlet, but he is like him, and yet no one could say there is a mood of the jaded Pole, with his dead hopes and banished illusions taken from the melancholy Dane." Like Shakespeare, Sienkiewicz has the gift of painting characters which are true to life. "The merit of Sienkiewicz essentially is that he creates real men and women; he does this with a certainty of touch that never loses power, never blurs the image in the mind, never pours one into another's mould." Among the remaining contributions is a scientific paper enti-

tled "The Life of Sleep," by William Seton, LL.D., and a critical sketch by Robert J. Mahon, entitled "The New Departure in Citizenship."



OUR BRETHREN.

Western education is by no means poorly represented in College journalism. Manitoba sends some creditable publications to our table, among them the *Vox Wesleyana*. Some of the articles in the *Vox Wesleyana* are an evidence of the good material it possesses, and render, therefore, the trivial and senseless things that are found in its pages inexcusable.

It is perhaps the neat appearance the April number of *The Fordham Monthly* presents that pleases us rather than the merit of its literary articles. Its verse is quite up to the standard of college poetry, but the only prose article that claims attention is "The Library of Congress."

The writer of "An Actor's Reward" in the *Abbey Student* should leave the treatment of such subjects as he has undertaken to handle to abler pens. He certainly has not improved on the numbers of similar stories, whereas he has introduced a priest into a situation that ill befits him and that reflects no credit whatever on him.

The Yale Literary Magazine is only an occasional visitor. If invitations can avail aught, we extend a most hearty one to *The Yale Literary Magazine* and promise a cordial reception on each appearance.

The following is a fair specimen of *The Dial's* verse:

TO MARY, MOTHER.

The stately lily's cooling purity,
The silver mists on sunbeam stains
of space,