

opposed a consolidated front to the world, and freed themselves from the ghastly incubus of the middle ages? But shame on the nations of the world who exclude God from their politics and mount to a precarious summit on the outraged and feeble minority! While Italy was bleeding and quivering beneath the feet of her old enemy Austria, in fruitless struggles for deliverance in 1848-9, the only hand raised in her defence was that of Napoleon III., from motives approximating the nearest to the standard of an exalted justice, which European rulers have acted upon this many a day. Even then Thiers, the ideal statesman of France, opposed the imperial policy with all his eloquence in the Assembly, and all his sagacious statesmanship in the Cabinet, pointing out the danger of creating a great nation on the South-Eastern border, while Germany threatened the North and East. Nearly thirty millions of people are to be damned to all imaginable desolation,—political slavery, degradation of manhood, and why? Because the phantom of fear hovered over another nation in the event of the resurrection of that people. Honor to Napoleon the Third! He will live in Browning's noble ode when even Bismarck's name will lie hidden in the multitude of a nation's archives. Better still, if having earned the title of a nation's liberator, his monument abide forever in her greatness and glory. We may well ask ourselves in the light of the above example, if selfishness is to be the main principle in the policy of nations? Is truth, and justice, and philanthropy to be always banished from national policy? Will nations which loudly attribute their glory and property to the allegiance which they have borne to God and Christ, act towards the weak and defenceless on the principles of Machiavelli, rather than on the bible?

Long ago, in the pulpit of the great Cathedral of Florence, Savonarola, prophet, preacher, reformer, martyr, cried: "Italia renovabatur,"—the greatness of Italy shall be renewed. Since then Italy has suffered much. In 1848, when Victor Immanuel ascended the throne of Sardinia, she had nothing left but the memory of her former glory and partial insensibility to her present shame. The people, which produced a Dante, had no poet; the genius which at one era

gave birth to the Aeneid, at another to the Divine Comedy, was sunk into a besotted sleep. The religious spirit which created a Savonarola, had departed; licentiousness, communism, literary and spiritual ignorance had succeeded, and the little intellectual activity which remained poured itself out in the only channel that was open, exhausting itself to uphold an effete priesthood, and justify a spiritual system and a dogmatic theology, which, to say the least, the world had for centuries outgrown.

Victor Immanuel is dead. During his reign what a wondrous transformation has his country experienced! Italy is now a great and united nation. *Este perpetua*. The rigid system which the spirit of Loyola upheld so long has tottered and fallen. The free press has opened its doors to a free people. The truth which English people acted upon, as far back as the reign of John,—“the Pope hath nothing to do with temporal affairs,”—has at length become actualized in Rome. Public spirit, national wealth, educational movements, are lifting her up to the level of first-class nations. Yet it must be long ere Italy be clothed in her right mind; long before a robust spiritual manhood be developed beneath the shadow of the Roman hierarchy. But will it not be accomplished in the end? The real strength of the nation, as of the individual, lies in the soul. A nation morally great seldom falls,—might we not say, never falls? It is in the rekindled patriotic fires, in the rising citadels of moral power, that Italy's strength and future destiny will lie. Perhaps another Virgil will tread the streets of Rome, lacking the Courtier's servility; perhaps a second Angelo may yet design as noble a structure as St. Peter's, and for a far worthier object. It may be that from the ashes of a Galileo will spring another scientist, who shall effect as great a change in thought, when the Italian spirit shall have “mewed her mighty youth, and kindled her undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam.”

During the vacation the cut of the College was sent to St. John for the use of certain papers. It has not been returned. This accounts for the blank on the cover. We will endeavor to obtain it for next issue.