been paid to this in the past. Such a library as we have has not been managed in the best interests of the students. There are many valuable books in it, but they have a fatal facility of betaking themselves no one knows whither just when they are particularly wanted, and it is fortunate if they turn up at the end of the scholastic Certain it is there is a dearth of the best books, books that should be in any library deserving the name. Why not place the library on a business footing as the reading-room now is? It would then, we venture to assert, give as much satisfaction to the students as the former now does, and would soon acquire for the college as good a reputation for its valuable and well managed library as it now has in other departments. A little preliminary work will be required, but we are sure it will be ungrudgingly given if there is any certainty that the present unsatisfactory condition will become a thing of the past.

In our opinion too little attention has

RENAN.

M. Renan is dead! His death resembled his life; he was given a state funeral in which the Almighty found no place. His remains were laid in Montmartre cemetery and await a scandalous removal to the Pantheon, the last resting-place of all the so-called great men whom France wishes to live forever in the memory of her people.

Renan had an admirable command of the French language. Under his pen it become a delicate but powerful instrument whose vibrations charm the ear and win hearts, too often to give them away to corruption and death.

In Judas himself Jesus did not find more perfidy than in Renan. He kisses the Sacred Face and then mutilates it and after disfiguring the Redeemer of men, he presents him to the people, bows to him with assumed and blasphemous admiration, and says with Pilate: "Behold the man." Sneers, scoffs, mockery, ridicule, lies and blasphemies, flung with feigned respect at Jesus, His Apostles and Disciples, such is a compendium of the seven volumes of the "History of the Origin of Christianity."

Renan's blasphemous writings have won their author the adulation of agnostics and sceptics, but thinking men who hear Renan lauded as a scientist can have no elevated idea of French scientists if they really accept him as a typical one. He does not lay down a single principle which he does not afterwards deny; he is essentially inconsistent. "It is only by oft repeated contradictions," writes he, "that man has a chance of getting a glimpse of truth." He is practically unacquainted with the most elementary rules of logic, he never concludes.

Renan is dead! His name will soon be forgotten, whilst the Church which Jesus established for the salvation of men will live to the end of time and, as in the past, continue to reveal new strength and greatness in spite of the attacks of the evil one and his followers.

THE SAILOR FROM GENOA.

During the last few weeks there have been a thousand more or less grand celebrations of the quadri-centenary of the finding of our land. That the event was a great one no one will for a moment doubt. It has been said and with reason too, that invention or discovery is the climax of human possibilities. Higher than discovery or invention there is naught, save creation and that being an attribute of God alone, discovery or invention is man's greatest act.