

# The Portfolio.

*Vita Sine Literis Mors Est*

VOL. 1.

HAMILTON, FEBRUARY, 1879.

No. 3.

## WEEPING.

Who wildly weeps in ruth,  
Wrong, where he looked for truth,  
Hides not the tears that fall like rain,  
His grief in passion steeping,  
Rejoices in the pain,  
The angry pain of weeping.

Weep on thy bended knee;  
Weep, for the time shall be  
The sore, sad heart would hide its tears,  
The night of slumber robbing,  
When he who wakens hears  
The heavy stifled sobbing.

For youth alone are tears;  
When youth is lost in years  
The tearless weeper sits apart.  
Oh! weary, weary yearning,  
The weeping of the heart  
When eyes are dry and burning.

## LIBERTY.

THE love of liberty, one of the truly ennobling passions, was bestowed upon man at the Creation. Since then, far from diminishing, it has rather increased in strength; and present generations reap the benefit of its influence upon the past. Earliest records tell of martyrdoms in the great cause, and all history is tinged by the crimson tide of its sacrifices. Only a short time ago different parts of Europe, and our neighbor the American Republic, were engaged in struggles for greater freedom. It is surprising to reflect that but few have attained the self-government, in which the working classes may have a voice, that constitutes true national liberty.

One of the many reasons for this contrariety of facts is, that untutored minds often fail to realize in what real freedom consists, and are led on to riot and rebellion by envious schemers who seek to level the barriers of right and reason, trample on law and religion, and establish the divine right of man to do just as he pleases. Such are the free-thinkers and socialists of our day, whose per-

nicious systems have poisoned the moral atmosphere of Europe, and have already found their way across the Atlantic. Because, forsooth, they are not willing to work for themselves, they instigate the laboring classes to rebel against the inequalities of fortune, and to remedy such defects by holding it proper and lawful to take from the rich man that he hath and divide it among those that have not. Like the French at the close of the last century, they shriek their war-cry—"Liberte, Egalite, Fraternite," and know not, poor deluded wretches, that they are bound by a more galling bondage—the slavery of discontent.

English-speaking countries have in their government the truest idea of civil and religious liberty. To trace the reason would be difficult, but the events which brought about this condition, and the almost insuperable obstacles attendant, are well known. The signing of the Magna Charta, that first declaration of British love of liberty, was forced from King John; monarchical despotism was only done away with through civil war, and the Reform Bill was passed after years of work and patient waiting. Compare our freedom of speech with that of France: here we may speak out that which we believe to be right, there the press is hampered by government restrictions. We heard of a French journal that kept an editor for the special purpose of fighting duels and going to prison. In Germany socialist troubles have been the cause of limiting even the number of friends allowable at a dinner party. Why, it reminds us of the times of the Cæsars, when a man's head was never safe until it was off his shoulders.

Religious liberty, though it has met with fully as much opposition, is more universal than national liberty. Its promoters, unlike many an advocate of national liberty, were untainted by motives of self-aggrandizement. Perhaps if all revolutions had been blessed