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THE FIGURED PANE.

PARCE.

Now when o'er the world is darkness,
And the days are bitter cold,
Comes an artist strange and wondrous,
With his cloak of hoary fold.

Comes he with his strange companion,
Brush of magic art and power ;
Able he to paint the window
Of the hut or haughty tower.

All night long the artist labors
On the pane fantastic forms ;
Scenes of pleasing rest and sunshine,
Times when savage nature storms.

Here he paints a mighty forest,
With a valley 'neath its shade ;
There he lays a nestling village,—
By its side a river played.

Sometimes, too, he plans a battle,
With its waves of bloody strife ;
Or he builds a mighty city,
Teeming with its busy life.

Other scenes he paints with grandeur,
Other thoughts he loves to tell,
Till the hour of shadow passes,
And the night has heard its knell.

Then the day in rosy splendor
Opens wide its flood of light,
And the hills, and vales, and rivers,
Bid farewell to gloomy night.

Higher still the sun ascending,
Stronger heat its rays attain ;—
When they strike against the window,
Lo ! they leave no figured pane.

IRELAND'S WRONGS AND PATRIOTS.

J. E. F.

All nations have their day of feasting, every people their day of rejoicing ; and a month has scarcely elapsed since there were rejoicings in an Island whose studded coasts and silvered strands are washed by the mighty Ocean. Her people, the truest souls, the stoutest hearts that ever breathed the air of heaven, though tortured by a cruel government, gave utterance to their

generous sentiments in tokens of respect and veneration for the greatest of their many great benefactors. Yes, on that day Irishmen, whether they flourished amid the free atmosphere of America or experienced the heated monsoons of the Indian Ocean, rejoiced, and wafted to Heaven on wings of love pæans of praise and thanksgiving to the great Saint and Apostle of Ireland, Patrick.

Yet, amid this joy and public demonstration of Ireland's people, there is, sad to say, a depth of grief and gloom which throws a damp on the ardent souls, a grief which pervades the nation at large, and hangs like a funeral pall over this outraged race. The hand of oppression which for centuries brought these noble and genuine souls to misery and wretchedness still weighs heavy on them.

Since the time of the Tudors and Cromwells, who were the first to sow the seeds of destruction in this genial clime and place a free people within their iron grasp, batchery, usurpation, robbery and banishment have rent the land and drawn from the nation's side its best blood. The conflict has continued even to the present moment with unabating ardor. The nation has bled from every vein, but its heart has never ceased to throb.

For freedom her heroes fought and fell, for freedom they still fight and fall. To many of them two paths lay open. The one to power, riches, glory, fame ; and on all who walked therein was showered the applause of the princes of the land ; it led to distinction, affluence, and all the gorguous splendor of the court of one of the greatest nations that ever existed. But these true and patriotic sons of Erin, despite the promptings of youthful ambition and the consciousness of their own brilliant qualifications, chose the darker and gloomier path,—the path wet with tears and chilled with sorrow and disappointments, the path that led to the bleeding heart of their outraged nation, and through which they must seek for lost liberty.

To-day the same nation nourishes the same heroes and same patriots for the same grand cause. At this very moment, when the English Government has summoned to its aid all the abominable cruelties and tortures that tyranny can suggest or passionate men devise ; when the country is menaced by famine and scourged with the rods of coercion and injustice ; when the starving peasants are at the merciless hands