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No. IV.

NEW YEAR'S OFFERING.

(To Our Father, Rev. Pres. L. Geoffrion, C.S.C.)

W. J. KELLY.

Break, ye golden, dazzling sunbeams,
And your glimmering rays let fall
On the bosom of our father,
Wealth of mirth,—Heaven's New Year call.

And ye stars in wondrous setting—
Vapory blue and silvery white—
As your evening glory waneth,
Leave him gladness in your flight.

Joy cast ever in his pathway
Floral offerings rich and rare,
Culled from all the fairest gardens
Blooming in Love's summer air.

Faith, the dew-drop slowly falling
On the thirsty, patient soul,
Guide with gems of glorious lustre,
Our kind father to his goal.

Hope, aloft its banner rearing,—
Pleasure lightening sorrowing heart,—
Like a dream of cherished longing,
Aid him to perform his part.

Charity, the jewelled tear drop
Drawn from tender angel's eyes,
Deck his bosom with the blessings
Gained by soothing sufferers' sighs.

Many more the loving wishes
That we to our father give,
Blending them in wreaths of honor
Which for evermore will live;

For the words of hearts fresh opening
To expend their youthful love,
Never lose their uttered freshness,
But are shrined, like stars, above.

MOTHER.

R. WALSH.

The name of mother is sweetest music to infant lips; it is spoken with growing affection by the youth as he advances in years; it is breathed only with tenderness, respect and love when he arrives at man's estate. The mother is the truest friend, the wisest counselor. Her mission on earth is a high and a holy one. It is her care to curb the fiery temper, to soothe the angry passion, to calm the troubled spirit, to chase away the shadows, to keep far from her precious flock the wolves that fain

would destroy the innocent lambs, to point out the hidden rocks whereon the frail bark would be shattered and shipwrecked, to plant in the hearts of children the tree of virtue, to pluck out the weeds of vice and sin, which, fell destroyers, would choke up the blossoming plant; and, finally, to give useful citizens to society, and to lead saints to God. Though the task may seem an arduous one, yet it becomes a pleasing duty to the fond, devoted mother. It has been said that a great saint changed the whole face of a city by his eloquence, and so may it be truly said that mothers have contributed to change the whole face of the world; for, by example and counsel, by instilling a love of virtue into the hearts of children, by inculcating in their youthful minds firm principles, they have raised up children who battled for the right against the wrong, who were giants of strength against error, injustice and tyranny, who were lights on the mountain tops illuminating their age by the brilliancy of their genius and the splendor of their virtues. A mother's priceless jewels are her children, as the Roman matron beautifully expressed it, and it is a pleasure and a source of pride to adorn them with every virtue. The most precious earthly gift that a child possesses is a mother's love, which is un fading and unchangeable, which suffers all things, undergoes every sacrifice for the precious charge committed to her care. A mother's tears and prayers, ascending to heaven, oftentimes fall on the hardened heart of the sinful and erring one, and, like dews from above, again nourish the withering plant of virtue sown with so much love and tenderness in the days of youth. There is one spot most sacred where the mother holds her sway. 'Tis the hearth, the fireside, the home. Here she rules, not like the monarch on his throne, with a rod of iron, but with the mild gentle rod of love. Here her loyal subjects present their petitions, and they are never turned away unheeded. This ruler seeks only the welfare and happiness of her subjects. She lavishly, unsparingly, dispenses her gifts and treasures. The chain of sympathy and love which binds together the ruler and the ruled is indissoluble, for it was forged in Heaven. The child can, in a measure, repay the debt of gratitude to his fondest of parents by following the path so carefully pointed out, by heeding the wise counsels and salutary admonitions, and ever cherishing green in his heart a name most revered, most sacred, the name of Mother.

CHARACTER OF NAPOLEON.

(After the style of Charles Phillips.)

J. J. LENEHAN.

"His falchion flashed along the Nile;
His hosts he led through Alpine snows;
O'er Moscow's towers that blazed the while,
His eagle flag unrolled—and froze."

He has fallen from the pinnacle of his fame! He had climbed the fragile ladder of fortune, and it crumbled to dust beneath his greatness. He fell, as only he who has risen to such a dizzy height can fall—never to rise again. Like a meteor he flashed along the political horizon, dazzling the eyes, bewildering the senses of those who beheld him, and filling every breast with awe and apprehension, only to expire in darkness.

The wonder of his age, he sprung from nothingness to wield the mightiest sceptre in Europe. A poor corporal, he became the greatest general of his time. A penniless adventurer, he rose to be the mightiest monarch of the Old World. He handled crowns with a freedom that struck terror to the heart of every potentate and caused every throne on the continent to tremble with fear. He invaded countries at will, and made paupers kings, and princes beggars. Capable of inspiring the most heroic friendship and noble devotion in his soldiers, he possessed enemies the most bitter. A feigned friend of the people he used them as a footstool to mount to the summit of his ambition. A plebeian, he made himself the equal of crowned heads and married a Hapsburg. In the cabinet, as well as in the field, his abilities were of the highest order. His nature contained the untiring pertinacity of the Englishman, the ready versatility of the Yankee, the polished ease of the Frenchman, the polite suavity of the Italian and the honest bluntness of the German. With talents that would have made his name famous in the annals of empires he became a curse to his country and a scourge to his neighbors. Hated by his enemies, idolized by his soldiers, envied and feared by his contemporaries, beloved by his friends, execrated by posterity, he exhibits one of the strangest medleys that ever existed together in one man; and indeed he may be said to be one of the most extraordinary characters that ever "rose, or reigned, or fell."

A veteran proved and tested amidst the burning sands of Africa, the snows of Russia and Alpine summits, he turned traitor to his former allies, the Spaniards. A man, who would be thought noble, good, and generous, he possessed not the remotest trace of a conscience. Tramping under foot the sacred rights of the sovereign pontiff, overthrowing kings and dynasties, throwing into irremediable confusion the settled order of things, devastating whole provinces, and sweeping through empires like an avenging whirlwind, drenching with blood the citron groves of Italy and the sunny plains of Spain,

divorced from his wife, a murderer of innocent youth, he seemed a fiend incarnate. Amazing all by the celerity of his movements, the skillful handling of his army, his bravery in battle, and his power of selecting as his lieutenants the best of soldiers, he was indeed the most consummate general of his age.

Yet born, as it were, to make the plains of Europe run red with the blood of her best and bravest, he was a wise and prudent legislator. With one stroke of his hand he abrogated the ancient statutes and conceits, as though they were but smoke, and erected in their place the code that bears his name; which, though not the best that might have been devised, nevertheless deserves a great meed of praise as the work of a person who was no jurist. Did it not require great courage to sweep away at one stroke, like so many cobwebs, the antiquated jurisprudence of centuries and put in its place his own code of laws?

Though he could number the victims of his wars, the maimed and the blind, by hundreds of thousands, he was charitable, aye even kind, to the brave old veterans who fought under him, and when "the little corporal" rode along the lines, what a great love towards him surged up in their manly, soldier-like hearts, though he used them only as a skillful workman uses his tools?

Combining the heroic fortitude of Hannibal and the wisdom of Justinian, he may be said to have been the greatest military genius, if not the wisest monarch, in the annals of time. Whether we behold him in the camp in all the pomp and circumstance of war, on the plains of Egypt fighting with the Mamelukes, admiring the pyramids, frowned upon by the sphinxes, toiling through Alpine passes and Russian snows, or in the cabinet, surrounded by his secretaries, giving orders, dictating treaties, signing compacts or compiling codes, there is always something in him to be admired. And well could he say when leaving for the place of his exile, that lonely spot in the centre of the pitiless ocean, there to pass his last days on earth without "a generous friend, a pitying foe, strength in his arms or mercy in his woe,"

"Farewell to the Land where the gloom of my glory
Arose and o'ershadowed the earth with her name—
She abandons me now—but the page of her story,
The brightest or blackest, is filled with her fame.
I have warred with a world which vanquished me
only
When the meteor of conquest allured me too far;
I have coped with the nations which dread me thus
lonely,
The last single captive to millions in war."

"Why don't you sharpen your saw, Mat?" asked the neighbor.

Looking up with an inimitable droll expression, he replied—

"I should think I had work enough to saw up this wood-pile without stopping to sharpen saws."

ROME; ITS RISE AND FALL.

D. E. MURPHY.

My theme is Rome, its rise and fall; Rome once so powerful and so haughty; Rome, at the mention of whose name empires quaked to their very foundation, and nations coweringly trembled for their safety; nay, that grand old Rome whose fame, as says the poet, was bounded by the lofty heavens, and whose power knew not terrestrial limits. When we review the annals of ancient nations, we find none others so interesting, so remarkable as those of the Empire of Romulus. Rome's foundation is stranger than fiction; her rise is as rapid as it is firm and staple; her fall as headlong as it is sudden. Such are briefly the striking features in records of an empire that once swayed the mighty world, but becoming drunk with her own prosperity and renown, tottered and crumbled to the ground a mass of sad yet glorious ruins.

Romulus, the founder of Rome, wanting inhabitants to peopple his new city, unfurled and raised his standard on the walls, and promised to all who would stand beneath its flowing folds and bravely defend it Protection and Liberty. The offer was indeed great, and it was hailed with universal joy. His call was immediately answered by a multitude who flocked to his newly-formed asylum.

Thus was founded the imperial city, and thus also it became a refuge for the outlaws of all nations and a den for thieves. Laws, however, were enacted and Rome was governed. It is from this time in her early history that we observe with a lively interest her rapid and gigantic strides towards the pinnacle of her splendor and prosperity.

Her generals met invading hordes, and showed them Rome stood boldly in the way; battles were fought with neighboring tribes, and victory perched upon the Roman standard; wars were waged against powerful nations, and again the Roman eagle waved triumphant. Tribes soon learned to dread her name; then nations fearful listened to her thundering mandates. Rome thus advanced; she worked, prospered and triumphed till she held the world under grasping sway; then she sought repose. Fatal repose it was, for with it came her downfall. Never before to a people were her victories more detrimental; never before was her glory the precursor of a greater or more precipitate decline. Rome had successfully climbed the steep and rugged path leading to worldly fame. Never a backward step, nay, never a faltering marked her course. Now she had reached the pinnacle—a point so high that she herself became infatuated by her greatness, and are we yet surprised that Rome yielded, staggered and fell? do we still wonder that her downfall was so headlong? Lofty was the height, so her fall was great!

The eventful day had dawned. Her people lay in luxury; and indolence, its faithful atten-

dant, ruled the hour. Discord and ambition, wrangling, stood at the helm and steered the bark of state. Civil feuds sprang up, and Peace—timid Peace—gave way to the bloody sword and fled. All was disorder and strife. Tribes who had borne her yoke for years boldly rose up and shook it off; nations subjugated by her once invincible arms declared their independence. Such was the sad and sudden change. A cloud of darkness had encompassed Rome, and her name no longer inspired its wonted fear. Some who had suppliantly implored peace from her, and others who had often cringed in submission at her feet, now wielded a common sword against her, their common foe. Power combatted weakness, and Rome, the once proud ruler of the world, now the prey of her enemies, at length succumbed. Look at her now, admirers of her ancient glory, look at her now only a sad monument of her pristine splendor. Truly does ancient Rome also verify the words: "Sic transit gloria mundi."

THE EIGHTH OF DECEMBER. AT THE ACADEMY OF OUR LADY OF ANGELS, ST. LAURENT, P.Q.

MR. EDITOR,—Fair dawned the fairest feast of our Immaculate Mother. It seemed as if some of the celestial rays of gladness stole from her divine abode, and fell in golden brightness upon the beautiful valley of St. Laurent. Joyous, indeed, was the celebration, and glad the hearts that pulsated in sweet unison with the choir of the blessed in chanting her beautiful psalm of love. It was the occasion of the admission of twenty-three young ladies into the sodalities of the Holy Angels and Blessed Virgin. What transport joy beamed from the countenance of the young applicants as they pronounced the sweet words of consecration before Rev. Father Paré, the resident Chaplain. The attempt to describe the beauty, the imposing grandeur of the occasion would prove futile. It was one of those rare scenes which must be seen to be fully appreciated, and which defy both the magic skill of the artist and the subtle imagination of the poet. Rev. Father Paré, who justly claims a bright diadem in the casket of our esteem and affection, addressed a few congratulatory remarks to our young associates, after which the Benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament crowned the festive garland of the day's solemnities. The musical part of the Benediction was admirably executed, and as the sweet young voices in most entrancing harmony swelled through the arches of our tastefully decorated chapel, we enjoyed, as it were, a foretaste of the happy delights of heaven.

Trusting, Mr. Editor, that you may insert this communication in your very interesting SPECTATOR, I am with best wishes for its success,

A PUPIL OF THE ACADEMY,

EXCHANGES.

The number of "McGee's Illustrated Weekly" which now lies before us is replete with interesting matter. It contains a lengthy biographical sketch, with portrait, of the Honorable William E. Robinson, M. C., Brooklyn; the Holly Gatherers; Mixing the Christmas Pudding; Scenes on the Blackwater, Ireland; Map of Modern Russia, showing its "resources of civilization"; Sir Walter Raleigh in Ireland, by SIR JOHN POPE HENNESSY; Madeleine, from the French of Jules Sandeau, of the French Academy; editorials, poetry, literature, etc. Altogether a most interesting number.

The Wyoming Monthly is the title of a literary magazine lately published in Buffalo, N.Y. This magazine will, undoubtedly, fill the void long felt in the literary world, since its columns are exclusively devoted to poetry and prose from the pens of the ablest American writers in the English language. The present number, which now lies open before us, contains a masterly article on "Miracle Plays," a well conceived review of the life and works of Sir Walter Scott; a short article on Tennyson, and interesting notes concerning several of our American colleges. We trust that a bright career in the literary arena may crown the editors of *The Wyoming Monthly*.

The Treasury comes to us, for the first time, from Shannock, R.I. It presents a very neat appearance, and contains many short but well written articles on Christmas, New Year, Peace, etc. We would call the attention of the Editor to the collocation of the editorials. In our opinion, there should be a particular place assigned to them. It greatly detracts from the merits of the journal to find its editorial articles scattered here and there without any fixed order. We welcome *The Treasury* to our sanctuary.

Donohoe's Magazine, published monthly in Boston, Mass., contains this month an article on the life of the late Archbishop McHale. The character of the illustrious prelate is vividly portrayed in terms worthy of the pen of the great Boswell. The sanctity, patriotism, and great erudition of the deceased John of Tuam awaken in our minds sentiments of devotion akin to worship. Another article worthy of the highest encomiums is a review of the "British Empire" by Cardinal Manning. In the January number the *Magazine* opens a new serial story entitled, "True to His Memory;" it emanates from the gifted mind of Justin F. McCarthy. We are glad to learn that Rev. Abram J. Ryan, the poet priest of the South, will regularly contribute to *Donohoe's Magazine*. We wish the *Magazine* the success it justly merits.

The College Message, from Cape Girardeau, is, in our estimation, the ablest of our College Exchanges. Indeed, its neat arrangement predisposed us to expect a remarkable degree of interior worth, nor have we been disappointed. The poem which covers the first page demanded

our attentive perusal, though it was not the offspring of a mind sheltered under the Girardeau roof. We do not condemn any college journal, professing to be original, which occasionally reproduces such a masterpiece as Bryant's "Thanatopsis." It should be read by all students, since it exhibits a grand model of poetic composition. The essays are carefully composed, and are, withal, substantial and logical. The editorials are happily selected and the "Messages" and "Rakings" are amusing, and have a great tendency to the humorous. Would, we could say that the typography of the *College Message* was as bright as its literary contents. Why not rectify this, and enable us to gainsay ourselves? Welcome to our table!

DIVERSA.

—The teaching in English schools is gradually and surely passing out of the hands of the clergy.

—English astronomers acknowledge indebtedness to American art for moon photographs.

—A new Irish paper, edited by John Finnerty, will make its debut at Chicago on Jan. 14th.

—Bovier has been elected President of the Swiss Confederation, and Riechacouet, Vice-President for 1882. Bovier was Vice-President for 1881.

—The points of gold pens consists of an alloy of iridium, osmium ruthenium and rhodium, which is called iridosmine—the hardest metal known.

—Though commonly supposed to be so, platinum is not the heaviest of the elements; the specific gravity of osmium (not rolled) is 22.477, whilst that of platinum (not rolled) is only 21.5.

—A good idea is given of the wonderful increase in the number of books, by the statement that 15,000 are printed yearly in Germany alone.

—Professor Seeley is of the opinion that historical societies should become more political and less archaeological, and create a public to whom the scientific historian might address himself.

—The graduates and undergraduates of the university at Toronto have decided to produce Sophocles' play of "Antigone" in the original Greek, after the manner in which "Œdipus Tyrannus" was presented at Harvard.

—The *aqua regia* of the old alchemists was a mixture of one volume of nitric and three volumes of chlorhydric acid, which alone has the power of dissolving gold, the rex metallorum of the Ancients.

—Herr Schott, one of the great European tenors, has signed an engagement for a six months' trip in America. The European votaries of the arts seem not averse to American admiration and money.

—The number of elementary substances now known is seventy-seven. Within five or six years fourteen new ones have been recognized

but none of them are of such importance as to require the remolding of chemical hand-books.

—The difference between anthracite and bituminous coal is this: Bituminous coal contains a certain amount of volatile substances varying from 15 to 60 per cent.; such a coal burns with a bright, yellow flame. Anthracite contains no volatile matter, and burns with very little flame, but produces intense heat.

—The greatest heat hitherto observed is found in Central Africa, in a region embracing part of Soudan, Abyssinia, Nubia and Caffreria. Thus it is seen that the hottest locality is not on the equator, as many persons suppose, but north of it, between the fifth and eighteenth degree of N. Lat., and the fifteenth and twentieth degree of E. Long.

—I visited George Eliot's grave at Highgate the other day, and was struck by the many touching tokens of affection which I saw there. It was a chill and cheerless autumn afternoon, but a number of beautiful flowers were lying at the foot of the cold, gray-granite pillar which tells who rests beneath. There is no grave in the cemetery more frequently asked for, and persons from all parts of the world visit it.—*Ex.*

—Theophrastes, in his work on Stones, mentions the lynxurium as possessing, like amber, when rubbed, the property of attracting very light bodies, such as barbs of feathers, filaments of wool, etc. Philologists tell us that this lynxurium of the ancients is our Tourmaline and that its name is derived from *λυγξ* and *οὐρον*; because the old physicists believed that that precious stone was formed of the secretions of the lynx.

—One of the curiosities of the Paris Electrical Exposition is a stamp of a telegraph pole which has been pecked through by woodpeckers. These birds recognize the existence of worms in wood by a fine ticking perceptible to their delicate senses; the vibration of the telegraph pole produces the same effect, deceiving the birds until they make a hole from side to side, but find no worm.

—Arctic exploration is again under a cloud. The "Jeannette" has been searched for in vain, and now the English scientists are disputing as to the best route to be pursued in order to reach an advanced position within the unknown area. The German Government has, however, asked the Reichsrath for 300,000 thalers in order that the Fatherland may join France and England in a proposed international expedition, which may be the means of at last arriving at a definite knowledge of that much explored region.

—The moon is, like the earth, an ellipsoid with three different axes: the shortest axis is from pole to pole; the next longest is that which lies in the direction our satellite moves—a direction which is very nearly perpendicular to the polar axis, as it is but slightly inclined to the plane of its ecliptic,—and the longest of all is on the line connected with the

earth that attracts it. The difference in the length of these axes is, however, but small: the mean axis would be $46\frac{1}{2}$ feet longer than the shortest one; and the longest, 186 feet longer than the mean one, or about $232\frac{1}{2}$ feet longer than the shortest one.

—That mineral coal is of vegetable origin is beyond all reasonable doubt; for the coal-beds, as well as the strata of shale and limestone which accompany them, generally abound in the impressions of leaves and stems of plants; and its texture closely resembles charcoal made from modern wood. Indeed, numerous large stumps of trees are found upright, or nearly so, with their roots still embedded in their native soil (old "dirt-beds"). At the time of its formation there were,—besides many genera and orders of trees totally unknown at the present day, such as the *Stigmariæ*, *Lepidodendrids*, *Sigillarids* and various species of *Calamites*,—horse tails, club mosses and tree-ferns, all of enormous size, which are found to be very nearly allied to the comparatively diminutive specimens of the same orders of plants now existing in our climate.

It is certain that at the remote period of coal accumulation the earth was covered by an extremely rank, most luxuriant vegetation; and that a nearly tropical heat pervaded the entire surface. This we know to have been the case; for the cellular tissues of those coal-plants—all of them of tropical or sub-tropical growth—attained such vast proportions, and increased so wonderfully fast, that they could have existed only in very warm, moist latitudes.

—It is said, and is believed by not a few persons, that the word "Canada" is derived from two Spanish etymons, "cañ nada," i. e., here nothing. They contend that the Spaniards visited this country previous to the French, in search after gold and silver; but finding none, they repeatedly exclaimed, in the hearing of the Indians, "cañ nada!" "cañ nada"! The latter learned and remembered the expression, and repeated it to the French when these first landed on the banks of the St. Lawrence. The French, who knew less of Spanish than the Indians, supposed that that was the name of the country, and called it "Canada." But we think that this is an entirely gratuitous assertion; for we have failed to find any reputable authority in support of it. It is even not proved that the Spaniards did visit this part of America before the French. The more scientific and the more generally received opinion concerning the etymology of the word in question is that it is derived from an Iroquois word, *Kanata* or *Kannata*, which signifies a collection of huts, a village. When Jacques Cartier first landed on the site now occupied by the city of Quebec, he tells us that he met there the great chief Donnacona, whose ordinary residence was at Stadacona, a village on the River St. Charles about 3 miles from its confluence with the St. Lawrence, and who was ruler of the kingdom of *Kannata*.

The Spectator.

ST. LAURENT COLLEGE, near Montreal, January 2, 1882.

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No is a small and simple word, and the necessity of being able to say it is, we think, obvious to all; yet how many can not sum up courage enough to give it utterance, even in cases where an emphatic refusal is absolutely necessary.

"In the bright lexicon of youth," says Lord Lytton, "there should be no such word as 'fail.'" Never say "I can't," never be discouraged. Remember that every cloud has a silver lining, and that if to-day the sky should be overcast, to-morrow the sun may shine forth with additional warmth and brilliancy. A drop of water dripping constantly on a stone will eventually wear it away, and there is no task, however great and arduous, which untiring perseverance and assiduous labor will not overcome!

Parents become aware of the progress which their sons are making in College principally by means of their letters. When they receive a letter they attentively scan the sheet, note each blomish which disfigures it, and comment upon each perceptible improvement. There can be no doubt that faults of negligence are a serious source of annoyance to the fond mother and father; and, since the progress of their children is so great a cause of pleasure to parents, all, and especially the younger pupils, should be desirous of having their letters well written and correctly spelled.

To insure the rapid growth and prosperity of a country, either a national spirit must exist, and

be cherished by her citizens, or her interests must be entirely common with those of another nation. To enjoy the first, she must be free and independent; to possess the second, she must be so completely merged into that other nation that she forms an irrecognizable part thereof. Neither of these cases represents Canada to-day; for, separated as she is, physically and morally, from the Mother Country, her interests do not, and we think cannot, receive the attention they should command. This has been to a certain degree the cause of her tardy development. Her people have nothing to urge them on—no national spirit breathes energy into their souls; no purely common interests exist. But let her be independent, and then her citizens, proud of their country and filled with patriotic sentiments, will spring to action; then her great and numerous resources shall at length receive the attention so long denied them. Though convinced that independence should be and will be the future of Canada, we wish not to advocate it prematurely; the country is not yet in a condition to gain therefrom. She must still continue to grow and to develop her resources *slowly*, till she reaches such a state of strength, wealth and general prosperity as will enable her to meet the expenditures necessarily incumbent on a free country. Then, and not till then, could independence prove a boon to Canada.

Here, as in all other educational institutions, there exists a laudable emulative spirit; but it can by no means be said that this ardor is present in all of our students. Some allow their ambition to soar too high, until *the man* is entirely lost in dense clouds of conceit; others possess that very worthy cast of mind which permits them to display their whole intelligence without revealing impulses destructive to their companionship; whilst others seem endowed with natures into which the desire of excelling has never entered, and from which the love of ease is loath to depart. These are species of the student which are invariably found in every school and college; and, though each may be useful to society, we never fail to grant our deepest respect to those whose every quality is commendable. All should, then, endeavor to bear away the class honors of the coming year, for it is a duty which we owe to ourselves and to our parents. Nor must we think that our labors have no other reward than the accumulation of useful knowledge. There is a boundless

pleasure in feeling that we have exerted all our faculties in gleaming the ripened fruitage of learning, and a keen satisfaction in scanning the harvest which we have reaped. Those who carry away the honors of their classes have, however, something dearer than all this to solace them for their hours of toilsome study. They may, at the close of the year return to their homes, and offer on the altar of filial love and devotion the success of their labors; and, as fond parents drop tears of joy on the heads low bowing for the parental blessing, the gladness which chokes their utterance becomes a priceless treasure of memory to the student. Knowing this, there should be no necessity of exhortation, in order that every one of us may throw his whole energy into the duties before him, and comfort weary nature with the thoughts of happiness in store.

What time more appropriate than the beginning of the year for reviewing the work of the past, and, having taken a retrospective view of our labors, for planning out a course for the future? Thus, viewing the coming months through the imagery of those so lately buried in the grave of the never more, and acquiring an accurate knowledge of the faults which may retard our onward progress, we arm ourselves for the battle of life. Oh! could we see the reverses sprouting up on every side, the thorns of trouble ready to pierce our wearied, struggling limbs, the gloomy abysses of shame and sorrow opening to embrace their victims, then how zealously would we labor in order that we might hoard up a useful store of knowledge to guard us from the dangers of the cold unsympathetic world! Though we do not know the perils prepared for us individually, though we cannot pierce the silent gloom in the dull echoless caverns of futurity; yet, well do we know the pitfalls of the past, and easily may we divine the possibilities of the future; and, by making a careful study of our inclinations, we can clothe ourselves in an armor impossible to be penetrated by the well-directed shafts of armed foes. College life opens out a vast field for the development of our powers, and an awakening of all the latent energies sleeping beneath the surface of our non-progressive natures. All the duties, therefore, incumbent on student life should be carefully and faithfully performed; and, though we may not at present see the advantage of many of the smaller offices falling to our lot, still may we rest assured that

the older and wiser heads who have our well-being at heart have already learned the benefits accruing therefrom, and will guide us with all proper attention to our immediate and future wants. We should then pursue our classes in an obedient and compliant spirit; and, though oftentimes we weary of our tasks, and our books have not the power to charm away our dullness, a glance at the freshening vista of our lives will lure us back to labor and to study. Judging from the past, however, there seems to be no pressing need of renewed exertions: but it is well to keep ever before our minds the great necessity of persevering in our efforts.

The literary associations, so well adapted to building up self-confidence, have, it is true, large rolls of membership; but thus far they have not accomplished labor in proportion to their members and talent. New Year's is the time to commence with new-born zeal, to write bright pages on the minute books, to place fair records on the scroll of memory. Let each one of us then constitute himself a brick in the wall of industry; and, by our honest exertions, do our utmost to elevate the societies to a standard of excellence, alike honorable to ourselves and to our *Alma Mater*. There is something else which demands a brief portion of our attention. This is the little SPECTATOR which came amongst us timid and fearful, and petitioned our protection. To those who have aided us in our efforts, we are grateful; to those whose assistance we sought and did not receive, we still cherish kindly feelings; for they have taught us how much we can rely upon our own manliness, and upon the intellectual faculties with which God has graced our beings. Hereafter, when respite is afforded in the busy whirl of our existence, we may for a few brief moments close our ears to the steady tick which tells that time is fleeting, and which serves, as it were, for a funeral march on our journey to the grave; and then, when we recall our labors for the SPECTATOR, will we not smile over each loved recollection, and more than all over this issue, wishing our friends and patrons HAPPY, JOYOUS NEW YEAR!

A wife wanted her husband to sympathise with her in a feminine quarrel, but he refused saying: "I've lived long enough to know that one woman should be as good as another, if not better." "And I," replied the wife, "have lived long enough to know that one man is as bad as another, if not worse."

PERSONALS.

Mr. Hugh Carroll, '74, is practising Law in Pawtucket, R. I.

Mr. Charles Millette, M.D., is practicing in Manchester, Mass.

Mr. Eusébe Senecal, '73, is working with his father in Montreal.

Rev. Emile Piché, '70, is an honored member of the Fathers of St. Vincent de Paul, in Manchester, England.

Rev. Patrick Morrissey, '72, is parish priest in Sedalia, Mo.

N. Viau is Notary Public and Professor of Music at St. Laurent College.

Rev. John Hickey, David Herlihy, John D. McGann, '76, were raised to the dignity of priesthood on the 17 ult., in the Grand Seminary of Montreal.

Rev. E. J. Moriarty, '77, was ordained on the same day at the Grand Provincial Seminary, Troy.

Rev. Patrick Coyle, Thomas Elliott, John Cuff, '77, were ordained deacons, in the Montreal Seminary. Rev. James Mahon, '78, sub-deacon, and Mr. T. Barré, C.S.C., Professor of Prosody, received Minor Orders. We wish them all success.

MULTA, NON MULTUM.

- '82!
- Shawls!
- Letters!
- Dancing!
- "Big Sue."
- Vacations!
- Xmas Boxes!
- Sambo and Bones!
- Happy New Year!
- Magnificent weather!
- "Point of disorder"!
- Hurrah for the *congés*!
- Poets, poets and such poets!!
- "He fell—but rose again."
- "Mista Johnson will soon be here."
- Michael and his bull dog!!
- The second table has Coffey and T. Daley.
- Santa Claus has visited many minims.
- "He takes up the paper,—a-and-d reads."
- Did M. put the dynamite under the Court house?
- Now's the time, boys, to engage in billiard contests.
- We wish our subscribers a Happy New Year!
- Kikero's chair broke down under its load of wisdom.
- " 'Tis gone, 'tis gone, the old year's gone—to bed forever!"
- Something very desirable to have on hand at present—gloves.
- "Home, sweet home; there's no place like home"—especially at Christmas.
- The Band acquired new laurels for itself at Côte des Neiges, on the 15th ult.

—Motto for the farmer, make hay while the sun shines: for the student, study while the snow lasts.

—Did you see the overcoat and the hat going around the other day, with a subscription list and lead pencil?

—Achilles met the Trojan Hector on the arena, and again the haughty Argive conquered Ilium.

—"All good things must have an end," as some one with a rueful countenance said when the Christmas dinner was over.

—At a special meeting of the staff held last evening in the sanctum, it was resolved that inveterate punsters be discharged.

—This week there were about thirteen applicants for admission to the infirmary. The bakers' dozen having been bread in a more floury clime, kneaded consolation; cause,—*blues*.

—Boy accidentally running against another exclaimed with dismay, "Oh! there goes my watch." Taking it from his pocket he found, sure enough, that it was going.

—The poet looking over the barren fields sighs, "where are the flowers, the beautiful flowers." We would say that many fine specimens may be seen adorning the class rooms and apartments of the Rev. Professors.

—A communication has been received at the sanctum; it proves to be too short for an essay and too long for a local, and has, consequently, been consigned to its proper receptacle,—the waste basket.

—A sad catastrophe occurred in the vicinity of M's desk, the other day, and he asserted that his downfall was accelerated by sundry taps from some one's boots. When he struck the floor one would imagine he'd sat on a tack.

—All persons should remember that taking articles without the owner's knowledge should not be indulged in; especially when they know that the owners need the articles at the time of the simple mathematical operation.

—The mucilage and ink bottles recently had a falling-out in one of the desks in the study-hall, and the result was that the owner of the desk had his hands full—of work for an hour afterwards. We do not wish to paint the beauty of the scene revealed to our admiring eyes.

—Improvements are still being planned in and around the college. A new railroad will shortly be laid from Montreal to St. Laurent and several of the outlying towns. It will pass within a hundred yards of the college, and will thus afford to the students a rapid and commodious means of travel.

—The "Hero of the Evening" so strained his oratorical powers during the late debate, that on the following day he felt indisposed and was obliged to seek the quiet solitude of the infirmary. We called to see him during the day, and found him lying supinely on a sofa, giving vent to unholy and monotonous sounds, which,

judging from their sonorous vibration, came from the bottom of his heart.

—On Thursday, the 15th ult., the new college at Cote des Neiges was blessed by his Lordship Bishop Fabre of Montreal. A great many secular and religious priests from Montreal assisted at the very beautiful and impressive ceremony. His Lordship seemed well pleased with the architecture of the new Notre Dame, and highly complimented the Very Rev. Father Louage on the brilliant success which crowned his zealous labors. The St. L. Brass Band under the direction of Prof. N. Viau, and the St. Cecilia Orchestra under the leadership of Mr. E. F. Somers, discoursed some very fine selections.

—At one of the late weekly public meetings of the St. Patrick's Literary Association, the following subject was debated: "Resolved that Gen. U. S. Grant has shown greater military abilities than Gen. R. E. Lee." The disputants were Messrs. E. J. Murphy and G. W. Brown for the affirmative, and Messrs. J. J. Lenehan and Thos. Nealon for the negative. It is needless to say that the gentlemen admirably executed their respective parts in the handling of their subject, and gave ample proofs both of their abilities as debaters and of their skill in composition. Rev. Father E. Meahan, after making a few pointed remarks, awarded the palm of victory to the upholders of the negative, thus disappointing a few of the audience who greatly desired our national hero to carry the day. Special mention is due to Mr. E. J. Murphy for his excellent refutations. Messrs. T. Nealon and M. Carey rendered some pleasing vocal music, the former before, the latter after, the debate.

—Midnight Mass was celebrated Christmas eve in the College Chapel, by Rev. President Geoffrion, C.S.C., assisted by Rev. E. Meahan, C.S.C., as deacon, and J. A. White, C.S.C., sub-deacon. The chapel was beautifully decorated, and the altars, with their myriads of lights, seemed to reflect the happiness of the world; whilst the flowers, mute symbols of purity and innocence, appeared to gaze upon the students with unspoken love, as slowly, silently, and devotedly they approached the Communion Table. The music was superior; and, as the full tones of the organ pealed forth in harmonious unison with the voices of the choir, we feel certain that every heart was penetrated with religious fervor, and that every soul arose in prayer which was wafted upward on the strains of that thrilling melody. Many of the students who, for the first time, assisted at Midnight Mass felt, no doubt, sensations, the remembrance of which will never be eradicated, but even those who have been at St. Laurent for many years, must have loved that scene on which the angels were looking with approving smiles.

It does not help the temperance movement a particle for our young men to take a pledge at the pawnbroker's.

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. Brossard, J. Broderick, A. Caron, A. Champagne, J. B. Choinière, J. Coffey, M. Carey, J. Cochrane, D. Donovan, T. J. Daley, F. J. Clifford, J. Deslauriers, J. Finn, J. Finon, H. Gernon, W. T. Grace, H. J. Geraghty, T. J. Gearys, L. Girouard, J. Hennessy, J. M. Kennedy, E. Kelly, W. J. Kelly, H. Langlois, J. Legault, D. Lowney, W. T. Lalonde, R. Leahy, Z. Migneron, J. McKinnon, D. Mullins, J. Mullins, D. O'Connor, J. O'Donnell, O. Rice, C. Renaud, P. Renault, G. St. Julien, A. Tourangeau, A. Théoret, R. Walsh.

JUNIORS.

O. Bertrand, J. Baxter, J. Beaudet, W. Barron, C. Brodeur, E. Cardinal, R. Charbonneau, V. Deslauriers, A. Hudon, E. Larin, H. Larivée, A. Lefebvre, O. Lafleur, E. Murphy, A. Pinet, H. Plouffe, H. Perrault, W. Polan, M. Pilon, J. St. John, P. St. Jean, F. X. Smith, L. Tremblay.

MINIMS.

H. Barbeau, G. Chagnon, R. Clerk, J. B. Clement, A. Chapleau, A. Charlebois, M. Gahan, E. Galarneau, O. Gauthier, E. Lavigne, Alf. Lachance, E. Lesperance, R. Marcotte, S. Moison, P. Martin, S. Ostel, 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, W. Lalonde, J. Brossard.

Junior Class.—D. E. Murphy, E. J. Murphy, D. Mullins, T. A. Nealon, R. Walsh.

Belles Lettres.—G. W. Brown, J. Coffey, T. Daley, J. Finon, C. Kelley, D. M. Lowney, J. J. Lenehan, E. F. Somers.

Prosody.—J. Conway, J. B. Choinière, J. Daly, L. Girouard, L. Guertin, J. Hopwood, J. Kennedy, F. Murray, Z. Migneron, F. O'Connor.

Syntax.—J. Cochrane, M. Carey, P. H. Carey, A. Champagne, A. Guertin, F. H. Gerry, F. Jasmin, E. Kelly, P. Laframboise, J. Mullins, J. McKinnon, D. O'Connor, M. Sheridan, A. Tourangeau.

Introductory.—J. Armstrong, H. Geraghty, Wm. Grace, Geo. Harrison, H. P. Moynagh, E. Valiere.

COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT.

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

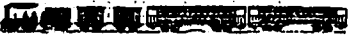
Fourth Year.—A. Bocquet, H. Drouin, H. Langlois, A. Pinet, J. Smith, N. Viau.

Third Year.—H. Burridge, R. Charbonneau, J. Fee, J. Gohier, A. Hudon, R. Keating, Wm. Lantlum, E. Murphy, J. O'Brien, J. O'Reilly, C. O'Shaughnessy, E. St. Cyr, A. Valade, H. Wall.

Second Year.—H. Beaudoin, J. Beaudet, O. Bertrand, J. Baxter, J. Broderick, W. Coleman, J. Finn, D. Fingleton, A. Harwood, O. Lafleur, P. Laronde, A. Lefebvre, A. McGinness, J. Mullins, J. Polan, H. Plouff, F. Rose, J. St. John, O. Tourangeau, D. Tobin.

First Year.—B. Curran, V. Deslauriers, D. Dalton, J. Deslauriers, J. Delorme, D. Hilly, W. Kelly, A. Laronde, P. St. Jean, G. St. Jean.

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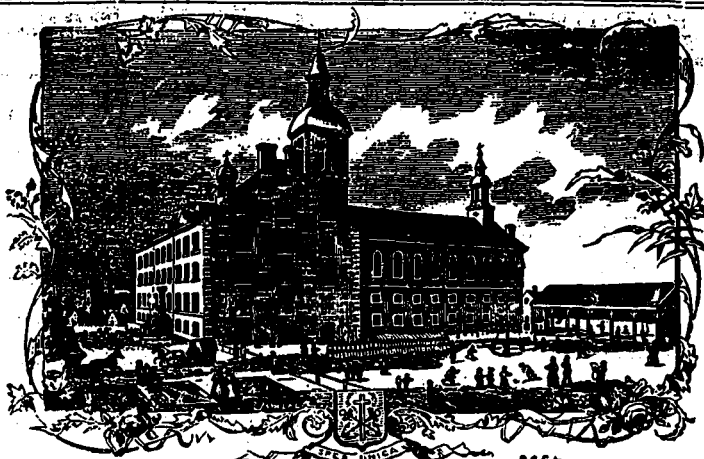
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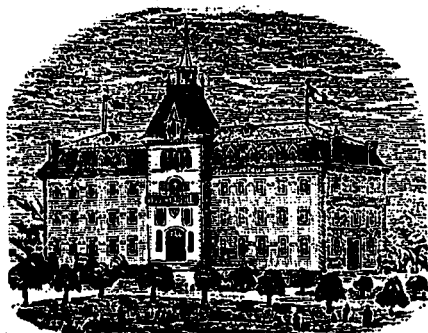
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