

The Portfolio.

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We invite contributions and correspondence from the Alumnae and former students.

Editorials.

IN this age of the world when so much attention is being given to the development of muscle, it is gratifying to notice that some, and that not a little, joined to brave hearts and strong nerves, are being employed in a better cause than running a foot race or pulling an oar. While Hanlan is being feted in London, and Toronto is making arrangements to grant him the freedom of the city, there occurs in our midst a tragedy bringing to the front more bravery and self-abandonment than any champion sculler has ever yet displayed. Has not half of our world been carried away by the exhibition of a skill that is made subservient to no earthly purpose but exhibition? If these were the old days of French galleys, it might be worth while putting such men as Hanlan and Laycock in training. But, as it is, are we not bestowing honor where it is not due, and withholding it from those most deserving? Would it not be much more sensible for Toronto to confer favors on the gallant firemen who again and again have rescued the homes and friends of her population from the flames, more sensible to bestow even the freedom of the fair city on such men than, forsooth, on one who has been the cause, perhaps, of more gambling

than any other man living, and who has accomplished literally nothing for the real good or glory of his country? From the raffle at the church bazaar to the secret lottery at the other end of the metropolis, from the game of marbles at the street corner to the national race just concluded on the Thames, all are buoyed up and impelled onwards by the same spirit—the thirst for gain and the excitement of contest. Truly, we live in a time of wonders! One man, under the most favorable circumstances, surpasses a rival at sculling; his fame is heard from tropic to tropic; “all Europe rings from side to side;” addresses and presentations pour in from all directions; we had almost said his was a household name; and all this to greet whom? The champion! Champion of what, you ask—of innocence, freedom, or the right? Oh, no!—just the champion sculler. But a wild storm is raging on our lake; the sky is inky black, while the dark clouds rend before the wind; the tempest is unabated, but the signal of distress is heard, and instantly willing hands launch the life boat into the almost freezing water, with the hope, but often the barest possibility, of saving a human being. The paper mentions such deeds of heroism, and they are commented on during the cozy breakfast, then—forgotten. If we could but move forward a century and look at ourselves, think you distance would lend “enchantment to the view?” Then, to examine the purely financial aspect of the question, think of the untold wealth that has been squandered in these so-called great races. If this had been used in the furtherance of some great national project, as for instance the Darien Canal, who can say what future generations would have reaped from it? Monsieur de Lesseps, in this scheme for facilitating commerce between two vast continents, has met with numerous discouragements, not the least being, for a time, lack of funds, and we think that shares