

go for the germs of our present intellectual greatness, for the inventions and discoveries which lie at the root of our material civilization, for the establishment of the only political institutions now existing, which have succeeded in reconciling individual freedom with stability of Government. If we will use the term "Renaissance" in a sense at all approaching that of M. Michelet, we must put back the date of the re-birth for some centuries before the time of Columbus; if not, indeed, to the days of Charlemagne and his Cloister-schools, at all events to the age of vast intellectual activity, when Dante's mystic song opens the volume of modern poetry; when the revived study of Roman jurisprudence spreads from the law schools of Bologna throughout Christendom; when St. Thomas Aquinas and his followers among the scholastics survey the whole field of human thought with a comprehensive mastery, and map it out with a subtlety and precision unknown to the ancients, and too little appreciated, because too little known among ourselves; when Roger Bacon, in his cell at Oxford starts the physical sciences upon the great career which they have pursued to our own times, and anticipates their principal achievements; when Nicola di Pisano lays the foundations of the art schools that were to cover the face of Europe with those vast edifices which (in the words of Milman) can hardly be contemplated without awe, or entered without devotion, and to fill its churches and palaces with pictures which we admire and wonder at, and copy, but cannot rival."—*Quarterly Review*, April, 1879, page 373. The true character of the "dark ages," then, bids fair to be made manifest, and the statue now erected to the memory of the Bruce may, ere many years have passed away, be generally regarded, not merely as the statue of an isolated individual who appeared in the midst of darkness, as a single sun-ray may occasionally be seen to pierce the clouds, but as that of one of many great men who were preparing the way for modern civilization in ages not dark, but full of light and beauty; for the admiration of patriotism and devotion are civilizing influences also. On the other hand, the statue of John Knox goes up at a time most critical for the cause in which he played so marked a part. Culture and refinement are undermining it, and a less rugged generation begins to feel its burden too heavy to be borne. "Heresy," too, although the name so employed suggests a most ridiculous inconsistency, threatens its stability, and it may be that, in fewer years than we reckon on, for thought and religious changes travel rapidly in these days of ours, the image of the truculent preacher will be allowed to stand on its pedestal more the object of curiosity than of reverence, and as a monument rather of a historical crisis than of a public benefactor.

Who would not be a soldier? There is no finer trade to be had; it's all glory and jollity. That is in story-books and poetry and songs—which by the way are not always poetry—and such like things. However, one of the most poetic, prettiest, quaintest songs we know is all about a soldier. It is Emile Debraux's "*Fanfan la Tulipe*," and it ought alone to have gained for its writer a smoother mode of life by far than he enjoyed. Fanfan gets turned out by his step-father who bestows on him five sous, with which he goes off to seek his fortune. As it may be supposed, he does not go far until he is obliged to close with an offer of employment; which happens to be that of a recruiting sergeant, and so he comes to the wars. When he hears the rattle of the guns he wishes himself well at home, but the sight of the battle stirs his spirit and nerves him to determine that no one shall see he is afraid. For twenty years he behaves himself, valiantly and like an honest fellow: "*un franc et loyal militaire*" and then he retires to a comfortable shelter, where he occupies himself by cultivating roses,

"Sans négliger le laurier."

This is the soldier of poetry; now, let us look at the soldier of real life. He is an enviable individual for whose correction and right behaviour it is considered necessary to continue, in the British Army at least, the punishment of the lash; at ordinary times to be applied, it is true, only in outrageous cases, but in time of war to be used at the whim of the commanding officer, against which there is no appeal. But as an especial act of grace the number of his stripes has been reduced from 60 to 25. When his twenty years of service have run out it may be also that, without any thoughts of roses or laurels past or future, he shall present himself at the bleak door of a work-house and beg admittance there. Such a case occurred the other day, for instance, in Wexford. A man who had served Her Most Gracious Majesty as a soldier for twenty-one years came to the Poor Law Guardians to beg admittance to the miserable refuge under their direction. And what was their answer? That they would take him in if he would engage to break a ton of stones each day in order to pay for his support. One of the Guardians, it would appear, a patriot we presume, seems to have been touched by the humour of the thing, as may be seen from the following:—"Mr. Wolahan—'Serve you right. Why did you not join the Zulus, or some people like them, and they would not have asked you in your old age to break a ton of stones daily.'—Chairman: 'But he did not conduct himself.'—Major-General Guise: 'It is well to encourage good conduct in the army; to do so a pension is refused for misconduct.'—Mr. Wolahan: 'But, General, it was nigh time they discovered that he did not conduct himself;

not until he was unfit for service did they find out his misconduct. Had he served King Cetewayo, instead of Queen Victoria, for twenty-one years, that barbaric monarch would not have asked him to break a ton of stones in his old age.'" Verily it is a generous service. How brilliant are the prospects offered to recruits! Meantime, says the *Saturday Review*, "What we want is soldiers, and soldiers we must have. We annex a large slice of country, and before we have had time to absorb, assimilate, or organize our new possession we become involved in hostilities with some new and powerful neighbour. This cannot go on for ever, and we must sooner or later choose one of two alternatives. We must either find soldiers to fill the ranks of our army, or we must cease from further wars and conquest. The only question is, is the latter alternative possible?"

We do not gain much by the rebukes administered to the Catholic world in general by the non-Catholic Press. There are few instances, if there are any, in which we do not perceive that our would-be monitors are shallow, inconsistent, or absurd. Take for example the following, which seems just at present a tid-bit for New Zealand editors: it is taken from the writer of *London Town Talk* in the Melbourne *Argus*:—"Sixty thousand Poles have been performing a pilgrimage to a miracle-working picture of the Virgin at Crins-token. A flash of lightning struck 15 Poles, besides the pole on which the picture (which seems to have been of the sign-board order of art) was hung. One would think that the kind of people who believed in a picture-miracle would also believe in what Protestants term a 'judgment,' and if so, here is surely a staggerer. But they won't." "Or those eighteen," said our Saviour, "upon whom the tower fell in Siloe and slew them: think you that they also were debtors above all the men that dwelt in Jerusalem? No, I say to you: but except you do penance, you shall all likewise perish." Yet we naturally conclude those eighteen had believed, if not in a "picture-miracle," at least in a standing miracle connected with a pool of water. "Now there is at Jerusalem a pond called Probatica, which in Hebrew is named Bethsaida, having five porches. In these lay a great multitude of sick, of blind, of lame, of withered, waiting for the moving of the water. And an Angel of the Lord descended at certain times into the pond, and the water was moved. And he that went down first into the pond after the motion of the water, was made whole of whatsoever infirmity he lay under." If sudden death were no special "judgment" on men who believed the power of God acting on water could miraculously heal disease, why should it be considered a "judgment" on men for believing the same power could work miracles by means of a picture. Our journalist's "staggerer" is dealt with a feeble arm.

A SERIES of papers by M. Maxime du Camp, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, has been recalling to the people of France the true nature of the members of the Commune of whom so many have been recently turned once more loose upon the city of Paris. The following passages will acquaint our readers slightly with the wretches in question. What is to be thought of the shoemaker Ovide Noé, who made his wife and one of his friends fire at French soldiers "for nothing," said he, "but the pleasure of firing." Of the coachman Pierre Miezecege who, crossing the *rue des Cordeliers* one morning saw the carrier, Lelu, shaving himself at a window, and took aim and fired at, but missed him. The mason, Gilbert Tauveron was more dexterous; he came into the rooms of a married couple named Faisant, where he lodged. Faisant, sick in bed, begged of him not to strike the floor with the butt of his gun as the noise hurt his head. Tauveron then opened the window to fire out of it, but Faisant got up and said, "Be quiet, I beg of you; if you fire through the window you will make us fall out." He then went back to bed. Tauveron looked at him and laughed. "Come," he said, "you have a queer head; I have a mind to kill you," and he killed him. Towards the end of the struggle, when the fall of the Commune was no longer doubtful, some of the combatants killed at haphazard for the sake of killing. They seized on the passers-by, accused them of imaginary crimes, gathered the mob, constituted themselves judges, and taking upon them the executioner's duty, executed the sentences they had pronounced. When the French army was heard descending towards the *Ecole Militaire*, a young man was passing across the *Place de Fontenoy*. He was dressed in the white blouse that the tagging of the Parisian populace takes for the livery of the secret police. The people gathered round him and cried out "You are a spy." They then dragged him away to the *Hôtel de Ville*, a long way off, and when he arrived there his clothes were in rags, his face swollen from blows, and the hair torn from his head so that the skin was seen all covered with blood. He was taken in and kept there about a quarter of an hour; then he was dragged to the *Avenue Victoria*, and placed against a tree, but owing to the cruel treatment he had received he fell down. They raised him up, tied him with a halter, and killed him by a single shot. The women vied with the men in murdering. A man was crossing the *Place de la Bastille*; he, too, wore a white blouse, and had a moustache. They concluded, therefore, that he was a *gendarme*, and brought him before the court-