

THE SPECTATOR.

Parva Magni Nominis Umbra.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY DURING THE SESSION.

VOL. III.

ST. LAURENT COLLEGE, MONTREAL, DECEMBER 14, 1881.

No. III.

DAWNING OF CHRISTMAS MORN.

W. J. K.

'Twas Christmas eve, the night was bitter cold,
Winds whistled through the trees all leafless, bare;
I slept, forgetting every pain and care,
And saw in dream an angel,—grace untold!—
Who stood upon elysian banks of gold.
Around him glittered jewels bright and fair,
And richer, too, than any kings can wear.
Above his head sweet clouds of incense rolled.
Beside him, pure with Christ's redeeming blood,
The dazzling sea of man's salvation glowed.
Around him glittered rays of mellow light.
The angel looking, smiled, and soon a flood
Of music rare, enchanting, 'round him flowed,
And ushered Christmas morn upon my sight.

FOOTPRINTS.

BY R. W.

"There is nothing new under the sun," so the philosopher said many years ago. The same bright orb of day shone upon our ancestors as it shines upon us. They beheld the same starry dome of heaven. The places where we walk have been trodden by others before, and future generations will follow in our footsteps. It is only man who changes. The same life drama is being enacted now as was enacted in past centuries. The old actors disappear, and new ones succeed them upon the stage. Some in the past played their part well, received their meed of applause, and withdrew; some acted indifferently, and their presence was barely tolerated; while others failed ignominiously, and were hustled off the stage to make room for more successful rivals. The same may, in truth, be said of the actors at the present time. We all play our little part, the curtain falls, the scene is at an end, the actors disappear. But those who pass away leave behind them a memory: the more successful they have been, the deeper and more lasting the impression.

We are all in a certain sense imitators. The child loves to follow in the footsteps of his parent; the patriot of to-day models his life after that of Washington; the soldier ambitious for glory walks in the footsteps of Napoleon; the painter strives to imitate a Raphael; so each succeeding generation follows in the footsteps of those which have gone before. Ancient usages, also, have always had a strong hold

upon the human race. When Rome was at the height of her glory and splendor, her generals and statesmen would not tolerate innovations; they felt, if they walked in the footsteps of their ancestors, men of sterling worth; if they followed ancient customs, they could not go astray. So great is the tendency to do as others, have done, and to strive to outdo them if possible, that there are few lands undiscovered; there are few places which the enterprise and daring adventurous spirit of man has not impelled him to explore. The footsteps of man have traversed over the barren regions of the North Pole with its masses of perpetual snow; have penetrated into the desert wilds of Africa; have descended into the hidden recesses under ground, to wrench from mother earth the treasures concealed in her bosom.

It is well known that man exerts an influence upon those around him for good or evil. Example, as well as precept, has a share in moulding the character. If we walk in the footsteps of others, and others in turn follow after us, how important is it that the impressions which we leave behind should be clear and distinct. The hunter with his faithful dog tracks the wild beast to his lair by following the footprints in the snow, or the soft yielding soil; the traveller lost in the forest follows the footprints of the guide, in order that he may extricate himself from his unpleasant situation; desolation marks the progress of the advancing army; the mountain torrent in its mad, furious course carries destruction in its wake; so the paths which we have trodden are marked by the footprints which we leave behind. Let not man walk in those devious, winding paths that may cause another following after to stumble or lose his way; but rather let him walk in such a manner that another, perhaps wearied, following in his footprints, may catch a gleam of hope to cheer him on his journey. It is a mark of a wise man to follow the wise and good; but sometimes, indeed, owing to the weakness of human nature, the footprints of those whom we follow fall in marshy ground, and are for the time obliterated; but we who follow and observe well their footsteps may avoid the pitfalls and the discomfiture consequent upon their mishaps.

All have capabilities for great things. Man is hardly aware of his own power till circumstances call forth his latent energies. We should

study the lives of men who left an impress on their ago, and endeavor to walk in their footsteps; for,

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime;
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."

There are grand opportunities open to all. The example of those who overcame the same obstacles which we have to encounter, who walked bravely, fearlessly on in the path of right and duty, who succeeded in their undertakings, and came forth victorious in life's battle, should be an encouragement to those who falter, and an incentive to the faint-hearted to make greater exertions. There are many unseen dangers in the path; but as the beacon light points out to the mariner the hidden rocks and reefs, so great men by their lives and teachings point out to us the dangers we must avoid if we would guide our frail bark safely over life's troubled sea to the haven of everlasting rest.

It is good for the man absorbed in the cares of business, whose mind is engrossed by the multifarious duties of his station, whose heart is bent upon the accumulation of wealth to turn for a time from the hard, dusty road, and follow the footprints of a little child who, in its innocent glee, loves to wander over the broad green meadows jewelled with wild flowers, and along the banks of the purling brook where the blushing rose, with keen delight, bursts its tiny petals to diffuse sweet fragrance on the summer air. It is good for the student to ask himself as he stands by the couch of the dying year, if he has walked faithfully in the path of knowledge,—if he has culled on the way, rich, ripe blossoms to adorn his mind,—or, if he has walked blindly, heedlessly on, having no aim, no destination, his footsteps oftentimes entangled in the briars and thorns by the wayside. Very many go astray for want of proper direction. How many little feet, now, alas! wandering about in our large cities, straying into devious paths, and lost amidst the labyrinths of sin, might be diverted from their erring ways and directed in the paths of usefulness and duty!

The Christian loves to mark the footprints of the aints, who walked, in humility and self-denial, the narrow path which leads to eternal happiness. With feelings of veneration, he marks the sad, yet glorious journeys of the martyrs, whose footprints were stained by their own life-blood. While the whole Christian world rejoices in this happy season of Christmas, and while we, in silent adoration, gaze upon the crib where tiny feet peep forth from the covering—insufficient to keep away the cold of winter, we can not but think of the sorrowful journey those feet must travel, ere, tired and exhausted, they wend their way to the hill of Calvary. For the Infant born on Christmas morn long ago, came from the glory of His heavenly home to mark out the path for us, that, by walking in His footsteps, we might gain eternal life.

THE RUINS OF TIME.

G. W. B.

When we contemplate what magnificent and firm structures existed in past ages, when the kings and princes of old enjoyed themselves in their beautiful abodes, the thought naturally comes to us, where now are those works of art? Where are the palaces and temples of the ancient Greeks, Romans and Egyptians? They have fallen noble victims to the destroying hand of Time; Time, that powerful master, has caught them in his arms, as it were, and crushed them out of existence.

Let us transport ourselves in imagination back to the time when the emperors of Rome were in their glory; when Rome held her proud head above all other nations, and triumphantly proclaimed herself the mistress of the world. What splendor do we see there displayed; what grandeur surrounded the rulers on every side; what lasting monuments were then raised in honor of their exploits; what magnificent temples were dedicated to their false gods! Where now are these wonderful monuments—those masterpieces of architecture—where are they? The echo of an unknown voice floats gently to my ear conveying the intelligence that they are all gone, gone forever; they made an excellent repast upon which ravenous Time has long since feasted.

Let us imagine how picturesque a domicile in some far distant land must look, over which fleet Time has driven his destructive chariot, where the remaining stately pillars, under the sore light of the moon, cast dark and gloomy shadows. There stand the fragments of the wall which often resounded with the joyous shout of the child, but now they are forsaken; there they stand, alone, the remnants of what was, but will never be again; there they stand confirming the saying that all things must moulder and decay. The placid stream in the distance meanders along with its accustomed stillness, and in its depths are reflected myriads of shining stars. No more shall its shores echo with the joyous peal of laughter, for the inhabitants of that once stable mansion have long since been summoned to their Maker—they, too, have fallen by the sword of mighty Time. In fact, the whole scene, by its loneliness and wild appearance, cannot fail to inspire us with fear, and at the same time fill our souls with transports of joy in contemplation of its sublimity.

There is something in the ruins of time upon which we cannot but deeply meditate, for, undoubtedly, in all respects, they resemble the life of man. The erection of the structure corresponds to our boyhood days, during which time our frame gradually develops and our minds are stored with everything necessary for our position in life. But in after years the structure begins to lose its former firmness, the walls crumble, the stones decay, until, finally, it becomes a perfect ruin. So with man, old age soon comes upon him, his feeble limbs totter under him, his sight and memory fail, until a final

change comes through his wearied frame, and, gasping he bids farewell to his loving friends, and speaks no more—he dies!

Thus we see how powerful is Time. It is something which nothing can restrain, nothing can impede its onward march: generation after generation has passed away, and the works of ages decayed, still Time is as fresh as ever, flying with the same speed as it did thousands of years ago, a speed which is almost inconceivable to the mind of man.

Oh! how careful should we be lest we may be so unfortunate as to lose any part of this precious time: if it once escapes our grasp we cannot redeem it, and its loss we may dearly buy. To man's false ideas Time, in advance, hides his wings behind him and seems to creep, decrepid with his age; behold him when past: what then is seen but his broad pinions, swifter than the winds? All mankind, in strong contradiction, rueful and aghast, cry out on his career—

“O, Time! than gold more sacred; more a load
Than lead to fools, and fools reputed wise.
What moment granted man without account?
What years are squandered, wisdom's debt unpaid.”

A SCENE IN JUDEA.

(*Eighteen Hundred and Eighty-One years ago.*)

J. J. L.

It was a cold, bleak night in the month of December. The angry blast of the northern fiend swept away all that opposed its course; down into the lowly valley it rushed, as though it were seeking the bowels of the earth, then up the steep mountain side it travelled, hurling aside everything that opposed its mad career. The snow fell slowly and steadily, with its silent, tomblike stillness, but before it reached the ground the wind bore it away again on its fleet wings. At one moment the snow was piled into a vast mound, and at the next it was swept into the air, falling wherever chance accorded it a resting-place. But of all the places where the storm raged that dreadful night none was more lonely, unprotected and utterly forlorn than a little stable situated far down in the valley. The wind howled through the cracks of the old cave, and the cold was so intense, so bitterly piercing, that the poor dumb animals shivered and trembled with the cold. The snow was piled up against its sides in large banks, and as an occasional blast struck the drift, it drove the flakes through the crevices and filled the miserable interior with snow. Thus the storm raged that eventful night throughout the length and breadth of the valley: the fierce wind playing with the trees and cottages in its own wild, capricious way, and singing a chant that rose wild and weird from the depths of the valley, and echoed through every cavern and hollow of the surrounding mountains.

“God help those who are shelterless to-night”
was the pious wish of those safely seated

in their warm houses before the cosy fireplace. But who are they that drag their weary limbs across the mountain top, and direct their tottering steps to that poor cave? Surely, it must be some foolhardy huntsman caught in the storm; but, look closer, and see;—there is a woman! How weak she looks,—scarcely able to stand erect; see the man, how gently he leads her along. It must, indeed, be something unusual that has caused them to be abroad on such a night. We follow them, as they go slowly and painfully toward the lonely stable. See the lady now, for she is still a lady, despite her humble dress; look at the noble lineaments of her countenance, though stained by travel and worn by sickness and unrest. How noble, how gentle she looks, as she lies there on the straw, pale and fair—a tender bud in the wild garden of the world—a fragrant rose amid the gentle flowers of Christendom—an incomparable lily of the valley. Oh! Mary, sweet mother, for it is thou who liest in this poor dwelling—thou, the Queen of Heaven and of earth. Why hast thou come to such a lonely place as this? Oh! sweetest virgin that ever drew breath upon this mortal earth, why hast thou come to this dreary stable?

The storm abates, the wind abandons its mad career, the snow ceases to fall, and the bright lustre of the heavens shines forth. The moon casts its gentle, glimmering rays upon the roof of the stable, no longer lonely; and the stars seem to beam with unwonted brilliancy in the azure vault. The cave is bright with a supernatural light, and an infant child lies naked in a manger. Need it be told who that child is? Need his mission on earth be named? No, for it is engraven on the heart of every Christian in letters of fire; and as long as man lives and cherishes a sentiment of gratitude in his breast, so long shall that name be honored, venerated and loved.

EXCHANGES.

—*The Canadian Spectator*, an able journal published in Montreal, proves to be a very interesting and, we may add, impartial spectator of the current topics of Canada. The last number which came to us contains many interesting and instructive items on literature, music, politics, etc. We must, however, say that the diction of some articles did not particularly attract our admiration. Still, we were well pleased with its entire “get up,” and heartily welcome our sister *Spectator* to our sanctum.

—Among the many journals devoted to the interests of Catholicism in the United States, we know of none, at the present day, that gives evidence of a brighter future than the *Connecticut Catholic*. Joyfully we hailed its advent, and perused its columns with interest; but found nothing that could offend the most delicate sensibility, or leave a blemish upon its bright name. Though devoted to, and claiming as its aim, the interest of the Church, it is ever replete

with the choicest articles upon the current subjects of the day. Its editorials abound in pure, solid and well-written truths, which convince the mature judgment and profundity of the writer. The literary and scientific notes are always carefully selected, and of the highest order. The quarter devoted to the entertainment of young people cannot fail to attract attention, and at the same time reflect credit upon the person in charge, whose zeal and taste, in selecting and preparing such interesting and moral stories for the benefit of all readers, are deserving of great praise. On the whole, we cannot but compliment the editor upon the neat appearance and arrangement of his paper, and recommend its perusal by all Catholic lovers of chaste reading. While predicting for the *Catholic* a long and successful career, it is our earnest wish that it may long continue to visit our sanctum.

—*The Harp*, a magazine of general literature devoted to the interests of Irishmen "at home and abroad," makes its appearance as a monthly publication. The material disposition of the present issue differs somewhat from the past numbers; but, we are glad to say, the difference is decidedly on the side of improvement. With this number it opens a new serial story entitled, "Too strange not to be true." This romance is from the gifted pen of Lady Georgiana Fullerton. The opening chapters are interesting, and predict a charming story, containing just sufficient sentiment to render it acceptable to the general reading public. Nothing poor or degrading emanates from the fruitful imagination of this gifted writer. Her scenes are laid in places where the very atmosphere teems with a virtuous odor; her characters are all well drawn; a nice discrimination of small peculiarities of temperament is easily and happily portrayed, and no opportunity of inculcating the principles of virtue and morality is lost. The success of this renowned English writer is apparent to all frequenters of public libraries, where her volumes are in greater demand than those of any of her female contemporaries. Without doubt the readers of *The Harp* will be pleased with the appearance of this story in the columns of their favorite magazine. During the past month *The Harp* has changed its proprietor and base of operations; hereafter, Mr. Cornelius Donovan may be entitled to the credit of all the merits of this periodical, which is published at his place of residence, Hamilton, Ont.

—*The Catholic Columbian*, a very interesting weekly, published in Columbus, O., claims a most rightful share of our attention. We do but simple justice to the *Columbian* when we say that it is indeed an ably edited journal, and a powerful advocate of true education, morality and religion. The reverend editor handles religious and social subjects in a most effective and judicious manner. When called upon to

express his opinions, to refute mis-statements, to correct erroneous opinions, or to caution against abuses, he exhibits in a very lucid and straightforward manner the right and the wrong; and invariably and boldly, yet with perfect suavity and elegance of manner, declares for the former, even if such declaration hurt somebody's feelings. It is very evident that the facile and neat pen which writes those short, crisp articles of the fourth page of *Catholic Columbian* remembers at all times that it is wielded by a priest, and will not be betrayed, even under the greatest provocation, to hazard the least unseemly expression. The *Catholic Columbian* is indeed a model paper, and truly worthy of admiration. In it we do not see a confused and pernicious medley of good and bad matter: every article breathes a truly religious spirit; and there is nothing—even in the jokes which we meet here and there—that would bring a blush to the purest-minded reader. May *The Catholic Columbian* continue to flourish, and to deserve the good opinion of those who seek for a pure, an elevating, a worthy press.

We cheerfully acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges:—*Archangel, El valle de Mexico, Oxford and Cambridge Undergraduate Journal, Sunbeam, Canadian Spectator, Harp, Connecticut Catholic, Revue Canadienne, College Message, Scholastic, Catholic Shield, Varsity.*

DIVERSA.

—Gambetta has made arrangements to start a new organ in Marseilles. This paper, *Le Mirabeau*, will make its first appearance at the beginning of next year.

—General Moltke has given as his opinion of the practicability of aerial navigation that it is only a question of time and the invention of the proper motive power.

—The latest astronomical calculations agree in fixing the value of the solar parallax at 8".79. This would make the distance of the earth from the sun considerably greater than has been generally supposed of late.

—The Bourbon family has produced thirty-five kings of France, thirteen of Sicily, twenty-three of Portugal, eleven of Navarre, four of Spain, four of Hungary, Croatia and Slavonia, seven emperors of Constantinople, one hundred dukes of Burgundy, Brittany, Anjou, Lorraine, Bourbon and Brabant.

—Oliver Wendell Holmes says:

"We have to take the brains as they come; and the range of difference is enormous. Have we not seen young men who had been for three or four whole years rained on with professional teachings of all kinds, upon whom the axioms of science have been dropping long enough to wear hollows in a stone, and who have come out of the showers of instruction with intellects as dry of knowledge as if Mr. Mackintosh had furnished each of their trains with an impermeable *dura mater*?"

—The seven colors of the rainbow seem at first sight to be precisely analogous to the seven notes of the musician's diatonic scale, yet composers do not regard this. They habitually refer the various colors to the different qualities of tone, noting correspondence between vermilion and brilliant tones, as of the trumpet, etc., and rich browns to the lower notes of the trombones, etc. Thus they regard the rendering of a symphony for the orchestra on the pianoforte as a gorgeous painting reduced to a steel engraving.—Ex.

—Not only does the moon reflect light; it also reflects heat, but in extremely small quantity—about the 280,000th part of that which we receive from the sun. Thus, if the sun can raise the C. thermometer 50 or 60 degrees above the ordinary temperature of air, the moon can raise only 5,000 of a degree. By collecting the moon's heat-rays in a large telescope, they might then raise it 50 of a degree, provided they could pass through the glass; and they cannot do so, except in very small quantity. Of the sun's heat, 80 per cent. passes through glass; of the moon's heat, only 12 per cent.

—So exceedingly small are the atoms of matter, and so comparatively large are the interstices which separate them, that it has been said, by no less a respectable authority than the great Newton himself, that if the atoms which compose the earth were made to touch one another, they might all, perhaps, be contained within a cubic inch. Of course, that cubic inch of matter would nearly weigh as much as the earth, such as it is, weighs; that is, about thirteen septillions pounds! We say "nearly"—not quite—"as much;" because by doing away with the interstices, the ether with which they are supposed to be filled would also be removed; and that ether, although extremely tenuous and light, is, like air, ponderable; that is, it weighs something.

—It is a common but erroneous opinion that fish is not as nutritive as flesh. Pound for pound, fish is fully as nutritious as butcher's meat. The latter takes a longer time to be digested and hence fills up the stomach, and satisfying the cravings of nature for a greater period seems to supply the needs of the system better than fish. But since nutrition does not commence until the food has been completely reduced in the stomach, and as fish is as nourishing and more readily digested than the flesh of warm-blooded animals, it follows that fish, though not remaining as long in the stomach, fulfills its office of food better and in a more satisfactory manner than butcher's meat.

—It must ever remain a mystery to candid men why certain minds reject all evidence of God's doings in a world which he himself created. It is the height of absurdity to say that it is impossible for the Creator to change, modify, afflict or heal his creatures. The physical laws have him for their lawgiver, and it is a commonplace that a lawgiver can dis-

ponse with his own laws. God did not make the world subject to a code of cast iron legislation which would defy himself to modify. If man can control the atoms of matter, and direct the great forces of nature; if he can make steam do his work, and electricity carry his thoughts; it certainly seems hard to deny to God a power to interfere in his own creation: he, assuredly, has given us dominion over the earth, but not to the exclusion of himself.

—If access to the best literature is the panacea which some have imagined it to be for the moral shortcomings of the masses, they ought, in the United States, to be now making an immense amount of progress. The poorest laborer of to-day enjoys literary advantages which a well-salaried divine did not command fifty years ago. Now the gems of English literature, whose cost a few years ago was far beyond the reach of persons of ordinary means, are, at the present day, a matter of a few cents. So marked is the difference between books published here and in England that Englishmen find it more profitable to send books to Great Britain at cheaper rates than to buy them at home. This fact proves that there all men meet on equal ground in the matter of access to good reading.

—Some one (we do not remember who) has very judiciously said:—

"No sound working brain without enough good blood to build it, repair it, and furnish the materials for those molecular changes which are the conditions essential to all nervous actions, intellectual and volitional; that is, an easy-working intelligence, well-balanced faculties and commanding will.

No good blood without a proper amount of proper food and air to furnish materials, and healthy organs to reduce a sufficient quantity of these materials to a state fit to enter the circulation.

No healthy organs, strictly speaking, except from healthy parents, and developed and maintained by proper stimuli, nourishment and use.

No healthy parents—no help for it."

—The most probable theory—one admitted as true by all leading geologists—accounting for the formation of coal-beds is that they were once immense tracts of the richest sub-tropical vegetation, of which we have now no examples or representations, except upon a small scale in the great swamps of India, Africa and South America. These enormous marshy fields of exuberant and profuse vegetation—the vegetation of age after age superimposed upon each other—were, by some depressing cause, lowered, until they became quite submerged beneath salt or fresh waters. Thus the field of former vegetation gave way to aquatic life. Then sand, mud and the remains of animals accumulated during, it may be, long ages, and formed successive strata of shale, grit and limestone over them. They were again upraised; similar vegetation appeared; and similar results followed with many alternations embracing millions of years in duration.

The Spectator.

ST. LAURENT COLLEGE, near Montreal, December 14, 1861.

Published semi-monthly during the session, contains select Poetry, Essays, Biographical Sketches; also short articles on Periodicals, New Publications; Art, Science, Literature, Editorials on the current topics of the day, Notes of the local items of the College, also Personals relative to the whereabouts and business of the Alumni. Students, parents and graduates are earnestly requested to contribute to the financial support of THE SPECTATOR.

Terms per annum, \$1.00 in advance. Postage prepaid.

All communications must be addressed to THE SPECTATOR, St. Laurent College, Montreal.

(Subscribers who do not receive their papers regularly will please notify THE SPECTATOR.)

We return our sincere thanks to Mr. James Fee N.Y. for the mark of approbation which he so kindly sent to us.

A great stir is still being made in Canadian politics. Of late there has developed an intense republican spirit, which seems destined to separate Canada from Mother England; but there is a great difference of opinion in respect to total independence and annexation to the United States. In either case, the feeling entertained is a happy one for the Dominion. Not to be free where all is freedom has much retarded her growth; and, annexed or independent, her fine resources will have a much more probable chance of development than in her present situation.

The world is full of irreligious books, and so many and great are the reasons for shunning them that no exhortation is necessary. When we consider those who have lost all trust in God we cannot but feel a mingling of pity and scorn. We pity them, because they throw away their chance of happiness; we scorn them for denying the Author of their existence. The lives and deaths of such men teach us a valuable lesson,—that we should avoid the path by which they came to their unbelief; and since unworthy books is a great propagator of irreligion we should zealously shun them. It is an easy matter to avoid works whose mission is proclaimed; but when the snares are laid in books in which they are not expected to be found a most diligent eye must be kept upon our reading. Words thoughtlessly indited often lead to grave consequences, and in order to preserve ourselves from the danger of these

pernicious results the utmost caution should be used to remove the cause from youthful minds, often too precipitate in drawing conclusions. The danger, of course, depends greatly upon the disposition of the reader; but, no matter how well-disposed a person may be, much and indiscriminate reading of irreligious articles cannot fail to bring about results more or less injurious to the reader. *Ingersollism* may not be the ultimate effect, but the faith in God may be so much shaken as to render a person unhappy.

There still appears no great change in the condition of Ireland. Evictions continue, and families are left destitute of shelter. Coercive measures have failed in their effects, whilst the Land Law has proved to be but the prelude to added trouble and suffering. It, by no means, seems to bring forth the exact issue which Mr. Gladstone had in view when he labored so zealously for its passage; but even *he* is not an infallible solver of the best means for ameliorating the condition of an oppressed people. Ireland's hopes are not, however, entirely dimmed; and, as a single star so long ago guided the Magi to the crib of the Redeemer, so may the star of Ireland's faith in her priests, still bright and growing brighter, gain for her the reward of all her sufferings, in a return of her former honor and plenty. The few cases in which reductions have been made, open out to us a new scene in the tragedy of the "Island Queen." The landlords claim that they are now reduced to an income too small to support the splendor to which they have become accustomed; but they will, no doubt, be amply compensated by the sympathy of their English brothers, who find in them more fitting objects of pity than they found in the starving children of a persecuted race.

In every University and College of any note whatever we find institutions whose chief aim is the furtherance of intellectual development amongst the students. That the object of their formation is generally achieved remains plainly evident from the fact that a great, and sometimes surprising, improvement is made by every one of their members. Of all these institutions, however, the Debating Society holds the first place, and cannot be too highly appreciated; for none other is more fruitful of good effects, nor in any other is our time more profitably spent; yet, after careful observation, it

seems to us that there are some students—few, indeed, still some—who little understand the many advantages afforded by this Society and the great benefit that would accrue to them were they active members. They think that, though called literary, it is mainly devoted to pleasure and amusement, and, consequently, they conclude that the time spent therein is lost and wasted. This is an egregiously erroneous idea, and the sooner they remove it and profit by the advantages this Society affords, the better for themselves. Debating sharpens the intellect, enlarges the imagination, nourishes the mind, and refines the judgment. On the whole, then, debating is the best and most profitable literary exercise in any society; and to him pursuing the art of oratory it invariably proves itself an unerring guide, a devoted tutor.

Why do we spend so much time in idleness? Life is not so long that we can afford to consume it without having anything worthy of man's exalted nature to show as a proof of labor, well and faithfully performed. He is the truly happy man who works industriously; for he feels that there is something far beyond the reach of the idle, which his persevering labor is daily bringing nearer to his grasp: and he knows that, by the attainment of this end, he will be possessed of some temporal happiness which, small though it be, destroys the monotony of an aimless existence. The idle say: "Tis hard to do this, and we can get along without it." On the contrary, we increase our pleasure in having done anything, by the consideration of the difficulty which opposed us, and which bowed before our persevering efforts. Those great deeds which are chronicled on the records of fame were not accomplished with ease, nor were they prompted by some of those ephemeral thoughts, nourished for a time, and then dropped into the abyss of forgetfulness. No, tenacious minds grappled with their difficulties; and, during days of ceaseless, unflagging toil, held in view the end which has placed their names upon the tablets of glory. Well do we know that, "though the rose has thorns, 'tis plucked"; and why should we not pluck the rose of success, unmindful of the thorns concealed beneath its blooming petals? They will pierce the fingers; but the wound is slight, and its pain is transient. There is, however, one great consideration, which should influence

us in persevering labor. Life is short and fleeting, eternity is lasting. If, then, we work industriously on earth, and faithfully perform the labors falling to our spheres of action, we will gain an eternal rest, where the sweet balm of Heaven will heal forever every wound, and the justice of a loving God will crown our success with the bright halo of well-earned peace.

Every year we keep sacred the day on which our Divine Saviour made his advent among men; and it has become to us a synonym for a day of happiness, joy, and peace. How often in days gone by have we lain awake at night, in anxious expectation, to see the shadowy form of "Santa Claus" gliding through the air to fill our stockings with toys and candies; and when our poor eyes were tired out, how we fell asleep to wake in the morning and, ere the sun had peeped through the window to find that the "good old man" had remembered us once more, and given us bounteous gifts for which to thank him and sing his praises for twelve months more. How our infantile fancy was charmed for a day by a new drum; but alas! how our joy turned to despair when we found that the little drummer who lives inside had flown as we cut the top off. What a severe reprimand we got when we shot a ramrod, just to see our new gun would work, down the poor cat's throat; and how mad we were when we broke our new trumpet trying to find what made the noise inside. But these are old stories of times that are past and gone, of days that shall never come again for us, days of unalloyed bliss such as we only know in childhood's happy hours. Yet, harmless and innocent as they were, they teach us a lesson that will always help us through life, and may be useful to us in our hour of need. They teach us to fight the world persistently and courageously, never to be cast down by troubles and afflictions but to surmount all obstacles, and to remember that the darkest cloud has a silver lining. As we listen to the merry tinkling of the sleigh bells as they gradually come down the road, pass and die away in the distance, as we hear the joyous laughter and gladsome cries of the skaters, as we catch the majestic tolling of some old church bell reverberating across the wide, unbroken plain of trackless snow, and echoing through the leafless woods, down in the lowly valley and up on the mountain top, all seem to whisper to us a heavenly message, and say in celestial unison, "WE WISH YOU ALL A MERRY, MERRY CHRISTMAS."

PERSONAL.

—Nicholas Murphy, '70, is working with his father at Batisann, P. Q.

—Richard Kelly, '73, is doing well in the wholesale and retail grocery business at Taftville, Conn.

—James O'Neil, '73, is travelling agent for a Montreal firm.

—Dan. Donegan, '72, is doing a successful business as coal merchant, New York City.

—John Clark, '74, is practicing Law in Brooklyn, N. Y.

—D. McCarthy, '71, is teaching school in New York City.

—Dr. Thos. Colohan, '72, is a successful practitioner in Hartford, Conn.

—Rev. Bernard Duffy, '72, is stationed at Rosendale, N. Y.

—Wm. Sweetzer, '73, is practicing Law in Brooklyn, N. Y.

MULTA, NON MULTUM.

- Vic!
- Quid?
- Forever!
- Turkey!!
- Christmas!
- Silver Bells!
- Price—one cent.
- Who broke my cane?
- “Mr. a-a, Mr. Motion!”
- “Rouse, brothers, rouse.”
- Oh! those golden slippers!
- Who stole the S. W. News?
- Get you snowshoes ready!!
- What are the howling winds saying?
- Two new arrivals; still they come!
- “Don't fire snowballs; they may melt.”
- Ho is slow but sure—especially at table.
- Found—his body; still missing—his locals!!
- “The flying column” takes weekly promenades.
- “I sat me down to think one day, a maximum wise I drew.”
- Examination is approaching; study hard, boys.
- It's time to prepare for New Year's Entertainment.
- The feast of the Immaculate Conception was duly celebrated.
- Provincial elections are over. Conservatives have won!!
- Each issue of the SPECTATOR is eagerly looked for by the students.
- Still the sturdy knight of the pestle struggles through the surging crowd.
- Skating is largely enjoyed by many students. Keep the rinks clean!
- When are the “Knights of the burnt Cork” going to favor us with an entertainment?
- Our astronomers wore out star-gazing the other evening. No new comet was discovered.
- Correspondents should remember that anonymous communications are consigned to the waste basket.

—A Fresh says that he has an eternal aversion for all kinds of shell fish, oysters not excluded.

—We were delighted to learn that a beautiful statue was erected last week in the Prosody class room!

—A certain individual has grown wonderfully in his own estimation since his name figured on the Schedule of Honor.

—Students are now anxiously awaiting the arrival of their Christmas boxes. This is not intended as a hint to parents.

—Perhaps the person who wrote the local advocating a handball contest is anxious to display his own skill in that line.

—The Palace is deserted, and the patrons of its spacious parlors now stalk around with crest-fallen visages.

—Mr. F. S., “the jolly old soul,” after a prolonged absence on account of ill health, is again in our midst. We trust he was not at “Jericho.”

—How his cheeks paled, and his pulse quickened, when, on requesting a knife and fork, the waiter presented him a huge carver!!

—A large number of new students who did not perform the requisite conditions of the Jubilee were accorded the opportunity of so doing through the kindness of the Rev. Pres.

—The scenery around the college is of the most picturesque and pleasing nature. The students would do well to avail themselves of the kindness of the Rev. Fathers to visit the many places of interest.

—Many devotees of tragic lore seem prodigal in the distribution of their realms. Friends, where lie they all? “A match, a match, my kingdom for a match!” is the favorite ejaculation of Matcheridan.

—A disciple of Morpheus says he loves the musical jingle of the sleigh bells; the sound of the dinner bell is most welcome, and fills him with pleasant anticipation; but the dormitory chimes, rudely awaking him from his dreamy slumbers at 5.30 a.m., strike upon his ear with harsh, discordant tones.

—We are pleased to learn that the gentlemen of the St. Patrick's Literary Society contemplate the establishment of a reading room. This project is extremely laudable, and deserves the immediate consideration of the young men of that worthy organization.

—The young ladies of the Academy of Our Lady of Angels successfully celebrated the feast of their patronal saint. Though we had not the pleasure of assisting at the evening's entertainment, we learned from the Rev. Fathers that all the young Misses who took part brilliantly sustained their respective roles. The Academy is ably directed by the Rev. Marianites of the Holy Cross. It offers every facility for a useful and practical education. The discipline is lady-like and tempered with the refinements of home.

—On the eighth inst. a pleasing spectacle met the eyes of those who piously assembled in the

neat little chapel of St. Laurent College to witness the reception of postulants into the Arch-confraternity of the Blessed Virgin. After vespers a few words of exhortation were ably addressed to the new members by Rev. E. Meahan, C. S. C. They, adorned with the neat insignia of the Sodality, then marched before the throne of the Most High, and there in the presence of Rev. President Geoffrion pronounced in measured accents the sweet words of the consecration. Hail, happy Knights of the Immaculate Mother, hail!

—The Examinations, we learn from good authority, will be both written and oral. We would therefore advise those who have not as yet availed themselves of the many golden opportunities offered them for their intellectual advancement, to endeavor to redeem by their zealous labor the time lost through negligence. Perseverance is necessary for success. It was by persevering study that our friend William J. Kelly obtained for himself last year such high encomiums. Remember that the Prince of Wales' prize was carried away by him in triumph. To obtain like honors requires similar exertions.

—On Thursday last, the feast of the Immaculate Conception, a touching scene took place in the College chapel during high mass. This was the reception of Brother Evarist into the Congregation of the Holy Cross; and, though a great number of the students had already witnessed similar ceremonies, it could not fail to produce a lasting impression both upon them and upon those who for the first time beheld a man voluntarily resigning his all to the service of God. There he stood before the altar of his Maker, full of manly confidence, and severed every tie which bound him to the world; and as a tree freed of its dead branches looks more beautiful, so did he, by the adoption of the Evangelical Counsels, appear more acceptable in the eyes of Almighty God. Very Rev. Father Louage, Provincial in the Province of Canada, presided over the ceremony, after having delivered an eloquent and highly polished sermon on the occasion.

—We have received at our sanctum the following letter which speaks for itself: "Mr. Editor or Editors (cause I don't how many there are since you don't print your names), I hope you won't think me presumptuous, that's a big word to say to ye fellers (I saw it in a book), but I was so mad at the treatment of us minims that I couldn't hold in any longer. Perhaps you forget that we are part of this college, and although we haven't such wise or big heads as other fellers, we know you might consult us in the management of the paper. Perhaps you might say we could not tell anything of interest. Couldn't we tell of the fun we have when the master's back is turned, and how pleasant retinue is, and the strap, and all that kind of business. I hope you will take one of the minims on your staff. If he didn't write, couldn't he dust your sanctum out?"

I'm too modest for such a big position, but some other one that gets on the roll of honor and is smart in class would do. I know it's polite to sign your name, but when bigger fellers don't sign theirs I'll only put down,—Minim." We fear it is impossible to comply with our young friend's request but we promise to stand by the Minims as a big brother, and never slight their interests.

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.

J. Broderick, J. Coffey, A. Champagne, J. Cochrane, D. Donovan, L. Deslauriers, W. Geraghty, W. Grace, Thos. Gearn, H. Gernon, J. Hennessy, E. Kelly, W. J. Kelly, R. Leahy, D. J. Lamoureux, D. M. Lowney, J. Legault, J. Mullins, D. Mullins, Z. Migneron, Jos. McKinnon, J. O'Donnell, G. St. Julien, R. Walsh.

JUNIORS.

J. Beaudet, John Baxter, O. Bertrand, C. Brodeur, Jos. Deslauriers, V. Deslauriers, A. Hudon, A. Lefebvre, O. Lafleur, Ed. Murphy, H. Perrault, W. Polan, F. X. Smith.

MINIMS.

H. Barbeau, G. Chagnon, R. Clerk, J. B. Clement, A. Chupreau, A. Charlebois, M. Gahan, F. 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. Lenahan, 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, F. Salmon.

Syntax.—J. Cochrane, M. Carey, P. H. Carey, A. Champagne, J. 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. Vian.

Third Year.—H. Burrige, 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. Barron, J. Broderick, W. Coleman, J. Finn, D. Fingleton, A. Harwood, O. Lafleur, J. Leahy, P. Laronde, A. Lefebvre, Jos. Murphy, G. Murphy, 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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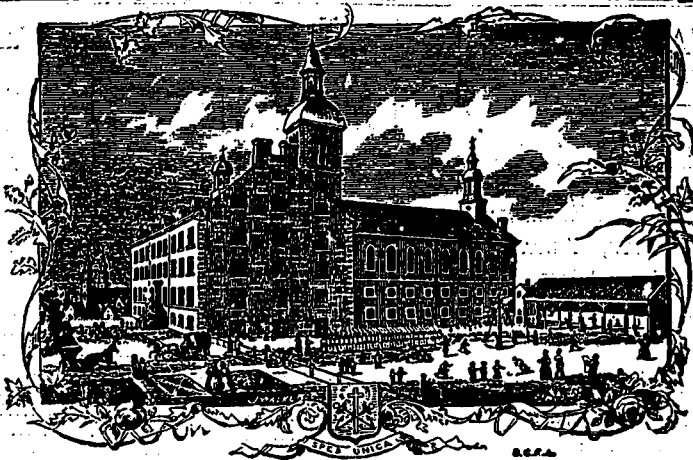
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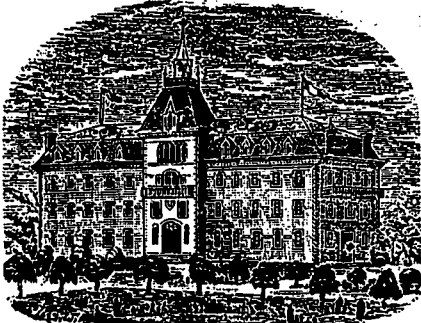
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