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NEW YEAR'S SALUTATORY.

(TO REV. PRESIDENT L. GEOFFRION, C.S.C.)
Composed and read by D. E. M.

To-day has dawned upon a dying year; To-morrow 'twill be dead, the new one here. 'Tis ever thus, the present seeks the past, And sinks into oblivion's gulf at last.

And now we look upon the lingering old; Yet no sigh's heard, no bell is sadly tolled; Why mourn we not the year that passes by?— The Future seems to bring a golden sky.

One paints that sky to suit his fancy best, And sees there naught but pleasure, peace and rest. 'Tis thus with man, through gloom for light we grope, And though none's found we still yet cherish hope.

Beloved Father, entering on the new, And casting o'er the old oblivion's dew, We pause awhile, and heartfelt thanks bestow On thee to whom our gratitude we owe.

Long hast thou toiled and taken special care To smoothen learning's path, and to prepare An easy journey for us to the land Where knowledge, virtue, peace, go hand in hand.

Our future welfare thou dost keep at heart, And ward'st away from us each poisoned dart. Would that our minds had always such a shield, For then to evil they would never yield.

To thee is due an ever-growing debt Of gratitude our hearts can ne'er forget; And now, assembled in this hall to-day, For heavenly gifts for thee to God we pray.

May ever o'er thy path His brightness glow, And 'round thy soul His choicest graces flow, And may He bless and guard thy mortal life, And arm thee for the good and glorious strife;

And when thy fight is bravely, nobly fought, Then may a crown of brightest gems be wrought And placed upon thy brow; for merits well He who for Christ has fought and bleeding fell.

These feeble words are but the shadows faint Of fonder hopes that they can never paint. Accept the wishes, then, our hearts outpour, And store them in thy mind for evermore, But yet upon this joyous, gladsome eve, Permit we ask a favor ere we leave: Grant us thy benediction, Father dear, Give us thy blessing for the coming year.

THE CHARACTER OF MARY TUDOR.

As a Queen, Mary Tudor has undergone, with incomparable patience, all the reverses of fortune, from being the acknowledged heiress of one of the mightiest thrones of Christendom, to grovelling under a load of paternal reproach, and suffering the nations of the earth to derogate from her virtue. Dishonored and debased by a tyrannical and lustful father, disinherited and proclaimed of illegitimate birth by the unanimous voice of a parliament that should have laid their heads on the block to protect her from the chill blasts of adversity, Mary submitted calmly to the decrees of fortune; clung, while the reigning despot allowed her, to her much-wronged mother; and only left her when a mercenary and heartless soldiery dragged her from her dear and virtuous parent's side.

Born to rule, Mary could but ill rebuff the vicissitudes of fate were she not supported by something greater than the mind of man can comprehend. While all England humbly bowed to the iron will of her cruel father in matters of faith, she alone of all the nobility of her country proved herself the noblest by firmly resisting all overtures that would imperil her holy faith. When the dark conniving Northumberland ruled England under the sanction of her imbecile half-brother, Mary could not be compelled to relinquish her religious tenets; but when Edward's religious possecution of her assumed its sternest attitude, she showed herself a profound diplomat by appealing to the protection of her cousin Charles V., Emperor of Germany. The condition of the English and French affairs was at that time mutually antagonistic, and required the interference of the Emperor, whose favor Mary clearly saw that Edward's government courted.

Edward having died, traitorous hands were raised to debar the progress of their rightful sovereign to the throne of her father; and when subtle subterfuges were instituted to withhold the knowledge of the king's death from Mary, then was shown the deep penetration and