

THE PORTFOLIO.

MAR 20 1884

Vita Sine Viteris Mors Est.

VOL. 5.

HAMILTON, MARCH, 1885.

No. 7



— THE —

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THE PORTFOLIO.

Vita Sine Literis Mortis Est.

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TOUCH US GENTLY, GENTLY, TIME.

In the spring of early years,
With its budding hopes and fears;
In the summer's glowing prime;
In the autumn's lonely grief,
Fading light and falling leaf;
Touch us gently, gently, Time.

On the bed of promise sweet,
Lavish no too fervent heat,—
Clearly, purely, softly shine;
Let not childhood lose too soon
All its fresh, unconscious bloom;
Touch us gently, gently, Time.

Let no maddening hiss or pain,
Let no hot impatience stain
A serenely golden prime:
Soothe with cool, soft fingers now
Throbbing heart and burning brow;
Touch us gently, gently, Time.

Let no dark forebodings fill,
Startle by no sudden chill
Of a harsh, capricious clime;
Lead us by thy quiet ways,
Frosty nights, and mellow days;
Touch us gently, gently, Time.

When our harvest's reaped at last,
Hopes fulfilled, and labours past,
Softly bright our year's decline;
Let our spent life glide away
Like an Indian Summer's day;
Touch us gently, gently, Time.

Twilight shadows o'er us creep—
We are weary; let us sleep:
Farewell Earth: and all that's thine!
Now, while here our eyelids close
In a last, a long repose,
Close them gently, gently, Time.

—*Composed by two little girls.*

CHAUCER.

THE literature of the Anglo-Saxons differed from that of any other nation. Generally the earliest literary effusions of a country are in verse, and almost always historical in matter, but while these verses are intended for amusement, they are the chief means of instruction. The Anglo-Saxons, however, neglected their ancestral legends and national themes, and preferred to poetize ethical reflections. Their educated

men wrote in prose while the surrounding nations were entangled in the trammels of verse.

Their poetry was very rude and unattractive, but its object was to improve the social condition of the country, and the character of the people. The language of these people was synthetical or inflected.

The Danish invasion affected the dialects of the north and east of the island, making the inflections simpler and doubtless unsettling the state of the language. The change thus started was hastened by the Norman Conquest. The Normans despised the language of the people they had conquered, and for a time English ceased to be the speech of the court and literature. But the common people clung tenaciously to the language of their forefathers and after a long struggle were victorious and English again became the organ of literature and common speech. During this struggle there had been many foreign words introduced, through the influence of the nobles and the laws, but there was no more than a beginning until the 14th century, when several causes assisted in hastening on the work. The principle reason was that Chaucer's immortal works were penned in this century, and as he was educated in French, Italian and Latin, and was the greatest author of the time, he exerted a great influence in the introduction of foreign words.

Just such a man as Chaucer was needed then; the solid material was already there to work upon and he infested it with the airiness and vigor so characteristic of the Norman Literature. The poetry was chiefly narrative, guided by impulse, not by regular laws. Their earliest productions were founded on historical traditions of England, but the writers departed from the facts given and worked into their stories private exploits and actions which seemed to them the most poetical. In the early half of the century of Chaucer's life the genius of the nation seemed to have fallen asleep,

but it was the sleep that gave promise of a glorious awakening.

There has been considerable controversy as to the precise date of Geoffrey Chaucer's birth, some claiming 1328 others 1340. It was probably the latter, because in a famous trial in 1386, he gave his age to the clerk as forty years and upwards, stating that he had borne arms for 27 years. If we take his own statement his birth is fixed about 1340, and this would make him about 17 years of age when he entered the service of the court as a page. It seems more likely that a youth of that age should have that position than a man of 29, which would be the case if we take the poet's birth as 1328. He was the son of a vintner, and like many of our great authors was born in London. His father had attended Edward III and his queen Philippa in their expedition to France, and it was doubtless to this that Chaucer owed his appointment to court. His many courtly missions prove him to have been esteemed highly by his royal master. At one time he was sent to Genoa and is thought to have then visited Padua, and heard from the lips of Petrarch, "the old man eloquent," the story of "Patient Griselda," which he afterwards embodied in "The Clerk's Tale." It is hardly probable that the story of Chaucer's being fined for beating a Franciscan Friar on Fleet street is true, but we cannot think that his meeting Petrarch is also a tradition, because we know of his being at Milan, and being there it is highly probable that he would visit Padua to see the greatest literary man of the day.

Chaucer lived happily during Edward III's and the early part of Richard II's reign, but in the trouble which arose between Richard and the Duke of Lancaster he sided with the Duke and was compelled to flee. Returning after 18 months he was imprisoned, but on Lancaster gaining power fortune smiled on him again. About nine years before his death he became tired of public life and settled in his quiet country seat where he wrote his immortal work, "The Canterbury Tales." These tales are a series of independent stories joined together very ingeniously. The Prologue, which is but an introduction to the stories and describes the persons who relate them is quite a large poem and shows well the descriptive powers of the poet. While

the tales related by the different pilgrims doubtless have been taken from already existing writings, the prologue is Chaucer's own. We have a beautiful description of spring in the introduction to the prologue, and one can almost feel the balmy breezes and hear the sweet songs of the birds. After this short introduction he gives a sketch of each member of the party. He always succeeds in bringing out some particular characteristic and often does it in a very humorous style. He severely attacks and exposes the abuse of the clergy in the description of the Friar who,

"Though a widewe hadde nocht oo schoo,
Yet wolde he have a farthing or he wente,"

so great a beggar was he.

Some think that Chaucer's Clerk of Oxenford has reference to himself in his great love for study.

"Of studie took most care and moste heede."

His knight was a model of manliness and chivalric goodness. He was courageous in battle and worthy of all praise bestowed on him.

The Prioress is affected and sentimental, but seems to have been educated in all the essentials of etiquette. He gives a loving sketch of the poor priest from a country village, telling of the good example he showed his flock.

"But in his teaching descret and benigne,
To drawe folk to heven by fairnesse
By good ensample, this was his busynesse."

Along with these ecclesiastics are described vividly Monk, Sompnour or Officer of church courts and the Pardoner or seller of indulgences. Then the trading and manufacturing sections give several figures to the picture among whom are the Merchant, the Wife of Bath described keenly; in the same group but less important are the Haberdasher, Carpenter, Weaver, Dyer and Tapestry maker. These with the Poet and Host of the Tabard form the Canterbury Pilgrims.

The Knight's tale was first composed as a separate work. It is founded on the Italian story written by Boccaccio and called the Teseide. It is the best of chivalrous romances and is a story of Athens and Thebes. The capture and imprisonment of Palamon and Arcite by Theseus Duke of Athens is first told. Then on a bright May morning as Arcite was looking out of his prison window he saw Emilie and immediately fell in love with

her. His cry at sight of her drew Palamon to the window, and her beauty affected him as it had his cousin Arcite. They immediately began debating as to whose she would be and they who had always been friends became the bitterest enemies. After some time Perotheus, a friend of Arcite, visited Athens, and through his intercession Arcite was freed on condition that he would never more show his face in Athens. Then is told the sufferings and jealousies of the two cousins. Arcite bore his sorrows for two years in Thebes, then came to Athens and served Duke Theseus, calling himself Philostrate. He was so well liked that he was gradually raised to a very important position. Meanwhile Palamon grew tired of prison fare, and with the help of a servant whose dress he wore he escaped one night. The morning found him near a grove, where he resolved to hide during the day but as it happened Arcite came to mourn the loss of Emilie and they discovered each other, each accused the other of wicked intentions and were going to settle the dispute at once when up rode Theseus with his wife and sister Emilie who had been spending the day hunting. Palamon immediately explained the cause of the combat and Theseus persuaded them to desist for a year, during which time he would prepare for a grand contest of one hundred on a side. Great preparations were made, and on the day appointed they came to settle for Emilie. Things at first were in favor of Arcite, but by the intercession of Saturn, the god of darkness, Arcite is thrown from his horse and mortally wounded. Great mourning is made at his death and Palamon sorrowfully returns to Athens. Shortly afterwards Theseus has a council and sends for Palamon, in this council he shows them it is useless to mourn longer for Arcite and advises Emily to marry Palamon, which she does, and they live happily ever afterward.

"The Nonne Prieste's Tale" is a simple story of Chanticleer and Dame Pertelote. Chanticleer dreams that some great evil has happened him and having told it to Pertelote they both give their opinion of dreams. Chanticleer is a firm believer in them and quotes many examples in which they have come true, but Pertelote simply laughs him out of his fears by telling him that "Swevens engendren of replecciouns." She induces him

to fly from his perch, and he is caught and carried away by a fox who has been hiding for him, but fortunately he makes his escape and his life is saved.

Chaucer's style in his descriptions is simple and homelike, he puts himself into his works and this makes him so interesting. He is a narrative, not a dramatic poet as some make him; it is the thing rather than the description of it that is the main object. He is often sarcastic, but is essentially humorous, not breaking out in fits and starts, but carrying the humor throughout the whole story.

He wrote naturally in Pentameters, but in reading his works several rules have to be noticed. His verses were in an unripe dialect written in an uncritical time. To keep the melody throughout, sometimes we have to run several unaccented syllables together, otherwise they would defy all scanning. Then too the pronunciation of words was not so fixed as now; on the same page a word might be pronounced several different ways. The French words used generally kept the French accent, but if the line needed it, they could also be changed. The most difficult part of accentuation was the final *e*, but it is generally sounded when it represents an old inflection or the mute *e* of the French. The spelling of words was no nearer fixed than the accent, the same word having several different modes of spelling.

Quite a number of words that were in good use in Chaucer's time are now obsolete.

Chaucer's earliest literary works were translations from French, Latin or Italian, and therefore some affirm that he has no claim to originality. It is true he at first was only an imitator, but he used his models freely, making changes and additions when he thought they were needed. The models were in existence, but they required a poet to make anything out of them. Lowell says of his originality, "He is original, not in the sense that he thinks and says what nobody ever thought and said before, and what nobody can ever think and say again, but because he is always natural, because if not always absolutely new, he is always delightfully fresh, because he sets before us the world as it honestly appeared to Geoffrey Chaucer and not a world as it seemed proper to certain people that it ought to appear."

The Portfolio.

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Alumnae and former students.

Editorials.

WHAT books are we to read? How are we to choose from the vast number of volumes published, which to read? The world is running away with authors; indeed every one, sometime in his life, believes that he is bound to make his mark in this line. One person looks at the outsides of books and fancies that he is learned, another reads quarterlies and reviews and thinks he's a master, a third reads a little poetry and immediately you hear him quoting in all directions. We agree with Pope that

"A little learning is a dangerous thing,
Drink deep or taste not the Persian spring."

We would advise students and friends to read two or three works of standard authors in the different branches of learning, the works of men who "shine like stars in the abyss of time."

Read the classic master pieces, put yourself in the position of the author, follow him intently throughout the ideas which he presents, and make the understanding and critical observation of the book your one aim. It is not well to try to read too many books. There is a latin proverb which says "Dread

the man of one book." Fancy what a grasp of intellect, what an antagonist a man who is master of Shakespeare's works would be.

What you read, read thoroughly, and note the most valuable passages, keeping fixed in mind the line of argument as you go along and you will have little trouble in interpreting an author and keeping his best thoughts.

PERHAPS the best definition that can be found for history is this—"Philosophy teaching us by example." History does repeat itself, both in the case of nations and of individuals. Let us look at some of the scenes in the world's history and strive to learn a lesson from them.

It is more than fourteen centuries ago, and the stars are shining down on a scene of massacre. The moon lights up a pale, yet determined face, as Leonidas, the Spartan king, heads his heroic band of one thousand against the Persian host of more than two millions. That royal form, at last is flung to the ground, and the Greeks are killed to a man. Time passes on; surely with the years men have learned to make war no more. No! all over Europe there is consternation. In England, thirteen centuries after, as the sweet notes of the church-bells ring their melody over the hills, two armies close in deadly conflict on the plain of Waterloo. The French rush on the enemies forces, with the cry, "Vive la gloire" while the cry of the English is "Up Guards and at them." Through the long hours of that summer's day the strife wears on, the rain beating in torrents on the smoke-begrimed faces. At last Blucher arrives and the scale is turned in favor of the English. Rallying all their strength, the English and German forces fall upon the French lines, which break in dismay, and finally flee from the field. Waterloo was won, but at what a cost. Can we wonder that, as the Iron Duke rode over the plain beneath the silvery moon-

light, which succeeded the stormy day, he wept like a child as he thought of the homes made desolate by the late war. Enemies in life were clasped in a close embrace in death. Would you ask the cause of that fearful butchery? The insatiable ambition of Napoleon deluged Europe in blood, and caused that conflict known as the Peninsular War. Do we need more illustrations of the horrors of war? Look at the brilliant but useless charge of the Light Brigade in 1856. Today in the land of the Nile, turbaned Arabs are engaged in massacring fearless Englishmen. Who has not heard with a thrill of horror the tidings lately wafted across the continents that the brave Gordon has fallen at Khartoum? What Englishman can think with any degree of calmness of the terrible sacrifices of his countrymen, to the fury of the barbarians of the desert?

The sword, in the opinion of a famous writer, is the most solemn of hypocrites—circling blood with a halo of glory. It is hard indeed, to see any glory in a battle-field after the combat is over. In the days of chivalry, war was exalted far above literary pursuits or those of agriculture. But we have clearer light on the subject, yet with all our nineteenth century culture, some of the ancient glamour seems to be flung around the battle-field. What glory is there in man cutting in pieces his fellow-man?

Not considering the sacrifice of human lives, let us think of the money expended on these wars. While poor people are starving at home, the government is spending thousands of pounds for the support of troops in a far-off land. Some wars seem to be necessary, as was the late war between the Northern and Southern States. Then the strife was taken up in cause of the oppressed and enslaved. From the swamps of Virginia and the plantations of Louisiana, came the cries of agony and entreaty from the lips of negro slaves. The North demanded that the terri-

ble oppression should cease; the South refused to grant the demand. Then the North rose in indignation and proclaimed war, which ended in the liberation of the poor captives. The cause was won but the North had to pay for her victory by the life of her noble President.

War is always caused by the evil passions of man's nature, and until that is changed war will be upon the earth. How opposed is the spirit of war to the spirit of the lonely Nazarene who is the Prince of Peace. Yet a day is coming when the pen will be mightier than the sword, when the world shall sing the glorious anthem,

"Peace on the earth, good-will to men."

A day is coming

"When the war-drum throbs no longer, and the battle-flags
are furled,

In the parliament of man, the Federation of the world;
Then the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm
in awe,

And the peaceful world shall slumber, lapt in universal
law."

As the Egyptian War has been a matter of much conversation, we thought a few of our notes on this subject would not be amiss.

In 1864 there came to the Khedive of Egypt, Ismail Pasha, who is a man of much ability, and great policy. He had a western education, which tended to develop liberal ideas, and he, like the Premier of our own Dominion, founded a "National Policy." He thought Egypt ought to take a position among the nations, and tried to enlarge the national resources. Every department of state soon began to grow under his guiding hand. The customs and post offices were conducted according to western models, and public works, telegraphs railways, and in fact all the advantages our advanced learning procures for us, were soon under construction, and for this purpose the public funds were lavishly expended. This sudden change from darkness into the light of modern civilization drew so largely

on the government funds that the exchequer was soon empty, and the idea was to obtain some method to refill it. Egypt was a poor country, rich neither in agriculture or manufacturing, and therefore it was not at home Ismail was to look for aid. He soon devised a plan. He built gorgeous palaces and gave magnificent entertainments, inviting as his guests only wealthy Europeans, who would be proud of the honor. From them he received the money to discharge the debt, giving as security those notable Egyptian bonds, which have been the cause of so much trouble and bloodshed. But this could not be kept up, and again debt stared them in the face. The pay of the army was reduced in order to allow part of the interest on the bonds to be paid, but even this small attempt proved a miserable failure, and the end of it all was that Ismail was ousted from the throne. The English and French bondholders now considered themselves justified in appointing whom they pleased to take the head of affairs, and they chose Tewjick Pasha. He was obliged to use the strictest economy, and this did not at all accord with the oriental ideas of grandeur held by the members of the army. Feelings now became unpleasant between the army and the Khedive, and soon things came to a crisis. Colonel Arabi Bey demanded on behalf of the army, that all the back pay be delivered to them, and their remuneration enlarged, and that he should regard their welfare and not that of the bondholders. This request of course Tewjick dare not grant, and the result was the rebellion of 1881. Every one will remember the particular events of this war.

The French and English were pledged to uphold the Khedive, and it was to their interest to do so. French and English fleets were quickly sent to Alexandria, which place was bombarded by Admiral Seymour,

and Khedive who was virtually a prisoner was released and placed under British protection, while Arabi retired under cover of a flag of truce.

A request was immediately sent to the Sultan of Turkey requesting him to send troops to quell the rebellion. The Sultan adopted a Fakian policy, and though outwardly on the Khedive's side, still secretly he was working for Arabi Bey, whose one great idea was the destruction of the Suez Canal. Great Britain suggested that a joint French and English expedition for protection be sent to the Suez Canal. France refused, and England has had sole control ever since. It is useless to detail the brilliant campaign planned and carried out by General Wolseley. Arabi was taken prisoner, tried and banished to Ceylon, where he still is. It was then thought that the danger was over and the British might withdraw without any serious results, and the reports of a rebellious force under El Madhi, the false prophet, were regarded as a myth, but soon the garrisons stationed near Khartoum reported themselves in danger from Mahdi's troops, and Hicks Pasha was sent to their assistance. His army was entirely routed by El Mahdi at El Obeid, and this showed them they were not so secure as had been imagined. The garrisons were thus left unprotected in the very midst of their enemies. It was here that England joined in the fray for no obvious reason unless it be her generous aid always given to the weak. Gen. Gordon was sent out early in February to Suakim, where he twice defeated the rebel forces. After his withdrawal the rebellion recommenced and it was found necessary to have a regular garrison at Suakim. Another force could not be sent out because of the state of the climate. The best course now open to the British was to appoint the brave Gordon to take the head of affairs in Egypt, which

position he accepted. The government would not fall in with his plans, and he asked for a guard of 100 men to be sent him and he would retire. This was refused, and now his position was becoming dangerous. He wrote for General Wood to be sent to Berber, and he would try to join him there. This message met with no response, and a final despatch to the effect that he would not desert his faithful garrison, and that they would never take him alive, that they would have to "smash the Mahdi," was sent. Alas! How true are his words proving, and how many mourn for the brave, fearless Gordon, whose name is a household word of priceless treasure.

Exchanges.

PERHAPS the reason that the *Vindex* does not find a readable article in the PORTFOLIO more often is because its taste lies in the direction of Prof. Gardner's sublime utterances, or the races at Oxford.

"THE Washington Monument" and "Foot-prints on the Sands of Time" in the *Speculum*, from St. John's School, are well written. This is a good exchange, and one which is always welcome.

THE *Locust Dale Student* is a new exchange, and we have read with interest its article on "Ancient Chivalry."

THE article in *The Noire Dame Scholastic* entitled "What the Church has done for Science," is full of interest and information to its readers. This paper always contains readable matter, and it gives us great pleasure, on its arrival, to peruse its columns.

THE *Phi-Rhonian* contains a short sketch of the life of "Chinese Gordon." It was read with mournful interest by us. An article entitled "Pottery" is written in a graceful, pleasing style.

Eouns comes to us full of bright helpful suggestions. "Cromwell as a Statesman,"

presents the grand old Puritan before us in all his rugged simplicity.

THE *Acta Victoriana* has a large February number. The letter sent by Rev. G. Workman is a most entertaining account of his journey. "Religion and our National Life" eloquently asserts that "a christian nation true to its principles will never die." It is an article such as we would expect to be written by an intelligent patriot.

THE *Messenger* from Rockland is a new exchange and it has certainly commenced its career well. We are glad to place the "Messenger" on our exchange list.

THE *Oak, Lily, and Ivy* is a small paper which is edited in Milford, Mass. It does not seem to possess oak-like qualities however.

College Items.

THE seniors are very busy preparing for a conversazione to be given by them next Friday.

MISS ADAMS spent last Sunday with her friends in Toronto, and had a very enjoyable time.

IT is rumored that Miss Chown will return after Easter to resume her position in the senior class.

WE are very sorry to be obliged to record the absence of our editress-in-chief who was called home on account of her mother's sickness.

MRS. ROSEBRUGH kindly invited a number of the girls to spend Saturday evening with her, and it is needless to say how much they enjoyed themselves.

A number of the students embraced the opportunity to enjoy a pleasant evening by going to the social given by the ladies of the Centenary church at Mr. Lazier's, on Friday last.

THE Major returned to start a new class in calisthenics, but few of the young ladies cared to engage in the exercises. However, we expect him back soon to take charge of a class in riding.

MR. SANDFORD brought in a magnificent specimen of the Passion Flower.

ONE of our number is justly incensed by learning that her brother passed through Hamilton and did not call to see her.

VERY few of the girls intend remaining in the college during the Easter holidays, and all look forward to a very pleasant time.

MISS McCLUNG has accepted the position of President of the Senior Literary Society, this position was left vacant by the absence of Miss Chown.

WE were very much pleased to receive a visit from Dr. Burwash, the much esteemed President of the Theological Chair at Victoria College.

DR. BURNS went to Kingston to fulfill an engagement for Sunday 22nd which necessitated his absence from Saturday morning till Monday Evening.

ONE of our brilliant geology students astounded us the other day by asking the Professor if it was before the flood that this continent was almost entirely submerged.

MISSES Huff and Andrews have returned and been welcomed with open arms; we also extend a cordial welcome to Miss Reeve, who has lately entered our midst.

DURING Mrs. Sandford's absence from home, Dr. Burns has thoughtfully filled up the void made by the dismissal of her class, by himself talking to us for an hour or two.

THROUGH the extreme kindness of Dr. Burns, we enjoyed a rare treat the other evening, having the pleasure of listening to Dr. Hamilton deliver an eloquent lecture on hymnology.

MISS LANNING has gone home because of a severe illness, but we expect to welcome her back after Easter and trust she will be much improved in health by the short recruit she has taken.

IT has been suggested to the inmates of a certain room, who frequently use the alarm clock to rouse them from their slumbers at five o'clock in the morning, that they also obtain an alarm to put them to sleep at night—quite a brilliant idea is it not?

WE are afraid it will again be necessary to warn the students that no papers either old or new may be taken from the reading-room without permission; for any violation of this rule a fine of 25 cts. will be imposed.

MAY we venture to remind our subscribers that the year is drawing to a close, and that our printer's bills are coming in.

WE are very sorry that Miss L. O'Flynn is ill again. Lilly has our heartiest sympathy, and we hope for her speedy recovery.

MISS Leila Kirkland left the college last week for her home in British Columbia, where she has not been for three years.

THE students obtained a good view of the eclipse on Wednesday last from the large window at the end of Miss McEvers hall.

FACES.

It is said that the eyes are the windows of the soul, just as appropriately may it be said that the face is the mirror of the soul, for it reflects and outwardly manifests the inner life. Just in proportion to the purity and goodness of that life will the face be beautiful. By beautiful I do not mean perfection of feature and coloring. Some faces do possess this perfection, but lack life and animation, and remind one of a beautiful statue, a cold, dormant soul is reflected in the face. In others the eye is hard; the lips too often curl in a disdainful smile, a proud haughty soul is mirrored in the face.

There is a love of the beautiful implanted in every breast. The Great Creator of the universe loved beauty, and when He made our world He impressed it about with great mountains, down whose sides tiny streamlets and brooks "chatter, chatter as they go to join the brimming river" till finally they are lost in the great ocean, in whose depths are concealed gems of wondrous beauty, and upon whose raging billows great ships are tossed like feathers.

He planted vast forests; He carpeted our earth with green grass and mosses and dotted it with flowers, He spread a canopy of blue, softened by fleecy clouds of white, overhead and hung a great ball of fire far up above us to give us heat and light. Even when darkness overspreads the earth, fresh beauties appear, for looking upwards we see the moon like a soft white pearl, and myriads of twinkling stars, like diamonds all set in ebony, and we love this beauty for there is no imperfection nothing to mar or detract from the perfect harmony of nature.

When we turn from the earth to its inhab-

itants we find beauty too. There is something in a truly beautiful face that commands our admiration, but mere physical beauty is but skin deep and as a flower fresh and fragrant with the kiss of summer, withers and dies under the cold snow of winter, so beauty is fresh and brilliant in happy, healthy youth, but when old time with slow, stealthy feet approaches, he ruthlessly tears her from her pedestal and she lies crushed and broken never to rise again, but there is a beauty that time can never touch or sickness mar, a beauty that sits enthroned in the soul and grows brighter when tempests beat around it, a beauty that irradiates and softens and makes lovely the plainest face.

Here come two little children, too young to know the meaning of sin. Bright frank eyes, rosy cheeks and dimpled chin, cry! gaze on it, 'tis lovely childhood's lips and brow, an innocent soul mirrored in the face. Over yonder comes a young man full of energy and ambition, his eye beams with hope, his broad brow shows benevolence and his whole face says "Excelsior."

Just behind him is a man of different stamp, his brow is low and retreating, his eyes sharp but restless, his lips thin and compressed; that is the man "who has been hunting all his life for the cow that had the golden calf," and we can easily imagine him "cutting the Lord's Prayer on the back of a two cent piece his only regret that he had spoiled the piece." Oh! yes, we plainly see miser written on that face.

Here comes another, he is all smiles, his lips part, and honeyed words flow from his mouth; but ever and anon we can detect a sarcastic curl of the lips and a flash of the eye. The face of a hypocrite. And so they pass before us, sarcastic faces, stupid faces, healthy faces, homely faces, beautiful faces, coarse faces and refined faces; but here is a face different from those we have noted, the eye has a sad wistful look, the lips seem trembling with unsaid thoughts, it is a face refined by sorrow. In the midst of agony an angel hand wiped out the deep furrows; and left only the soft lines of patience and resignation.

Now comes the face of an old woman, "silver threads replace the gold," dim eyes and furrowed cheeks. Her feet are almost touching the river and she is "only waiting till the shadows are a little longer grown."

She has seen many sorrows sunshines and shadows, ups and downs in life, but she has come out like gold tried by fire. How beautiful the face is! the features are not cast in classical mould, the nose has a tendency to aspire upward, the mouth is too large for beauty, but she possesses that beauty of soul, and we bow before it with love and respect. O, the pictured faces that hang on the galleries of memory!

How often the wrinkled old grandfather gathers his grandchildren around him and tells of the days when he was young—he pictures the old homestead with its gardens and orchards, he tells them of his school-master—he pictures the face of his father and mother, sisters and brothers, and then tells of the time when he first saw grandmother. Ah, yes, well he remembers the pure face of his young wife. Then he pictures his golden-haired darling, whose face was like a ray of sunshine. Her eyes always sparkling with mischief, her rosy cheeks dimpling with fun, the sun-light seemed to love to come and play hide-and-seek among the curls that always defied the efforts of mother to keep them in order. Then grandfather's voice grows low and tremulous as he pictures the merry little face cold and silent, the tangled tresses are all smooth now, looped back from the waxen brow.

Many a face of by-gone years does grandfather picture, and when we ask "where are they now," the old man shakes his head and answers "some few remain like yellow leaves clinging to the tree, but a few more winds and storms will loosen them, and they will rejoin those who have been transplanted to the garden on high."

Is it not our duty to do all in our power, not only to beautify our own faces, by storing our intellects with thoughts taken from the vast store-house of knowledge, by cultivating a cheerful and living disposition, and above all keeping the soul pure and unsullied; but to beautify the lives of those by whom we are surrounded, to make the sad face joyful by imparting sunshine, the hopeless face hopeful, the troubled one peaceful by lending a helping hand, or whispering words of consolation, and the face seamed by hard lines of passion gentle as that of a little child, by showing in our own lives the refining influence of goodness and purity.

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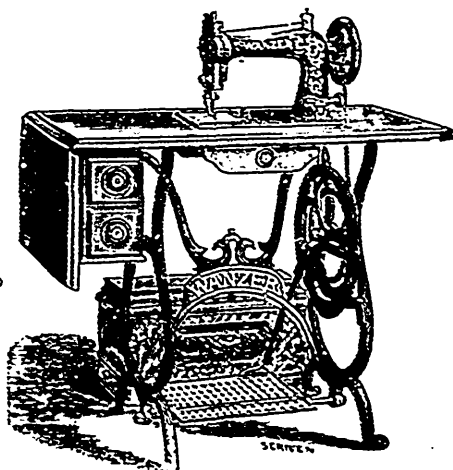
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