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THE ANGEL OF PEACE.

R. W.

The Father, from His throne beyond the sky,
Looked down in pity on this world below,
In which He saw contention, strife and woe,
And hatred, fruitful of the tear and sigh ;
Then, with a sweet command He summoned nigh
The angel, white-robed peace, and bade her go,
To all his erring children, high and low,
And quell this angry tumult rising high.
With olive branch in hand she downward flies,
Amidst the troubled throng from east to west,
And sooths the angry passions on the rise,
And even to the birds within their nest
She carries peace. And then, with placid eyes
She views the world, and goes amongst the blest.

LORD BYRON.

W. J. K.

Ruins have a charm which lure us on to the painful retrospect of crumpled greatness; and the dying embers of an expiring fire charm us with a melancholy intensity not less sad than the weird whispers of the moaning wind. Ghosts of Time slumber in every nook of nature, and phantoms of things that were, but are not, fill the void made by the fleet passage of evanescent glory. Tales of ancient splendor excite a listless sorrow for the decay of grandeur; and the legends of storied fame arouse the latent storms of feeling until the wearied mind sinks beneath the pressing strain of fancy, and is lulled to rest by the thought of something nobler, holier than the mere dream of human elevation and the surviving memory of exalted deeds. In a word, all that is forms a mute reminder of all that was; and the departing signs of beauty bespeak the prelude of a new yet unborn grace, destined to replace the decaying ruins which now stand out in bold relief against the fresh-budded bloom of life. Perhaps but one crumbling column supports the aged structure; and the obbing tide of waste will bear it away upon its bosom, until it sinks at last beneath the calm and placid waters of dissolution. Thus it was when the genius of Byron first gained the meridian of its passage; but his light paled and waned away, until, like others, he gave place to the fickle choice of the votaries of literary art: yet the works of his young and pliant enthusiasm still retain their pristine sweetness; for poetry and music, unlike the handwork of human genius, lose not their charms, but are enshrined in the hearts and minds of men, where they will live so

long as the muse of numbers casts over the souls of men the spell of fancy.

Lord Byron was born in Holles St., London, on the 22nd of January, 1788. He was the only son of Captain John Byron of the Guards, and Catharine Gordon of Gight, an Aberdeenshire heiress; but, though affluence smiled upon the marriage nuptials, and life looked bright and fair to the young couple, a brief time spent by the husband in the bowers of squandering pleasure soon reduced the lady to the necessity of retiring to Aberdeen, where she was obliged to rear her son on an income which was far beneath their social standing. It seems strange to surround the early life of Byron with aught but the luxury of riches; yet it is not wealth that gilds the mind with the golden leaf of genius, and many a noble thought has sprung from the oblivion of poverty. In his eleventh year, he succeeded his grand uncle, William Lord Byron, and went to live at Newstead Abbey, the seat of the Byrons. This new home seems to have been well calculated to arouse in the young Lord the poetic fire, till then unawakened. It was redolent of gloom and melancholy, whilst its very age served to bring him into communion with the past, and formed a span which united ancient memories with the stern and living present. On succeeding to the title, Byron was sent to a private school at Dulwich, and later he continued his studies at Harrow. During this time, his amorous nature led him to conceive a passion for a young lady, Mary Chaworth: and this boyish love fostered the spirit of poetry in Byron's soul, whilst his mind outpoured the throbbings of his fancy on the shrine of affection. In October, 1805, he removed to Trinity College, Cambridge. Here he pursued the same unmethodical course of study which had characterized his previous training, storing away a vast amount of knowledge gained from his extensive and promiscuous reading.

In 1807 his first volume of poems was published under the title, *Hours of Idleness*. These received a sharp criticism in the *Edinburgh Review*, which induced the young poet to write a satire, *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*. In the spring of 1812 appeared the first two cantos of *Childe Harold*, the fruit of his wanderings upon the continent. Then followed the *Giaour*, the *Bride of Abydos*, the *Corsair* and *Lara*, tales of the sunny East. In 1814 Byron married a daughter

of Sir Ralph Milbank; but this union, unblest by any real affection, cast a shadow on his future career, and darkened the brightest pages of his life. After a year spent in the discord of an unhappy home, a separation ensued; and the dormant fire of poetry was again aroused to life and action, whilst a new-born energy gave to the literary world the *Siege of Corinth* and *Parisina*. Again his love of wandering led him to stray from home and England; but labor wooed the muse into a lonely strength which threw off the shackles of his idleness, and caused the flame of genius to burn with strange and unwonted brilliancy. During his travels he completed *Childe Harold*, wrote the *Prisoner of Chillon* and *Don Juan*, besides producing several other works of value and interest; but in 1822 the soul of his fancy was waning, and the beacon fire of his tuneful numbers was growing dim on the hills of fame. In 1823, he joined the Greeks in their struggle for freedom; and on the 19th of April, 1824, overcome by an attack of fever and rheumatism, his life ebbed away to the ocean of eternity, and he lay on the bosom of those overlasting waters, a victim sacrificed to liberty and freedom.

Byron wrote in an animated strain, painting thoughts of every shade in words which burn into the very soul and leave their impress there, an indelible memento of a mind pliant to every human passion. A noble earnestness is manifest in every line; and, like falling rain on the emerald green of grassy plains, it imparts a glitter of hue which rivals the glowing pictures of a master painter. Melancholy is the presiding deity of his works; and the mournful cadence of some parts falls upon the ear with such a sad and pathetic murmur that his verse seems a struggling heart bursting with the pent-up sorrow of a lifetime. In his poems of travel he brings before us the ivied domes of ruined castles and the haunted chambers of moss-grown towers; but the mind of the reader wearies not, and scenes of rare and surpassing loveliness chase away the gloom of these sombre yet alluring descriptions. He depicts the grandest sights of nature with a truth and justice, no less admirable than necessary; and with subtle and pleasing skill he makes a rapid transit to the less noble phases of a traveller's life. His *Prisoner of Chillon* is painful yet tender, striking the mind with the hopeless and helpless longing of the poor captive, the severance of all earthly ties and connections, and the loss of every human aspiration for the good and noble. It seems, and is, indeed, the sad dirge of a weary soul, pining away in lonely solitude, and, though thirsting for a draught of life-giving liberty, content to crouch forever in the cell dear and familiar by scenes of suffering; but it lacks the beautiful sentiment of Christian resignation, and not a single word makes reference to the moral sublimity of a mind rusting in fetters, yet ever looking upwards with confidence in God's mercy and goodness. In *Don Juan* we find many passages which are by no means unworthy of at-

tention. They are flowers of the fairest type, blooming amidst the rankest growth of the mind's creation—tender and true to nature, charming with a versatility and softness which please the most exacting; but the downward bent of Byron's fancy has left a lamentable stain upon this poem, and the more its beauty sparkles, the darker appear the foul blots which disfigure its pages.

Much of Byron's misanthropy was caused by the misfortunes which checkered his whole career, and dimmed the light of a nature otherwise joyous and sunny. His unfortunate blindness galled him with a sting which never healed, and the sensitive pride of his soul rebelled against this visitation of a merciful God; whilst he never paused to consider that life is but a bubble, and, however distorted the transient casket, the inner air may be as pure as ever dwelt in the most beautiful of created forms. His disappointment led him on to sin, and shame, and misery; but his erring nature could not draw him from the vortex of sorrow but only helped to make his life more dreary,—a sad wreck, ever lying on the strand of painful memories. He who has read the poems of Byron knows his life, for man requires some confident to whom he may pour forth the throbbing feelings of his soul, and the Muse of Song was the only friend who remained firm and true to the crippled bard of Newstead Abbey.

FATHERLAND.

J. J. L.

As the sweet perfume of a summer flower loads the air with a delicious fragrance and clings around us long afterwards, so linger the thoughts of home and country, a bright treasury of loved visions and fond recollections that, unlike the odor of the blossom, time never dispels. Though far away from the land we love, still its memory hovers like a halo of glory round us; still the remembrance of its associations are graven on our minds, burned in our souls, and planted imperishably in our hearts. The love of country is among the most natural of human feelings. Like hope it springs eternal in the human breast, and is one of the most powerful incentives that actuate man to the performance of some great work or the achievement of some act calculated to reflect glory alike on himself and on his country. Men feel highly gratified and correspondingly depressed when they hear that some noble action has been done or some cruel wrong perpetrated by one of their countrymen; and their zeal to win for their native land the credit of a discovery or the honor of an important invention has been abundantly exemplified in all ages. The invention of gunpowder is claimed by several nationalities, and rival historians have not settled among themselves whether Columbus or the Northmen first discovered America. These contests have often waxed high and fierce, and the warmer they

grow the greater proof they give of the depth of this fondness for country. Rome's proud warriors so loved their haughty mistress that they laid down their lives in order that she might be powerful and glorified, while the heroes of Greece died valorously fighting at Thermopylæ, at Marathon and Leuctra that she might live and triumph over her foes. Nor have the knights of the Middle Ages, or the patriots of the last few centuries shown less affection for their fatherland or less willingness to make sacrifices in its behalf. There have always been men who dared to imperil their lives and fortunes to obtain the freedom of their native land, and there are men in our own country who would as gladly pour forth their hearts' blood in defence of the stars and stripes as their forefathers did at Lexington and Bunker Hill. This tends to show that there is an inherent and paramount feeling which, if it flickers in some like a candle in a draught of wind, burns in others with a bright steady blaze.

It is in exile that this consuming love for a land endeared by the ties of a lifetime makes itself felt the most. There the pangs of banishment are augmented by the memory of a country crushed, perchance, beneath the iron heel of some despotic conqueror. He sees no longer the pleasant faces of his countrymen, no longer those old familiar objects so well known to his boyhood, so dear to his youth. All for him is gloom and misery, save when some pleasing reminiscences will steal amid the dark regrets and bitter feelings of anger against those who drove him forth from the land of his infancy, that cradle of his early hopes, that glory of his fathers. How every faithful son of the Fatherland grows sad and thoughtful when the "Wacht am Rhein" strikes upon his ear, how every warm-hearted child of the Emerald Isle feels his heart beat as the strains of "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning" are wafted towards him on the breath of some gale, leagues and leagues away from the fond home of his childhood? A traveller once journeying through the wilds of Siberia chanced upon a vast forest, and halting on the edge hesitated to enter. As he stood there irresolute his ear caught the sound of a flute. He listened for a moment and heard, coming from the depths of that almost trackless wood, and breaking the death-like solitude of the wilderness, the stirring strains of "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning." He pushed his way through, and found at a short distance an Irishman, an exile from his native land, striving to ease the load of grief that pressed upon his half-broken heart by welcoming in, as best he could, the Seventeenth of March. How strong in that man must have been the love of country, which made him think of his native home, though separated from it by thousands of miles?

We may roam through this world in quest of pleasure and delight, we may live in a distant land for many years, but there ever burns a subdued glimmering light that tells where once

were home and friends and country; and there will come upon us a wild yearning to tread once more those dear, old fields; to gaze upon the bright canopy of azure that smiled upon our infant years; to rest beneath those shady elms that grow along the way, and time and again sheltered us from the fierce rays of a summer sun. How happy is the exile's heart, how proud he feels to tread once more upon his native soil, to look upon the sparkling river as it flows swiftly past the town, to gaze upon those old familiar streets, to greet old friends and wring their hands with a grasp that reveals more plainly than words the pent-up love of years? And who could refuse to help his fatherland when he sees in the grasp of some despoiler those nestling valleys wherein he romped in childish sport and laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks, not one care to trouble him? Surely no one; and boldly can we answer *no* when asked,

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land?"

FLOWERS.

D. M. L.

In a fine spring or summer morning, amid the pleasant warbling of the birds, while surveying the beautiful dew-spangled garden, and the rich and fertile landscape, bathed in the golden rays of the morning sun, what affords more pleasure to an ardent lover of nature than to behold the little fairies of the field beautifully arrayed in the most brilliant apparel, baring their countenances to the azure heavens—the peaceful abode of their maker? God, who causes the sun to shine so genially, who sends the dew and rain from heaven, and feeds the birds of the air and the finny produce of the deep, seems to attribute to the tiny plantlet not a little share of His beneficence, and to make all these elements contribute to the maintenance of the weak, slender floweret, which He adorns with the most gorgeous vesture, and causes to breathe forth over the earth a scent more luscious than the most fragrant of perfumes, and more sanitary than the most effectual remedies. From the wild herb of the field to the most tender and graceful plant of the garden, we find something that excites our admiration.

In the plant we find a most striking resemblance to the life of man. Trace it from its first origin, the little embryo, hidden beneath the hard crust of its mother earth, anticipates, as it were, a desire to appear above its rough texture, to behold the light of the sun, and in turn to perform its duty for man. Finally, it expands and sends forth its tiny cotyledons, which are to become the pedestals or foundation of its existence; these in turn enlarge, and in the course of time become the mighty tree, its lowering boughs and verdant foliage affording to man a most grateful shield against the scorching rays of the noon-day sun, and its produce

his sweet manna of life; but having withstood the wintry blasts and tempests of time, and old age spreading its destructive hand over her noble trunk, she at last totters beneath its sluggish embrace. So it is with man, like the embryo hidden beneath the earth, enlarging day by day, he gradually increases from his puerile state, and having experienced the trying vicissitudes and severe blasts of life, decrepid age renders powerless his members; his hoary locks are scattered in confused order around his venerable head, and his sunken, pallid cheeks and fireless eyes clearly foretell the tale.

Again, flowers are emblematical of the rarest virtues. Where is humility or sweet beneficence more plainly portrayed than in the violet? It clothes itself in the soft hue of modesty, it blooms best in concealment, and, when hidden beneath the leaves, fills the air with loveliest perfume. In the lily we have the emblem of innocence. See how fair, how bright and pure it stands; the whitest satin is nothing compared with its leaves. The purest of all colors requires the greatest care for its preservation. A lily leaf is easily injured; you must not touch it roughly, or your touch will leave stains behind; so also a word, nay, even a thought, will injure innocence.

Let the rose be the image of modesty; for even more beautiful than the color of the rose is the blush of purity. The lily and rose are sister flowers, and are extremely pretty side by side in a bouquet or garland. So let it be with us. If our hearts be ever pure as the lily, our cheeks will ever bloom like the blushing rose. "How the universal heart of man blesses flowers! They are wreathed round the cradle, the marriage altar, and the tomb. The Persian in the far East delights in their perfume, and writes his love in nosegays, whilst the Indian child of the far West claps his hand with glee as he gathers the abundant blossoms,—the illuminated scriptures of the prairies."

EXCHANGES.

Donohoe's Magazine again comes to us with a goodly series of interesting and meritorious articles on questions of importance. Mr. Donohoe's leader on the consequences of Protestant interpretation is forcible, and unfolds many items of truth to the reader. "The Jesuits and their Persecutors" is very instructive. The barbarity and ignominy heaped upon the Society by the infamous Pombal and his heartless followers seem incredible, so fierce are they in their barbarity and so inhuman in their treatment of these holy men. The other articles are very well well chosen and happily indited; and ably sustain the widespread reputation of the energetic publisher.

We have long admired the frontispiece of the *Harp*, but till the latest issue its significance was a mystery to us. In a few plain words the editor explains the meaning of the different figures in the cut, and, we may say, the main

traits of Irish history are well portrayed. We hope the "maid of Erin's" tears will soon be dried, and that the vision of sunrise which the couchant ban-dog sees on the eastern horizon will prove no deceptive mirage. We wish the *Harp* may live to awaken a strain of jubilation for liberty and greatness returned to the own dear "Land of Song."

The *Literature* formerly the *Wyoming Literary Monthly* comes to us under its new name, as fully deserving in its new dress suit as in the old regimentals. The March number contains a scholarly article on Bryant from the pen of Prof. J. H. Gilmore. Full justice, so often denied to this illustrious subject, is awarded him by the learned professor. Attention is called to the literary effusions of Dickens and Lamb by competent essayists, and the elocutionary abilities and persuasive power of Dean Stanley are extolled by Miss E. H. Brewer. The existence of the Swiss hero, William Tell, is denied in forcible and irrefutable terms by Prof. O. B. Super. Though wishing to hear truth asserted at all times, we almost regretted the result of the writer's article, as he has destroyed the possible reality of one of the noblest fictitious conceptions extant with which we have ever been delighted. The *Literature* is well worth its subscription price to the general reader, and is an invaluable assistant to the student of English Belles Lettres. It is now published by C. A. Wenborne, and ably edited by C. Moulton. Among its contributors are numbered the well-known literati, Right Rev. A. Coxe; Prof. J. H. Gilmore, author of the "English Language and its Early Literature," "Chataqua Text Book," etc.; Prof. H. Coppee, the author of the well-circulated works "English Literature," "The Conquest of Spain," etc.; Rev. Brother Azarias, whose many productions, such as the "Philosophy of Literature, etc.," have met with well-merited encomiums; President A. B. Stark, President B. F. Cabell, Kate Sanborn, and a host of others of equal literary fame. *Literature* offers to the student desirous of becoming acquainted with the characteristics of our prominent authors a vast field from which he himself may pluck flowers of rare merit to adorn his own literary herbarium. The aged professor also finds in the interesting columns of the *Literature* food for his leisure hours. Another instructive and entertaining feature of the Magazine are the literary queries. We have learned that over one hundred competitors have entered on the first list. We would advise our senior students to purchase this very valuable publication, as it is the only one whose columns are exclusively devoted to literature. By the kindness of the publisher we have been empowered to sell the *Literature* to our regular subscribers for \$1.50 per year.

"Bob, why don't your mother sew up your trowsers?" "Cause she's down to the vestry sewing for the heathen."

DIVERSA.

—Algebra is said to have been invented about 170, A. D.

—Butter was used by the early Romans as medicine, never as food.

—A German chemist, it is said, has discovered a way of solidifying petroleum for shipment, so that it can be liquefied again at will.

—When oysters are very crowded they will grow standing on end, side by side, thus producing the worthless, elongated forms known as "strap oysters" and "stick ups."

—The great Parliament House clock in London, the largest in the world, started running in 1859. It gives an error of but ninety seconds a year; the larger bells when it strikes are heard at a distance of ten miles, and the smaller ones four or five miles.

—Alaskaito is the name which has been selected for a new mineral from the Alaska-mine, Colorado. The designation is so suggestive of an origin in the territory of Alaska, that it ought to have been reserved for some mineral characteristic of that region.

—One of the arguments commonly advanced in favor of the electric light is that it gives out little or no heat, but this is rather an exaggeration. The Swan lamp, for example, which is extensively used in England, is quite hot to the hand on touching the glass shade, and must impart considerable heat to the atmosphere in which it is burning.

—Sir Charles Gavin Duffy is actively engaged in writing and preparing for publication the second volume of "Young Ireland." This interesting work, the *Freeman's Journal* says it is assured on the most reliable authority, will be published in the beginning of next July, and will appear simultaneously in Paris, London and New York.

—The simple decoction of onion peel is said to produce upon glove leather an orange-yellow, superior in lustre to any other. It is also said to be suitable for mixing with light barkshades, especially willow bark, and as a yellow for modulating browns. The onion dye is said to fix itself readily, even upon leathers which resist colors, and colors them well and evenly.

—In a southern seaboard district of China, wild silk worms are found, which feed on the camphor tree, and their silk is utilized in a singular manner. When the caterpillar has attained its full size and is about to enter the *pupa* state, it is cut open and the silk extracted in a form much resembling catgut. This substance, having undergone a process of hardening, make excellent fish line, and is generally used for that purpose in the Pakhot district.

—A curious plan for purifying the air along the underground railways in London is seriously proposed. It is based upon the affinity of caustic alkalis for carbonic acid and sulphur gases. The idea is to take an open car and load it with trays of caustic lime, so arranged as to be kept constantly wet; then attach it to a

train either next to the locomotive or at the end. It would purify the atmosphere of the tunnel as it was drawn through.

—Preparations are being made to celebrate the third century of Murillo, in Seville, in which city the great Spanish painter was born in 1618 and died in 1682. The cause of his death was an accidental fall from a scaffold in Cadiz, where he was painting over the high altar of the Convent of the Capuchins his well-known "Betrothal of St. Catherine." The main feature of the event will be an exposition of all the works of Murillo which the municipal authorities are able to gather together by way of loan or otherwise.

—Telegraphic drawing is one of the latest and most interesting products of the science. At the recent Electrical Exposition in Paris the drawing of an officer of the French Grenadier Guards was transmitted a considerable distance by the ordinary telegraph wires. The original sketch was done in dotted lines with metallic ink. Every time the pointer touched one of these dots the electrical current was closed and the mark reproduced at the other end of the wire. In this way the drawing was so exactly copied that the original draughtsman was unable to distinguish between his drawing and the copy thus taken.

—The revolver, according to a London paper, is in all probability destined to be shortly discarded from use in the army, navy, Irish constabulary, and other Government services, in favor of a new weapon, the mitrailleuse pistol, in which there are four barrels, which are loaded at once by a patent quadruple cartridge big enough to afford good hold to the fingers. Forty shots per minute can be discharged, and the empty cartridges ejected automatically. As there is no opening through which any gas can escape the weapon can be used gun fashion when aiming, and there are no screws, hammers, or projections to catch the clothing, reins, or accoutrements. Above all, there is no fear of a jam or the weapon becoming unserviceable from overheating. The pistol will take the ordinary Government cartridge.—*Montreal Star*.

—The difference between music and its sister arts is very great. Painting and sculpture are always tangible, but music without a performer is really non-existent. It is subtle in form and condition. As Lady Eastlake has expressed it: "When the composer has conceived it in his mind, the music itself is not there; when he has committed it to paper it is still not there; when he has called together his orchestra and his choristers from the north and south, it is there; but it is gone again when they disperse." With regard to actual sounds this is correct, but there is such a thing as hearing music with the eye and imagination, although the ability to do this may be limited to a small number, especially when it is the question of full scores. Nevertheless, music holds a unique place among the arts.—*Ex.*

The Spectator.

ST. LAURENT COLLEGE, near Montreal, March 20, 1882.

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EDITORIALS.

When THE SPECTATOR made its first appearance, we had very little communication with the friends and alumni of the College. We accordingly sent copies to those whom we thought willing to assist us in our efforts; and the copies not being returned, as is the custom, we have continued to mail our issues to the same parties. As the end of the scholastic year is now approaching, it would be well for all to send the amount which they owe to THE SPECTATOR.

England's kindlier feelings have been stirred up, her voice is raised in the sacred cause of humanity, and she vehemently protests against the maltreatment of the Jews in Russia; yet no chord of sympathy is touched by the sufferings and ill-fortunes of the Irish people. Is it that she is far-sighted, and cannot see the abject misery existing under her very eyes?

ERRATA.—We would wish to apologize to our many readers for the grievous typographical errors which appeared in "Nature's Noblemen" of the last issue. Owing to some slight misunderstanding our proof-reader neglected to correct this essay. The corrections to be made are:—for "*which*" insert *whom*, 11th line, 1st column, page 86; after "*on*," same column, twentieth line, insert *to*, so that it may read "glide on to," &c.; in line 48, strike out "*and to rise to a depraved nature*"; four lines from the end of same essay read *him* instead of "*them*." In the Exchange Department the motto of the *Clionean Argus* should be "*Nescimus sed Speramus*."

Expeditions organized for scientific enlightenment have often set out to explore the immediate

regions of the North Pole, but just as often have they failed in the attainment of their end. The latest of these, promoted by James Gordon Bennett, and under the direction of De Long, has undergone a fate similar in sadness to that which befell many of its predecessors. The ship was crushed in the ice, and as far as has been ascertained as yet a part only of the crew has fortunately escaped a cold watery grave. While many have endeavored to reach the North Pole, it has been a subject of wonder for some why the exploration of the South has never been attempted. France is now, however, taking the initiative steps in the matter, and an expedition will soon start for that chilly quarter of the globe, Science tends to confirm the opinion that the difficulties to be encountered in this direction will be more formidable than in the north. We shall see.

Ought the French language be an optional study? From the unscrupulous manner in which some colleges have disposed of this question we may conclude that it has frequently been denied its just right,—attentive consideration. It needs not, however, much examination to perceive how grievous the mistake was which placed such a study outside of the regular curriculum. The day when a knowledge of French was considered merely an accomplishment in Canada is quickly declining, and at present those who do not speak the language at all are few, and may be regarded as exceptions to the rule. In the United States it is rapidly gaining in favor. Its practical use is now being generally recognized, and those who neglected its study while at college regret their having let slip an opportunity of becoming acquainted with a tongue the knowledge of which would prove to them so profitable. French, though not as widespread as English, is still very commonly used; and it should be remembered that of the living languages it is the next most important. It will then be obvious, we think, to all who may weigh the advantages of this study that it should be made obligatory in every institution claiming to give a liberal education. In our own *Alma Mater* the question has received all the attention that its importance claims, and the consequence is we have a thoroughly systematic French Course. We trust then that our pupils will show more zeal than hitherto in mastering a language that will perhaps be a means of helping them along in the world.

In the eager pursuit of knowledge we seldom pause to consider the great necessity of directing our efforts in such a manner as to encompass the requirements of our two great duties, the one towards God, the other towards our country. Life holds out to us phantoms of pleasure, and with eager clasp we press to our breasts these fading images created by our own imaginations to lure our minds from the stern and bare realities of existence. A dim, uncertain futurity engenders a hopeful trust in the breast of man; and, unmindful of the great field of the present, forgetful of the energy being consumed by the mould and rust of fleet old time, he hastens onward to feed ambition on the beautiful yet bitter fruit of a fond and cherished dream. Such is the life of many—a vain longing for something beyond their grasp, a shadow that shrinks to nothingness on the very point of its realization. Like a snowflake falling tenderly upon the frozen earth comes the warning voice of nature, telling us to cast aside those visions which bring naught but a flitting moment of pleasure and leave behind the painful thought of a wasted career. There are duties to be performed, and one of the greatest and most binding is our duty towards our country.

There are human hearts which beat in sympathy with those of their fellow-men, tears which bedew the altars of love and friendship, hands ever ready to break the fall of tottering companions. These are, indeed, holy tokens of the bonds which unite humanity into one great and moving mass of animation, sacred ties which bring together joy and sorrow in a divine mingling, and hopeful indications of self-sacrifice for a brother's welfare; but, admirable as these qualities are, they do not excite in us that enthusiasm which is aroused by a truly patriotic spirit. There is something contagious in the zeal with which the loyal citizen devotes himself to the benefit of his country, and something exalted in the energetic hope which forms the guiding-star of his every action. An active interest in the concerns of state is required in order that each individual may acquit himself creditably of the obligations imposed by social authority; and when danger threatens to engulf one's country, peace and love and friendship must be abandoned for the protection of national liberty. Nor can it be said that he who struggles for the advantage of his country does not receive a just and appro-

priate reward. The honor attained by a state reflects a bright shadow upon each component part; and her aggrandizement is an added source of wealth and safety to those whose love and labor procured her exaltation. Every benefit derived from civil society demands in return some adequate reminder of the gratitude which should animate our social lives; and, unless we make a fitting display of patriotic spirit and energy, the real or apparent apathy of our feelings will be imparted to the nation, and, instead of lightening the burden of state, will form an additional source of grievance. It is indeed something worthy of our greatest earnestness to protect our homes from the troubles of a lax and careless government; but how avoid this complication of disorder and confusion if each citizen does not feel it incumbent upon him to sustain his share of the burden. In order to elevate a country to a high position amongst the nations of the world steady, persevering labor must be the triumphant watchword of her eager and vigilant citizens.

He who faithfully performs his duty when peace forms the warden of our safety may find no slight difficulty in broasting the billows of war when the tocsin of battle announces that the angry waves of strife are sweeping onward to the ocean of death and desolation. He is like a tree, standing a strong and faithful sentinel of time beside a river of limpid purity; when the swollen waters rise, when the loosened earth no longer gives support, and the last tie which binds the stately monarch to mother earth is broken, it is borne away and its mangled trunk is cast upon some shore to rot and crumble to its primal dust. These thoughts, strive as we may, cannot fail to awaken at least a momentary hesitation in our minds; but a citizen of true and honest purpose will cast off the spell which holds him in doubtful fear, and bravely encounter every danger to life and property. He who does not stand true to his allegiance aims not alone at his country's freedom, but also at the private good of each individual; and at the stroke which stains the bright escutcheon of a nation's honor, a gleam of wrath ascends to Heaven and registers on the scroll of God's justice a sentence of dire and awful vengeance against the hand which levelled that unloyal blow.

There is no reason why we, as students, should not strive to become good and useful citizens. It is the desire of our Alma Mater that her sons be true and just; and, if we but co-operate in her endeavors, we will not falter in our duties.

toward our country, and in those nobler and still holier duties toward God: for the seeds now sown will take root and flourish, until, nourished by the principles of justice, the tiny shoots spread into a tree of grand and noble dimensions.

PERSONALS.

—Remi Joran, '76, is now a notary public in Montreal. It is said that Mr. Joran is very successful, and we hope that Dame Rumor has not deceived us in her report.

—John A. Kennedy, '76, is residing at Olneyville, R.I., where he is engaged in the boot and shoe business. We would be pleased to hear from John, as his many friends at St. Laurent still hold pleasant memories connected with his name.

—Joseph Cartisser, '78, is now studying pharmacy in New York City. We wish him every success in the life which he has mapped out for himself; and we feel certain that our good wishes will find an echo in the hearts of all his friends and acquaintances.

—The University of Laval has conferred another honor upon St. Laurent College by her recognition of the abilities of Rev. C. Jolly, C.S.C., and Mr. T. Barry, C.S.C., both resident professors of the institution. It will, no doubt, give pleasure to the friends of these Rev. gentlemen to learn that they have received the degree of Master of Arts, although that title was undesired and unsought.

—We are in receipt of a letter from John D. McRae, '76, in which he requests us to publish a description of the new St. Laurent, and also to give a wood-cut of the College as it will be when completed. We hope, at an early date, to accede to his first request; his second will be complied with in our next issue. Mr. McRae is a notary public in Oswego, N.Y., and is successfully coping with the world.

MULTA, NON MULTUM.

- Wako up.
- Good bye!
- After notes.
- “Knowest thou Stebbins?”
- The pick-axe brigade!
- It was a good one, *n'est-ce pas?* ”
- Hurrah for the 17th of March!
- “Who broke that window?”
- They worked manfully for a few seconds.
- “You ask and I'll ask after you, honest!”
- “I feel sick,” said the boy who eat the onion.
- “What's the news?” “Balbus died at Carthage.”
- Are spectacles more ornamental than useful?
- Those who read in the senior refectory should pronounce very distinctly.

—Send the small boys down: send them down, by all means.

—Some one says that the 17th of March falls on the 20th this year.

—“Rienzi, the last of the Roman Tribunes,” will be presented on the 20th.

—The evening exercises in honor of St. Joseph are attended by the students.

—Rev. J. P. Mannion, C.S.C., will deliver the panegyric on St. Patrick.

—The recreation yards present a changed appearance, owing to the stones therein arranged for the erection of the new building.

—The derrick has been erected; those wishing to avail themselves of this may take the earliest opportunity of so doing. *Savez?*

—The men are hard at work; on St. Joseph's day the corner-stone will be laid, and holiday, of course, granted.

—The instructions given during the month of St. Joseph are interesting and listened to by the majority of the students with rapt attention.

—Many of our students may be pleased to learn that the name of the editorial staff of THE SPECTATOR is the Gregorian Academy.

—We feel chagrined at not being able to insert in the present issue the wood-cut of the new St. Laurent. The architect has, however, promised us that it will be ready for the next.

—The botanical classes are preparing their instruments and eagerly awaiting the approach of beautiful spring, that they may while away many pleasant hours in silent admiration of nature's mysteries.

—The celebration of St. Patrick's Day is postponed until the 20th. The young gentlemen of the St. Patrick's L. Association intend to celebrate their festal day in a manner worthy of that sea-girt isle, lashed by the overwhelming breakers of tyranny and drenched by the surges of unrelenting famine.

—A keen observer has noticed that when a storm is passing away, when the sun peers forth from behind thick banks of clouds, nature seems to smile through her tears. But when a school-boy is emerging from a storm in which the strap forms a principal element he tears around but does not smile.

—The members of the St. Patrick's L. A. return their heartfelt thanks to the Sisters of the academy who have so zealously labored in their successful endeavors to costume the tragedy Rienzi. The dresses are very beautiful and neatly trimmed with lace and gold, and are, we think, superior to any that ever graced our stage.

—On the feast of St. Thomas Aquinas, the first shovelful of earth was dug by the Rev. Pres. Geoffrion, in the presence of the students, and a vast concourse of friends of the institution. Many of the professors also showed their powers of endurance by handling the shovel and pick. It is unnecessary to relate that the air was rent with the cheers of the students; as each professor was presented with these implements. Three rousing cheers were given for the Rev. Presi-

dent. The St. L. C. Band discoursed some harmonious strains during these pleasing ceremonies.

—At the last regular meeting of the St. Patrick's Literary Association, the following subject was debated: "Do savage nations possess a right to the soil?" The disputants were Messrs. J. Daly and D. Lowney for the affirmative, and T. A. Nealon and F. Murray for the negative side. The subject, though one requiring deep thought, was ably handled. The compositions on either side gave evidence of careful preparation and of much historical research. Effective arguments were frequently greeted with applause. Mr. Nealon dwelt largely on the fact that, as the savages were guilty of sacrificing human victims, it was just to dispossess them of their land. Mr. Daly told in pathetic language how the savages lived on undisturbed till the white men, more cruel even than the uncivilized Indian, came to disturb their repose, came not to civilize the poor savages, but to gratify their greed for gold, and to exterminate the inoffending natives. The refutations by the leaders of the opposing sides were especially fine. After carefully weighing the arguments, Rev. M. A. McGarry made a few remarks, congratulating the young debaters for the ability displayed in treating the subject, and awarding the palm of victory to the affirmative side.

—"Is there going to be a gymnasium in the new Collège building" was recently asked in our Local column. The question was opportune. The non-existence of an athletic hall in a college—it matters not whether the college be large or small—is a want not only to be sadly deplored but to be supplied. Under the present circumstances it seems to us most reasonable to introduce the subject, and to draw to it the attention of those especially interested in its successful and favorable consideration. Last year a gymnastic club was organized, and a committee was delegated, we believe, to wait upon our reverend Superior in order to obtain a hall. Rumor had it at the time that the reverend Father, though he wished to promote the ends of the new society, could not immediately grant their request, as there was not in the college a single apartment at his disposal; but that he promised to exert all his influence in securing the erection of a hall for the club's special use. Nothing further was done, and the matter was soon given up. But now that the construction of the Eastern wing is being vigorously pushed forward, it would be well we think to reorganize the club, and to appoint another delegation to interview our reverend Superior on the subject. Knowing how essential a gymnasium is for the preservation of health amongst students, it is probable he would kindly comply with so reasonable a request, and take the necessary steps to have an athletic hall in the new building—a hall that would be a credit to our college. Now, boys, is the time to show your activity and discernment by taking advantage of the rare opportunity that is at present placed in your very hands.

SCHEDULE OF HONOR.

(In this list are arranged, in alphabetical order, the names of those students who have by their exemplary conduct given entire satisfaction.)

SENIORS.

A. Crevier, J. Coffey, F. Clifford, L. Deslauriers, D. Donovan, W. Dupuis, J. Finon, H. Geraghty, Thomas Kearns, E. Girouard, J. Hennessy, E. Harrington, J. Kennedy, W. J. Kelly, E. Kelly, J. Legault, D. Lowney, W. Murphy, John Murphy, D. Mullins, J. Mullins, Z. Myron, J. O'Connor, J. O'Donnell, O. Rice, G. St. Julien, A. Théoret, L. Tremblay, F. Tessier, A. Tourangeau, O. Vanier.

JUNIORS.

J. Baxter, O. Bertrand, A. Choquet, V. Deslauriers, J. M. Hodge, M. Leblant, A. Lassonde, H. Langlois, A. Lefebvre, A. Hudon, D. Lecavalier, H. Perrault, U. Viau, J. Villiantcourt.

MINIMS.

H. Barbeau, G. Chagnon, R. Clerk, J. B. Clement, A. Chupleau, A. Charlebois, M. Gahan, F. Galarneau, O. Gauthier, E. Lavigne, Alf. Lachance, E. Lesperance, R. Marcotte, S. Moison, P. Martin, S. Ostell, L. Prince, A. Raymond, Armand Raymond, C. Starnes, P. Trudel, L. Tellier.

LIST OF EXCELLENCE.

(In this are placed the names of those who excel in class.)

CLASSICAL DEPARTMENT.

Senior Class.—A. Crevier, W. J. Kelly.

Junior Class.—E. Guertin, E. Legault, D. Mullins, E. Murphy, D. Murphy, T. Nealon, F. Tassier, A. Théoret, O. Vanier, R. Walsh.

Belles Lettres.—G. Brown, J. Coffey, T. Daley, J. Finon, C. Kelley, J. Lenehan, D. Lowney, B. Somers.

Prosody.—J. B. Choinière, J. Daly, L. Girouard, L. Guertin, H. Gernon, J. Hopwood, F. Murray, Z. Myron.

Syntax.—A. Champagne, P. Carey, M. Carey, P. Cochrane, T. Gerry, A. Guertin, E. Kelly, J. McKinnon, J. Mullins, J. Murphy, D. O'Connor, M. Sheridan, A. Tourangeau, Jos. Viau.

Introductory.—J. Armstrong, F. Clifford, H. Geraghty, W. Grace, G. Harrison, R. McDonald, P. Moynagh, O. Rice, E. Valière.

COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT.

Senior.—(Business Class).—D. J. Donovan, F. Fogarty, J. Hennessy, F. Heffernan, J. Linden, J. O'Donnell, G. St. Julien.

Fourth Year.—A. Bocquet, H. Burrigge, H. Drouin, J. Fer, R. Keating, H. Langlois, W. Murphy, J. O'Brien, F. X. Smith, U. Viau.

Third Year.—S. Crevier, E. Champagne, R. Charbonneau, Jos. Cardinal, F. Dufresne, V. Dupuy, F. Gohier, T. Kearns, E. Hebert, A. Hudon, E. Murphy, J. Murphy, M. McNally, J. O'Reilly, H. Perrault, E. St. Cyr, R. Sylvestre, L. Tremblay, A. Valade, C. Vermette.

Second Year.—P. Broderick, —Bisaillon, J. Baxter, O. Bertrand, C. Cardinal, J. Cardinal, W. Dupuis, D. J. Fingleton, J. Finn, A. Harwood, M. Hodge, L. Girouard, H. Gernon, E. Harrington, R. Leahy, A. Lefebvre, M. McNulty, A. McGinness, B. McGinness, C. Renaud, P. Rose, P. St. John, J. St. John.

First Year.—C. Brodeur, A. Bredeur, G. Callahan, E. Champagne, A. Champagne, J. Choquet, A. Choquet, Jos. Deslauriers, Jos. Delorme, D. Dalton, L. Deslauriers, V. Fortier, Jos. Gagnon, J. Gohier, L. Lealy, A. Hilly, D. Lebeau, A. Lefebvre, U. Lahaie, N. Larose, A. Lassonde, H. Larrivée, H. Myron, W. Polan, F. Rose, J. St. Jean, P. St. Jean.

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