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AN ACROSTIC.

(As a Token of Esteem and Friendship.)

J. M. W.

When sorrow's piercing darts with poisoned steel
Inflict on fallen man relentless woe,
Life's mystic streams of gladness brightly glow—
Like seraphs' smiles—o'er those who humbly kneel
In contrite prayer, to speak the thoughts they feel,
And pray kind Heaven its choicest grace bestow
'Mid demons' wrangling strife, then blessings flow ;
Just as the summer zephyrs timely seal
Kind, soothing draughts upon the flow'ret's face,
Ere blasted by the heat of noon-day sun.
Love's visions blest, in pardoned souls arise,—
Long linger they, bedecked with heavenly grace !
E'er by repentant tears, the fight's thus won ;
Yes, thus the Cross the fatal bond unties.

JOHN MILTON.

W. J. K.

If it be true that "poets are born, not made,"—and assuredly many of the traits which characterize great poets are not entirely due to education,—nature must have throbbled with fond and subtle music when she ushered into being the subject of our sketch; and though winter sobbed her weird dirges at his birth, yet inaudible strains of thrilling harmony must have decoyed his soul to poetry and tuneful numbers. Imagination loves to picture the birthplace of great writers amongst vine-clad hills where sunny pleasure reigns supreme; or amidst plains bedecked with the daisy and buttercup, and serenely showing forth the matchless art of their Creator; or, better still, where the rich fruitage of the vineyard imparts a purplish tinge to smiling valleys washed by the waters of some old, historic river. Let not fancy, however, paint the early home of Milton amongst scenes so redolent of affection and romance; but let the thoughts roam to London,—that grand centre of labor and ease, love and hatred, pleasure and misery; and there where human passions, base and exalted, struggle in the great vortex of life, will we find the birthplace of England's best and noblest poet.

John Milton was born on the 9th of December, 1608, and was the descendant of an ancient Catholic family from which his father became alienated by abandoning the faith of his

ancestors, and embracing the Protestant religion. From his father, who was a musician of no ordinary ability, Milton no doubt inherited that delicacy of ear which so well fitted him to devote his time to poetical composition; and which enabled him to take his stand amongst the writers of the world,—an ornament to literary circles and a grand exemplar of human genius. Without this gift, which nature in her mild beneficence imparted to his mind, it would be difficult indeed to imagine him rising to the very pinnacle of sublimity, yet retaining that most pleasing harmony so essential to success. Born, if not in affluence at least in plenty, Milton was nurtured carefully, and his early training and education was such as to impress upon him the great necessity of integrity of character, without which no man need seek fame and honor; for to those alone who nourish in their souls an upright spirit can we accord a plenteous meed of esteem and respect. He graduated from Christ's College, Cambridge; and in 1632, having determined not to follow any of the professions, he retired to the ease and comfort of his father's home at Horton. Here he spent some years in the study of the Latin and Greek poets; and his pursuit, coupled with his seclusion, and its consequent serenity of mind and exemption from passion, aided him in becoming so proficient in those languages, that he wrote them with an ease and freedom not always acquired by long and faithful study. During this time he did not neglect the art toward which he was bending all the efforts of his strong and determined will; and, while his mind was being enriched by the golden dew of classic lore, and his heart was free from the tumultuous throes of care and solicitude, he gave to the admiring world *Comus*, *Lycidas*, *Arcades*, *L'Allegro*, and *Il Penseroso*. The years intervening between the death of his mother in 1637 and his marriage in 1643 he spent in travel, in the instruction of his nephews, and in the controversies which at that period were engaging the attention of all England, and especially of men of letters. After his marriage, which at first was very unhappy, he composed many works which in themselves would suffice to inscribe his name forever on the scroll of memory, and carve his genius in enduring characters on the tablets of fame. These works are not, as we find in some

writers, an index of sameness of spirit; but they embody all the fire and energy of his nature, together with the satire and eloquence of one whose soul brooked neither opposition nor equality. When he became Latin Secretary to the Council of State he wielded his pen with terrible effect, and proved to his adversaries that, though the sword is powerful, the pen in skillful hands can leave devastating traces of a well-contested battle. In 1656 he married the daughter of Captain Woodcock, and her death, in 1658, called forth an exquisite sonnet in which Milton has enshrined her memory, and which is a worthy tribute to the tender love at whose altar she sacrificed her being.

His devotedness to labor had been making terrible ravages upon his eyesight, until, in 1664, he became totally blind; and thus, in his old age, deprived of one of God's greatest blessings, he could not rest from labor: but having married a third time he busied himself in the composition of *Paradise Lost*. Later he published a *History of England*, *Paradise Regained*, and *Samson Agonistes*. He died on the 8th of November, 1674; and, as the glory of the morning star pales in the sun's dawning lustre, so is Milton well-nigh forgotten in the wonder and admiration which the offsprings of his genius awaken in the minds of men. With him perished the soul of English poetry, and they lie entombed together in the chancel of St Giles,—beneath them the cold unsympathetic clay; above, the unfeeling earth and the firm marble, fit emblems of his strong, unyielding spirit. Even he who boasts the greatest name of living men should not forget that heaven can withhold the kind bounty of being.

Of all the works of Milton that which reflects most credit on his name is *Paradise Lost*. With a boldness which fills the pious faithful with awe he soared to the divine heights of the Godhead; and, enveloping the mysteries of creation in phantoms of his towering imagination, he produced a picture unreal, chimerical, yet majestic and sublime. With the touch of a master he colored the primeval happiness of man; and the tales of ancient splendor and the dreams of faded glory assumed an air of vanishing simplicity: With a woful glance at the fall of man, he paints the shame and misery of that expulsion which lowered humanity; and weeping at the loss of their created greatness, an overpowering sympathy, an unaffected sorrow for our first parents' sin, cannot fail to be awakened in the mind of the reader. Yet the majesty and grandeur of the Demon, the idea, try as we will, that he is the grand centre around which clusters the pomp and pageantry of Milton's ideal images, wins the pity of tearful humanity, while the character itself repels the stubborn hatred inborn in every Christian soul. The style of *Paradise Lost* is characterized by a sublimity unequalled in any English production. It rolls along like the surging mass of ocean's waves; and the snow-white spray, topping each recurring roll, falls upon fancy's shore in cata-

facts of dazzling splendor. In solemn peals the tide of eloquence sweeps along until the thunder of Milton's mighty genius fills us with awe and apprehension, only to die in the low, weird echo of our wearied minds. His *Comus*, on the contrary, sparkles and beams with the varying hues of his fanciful imagery; and, like dew on the spotless lily, seems invested with the jewelled lights of countless coronals, gleaming in the bursting light of a new-born sun; in a word, it embodies the glory of his fancy with the delicacy of his unparalleled taste. As a sweeping criticism we may say that though in prose Milton was not always faultless, in verse he was ever excellent.

We find in him a strange medley of contradictions which do not accord well with the extreme opinions that he formed upon all subjects falling under his close and attentive scrutiny. He drew conclusions with logical correctness; yet with wilful pertinacity he allowed his mind to build up the splendid creations of his fancy in direct opposition to the dictates of his prosaic choice. The strangest features, however, in the character of this great poet are the earnest love of labor which he displayed during his whole career, and the admirable zeal with which he was inspired, even when robbed of the boundless pleasure experienced in gazing upon the wondrous works of the Creator. Nor can we imagine him bowing in calm resignation to the infliction which deprived him of sight. Some portions of his poems show how bitter was the pang which often pierced his heart; and how painful was the thought that earth's beauties were forever hidden, and all was dark and desolate to him.

"Dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse
Without all hope of day!"

OUR STARRY BANNER.

T. A. D.

When history opens the records of the past to the ever-scrutinizing eyes of the world, she reveals, in a particular manner, the deeds of those heroes who have fought against the overbearing sway of tyranny, and raised an oppressed people to the glory of an independent and self-sustaining nation. With the deeds of such men she chisels the roughness which too often disfigures her universal and impartial records; and, when the emulative mind seeks recreation and knowledge from the pages of this cold medium of the past, it fain would imitate those exploits which have crowned man with the imperishable cognomen—Liberator. Surrounded with this halo of glory are the names of those thousands of patriots who rushed from the village and the city, leaving the fields unploughed and the homestead desolate, in the ever memorable 1776, to fight for that liberty destined to build up the structure of independent government on the colossal foundation—Republicanism.

More than one hundred years have sunk into oblivion's tomb since the wilds of Columbia echoed and re-echoed the wide-spreading cry of freedom; since the dancing waves of the broad Atlantic wafted to the proud rulers of England the intelligence that America's sons had broken the chains of despotism—chains long since rusted by the tears and blood of a suffering, yet unoffending people; and now our Starry Banner, unconquered and unsullied, unfurls its proud folds among the mightiest ensigns of the world. Beneath it stands Liberty, and Liberty's safeguards repel oppression. How brilliantly the "Stars and Stripes" shine beneath the rays of never setting Freedom! Each star that glitters on her bright surface, like a beacon light, invites the serfs of the tyrant to a land where peace and contentment can be fully enjoyed: each stripe forms, as it were, an indissoluble link in the chain of power against which all opposition has been and will ever be unavailable.

Unlike the banners of many other nations, our standard has never sullied its history. The English flag is adorned with the fallen ensigns of her conquered, and is crimsoned with the sacred blood of Catholic Ireland and liberty-loving Scotland. The tricolored ensign of France blushes with the gore of priest and nun, and floats over the citadel of the goddess of Reason. Yet our flag is still the same spotless field of Red, White and Blue; whether we behold it upon the summit of Bunker Hill, when the troops of Britain staggered under the mighty force of its few defenders, or when it graced the memorable walls of Yorktown as the British Lion crouched at the feet of the immortal Washington. The cries of independence that then rose from four millions of down-trodden people seemed almost to rend it in twain as it waved triumphantly over the fallen flag of the tyrant.

But rapacious England could but ill restrain the anger that was glowing in her bosom. Again the Lion came roaring at Liberty's shrine, until the dull echoes roused the patriotic spirit of the American people; and from north to south and from east to west there arose one continued cry—Revenge. Then quailed Britain's haughty spirit. Defeat after defeat, repulse after repulse fell upon the enemy's troops like hail from heaven, until poor "John Bull" cringingly departed from our blood-stained shores with a dark-hued blemish upon his escutcheon that can never be effaced. No more did he tauntingly flaunt his banner; no longer did he proclaim the invincibility of his arms, for the very troops that had withstood the mighty Napoleon now ardently desired the suspension of hostilities.

Partial historians ask what glory does the rebellion of '64 bestow upon the Starry Banner. What glory? Imperishable glory. When the call to arms resounded throughout the sunny plains of the south, Liberty wept; for she saw the poor, degraded, uncared-for negro bound in slavery's cruel chains. The pens of her noblest

sons had failed; the sword was unsheathed, and for four gloomy years blood watered the fair plains of our land. The year '65 brought peace to the commonwealth and liberation to millions of negroes. Glorious achievement! Distressing effects! Republic cemented by the blood of her children! The dire consequences of this terrible warfare were, indeed, keenly felt; our glorious Republic tottered and threatened entire dissolution; but the powerful North raised a helping hand to the fallen South, and now both standards are sown together by the threads of eternal friendship.

AN INSTANCE OF THE MORAL SUBLIME.

R. W.

On the summit of a hill in Greenwood cemetery—so aptly called the "city of the dead"—there stands a monument erected by the gratitude of the citizens to the memory of the noble firemen who lost their lives in the discharge of duty. The sculptured marble represents a fireman, dressed in uniform, holding aloft a child, whom he had rescued from the devouring element at the cost of his own life. The names of the brave heroes who nobly sacrificed themselves in the sacred cause of humanity are inscribed on the polished monument. They are the plain, simple names of men who walked in the common ranks of life; yet a rough exterior sheltered hearts as true as ever beat in the human breast.

The evening sun had set over the great city, gilding with its mellow light the lofty spires looming up here and there, and the broad dome of the hall of Justice. The shadows of night grew apace. The busy throng had departed to their respective homes. The stern guardians of the peace, ever on the alert, paced to and fro through the silent, almost deserted, streets and avenues of the great metropolis. The outcasts from society, who pursue their nefarious avocations under the cloak of the night, were abroad, like hungry wolves, seeking whom they might devour. Suddenly, in the solemn stillness, the great bell of the City Hall pealed forth the alarm of fire. The warning sound floated through the midnight air, telling with fearful distinctness the scene of the conflagration. The gallant firemen, ever at their post, ever ready when duty calls, rushed forth to the scene of the fire. Already a large crowd, rudely awakened from their slumbers, had assembled. Hissing flames and blackened smoke were issuing forth from one of the many large tenement houses which are so numerous in the lower part of the city. So rapid was the progress of the flames that the terror-stricken occupants of the upper portion of the burning structure sought vainly an avenue of escape.

The devouring monster raged with unabated fury. The angry flames grasped post and pillar in its relentless embrace, as if defying the efforts of the brave firemen. The fearful con-

test went on. Suddenly amidst the noise and confusion a great cry was heard. Human forms were seen looking down with terror-stricken countenances upon that sea of upturned faces. Ladders were immediately procured. The firemen with surprising agility mount up the steep ascent. As each one is rescued, a great shout goes up from the throng below, who receive them with inexpressible joy. Some of the firemen enter the burning structure again, lest any one may be overcome by the suffocating smoke. Soon one is seen to appear at the window, bearing in his arms an infant, who, unconscious of the threatening danger, was sleeping the sweet sleep of innocence. The precious burden is handed in safety to a companion, when, with a great crashing of timber, the structure falls in ruins, burying the noble heroes amid the debris. A wail of anguish goes up from the throng; but all is over for the gallant firemen!

Thus they perished! Nobly, unselfishly, giving up their lives, their all, for the cause of humanity. What nobler heroism! What more could man do! Life was sweet to them; home and family were dear; the evening sun had set; leaving them with bright hopes; the morning sun arose, and found them dead, but transformed into heroes. There was sadness in many dwellings; there was mourning in a few homes when the sad news was known. Their lives were indeed sacrificed, but their names and deeds will live in the hearts of all lovers of the good and noble in human nature. How truly may it be said of them; that, when stern duty beckoned, they did not disobey; and, that,

"The noblest thing that a man can give
Is to lay down his life that a friend may live."

EXCHANGES.

We are in receipt of the *Student's Journal*, a monthly publication devoted chiefly to the study of Phonography. It, however, finds space for the discussion of other branches of science, and reports many items of interest to the student of the fine arts. From the single copy before us, we believe that the *Journal* is a periodical deserving of patronage. We gladly exchange, and tender it a hearty greeting.

Donahoe's Magazine comes to us this month bearing with it the usual amount of good reading matter. Its contents are as follows:—Portrait of Washington, Early History of the Church in Boston, Some of our Weak Points, The Flower of Finae, The Jesuits and their Persecutions, The Golden Jubilee of the Sisters of Mercy, The Augustinians of Dublin and their New Church, A Good Editor, Molly Vaughan, The History of the Planet, The School Question, The Cupidity of Mice, True to His Memory, From Elizabeth to Victoria, French Estimate of Farnell, Anecdotes of the Late Archbishop McHale, The Irish Soldier in the Rebellion, The Loos, Parody on, "Believe me if all those endearing Young Charms, A Small-pox Remedy,

The Execution of Robert Emmet, The Holy See, Coming Liberty, The Nun of Kenmare at Knock, Character of Washington, The Dewy-winged Breezes were Soaring, Our Young Folks, Five Little Farmers, Useful Knowledge, The Humorist, Talk with our Readers, Personal, Notices of Recent Publications, Obituary, Rev. Patrick Cuddihy. All the articles are very well written, The School Question, The Flower of Finae, The Jesuits and their Persecutions, Molly Vaughan, The History of a Planet, Character of Washington, The Golden Jubilee of the Sisters of Mercy, and many others of equal literary worth attracted the SPECTATOR'S undivided attention.

The Haverfordian, Haverford, Pa., comes to us with a goodly amount of excellent reading matter. Its literary worth is above the ordinary, and its entire management and neat arrangement reflect credit upon the Managers. The "ex" man vigorously brandishes the quill in defense of the *Ohio*, at least so we surmised after reading the bitter comments on the *Niagara Index*. We cannot say what provocation led to those aggressive outbursts, since the *Index* did not deem the SPECTATOR worthy of being inserted on its exchange list. We will, however, endeavor to return good for evil. The criticism (?) of the *Index* by the *Haverfordian* was, in our opinion, far from being gentlemanly. The *Haverfordian* says: "We believe in exchange criticism most fully, and when a man expresses an opinion candidly we respect him for it, let it hit where it will." Very well said. But in what does it make exchange criticism consist? Certainly, not in heaping abuse upon a contemporary. We would, however, be led to believe so by the lecture of the aforesaid article. Perhaps, the *Haverfordian* returned the fire of the *Index*, in eodem modo quo. If so, both are in our estimation entirely wrong. College Journals meet, as it were, in the arena for literary contests, and these conflicts assuredly do not consist in "throwing mud" at any combatant. It is the province of the "ex" editors to judge of the merits of each exchange. When, therefore, they insultingly attack the Editors of any contemporary, they overstep their bounds; for they herald before the exchange world the man with all his failings, and do not, as they should, criticize the offspring of his intellect.

The *Sunbeam* has taken exception to an editorial which appeared in one of our late issues on Canadian Independence, and criticises us on two points: first, on the spirit of the article; then, on its propriety in the columns of a college journal. We can hardly believe that the exchange editress gave enough of consideration to the matter before selecting the ground of her criticism. To deny the propriety—and to deny this is to deny the right—of a college paper to express its opinions on the questions of the day is simply to confine within very narrow limits the field, in which the student writer seeks matter on which he may exercise his mind. A

sensible and well-written article, it matters not what the subject be, commands attention, and is always suitable for the columns of a college journal. In our prospectus we have stated our intention of admitting to our columns articles on current topics; and we intend to carry out that prospectus, until we are convinced that it is defective. The *Sunbeam* asks:—"Is that fair dealing? to receive and even solicit all the aid a mother country can give, until, strengthened by that very aid, we spurn both her support and her government? Does that breathe a true spirit of independence?" We answer this by asking in turn:—"Is it fair dealing for a grown-up son to leave his parental roof and engage in business for himself? Does this action on the son's part necessarily lessen his filial affection?" *Canada First* says:—"England, we are confident, will never coerce Canada into remaining in the Empire if she feels inclined to depart;" and we are of the same opinion. Moreover, by being independent Canada will not necessarily "spurn" the mother country; we fail to see whence such a conclusion could be drawn. On the contrary, it would be, as it were, strengthened in filial affection by the close bonds of mutually political relation which would then exist between both nations. Again, we did not advocate immediate separation, we spoke of it as an event in the far distant future. We would indeed be sorely grieved to find our local column degenerating to that grade of which the *Sunbeam* speaks. If there are any hidden meanings clothed in the items of our local column, they are perfectly understood by our students. We do not suppose that every one who receives a college journal can fathom the meaning of many of its locals. These, we all know, are peculiar to the college whence they emanate, and are very frequently *lapsus lingua*. We thank you, kind *Sunbeam*, for your notice, and trust that you may be perfectly satisfied by our few corrections.

DIVERSA.

—Gold wire was first made in Italy in 1350.

—In 1583 the first botanical garden was made at Padua.

—It is asserted that the ancient Romans had a knowledge of black lead pencils.

—The Laval question has been definitely settled by our Holy Father, Leo XIII, in favor of the University.

—The poison of the sting received from a bee or wasp may be extracted by the pressure of a watch key on the part affected.

—The age of Alchemy extends from the middle of the fourteenth to the first part of the sixteenth century.

—In Lanerstoke, Hampshire, stands the mill in which the paper for the bank of England notes has been made since 1719.

—A curious case has been recently reported in California. A man was bitten by a rabbit;

and, though the wound was a mere scratch, his physician experienced great difficulty in saving his life. This fact so impressed the medical practitioner that he investigated the tooth of the upper jaw of rabbits; and found a hollow tooth, containing matter so poisonous that two drops inserted beneath the skin of a lamb caused an almost instantaneous death.

—THE CANADIAN FLAG. The Canadian trophy at the Paris Exhibition, which cost the Government \$20,000, was one of the sights that did the most credit to our national products and manufacturing industry. Although covered with foreign flags, we are told that not a single Canadian Flag could find its place on this Canadian Trophy. Were our commissioners ashamed of it? If so we are ashamed of them. Let us have Canada first, last, and every time.—*Canada First*.

—It is not a universally known fact that honey, in bad seasons, is liable to be vitiated by the juice which the bees extract from poisonous plants, to which they are driven by the absence of those herbs from which at other times they are accustomed to procure the materials of this hoarded delicacy. A specimen of honey gathered from the *Rhododendron ponticum* is said to have retained its poisonous qualities for twenty-five years. Honey procured from the flowers of the *Kalmia latifolia* caused great destruction of life at Philadelphia in 1790. All poisonous plants should, then, be removed from proximity to bee-hives.

—It is a very noticeable fact that alcohol does not form so important a part in the composition of medicine as was formerly the custom. More nutritive potions are being constantly sought for; and, though alcohol is essential in some diseases, it cannot be questioned that in others it should give place to aliments better calculated to raise and sustain the physical powers. Several expert physicians have stated that, were it replaced by some invigorating food, the substitution would prove not only beneficial in those cases in which a stimulating influence is required, but also when the system needs no sustaining force. In this latter case it is positively deleterious.

—Chas. Fradell, the eminent composer and musician, not long ago was out of funds. This was so unusual an occurrence that it caused him to reflect deeply. After a time an idea occurred to him, and he entered Steinway Hall. "William," said he, "all great artists have benefit concerts. I am a great artist, and I am going to have a benefit. How many tickets will you take?" William Steinway murmured something about the rock of Gibraltar, and said, "How much are they?" "One dollar a piece," replied Fradell. "Well," sighed Mr. Steinway, making a face as if he had bitten a green persimmon, "I guess I will have to take ten!" "Stay," said Fradell, "I have an idea. Suppose you give me five dollars, and I give no concert, then we'll both make money."—Ex.

The Spectator.

ST. LAURENT COLLEGE, near Montreal, February 3, 1882.

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In colleges, especially, the use of slang words and phrases prevails; there, many are always ready to introduce them, and few are unwilling to employ them. Certainly, an exceptional and model institution would be that into which this obnoxious practice would be refused admittance; yet, while convinced of the truth of our assertion, we are sorry to say there is not, perhaps, a single educational institution in America where slang is a thing unheard of. In many it indeed "rules supreme." The less advanced students, nay often those on the threshold of graduation, appear to take special delight in expressing their thoughts through this absurd medium; and instead of increasing their vocabulary by stocking it with classic words, they cram it with all the slang extant. Indeed, slang has taken lately such a deep and firm root in our colleges that it seems impossible to eradicate it. Can it be banished from our halls? Certainly; by constant watchfulness and perseverance we can make it disappear. But for this the hearty co-operation of all is indispensable. Every student should bring and keep plainly before his mind the viciousness of the use of such vulgar language; and none should forget that under no form and no circumstance is it admissible to the circle of refined society. With this, then, before his mind, he should reject all slang and cant expressions, and endeavor to acquire so great a fund of purely English classical words that he may never be at a loss to find suitable and elegant terms in which he may clothe his thoughts.

That Canada does not receive her just quota of emigrants is admitted by all; but why is it thus? Why do some emigrants shun Canada altogether, while others soon after arriving here

leave us to fix their home in the United States? The principal causes of this state of affairs lie undeniably in the following facts: First, it is known that our form of Government is monarchical. Now, the emigrant considers not whether it is constitutional or absolute; in fact he little cares to be informed on this point. One thing, however, which may be deeply impressed upon his mind is that he is a voluntary exile from his native land, and he forgets not that the cause was the despotism of his ruler. With dread, then, and bitter hate of the very name *Monarchy*, he avoids Canada, and chooses as the land of his adoption the neighboring republic. Secondly, when immigrants arrive here, they are left to take care of themselves, and, strangers in the country, after staying but a short time, they hear of the great inducements offered to them by the United States, and embark for that country. There, as soon as they arrive, they are taken care of until employment is found for them, or till they are settled on farms. These, truly, are the primary causes why Canada is deprived of a share of the present emigration, and why she fails to keep what she does receive. The first shall, undoubtedly, be removed by time; the second can and should be attended to immediately.

The preservation of health is a most important duty. A sound mind in a sound body is something to be desired by all. Nothing is more conducive to health than out-door exercise. The student has many means of recreation in the open air, such as hand ball, skating, snow shoes, etc. While to those who do not indulge in these pastimes nothing is more beneficial or enjoyable than a brisk walk in the keen wintry air. The benefits accruing from out-door exercise can hardly be over-estimated. Sleep will be sounder and more refreshing; the brain will become clearer to grapple with those puzzling and intricate questions which the student must invariably meet in his studies; he will be happier and more contented; he will become more social and agreeable among his companions. Why do we so often see the pale, sallow cheek? Why are so many disinclined to study? Why do so many visit the infirmary? It is because exercise in the open air has been neglected. It is truly sad for one, having spent many years in college, to go forth from the walls of his alma mater with a shattered constitution. Yet this frequently happens. And this deplorable state can be attributed, not to overwork; but to lack of proper exercise. This question of health is one which concerns all,

without exception. Who does not know that a person in delicate health is an object of commiseration? Who is unaware of the fact that the letter from home always contains an anxious inquiry for the health of the absent one at college. These few remarks apply to all, and especially to those who are not of a robust constitution. One cannot fail to observe a laudable desire on the part of many students to take all the out-door exercise possible. They are to be commended for their wisdom and good sense. We trust that many more will imitate their example. There are a certain number of persons, and we are happy to say that they constitute a small part of the body of students, who dread the keen winter air as if it was their worst enemy, whereas it is their best friend. It is an old truism that we do not realize the worth of anything till we have lost it; so, many regret the loss of health who did not prize the invaluable gift when they possessed it. Health is, assuredly, one of the greatest of God's blessings, for which we should be deeply grateful, and for its preservation we should take every precaution, that we may become more useful members of society, and better able to fight life's battle with confidence and courage.

The facts that the birthday of our popular and universally respected Prime Minister, Sir John A. Macdonald, occurred on the 11th ult., and that the Hon. Joseph A. Chapleau, the Premier of the Provincial Government, lately received extraordinary honors at the hands of His Holiness Leo XIII, have induced us to give brief sketches of their political lives. Amongst the greatest statesmen of the world Sir John A. Macdonald holds by no means an unenviable position. Amongst the ablest minds of Canada he stands pre-eminently the first. Endowed with all the qualities which make a mind noble and great, and possessing in a marked degree the characteristics of a leader, he is, we may venture to say with his friends, qualified and competent to be Prime Minister of England. Clear and pithy in his language, forcible in his arguments, and vehement in his earnestness, though not an orator in the strict sense of the word, he carries conviction to the minds of his hearers. A true patriot in his sentiments, and kind in his manner, he enjoys the respect and elicits the admiration of his political opponents, whilst he calls forth the applause and implicit confidence of his friends and followers. As a statesman, he has been compared by an able pen to the late Lord Beaconsfield; but there was, perhaps, a

still more striking resemblance in the external appearance of these two great men. So noticeable, indeed, was this likeness, that, it is related, the Princess Louise, when she was met by Sir John at Halifax on her coming to this country for the first time, expressed her surprise at his marked resemblance to the English ex-Premier. Born in 1815, he has just completed his sixty-seventh year, and has spent the greater part of his life in the service of his country. Since 1844 he has always occupied a seat in Parliament, and has marked his public life by his labors and solicitude for the national prosperity. Sir John is distinguished as a member of the Privy Council of the Queen, and is enrolled as Knight Commander of the Bath since July 1st, 1876, the day on which was realised his fond desire, confederation of the Provinces. It was also he who took the most prominent part in this union scheme, and who presided at the meeting held in Quebec for the purpose of carrying it out; to him, then, may we ascribe the honor of the undertaking and justly give the surname "Father of the Confederation." His diplomatic talents were exercised on several missions, but they elicited admiration, especially in the difficulty that arose from the Alabama Claims; nay, it is generally admitted that his was the greatest of the great minds present on that occasion. Everybody, irrespective of party, must grant that Sir John is a true Canadian patriot, and that his country should feel proud of him and grateful for his having served her so long and so faithfully: and who can doubt but that she does? If Canada were a republic to-day none would have greater claims upon the people to urge his selection as her first president. As it is, however, let us hope that at no far distant day Sir John will be our Governor General, for we must say of him—" *Bene de civitate meruit.*"

The Hon. Joseph A. Chapleau, unlike Sir John, is but commencing his political career, and consequently there is not much to be said on this portion of his life. It is marked, we may say, as yet but by a series of brilliant speeches which have secured for him the reputation of an accomplished orator. On the fall of the Quebec Liberal Government, a few years ago, he was chosen Prime Minister. At the late elections his party was returned with an overwhelming majority, so that a wide field now lies open for him to set his energies and talents into action and serve and benefit his country. It is remarkable to what a degree he can arouse the feelings

of his audience when he throws his whole soul into the subject brought up for consideration; then, indeed, he appears to have as much command over the passions of others as over his own. His words, nay, his very actions, are peculiarized by his personal conviction—feigned or real, as the case may be—and carry persuasion to the minds of many of his audience. The horizon of his political career, so bright, is certainly promising of a great future; yet time alone will declare him a statesman or a mere politician. Not long since the talents and abilities of the Hon. J. A. Chapleau were highly estimated, even in a land so distant as Italy, and he received a pleasing and substantial mark of that appreciation. He visited Rome lately in order that he might see His Holiness Leo XIII and the Eternal City. This act of respect, and devotedness to the Holy See, on the part of the leader of a government—a thing of rare occurrence in this age of worldliness and infidelity—was gratefully recognized and amply rewarded. After spending a few days in Rome, the Hon. J. A. Chapleau was forced, on account of his provincial affairs, to return to Canada without having had a personal interview with the Pope, for the Holy Pontiff was ill at the time. A short while, however, after arriving here he received all the insignia attached to the order of St. Gregory. This distinction, the greatest possible, was conferred upon him December 17th. The Hon. J. A. Chapleau is the third Canadian who was honored by being named Commander of this great order, the late Messrs. J. Viger and C. Wilson having also received a like honor. Though yet young, as we have stated elsewhere, he already stands high in the estimation of his country, and we sincerely trust he will continue to enhance that estimation. Our hope is that he may end gloriously a political career commenced so auspiciously.

PERSONAL.

—James Wiseman, '75, is employed in a railroad office, New York city.

—Rev. J. McCusker, '74, is assistant pastor of St. Michael's Church, Brooklyn, N.Y.

—Frank Mehan, '74, is in the undertaking business in Jersey City, N.J.; he is very successful.

—Jno. W. Donovan, '76, is in the real estate business, and is rapidly progressing on the road to wealth. His friends at St. Laurent wish him all success in the battle of life.

—Thos. Noonan, '75, is studying law in Jersey City. We wish him well in the course of studies which he has adopted.

—Edward Robert, '76, is in Montreal engaged in the profession which he has chosen for life. We are informed that he is considered one of Montreal's most competent Notaries.

MULTA, NON MULTUM.

—Oh!

—Tommiel!

—Don't you go.

—“Cold enough?”

—“Dr. Skiboreen.”

—“Mr. Jurymen.”

—Are you a Phrenologist?

—Who sang the *Dixit*?

—“Diogenes was an Irishman.”

—Examination mo Examinat!

—Come, hear me sing the *Dixit*.

—“That's right, boys, keep the fire warm.”

—“I wish these examinations were over.”

—It's only 23° degrees below zero!!

—“The Windsor has too much wind, sir.”

—Good deal of work for the staff this week!

—Empty are the boxes—goodies gone!!!

—Owing to the examinations, locals are scarce.

—How many good resolutions broken since the glad New Year!

—“Oh! for a cause, ye mighty gods,” a—the rest was lost.

—The St. John's Association will soon favor us with another entertainment.

—When are the Geoffrion Cadets going to give us an exhibition?

—Rev. Father Carrier delivered a discourse on Cosmography, the 19th ult.

—Active preparations are being made for the erection of the new College.

—Very Rev. Father Louago assisted at the examination of the Classical Department.

—The students are anxiously awaiting the annual visit of Bishop Fabre.

—Owing to the very cold weather, outdoor sports are entirely abandoned.

—Many of the juniors were, after the vacations, afflicted with that most terrible disease—*blues*.

—An immense quantity of cut stone has been hauled to the premises for the new buildings.

—After an almost invincible concatenation of subterfuges the son of the city of Priam went on *retinue*.

—We observed a certain student scanning intently the blank leaf of a class book. He remarked, “This is a hard lesson.” We came to the conclusion that it was, indeed, a hard task to do nothing.

—The days grow perceptibly longer; yet the extreme cold and heavy drifts of snow proclaim the spring a long way off.

—Some of our "Southern States" men think that the North-Pole has meandered and halted in the region of the College.

—Some one of a poetical turn of mind has called the members of the St. Patrick's Literary Association the *posies* of St. Patrick.

—Twelve of the stoutest seniors undertook a long promenade on the 19th ult. On the outward journey through the snow and bad roads all were boasting of their powers of endurance; but on the return—ouugh! Ask them to the Back River again!

—Why do not the senior students aid us in the preparation of the local column? By a little exertion on their part they could relieve us of much labor, and do much to make this department of the paper pungent and entertaining. Each one has free access to the local box, which is placed on the door of the sanctum.

A beautiful custom exists among the students of visiting the chapel during the afternoon recreation. Both seniors and juniors alike go to honor our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. We believe, as Catholics, that our Lord is everywhere, but that he is, in an especial manner, on our altars. Hence the pious practice of visiting the chapel to return thanks for favors received, and to ask those blessings of which we stand so much in need. All should, therefore, make daily visits to the Blessed Sacrament, for we cannot estimate the innumerable graces and favors obtained by those who perform the pious devotion.

—Why not clear the snow from the skating rink? It seems too bad to miss a good opportunity of displaying our gracefulness, by totally ignoring this fine exercise which a short time ago was so popular amongst the greater number of our students. In fact, there is no better means of developing a hearty constitution than that afforded by skating. Fancy touches, cutting circles and fanciful figures, all have their advantages; but above all, the votaries of this manly sport have opened a fine field for the pursuit of knowledge. It is stated on reliable authority that a person striking his cranium upon the ice calls into existence myriads of stars; and, if this be so, he certainly has a fine opportunity of making astronomical observations.

—The "Moot Court" connected with the St. Patrick's Literary Association held a session lately in order to fix the destiny of that arch-offender against the divine and human law, Guiteau, whose case has been so long pending in Washington. The lawyers on both sides acquitted themselves creditably of the parts assigned to them; but, be it said to the honor of the prosecution, those on the defence did not succeed in acquitting the noted criminal. Messrs. E. J. Murphy and Thos. A. S. Nealon were the lawyers on the defence, and Messrs. J. J. Lenehan and Thos. A. Daley were the advocates for the Government. Messrs. Murphy and Lenehan ably directed their arguments, and gained the admiration of all those who had the good

fortune to be present at the trial. The witnesses amid the fire of cross examination stood imperturbable, and gave sharp and ready responses to the many questions proposed. Many circumstances connected with the proceedings occasioned much hilarity among the auditors; and the impromptu speeches and sayings of Guiteau gave birth to merriment which the constabulary found impossible to restrain. On the whole it was a brilliant success, and we hope before long to assist at another such entertainment.

SCHEDULE OF HONOR.

SENIORS.

A. Brossard, J. Broderick, A. Caron, C. Cardinal, A. Crevier, J. B. Choinière, J. Campbell, H. Drouin, L. Deslauriers, Dan. J. Donovan, T. Fogarty, J. Gohier, H. Gernon, T. Gearn's, L. Girouard, E. Harrington, E. Kelly, W. J. Kelly, E. Legault, Is. Legault, Dennis Lowney, Z. Mignerou, D. E. Murphy, D. Mullins, R. McDonald, J. O'Donnell, O. Rice, P. Renault, F. Salmon, G. St. Julien, A. Théoret, E. Valiere.

JUNIORS.

O. Bertrand, J. Baxter, H. Beaudoin, J. Choquet, A. Choquet, A. Champagne, V. Deslauriers, J. Deslauriers, A. Hudon, A. Lefebvre, J. Lecavalier, E. Murphy, A. Pinet, J. St. Jean, F. X. Smith, A. Tourangeau, L. Trembley, J. Williams.

MINIMS.

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

LIST OF EXCELLENCE.

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

CLASSICAL DEPARTMENT.

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

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

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

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

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

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

COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT.

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

Fourth Year.—A. Boquet, H. Drouin, H. Langlois, A. Pinet, J. Smith, N. Vian.

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

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

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


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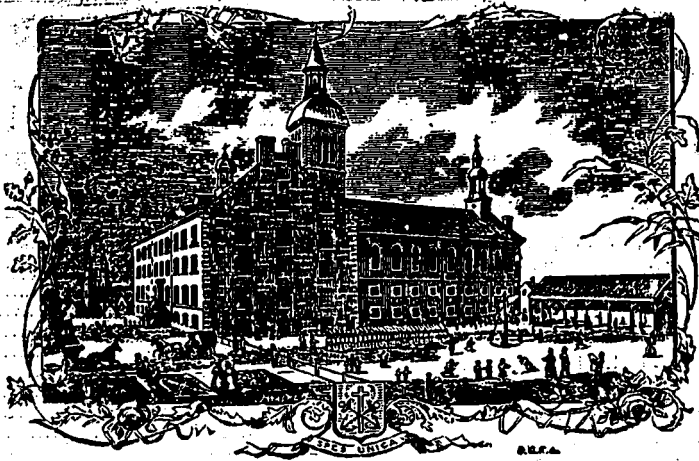
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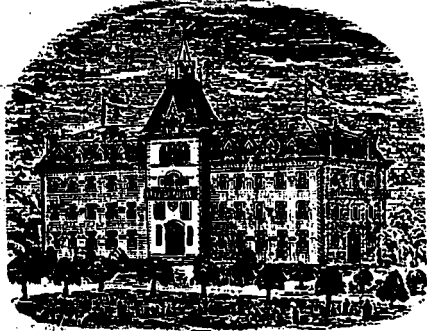
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