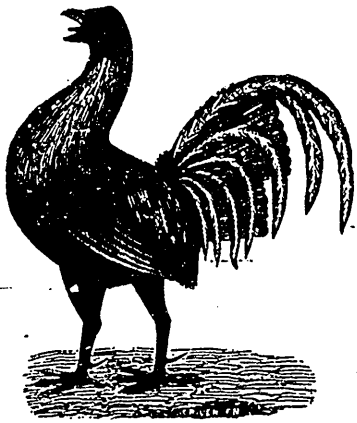


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# THE PORTFOLIO.

Vita Sine Piteris Mors Est.

VOL. 7.

HAMILTON, FEBRUARY, 1887.

No. 6



## THE Wesleyan Ladies' College,

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# THE PORTFOLIO.

Vita Sine Literis Mortis Est.

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## THE "HOW" AND THE "WHY."

I am any man's suitor,  
If any will be my tutor :  
Some say this life is pleasant,  
Some think it speedeth fast,  
In time there is no present,  
In eternity no future,  
In eternity no past.  
We laugh, we cry, we are born, we die,  
Who will riddle me the *how* and the *why*?

The bulrush nods unto its brother.  
The wheatears whisper to each other :  
What is it they say? What do they there?  
Why two and two make four? Why round is not square?  
Why the rock stands still, and the light clouds fly?  
Why the heavy oak groans, and the white willows sigh?  
Why deep is not high, and high is not deep?  
Whether we wake, or whether we sleep?  
Whether we sleep, or whether we die?  
How you are you? why I am I?  
Who will riddle me the *how* and the *why*?

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.  
The little bird pipeth—"Why? why?"  
In the summer woods when the sun falls low,  
And the great bird sits on the opposite bough,  
And stares in his face and shouts "How? how?"  
And the black owl scuds down the mellow twilight,  
And chants "how? how?" the whole of the night.  
Why the life goes out when the blood is spilt?  
What the life is? Where the soul may lie?  
Why a church is with a steeple built :  
And a house with a chimney-pot?  
Who will riddle me the *how* and the *what* ?  
Who will riddle me the *what* and the *why* ?

—TENNYSON.

## SINGLE-POEM POETS.

Many poets have a reputation analogous to that of "Single Speech Hamilton"; they have written many poems, though but one has made them famous. But the analogy ends here. The celebrated speech of the Hon. W. G. Hamilton was a masterly torrent of eloquence which astounded everyone who heard it; the single poems that have made these authors famous are often from a critical point of view miserable failures, owing their popularity to the accident of time or place, or of one happy line or one

good melody. The "Marsellaise" and "God Save the Queen" may be said to belong to this class. Epes Sargent, Samuel Woodworth, Francis Scott Key, Frank R. Jerome and John Howard Payne stand out prominently among the American single-poem poets. The plays of Epes Sargent are admirable productions, yet it is by his "Life on the Ocean Wave" that he will always be remembered. "The Old Oaken Bucket" will keep the memory of Samuel Woodworth ever green in the hearts of his countrymen. The soul-stirring magic of Francis Scott Key's "Star Spangled Banner" will be felt as long as that banner shall continue to wave over "the land of the free and the home of the brave." The Kansas editor, Frank R. Jerome's most popular literary undertaking undoubtedly has been "John Brown's Body;" and John Howard Payne at his home in Africa sang so sweetly of "Home, Sweet Home" that numberless lonely hearts have been cheered, rugged natures softened, and hardened sinners melted into tears by its gentle influence.

As a representative of Canadian single-poem poets, the Hon. John Hawkins Hagarty, Chief Justice of Ontario, may be cited. Some are inclined to think a good poet was sacrificed to the lawyer and the judge in the case of this gentleman. His name is not familiar to a large number of the lovers of belles lettres, as his poem has appeared anonymously, yet there are few Canadian schoolboys who have not had their enthusiasm roused by the trumpet lines of "The Funeral of Napoleon I." We offer no apology for quoting it in full :

"Cold and brilliant streams the sunlight on the wintry  
banks of Seine,  
Gloriously the imperial city rears her pride of tower and  
fane—  
Solemnly with deep voice pealeth, Notre Dame, thine  
ancient chime,  
Minute guns the death-bell answer in the same deep measured  
time.

On the unwonted stillness gather sounds of an advancing  
host,

As the rising tempest chafeth on St. Helen's far-off coast ;  
Nearer rolls a mighty pageant—clearer swells the funeral  
strain,  
From the barrier arch of Neuilly pours the giant burial  
train.

Dark with eagles is the sunlight—darkly on the golden air  
Flap the folds of faded standards, eloquently mourning  
there—  
O'er the pomp of glittering thousands, like a battle-phantom  
flits  
Tattered flags of Jena, Friedland, Arcola, and Austerlitz.

Eagle-crowned and garland-circled, slowly moves the  
stately car.  
'Mid a sea of plumes and horsemen—all the burial pomp  
of war—  
Riderless, a war-worn charger follows his dead master's  
bier—  
Long since battle-trumpet roused him—he but lived to fol-  
low here.

From his grave 'mid ocean's dirges, moaning surge and  
sparkling foam,  
Lo, the Imperial Dead returneth ! Lo, the Hero-dust  
comes home !  
He hath left the Atlantic island, lonely vale and willow  
tree,  
'Neath the Invalides to slumber, 'mid the Gallic chivalry.  
Glorious tomb o'er glorious sleepers ! gallant fellowship  
to share—  
Paladin and Peer and Marshal—France, thy noblest dust is  
there !  
Names that light thy battle annals—names that shook the  
heart of earth !  
Stars in crimson War's horizon—synonyms for martial  
worth !

Room within that shrine of heroes ! Place, pale spectres  
of the past !  
Homage yield, ye battle-phantoms ! Lo, your mightiest  
comes at last !  
Was *his* course the Woe out-thundered from prophetic  
trumpet's lips ?  
Was *his* type the ghostly horseman shadowed in the  
Apocalypse ?

Gray-haired soldiers gather round him, relics of an age  
of war,  
Followers of the Victor-Eagle, when his flight was wild  
and far :  
Men who panted in the death-strife on Rodrigo's bloody  
ridge,  
Hearts that sickened at the death-shriek from the Russian's  
shattered bridge ;

Men who hear' the immortal war-cry of the wild Egyp-  
tian fight—  
"Forty centuries o'erlook us from yon Pyramid's gray  
height !"  
They who heard the moans of Jaffa, and the breach of  
Acre knew—  
They who rushed their foaming war-steeds on the squares  
of Waterloo—

They who loved him—they who feared him—they who in  
his dark hour fled—  
Round the mighty burial gather, spell-bound by the aw-  
ful Dead !  
Churchmen—Princes—Statesmen—Warriors—all a king-  
dom's chief array,  
And the Fox stands—crowned Mourner—by the Eagle's  
hero-clay !

But the last high rite is paid him, and the last deep  
knell is rung—  
And the cannons' iron voices have their thunder-requiem  
sung—  
And, 'mid banners ildy drooping, silent gloom and mould-  
ering state,  
Shall the Trampler of the world upon the Judgment-  
trumpet wait.

Yet his ancient foes had given him nobler monumental  
pile,  
Where the everlasting dirges moaned around the burial  
Isle—  
Pyramid upheaved by Ocean in his loneliest wilds afar,  
For the War-King thunder-stricken from his fiery battle-  
car !

And although many poems have been writ-  
ten by our sweet Kingston lyrist, nothing  
lingers as long in our memories as "Bide  
a Wee and Dinna Weary."

Among the Irish poets of this class we  
may assign a prominent place to the Dublin  
Episcopal clergyman, Rev. Charles Wolfe.  
His celebrated lines on the "Burial of Sir  
John Moore," suggested by reading South-  
ey's impressive account of it, have won for  
themselves a secure place in the memory of  
the British people. This one beautiful  
piece preserves for us the name of its  
author, while it records a noble and path-  
etic incident in our national history. Scot-  
land has given us "Auld Robin Gray."  
The words are by Lady Anne Lindsay,  
daughter of the Earl of Baillarres. Auld  
Robin Gray was the herdsman of her father.  
We are told that when she had written a  
part, she asked her younger sister for advice.  
She said: "I am writing a ballad of virtu-  
ous distress in humble life; I have oppressed  
my heroine with sundry troubles—for exam-  
ple, I have sent her Jamie to sea, broken  
her father's arm, made her mother sick,  
given her auld Robin Gray for a lover, and  
want a fifth sorrow. Can you help me to  
one?" "Steal the cow, sister Annie," said  
the little Elizabeth; so the cow was "stow-  
n awa," and the story completed.

William Spencer's "Death of Gelert"  
belongs to this list. Gelert was the name  
of Llewellyn's dog. One day a wolf entered  
the room where the infant son of the Welsh  
Prince was asleep. Gelert flew at it and  
killed it; but when Llewellyn returned home  
and saw his dog's mouth bloody, he hastily  
concluded that it had killed his child, and  
thrust it through with a sword. The howl  
of the dog awoke the child, and the Prince  
saw too late his fatal rashness. Bethgelert

is the name of the place where the dog was buried.

Fitz-Greene Halleck is best known to general readers by his brilliant lyric "Marco Bozzaris." All schoolboys know it, and every collection contains it. The music of Julia Ward Howe's "Battle Hymn of the Republic" was heard in every Northern camp during America's latest war. Like the marching on of "John Brown's Body," it became a sort of contagion, and was sung from Potomac to Mississippi. Geo. P. Morris is recognized as the author of "Woodman, Spare That Tree." The "Heathen Chinee" of Bret Harte has moved a public to mirth that never heard of "The Luck of Roaring Camp," or "The Story of Dow's Flats." "The Raven" gained for Edgar Allen Poe an immense reputation.

Although not belonging to the class of poets made famous by single productions, Grey, Cowper, Thompson, Campbell, and Ben. Johnson have earned their greatest fame through certain well-known poems. More people know Grey's "Elegy" than have ever read his Odes. This noble specimen of scholarly English is probably the most popular poem in the English tongue, expressing in the most beautiful language thoughts and feelings that are universal. The solemn stanzas "roll out their muffled music, like the subdued tolling of some great minster bell." William Cowper owed much to his lady friends. Lady Austin suggested to him "The Task," urged him to translate Homer, and what the world is perhaps most grateful for—related to him the history of John Gilpin. The story so seized Cowper's fancy that in the course of a single night he produced the ballad which has so excited the risibilities of old and young. Comparatively few people are familiar with Thompson's "Seasons," and his "Castle of Indolence," although these are fine pieces of literary workmanship, and will maintain for their author a somewhat high place in the roll of British poets. Who is ignorant of the stirring political hymn, "Rule Britannia?" Thompson is best known and will be longest remembered by this effort of his genius. Scotland has given us "Hohenlinden," and the noble naval lay "Ye Mariners of England." Few writers have published two such popular pieces. In

these Thomas Campbell has ascended highest into the heavens of song. Of all that the Devonshire poet, John Gay has written, "Black-eyed Susan" possesses the strongest vitality, still thrilling now and then our theatres and concert rooms. Many people who talk of Ben Johnson would be puzzled to quote a single line except from his "Drink to me only with thine eyes."

The great hymns of the Middle Ages may be classed as productions of single-poem poets. The "Stabat Mater," the celebrated Latin hymn on the Crucifixion, which forms a part of the service during Passion Week in the Roman Catholic Church, was composed by Jacopone, a Franciscan monk of the thirteenth century. The well-known mediæval hymn on the Last Judgment, "Dies Irae," was probably the composition of Thomas of Celano, a native of Abruzzo, in Italy. The Roman Catholics adopted it and made it a portion of the service of the Mass, on account of the solemn grandeur of the ideas which it brings to mind, and the emotions it is fitted to express.

"Day of wrath, O dreadful day!  
When the world shall pass away  
And the heavens together roll,  
Shrivelling like a parched scroll;  
Long foretold by saint and sage,  
Psalmist's harp and prophet's page."

Bernard of Clugny's beautiful hymn, "Jerusalem, the Golden," translated by Dr. Neale, has found a place in the psalmody of our church, and gives an impulse to the worship of our people.

Everyone knows the beautiful hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light," written by Dr. Newman, once a clergyman of the Church of England, now a priest of the Church of Rome. It was composed, he tells in his Autobiography, on his voyage home from Sicily in 1833, just at the commencement of that religious movement at Oxford which led to the latest developments of Ritualism. The prayer "Lead, Kindly Light," was as honest and earnest a prayer as ever was uttered by mortal lips, and yet the movement to which the writer gave the principal impulse has landed the Church of England in difficulties from which it is hard to see a way to escape.

Dr. Neale's exquisite "Art Thou Weary, Heavy Laden, &c.," has hallowed associations to the whole Christian church. The best known of Bishop Heber's productions

is probably the famous missionary hymn, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains." The yearnings and heavenward hopes of numberless Christians have been voiced in Mrs. Sarah F. Adams' "Nearer, my God, to Thee"; and to Episcopalians and Methodists, to Baptists and Presbyterians alike, has Toplady's "Rock of Ages" vindicated a right to a place in the psalmody of their church. This list might be greatly added to, and an instructive essay be written on the poems themselves and the lives of their authors, but sufficient has been said to illustrate the meaning of the term "Single-poem Poets."

AUGUSTA.

### HOMES AND HOUSES.

We enjoyed the lecture on Homes and Houses by Dr. Sims, of Syracuse University, so much that we have tried to give a synopsis of it, but it is little more than a sketch. It should be heard from the lips of the speaker to be properly appreciated.

My lecture to-night is not a literary effort, my subject is a common but not a trivial one. There is no other of more practical value than this. If I could describe to you the Parthenon, or the Temple of Diana in all its details, it might be a good lecture. But if I could show you the structure of a beautiful home, it would be far more valuable than if I could do the former. A house is to a home what the shell is to the peanut, sometimes found empty, bitter, and decayed. Many houses are beautifully furnished, having everything needed for the use and comfort of the occupants, but they are not homes. A house may represent one of several things. It may be the result of your own thrift and economy, or of a father-in-law's economy; or it may be the result of gambling, or a mortgage, or it may be something held in your wife's name so as to be protected from creditors. When a man builds a house it grows like him. You and I have seen houses which were shouting advertisements from top to bottom of the circumstances or tastes of the owner. Churches never build such. Beggars can always find the door bell of a parsonage. The home is the stage where all the tragedies and comedies are not acted, but lived and experienced. If we had a mirror such as are said

to exist in enchanted castles which would keep and reproduce all the scenes which occur in the history of a home we should see unspeakable agony, glorious sacrifice, sublime faith, divine patriotism, enduring constancy; the gravest, richest, saddest, bitterest scenes. It is not always in Congress that the greatest debates are held. Some of the knottiest problems in practical economy are solved in the home. Unlike the house the home is built of the most precious materials—confidence, faith, fidelity, affection, sympathy, devotion—all woven together form a home. It is not to be found and purchased on the market. It cannot be bought and sold, but can be found in the possession of some of the humblest. I should like to picture to you a home; it may be a log cabin where angels would not feel out of place. There is about a well-ordered home an influence surpassingly helpful in the formation of a moral character—a moral power which is not exerted by any other agent. Lord Beaconsfield says married men make the best soldiers. Byron says

"'Tis sweet to listen as the night winds creep  
From leaf to leaf; 'tis sweet to view on high  
The rainbow, based on ocean, span the sky;  
'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark  
Bay deep-mouth'd welcome as we draw near home;  
'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark  
Our coming, and look brighter when we come."

No life amounts to very much unless it is unselfish. It is the first development of a trustworthy, noble life and character. Unselfishness and thoughtfulness for the comfort of others makes a poem and song of the most prosaic life. If one man is planning the destruction and ruin of another, or thinking of how to obtain unlawful gain and everything that is selfish, and another is thinking only how to benefit others, how to accomplish the most good, a thoroughly unselfish character, we cannot help loathing the one and loving the other.

I believe in this country of ours, the love of home has had much to do with the virtue of its humble, toiling people. I do not think that a man who is selfish knows why he is out of his coffin. He sees that he has comfortable lodgings and provides himself with comfortable apparel. He pays his own expenses and that is about all he does do. That is why I do not like old bachelors as a rule. Unselfish labor possesses all the passion and ardour of poetry. It is a labor of



love. It is a work for which no remuneration is expected. During revival services on my first circuit a young man with long curly hair came forward. There was very little in his appearance to indicate firmness of character. I thought, you will have a hard struggle to keep in the right path. But I understood it all better when I called on him. The two rooms they occupied were reached by a long flight of stairs. His mother had not been out of her bed for years. He performed all the necessary work, rising early in the morning and preparing breakfast, doing everything with the gentleness and thoughtfulness of a woman. Then I understood what a great influence that pious mother would have over him and what a help she would be to him. Coarseness, narrowness, baseness, self-indulgence, all evil propensities are exorcised by the influence of the self-sacrifice which comes into the home. It is the only place in the world where we lose the thought of barter. The most precious things there are not to be bought or sold. A depth of character is cultivated in the home and it is the only place where it can be cultivated. Artists tell us that it is almost impossible to paint the picture of a young person because there is nothing to paint.

I should like to picture to you a log-cabin home about fifty miles from Chicago. It was a very happy home, although a trip to the city to exchange farm produce for the necessaries of life was made only two or three times during the year. There was always some small present brought back for the children. I remember quite distinctly that on one occasion father brought back a rosy cheeked apple, such as we had never seen, for each one of us, and one for mother. We all ate ours at once, but mother's was laid up on the cupboard for several days, and then she called two of the youngest of us to her, and divided the apple into three parts. I thought it was very strange to give us a part of her apple as we had had ours before. The conclusion I came to was, that mother did not like apples. A number of thoughtless and reckless students were standing at a bar, drinking, when their leader said, "Boys, you never drank better than that except at your father's well." What a train of memory it brought to their minds.

"The old oaken bucket,  
The moss-covered bucket,  
The iron-bound bucket that hangs in the well."

It was the only thing worth remembering that Woodsworth ever wrote, and that was winged with thoughts of home. You cannot measure the power of a well-ordered home. Brushing aside the mirth, laughter and merriment of the marriage altar, it is the most solemn act of life. Around it are laid the foundations of a home. It seems to me that a young man has a good deal of cheek to ask a young lady to marry him, and to leave her best friends, her parents, her happy home, everything that has made life pleasant for her, for the uncertainty, for whatever he may be able or willing to give her. It is a great risk. The first step after marriage is getting acquainted. The first years are the least happy; so home grows more precious with the passing years. All the acquaintance they have had has been in the parlor, after the young lady has spent half an hour or an hour on her toilet, and the gentleman ditto. They talk on all sorts of desultory subjects. They have had as yet no kitchen acquaintance. They have not discussed many practical subjects, and have had no experience of heavy biscuit or bad coffee. There are a great many questions in practical household economy which they have never thought of. What wonder if there are some disillusion, with many previous tastes disagreeing, and if you should find out that the lady is not an angel, and she discovers that she was cheated when she got you, let no bitter or ironical expressions be heard in the home. There was a man once went to the office of an assayist. He asked the manager if he had a private office. He was conducted to one, and then asked, "Are we alone?" On being assured they were he produced a handkerchief full of something, and carefully put it with its contents on the table. He asked what it was. The manager replied, "That is pyrites of iron." "And it is not gold?" "No, it is worth nothing." A look of disappointment settled on his countenance, and he said, "Why, there was a widow up there who has a whole hill of that stuff, and I have gone and married her." After marriage there is nothing to do but accept the situation. Then following this comes perfect confidence. There is a great deal of mistaken kindness about the business

man who does not tell his wife his business troubles. If you want to grow a home there must be absolute confidence. What wonder if after thirty, forty or fifty years they should come to look alike. After living together harmoniously for so many years, with the constant watch over each other's wishes, and the constant yielding to each other's happiness, the tastes become alike, the thoughts and desires become similar. Then it is not such a great wonder that the features become somewhat alike. All this time without sound of hammer or trowel there has been growing a glorious home. You shape the character of a home by what you bring into it. No more sarcastic comment can be made of a man than to say that the children are afraid to laugh in his presence. It shows very clearly and forcibly what kind of man he is in his own home. Keep out of the home every uncomfortable, impolite thing. If there is one place more than another where a man should be polite, kind and thoughtful, it is in his own home. It holds all that is precious to a man, and a cross, harsh, angry word may destroy a great deal of the comfort and confidence of its inmates. About the meanest man I know of is the one who, during the day at his business resists the inclination to say disagreeable things, and is polite and courteous to all his customers, no matter how trying or exacting, and reserves all his wrath till he reaches home. Then the storm which has been gathering all day breaks on the heads of the members of the home circle. Your home is disgraced by the introduction of questionable amusements. Of the many kinds of games extant why select the harmful ones? They will exert their baneful influence on you and your children all through life. The home should gather to itself all that is beautiful and heavenly. Poverty and misfortune cannot destroy it. It is built of priceless, immortal materials which can never be lost.

#### LIGHTS AND SHADOWS.

THERE are dark and stormy days which help to make up the history of the brighter years. In no whole month, perhaps, of all the thousands past, has the sun shone every day. But the dark days do not all come

together, they are interspersed among the brighter ones. In a picture the lights are not all in one place and the shadows in another, but the two are blended, the lights being brought out more clearly by their proximity to the dark shadings.

Some one says "When one pictures life he leaves out all the shadings of sorrow, sickness, poverty and bereavement, and there remain but the bright, sunny hours; but when gazing back upon life he sees how beautifully the two are blended, and how necessary are the dark pencilings, as well as the bright roseate lines, in the formation of a perfect life." Sometimes a dark cloud reaches across the west with just a bank of light along the lower edge. Presently a little more gold appears, and still more, as if it were a lining of the cloud rolling out, and the darkness gradually disappears till the glory is complete. So there is no life so dark—poor, lonely and despised though it may be—that has not some brightness even here within the shadow of this world, which increasing, touches all things with its beauty, till the shadow is wholly lost in the glory of Heaven. Often joy begins to rise in the very spot where it seems to have set forever.

"Light, which without a shadow shines not.  
Shadow, which shows not except by light.  
(For that which we see to sight combines not  
Except by the sides which escape the sight.)  
Is this the parable? this the ending?  
That nothing lives for us except with a foil,  
That all things show by contrast and blending  
Pleasure by pain, and rest by toil,  
Strength by weakness, and gladness by sorrow,  
Hope by despair, and peace by strife,  
The good by the evil, the day by the morrow.  
Love by hatred, and death by life."

F. H. M.

Beware of a man with half-shut eyes;  
he's not dreaming.

Half the discomfort of life is the result  
of getting tired of ourselves.

Passion always lowers a great man, but  
sometimes elevates a little one.

No teachings, not even the highest,  
changes the mind of man. Only life, reflection,  
the experience of facts in ourself  
and others—this alone converts the mind.

## The Portfolio.

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### Editorials.

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MISS HAMILTON—Er—I hope my Carnival didn't injure you very much dear?

MISS MONTREAL—Your Carnival? Why, did you have a Carnival? How nice!!

SELDOM have our feelings been so aroused as when we read this cruel slander on our Hamilton carnival in *Grip*. But perhaps we misjudge this humorous journal. We do so, indeed, if that interesting little item was meant to represent rather the ignorance or lack of information of the Montrealers, than the insignificance of the Hamilton carnival.

In whatever way our friends in Toronto or any other city in Ontario regard it, we are inclined to attribute any sarcasm as arising from rather a jealousy that our ambitious city should take the lead in instituting a winter carnival in Ontario.

We must admit that our friends in the adjacent cities had some cause to exult over us a few days previous to February 2nd and 3rd, asking us if we intended having a carnival without snow and ice. However, the "Fates" were kind, giving us all that could

be desired to make the out-door sports enjoyable.

The Carnival was formally opened by a Grand Drive, composed of all the most stylish turnouts of the city, ladies and gentlemen driving tandem, four-in-hand, six-in-hand, etc. At three o'clock hundreds of sleighs assembled at the Gore, and the drive was led off by Mr. Hendrie's sleigh, containing the Lieutenant-Governor and party driving through the Grand Triumphant Arch made of evergreens, and decorated with toboggans and snowshoes. Our college was fairly represented in the drive, as in other features of the carnival, some of the young ladies not being forgotten by their friends in the city.

The Trades Procession was thought by many to be the most successful event of the carnival, great care being taken by the manufacturers to display their wares to the best advantage. Hamilton being *the* manufacturing city of Canada, showed itself worthy of its name, as all pronounced it far surpassing the Trades Procession of Montreal.

The toboggan slides seemed to be centres of attraction all the time they were open, as they were almost uncomfortably crowded. It was, as usual, amusing to hear the varied exclamations of those who were taking their first ride on a toboggan. The fireworks and huge bonfires at both slides on Wednesday night were indeed beautiful, and added much to the pleasure of the tobogganers.

Our citizens came forward willingly to lend their choicest paintings, and also beautiful specimens of carving in wood and hammered brass to the Art Exhibition held by the Hamilton Art School. It was certainly a very good collection, and seemed to be much appreciated by all, judging by the crowds which visited it.

A prettier sight was rarely if ever seen in Hamilton than the Torchlight Procession

by the Toboggan and Snowshoe Clubs of the city, with many other members of clubs from the neighboring cities. The procession formed at the head of James street, and marched down James and along King street as far as the College, where they fired off Roman candles and other fireworks. Along the route of the procession the houses were all one blaze of light, everyone taking pride in illuminating his house to the greatest extent.

This successful carnival closed with a grand display of fireworks at the Gore, which was pronounced to be a most brilliant and suitable close to a most enjoyable carnival.

We all hope that there will be a repetition next year of this event, as in addition to a holiday they gave all, especially school-girls, much pleasure.

On the evening of February 4th, the annual conversazione was given by the Senior Literary Society in aid of the funds of the Portfolio. The question "When are we to have our Christmas Conversazione," was continually being asked for months before, but no definite answer could be given, until February 4th was at last decided upon as the most convenient day. A larger number than usual from other cities responded to our invitation, owing partly to the fact that many were in the city attending the carnival, and remained over to enjoy one more pleasant evening in our city. The hostesses of the evening were Miss Shore, President of the Senior Literary Society, and Miss Hardy, Editress-in-chief of the PORTFOLIO. All unite in affirming that this was one of the most enjoyable evenings ever spent within our college walls. When the hour for retiring came we all were very unwilling to separate from our friends. But all things must have an end; so our most successful conversazione closed. As our aim was to

have all spend a pleasant evening with as little expense as possible, no refreshments were provided, but great care was taken to make our parlors attractive, and that most pleasant of all things, music, was supplied by the Thirteenth Battalion Band, of which Hamiltonians are so justly proud.

THE spirit of benevolence and charity is always enjoined upon us, as its exercise tends to promote the growth of moral power. Charity given by the individual is good, but it is sometimes found better for a number to be combined in their efforts, especially if the object to be benefitted is a great and needy one. Missionary societies are one of the many ways of doing good to a large number of people, doing work that the individual could not do, however well-disposed he might be, and however worthy the object. The law and duty of benevolence is binding on all. The young ladies had the claims of the Woman's Missionary Society presented by the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Hunter, and felt that they would like to engage in the work and form an auxiliary of the society, which was accordingly done, and the following officers elected:—

President - - - - -	Miss Tucker.
1st Vice-President - - - -	Miss Martin.
2nd Vice-President - - - -	Miss Wood.
3rd Vice-President - - - -	Miss A. Burns.
Corresponding Secretary - -	Miss Menzie.
Recording Secretary - - - -	Miss Coldren.
Treasurer - - - - -	Miss Marter.

We are glad to see such a spirit, and hope that the society may live long and prosper.

THE Junior Literary Society was reorganized after Christmas, and the following officers elected:—

President - - - - -	Miss Menzie.
Vice-President - - - - -	Miss Lawrason.
Secretary - - - - -	Miss A. Merrill.
Treasurer - - - - -	Miss P. Matson.

## College Items.

FROWNS.

MEASLES.

EXPERIMENTS.

'TIS not the interrogation point after the youth, but the youth after the interrogation point.

"YOU don't like to go to Dickens, don't you?"

"THAT will be twelve new quarters."

How do you like to ride in a fancy cart?

"YOUNG ladies, you have only a bowing acquaintance with this subject as yet."

"I MOVE that this experience meeting be adjourned." S. L. S.

How did you enjoy those pretty cakes with the nice wad of batting inside?

"WOULD you mind my coming in as an observer? I enjoy the experiments."

"I LIKE this one better than the other one because he is not always talking about Moses, Æsop, and other things in the Bible."

"I wish I could change my chin and get a new one, since you do not admire the one I have."

SIX A. M. Sleepy senior—"Is it sleeting?"

"I *had* the measles, and —; I think you know as much about them as I do."

THE book was about caves and things wasn't it?

A COMPLIMENT (?) from one of the members of the faculty for class '87. "I don't think this class is smarter than any other." Indeed.

Em, did you ever sit in a wood-box?

It is not often that we see the words "Good-bye my lover, good-bye" inscribed on the top of a trunk. But we have seen one leave the college with those parting words written on it.

ONE of the distinguished poetesses of Class '87 wrote the following beautiful verse upon an illustration of Absolute Idealism heard in Psychology class:

You poor, deluded pussy cat!  
You really think you see that rat.  
There was no rat for you to find;  
'Twas only present in your mind.

COULDN'T he possibly find a few more opportunities to remind us girls of our inferiority (?) to members of the other sex, himself included?

THE last words of a good and learned man, "That would do for the PORT, wouldn't it."—Prof. P.

"THE man looked at it for a while, and then thought he would take a bite." The last thing she said was that he was looking at his dear dead donkey.

CAN you doubt that you doubt that you doubt, that you're doubting.

A FULL supply of colds just received at this office. Anyone wishing to have one should apply immediately.

How often have we looked out of the window and wished we could go out on that toboggan slide. But he never asked us.

ELEVEN pieces of cheese, Grace, are really too many at one time. We hope no injurious effects will follow.

PROF.—What kind of light does the moon give? Moonlight.

KATHLEEN, I am going to give you an introduction the next time he asks me a question.

WASN'T it kind of some youth on the evening of the concert to write his own name (?) and several others in several hymn books belonging to the young ladies. In some cases the list was written twice in the same book. To judge from the appearance of the writing one would think he had not finished his first copy book yet. It was not one bit smart, as any one who knew how to spell the names could do that much.

WHERE is the feeler of a telescope, Allie?

No. 1.—The man was struck in the side by a ball, and fell down, and I thought he would die. No. 2.—Oh! he just had the breath knocked out of him.

WILL the non-subscriber who frequents the reading-room so often, and who has made so much fuss about a book which the J. L. S. placed there last year, kindly subscribe? The librarian knows where that

book is, and any way you had no right to ask for it.

It is a wonder the professor has not got the dictionary craze before this, as one of the students has been so anxious to find the correct pronunciation of so many words.

WHAT substance has the same effect on the blood as salt? Student: Pepper.

QUITE a number of the students attended the concert on February 11th, in Centenary Church.

DID you see the three feet rubber wall at the end of the reception-room the evening of the "ball"?

WILL the boy who sometimes tries to talk to some of the young ladies when the division is coming home on Sunday evening, kindly desist? We think that his absence is preferred to his presence at anytime by the majority of the young ladies. A more personal reference may be made if we are annoyed again.

THE members of the Presbyterian church were invited to go, as the guests of Mrs. Lyle, to a social at the manse on Friday evening. They spent a very pleasant evening and did not return home as early as usual. Any kindness like this is very much appreciated by the young ladies.

RESOLUTIONS for the new year: (1) I will rise early nearly every morning and study hard. (2) I will not exaggerate any more than is necessary in telling a story I have heard about some one else. (3) I will go down to chapel every morning and "learn to read." (4) I will not call my room-mate or any very particular friend a crank any more, as I am going to try to get a better word. (5) I will eat some of the cake and leave most of the batting next time.

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### Exchanges.

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The *University Monthly* has donned its new cover, which is certainly an improvement as far as its substantiality goes, but does not show any great superiority as regards its beauty of color. The old one might almost be preferred. The *Monthly* possesses an excellent exchange department.

The *Student Life* contains an interesting

article on the "Land of Nod." All the questions concerning this strange place are fully discussed. The "Christmas Adventure" is also well told.

For funny stories read the *Torch*.

The *Dalhousie Gazette* must be an exceedingly interesting and newsy journal to the students of that institution, as so much space is devoted to items concerning its various departments. The students are congratulating themselves on the erection of a new college building which is to be completed for the first session of '87 in September. We are glad to see so much progress.

The *Presbyterian College Journal* and *Manitoba College Journal* will furnish suitable and instructive reading for the members of that Church, especially as they should be most interested in the doings of their own particular Church and its colleges. The latter is a new exchange. It contains a history of the institution from its inception to the present time, which shows its progressive growth. In the former the leading question of the missionary in Lower Canada, "How to Preach to Roman Catholics," is fully answered by one who has labored among them.

Among the other interesting subjects, the *Earlhamite* discusses the problem, "How Shall We Amuse Ourselves." It denounces, with good reasons, those three things which nearly every church condemns, but does not substitute or suggest any other form of recreation. So we suppose we are to conclude that there are no amusements which are not to some degree hurtful.

We would also acknowledge the receipt of the following: *The Tufstonian*, *Bible College Exponent*, *Torch*, *Troy Polytechnic*, *Speculum*, *Student*, *Northwestern College Chronicle*, *College Message*, *Chironian*, *Lutherville Seminary*, *Acta Victoriana*, *Normal News*, *Sunbeam*, *Philo Star*, *Messenger*, *Chi-Delta Crescent*, *Young Idea*, *University Gazette*, *Beacon*, *Niagara Index*, *Wilmington Collegian*, *Dartmouth*, *St. Charles Gazette*, *Southern University Monthly*, *College Index*, *Rouge et Noir*, *Knox College Monthly*, *University Herald*, *Notre Dame Scholastic*, *Cue*, *Simpsonian*, *Adelphian*, *High School Journal*, *Res Académica*, *Varsity*, *Bethany Collegian*, *Swarthmore Phœnix*, *Genevan*.

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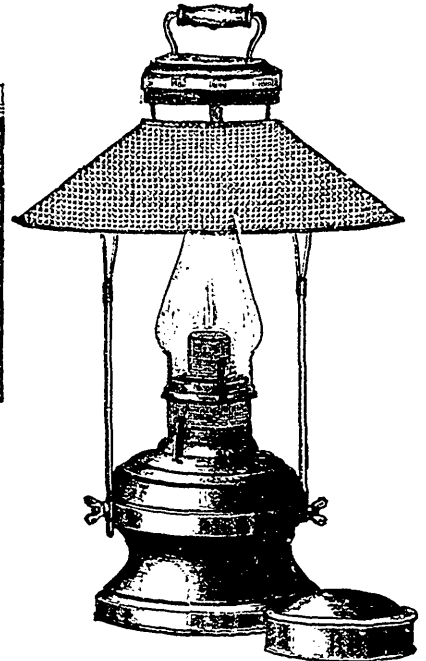
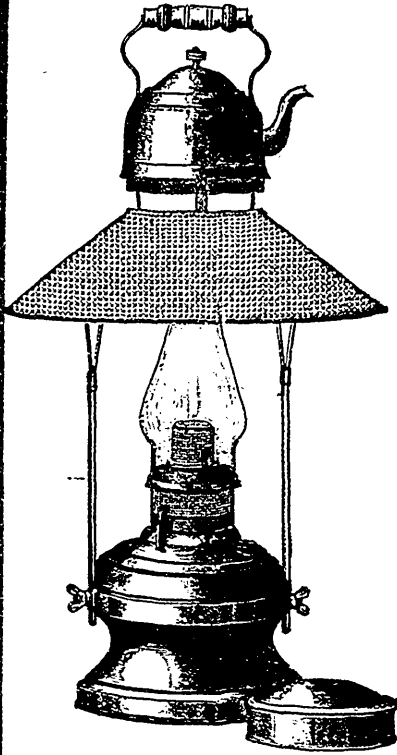
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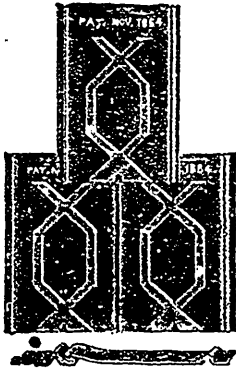
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