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SYMPATHY.

By GRACE DENIO LITCHFIELD.

Friend, art thou drowning? So am I.
Hold by my hand.
Nearer is my vain help, than help
From yonder land.

Friend, art thou starving? So am I.
Therefore I come
To thee—not to de overfed—
To ask a crumb.

Friend, hast thou nothing? Less have I.
Yet beggared once,
Give more to those who beg, than e'er
Earth's richest sons.

—From "*Independent*."

THE BROKEN CHORD.

By REV. SAMUEL K. COWAN, M. A.

I. Very weary, weary was he,
Weary of glare and weary of din;
All night long, to a thoughtless throng,
Playing his violin.
But now at last, he has fallen asleep,
Sound as a babe on his mother's lap,
For he never heard, it hung by his bed,
A string of his fiddle snap.

II. Oh, never mind! it is only a string,
They often break giving no warning;
Let the child sleep, for he can mend
The broken chord in the morning.

III. Very weary, weary was he,
Sore of soul, and heavy of heart;
All life long to a heedless throng,
Playing his loveless part.
But now at last, he has fallen asleep,
Sound as a babe in slumber lapped;
And no one heard, when the silver chord
Of his weary life was snapp'd

IV. Ah, never mind! it is only death,
It often comes giving no warning;
Let the child sleep, for God will mend
The broken chord in the morning.
—From "*Girl's Own Paper*."

THE SILENT CHORD.

By MARION MANVILLE.

I. Where shall I look for the hidden chord?
When will its harmonies come to me;
Full of all beauty of time and tune,
The psalm of immortality?
Eye cannot see what the ear may hear,
Ear may not hear what the eye can trace,—
Clue for the voices of street and field,
Clue for the beauties of field and face.

II. Where shall I search for the hidden sound?

Where shall I look for its secret life?
Startle it out of its silent peace
Into the clamor of tuneful strife?
Alas as deep as the pearl that lies
Under its fathoms of ocean brine,
Is the chord my nature had always lacked,—
The harmonies mute which had been divine.

III. Lost! in the depth of a dreamer's soul,
The golden link of a wondrous tune,
Carved as the angels carve their crowns,
Sweet as the roses of fadeless June.
Found! in the choir of an unseen land,
Voiced by the singers of heavenly lore,
The golden link of the missing chord
That my soul shall lack no more.

—From "*Lippincott's Magazine*."

NAMES OF PLACES.

One of the most interesting studies to which we can give our attention is the origin of geographical names. Some of them could convey to us a great deal of knowledge, both historical and geological, if we would endeavor to find out their hidden meaning.

Many facts which history had not recorded, are revealed by the names of places. Some writers has said, "Mountains and rivers still murmur the voices of nations long denationalized or expired."

Wherever the Saracens conquered in the eight century they left their marks in the names of towns; thus they are easily traced even through Spain, but beyond into France we do not find them, owing to the repulsion of the followers of Mahommed by Charles Martel.

The only word-memorials which the Romans left in Britain are a few names derived from "castra," meaning camps, and now seen in Chester, Winchester, etc., also "colonia," as in Lincoln, Colchester and others.

It may be interesting for some who have forgotten the derivation of the names of our continents, to recall them. Europe is said by some to mean "The land of the setting sun," called so by the Phenicians. It is more commonly believed to be from a Greek