

# THE PORTFOLIO.

"VITA SINE LITERIS MORS EST."

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## The School Girl's Lament.

ALAS, my mind is not my own,  
My thoughts are bound in chains,  
The Muses far away have flown  
And fancy shuns my brains.

In vain I long for pleasant rides  
Across the hills of snow,  
Or, o'er the glassy ice to glide,  
'Neath which the streamlets flow.

I have but Euclid's hilly mists  
Of circles, planes and lines :  
The streams are formularly lists  
Of plus and minus signs.

All fiction I have put away,  
We dare not read that here,  
Its Grammar and dull Algebra,  
Instead of novels dear.

Mythology is quite erased  
By Henrys, Edwards, Johns,  
While rhyme and verse have given place  
To everlasting suns.

I scarcely dare admire the sky  
Or watch the sparkling stars,  
For fear 'twill call my mind away  
From fractions, cubes and squares.

My thoughts have left the azure sky,  
The smiles have left the moon,  
While theorems their place supply,  
And gladness yields to gloom.

And if I think of dear old home,  
Of friends lost to my view,  
The briny tears perhaps may come  
And lips may quiver too.

But soon these tears I must erase,  
They interfere with books,  
They put the angels out of place  
And turn the lines to hooks.

The founts of joy, the youthful fires  
That bubbled in my breast,  
That once with joy this heart inspired  
Have dwindled into rest.

Because my mind is not my own,  
My thoughts are bound in chains,

The muses somewhere else have flown,  
And fancy shuns my brains.

Then thou ye winds, wite all your might  
In dreary diges blow ;  
Come, howl ye savage ghosts of night,  
And join my song of woe. *Contribut. J.*

"A Farthing Candle is more convenient for household purposes than the stars."

WE are taught to believe that there is nothing which, in the economy of Nature, is absolutely useless. Each part of the universe, however small, has its own peculiar place and function, and is so related to every other part, as to be necessary to the completeness of the whole. The Mosaic floors of the old Roman houses consisted of tiny blocks of marble, of various hues, so fitted together by the careful shading and blending of hues, as to produce the effect of a painting. This universe, with its myriad parts, each in such perfect setting, is a vast picture of an all-wise Creator. So great is the variety of form, that as scientists tell us, not even two atoms exactly resemble each other. Each has its own size and shape, and fulfills its own duty in forming with countless others, a concordant whole—a perfect world.

It is with ever renewed wonder that we note the completeness and beauty of the smaller as well as the larger objects around us.

"Flower in the crannied wall,

I pluck you out of the crannied :—

Hold you here, root and all, in my hand,  
Little flower—but if I could understand  
What you are, root and all, and all in all  
I should know what God and man is."

The brook, sparkling in the sunshine, and dancing in its innocent glee, as it sportively tosses the petal of a rose, that has fallen into it from an overhanging bush,—and the mighty ocean, with its