

*Graduation 1880*

*1888 - 89*

# The Portfolio.

*Vila Sine Literis Mors Est.*

VOL. 2.

HAMILTON, JUNE, 1880.

No. 9.

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## TO CLASS '80. ††

As a tale that's been told  
In the days far and old,  
As a song long since unsung,  
Seen the days that have flown,  
When the seed has been sown,  
For the years but just begun.

O oft will the swells  
Of sweet memory's bells  
Through your inmost natures roll,  
And their dear hallowed strain  
Will again and again  
Re-echo in every soul.

Yes, we know that you tread  
With "reluctant feet," led  
From our *Alma Mater's* side,  
But the broad field of life,  
With its pleasure and strife,  
Lies waiting, by you to be tried.

Let the years that are fled  
Be the strong silken thread,  
Binding wisdom's jewels rare.  
May the spirit of Love  
Ever shine from above,  
And shield you from every care.

CLASS '79.

[First Prize Essay, by Miss LUCY LISTER.]

## CHAUCER AND HIS TIMES.

SOME one has compared a great life to a great Epic poem. Years must intervene between us and it before its full richness can be revealed. Only after years are the turning points seen on which hang important issues; only then are the inner thoughts and purposes given us to interpret actions, so that we can understand how harmonious may be the echo of "one discordant life."

Such a poem was the life of Chaucer. The very boldness and distinctness with which any person or event is thrown in the foreground confirms the fact of distance the more surely. Lack of detail and minutia proves the distance in time, just as the mountain, though covered with verdure and sleety pines, appears barren and sterile in the distance. But to this disadvantage there is a corresponding advantage. Only those at a distance can take in its free bold outline. Those who live in the valley know nothing of its curves and declines, the rich

luxuriance and wild grandeur of its scenery. And consequently, removed so many hundreds of years from the scene of action, causes and their effects may be more easily traced, and the actions of men read more justly.

What Alfred the Great did for literature in the days of Anglo-Saxon darkness, and Shakspeare for the drama; what Milton has done for the epic and Bunyan for the allegorical style of writing, Chaucer has done for English poetry. He came as the dawn after a dark night, as the refreshing rain after a sultry day.

"Chaucer! Our Helicon's first fountain stream,  
Our morning star of song that led the way  
To welcome the long after-coming beam  
Of Spencer's light and Shakspeare's perfect day."

Italy may boast her bards and Greece her heroes in arms, but none may claim a more illustrious poet than the morning star of our English poesy, or a literature richer and more varied than that which flowed from the pen of England's great versifier.

The history of the times is involved necessarily in much obscurity. It was an age of reconstruction and revolution. It was a literary crisis, a transition period. The old Saxon tongue was becoming slowly transformed by the admixture of the Norman French. Up to this time the people had been like children, craving amusement rather than instruction. Their poetry, if brilliant, was unreal—full of improbable adventures and impossible voyages, but lacking the spirit of truth, which is the very soul of poetry. Even at the death of Chaucer the first printers were unborn. No great discoverer of continents had appeared. In Spain the Moors held Granada, and the Christians were divided; and in Germany the Reformation, which was steadily gathering force, had not yet sounded out its clarion battle cry.

The people were smarting under the rule of a depraved priesthood. From the Vatican down to the most insignificant monastery, scenes of profligacy were constantly

enacted. Amidst the spiritual lethargy which had fallen upon the nations, there were some who struggled for liberty of thought and conscience, for "freedom to worship God." Gower manfully appeals to the Church to reform its abuses, and Langlande points to the life of duty as he beholds it in the vision of Christ, seen through the clouds of humanity. Nor were these men alone in forecasting the inevitable issue of the growing worldliness amongst those who should have been the guardians of religion. Wycliffe sent on an embassy to the court of Gregory XI., saw the vices that everywhere prevailed in that city, and returned home filled with indignation. From that visit sprang the first translation of the Bible into the English tongue. Chaucer too had visited sunny Italy, and there made the acquaintance of Petrarch and Boccaccio, whose sentiments, both on literary and religious topics he made his own, and moved by Wycliffe's spirit of righteous indignation he satires in his "Pardoner's Tale" the baseness of the people.

The king meanwhile, on the throne of England, was keeping pace with the advancing march of time. Never had the surroundings of the Court been more splendid. Never so many festal occasions and tournaments as now. Life seemed one grand pageant—a panorama passing in review. A more powerful monarch never reigned. He subdued Scotland, invaded France, and without any reason save ambition and the love of war, claimed the crown of that country for himself. Then it was that the famous battle of Crezy was fought, when the Black Prince won a fame that was afterwards doubled by the distinction which he gained at Poitiers. During this time also a fearful pestilence known as the Black Death raged throughout Europe, and is estimated to have cost more lives than all the wars of Edward.

Chaucer was for a time intimately associated with the life of this gay court. His was a chequered experience. While an accomplished poet and a favorite at Court, he was also at different times captured in a siege, a prisoner (narrowly escaping the gallows), and an exile from home. He had lived amidst the smiles and frowns, the temptations as well as the flatteries of Court life.

These changes of circumstance might have sufficed to injure a less decided character, or have caused the life plans of one possessed of less firmness to be dissipated. But such deviations from the smooth and beaten path, though they must have discouraged, had no power to mar the steadfast purpose of this noble character. But from the dim, uncertain story of his life, history points us to his works, which have won for him just renown and unqualified praise. By these he is best known, and they will best speak to his honor. But he must be studied to be appreciated. In them he reveals the real spring-time of English life, so dewy and invigorating. He uses a vocabulary in which words are pictures—bright and fresh. The grave humor of the philosopher blends in perfect harmony with the simple grace of the narrator, and throughout the whole there is a unity of idea which makes the most discordant note sound as "a chord in one great instrument," and this we never find except in productions of the highest minds.

Men are but copies, one of another. That which they see and hear they strive to imitate. But in Chaucer's earnest endeavor to form a literature in England he received no aid from his own countrymen. Hitherto there had been no minds great enough to be equal to the task of creating models. But in meeting with Petrarch in Italy, and through him Boccaccio, he added at the same time to his already overflowing stores of classical lore, and was provided with a never-failing spring from whence to draw incidents and characters for his muse, which greatly enabled him to enrich and beautify his native tongue; and as he became more and more familiar with these great poets of Italy, their vigorous artistic life guided his ripper genius to the full expression of its powers.

The rest of Europe did not then possess men who had attained to the same degree of splendor and magnificence in literary fame. France could boast of a few learned men,—such as Oresme, Berchoire, and Froissart,—and Spain had as yet only a few historical romancers and some few theologians, while first in his own country was Langlande, Gower, Lydgate, Surrey and Wyatt, to whom his life was an example until it was reproduced in the pure-minded Spenser.

His story of "Troilus and Cressida" was borrowed from Lilius but re-arranged. In it he pictures the Trojan knight winning the favor of Cressida, who is false and wickedly abandons her lover. The rhythm is smooth, but the writer pauses too often by the roadside to philosophize. In describing the first meeting of the youthful lovers, he makes use of too great a superfluity of words to suit the taste of either the impatient lover or the modern reader.

A somewhat lengthy poem, the "Romaunt de la Rose," in allegorical form, relates the story of a rose which a lover picked. It depicts the troubled course of true love.

But not content with the standard of ideal character that these previous love songs give to women, and feeling that the beauty of true womanhood was clouded by the fall of Cressida, he commenced the "Legend of Good Women," to satisfy in his own writings his sense of the good and just.

But in none of these efforts does Chaucer do himself justice. In these earlier works there is elegance of fancy and picturesqueness of description, but all the grace and beauty of his allegorical compositions fall infinitely short of his power of delineating human character, as displayed in his immortal work the "Canterbury Tales."

In this work, the idea of which he no doubt got from Boccaccio, he brings together a motley band who are travelling in company on a pilgrimage to the shrine of Thomas a Becket, and as a means of affording instruction and amusement, they agree each to relate a story, the details of which, with the incidents that happen, and above the description of the character and manners of the persons thus assembled, form a picture of their lives that art cannot rival.

His characters are not machines, like those which furnish apologies for Boccaccio's men and women. They appear before us minutely traced; the features, the grotesque garb, and homely conversation of each, bear a singular resemblance to the moral character. He brings in those little amusing incidents and circumstances of travel so naturally one might suppose it were by chance.

We seem to be fellow-travellers, to have in fact joined the "motley band" on their pilgrim march, "the holy blissful martyr for to seeke."

He makes his "Prologue" a vehicle for a conversation with his readers. He takes this as an apt occasion to allude to himself and his peculiar notions. He accurately draws his own character in portraying that of the "studious clerk of Oxenforde." Both were alike scholars, philosophers, fond of study; both given to thought and reading, and neither were men of many words.

As the "Odyssey" of Homer is a picture of Grecian life in its golden age, so in the Canterbury Tales we have a corresponding view of early Norman life. As we listen to him who,

"In times  
Dark and untaught, began with charming verse  
To tame the rudeness of his native land,"

we cannot but admire the genius of the man who can sketch thus with such marvelous skill and such versatile talent the company of travellers. What they talked about, how they dressed, how they talked, how each peculiarity of character is displayed in the different stories related by each, are all told in a manner so simple, yet so thrilling, that simplicity becomes eloquence and art sublimity.

Everywhere his style is vigorous, yet manly—bold, yet truthful—pathetic, yet humorous and cheerful. Whether he attempts to describe the April showers, the chivalrous knight, the modest daisy, or "the gloomy sanctuary of the tremendous temple of Mars," in every effort he is unsurpassed, perhaps unequalled.

Such was the man before whose hoar antiquity Wordsworth bowed, and whom Spenser hailed as a "well of English undefiled"; such the man whose genius entitled him to rank with Homer, Dante, Spenser, Shakespeare and Milton.

Oh! what a golden age for literature! What a chosen race of men! Together they stand—they whose theme has echoed only of the pure and good, whose magical eloquence has shaken the spheres, whose genius has poured out strains worthy of the inspiration of the gods, whose lives were devoted only to highest aims, and the lasting fragrance of whose memory is with us still.

"Blessings be with them—and eternal praise,  
Who gave us nobler loves and nobler cares,  
The poets, who on earth have made us heirs  
Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays."

## The Portfolio.

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THE PORTFOLIO, HAMILTON, ONT.

We invite contributions and correspondence from the Alumnae and  
former students.

THE College year of '79 and '80 is ended. In looking back upon it, though some regrets mingle with our retrospection, we rather rejoice that the session just closed has been so successful an one. In more than one direction it has been a success. Hard work everywhere has been the rule, not the exception. Students in all branches have devoted themselves studiously to their tasks, and now that reviews and examinations are over, and "homeward bound" is the prevailing cry, the "well done" of instructors and friends rings comfortingly in our ears. Shortcomings and failures, whether mental, moral or physical, have been rare and unimportant. Sickness has seldom visited our ranks, delinquencies have been few and far between, perseverance and patience have ruled.

In the higher branches especially the unflagging interest and attention of the pupils gave unmistakable evidence of their progress. Logic became an exciting exercise, Intellectual Science a pleasurable pursuit, and Evidences of Christianity an enjoyable task; while, with the members of the Rhetoric Class, metaphors became a standing commodity of intercourse, and, we may add more truthfully still, an inexhaustible source of fun.

Certainly it has been gratifying to us to hear the Faculty express themselves as well sat-

isfied with the results of the examinations. But not in one department only has there been success. Emulation and progress has flourished in the music halls, and we find cause for satisfaction in the rapid advancing strides of the majority of the pupils in this, one of the most pleasant and necessary of the fine arts. And we may well feel proud of Prof. Ambrose's words of commendation that "no class of his had ever before been so uniformly good, or produced such praiseworthy work."

Mr. Martin's department has also been enthusiastically attended. Pottery painting has proved a favorite pursuit of many of the young ladies, and under the able direction of the worthy Professor very handsome china sets have been decorated. A city paper remarks, "During the recent examinations at the College, we were struck with the well-executed paintings by the pupils displayed on the walls of the drawing-room. As this department is under the control of Prof. H. Martin, of this city, his name is a sufficient guarantee of first-class work being done."

The Societies, of which mention is made in another column, have been regularly attended, and their duties faithfully performed.

As for our paper, our readers perhaps are the best judges of its progress. The work upon it has taxed much of our time, but we shall be glad to overlook any trouble experienced in connection with it if our friends express themselves pleased, and if we also may claim some share in the general success.

ON the evening of the graduation the fact was made known that the Alumnae intended offering a prize to be competed for during the coming year by the Senior Literary Society. We are very glad to hear of this prize, as we think that incentives to renewed efforts in the direction of composition cannot be too numerous. This branch of education, though exceedingly important, is

often overlooked; however, in our institution it is anything but neglected. Exercise in essay writing is required not only in the Societies, but throughout the whole course of study; at no time is any student exempted from this duty. The Alumnae Association, we are sure, has the sincere thanks of the Faculty, pupils and friends, for its hearty co-operation in the work of advancing the interests of the College.

THE open meetings of the literary societies this last term were very enjoyable. The speeches and essays, recitations and music, reflected great credit upon those who took part in them. A very interesting feature of the Senior Society meeting was the reading of an extensive original poem by Miss Wilson, of Picton; the young lady has quite a gift in that direction. At the close of the proceedings, the Juniors invited the Seniors to partake of a farewell supper. The kind forethought in the planning of the affair, and the excellent taste shown in its execution, were duly appreciated by those thus honored, and among the pleasantest recollections of Commencement week which the Graduating Class of '80 carry away with them will be that of this evening so pleasantly spent.

#### TURNING POINTS.

THAT mysterious riddle we call the soul life involves so much that has never been fully comprehended by sage or philosopher. It is a miniature universe of activity, where a single idea in all its different aspects, pursued to the utmost range of thought, frequently leads to the most important results, where an unwise and invalid conclusion, arrived at in an instant imparts a fresh impetus on the downward path, and influences a whole life in the wrong direction. Is it any wonder that in this realm where nought is tangible, where rapidly as lightning a thought flashes through the mind, stamping its impress on the whole being, that the future of a life should oftentimes depend on some subtle influence, exerted we scarce

know when or how, but which transforms the tenor of the future, marks a new epoch in life's history—is the turning point from which dates the true manhood bravely struggling against hypocrisy and intellectual indolence, that like a rapid current is ever ready to seize a thoughtless soul and whirl it onward to the ocean of sin? As the tiny bit of iron in contact with the magnet counteracts and entirely defies the mighty force of polar attraction, so the slightest circumstance may conquer the most obstinate preconceived ideas, overcome the most violent prejudices, speak peace to the troubled soul, or lash to fury the passions, drowning the expostulating voice of reason—in fact seemingly insignificant trifles sway the emotions and mould the purposes of a human soul. The myriad-minded Shakespeare touches the true cord of human nature and causes it to vibrate under his skilful management. We feel he has struck the key-note of this subject when he says, "There is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune; omitted, all the voyage of their life is bound in shallows and in miseries." There are others who, though they "take the tide at the flood," yet it does not lead them on to fortune. They are those retiring, unselfish souls who benefit all immediately in contact with them, and in their little world exert their softening influence, none the less powerful because it is limited. The deviating course at the flood was as marked, but others profited not themselves. But we do not propose to repeat yet again the worn out story of individual life with its vicissitudes and decisive moments; it is as familiar to us as household words; we turn to the national life, selecting perhaps the greatest people of antiquity, and certainly the greatest of the present, the Greeks and the English, and consider the most important turning points in the records of each. In every highly civilized country of to-day the populace rule, perchance under the guidance of the nobility directed by a crowned head, but none the less is the government of the people, for the people, and by the people, solidly established. Two thousand years has joined the mass of ages gone; two thousand years in which humanity has ever been struggling after the unattainable, blindly groping after truth, passing away and making room for others, since the

little Grecian democracy discovered the true method of government which has bequeathed an example to the world, that has influenced and benefitted the administration of law through each nation since then, until it has reached its culmination in the English speaking people of to-day, who are distinguished for their excellent system of home and foreign government.

Let us try to disperse the mists which for centuries have been gathering round this ancient land, and dissipate the gloom that has so thickly settled down upon its earliest history, so that it is almost as shadowy an unreality as the uncertain future, and cast in our lot with the fortunes of the little Grecian oligarchy four hundred years before the Christian era. It is still spring time in the world's great history; all around speaks the freshness and simplicity of that early age. We cannot add tranquility, for hark! it is not the loving of cattle or the hum of busy life that greets our ears, but the hurrying to and fro of restless feet, the tearful farewells, the rapid preparation for battle. The momentous question whether Oriental despotism or European liberty is to rule our fair world must be determined. Europe, embodied in Greece, is to meet old Asia, represented by Persia, and the sons of Hellas are to come forth from the struggle strong and ennobled. Marathon lies before us; liberty and the right are confronted by tyranny and the wrong. The little band of Athenians, undismayed by the mighty host of Persians pouring forth from their ships, proceeded fearlessly to attack them. Surely some faint idea of the praise of nations yet unborn nerved their arms to fight, and brought fresh courage to their hearts, while the tossing Ægæan murmured in their ears sweet songs of victory. However that may be, we see the Athenians taxing all their powers, fighting the Persians backwards inch by inch, until wing after wing of that vast host retreated; more than half their number had fallen, and a miserable remnant sailed homeward to repeat to the listening hordes of Asia the sad story of their defeat. The recital of what Athens did for the world has echoed down the ages, while the rival state of Sparta joined the grand refrain by singing forth the tale of hero sons—Leonidas and the brave seven hundred, who scorning to desert their post, gladly shed

their heart's blood in defence of their fatherland.

Suppose instead of Greece coming forth victorious and attaining a high position in civilization as she did, Persia with her legions had overrun that youthful country, and prevented, as she inevitably would have done, those independent efforts which resulted in refined taste, in chivalry, and finally in that which is noble and good in modern art, literature and government, and in their stead established the barbarian ideas of life brought from the Himalayas; thrust their superstitious conceptions upon the people; ruling them with a rod of iron, crushing out the spirit of freedom and patriotism,—a sad picture truly, but "it might have been." But for this eventful turning point in the world's history our nineteenth century might have been delayed a thousand years, and we might have lived in the dense gloom of the Middle Ages. We can safely say that since then there has been an ever improving march onward, testified by the scores of revolutions and reformations that have swept the continent of Europe, from Ural to the Atlantic, from the Mediterranean to the Arctic, carrying away on its broadening current the last vestige of the Middle Ages, the last links of Romish Catholicism that bound the fairest countries of the European world to the Papal throne, the prejudices, superstitions and follies that like a network tightly held the people down, and in the stead of might, right is slowly but surely becoming mistress of our world.

From the tales of England's greatness we shall select the noblest and most decisive battle in which British warrior ever fought for honor, that one battle which contains a continent's history—Waterloo! The world sat in silent expectancy while afar two mighty nations prayed and fought. Well might heaven rain tears of sympathy, for it would have taken little, very little, to crown the tyrant Napoleon the First king of the world; but a grain dropped in the balance would have caused it to turn and drag Europe down to lower depths of degradation than she had yet known. The liberty of the press would have been bound by iron, environed by the steel claws of despotism. All the wealth, power and influence of the world would have been drawn into that vortex, sweeping toward the throne to pan-



der to the insatiable thirst of Napoleon for universal supremacy. We can scarcely estimate the real value of that wondrous battle; or conceive of the entire overthrow of empires and destruction of established civilizations that would have followed if that all-important and decisive victory had not changed the whole face of Europe.

At first the turning points of individual life and those of national life appear widely separated, but the intervening distance diminishes before the sturdy steps of inquiry and research.

"Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,  
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood for the good or evil side."

### ALUMNÆ DAY.

THE last Friday of the Collegiate year known as Alumnæ Day, and devoted exclusively to the interests of the Association, witnessed the usual reunion. The College hall had been tastefully decorated for the occasion with flags and evergreens, and the platform with a profusion of flowers and tropical plants. By 11 a. m., a number of city friends had assembled, to be present at the annual open meeting, and we noticed not a few of our former non-resident graduates who had returned for the Commencement exercises. In addition to the President and Secretary of the Association, there were present on the platform the Rev. Wm. Williams, of Guelph, who had been requested to deliver the annual address, also several of the Board of Directors and of the city ministers—Doctor Burns occupying the chair.

The proceedings were opened with singing and prayer, followed by a piano solo from Miss Rosebrugh. The Chairman made a few introductory remarks in reference to college life, and expressed his pleasure at seeing so many of the old graduates present. The annual report was then read by the Secretary, after which Mrs. T. H. Pratt, with a few graceful words of welcome, congratulated the nine successful candidates at the recent examinations, and admitted them as members. A song given by Miss Evans preceded the introduction of the Rev. W. Williams by the Chairman.

REV. W. W. WILLIAMS said he was about to make his maiden speech before an association of this kind. He wished to greet

most cordially the President and alumnæ upon this occasion, and said he would take for his topic "The School of Life." He said: Educating influences were around them from the very earliest period of their history. In infancy the mind was not a mere piece of blank paper waiting to be written upon, but an active and extremely inquisitive agent. Every look of the infant eyes was a question, and the little hands went out on voyages of discovery to every thing within their range. How soon the child discovered the difference between hot and cold. For years, some of them the most important of life, when the mind was most impressible, the educating influences of home were enjoyed, and when the school, properly so called, claimed some hours of almost every day, the former did not cease. And, then, side by side with the home and day schools, were the Sabbath-school and the church, forming character and sanctifying life's aims and enjoyments. Happy they who, from the combined use of all these advantages, built up a pure and hopeful and happy girlhood—fit preparation for a lofty and useful womanhood.

But the time came in many a young life, as it came to them, when the associations of home gave place to those of the distant school, when the separation of a few hours a day was followed by absence for months together. Important as the character of the institution was, their own personal character and purposes were of still greater moment. Those who were faithful to themselves and their opportunities would reap a harvest of thought and feeling incalculably precious. But the time came when they must appear as students in a still grander school. The rev. gentleman here went on to describe the duties to be performed in the great school of life, in which he said there were many options. They could not learn everything that waited to be taught. Whether social standing, intellectual eminence, artistic taste of skill, or the higher nobility of practical industry should call forth their powers it was for them to determine according to their circumstances and tendencies. Woman's power was not that of the lightning flashing and scathing and speaking in thunder, but that of the light, quietly painting the grass and flowers; not that of the hurricane sweeping all before it in its destructive rush, but that of the summer's breeze gently stir-

ring the leaves of the plants and tenderly fanning the heated cheek of the toil worn, not that of the pouring rain which deluges the valleys, but that of the dew-drops which instilled into a thousand plants refreshing influences. The speaker concluded his address by saying no educating processes were successful which did not prepare for the life beyond, and asked who could contemplate a life of brightness to be followed by darkness.

A song by Mrs. Hopkins and the National Anthem concluded a most successful meeting.

### X THE GRADUATION 1880

LONG before the appointed hour of 7.30 p. m., on Tuesday, the 22nd of this month, the Centenary Church was filled by a large audience, which, during the course of the proceedings, several times exhibited its appreciation of them. The building itself presented a gala and animated appearance. The platform had been tastefully decorated with flowers, evergreens and exotics. Rev. Dr. Burns occupied the chair and was supported by Rev. Dr. Nelles, president of Victoria College, Cobourg; Rev. Dr. Dewart, of Toronto; Rev. President Wakefield, of the London Conference; Rev. W. W. Ross and Messrs. Prof. Wright, George Roach, E. Gurney, D. Moore, J. Lister, S. F. Lazier, W. E. Sanford, J. M. Gibson, M.P.P., Dr. Roseburgh and Sheriff McKellar. The chair was ably filled by the principal, Rev. Dr. Burns. Prof. Ambrose presided at the organ. Dr. Burns opened the proceedings by announcing that the audience would sing the two first verses of the 143rd hymn, which having been done, the Rev. Mr. Wakefield offered up prayer. The principal then introduced Miss Mary E. Pearson, of Merrickville, who, advancing to the platform, thus welcomed the assemblage: "For one busy, happy year we have been seniors and we now appear before you as we are about to resign the dignity of seniorship; to leave behind us our schooldays, to enter upon the crowded stage of action. Your interest in us is manifested by your presence this evening, and on behalf of my class-mates I render you our heartfelt thanks and extend to you a very cordial greeting." Miss Clara M. Wilson, of Picton, then delivered a carefully wrought essay on "Turning Points," and Miss Emma Bradley, of Hamilton, followed

with a short essay on "Italy and the Italians." Both were well received, and their efforts were rewarded with bouquets, which, indeed, literally rained on to the platform during the course of the evening. Miss Minnie J. B. Buck, of Palmero, delivered a philosophical dissertation on "Our World," exhibiting an unusual amount of nerve in one unaccustomed to the trying ordeal of speaking before a large audience and doing herself and the institution much credit by her excellent elocution. During an interval the choir sang "We are strangers here." Miss Clara Blaicher, of Hamilton, at the conclusion of the singing gave, with much force, a satirical essay entitled "To and fro in the earth," wherein she took the opportunity of making several hits at the travellers of the Mrs. General Gilflory style, whilst at the same time giving credit to the traveller who sought for knowledge for himself and for others; a glowing tribute was paid to the memory of David Livingstone, whilst the gallant Captain Fred. Burnaby, of Khiva and Cockle's pills fame, seemed to be a special favorite of the fair lecturer. Bouquets, which had so far been liberally bestowed, were now thrown on to the platform in as great numbers as pennies on an Oxford commemoration day. Miss Martha Stonehouse, of Armadale, read an essay called "Earth's Battlefields," illustrative of our struggles through life. Miss Lucy Lister's (of Hamilton) paper on "Unrealized Ideals" was an interesting one, the drift of it being that great deeds were accomplished by the searching of an ideal. This essay was distinguished by its richness of thought. Again there was an interval filled up by singing from the choir. In "Whither Bound?" Miss Georgina Sutton, of Carlisle, inquired into whether life was worth living. This essay gave indications of profound study, although somewhat dogmatic in its assertions. The lady praised the glorious reform which enabled her and her brother to walk together in the paths of knowledge, provided the inferior animal (the brother, of course) could keep up. Miss Mary E. Pearson again favored the audience with "What next?" which led her away into some interesting speculations as to the future. The lady indulged in a disquisition on the affairs political of the country, and gave her views on the "hum," which she averred she could dis-

tinctly hear. She took a patriotic and bright view of the future of the Dominion, and concluded what can aptly be termed an excellent political bit of special pleading amidst much applause. Miss Lily Bryson, of Montreal, gave as valedictory "A new art," wherein she extolled the art of conversation, and delivered it with so much intelligence and so distinctly as to divide the honors of the evening in that respect with Miss Buck. Her valedictory words were: "Now that the hour has come when we as a class repeat for the last time the words of parting, we would mingle with our adieux the expression of our heartfelt gratitude—gratitude to all, instructors, friends and schoolmates, whose never failing sympathy, kindness and zeal have rendered our toil welcome and our leisure a delight. Useless it is for me to even seek to embody in speech the thanks we feel, and useless to try to express our regret at bidding for the last time in the capacity of its students a farewell to our *alma mater*. In the future we may revisit the well loved scenes, when this night, these years will have an existence only in memory, but that memory will live for ever. We but try to give utterance to these regrets, knowing before we make the attempt that it is useless. To the directors and friends of the college our obligation is great. Not only for their ready interest and energy in our behalf, but for the many Friday evenings when they have gladdened our hearts by their hospitality, would we thank them. To the faculty our debt is, if possible, even greater; to the teachers, whose instructions we have had the honor to receive, who directed our first trembling steps in the paths of knowledge, who aided and encouraged our onward progress with kindly smile and helping hand, who guided us through besetting difficulties till our steps were steady and our spirits strong—to them we know not what to say, 'we feel the thanks we cannot speak.' To our honored principal we can but add 'May the classes who come after us learn to love as fondly as we have done the studies they pursue under your sympathetic care and masterly direction.' To our fellow-students—those who side by side with us have striven against ignorance, who have so nobly sought to accomplish the duties assigned them, whose friendship we can never forget and whose affection has brightened our college life, to

them we would bid *adieu* in its fullest, deepest sense. We ask for them, and we know the answer will not fail, that in future days they may receive a more complete requital than our poor thanks, a better recompense than any earth can give. To all, farewell."

Prof. Wright then introduced the graduating class as follows: Mr. President, I introduce to you as candidates for the degree of "Mistress of the Liberal Arts," Miss Lily Bryson, of Montreal, and Miss Blaicher, of Hamilton; and as candidates for the degree of "Mistress of English Literature," Miss Pearson, of Merrickville, Miss Wilson, of Picton, Miss Bradley, of Hamilton, Miss Buck, of Palmero, Miss Stonehouse, of Armadale, Miss Lucy Lister, of Hamilton, and Miss Sutton, of Carlisle. Dr. Burns, addressing the class, said: Having addressed you recently in this place, I shall take but a moment this evening. In that moment I wish to congratulate you on the successful completion of the course of study. Graduation means only that you have acquired a knowledge of your own powers and how to use them. Your studies have just begun and the next five years of your lives should add materially to your power. As I hand to you the diplomas corresponding to your respective courses of study, most devoutly do I pray that you may have the exquisite delight enjoyed by the true student only, which reflect credit upon your Alma Mater and on us your quondam instructors.

Mr. J. M. Gibson, M.P.P., on being called upon to present to Miss Wilson, of Picton, the Governor-General's medal as the prize in English literature, expressed his appreciation of the high honor conferred upon him. He had listened with intense interest to the various compositions which had been read—all of them, from the salutatory to the valedictory, affording evidence of great care and ability in their preparation. He was afraid that after listening to the young ladies the audience would consider the introduction of a masculine voice as an intrusion likely to mar the pleasure and harmony of the scene. He would, therefore, do little more than congratulate the young lady upon the high distinction she had won, against what all must admit was formidable competition. In alluding to the bounty of the Governor-General in presenting medals to academical institutions, he expressed himself in favor of

a judicious system of rewards to meritorious students. In his own experience he had been satisfied that a friendly rivalry could exist among fellow-students without jealousy resulting, and that a proper spirit of emulation was by no means inconsistent with a generous regard for the feelings of others. He, therefore, advocated an increase of the prize list. The Governor-General's medals were almost invariably awarded to the most distinguished student of the year, and he felt sure that Miss Wilson's attainments in English literature had been such as to justify the conferring upon her of this high honor. In handing the medal to the young lady Mr. Gibson congratulated her and expressed bright anticipations of her future career.

The other two prizes, which are known as the "Dennis Moore" prizes, were for the best essays on "Chaucer and his times." The first of these was won by Miss Lucy Lister, and the Rev. Dr. Nelles was called upon to present it to her, which he did with a few complimentary remarks, at the same time speaking highly of Mr. Moore, and making kindly and appropriate reference to the recipient's father. He moreover congratulated the institution on its flourishing condition. Rev. Dr. Dewart, of Toronto, presented the second prize to Miss Sutton, of Carlisle. After a few happy remarks by Sheriff McKellar, Dr. Burns closed the exercises by expressing his satisfaction at what had taken place during the course of the evening. He thanked the citizens of Hamilton for their kind patronage of the institution. The Wesleyan Female College was the only ladies' college in the Dominion that was paying its way, and a debt of some \$3,000 that existed when he took charge of the institution some two years ago had been cleared off. He announced that the college would re-open on the 1st of September. The national anthem and the benediction brought the proceedings to a close.

#### THE CONCERT.

THE annual concert at the College took place in the spacious dining hall, in the presence of a large and fashionable audience. Prof. Ambrose, in opening the concert, announced that it would be conducted entirely by young ladies connected with the College. The "Overture to Titus" (by Mozart) was

the first piece, performed on two pianos by Misses D. Bryson, Elliott, Rosebrugh and Reesor, in very excellent style. Miss Thora Clerk followed with a song, "It was a dream," a somewhat difficult song sweetly rendered. A piano solo, "Irish Diamonds," (by Pape) was then well rendered by Miss Mamie Edson. A vocal duet, "Love in thine eyes forever plays," was then exceedingly well sung by Misses L. Bryson and Thornton, both young ladies possessing very good voices. "Souvenir de Beethoven" (by Favarger) was next nicely played by Miss Rouse. A vocal piece by Miss A. Hill, "Far from thee," followed; after which Miss Thornton played "Ondes en Lumiere" (by Wollet) in capital style. Miss Ella Ryckman next sang "Beloved again" with a good deal of expression. This young lady has a fine voice, which she uses very well. Miss Essie Elliott then played "Mazurka No. 1" (by Chopin) and "Spinning song" (by Bendel) in a very superior manner, her fine touch showing to good advantage. A vocal trio, "The water nymphs," by Misses Bryson, Ryckman and Thornton, whose singing we have mentioned above, was also well received. Miss Armstrong then followed with a song, "Little bird, why singest thou?" which was certainly the gem of the evening. The second part opened by a duet on two pianos by Misses Brenda and Thora Clerk, and Misses Moore and Russ, "Gavotte" (by Smith), which was well performed. A difficult song, "Queen of the Night," by Miss Thornton, very sweetly sung, came next on the programme. Miss Daisy Bryson then gave a piano solo, "Nocturne in F minor," (by Chopin), and "Rondo from Sonata, op. 28" (Beethoven) in a very creditable manner. Miss Lily Bryson next sang "Isolina," a pretty song, in exceedingly good style. Miss Ida Rosebrugh followed with a piano solo, "Polka de la reine" (by Raff), which she rendered in quite an artistic manner. The song, "Sing, pretty warbler," was then given by Miss Brenton in very good style. A vocal duet by Misses Ryckman and Thornton, "Merry summer day," was exceedingly well sung, and a duet on two pianos by Misses Rosebrugh and Pearson, finely rendered, "God save the Queen," sung heartily by the audience, closed one of the best of the annual concerts for which this College is noted.

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