

# THE SPECTATOR.

Parva Magni Nomnis Umbra.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY DURING THE SESSION.

Vol. III.

ST. LAURENT COLLEGE, MONTREAL, DECEMBER 1, 1881.

No. II.

## MOONLIGHT.

G. W. B.

What is more beautiful, ye angels tell,  
Than when the moon of Summer's lovely night,  
In silence silvers, with a steady light,  
The many treetops in the lonely dell;  
When not a sound, e'en of the evening bell,  
Not e'en a breath, disturbs the stillness bright,  
Not e'en a cloud obscures in lonely flight  
The stars unnumbered,—what a wondrous spell!  
Oh! far more beautiful e'en than this fair scene  
Is God's own moonlight casting o'er the soul  
The mantling glory of His grace divine;  
And leading high and low unto the queen  
Of men and angels, who will deck the goal  
Of life with flow'rets culled for virtuous shrine.

## JOSEPH ADDISON.

W. J. K.

Joseph Addison was born at Milston, in Wiltshire, on the 1st of May, 1672. At the time of his birth, his father, a clergyman of the Church of England, had acquired no eminence worthy of note; but shortly after this period his abilities, and especially his steadfast labor and avowed loyalty, gained for him a position as one of the King's chaplains, and ultimately brought about his appointment as Dean of Wiltshire. Three years subsequent to this latter appointment of Dean Addison, Joseph was sent to the Charterhouse, where he formed with Steele that close attachment which lasted during his entire life, and which was so effective in shaping his career. At the age of fifteen he entered the University of Oxford. Here he distinguished himself in the several departments of literature, and acquired that love of literary pursuits, which, added to his acquaintance with eminent writers, caused him to change his original intention of studying for the ministry, and gave to the world and posterity an author of well-deserved renown. In 1699, on the reception of a sufficiently generous pension, Addison made a tour through the continent, for the purpose of acquiring perfection in the modern languages. On the death of the King, in 1702, finding himself devoid of resources, he was obliged to return to England. For some time he had no opportunity of obtaining a suitable situation, owing to his being politically opposed

to the party then in power. Shortly after this, however, the Whigs regained the supremacy; and Addison was appointed Commissioner of Appeals. From this office he rose, by successive grades, until, in 1717, we find him in Parliament; but his bashfulness and timidity entirely unfitted him for a proper fulfilment of the duties of such a position, and in the following year he retired from office. During all these years he devoted a great portion of his time to literature, and many of the productions of his gifted pen reflect great honor on him. No work, however, is so much associated with his name, as are the essays and criticisms which appeared in the *Spectator*, a magazine published by the joint efforts of Addison and Steele. Addison died on the 17th of June, 1719.

In studying the life of Addison, we cannot fail to be struck with the remarkable bond of friendship which existed between him and Steele. The latter was warm-hearted in his actions, and nobly aspiring in his aims; by such qualities he assuredly gained the love of him towards whom he acted as a guide. It was, indeed, through the efforts of his friend that Addison produced the many and excellent essays which merit for him so high a place in English literature. Infusing into him a breath of his own aspiring genius, he inspired his critical taste with great religious earnestness, so seldom noticed in the writers of those times, though it constitutes one of the leading features in his productions. When we consider the true and disinterested friendship which united these two men, and remained unbroken during all the varying changes of their lives, we cannot fail to recognize the great goodness of God in instituting ties which ease our path on earth, and of on the gloom of sorrow. Such was the bond which existed between Steele and Addison,—the latter pliable to the good exertions of the former in his favor, the former doing his utmost to guide the thoughts of the latter into those channels, for which his mind was so admirably fitted by nature and early training.

Addison's style was ornamented with every grace necessary to guarantee for it the name *elegant*. It is almost impossible to give a just critical analysis of the charms which it contains. He did not study to make his essays striking by the employment of grand and noble expressions, or by soaring to heights accessible to the genius alone. Neither did he obtain the

just reputation, which he enjoyed, by glowing pictures of fancy and by sparkling flights of the imagination; but the gentle sweetness of his nature pervades his writings, and imparts to them an indefinable grace which has never been surpassed by any other English author. His sentences flow along with quiet and peaceful earnestness, exciting sensations similar to those caused by the musical purlings of a beautiful brook, as it flows in its winding course through meadows redolent of ripening clover and valleys glowing in the noontide of beauty. Charms, such as these were not long unrecognized, and gained for Addison the approbation of contemporary writers, and the warm support of the whole English people. We do not find in his writings anything coarse or unseemly. In some of them there is an abundance of wit, but it is not the kind which characterized the manners of those times. It is something wholly original, and worthy of his purity of mind and expression; but we cannot feel surprised at this when we consider the purpose which he had in view, and which guided him in producing the most admirable examples of wit, humor, and satire: "to enliven morality with wit, and to temper wit with morality." Such a motive, conscientiously carried out, did not fail to give birth to impressions which materially affected the morals of the times, and brought about a much purer tone of manners. It was of course a matter of no little difficulty to confine himself to a strict observance of the rule which he had laid down; but nevertheless he deserves great credit for his attempt to do that, which the greatest of wits have signally failed to accomplish.

The reputation of Addison rests principally upon the essays which appeared in the *Spectator*. His poetry, though thoroughly characteristic of his nature, by no means entitles him to a rank amongst the first of English poets; but his prose is without doubt an admirable monument to his name. A few of his poems are indeed excellent; and it was through the instrumentality of one of these, *The Campaign*, that he received his first public appointments. In his verse, and also in some of his prose, there is displayed a vivid imagination. This is not, however, grand and noble, but beautiful and gentle. It imparts to his essays an indescribable sweetness, no less charming than his beauty of style; yet it does not weaken a single sentence, but rather adds strength and force. Dr. Johnson has paid in a few words a fitting tribute to his writings: "Whoever wishes to obtain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison." There was in him a delicacy of sentiment, arising, no doubt, from his timidity of nature, which filled a void in English literature.

The works of Addison no longer claim the attention which their first appearance elicited.

They accomplished the aims which their writer had in view, when he made the vices, fashions, incivilities, and inconsistencies of the times the subjects of his essays. There are, however, many worthy articles on topics which will always be interesting to men of refined tastes and morals. They are those which refer to the vices and virtues which will always be found in social circles, and which distinguish the various types of human character. Though many of these are objectionable, because of his unremitting endeavors to discourage the vicious manners of those days, still we cannot but admire his virtuous style of handling every variety of subject, and his freedom from that looseness of expression which is so disgusting in literature, excellent in every other respect.

#### A NEW RACE OF DOGS—THE TAILLESS FAMILY.

J. J. L.

Another link has been found which will go far, we think, to prove the correctness of Charles Darwin's theory, otherwise called the theory of "natural selection." It is no less than a race of tailless dogs which has flourished under our eyes for two generations, and which has thought proper, "no doubt," as Mr. Darwin would say, "in accordance with the laws of natural selection, or evolution," to dispense with that useless appendage which we call tail. If these dogs are in a state of transition from canines to the genus *homo*, we must say that at their present rate of progress they will soon outstrip the humans. They appear to be of a more educated and high-toned class than the common dogs, with whom they scorn to associate.

✶ Their singular conduct has of late been attentively watched, and it has been noticed that there is a gradual improvement in their intellectual status. For instance, they always carry themselves in a dignified manner, and never converse (if we can as yet apply that term to their colloquial communications) in the bright light of the sun; but retire beneath some friendly tree or shed to avoid, no doubt, becoming tanned, and thus spoiling their complexion. We have also often noticed them rubbing their caudal extremity against some fence or stray obstruction, by which means they hope to remove before long the unseemly shaggoness in that part; and thus possess decent posterior collosities until, having become anthropoids, they will ultimately emerge from their state of transition, metamorphosed into full-grown hominidæ of the species *sapiens*.

In some respects, they so nearly resemble man that it is a task of no little difficulty to draw a line of demarcation between them. They are just as inquisitive as those who consider themselves their betters. A fact that was fully proved last week by one of these tailless dogs, in whom the instinct of poking one's nose into other people's affairs, and various other places where one isn't wanted, was already developed to such a high degree that he inserted the end

of his proboscis into a hogshead of treacle; and by some unlucky accident becoming overbalanced, he slipped into the sweets, and came forth gloriously covered with molasses. Being smeared with so attractive a substance, it was no wonder that the flies clung to him with great persistency, and that the sufferings both of mind (?) and body which the poor thing underwent were greeted on the part of his fellow-canines with a chorus of, "I told you so!" Though we are not in a position to state positively that they conduct their meetings in a parliamentary manner, yet we think that their assemblages, which are sometimes protracted until the small morning hours, have about as much blustering vociferation and common-sense as the ordinary political conventions.

Again, just like the humans, they pick up bad example whenever they happen to find it, and when the shaving rago broke out among certain individuals in the college, the infection spread even to these dogs, and it would almost bring tears to one's eyes to see the beseeching look they would give you when they asked you in their mute way to give them a shave. "O tempora! O mores!"

They seem, moreover, to have a taste for the company of learned gentlemen. One of them appears to be so enamored with science in all its varied ramifications that nothing pleases him more than to be allowed to walk with Father Carrier, the Rev. Director of the Scientific Department, thinking, no doubt, that it is quite *bon ton* to go in the company of so renowned a scientist, and that by this he will attain that polish and those various acquirements which will exalt him above the ordinary level of dog-kind, and hasten his progress towards the plane of transcendental eminence. Whenever Father Carrier takes in his hand plants or minerals, all of which he knows so well, and examines them, if the dog in question be in the vicinity, it will instantly run to him and assume a very solemn attitude, and, throwing its head knowingly to one side, it will cock its eye and gaze on the handiwork of nature with a look of unutterable wisdom. Another of their peculiar idiosyncrasies is that they carry short sticks in their mouths; doubtless in anticipation of the time when a pipe or cigar will adorn their oral orifice.

Truly, then, can we say that another link has been found which will strengthen the theory of Charles Darwin & Co., and the above incontrovertible facts, of which we have a dozen or so of affidavits now in our possession, prove that the rising generation of tailless dogs will in every way excel their ancestors, and form a connection that may afford a new source of pleasure to the heart of the lovers of the theory of natural selection and evolution.

— Men who complain that they have much to bear from the faults of their fellow men should think how much others have to bear from them

## A TRIP DOWN THE NARRAGANSETT.

D. L.

On one beautiful morn in May, as the rays of the sun were beaming brilliantly over the whole earth, and dispelling every symptom of any unfavorable weather, my friend and I expressed an ardent desire for a pleasure trip down the foaming streams of the Narragansett, and an opportunity being offered, we accepted it with much pleasure. The boat which was to be our portage was very commodious, being provided with an ample cabin and a spacious deck.

There were on board, including the captain and sailors, about fifteen persons, thus making our voyage the more enjoyable. My friend and I sat at the prow of the boat, eagerly watching the rippling waves as they quickly ruffled o'er the billowy surface of the troubled stream. How anxiously did we watch the mariners as they quickly rushed to and fro, some guarding the sails of the floating keel, and others hauling in the finny produce of the deep. The course through which the ship quickly furrowed not being far distant from the land, afforded us a favorable opportunity of inspecting the surrounding country. The scenery was majestic. The winding shore was dotted here and there with stones of every description. Lofty crags on which the soaring billows seemed to have excavated various hollows and chinks, and whose huge summits were crowned with the verdant moss, stood gorgeously arranged along the rocky shore. The neglected fields whose abundant crop of grass, bearing no traces of the rambling of cattle, seemed to set at defiance the destructive scythe. Everything seemed to enjoy an undisturbed composure, so calm and tranquil. A more magnificent sunset I had never witnessed than that which flooded the western sky, on that calm beautiful evening as we both stood on deck, conversing together on the day's enjoyment. The clouds were being piled up in the heavens in mountains of crimson, and purple, and gold, and across the huge floor of the ocean, from the white sails and deck of our vessel, a broad and trembling pathway of ruby light seemed to lead to realms so glorious, that the eye was attracted towards them with a fascination the most irresistible. We stood on deck, beholding this beautiful landscape, which seemed almost imaginary, until the waning rays of the setting sun disappeared in the western horizon, and the dismal shades of night o'erspread the earth with her gloomy canopy. Our destination having been reached we disembarked from the vessel; and what could be more alluring than to obtain once more a glimpse of the beautiful unfurrowed land; to behold the drowsy cattle idly grazing on the fertile plains; and to hear the warbling and chirping of the birds. After spending the remaining time in exploring the picturesque features of the place, or in visiting the few humble cottages which stood hidden beneath dense thickets, we retired fully convinced that a sail down the rippling streams of the Narragansett is no ordinary treat.

## EXCHANGES.

—An unexpected visitor, in the neat dress of *El Valle de Mexico*, an entertaining little journal published monthly in the sweet language of the "Dons," hails us from the land of the ancient Aztecs. It is devoted chiefly to the interests of commerce and agriculture, but, withal, finds time and space to advocate literary pursuits.

—As our last issue was going to press, *La Revue Canadienne*, a monthly publication, came to hand. A glance at the name of its regular contributors assured us that we might reasonably expect good reading matter, and when we perused its pages our expectations were fully realized. *La Revue* was warmly welcomed; and we trust it will continue to be a monthly visitor.

—*The Oxford and Cambridge Undergraduates Journal*, the joint effort of the two world-renowned English universities, has crossed the broad Atlantic to visit its sister Journal, THE SPECTATOR. It is replete with short notices of the latest scientific acquisitions and literary efforts. Two long and eloquent sermons from the lips of celebrated Divines of the Church of England adorn its columns: a charming department of amusing incidents and college gossip tends to beautify its pages. We gladly exchange with the Journal.

—*The Sunbeam* has found its way from the pleasant atmosphere of the Ontario Ladies' College to our gloomy sanctum, where it shyly seems to ask the recognition of a rough-spoken, but, we trust, a kind-hearted SPECTATOR. It is an exceedingly fair Journal edited by the young ladies of Whitby, Ontario. The Editorials are well written, and are entirely free from any derogatory influence; the locals are pungent (juicy?), and extremely humorous; and the exchanges evince a decision of judgment very creditable to the young lady Editor. Thanks, *Sunbeam*, for your cheering visit.

*La Verité*, a French Journal published in Quebec, came to our table, uninvited, yet not unwelcomed. It contains many highly interesting compositions. The gentleman who wrote the article on "Godless Schools in America" chose, indeed, a very fine subject, but treated it in a manner superlatively superficial. We do not question his knowledge of Canadian politics, but when he turns his pen to the politics of America, and attacks, without any provocation, the American people at large, he at once displays his prejudice and ignorance. We are indeed sorry to see, in a journal professing to teach the truth, assertions as gratuitous as they are absurd, and as unphilosophical as they are unfounded. He says, forsooth, among those who have frequented the *Godless Schools of America*, there is no notion whatsoever of good or moral wrong, of justice and injustice, etc., and from this gratuitous assertion deduces the conclusion that the education of the American people is atheistic. What profound reasoning? After what careful study did our truthful author arrive at this deduction! He teaches as did the Pagan poet of

old when he said: "Ex uno disce omnes." Be it far from our thoughts to defend those godless schools whose effects are now, alas! too keenly felt. Abler pens than ours have frequently, and with great success, blackened pages and pages of foolscap in defense of *Catholic Education*. The question has been strongly and profoundly agitated in New York, and to-day, thanks to the indefatigable exertions of our Catholic clergy, almost every parish in New York City boasts of a parochial school. In the Eastern States, once the nursery of bigotry, there are many and able propounders of this question, and before many years, through the influence of the ever-increasing Catholic population, those pioneer priests, the advocates of good, will be blessed with the realization of their worthy project. Yes, indeed, throughout the length and breadth of our Grand Republic, by the electric sparks of civilization, is wired—"Catholic Education." How many Religious Orders have within the last fifty years founded institutions of learning? Will our author say that the principles instilled into the hearts of the young shoot by these holy men and women smack of Atheism? Yet, "the education of the Americans is atheistic." This is, however, all he says of "Godless Schools."

He now endeavors to show forth their fruit; but his subject is nearly exhausted. He cites a few examples, Guiteau, Magill, and Mason; his feeble reasoning and imagination can invent nothing more calculated to draw upon himself the ridicule of all sane men. He reviews with presumptuous audacity the sad calamity that bereaved the American people of their Chief Magistrate; and, after relating many things too absurd to appear in English, says: "If the sentiment of duty disappeared from the rest of the nation, it ought, I think, be found in the army." Now, because Mason, disregarding all orders, fired at the incarcerated Guiteau, he would have us believe that there is no sense of duty in the army. How skilled is he in argumentation! Our philosophical writer should fully understand, that a unit of a body is not the body itself; and if said unit misconducts himself we cannot logically asseverate that it is also true of the multitude of units of which the body is composed. Relative to Magill, we would ask *La Verité* can it positively assert that he ever attended school. "In civilized nations," he goes on to say, "Mason would be court-martialled." In the *uncivilized* nation of America time will see him court-martialled for disobedience and brought before a judicial assemblage, to be tried for felonious assault with intent to kill. "Subscription lists have been opened in his favor." We doubt the authority of this assertion. If it be so, those lists are undoubtedly headed by men as hot-headed as the craze himself. "His portrait is in all the illustrated papers, which loads him if not with glory at least with popularity." What enviable popularity! Yes, indeed, he is portrayed in the illustrated weeklies, and the finger of scorn and

indignation is pointed at his portrait. Popular indignation is as great against the would-be murderer, as when it rolled in overwhelming streams against the murderous assassin Guiteau. "Guiteau," he says, "is a fool, and an exception to the American nation,"—thanks for his kindness,—“but Mason is not.” Absurd! God forbid that he be considered a representative of the Americans, or the prototype of the glorious army of the now strongly united Republic. He next turns his attention to the letter of General Sherman, in whom there is the very soul of honor. Apparently, he is too obtuse to understand what was said by General Sherman in his communication relative to the crime of Mason. Many other assertions of minor importance, equally false and foreign to the subject, “*Les Écoles sans Dieu*,” were advanced; but, owing to our very limited time and space, we are obliged to forego refutation. If the editor of *La Vérité* took the trouble to inform himself more thoroughly of the state of American affairs at present, he would not have inserted that article, at once so insulting and disparaging to the citizens of the United States. 'Tis, indeed, a noble and prolific subject, the *able* amplification of which would interest and instruct the multitude desirous of knowing the truth. Let him, then, “*try it again*,” but let him treat it in a manner more worthy and Catholic.

#### DIVERSA.

—Mr. Dumas, the distinguished chemist, gave lately, in a *séance* of the Paris Academy of Sciences, a most interesting account of the liquification and solidification of those gases that have been considered until lately as incoercible. He stated that the specimen of solid oxygen produced by Mr. Pictet, of Geneva, had the size of a hen's egg and resembled snow; whilst in the liquid state it looked very much like water. It was further stated that liquid oxygen has the density of water.

As regards hydrogen Mr. Dumas explained that it was liquified under a pressure of nearly 5 tons (exactly 650 atmospheres) with cold minus 140° C.; and by rapidly evaporating the liquid thus obtained the solid condition showing the color of blue steel was arrived at. This would tend to prove the correctness of the theory of Graham, who, several years ago, maintained that hydrogen is a metal, and proposed for it the name of hydrogenium. It is certain that hydrogen is absorbed or occluded, as scientists say—by several metals in large quantities. For instance palladium absorbs no less than 930 times its volume of hydrogen; and thus forming a substance which is apparently an alloy in which hydrogen is supposed to be as a metal in a solid state with a specific gravity of 2.

—We do not wish to detract aught from the just tribute of admiration which the scientific world pays to the genius of the great physicist,

Benjamin Franklin. His analysis of the Leyden jar, his discovery of the power of points, his demonstration of the identity of lightning and the electric fluid, so-called; and, finally, his admirable invention of the lightning-rod place him in the front rank of the most illustrious benefactors of humanity. These are titles of nobility and glory the splendor of which nothing can dim or diminish. The very idea of attempting to seek lightning from the bosom of the clouds by means of a kite is one of the boldest and most ingenious which zeal for scientific researches has ever inspired. However, it is but just and proper to say that he, Benjamin Franklin, was neither the only one, nor indeed the first, to conceive such a hazardous enterprise. He, himself, fixes, in one of his letters, the date of his famous experiment with a kite to the month of September, 1752; but it is now proved beyond dispute that the physicist de Romas, a Frenchman, announced, as early as the 12th of July of the same year, his intention of using a kite to draw the electric fluid from the clouds. We must then conclude that de Romas did not borrow from Franklin the idea of the kite experiment; but that he had conceived it two or three months before him.

When we carefully consider the means which Dr. Franklin employed in his famous electric kite experiment we cannot but acknowledge that he displayed little foresight in attempting it; for it is a wonder that his experiment did not actually prove fatal to him. And, in fact, he chose a hempen cord which is a poor conductor of electricity; although by its getting wet in the rain it became a tolerably good one. He held in his hand but a short, thick ribbon, which was undoubtedly a great imprudence, and finally he used his fingers to draw sparks, which was a positive fool-hardiness, instead of making use of a discharger of some kind. But then “*quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus*.”

—Mark Twain, speaking of a new mosquito netting writes: “The day is coming when we shall sit under our nets in church and slumber peacefully, while the discomforted flies club together and take it out of the minister.”

—Said a philosopher: “My friend conducted his future wife to the altar—and here his leadership came to an end.”

—A cigarette-smoking scion of one of the first families on the west side came into this office to request that a notice of his coming nuptials might be inserted in the paper. “Don't say, however,” said the young man, earnestly, “that I am about to lead to the hymeneal altar the beautiful and accomplished daughter of Mr. So and so, because that kind of slush is too old, and beside we all know that nobody can lead a woman, and then again it's leap-year. Better make it read that I have consented to be her'n.” He was assured that it would be done, and left.

## The Spectator.

ST. LAURENT COLLEGE, near Montreal, December 1, 1881.

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.

The Editors of THE SPECTATOR return their sincere thanks to Rev. J. Coyle for his kind donation. They are also grateful to Mr. Joseph M. Fallon for his timely gift.

Quickly succeeding hours pass by never to return. Time thus flies on—a span, and our college days are spent and gone. Yet how few of us feel the real importance of profitably employing this precious time; how few of us stop to think that upon its proper use depend in a great measure the rôle we shall hereafter play, and the mark we shall make in the busy world. Persevering study is the chief architect of literary greatness. Hard study makes the real statesman and forms the true scholar and the accomplished orator. It is, then, evident that we all should direct our energies towards this broad and open channel—study; and strive to become an ornament in society, and to be of service to our fellow-creatures. Let us constantly bear in mind that time never falters in its rapid flight, and that a moment once flown is gone forever; then, we will assuredly use the present well, and we will not fail to profit by the golden opportunity now placed at our disposal.

It is our sad duty to announce, in this issue, the death of Chas. Podvin, a member of the Introductory class. Mr. Podvin, fearing that his health was failing, returned a few weeks ago to his home in Adamsville, N.Y., and in a short time we received the mournful intelligence of his death, which occurred November 1st, after a few days' illness. His stay amongst us was short, but during that time he gained the friendship of his classmates and companions.

Thus has ended another life, with all its earnest hopes for the future, with all its fair vistas, rich in buds of promise, spreading into glorious blossoms, with all its noble aspirations ripening into plenteous fruitage. Where now are the golden streams of his sunny nature? Where the cheering smiles of his warm and sympathetic heart? Alas! they have vanished; and the souls that wound the clinging arms of nature around a beloved son, sank into sorrow when the rude hand of Death hewed away their support. Oh! break, ye gently flowing waters of resignation, and flood their souls with Heaven-sent comfort. Angels of consolation, hover over them, and breathe into their lives the peaceful happiness of willing sacrifice to God. The verdant valleys bright with summer flowers, the hills decked with the wild profusion of nature, the fields arrayed in the splendor emanating through man's toiling hands,—all lose their beauty; but it is not thus with man. Time withers not his true, his only grace; and if his life be good and pure and holy, glorious splendor blooms forever in the fertile gardens of his soul. We make no costly offering to the memory of our friend, but yet we offer a dear and priceless boon. We give the earnest prayers of young hearts, and, as they float into the Divine presence, let us hope that they will fall around the throne of the Creator in pearly drops of humble sincerity. *Requiescat in pace.*

There is a remarkable satisfaction in reading works in which the purest sentiments are blended with judicious care, and from which everything is excluded that may wound the feelings of the reader. How many writers, nevertheless, are there who do not possess that fine sense of delicacy in regard to the principles of others, which should be their guide in writing works intended for general dissemination. Very often it even seems as though an author had taken particular pains to introduce into his works ideas which cannot fail to be offensive to a great number of readers, and this for no ostensible reason, and in works to which the ideas are entirely extraneous. This certainly indicates a want of principle in the writer, and, though writers certainly are at liberty to think and write according to their own conceptions of men and things, when they turn their attention towards God and religion, a greater amount of prudence and foresight should be used, lest the eternal happiness of others be imperilled by their

unfounded, yet none the less dangerous, assertions.

In these times, however, when sects are becoming so numerous, and irreligion assumes such a threatening attitude, it is the duty of each one to avoid studiously books and journals proposing to expound the doctrines of a new sect, or to explain the reasons of a deliberate denial of God and of all religious principles. It may be urged that we should be sufficiently certain of our own principles, that they cannot be shaken by reason; but there are false reasons so subtle and apparently true that only the very learned can solve them satisfactorily. It is against these that we must guard, and the best and safest way is to avoid them, and thus escape the danger of being led into doubts which, however false they may be, are difficult of removal.

Of what use are Latin and Greek? Students, especially those who are averse to the labor required for overcoming the difficulties of a foreign tongue, are unreasonable in their dislike of these dead languages, and too superficial in their investigation of their worth. Thought is the nourishment of the mind,—the very sap which keeps it fresh and productive, full of life and vigor, and ever in the springtide of elasticity. Study and reflection are the parents of thought; and in thus producing an augmentation of human knowledge they aid, in a great measure, the perfection of that noblest faculty of man,—reason. It is through study, that we have presented to our minds the foundation on which the reflective power may build its fabric of new and mind-enriching thoughts. Every study, then, calling into play man's intellectual abilities aids in the advancement of the mind, and furthers the perfection at which all true lovers of learning aim. Languages, however, have more and weightier fruits than the mere satisfaction arising from a knowledge of them; they contain varied and profound information which, perhaps, in the study of our mother tongue alone we would never harvest. Nor are Latin and Greek exceptions. They are languages in which are treasured the most priceless gems of thought,—diamonds undimmed by ages of darkness and ignorance, forming, as it were, the jewelled bridge which unites the past and present, and spans the space between them with oft-occurring glimpses of something more than human.

Latin and Greek works are the offerings of antiquity to modern times. In them we find the giant efforts of ancient genius transmitted to us for our delectation and promotion; and these, together with our feeble efforts, we will transmit to our posterity. Will the bright pages of antiquity lose their lustre on the onward march to a still more perfect futurity? Will the most precious ores ever delved in the rich mines of thought lose their value by

transmission? No, so long as the human mind cherishes a love of true worth, ancient literature will receive its just meed of well-merited esteem. Books, it has been well said, are the "arsenals of the mind," where are stored in imposing array the arms of genius. Where, then, should we go for protection against ignorance and deception? Books are, therefore, the great medium of transmitted thought; and to them must we apply for the life-giving food of the intelligences. Why, however, must we have recourse to the works of antiquity? Here is the question on which hangs the chief weight of classical education, on which pulsates the very art of literary acquirements. It is because in the master-pieces of Ancient Greek and Latin authors, we find intellectual nourishment, more perfect than has been given by the most powerful writers of modern times,—nourishment which cannot fail to enliven and strengthen the God-given powers of the human intellect. Nor does this reason stand alone. In these works we find beauties which constitute a never-ending source of delight to the reader; and, like a leaf floating on the placid bosom of a beautiful lake, we may rest in the sweet and refreshing waters of ancient literature, studded with lilies of perfection. We find in these writings the most magnificent harmony. It permeates every sentence, and adds a charming grace which seems to have entrapped the very soul of music. Rich and beautiful as the Greek and Latin works undoubtedly are, many difficulties are met in their acquirement; but these very difficulties are a fruitful source of advantage to the student. They sharpen the intelligence by giving it practice in discerning the real meaning of the author. They strengthen the intellect by adding to it the experience gained in overcoming the obstacles to a complete comprehension of difficult and abstruse passages. They enlarge our versatility of expression; for very often, these difficulties arise from our inability to render the exact meaning in suitable and elegant terms, and without the assistance of clumsy circumlocutions.

One of the greatest advantages, however, accruing from a study of Latin and Greek is the comprehensive knowledge of our own language which they impart, and the wonderful assistance which they give in the acquirement of other modern tongues. They form the key which unlocks the portals of study, and opens out an easy access to the acquisition of the languages now used in the civilized world. The reason of this is evident; because from the Latin and Greek languages a vast number of words have been taken and transplanted into modern tongues with so little change that they may be easily recognized. It is not, then, a difficult matter to understand how much benefit the student may derive from an acquaintance with classics; for, since they are so closely allied with all the modern languages, a knowledge of them cannot fail to be a prolific source of assistance to the devotees of study.

## PERSONALS.

—Ed. Brankin, '71, is now in the Real Estate Business in Montreal.

—Rev. Jos. Kilpatrick, '70, is assistant pastor of "Star of the Sea", Brooklyn, N.Y.

—John Murphy, '72, is bookkeeping in the City and District Bank, Montreal.

—Rev. J. McCarthy, '74, is assistant Chaplain of the Westchester Protectors, New York.

—A. Brodeur, M.D., '72, is at Paris perfecting his knowledge of medicine, preparatory to teaching in Laval University.

—Joseph Bourdon, '73, is a surgeon dentist practising in Montreal.

—Rev. Dan. Murphy, '72, is parish priest in Missouri.

—Rev. Terence Kolly, '75, is Chaplain of the Westchester Protectors, New York.

—Rev. J. P. Mannion, C.S.C., '77, is now Professor of English at Farnham.

## MULTA, NON MULTUM.

—Ice!

—Snow!

—Ginger!

—Skating!

—"Got a match?"

—The *séance* was fine.

—Skip lightly, dear Ned.

—It is strictly forbidden to hang yourself on the rack.

—Costumes, especially long ones, cover a multitude of defects.

—"It is unnecessary to make an apology for that racket."

—"How long, O Kaiser! will you abuse our patience?"

—Our tonsorial artist was kept constantly busy during the past week.

—Thanksgiving Day was duly celebrated by our American element.

—One of the Freshmen says: "A wink is a slight corrugation of the ophthalmic covering."

—Lost, strayed, or stolen,—our local Editor. A heavy reward offered for his return, dead or alive; no questions asked.

—Hail to that noble genius who put the hat rack up, that now adorns our hall beside the old tin cup.

—We were delighted with the excellent music discoursed on the evening of the 22nd ult. by the St. L. C. Orchestra.

—The first appearance of THE SPECTATOR produced quite a sensation among the students. A holiday was granted by the Rev. President Geoffrion.

—We miss from our midst our former *genial friend*, who was wont to recount with such great gusto his wonderful adventures in Patagonia, Chili, Peru, etc., etc., etc.

—The Introductory class boasts of being the best physically developed body of young men in the house, simply because its Arm's strong, and, furthermore, because it has Grace to uplift it against negatively disposed disputants.

—Hand-ball still continues to be the rage among all the students. Why not have a champion game between the six best players of the Senior department? The lovers of handball, etc., would be well pleased to witness the contest, and, perhaps, might offer some reward as an inducement to those who do not avail themselves of the advantages accruing from this manly exercise.

—On the 8th inst., the feast of the Immaculate Conception, those who shall have been judged worthy of admission by the Executive Committee of the Sodality will be duly received as members of the Arch-confraternity of the Blessed Virgin. It is expected that a great many of the new students will be admitted.

—"Philos" has taken his accustomed stand upon the arena; he, as formerly, speaks in parables, his motto is, "Nolite me tangere"! Boys, be very prudent, there are certain periods when it's extremely dangerous to approach too near the sacred person of "Philos." Beware!

—Many thanks to the gentlemen who kindly volunteered to supply during the absence (?) of our Local Editor, the MULTA, NON MULTUM column with readable and amusing matter. Certainly we would have been in an extremely sad plight were it not for their generous assistance. We would, however, request them to send in their locals at an early date, in order to give the staff sufficient time to arrange them. Many good items were held over for next issue.

During the late French entertainment the attention of the audience was repeatedly drawn to a personage who sat in the rear of the Exhibition Hall. This individual eccentrically muffled, as if prepared to start for the North Pole, was vigorously fanning himself with a flashy and stringy *éventail*. At the close of the entertainment he was, indeed, in a pitiable state; for the perspiration was flowing in large streams from his time-honored face!

—The late frosts have rendered the ice extremely glassy. Every *congé* the rink is crowded with the happy students—the jovial knights of the skate—who elicit the admiration of the *spectators* by their graceful movements and wonderful feats. All is life! Many attempt to inscribe their names upon the "slippery surface," but their untrifling efforts are rewarded only with repeated falls, and then, that wild look of despair! How willing would they be, were their volition effective, to cause a commotion in the lower regions by eternally consigning to Pluto's realms the scoffers of their fall!

—Solemn High Mass of Requiem was celebrated, in the presence of the assembled students, a few days since for the eternal rest of the soul of the late Wm. J. Delaney, Plattsburg, N.Y. Rev. Father McGarry, C.S.C., officiated, assisted by the Rev. Fathers Robert and McKinnon, C.S.C., as Deacon and Sub-deacon. The chapel on this solemn occasion threw off her garb of festivity and assumed the sombre robes of mourning. As the sweet cadences of the Gregorian chant rolled in upon us in invisible



streams of harmony, our souls, overwhelmed by its soft influence, breathed forth to the Omnipotent Judge a fervent prayer for his eternal happiness.—R. I. P.

—St. Cecilia's day was celebrated here by all the lovers of music in a way that showed how sincere is their devotion to the art. In the evening a grand *séance* was given by the St. Cecilia's Society, and, owing to the untiring efforts of the Rev. Father Blais, was a complete success. The play entitled *Dimitri* was presented, with an excellent cast of characters. Among those who deserve mention are Messrs. Vinet, Guertin, Vansier and Pinet. The *élite* of the village were in attendance, as well as the Rev. Father Provincial and a large number of old students. The door was ably guarded by a youth with curly locks, whose assiduous attentions quite won the admiration of all the visitors. Professor Viau and Mr. Edward Somers rendered excellent music, and were loudly encored.

—During the performance on the evening of St. Cecilia's Day a bustle was heard in the south-eastern corner of the *salle*. It was our usually hilarious friend who on that evening, however, was somewhat phlegmatic and irritable, and made the hall resound, to the enjoyment of the bystanders, with outbursts of overflowing indignation couched in these terms:—"Say, stop your unwarrantable gibing"—"Won't you be aisy?"—"Come now, cease your scornful mockeries or I'll—" In the confusion we heard no more. J—, against whom these invectives were directed, became quite lamblike, and adroitly slid under a table!

—Who is "Moore"? Presumptuous youth! What self-reliance does he possess who pens us a few words of advice, bearing the signature "Moore"! How he attacks our "overgrown rhetoricians," and defends him hailing from a land of innocence. Friend "Moore," your interpretation of the article to which you alluded was exceedingly shallow. But, whoever you are, your perceptive faculties are undoubtedly blunted by the pernicious effects of your narrow-minded discernment. Re-read said item, and you will find that there was no foundation for your assertion. Enough! Next time you write, please sign your own name, in order that we may be enabled to send you a response of this import: "We prefer an 'overgrown rhetorician's' advice, though he be an 'English cockney,' to that of an imaginary 'Moore.'" Friend, we'll have no "Moore" of it. Go off to Zululand, or follow Greeley's advice and "go West," to which we would add, "Shovel smoke in a feather foundry," etc. Kind readers, this upstart interprets the phrase "a land of Innocence" in our last issue as referring to Ireland. Nobody but a— could infer this.

—When, in passing a stately mansion, the only thing out of order is the front gate, it is evident that there is a marriageable daughter in the house.

## 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. Armstrong, A. Brosseau, A. Crevier, A. Champagne, J. Choinière, J. Coffey, J. Cochrane, H. Desmarais, D. Donovan, J. Deslaurier, J. Broderick, L. Guertin, D. Gendron, H. Gernon, E. Guertin, Wm. Grace, H. Geraghty, F. Gears, L. Girouard, J. Hennessy, J. Kennedy, C. Kelly, E. Kelly, W. J. Kelly, F. Lefebvre, J. Leuchan, D. Lamoureux, D. Lowney, E. Murphy, Z. Migneron, J. McKinnon, D. E. Murphy, D. Mullins, J. Mullins, C. O'Shaughnessy, D. O'Connor, J. O'Donnell, U. Payment, G. St. Julien, A. Tourangeau, A. Théoret, F. Tassier, A. Vinet, J. Viau, R. Walsh.

## JUNIORS.

O. Bertrand, J. Beaudet, C. Brodeur, E. Cardinal, R. Charbonneau, A. Choquet, L. Delorier, E. Hébert, A. Hudon, A. Laroude, E. Larin, A. Lasonde, U. Lahaie, H. Larivée, O. Latteur, A. Lefebvre, E. Mantha, A. Pinet, H. Plouffe, A. Perrault, Wm. Polan, J. St. Jean, P. St. Jean, F. X. Smith.

## MINIMS.

H. Barbeau, G. Busseau, A. Champleau, J. Clement, O. Gauthier, M. Gahan, E. Lavigne, A. Lachance, P. Martin, S. Moisson, R. Marcotte, Fred. O'Brien, R. Pineseault, L. Prince, A. Raymond, Adolph Raymond, H. Sauvage, C. Starnes, Louis Teller, P. Trudel, Paul Trudel, E. Vigeant.

## 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. T. Lalande.

*Junior Class*.—E. Guertin, F. X. Lefebvre, D. E. Murphy, E. J. Murphy, D. Mullins, T. A. Nealon, A. Théoret, Fred. Tassier, E. Vinet, R. Walsh.

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

*Prosody*.—J. Choinière, J. Daly, H. Deguire, H. Gernon, L. Guertin, L. Girouard, J. Hopwood, Z. Migneron, Frank Murray, T. O'Connor.

*Syntax*.—J. Cochrane, A. Champagne, M. Carey, P. H. Carey, A. Guertin, F. 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. Moynagh, E. Valiere.

## COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT.

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

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

*Third Year*.—R. Charbonneau, J. Fee, J. Gohier, A. Hudon, R. Keating, Wm. Lanthum, E. Murphy, J. 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, R. Charbonneau, J. Finn, D. Fingleton, J. Hanrahan, A. Harwood, O. Latteur, P. Laroude, A. Lefebvre, Jos. Murphy, A. McGiinness, G. Murphy, J. Polan, H. Plouffe, F. Ross, O. Tourangeau, D. Tobin.

*First Year*.—Jas. Baxter, A. Brodeur, C. Brodeur, G. Callahan, B. Curran, A. Champagne, D. Dalton, J. Deslorme, J. Deslauriers, J. V. Deslauriers, E. Flannagan, Jos. Goyer, D. Hilly, W. Kelly, A. Lefebvre, J. McMullin, P. St. John.

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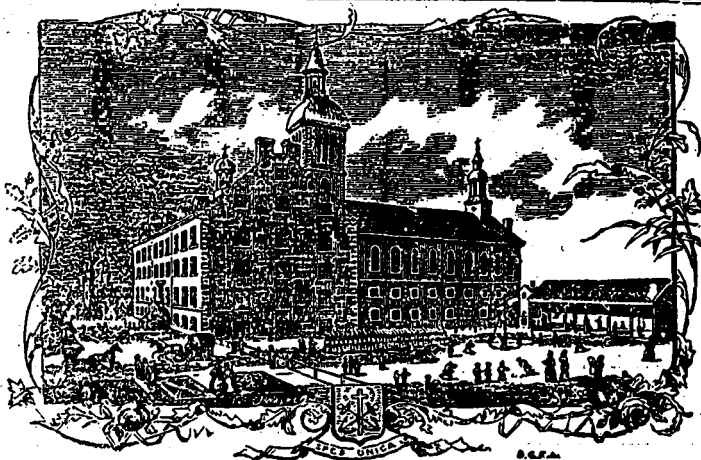
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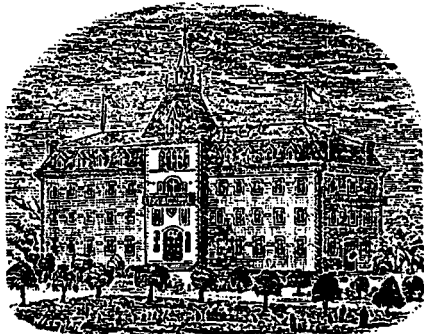
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