

1883

THE

SPICILANIOR

PARVA MAGNI NOMINIS UMBRA.

St. Laurent College, Montreal.



APRIL, 1883.

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# THE SPECTATOR.

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No. VIII.

## THE FIGURED PANE.

PARCE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## IRELAND'S WRONGS AND PATRIOTS.

J. E. F.

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

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

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

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

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

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

of an inhuman constabulary; when a fertile and, in ordinary circumstances, a happy and most prosperous country is converted into a vast barracks for the British soldiers; when the voice of the nation is stifled, and patriotic and influential citizens are subjected to humiliations and cruelties that send a blush to the cheeks of humanity; when Irishmen, in a word, have become the sport of men at once rash, pusillanimous and desperately cruel, Ireland is not wanting in men who sacrifice wealth, honor, distinction, the most dazzling splendors, and all worldly considerations, for principle, truth, and the cause of their suffering brethren. As the Ireland of the 17th, so is that of the 19th century, rich in generous and patriotic citizens who, while they inherit the valorous spirit of their fathers, still oppose the deadly blows of oppression with the buckler of faith and the sword of justice.

Let English aristocrats and powerful landlords predict the day of Ireland's dissolution; let them feast on the expectation of wiping out a powerful nationality, of destroying a land blessed with a salubrious climate, a soil wherein no plant dwindles, a scenery now rising into all the glories of magnificence, now softening into all the graces of pastoral beauty; let them look for the days when the coveted lakes and the charming vales will be theirs. But, alas! how great their infatuation! Their predictions will be lost to Ireland, but possibly, and, no doubt, probably, will hold good in their own case; for that nation, that people who have lost all ideas of justice, equity and virtue will not long continue to hold their exalted and powerful position in the rank of nations.

Instead of possessing this land, whose beautiful vales and rugged slopes are still red with the blood of its martyred sons, they shall feel the breath of the world's indignation, which in this age is more subtly potent than armed troops. The brutal devices and barbarous schemes to which they have so long resorted shall at length fall on their authors and crush them forever. The sword with which they have so cruelly scourged an innocent race shall be rescued from their gory hands, and hung over their own heads. The millions of Erin's exiles scattered throughout the universe, whose hearts still beat sympathetically with those of their suffering countrymen, and to whom the land of their birth, which holds the sacred ashes of their sires, is still near and dear, shall rise up in defence of right and assert a nation's claim to independence.

As the first quarter of this century saw at the head of religion and state a man of unparalleled abilities, whose wisdom, genius, genuine faith, impregnable principles, and extraordinary eloquence, while they confused his powerful adversaries, gained for Ireland the sweet boon of freedom of conscience, so does this, the last quarter of the most eventful of ages, behold

at the helm of the Irish ship of state a bold mariner, a calm soldier, a profound politician and a most astute statesman, in fine, a man wondrously endowed with talent and genius, competent to cope with the exigencies of the times, and fit to better the condition of his distressed people, and, with all the vigor with which God and the justice of his cause animates him, to strike the clanking chains of tyranny from the arms of his bleeding countrymen. The one it is unnecessary to mention, for his name and memory live with all their freshness in the heart of every Catholic. I mean him who raised from the verge of the tomb outraged Catholicity, who shod around Irish homes, altars and hallowed graves, the mellow light of religious worship, and at the sound of whose voice the barriers that so long excluded Irishmen from seats in the nation's council crumbled to dust,—Daniel O'Connell. The other has become so familiar by his indefatigable exertions, his self-sacrifice, his peaceful principles in behalf of his country, that his name cannot be but on our very hearts and lips. This great patriot, the last but not least who elicits our admiration and respect, is no other than CHARLES STUART PARNELL.

This valiant leader of the Irish party, this bold champion of his nation's rights, whose heart is the source, the vivifying principle of Ireland's present noble attitude, despite coercion, despite the damp and gloom of *Kilmainham*, despite intrigues and jealousy, has by his peaceful and laudable policy succeeded in plunging his country's tyrants into the dark of consternation and defeat, and has defied the rigor of the laws whose injustice and severity have so long continued to disgrace Britain's administration, and have rendered her more odious than the Rome of the Cæsars. Under such a chief—a chief in whom are centered all the noble traits and distinguishing characteristics of a great man, we can expect nothing but the realization of that grand and glorious triumph, the entire freedom of the Island.

The Ireland of the present, as that of the past, labors in behalf of a just and noble cause, and nobly does she bear her thralldom: for as cold and impartial history relates, as the traditions of our country declare, as our fathers confirm, Ireland in her perplexities, in her struggles for existence, had higher hopes and nobler aspirations than her sister Isle,—to oppress the weak and seek aggrandizement; to disqualify the Catholic but cajole and fawn upon the Jew; to traverse land and sea to pity and sympathize with the blacks of Africa and oppress the subjects at her side; to drive from their native land God's true noblemen, the plebeians of Ireland.

Canvass the records of the past, pierce the gloom that veils the national history of Ireland, and I ask you to find an instance where Irishmen have ever oppressed or wronged a people. Have

they ever sought to exterminate a race by lawless crime? Did they ever fetter or manacle their worst and most relentless foe, or scourge a nation with acrimonious deprivations and miseries? Have they ever defiled their "lake-jeweled Isle," or contaminated themselves, with the blood of the innocent? For centuries blood has trickled from Ireland's sword; it has been stained with the blood of the martyr's freedom; but never, during that long and bitter warfare, has it been wielded in other than in the grandest and most holy of causes, in defence of religion and liberty, of the altar of God and of the nation.

## THE GLADIATOR.

FIDELIS.

Roman virtue and Roman valor are words so often coupled with the idea of something great and lofty that they excite our admiration in conjuring up a picture, charming, brilliant and enticing. Livy has worked successfully upon the imaginations of his readers by the striking colors of his pictures and the rainbow variety of his characters in the fables and traditions that he moulded together and called history. A Roman could be brave, he could suffer without a murmur, and sacrifice himself without a tear; but the kinder, holier feelings that warm the human heart were strangers to his breast. The delicate flowers of love and pity found no room in the Roman garden, where stern valor and unswerving duty rose side by side under the fostering sun of power and glory. Tenderness never thrived therein, and pity was never sown; for the wolf had suckled its founders, the Sabines had reviled them, and the steel of war had penetrated deeply into their souls. Thus the Romans grew in power and opulence; alternately warred against and warring, vanquished and victorious.

It is not surprising, therefore, that the amusements of these fierce and stern soldiers partook of their characters; though perhaps the sight of blood and battle should have become monotonous. A strange sight it was to see men who would have laid down their lives rather than fly from an enemy look with pleasure on some unfortunate slave devoured by a hungry lion. Their savage souls must have thrilled with joy to see an unarmed man torn limb from limb, and the flesh stripped off his bones while they smiled upon his agony. The combats of the gladiators were, however, the chief amusement of the Roman populace. The sight of blood seemed to bring back to old campaigners a vision of former battles, while the struggles of the men and the applause of the spectators implanted in younger minds a thirst for fame and military glory. Criminals at first were the only gladiators; but as the sport grew more

popular and the people more degenerate, their depraved taste sought for more intense excitement, and prisoners of war were trained to fight with scientific accuracy. All Rome thronged the amphitheatre and jostled each other in their efforts to see two human beings fighting for life, while neither matron nor maid blushed to be seen amid the crowd, and their dainty fingers gave the signal of death much oftener than that of mercy. So long had the gladiator fought for his own existence and the pleasure of the populace that at length he grew to love the sight of blood and human misery. He met his foe face to face in the arena, and realized the awful truth that one of them must die. All his ingenuity was exerted to wound his opponent. Their swords gleamed ominously in the sunlight, and rose and fell with a sonorous clash. Thrusting and parrying, advancing and retreating, their hatred grew with every panting breath, till a skillful thrust had burst the corselet, and the plated mail had proved no match for the strength and skill of his adversary. Down he fell, and the foe's foot was planted on his breast. He looked for mercy from these Roman warriors, he sought for pity in the fair faces of the Roman maids;—he might have received more mercy from a pagan statue. No signal was given, and his life blood warmed the victor's sword. Still the sun shone calmly down upon the dying gladiator, while his crimson life-tide stained the sand of the arena, and as his soul took wing the populace strained to catch a parting glimpse of the victim sacrificed upon the altar of pleasure.

Centuries have witnessed these inhuman butcheries, and history has lit them up in all their hideous deformity. Rome was the tender nurse that trained these strong hardy men to slay each other that the plebeian and patrician might glut their thirst for blood and pleasure. It is said that brothers have been forced to meet brothers and fathers their sons, and when they cried aloud for mercy they were spurned by this proud people, who respected neither brotherly affection nor fatherly love when its possessor was a gladiator. Men were torn from their firesides and hurried off to feed hungry wild beasts, or butcher each other on the bloody sands. What an awful story that amphitheatre could tell! Its walls have echoed to the cries of strong men in their agony; its sand has been purpled with the blood of soldiers whose only faults were their love of country and their dauntless courage; and the same sun that flooded it with light warmed many a festering carcass. These contests of the gladiators are a blemish on the history of Rome so foul and disgraceful that the river of time will scarce efface it. The spirits of the murdered men will hover around its mouldering walls; and while its stately pillars are mingling with the dust, the winds that bore away their fleeting souls are singing a threnody over the fate of these brave

but unfortunate man. We may praise the Roman for his valor, while admiring his love of country and heroic devotion to her interests, but we can never forget that her history is one of blood and self-aggression. Rome was their goddess, and where her eagles flew, they brooked no equal. Power and might formed a golden coronet which crowned her on the dizzy heights of glory with such a bright and lustrous radiance that pity and mercy lay obscured in the valley.

### THE DYING SOLDIER.

BY MAQUE.

Sweetly over the summer air falls the calm influence of dusky eve. The grayish tints of twilight deepen into the sombre shades of night, and the crescent moon comes forth in full court to shed her silvery rays o'er the sleeping form of nature. The gentle winds, which all the day had seemed so merry, as they frisked hither and thither in airy gambols, whispering here a loving message to some little brook, or there stealing a kiss from the downy cheek of a blushing rose, now trill a low, sad dirge to themselves as they wander through the leafy glades.

On the plains of Gettysburg the hideous monster Civil war had stalked, and in his train grim-visaged death. Terrible was the impress of the visitation. A field of blood, strewn with the bodies of the dead and wounded, and the deep tinged earth, gave testimony of a long, severe and deadly conflict.

The din of battle has ceased, and a strange sorrowful quiet descends on the place of strife. The deep, solemn silence of the night is broken only by the groans of the dying and the cries of the wounded. Whilst death in his most ghastly form stands leering at the unfortunate sufferers and mocking their pain, the moon overhead, with her numerous train, weeps silently, and the soft winds, moaning among the trees, chant a doleful requiem to the departed dead.

Near an abatis work, among a heap of slain, lies a soldier dying. In vain has he joined his supplicating voice for water to the piteous appeal of his comrades.

Exhausted by thirst, and his numerous wounds, he is failing fast; and, like the measured beat of the pendulum, the numbered moments of his young life are passing slowly, slowly away. Distinguished by his talents and bravery, he had been entrusted with the erection and defense of this work, and nobly had he acquitted himself of his duty. Twice had his little band been driven from their intrenchment, but twice did they regain it, and finally defeat their opponents. At the second onset he had gloriously fallen, while cheering his men on to victory. He was ever seen in the thickest of the fray, animating by voice and example; and now he enjoyed that much coveted honor of

the soldier, of falling in the successful accomplishment of a grand and hazardous undertaking.

In his hand he holds a small golden case, on which he gazes intently. It is open, and the soft light from above discloses two miniature paintings in oil. On the one side are two lovely, fair-haired children, on the other a young woman of surpassing beauty. The children, by their resemblance to her and to himself, show that she is his wife. This dear little locket, the only solace of his dying hours, had been to him the sweetest companion of his solitude and exile from those loved ones; everywhere had it accompanied him, in the silent and dreary watch, on the long and weary march, and in the heat of battle. Often during the preceding day had he thought of those he had left behind, and many were the times he brought forth the pictures to look at them. Now, as well as his feeble strength will permit, he raises his precious little treasure to his lips and presses it to his heart. But see, again he endeavors to imprint upon it a last kiss but fails, and falls back exhausted by the attempt. Lovingly he watches it; but now it grows dim, dimmer, and becomes lost to his obscured sight.

Like the dissolving view of the panorama his home appears before him. The cares of the day are over, and he is with his family. The little ones are busily engaged amusing themselves about the room, occasionally looking up for a patronizing word or an encouraging smile, while he and his wife go over the day together. Now they indulge in a social game, after which, at his request, she goes to the piano. Sweeping the board with a skillful hand, she begins in a low, sweet measure an old ballad which she well knows has ever been his favorite. Never before has her voice seemed so rich and mellow. The children, creeping to the mother's side, listen as if enchanted; and with calm delight, he throws himself back in his easy chair, and drinks in the flowing strains.

The ruthless hand of Reality tears away the picture which imagination with her feverish pencil has painted. The last sound of her voice is still on his mind as with a groan he awakes to find he had dreamed.

Again he regards the pictures most attentively, but again they fade and disappear in the mist which like a pall gathers around him. Once more his home floats before his view. Side by side his two children are lying in their crib, their little faces shining like rosebuds from their snow-white coverings. Sweet and peaceful is their slumber, for innocence is their guardian. With clasped hands and upturned face their mother kneels beside them praying. The large tears chase one another down her cheeks, for sad and heavy is her heart as she kneels over the sleeping forms of her children, beseeching the God of battles to shield, in the combat, the father of the tender babes.

"Praying for me" he faintly murmurs, as a cry of agony from a dying companion arouses him from his stupor. Most earnestly he now gazes for the last time on the beloved object. The cold hand of death is upon him, and he shudders at the icy touch.

The moon shadows her face with a veil to weep unseen, and the soft wind sings a sorrowful dirge as the soldier, clinging to that slight spar of affection, floats out into the boundless gulf which encircles the world.

## DEUS, FINIS ULTIMUS.

PHILOS.

A question on which there is much difference of opinion amongst philosophers is, whether the essence of perfect happiness consists in an act of the intellect, or in an act of the will. It is evident that the imperfect happiness which we sometimes possess in this life requires the co-operation of both faculties; for by the mental powers objects worthy of exciting pleasurable emotions are recognized, and by an act of the will those objects are enjoyed. Unless, therefore, we have this consequent act of the will, it is impossible to enjoy anything which the intellect has recognized as the connatural object of any tendency; and, on the other hand, if we do not admit an act of the intellect, nothing is presented to the will, and consequently it has nothing in which to rejoice. In like manner, we may consider that perfect happiness is produced by the associated powers of intellect and will. These two faculties are closely allied; and, since they act in almost imperceptible union, it is difficult to determine the part which each assumes in the enjoyment of an infinite objective end. It is certain that an act of the intellect is required; but the object of its apprehension so fills the entire being with unutterable love that the will *must* enjoy with spontaneous and unreflecting consent. An act of the will is, however, really present; for, no matter how rapid is the transition from darkness to light, such an act is necessary in order to remain in the permanent enjoyment of the latter. Nothing but a dull interest can be aroused by the mere knowledge of anything, unless the will consents to choose some particular quality as the object on which it may confer its attention; and, in like manner, the happiness of Heaven would not be ultimate unless the will consented to rest in its enjoyment.

*We cannot enjoy the Ultimate and in this life.* It is true, indeed, that we have a knowledge of God, but this knowledge is by no means perfect; and hence arises our inability to appreciate thoroughly the sovereign qualities which He possesses, and which make Him so supremely lovable. It is equally true that we love God, or at least ought to love Him; but we feel our-

selves unable to excite that pure and mighty feeling that leaves no desire for a more intimate knowledge of the unseen source; and the greater our love, the more intense is our wish to become more closely allied to that Being towards which our hopes and aspirations tend. The soul is constantly beset with some passionate longing, and the intellect and will cannot obtain that perfect rest which is the result of happiness in its most significant and highest application. Moreover, happiness obtained in this life is short and transient. Beyond is the grave, with its gloom, and its darkness, and unknown future. An unconscious shudder takes possession of the heart of man whenever the thought of death springs up in the mind; but who that is human can escape this final point in the course of life? Who can avoid the consequent appearance before the tribunal of his Maker? Alas! it is too true that we must leave behind the joy and sunshine of earth, and hasten hence to a Judge who will confer His gifts according to our merits. This thought alone is sufficient to make our happiness in life imperfect, and to urge us on to deeds of truth and piety; and each one knows that justice to the God of nature is justice to himself, and that eternal hope glows in the soul of him who looks on high for guidance in his actions and for direction to his strength.

Nevertheless there is an imperfect happiness which lies within the grasp of all, which is, as it were, the odor of that promised joy beyond. The goods of earth, the beauties of nature, the smiles of friends, all arouse within us an internal elevation of the mind, and the soul is radiant with the light of love. All contribute their shares to form a union of graceful proportions; but the joy is the joy of man, and the love is human love. The sting of the serpent has left external beauty; but internal deformity exists in the very heart of created man, and the phantom of what has been casts a shadow over the hopes of what is yet to be. Adversity robs us of the goods of earth, the beauties of nature remind us of our own defects, and the smiles of friends are frozen on the dying lips. Where, then, can we find imperfect happiness of a lasting nature? We must seek it in peace and tranquility,—not in that external peace and tranquility which springs from an exemption from toil and suffering, but in that internal rest which arises from the knowledge that we are directing all our energies towards the last end. Virtue and piety, love of God and our fellow-men, justice to mankind and to ourselves,—these are the wardens of our safety, these are the standards of our joy. Earthly goods and earthly pleasures may, however, serve to intensify our happiness; and when all unite in a design of associated glory, beautiful, indeed, is the picture presented to our view; but, notwithstanding all its beauty, it is imperfect, for in Heaven alone can perfect happiness be found. The thought of heavenly joy dazzles the mind, with its finite

conceptions of infinite grandeur; and from the philosopher's dry remarks we turn to the poet's enthusiastic rapture for a description of celestial bliss:

Go, wing your flight, from star to star,  
From world to luminous world, as far  
As the universe spreads its flaming wall;  
Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,  
And multiply each through endless years,—  
One moment of Heaven is worth them all.—*Moore.*

#### EXCHANGES.

Within the last month we have received a large number of new exchanges, some eight or ten in number. This looks very promising for the rising generation, and we sincerely wish that they may continue to improve. There is a great deal of pleasure and satisfaction in issuing a paper; but it requires an immense exertion of will and a colossal energy to run it. No little self-denial must be practiced; and when your fellow editors give up the journalistic ghost, the remaining few should labor all the more. We hope that all our new associates mean to do their best, and will have the courage to persevere in a labor onerous but laudable.

—*The College Journal*, from the College of the city of New York, is among the new comers. It contains beautifully gotten up advertisements, a funny cut, several pages of local items, but nothing of general interest. We heartily welcome the *Journal* from Gotham, and our interest in its welfare prompts us to ask that some matter of more general interest be inserted.

—*The St. Mary's College Journal* has gone where the woodbine twineth in order to give place to *The Sentinel*. We recognized the merit of the students of St. Mary's, and congratulate them in having established a paper that cannot but do credit to their college and themselves. The cover is exceedingly neat and pretty, the type bright, and the matter interesting.

—When we saw the ominous yellow covers of the *Carson Index* our mind ran back to the days when we lingered fondly over many a dainty morsel of forbidden literature clad in a garb of the self-same color. We met nevertheless several very peaceful productions of the erudite editors. The literary matter, though not startlingly bright, is very good, and gives considerable promise.

—*The Wake Forest Student* contains an article on the New South which lays aside the bitterness of the Civil War, and manfully forgives and forgets the past. When this generous spirit has taken deeper root in the South, and all the old war feelings are eradicated; the people of the Union will form an empire under the guidance

of liberty and justice whose glory will eclipse the fame of the empires of antiquity. The resources of the South as detailed by the *Student* are more than enough to make it an essential section of America, and we hope that the North and South may grow stauncher and better friends every day. *The Student* contains several other interesting articles, and its whole appearance is neat and creditable.

—The borrowed poetry column of the *College Message* is very pleasant reading during these bright spring months, as it stimulates the mind and invigorates the imagination. Still it would do no harm to use a slight amount of discrimination when wielding the shears; for the absence of political poetry clipped from partisan papers would contribute greatly to the honor of the *College Message*.

—*The Astrum Alberti* from Belleville, Ont., is welcome to our sanctum as a creditable addition to Canadian college journals. Its appearance is pleasing and its matter well arranged. The article on the "Duty on Books" is a move in the right direction, and one that should not fail to convince the "wise men" of the land that the education and refinement of the people should be paramount considerations. "A. R. C." excites our pity with his "Plea for Evolution" by his nice way of putting things and his genuine pathos; but it must ever be clear to him that one can only expect to receive a smile of sympathy and conviction as long as he insists on claiming that he has descended from a monkey.

—*The Register*, which "must please to live" since "it lives to please," is the semi-monthly production of the students of the Providence High School. It indulges in the luxury of a supplement composed of jokes and advertisements. It contains a very nice sonnet on Shakespeare, and warns its readers against writing essays on the "Immensity of Space;" incidentally remarking that the writer might get lost, which sage observation doubtless comes from experience.

—*The Boston College Stytus* is perhaps a little unwieldy in size, but contains excellent reading matter. "Ambition" and the "Annunciation" are far above the average production of the young men who let their eyes "in fine frenzy roll." The essays are short, but on that account all the more attractive. "Charles Lamb" and "Originality" are the best of the prose pieces. There were so many æsthetic words in "In Memoriam" that we got tired of hunting them up in the dictionary, and must therefore ask to be excused from commenting thereon. The editors of the *Stytus* are men of fine promise, and we will look forward with pleasure to a more frequent appearance.



## The Spectator.

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In response to the requests of a great number of the Alumni of St. Laurent College, we publish the following description of the interior of the new St. Laurent. On the first floor, in the south west end, is the grand refectory, fifteen feet high, and capable of seating three hundred students. The walls are all coated with hard finish, and a wainscot four feet high extends around the hall. Here and there, in suitable places, fine oil paintings adorn the room, while a crucifix hangs over the door leading into the Juniors' recreation hall. Leaving the dining hall with its neat-looking tables, giving college life the odor of home, we pass through the door leading into the Juniors' Salle, which is about half as large as the refectory, and adorned with everything than can make the youngsters happy. Ascending a flight of stairs we arrive at the second floor, upon which are the *Special* and *English course* class-rooms, and the minims' study, making in all six rooms. The minims' study is a model of modern perfection. The desks are of the most improved pattern, while every noxious odor is carried off by a number of ventilators, and a pleasing fragrance flows from numerous hanging plants. Each class-room is also furnished with all the modern appliances, and a seating capacity, on an average, for twenty pupils. St. Thomas' corridor extends through the length of the floor, and is bisected by St. Louis' corridor, extending through the main building to the wing. Two flights of stairs furnished with balusters of cedar and rails of black walnut lead the visitor to the third floor

containing St. Catherine's corridor. Here are all the recitation rooms of the classical department, headed by philosophy and ending with elements. Every room has its necessary requirements, and all have some fine oil paintings hanging on the walls. On this corridor the business class-room is situated. Looking from the centre of St. Catherine's corridor we see far down St. Joseph's corridor, that of the main building being diminished like a view in perspective. From this floor two flights of stairs bring the visitors to the dormitory for the Seniors; and here, as well as in all the other apartments of the magnificent structure, the architect and artisan have shown their skill to perfection. Capable of containing seventy or eighty beds, one would imagine that the accumulation of injurious gases would be very great. Perfect ventilation, a ceiling fifteen feet high and plenty of room, leaves no grounds for such an assertion; and, furthermore, we can say without the least hesitation that it is without a rival anywhere.

Too much time is spent in devouring that literature which should merely be tasted. Every leisure moment is devoted by many in porusing those tales in which rests not the slightest shade of veracity, and which serve, too often, only to degrade, or glut with sophistry, the minds of young readers. Besides these absurd and incredible legends, there may be found other works far more suitable for recreating the brain of a student, which will at the same time serve to increase the sphere of his knowledge. Such books we find in historical reading. The instinctive aversion of our nature to ignorance ought to suffice to arouse in us an ardent desire of removing from view that mighty cloud of darkness which lies between us and those various changes which have taken place from the creation down to our own time. We are often more desirous of knowing the future than the past, and thus neglect to profit by those noble examples which time has wrought out, and which should serve to stimulate us to right by implanting in our memory scenes the most striking and pleasing to youth. It is true that historical facts fix themselves permanently upon our memory; still they do not fail to recreate, as they excite in a pleasing manner our imagination. He who reads history for the most part reads the truth, and is thus afforded a more wholesome intellec-

tual food than that reaped by tales of enchantment and sentimentality; for by it he becomes conversant with the people of the past, and knowledge steals in unnoticed. By its aid, day after day, a link is added to the chain, until at length it reaches to the time when man was placed upon the earth. In page after page, scenes the most sublime excite our imagination, and implant in our bosoms a desire of walking in the footsteps of the good and great.

On the one page the reader of history is filled with grand and noble sentiments; courage and manliness grow stronger in his breast, when he beholds with what bravery man has fought and suffered. In history he finds the very theatre of bloody contests; and a picture of a battle field flashes before his eyes and drives from his mind thoughts of effeminacy and luxury, and inspires sympathies nobler than the most melancholy romance could excite.

He is a dead soul who cannot be moved by viewing such scenes as those painted in history. He is void of sentiment who cannot look with sorrow at towering cities crumbling away to ruin and decay, or at a proud nation reaching the height of glory only to be doomed to bow in submission to another. Such scenes as those have roused to action the most effeminate, and furnished abundant food for both poetical and prosaic writers. On another page the monotony is broken; Peace and Concord—kind brother and sister—rule supreme. No longer pitiful cries of strife are heard; no longer the father is separated from the family sanctuary; and now the youthful son blesses the homestead by his presence, and all is harmony. Discord sleeps and concord rules. The progress of science is no longer impeded, knowledge and art begin to flourish, and the whole nation wears a pleasant smile. These with a thousand other interesting facts are read on the pages of history; and who will deny that they afford as much pleasure as books of little worth? By historical reading we acquire grand and noble feelings, our memory is strengthened, our cares are lessened, our conversation is enriched, temptations are banished, our task is made lighter, and we enter society with prompt and ready speech.

Ours is styled the age of progress; and the old and the young, the rich and the poor, the learned and the ignorant,—all try with the greatest solicitude to attain knowledge of science

and art, and devote not a few hours in attempting to disclose those treasures which yet lie buried in clouds of darkness. Every shadow is removed, every barrier is penetrated, every mountain is climbed, every difficulty is surmounted, to arrive at a path which will lead to new discoveries. Every thing is sought for save the end for which we were created and the manner of attaining it, or the duties we must perform. To Him "who willed and immediately brought us into existence" is due pre-eminently our greatest homage, and Him alone should we adore and glorify; yet there are others who demand our respect and honor, our love and obedience; for, none being born without a master, we are all born to obey. The rich must depend upon the poor, the poor must be subject to the rich; the young must look to the old for knowledge, and the aged to the young for support. In youth's sweet hours our obedience is strongly tested, for it is then we are subjected to many masters; but of these there is none to whom we owe so many obligations as to our parents, for day after day we are made the subject of their love and affection. Restless nights they value at nought, if from them we may derive any happiness; for us they become the subject of self-abnegation, and for our sakes they undergo a thousand inconveniences. If then all kindness looks forward for some reward, how great must be the reward which is due to the kindness of loving parents. Theirs is two-fold, the one in heaven, the other on earth; and none but an ungrateful child will fail to return those acts of love which were shown him in his childhood that he might exercise them in after years on those from whom they were received.

Kind parents, knowing that in conscience they are bound to provide for us, according to their means, an education suitable to our standing in life, seldom fail to embrace every opportunity which may present itself. Nay, too often they undergo many sacrifices on their part to provide for us a sufficient knowledge to enable us to refrain from sawning upon others for our daily sustenance; and their greatest pleasure is to see us honest, respectable, and, as far as possible, independent men. As it is their duty to provide, so is it ours to obey their commands by performing our tasks faithfully and well; for he who wastes the time afforded him by his parents, and fails to profit by the opportunitie

which present themselves, is as dishonest as the child who would steal from the safe of his father. In reading the lives of great men we see them continually performing their duty admirably well. Few among them failed to grasp every occasion which they were afforded for acquiring knowledge and devoting their time to study. With them all was obedience. They gloried in following the advice which fell from the lips of a faithful father and a loving mother, under whose protection they were led to that path which brought them to the summit of glory and renown. History furnishes instances in which children of even barbarous nations, fearing to cause their parents pain, suffered all kinds of tortures, nay, even death itself, to return kindness for that kindness which was once exercised towards them; but we who profess to be the most polished and refined too often neglect to perform those duties which tend to our own advancement, and at the same time to fulfil those obligations which the duties we owe to our parents demand. Kings, emperors, and men of the highest standing, have found pride in doing their duty towards them, and in obeying them in all wise dictates. As they did, so should we. Let us diligently employ every moment of that precious time which has been granted to us for acquiring an education; and in all wise dictates let us obey the will of our parents, remembering that God has promised "a long and happy life" to those children who thus act.

#### LOCALS.

##### MULTA NON MULTUM.

—The Rhetoricians enjoyed a promenade on last Thursday.

—The snow has entirely disappeared, and the students expect to commence sports on the campus in a short time.

—Hand-ball seems, at present, to be the most attractive of our games. Some exciting matches have been played by our "experts."

—What are the base-ballists doing? If they intend to have well-conducted games this season, they should organize their league as soon as possible.

We would suggest to the cricket clubs an immediate meeting of all their members. We noticed lately that their grounds were in poor condition, and some action should be taken in regard to their improvement.

—The recreation-hall is deserted, the billiard tables are abandoned, and for a time, at least, the students are free from the paralyzing effects of inactivity. Even the reading room appears dissatisfied with the scanty attention which it is now receiving.

—The students of the "Rhetoric Class" have been employed of late in surveying the college property. They report that all the boundaries are accurately determined, and that no serious danger is imminent from our neighbors. We commend the attention which they displayed in the interest of the college.

—The students of the Junior and Senior Classes are busily engaged in preparation for the Laval examinations. They seem to understand thoroughly the necessity of unremitting study, and all indications promise great success on the part of the students of St. Laurent. We would like to see some of our students bearing off the palm of victory in the competition for the prizes of the Prince of Wales.

—Through the kindness of Rev. L. Geoffrion, our esteemed President, the members of the Reading Room enjoy the privilege of using one of the adjoining halls for gymnastic exercises. All have taken advantage of this privilege, and there is some talk of providing an increased supply of articles, the absence of which is still too apparent.

So Joe, the good, the brave, the kind,  
Has gone away, left us behind;  
But often students talk and quiz,  
"I wonder where our Joseph is?"

—Since there is talent enough in the house for composing songs,—and, indeed, the songs at the last entertainment prove our assertion,—why does not some poetical genius give us a good College song? Wrap it up in jolly language, give it a full and flowing tone, and we guarantee that it will find a welcome place in every heart in the College. We have long felt the want of such a song. Now is the fitting opportunity for some budding poet to win immortal fame!

—We understand that the libraries, English, French, and Ecclesiastical, have been placed under a new management, and that new catalogues have been arranged. Those books which had been used rather roughly by some of the students have been rebound, and an entirely new arrangement has been adopted. It would benefit all concerned if the libraries were laid open more frequently, as their use is a great advantage to those studiously inclined. It is rumored that, through the kindness of our Rev'd President, several new volumes will be added to the present number.

—The members of St. John's Society are actively engaged in making preparations for an

entertainment which is to take place on the evening of May 1st. We feel confident that they will make it worthy of the well-known reputation of their Society. They have never failed to produce something agreeable, and they have our good wishes that their present endeavor may meet with the success it deserves.

—The St. Patricians have not been regular in their meetings during the last few weeks. Their Sunday evening entertainments were a source of great pleasure to those who attended, and we earnestly counsel that they be resumed as soon as possible. A little labor on the part of the members would in a few days render them able to make a pleasing appearance; and the pleasure which they would confer upon others in this manner would more than compensate them for their pains.

—The several departments of the *May Century* were read with pleasure. "The Aborigines and the Colonists" bespeak for the author, E. Eggleston, a profound knowledge of the American Indian. We followed with interest "Father Junipero" through the Missions of Southern California. "The Adventures in Zuni" is accompanied by many fine and accurate illustrations. The fiction in the May Number is as fiction should be,—innocent and amusing. The serial and short stories are from the pen of eminent American authors. Uncle Remus' humorous story "At League Potceets" is very interesting, the sketches of Cardinal Manning, Salvini's King Lear and Du Maurier and London Society are well worthy of the reader's attentive perusal. "Moral Purpose in Art" is ably expounded. "The Topics of the Time" are particularly instructive. The history of the Christian League of Connecticut is continued; to this is added an account of the "Third Annual Convention." "Antiquity," by Frank H. Cushing; "Marsyas," by Frank Tooker; "The Father of American Libraries," by B. Samuel; "Old Ago," by Benton; "The English Volunteers during the late Invasion," by C. Dudley Warner; "Half Lives," by John James Piatt; and "This Lily," by E. M. Booth, are teeming with the brilliant thoughts of their respective authors. We notice the announcement of a new departure in the Magazine: "Home and Society," "Literature," and "The World's Work," are discontinued; and "Open Letters" takes their places. This department will certainly prove to be an improvement to the *Century*. It contains this month letters from Oliver Johnson, Mrs. Dot, Abram S. Isaacs, F. Benedict Herzog. "Plowing," by C. H. Crandall in the "Bric-a-Brac," is a lengthy exposition of the humorous farmer. We would here advise our students to subscribe for the *Century*, for it is well worth the price of subscription.

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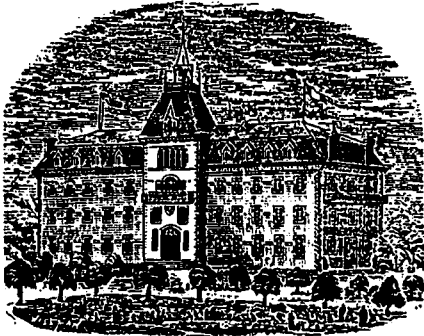
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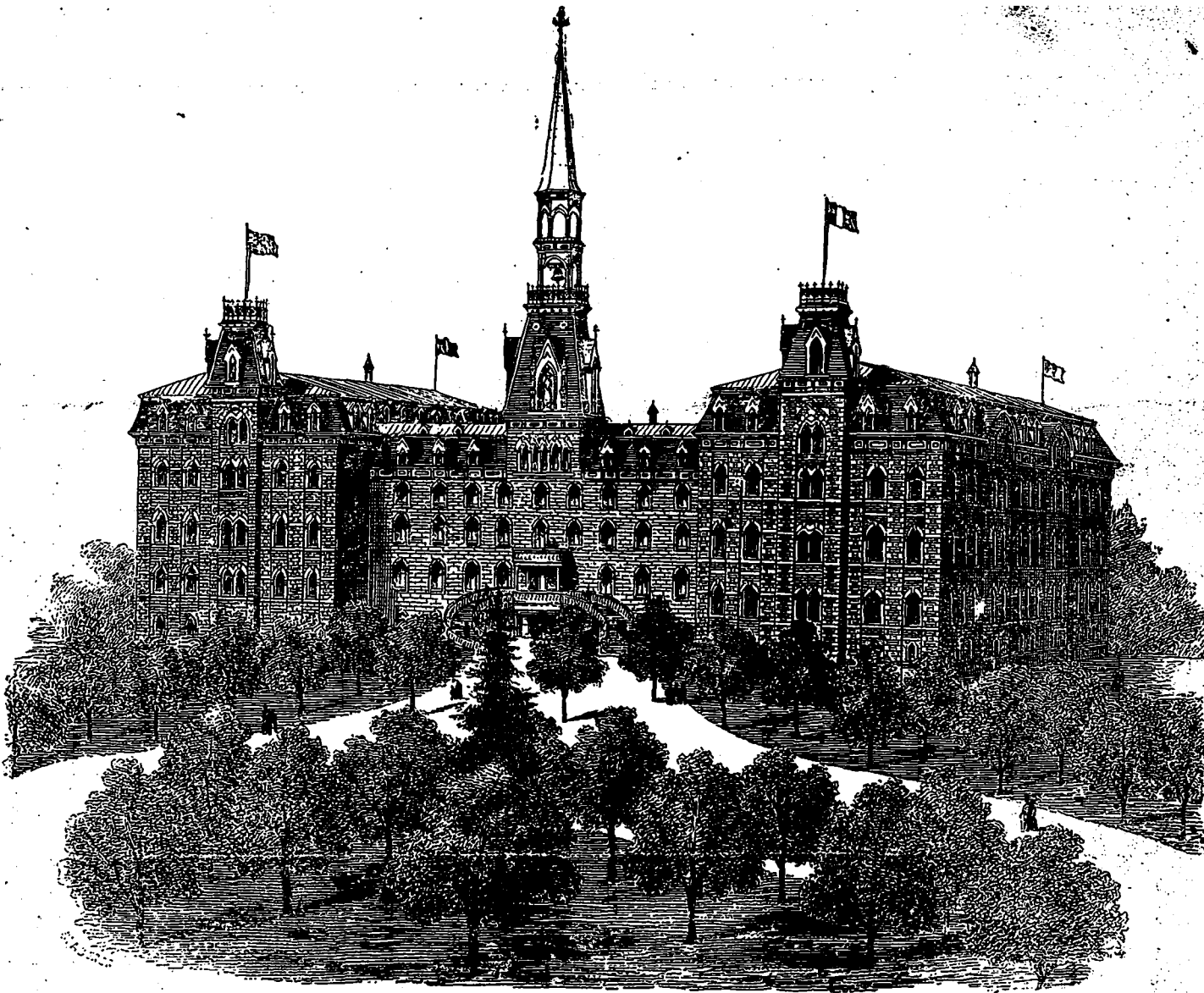
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