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FORGIVEN.

BY R. W.

The evening sun was setting in the west—
A gorgeous sight to all the human race—
When, lo! an aged man, with heart depressed,
Advances with a slow and measured pace.

His locks are blanched by Time's unsparring hand,
His form once straight is now bowed down with care,
His features, marked with sorrow's cruel brand,
Too well betray the anguish hidden there.

For he had wandered far from scenes of youth,
In frigid lands, and where the sun's bright rays
Had kissed the fruitful earth; but now, in truth,
He walks alone along familiar ways.

He too had learnt of men their evil ways,
Had deeply drank of pleasure's poisoned bowl;
From virtue's rugged path he passed his days,
And sin with heavy stains now dyed his soul.

The village church with cross and spire appears,
The saving sign raised high in God's pure air
To cheer the lonely one. With joy he hears
The glad some bell which summons all to prayer.

And now with trembling steps he nears the door,
So often passed when life was bright and fair;
Where he in thoughtless, happy days of yore
Was wont to kneel in fervent, heartfelt prayer.

As one who travels over many lands
Returns with joy to early scenes loved best,
So he, who oft had strayed in foreign strands,
Comes back unto his Father's house to rest.

With eager step, and yet, withal, a sigh,
He enters in. The faces float before his view
Of early friends, who calmly, gently lie
In peaceful rest where falls the Autumn dew.

Again he hears the organ's throbbing peal,
And voices sweetly chanting hymns of praise;
Again the holy priest, with pious zeal,
Essays to guard his flock from sinful ways.

He kneels in prayer. A holy trust dispels
All doubting fears, as now, in accents low,
He asks of One who high in Heaven dwells
To pardon all his wanderings here below.

He seems to hear the words: "In peace depart."
For now the chains of sin by God are riven;
And he who came with heavy, careworn heart
Goes forth from out those sacred walls,—forgiven.

A sensitive old bachelor says that pretty girls
always affect him as ornamental confectionery does,
they give him the heartburn.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

D. E. M.

Great men never die; they live in their works and in their deeds. Fame has enshrined them in her temple, and their names emblazon the scrolls of human memory. Century may be heaped upon century, age be piled upon age, and yet time will never bury them in the fathomless depths of oblivion's waters. Literary men have handed down to posterity the productions of their genius—works which have immortalized their names and made them household words. Such has been the good fortune of Thomas Babington Macaulay, the most learned critic, perhaps, that wrote in our language, and one of the greatest lights that ever shone upon English literature. Born at Rothley Temple, Leicestershire, October 25, 1800, he was the son of Zachary Macaulay, a West-Indian merchant and a noted philanthropist, who was appointed Governor of an African colony by an incorporated colonization company, and had acquired some eminence by his judicious discharge of the duties incumbent on this responsible position. Thomas displayed from his early youth traits that betrayed the coming man, and made evident to all his extraordinary talents. From his very childhood he yearned for knowledge; and before he had seen his fifth year pass away, reading formed his sole delight and chief occupation. Nay, even at this tender age he wrote with wonderful facility both prose and verse. In none so young were the characteristics of genius probably so marked. All who met him expressed their surprise and admiration of his remarkable penetration and clear judgment; and some still imbued with the tenets of superstition did not hesitate to say that his days would soon be numbered, for "he was too smart to live." In 1818, he was received into Trinity College, Cambridge, where on many occasions he highly distinguished himself, and often carried off the honors and prizes offered in competition. He won the Chancellor's prize in 1819, which was the reward of the best poem on the Destruction of Pompeii, and in 1821 he was elected to the "Craven Scholarship," the highest distinction which could then be conferred by the University. In 1826, he was called to the bar. But he never devoted to his profession the time and attention necessary for its proper and successful management; and, as a natural consequence, he