

acquired? On the contrary do we not feel overcome by a sense of extreme weariness on viewing the vast extent of the untrodden paths yet lying before us which we may never hope to tread? We may prosecute our enquiries indefatigably, our queries may be ceaseless; but at last those who have gone farthest in the race standing on their pinnacle of glory, which may seem lofty to us below, can only tell us of the still greater heights which lie beyond.

"In paths superior what advantage lies?  
Tell (for you can) what is it to be wise?  
'Tis but to know how little can be known,  
To see all others faults, and feel our own!"

In the realm of Philosophy particularly there are many things we can not comprehend, and in all ages men have worried themselves trying to find new theories and explanations for these facts which seem to lie far beyond our sphere.

In morals we talk and trouble about the Resurrection, wondering whether our earthly bodies will be resurrected, or only our spirits. And if the former, how can it be possible for each of those who have been buried in an indiscriminate heap, as in the case of a plague, or on a battle field, to assume their earthly form? It might certainly be hard for us with our earthly powers to arrange such things, and of course we can not imagine that another being should be able to improve on our management.

Again the subject of predestination troubles us greatly, and we are almost unwilling to believe that the explanation of what seems so strange lies altogether beyond our reach. We want to know all about these matters ourselves and seem afraid to trust them to the guidance of One who is infinitely beyond us, and who is surely able to arrange all things in a manner far superior to any we could propose. But we must not sermonize and so will leave the moral question as Tenyson does:

"Behold, we know not anything;  
I can but trust that good shall fall  
At least—far off—at least, to all,  
And every winter change to spring.  
So runs my dream: but what am I?  
An infant crying in the night;  
An infant crying for the light,  
And with no language but a cry."

But it is not in the philosophical line alone that we have questionings. Although there is not the same total uncertainty manifested

in other realms. There have always been great questions of the day for people to discuss, and there probably always will be. Lately we have been deeply interested in the Labor Question and Home Rule. The Knights of Labor and the Irish have been discussed by all, and many different conclusions regarding them and their respective rights have been reached. No sooner is one thing settled than something else springs up involving questioning; and so we go on in our narrow sphere, making life one great question until at the end we are only capable of saying,—

"The world is somewhat it goes on somehow,  
But what is the meaning of *then* and *now*?  
I feel there is something; but how and what?  
I know there is somewhat: but what and why?  
I cannot tell if that somewhat be I.  
Why the life goes out when the blood is spilt?  
What the life is? Where the soul may lie?  
Who will riddle me the how and the what?  
Who will riddle me the what and the why?"

MYRA E. STAFFORD.

## The Portfolio.

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### Editorials.

THE old remark that the holidays were far too short, was heard quite as often this year as on any other first of September. Everyone had enjoyed herself so much that