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DAY DREAMS.

BY GRACE DENIO LITCHFIELD.

Oh! sweet are the dreams that darkness brings,
The fragrant roses that slumber flings
Into the garden of night!
But sweeter far are the dreams of that day
Drops all along life's weary way,
Like dew-drops on the buds of May,
To bless our waking sight.

O, beautiful, beautiful dreams that fall
Like tender moonlight over all
The dreary wastes of life!
As if an angel went before
And gilded all the landscape o'er
With the shadow of Heaven, where of yore
Was only pain and strife.
O, beautiful dreams that spring like flowers
Out of the seeds of life's dark hours,
Watered with tears of pain!
Flowers that bloom amid deserts' sands,
Too frail to transplant to brighter lands,
Too fair to be gathered by mortal hands.
Too sweet to lose again.

O, beautiful, beautiful waking dreams,
That flow like forest-hidden streams,
By the foot-worn road of day!
Streams that go singing for love's own sake,
Streams that their sweetest music make
Out of the very stones that break
The smoothness of their way.

O, exquisite dreams that softly show
Through the gray spun veil of earthly woe!
Like a star in twilight skies,
Too far to make their own, so near
It tempts our grasp, that pure and clear
On nights' dark cheek lies like a tear
Wept from an angel's eyes.

O, dreams that rest on the life of youth
Like bubbles that rise in the well of truth
From the somber depths below!
Bubbles that catch each ray of the sun,
And mirror them upwards one by one,
Till all the well, so cold, so dun,
Gleams with a borrowed glow.

O, stars that vanish; O, flowers that fade,
O, streams that are lost in a woodland shade;
O, bubbles that break with a kiss;
O, dreams that from the buried roots
Of secret sorrows, like green shoots,
Grow toward the light, yet bear no fruits.
Are ye less fair for this?

What though ye are but dreams, but dreams?
Ah! brighter our lives e'en for transient gleams
Of hopes that ne'er may be ours.
Then pray for a dreamless sleep if ye will,
For a slumber no visions have power to thrill;
But, oh! thank God that he gives us still
The dreams of our waking hours!

THE INFLUENCE OF GREECE ON THE LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ARTS OF THE PRE- SENT AGE.

M. E. MCDONAGH.

Man is distinguished from all other creatures in the world, not only by the superior endowment of mind he possesses, but for the capacity to be constantly advancing to perfection in thought and knowledge. He has also the power of preserving and using the achievements of past generations, in Literature, Science and Art, for the culture and civilization of the present. When the science of letters passed from Asia to Europe, more than eight hundred years before Christ, it found a congenial home in Greece. Hellas, as it was called, was situated in the midst of the most prosperous and progressive of ancient nations. It was settled by a brave and intellectual European nationality. The race soon spread themselves over the Egean Islands, into Italy, Sicily and Asia Minor. They were for a long time the leading sailors and commercial colonists. Stimulated, no doubt, by the great nations around them, 900 B. C., they were remarkable for their enlightenment. Cousin says:—"The sea is the great highway of Commerce; and Commerce is the greatest channel of ideas, the medium through which the knowledge acquired by one country is given to another." Greek philosophy thus became, at its first appearance, a philosophy of nature. As early as the seventh century Athens was recognised as the school of Greece, a little later as the school of the world, which latter position she held almost down to our own times. It was about this time that the great names, Thales, Heroclitus, Diogenes and Anaxemenes, which are found at the head of mental activity, are to be placed. In Greece, philosophy, poetry, eloquence and the fine arts were extensively cultivated,