

The Portfolio.

Vita Sine Literis Mors Est.

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TRUST ON.

Tired? Yes, sometimes dearie,
But not as I once would be,
When my heart seemed always weary
With its burden of care to bear.

My life, like a lengthened sorrow,
Dragged slowly on each day,
And bitterly asked I each morrow
"Can'st *thou* not bring rest to me?"

E'en Hope, that once with her singing
Made music all day long,
And kept my heart walls ringing
With the echoes of her song.—

Now sat her lone watch keeping;
From lip flowed forth no lay,
Her blue eyes dimmed with weeping,
And the ceaseless waiting long.

But once in the dark of midnight
I bent on my knees alone,
And there came to me a whisper
In a low, sweet, soothing tone.

Nearer it came, and nearer,
Dying, then almost gone;
Then in swelling voice, yet clearer,
Said, "Loving heart, trust on."

Then groping in wonder and gladness,
I clasped the warm hand of Faith,
And no more doth my heart beat in sadness,
But in loving faith trusts on.

AN "OLD SONG" SET TO AN "OLD TUNE."

THE extent to which people are controlled by that remarkable personage Society, affords ample cause for reflection to all, and may serve, on the present occasion, as a theme for the "old tune" which we drum into the ears of the readers of the PORTFOLIO this month. If, after perusal, the more enlightened of its patrons should insinuate that our "old song" displays a strong disposition to grumble, we trust, at least, that the more credulous will agree with us that there are times when even grumbling becomes a necessity, as every well-regulated fault-finder will admit, in

order to attain legitimate and desirable ends. Then there is also the gratifying conviction on the part of the complainer that he is in some measure a reformer of abuses and misuses, which ought to stimulate every grumbler to faithfully and heroically perform his or her duty.

As a matter of course when we express ourselves adversely to society and its customs, our remarks, necessarily, are chiefly directed against prevalent tendencies in the way of dress, in which we are indulging to an extent which is but the forerunner of ruin to the majority.

We frequently hear it asserted that we are a practical people, and no doubt we are, but nevertheless we are very easily induced to indulge in frivolities and absurdities of which "practical" people should be heartily ashamed. We might enumerate dozens of instances relative to the thralldom in which sensible people are held by the despot Fashion, but unfortunately the PORTFOLIO, like all first-class periodicals, is hampered "for want of space," consequently we will limit our remarks to one or two extraordinary phases of the customs pertaining to "good society."

We do not remember of ever hearing of a person who successfully combated the prevalent idea that woman, generally speaking, displays a decided tendency to adorn herself, and that if she cannot accomplish that herculean feat in one way she will do it in another. Before and since the days of the maliciously ironical Swift, our unhappy sex has been, and justly so, the target for bitter sarcasm in reference to frivolity and absurdity in dress. Of course there was a time a century or two ago when the sterner sex quite surpassed us in the most monstrous extravagance, but a reformation came about, and now the cavalier gentleman of olden times would scarcely dare appear in our streets. But where are *we* in the matter