

Thus the French Academy, by its own importance and that of its members, commands the attention of the literary world. From it spring the just appreciation of genius and of all remarkable writings, and the noble encouragement in the people of the taste for letters. France alone possesses such an institution, which has the consecration of more than two centuries and a half, and will continue to exist and grow in grandeur as long as France remains what she has been in the past, the country of letters, arts, and sciences. No nation ever displayed greater zeal and disinterestedness in the pursuit of beauty and truth. The Institut national, where the poet, the historian, the critic, the mathematician, the physi-

cist, the naturalist, the musician, the sculptor, the painter, act in concert, realizes the idea that all the productions of the human mind are related to one another, that they are a state affair, and that the country must encourage and reward them. France alone gives to letters and arts the rank which they occupy by right, the first, the highest of all. To us the Academy is of supreme interest and importance. Let us not forget what Pasteur has said of it: "Les quali és de notre race, celles qui vont de l'enthousiasme à la finesse en passant par la grâce et la mesure, aboutissent toutes à l'Académie française."

LEON GARNEAU, '98.

BENEDICITE.

Brother Benedict rose and left his cell
 With the last slow swing of the evening bell
 In his hand he carried his only book
 And he followed the path to the abbey brook.
 And, crossing the stepping stones paused mid way,
 For the journeying water seemed to say,
 Benedicite.

ALFRED AUSTIN.