

THE PORTFOLIO.

"VITA SINE LITERIS MORS EST."

VOL. X.

HAMILTON, ONTARIO. DECEMBER, 1889.

No. 4

✦ Christmas Tide. ✦

WHEN the merry Spring-time weaves
Its peeping bloom and dewy leaves :
When the Primrose opes its eye,
And the young moth flutters by ;
When the plaintive turtle-dove
Pours its notes of peace and love ;
And the clear sun flings its glory bright and wide .
Yet, yet my soul will own
More joy in Winter's frown
And wake with w. rmer flush at Christmas tide.
The Summer beams may shine
On the rich and curling vine,
And the noon tide rays light up
The tulip's dazzling cup :
But the pearly mistletoe
And the holly berries' glow
Are not even by the boasted rose outvied ;
For the happy hearts beneath
The green and coral wreath
Love the garlands that are twined at Christmas tide.
Let the autumn days produce
Yellow corn and purple juice,
And Nature's feast be spread
In the fruitage ripe and red :
'Tis grateful to behold
Gushing grapes and fields of gold
When cheeks are browned and red lips deeper dyed :
But give, oh ! give to me
The Winter's night of glee,
The mirth and plenty seen at Christmas tide.
The northern gust may howl,
The roaring storm cloud scowl,
King Frost may make a slave
Of the river's rapid wave,
The snow drift choke the path,
Or the hail-shower spend its wrath,
But the sternest blast right bravely is defied,
While limbs and spirits bound
To the merry minstrel sound,
And social wood-fires blazed at Christmas tide.
The song, the laugh, the shout,
Shall mock the storm without ;
And sparkling wine foam rise
'Neath still more sparkling eyes ;
The forms that rarely meet,

Then hand to hand shall greet,
And soul pledge soul that deeds too long divide :
Mirth, Friendship, Love and Light,
Shall crown the Winter night,
And every glad voice welcome Christmas tide.

But while joy's echo falls
In gay and plenteous halls
Let the poor and lowly share
The warmth, the sports, the fare ;
For the one of humble lot
Must not shiver in his cot,
But claim a bounteous meed from Wealth and Pride :
Shed kindly blessings round,
Till no aching heart be found ;
And then all hail a merry Christmas tide.

✦ Gifted American Women. ✦

AMONG those who have contributed to the sun-loving public of America no author has attained greater popularity than Marietta Holley, better known by her nom de plume, Josiah Allen's Wife. She is described as having "a graceful figure, a well poised and nobly proportioned head, a calm intellectual face, with soul-lit eyes, that seem to look beyond you—beyond the horizon—into other worlds."

Miss Holley is very domestic in her tastes, having spent the greater part of her life at her old home in Adams, Jefferson Co., New York.

Her sentiments regarding home life appear in the following: "It does seem pitiful don't it, to think how sort o' homeless the Americans are a gettin'." Though her forte is authorship, she is also an ardent devotee at the shrine of music and art. Her literary tastes gaining the ascendancy she gracefully yielded to her fate, giving to the great American world of literature, "Samantha at the Centennial," "Sweet Cicely" and Samantha at Saratoga."