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Poetry.

TWO DAISIES.

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I.

Two pink daisies grew together
In a sweet shady nook;
Grew, and budded, and bloomed together,
Nodding their heads in the bright spring weather.
Down by a glancing brook.

One was plucked by a gallant rider,
Plucked and carried away
To smile in his lordly mountain dwelling.
There of fields and gardens telling
To knights and ladies gay.

The other left in its shady corner
Bloomed unseen, unknown;
Bloomed, and faded, and perished lowly.
Saw for bees and wild birds only;
Lived and died alone,

II.

Two little maidens grew together
In the same quiet spot;
Roamed, and played, and dreamed together
O'er cowslip dells and hills of heather;
Slept in the same low cot.

Years passed, and a knight came that way riding
And, won by her beauty rare,
Wooed with glance and word so tender,
And bore afar to his home of splendor,
One of those maidens fair.

The other, left in her quiet corner,
Far from the world's gay throng,
Blessing the weak, and old and lowly.
Lived a life more pure and holy
Than ever was told in song.

III.

One life seems bright—another shady.
But one sky bends o'er all;
The rain, with sunshine following after,
The same sad tears, the same gay laughter.
Alike come to cot and hall.

Essays.

UNREALIZED IDEALS.

TENNYSON says: "Common is the common-place." This is true, certainly; and so, too, the wild flowers of the field are common. The workman passes them on his way to work, and only knows—perhaps scarcely knows—that they are there.

"The daisy by the mountain side to him a daisy is," and it is nothing more. But the poet comes by, and, in his deep sympathy with nature, he exclaims:

"Would to this mountain daisy, self were known;
The beauty of its star-shaped shadow, thrown
On the smooth surface of this naked stone."

And the common-place! It lies around us everywhere. The struggle for bread, the struggle for position, the struggle for time wherein to crowd the work of the day. All these things are common-place enough, but they need not be so. The man with a lofty ideal ceases to find anything prosaic in—work.

Everybody knows what an ideal is. It is subjective. If it is of any strength, or worth it cannot long remain a mere ideal. It will develop, and work itself into a living reality. As soon as it takes this tangible form and becomes objective, it ceases to be an ideal, for an ideal must always be beyond our reach. It is what a man *means to be* or *to do*; and in its very nature it must be above him—must be beyond and outside of his present capabilities.

"Have we not all, amid life's petty strife
Some pure ideal of a noble life
That once seemed possible?"

The sculptor aims to chisel out of the rough unhewn marble "a human face divine;" a purer, loftier face than those he sees around him—his dream of humanity. The artist aims to produce on canvas a living representation of the scene before him, so that others may see what he sees. Each