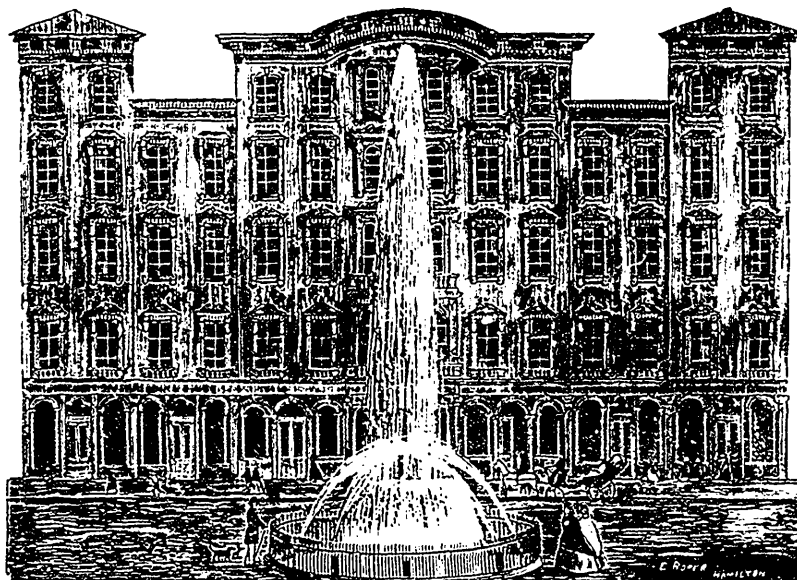


January, · 1891

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— THE —

# Wesleyan Ladies' College

AND CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

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| HAMILTON, ONTARIO. |

Third Term begins February 2nd.  
Fourth " " April 22nd.

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# THE PORTFOLIO

"VITA SINE LITERIS MORS EST."

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## The Portfolio.

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## Notes.

"ALL things come to him who waits." Sorry, indeed, should we be to throw a shadow of doubt upon a sentiment of such universal consolation. But the heart of mankind is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked, and sometimes impatiently refuses any such comfort, and clamors for present fulfilment of its desire and expectation. Self-praise being particularly distasteful to us we hesitate to mention the exemplary patience with which we are conscious of being endowed, and lest you should, though inadvertently, injure the characters we are striving to form, by causing one impatient thought to ruffle our tranquil breasts, we earnestly request you to remove all provocation by forwarding subscription at your earliest convenience.

THE students of the college are indebted to the energetic Alumnae of the city for more than one pleasure which has been placed within their reach. The series of lectures, in connection with the regular course of study of that Association, has given us the opportunity of listening to several fine speakers—a privilege by no means unappreciated. While there has thus been scope for our intellectual development, an entertainment of a totally different character, also under the auspices of the Alumnae, was no less welcome. We refer to the concert by the University of Toronto Glee Club, given in Association hall on Dec. 12th. That the occasion was regarded by the young gentlemen themselves as rather important was evinced by the large number who were present on the evening in question. Those who acted as ushers, and all who were hovering around before the proceedings commenced, strove hard to be unconscious of the admiring glances of the assembling multitudes and to overcome the bashfulness natural to boyhood. When each member of the club seemed to be satisfied with the number of trips he had made to the door and back, the concert opened. The performers appeared, as advertised, in their caps and gowns, and, arranged tier above tier on the platform, presented a very striking appearance. The hall was filled with a large and what proved to be an enthusiastic audience. Number after number was rendered under the excellent baton of Mr. Schuch, who kept his forces well up to time. We soon realized that, threadbare as we had thought college songs to be, they were capable of assuming a new character. As the familiar sentiments of "The Boots," "Way up on the Mountain Tip-Top," and others rolled forth in stentorian notes the sympathy of the audience was visibly aroused, and, I have no doubt, many went home to overhaul their college song book again to find some

of the less common ones which they had heard that evening. Several part-songs showed the careful training of the club. Miss Lillian Littlehales' performance on the cello was highly creditable to herself and pleasing to the audience. Miss McIlwraith and Miss Osborne also contributed very acceptably. When the concert was over and the singers were filing down from the platform they broke out into snatches of song mingled with yells of V-a-r-s-i-t-y, etc., much to the entertainment of the people. A benignant expression came into the faces of some who recalled their college days, now far behind them, and we could almost hear them murmur, "Boys will be boys." As far as the majority of the audience were concerned, the pleasant affair was at an end, and they departed, fully resolved to come the next time and bring their friends. A number of the Glee Club gallantly escorted the division to the college, but covered the ground on the return journey in a very brief space of time, having before them the delightful prospect of a supper, also in Association hall. When all had regaled themselves upon the choice viands set forth, a jolly time ensued. Songs and speeches followed one another in quick succession, and "all went merry as a marriage bell." After this second item on the programme was over, the college itself was besieged by a small band of serenaders. They looked like bats, flitting here and there in the shadows and disturbing the quiet stillness of the night with their voices. The Doctor spoke a few genial words from the balcony, and many a Juliet looked down from the windows on her waiting Romeo. Through the Doctor's kind indulgence we were permitted to hold a short reception in the college the next afternoon, after the lecture. To say that we greatly enjoyed the visit of the "boys" would be but to repeat what was so frequently expressed at the time. It formed a pleasant break in the routine of school-work. We think the Glee Club to be highly deserving of the popularity which they enjoy at home, and venture to express the hope that we may soon again have the pleasure of hearing them.

SOME one has declared that "blessings brighten as they take their flight." We, of this editorial department, have had a sort of ocular demonstration of the truth of the statement lately. Physicians having forbidden a too exclusive devotion to books in our leisure hours—prohibited them as a form of mental relaxation, we have had leisure to meditate upon the amount of our indebtedness to literature. Books to many of us, perhaps to most of us, are what art is to the Italians—a familiar affection. Our hearts have gone out as naturally to our favorites as to our mother's love or to our nurse's songs and fairy tales. Italians are very seldom connoisseurs in art. How rarely are we critical of our best-loved books? Familiar affection is never very analytical. They were the playmates of our childhood, the companions of our youth, our loves when we were not very learned in styles and dates. Macaulay talks of literature consoling sorrow and assuaging pain, bringing gladness to eyes which fail with wakefulness and tears, and ache for the dark house and long sleep. Robert Chambers, one of the publishers of Chambers' Encyclopedia, made the following confession: "During that agonizing period which intervened between my proposal of marriage by letter to Jemima Jane and my reception of her reply, how should I ever have kept myself alive save for the chivalrous aid of the Black Knight in 'Ivanhoe.' To him mainly, assisted by Rebecca, and (I am bound to add) by that scoundrel Brian de Bois Guilbert, are my obligations due that I did not—through the extremities of despair and hope suffered during that interval—become a drivelling idiot. When her answer did arrive, in the negative, what was it which preserved me from the noose, the razor or the stream but M. Carlyle's French Revolution. In the woes of poor Louis Capet I forgot my own." Who, with a grateful heart, can overlook these things or deny the blessedness of books? As I regard the lines I have just written I am forced to the conclusion, painful though it may be, that the penmanship of some people, even of good education, is execrable. I console myself

with the reflection that history, past and present, presents us with innumerable examples of wretched illustrious writers—I mean illustrious wretched writers. Montaigne, the essayist, could not read his own writing. His epistles strongly resembled Sam Weller's famous Valentine, indited with sublime confidence in the pretty housemaid's powers of interpretation. Lord Eldon told George IV. that the greatest lawyer in England could neither walk, speak nor write. This legal luminary was a Mr. Bell. Napoleon I. had so little mastery of his pen that his letters from Germany to Josephine were at first sight taken to be rough maps of the seat of war. Douglas Jerrold and Capt. Marryat wrote very imperfectly. Marryat's manuscript had to be copied in a fashion adapted for ordinary eyesight before it could be handed to the printer, and the copyist, whenever he rested from the labor, was obliged to stick a pin where he left off, lest he should not find his place again. Horace Greeley's copy was a continuous string of riddles for the unfortunate compositors engaged on the paper of which he was proprietor—riddles they often solved in a way not exactly conducive to the propounder's serenity. This sage once "popped the question" unwittingly. He wrote to a lady, entreating her to abstain from sending poetical contributions to the *Tribune*. The lady submitted the letter to a family council and, after much debate, the mysterious missive was pronounced to be a proposal of marriage, and forthwith accepted. Although H. W. Beecher was a popular preacher, he can hardly be considered a model scribe. His daughter has confessed that her leading rule in copying his manuscript was: That letters that were crossed were not t's, those that were dotted were not i's, and if a word began with a capital it did not begin a sentence. Some one says that those who insist upon the privilege of writing illegibly should adopt the plan of the polite Frenchman, who, sensible of his faultiness, always forwarded his letters duplicated with this explanation: "Out of respect I write to you with my own hand, but to facilitate the reading I send you a copy which I have instructed my amanuen: is to make."

### The Societies.

THE members of the Senior Literary Society assembled January 16th and elected new officers for the ensuing term. The result was as follows:

President, Esther Keagey.  
Vice-President, Marion Burns.  
Secretary, May Sutherland.  
Treasurer, Jessie Watson.

Some interesting and profitable work was done last year, and those who took an active part reaped the benefits, which are always the fruits of literary work. We spent several afternoons with the poets, had a question box and spelling bee, and have succeeded in giving a pleasing variety to our programmes. We expect more and better work this year, and hope each member will take a personal interest and feel a personal responsibility in the welfare of the society.

THE Junior Literary Society met on January 16th, 1891, electing new officers, the result being as follows:

President, B. Speers.  
Vice-President, M. Pool.  
Secretary, G. McDougall.  
Treasurer, E. Speers.

A programme is being made out for the purpose of studying different authors, discussing their lives and works. New books will be bought for the library with the funds in the treasury.

Genius unexerted is no more genius than a bushel of acorns is a forest of oaks. There may be epic in men's brains, just as there are oaks in acorns, but the tree and book must come before we can measure them. How many men would fain go to bed dunces and wake up Solomons? You reap what you have sown. Those who sow dunce seed, vice seed, laziness seed, usually get a crop. They that sow wind reap a whirlwind. A man of mere "capacity" undeveloped is only an organized day dream with no skin on it. A flint and a genius that will not strike fire are no better than wet junk-wood.—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

## LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

## SONNET.

THE woods that summer loved are grey and bare,  
 The sombre trees stretch up their arms on high  
 In mute appeal against the leaden sky ;  
 A flurry faint of snow is in the air.  
 All day the clouds have hung in heavy fold  
 Above the valley where gray shadows steal,  
 And I who sit and watch them seem to feel  
 A touch of sadness as the day grows old.

But o'er my fancy comes a tender face,  
 A dream of curls that float like sunlight golden,  
 A subtle fragrance filling all the place,  
 The whisper of a story that is olden,  
 Till breaks the sun through dull December skies,  
 And all the world is spring-time in the deep blue of her  
 eyes.

STUART LIVINGSTON.

### German Mythology and the Niebelungenlied.

(Continued from our last number.)

HAGEN is not contented with the mere deed of horror, but carries his hatred so far as to choose the most painful way of communicating to Krimhild the death of her husband, and have the corpse by night laid at her door. When the Queen goes out to early mass in the grey dawn, she sinks down in despair over Siegfried's body on the threshold. After a few days the funeral ceremonies take place with awful splendor. The coffin, which had been already shut, is caused to be opened again by Krimhild, who raises with her white hands the beautiful head of the dead, and kisses it once more. Siegfried's widow has shown much self-control at the death and burial of her husband. In spite of her love and intense grief, she is represented as so far mistress of herself that she is able to infer from the indented shield that her darling has been murdered. Forthwith, instead of giving herself up to sorrow, she meditates active revenge. More prudent than the men, she restrains Siegmund, her father-in-law (who was also staying as

a guest at Worms) and his adherents from hasty steps, which, in view of the enemy's superior strength, would be utterly futile. She is no longer the impressionable maiden or the foolishly boasting wife, but the energetic and resolute woman. She makes up her mind not to go back to her husband's country, but to stay in Worms in order to await the appropriate moment for her revenge. She finds some comfort in giving away part of the Niebelungenhoard to the poor, but cruel Hagen even deprives her of this pleasure. He sinks the Niebelungenhoard into the Rhine, fearing that she might use the gold as means of getting a powerful party. So Krimhild spends ten years in Worms as a resigned and mourning widow, but the thought of revenge has never left her mind. In the tenth year of her widowhood there comes a message from Etzel, king of the Huns, who is called "Attila" in history. Etzel's queen had died a year ago, and so he sends Margrave Rüdiger van Bechlarn to win Krimhild's hand for him. Siegfried's widow first rejects the thought of becoming another man's wife, but when the clever ambassador speaks to her of Etzel's authority and power, she finally yields, thinking that her marriage with the King of the Huns might give her an opportunity of revenging Siegfried's death on his murderer. So the wedding takes place at Vienna with much splendor. The 12th song gives us a grand picture of the throng of princes and nations at Etzel's court, and it is particularly mentioned that there was peaceable intercourse between Christians and Heathens. After having been married to Etzel for some years, Krimhild invites her brothers and their vassals to her court in the country of the Huns. Gunther and his brothers are ready to accept the invitation, but Hagen, who has had alarming dreams and forebodings, warns the Burgundians against Krimhild's intentions; but, on being reproached with cowardice by Gernot, Gunther's brother, he at once consents. So the "Niebelungen," as the Burgundians are called henceforth, start from Worms in the direction of the Danube. Hagen rides at the head of the party, as he alone knows the way to the

river. Some mermaids whom he sees bathing in the swollen Danube warn him against the fate which he and his companions are riding to meet. "Return while it is time," they cry, "for he who rides into Etzel's land must die." But this does not make Hagen waver even for a moment. The warning must not come from him, since Gernot accused him with cowardice. The mermaids direct him to a ferry, and Hagen, after having killed the ferry-man for his hesitation, rows the boat up stream where the Burgundians are waiting, and he himself ferries the whole host across the river. Then, just as they are about to march, he calls to them all, both knights and squires, "A direful woe I announce to you; we shall never return home to the Burgundian land!"

The gloominess of this song is relieved by the bright sunshine of the following one, which describes the sojourn of the Burgundians in Bechlarn with Margrave Rüdiger, who had come to Worms as Etzel's ambassador, in order to woo Krimhild. The poet tells us in easy and graceful style of the wealth and festivities which surround them there. The minstrel Volker displays his convivial talents; he shows that he can handle the bow of his violin with as much skill as his sword. Rüdiger's daughter is betrothed to Giselher, the youngest brother of Gunther, and at parting there is a general giving of presents. But soon another warning comes through Dietrich von Bern, a great hero, who is known in history as "Theodorich the Great," king of the East-Goths. He rides to meet the Burgundians, and warns them of Queen Krimhild's evil intentions. But they do not heed this warning, and proceed to Etzel's court. Krimhild bestows an affectionate greeting on her brothers, but shows coldness and hatred to Hagen. On the whole, the reception with which the Burgundians meet does not impress them favorably. The air in the royal palace seems to be gloomy and oppressive to them; they anticipate the approaching disaster. In the evening Hagen and Volker form a heroic friendship, and when the "Niebelungen" are betaking themselves to rest with heavy hearts, Volker takes up his

fiddle and makes their hearts glad with his loud melody; then, playing more softly, he lulls them to sleep. After this, he again seizes his shield and stands on guard with Hagen outside; their helmets are shining through the night, and frighten away the stealthily approaching Huns. On the following morning, when the Queen happens to pass through the court, she finds Hagen sitting on a stone before the building with a sword across his knees. Krimhild recognizes the sword which formerly belonged to Siegfried, and this discovery sends a sharp pang to her heart. Hagen does not change his attitude at her approach, but is regarding her with a gloomy defiance, which does not tend to appease Krimhild's animosity. At noon there is a large banquet at Etzel's palace. The Queen had asked the Burgundians to take off their arms, but they had refused this request. Etzel is just introducing his little son to his guests, when a messenger arrives with the news that the *retinue* of the Burgundians that was quartered at a tavern in the city had been suddenly attacked by the Huns, and that not one of them had escaped destruction. Hearing that, Hagen rises with a curse and strikes off with his sword the head of Etzel and Krimhild's infant son. This brutal deed is the signal for a general commotion. As in Homer's "Odyssey," the banqueting hall is transformed into a scene of battle. Krimhild leaves the hall, and the Niebelungen and the Huns are fighting till night-fall. It is a beautiful, serene mid-summer evening when the Burgundians issue from the building to demand reconciliation and peace. But Etzel refuses, for they have slain his child and many of his relatives, and the wrong which they have done must be avenged. The heroes then request a fight in open field, but Krimhild dissuades the Hunnish knights from granting this request, and demands instead the surrender of Hagen. The Burgundian kings, however, are true to their vassal. So the Niebelungen are driven back into the house, which is set on fire all around, and, tortured by the heat, they drink blood on Hagen's advice. The following morning brings more fighting, and 1,200 Huns are



slain. Rüdiger von Bechlarn comes and sees the misery; Etzel and Krimhild require him to take part in the fight, which rouses in him a heart-rending conflict. On the one hand are his friends to whom he had shown hospitality; on the other, his King, who had made him rich, and his Queen, to whom he had sworn implicit obedience in Worms. In his distress the hero turns to God for counsel and guidance, and, according to the opinion of the time, the Lord wished a man's duty as a vassal to take precedence of all other duties. So, after a hard inward struggle, Rüdiger resolves to fight for his King and his Queen. Giseler thinks that Rüdiger is bringing peace, and breathes more freely. But alas! the Margrave only announces his readiness to fight against his friends. He addresses Gunther, Gernot and Giseler in words full of sympathy and sorrow, and just as he is going into the fight, Hagen calls to him and begs for his shield, which Rüdiger gives him, touching even this grim nature by such an act of kindness. Gernot and Rüdiger fall by each other's hands, the latter being killed by his own sword, which he had given to King Gernot in Bechlarn. The news of Rüdiger's death is told to King Dietrich, who had held aloof from the fight. He sends old Hildebrand, escorted by the whole host of the Goths, to learn how it happened. Sharp words arise between Volker and the wild Goth warrior Wolfhardt; from words they come to blows, and all the heroes who meet there, except Gunther, Hagen and Hildebrand, fall in the strife. On learning of the loss of all his followers, Dietrich breaks out into bitter lamentations over his fate, and over each of the fallen. He then sets out to subdue Hagen and Gunther, whom he vanquishes and leads in chains before Krimhild, after exacting from her a promise to spare them. She demands that Hagen should give up the stolen Niebelungenhoard, and when he replies that he has sworn not to give it up as long as one of his masters still lives, she has Gunther, her brother, slain, and brings his head to Hagen. "It has come to pass as I thought," says he; "no one knows where the treas-

ure is save God and myself, and from thee, thou Fury, it shall ever be hidden." Then remembering Siegfried, Krimhild draws his sword, which Hagen has on, out of the sheath, swings it high with both hands, and strikes off the warrior's head, to the horror of Etzel. Hildebrand, seeing the Queen thus violating the trust put in her, springs forward and kills her, too.

Thus the King's feast had ended in woe, as joy always at last turns into sorrow.

This Epic has been called "A song in praise of loyalty;" and it is in fact this virtue which shines through all the prominent characters of the poem. It diminishes the individual guilt of the leading personages by representing their actions as forced upon them by stress of circumstances, or by a conflict of noble motives.

The Niebelungenlied, as Lachmann has proved, is not the work of one single author. It is a compilation of several ballads, for in most of these songs we recognize great differences in conception, treatment and style.

So, instead of speaking of a poet, we can only speak of the man who arranged and revised the poem.

We possess ten complete manuscripts of the Epic, and a great number of those which contain fragments of it. One of the former manuscripts was discovered on castle "Hohenems" in the Tyrol, and is now in Munich. Another, which was found in the same castle afterwards, came into possession of Baron von Lapberg, and is now at a private library in Donaueschingen (Bavaria).

Chicago's ambition is in a fair way to be gratified. M. Palacio, a Spanish architect, has designed a magnificent and most astonishing monument to perpetuate the memory of Christopher Columbus, and to serve as a perennial remembrance of the first Spanish-American Colonial Exposition. At the cost of about six millions of dollars he proposes to build a colossal sphere 984 feet in diameter, crowned by the vessel which carried Columbus to the New World, and encircled by a platform more than half-a-mile in length.

## A Trip to the Sea.

LEAVING Hamilton by the afternoon boat we, after a very enjoyable three hours' sail, disembarked at Toronto, and by nine in the evening were comfortably settled on the Montreal-bound sleeper. Having been informed that we must change cars at the Junction about seven next morning, we retired early. I was aroused during the night by my companion exclaiming ecstatically, "Look! look! the Thousand Islands!" I do not know if it were really they or not, but the moonlight scene that met my view was ample compensation for the rude awakening. One can almost fancy that they are viewing the land of the fairies, so still is all around, with shadows lurking among the foliage, and reflecting their images in the silvery water.

The train from Montreal being late, we strode impatiently up and down the platform in the dull, misty morning, anathematizing railway officials, and driving the station agent frantic by our questions regarding the delay. At last it is here, and we joyfully get on board, for do we not expect to get our breakfast presently. Alas! what ill-luck pursues us, there is no dining-car on this train, so we despondently resign ourselves to the inevitable, declaring that we will never reach Newport—the place where we are to dine—alive.

We were next roused to interest when nearing the boundary line. The celebrated 45 runs through the centre of a house, the exact spot being marked by a red post. But this remarkable object is by no means an obtrusive feature in the landscape. Indeed, so silently does it appear to recede from view that *some* were led to express the hope that all other dividing lines would speedily follow its desirable example. The country beyond is one long stretch of uninteresting semi-cultivated settlements, until we come to the hills. An unmistakable effort on the part of the engine warns us of their approach. With the mountain air came Custom officials, Yankee dollars and discussions of annexation, until at last with one great bound we are among them. On

they come, one after another, till with a final gallop we break through their ranks, burst in among them, and halt for dinner at Newport.

This is a pretty little town on the shores of Lake Memphramagog, with an air of quiet Yankee thrive about it. We dined at the Memphramagog hotel—a large, bright, verandah-surrounded house, commanding a magnificent view of the lake. The *Lady of the Lake* lay steaming at the wharf, and it was with great regret we returned to our train.

Then it was that we experienced the pleasures of travelling. On all sides stretched mountains, their tops shrouded in the blue mist which seems habitual to them. This continued for several hours, and then we came to the summer resorts. One of the most beautiful is Fabyan, a pretty little town, nestling at the base of Mt. Washington. Words are inadequate to express our admiration of the White Mountains. On this side yawned beneath us a deep abyss, on that towered a rocky precipice. On we sped past the Old Man of the Mountain, Rattlesnakes' Pond and the many other points of interest.

We arrived at Portland about eight, and its handsome depot excited our admiration. After a delay of half-an-hour, we were again rushing through the country, and about 9.30 found ourselves at our journey's end. Next morning I was up betimes and after a hasty toilet went out on the piazza, from whence for the first time I gazed with delight upon

"The sea, the sea, the open sea,  
The blue, the fresh, the ever free."

We remained at Old Orchard for about ten days, making excursions to Biddeford, Sacc and other places of interest. At the former we went through the famous cotton factory, and very interesting it was to watch the various processes by which the fluffy down is changed into the white fabric. We also enjoyed the privilege of hearing Mr. Blaine, Gen. Fiske and other notables speak.

Wishing to spend a few days in Boston, we decided to go by boat from Portland.

Leaving the latter place in the evening we landed in the Educational City early next morning after a very smooth passage. While there we visited such places of interest as the Public Gardens, Mount St. Auburn Cemetery and the Court House. Here the Secretary very kindly showed us some old treaties with the Indians in which signs instead of signatures were used, the flags carried in the Revolutionary War, and then, thinking we were Americans, what he considered the most important, a copy of the document in which the Independence of the States was recognized.

As our tickets were from Portland we were obliged to return thither on a certain evening, although the sailors predicted a very stormy passage. Truly it was dreadful, with the ship rolling from side to side, the rattling of the chains, and the sailors rushing about overhead. It was with thankful hearts that we again set foot on *terra firma*. The captain explained why the storm we encountered was so severe by saying, that on account of the rocky coast the ship was obliged to go right out to sea, and thus encountered the full violence of the storm.

One of the most picturesque places I have ever seen is Casco Bay. As standing on the bank we let our eyes rest first on the vast expanse in the distance, and then on the calm glittering surface of the Bay, dotted over with its verdant isles, words of admiration rose involuntarily to our lips, and it was hard to realize that many of our fellow creatures had found a watery grave among these calm waters. We went to Peak's Island, a favorite summer resort, for a few hours. Near by it are numerous other smaller islands; on one a stately mansion gleamed through the trees, on another an old ruined fort was standing, its roof and sides almost covered with moss.

Our return journey through the mountains was made by night, and the following morning we crossed Victoria Bridge and entered Montreal. After about twenty minutes delay we were again speeding on our homeward journey, and as we neared Hamilton the remark was made that al-

though we had had a delightful trip, still it was lovely to be beneath the shadow of our own Mountain once more.

"Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And departing leave behind us  
Footprints on the sands of time."

There is a fine ring to this familiar little stanza of Mr. Longfellow, but it is nothing more than a musical cheat. It sounds like truth, but it is false. The lives of great men all remind us that they have made their own memory sublime, but they do not assure us at all that we can leave footprints like theirs behind us. If you do not believe it go to the cemetery yonder. There they lie—ten thousand upturned faces—ten thousand breathless bosoms. There was a time when fire flashed in those vacant orbits, and warm ambition pulsed in those bosoms. Dreams of fame and power once haunted those hollow skulls. Those little piles of bones that once were feet ran swiftly and determinedly through forty, fifty, sixty, seventy years of life, but where are the prints they left? "He lived, he died, he was buried" is all that the tombstone tells us. We move among the monuments, we see the sculpture, but no voice comes to us to say that the sleepers are remembered for anything they ever did. Why is it that no more have left a name behind them? Simply because they were not endowed by their Maker with the power to do it, and because the offices of life are mainly humble, requiring only humble powers for their fulfilment. The cemeteries of one hundred years hence will be like those of to-day. Of all those now in the schools and colleges of our country, dreaming of power and fame, not one in a thousand will have left a footprint behind him. The truth is that the stuff talked to boys and girls alike about "aiming high," and the assurances given them indiscriminately, that they can be anything that they choose to become, are essential nuisances. They all go out into the world with high notions, and find it impossible to content themselves with their lot. They had hoped to realize in life that which had been promised them in school, but all their dreams

have faded and left them disappointed and unhappy. They envy those whom they have been taught to consider above them, and learn to count their own lives a failure. Imagine for a moment the influence of such a motto as "Nothing is impossible to him who wills," written over a school-house door. This abominable falsehood is placed before a room-full of youths of widely varying capacities and great diversity of circumstances. They are called upon to look at it and believe in it. Suppose a girl of humble mental ability and humble circumstances looks at this motto and says; "I *will* be a lady," "I *will* be independent," "I *will* be subject to no one's bidding." She has been made notably unfit for the place she will in all probability fill. Her comfort and happiness have been spoiled by those influences. This theory, supposed to rouse the ambition of more sluggish pupils, only unfits them for their proper place in the world, and renders their lives tame and tasteless. It is not necessary that we be taught any less than now. One cannot know too much, but the sentiments imbibed with the knowledge of the present day make life, in the majority of cases, both uncomfortable to ourselves and others whom we serve.

The true object in education is to fit men and women in the best way for the humble positions that the great mass of them must necessarily occupy in life, to inculcate the idea that the majority of the offices of life are humble, that the powers of the majority have relation to these offices, that no one is respectable when out of his place, and that one-half of the unhappiness of the world grows out of the fact that each one thinks honour, fame and high position his particular birthright.

Whispers have come to us lately of another very pleasant evening to be given by the indefatigable Alumna; not the Varsity boys this time, though they promise us that treat again in the future, but an "At Home," to be given at the residence of Mrs. Howell, for which great preparations are being made.

## College Notes.

Vagrants.

Happy New Year!

Many new faces to greet.  
Many new names to repeat.

Oh! what did you get for Christmas?

We are pleased to see such a large number of new students this term. We give them all a hearty welcome.

Mrs. W. E. Sanford entertained several of the students at her beautiful home on Jackson Street during the holidays. It is needless to say they spent a most enjoyable time.

Rumor says we are to have a fine skating rink before the season closes. May the report soon be verified.

A snapping turtle we find is quite an addition to our collection of curiosities.

How did the maidens fair enjoy their chickens? We hope they found them tender as —. We refrain from *fool* puns.

We understand the Varsity colors are now yellow and black.

Why is a certain young lady always singing "The day is done?" We cannot say, Frank (ly).

S.—"Why was the lecture so short?"  
M.—Because Prof. B. had interjection of the lungs."

Where is the young man with the frozen heart?

Query! Which is the most interesting profession, Music or Law?

"No rest for the weary" is the plaintive cry of a Junior as she plods through her Latin prose.

"To be, or not to be," that was the question, and the institution whose existence thus trembled in the balance was "gowns." Several years ago the students of the College petitioned the authorities for permission to assume the cap and gown, as worn in other Colleges and Universities. The boon was granted, and since that time has been utilized to a greater or less extent. In the last two or three years the irregular-

ity in this respect has increased to an undesirable degree, and a few days before the Christmas holidays it appeared necessary to arrive at a final decision. The question of all or none, has, greatly to our own satisfaction, been decided in favor of all wearing the gown, which has now become the regulation costume. If it is true that women's colleges are worthy to hold an honorable place among the educational institutions of our land, it is clearly our duty as well as our privilege to fall into line in this matter and recognize this feature of school life, which is so inseparably connected with men's colleges. We are pleased to see the girls entering so heartily into the spirit of the enterprise.

Rev. Dr. Badgley, of Victoria University, delivered a lecture on Saturday, the 10th, under the auspices of the Alumnae Association. His subject was John Stuart Mill. The speaker evidently believed that no man of purer morals or higher integrity was to be found in the society of his time, neither had he in his life or writings violated any fundamental principle of Christianity. Dr. Badgley reviewed the political struggles and measures of reform which took place in Mills' early life and influenced his thought and actions. His early education in his father's office was sketched. The immense amount of reading he had accomplished at the age of eight—more than any ordinary university student of the present day. The character of his education was altogether of the intellect to the exclusion of any cultivation of the better feeling of the heart and soul. His early connection through Ricardo, with political economy and social questions, was referred to. His authorship centres around logic, social problems and discussions relating to mental and moral philosophy. His metaphysical theories center around the problems: the nature of man, of being of knowledge, the knower and the thing known. The hardening influence of his education upon his emotional nature and the distinction he drew between reason and faith were referred to; also the failure of his education to meet the practical demands of life, and its consequent modification by Mills' own personal experience. A brief reference was

made to Mills' connection with Canadian history during Lord Durham's administration, and the lecturer demonstrated the empirical character of this great intellect, his philosophy following the lead of Locke, Hume, Hartley and Bentham. The lecture closed with a brief resume of Mills' ethical and theological views.

### Alumnae Notes.

BROWNING.

"A TOCCATA OF GALUPPIS."

1. "Venice spent what Venice earned." What is Browning's judgment of Venetian life here, and how does he profess to form it?
2. "How they brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix." Show the minute, realistic power of the poet's description.
3. Notice any of the more frequently occurring ideas of life or situations in Browning's poetry, and compare the expression of them in different poems.
4. Browning's literary rhythms have a strong and almost coarsely marked accent, but are free, natural, and strikingly adapted to the subject. Discuss or illustrate.
5. Give examples of the more peculiar or striking use of rhyme, assonance or ellipsis of Browning.
6. The characteristics of Browning as a poet of love.
7. Comment on the way in which the picture is put before us in "Home Thoughts from the Sea," or the first stanza of "Love among the Ruins."
8. Mention what you consider the chief difficulties in writing a poem like "An Epistle," and give your opinion as to how Browning has met them.
9. Compare Browning with Shakspeare.

BROWNING.

1. "Venice spent what Venice earned." What is Browning's judgment of Venetian life here, and how does he profess to form it?

① IN the poem "A Toccata of Galuppi" Browning gives us a vivid picture of Venice in her so-called palmiest days. She

is a gay and thoughtless damsel, easily influenced by anything which appeals to the senses; a light, highly strung nature, one which feels, does not reason. She is affected by music; not in the sense in which Abt Vogler is carried away by it, but in a purely sensuous way. She can actually "leave off talking" to "hear a master play." She is incapable of understanding, far less of experiencing the rapt visions of the true artist. To her, music merely suggests that this gay life may possibly have an end—it does not tell her of a higher and better one. Her glory is departed. Wealth to her takes the place of genius, and she prefers "actually living" to the "life of the mind."

"Venice spent what Venice earned."

Through her susceptibility to impressions of all kinds, she earned a thorough appreciation of the delights of the senses, and she spent them—enjoyed them to the full. She did not earn or discern a soul, and therefore could not spend or use it. The highest ideas she could grasp concerning a soul were mental, not spiritual:—

"You know physics, something of geology, etc.,  
You'll not die, it cannot be!"

Browning forms his judgment of the gay city upon the fact that there is no life left in her. The "Soul's Tragedy" has been enacted there, and to all the higher phases of life she is dead. She is bankrupt, because she spent what she earned and laid up no store of incorruptible treasure. Her present poverty of soul is the result of former extravagance and neglect.

6. The characteristics of Browning as a poet of love.

A VERY large part of Browning's poetry consists of love-lyrics or poems dealing with the emotion of love, written with much tenderness and revealing the noble sentiment and gentle pathos of the poet's character. The key-note of his whole teaching is Love. It is greater than either knowledge or thought, because it is the spirit of both. It is in this, the most

powerful of the human passions, love in its mystical ideal and spiritual fervor, that the depth and fullness of the soul is best realized. In its most simple type love is the passion of soul for soul, an exchange of ideals, a response of depth to depth of human life. Browning dwells on the soul of love and not the forces by which it springs, nor the effects which it produces. There was a great deal of deep-seated affection in his nature; to those who knew him best he was the truest and most loyal of friends. He loved with a large heart such as few can give to love. In parting from a friend his last words would be: "Remember, wherever you are, if you need me, send for me, I would go to the ends of the earth to serve you." His marriage was a truly happy one. He loved his wife with an intense passion. We read of their ideal home with its books and paintings, its terrace and balcony full of flowers, and the large drawing room where "She who was the glory of it all" sat in her low arm-chair.

In many of his love lyrics the poet brings before us with romantic realism pictures of unrequited love, of a "hopeless hoping and a pathetically resigned love," etc., etc. There is no talk among his lovers of "blighted hearts;" no professions of contempt or of reproach, but a noble resignation and a grateful sorrow. In "James Lee's Wife" we are presented with a picture of a truly unconquerable wifely love—"a love that was a life and a life that was love." Browning's touch is always singularly refined; his sentiment never verges on hysteria, and because of his idealism his warmth never strays towards coarseness. Love is to him "one of those supreme, indomitable passions which upset the nice balance of prudential motives, reveal nature to itself, and raise us above the earth upon the wings of self-sacrifice." It is life's highest prize, and without it life is imperfect. Though unrequited, it brings its own reward. Those who have loved are better for the revelation, even if others win the prize for which they contended. By learning love men learn God, and love in life prepares us for a life in love. The higher the ideal the more per-

fectly is this fulfilled. Nor does it end in wedded life. Human love, the union of soul with soul, saves and glorifies man and deepens to both the meaning of life, whether it attains its object and two lives are made complete in one, or whether it fails and has to wait till Heaven repairs the wrong earth's journey did, the lesson has been learnt.

In the poem entitled "Two in the Campagna" we have the lament of a man, addressed to the woman at his side, whom he loves and by whom he is loved, over the imperfection and innocent inconstancy of his love. The two can never quite grow to one, and he, oppressed by the terrible burden of imperfect sympathies is forever seeking, realizing, losing, then again seeking the spiritual union still forever denied.

Earthly love is the training for the perfect life of eternity, the redeeming power by which the sinner rises to God.

"Life with all it yields of joy and woe  
And hope and fear,  
Is just our chance o' the prize of learning love,  
Hers, love might be, hath been indeed, and is."

### Exchanges.

The November number of the *Argosy* seems to us replete with well written articles. We were more especially pleased with "Decision of Character" and the amusing description of "Weather."

The Christmas number of the *University* has just been received, and we were glad to welcome it in its holiday attire. Its advertisement of holly and mistletoe are time-honored associates of the Merry Christmas-tide. We should judge from the cuts that the *University* has a good staff of professors.

The *Owl*, of Ottawa, has made its appearance. The characteristics of its emblem are well sustained throughout the paper.

The *Cue* does not aim at a high literary standing. It contains too much subjective matter.

The *College Chronicle*, Illinois, has some good editorial notes. It would be beneficial to every student to follow the advice given in "Systematic Study."

The *Acta Victoriana*, edited under various departments, is well supplied with instructive matter. In the Social and Religious column there is a good article on "Cheerfulness." We think the writer of "The People and the Critics," has given expression to the sentiments of many on this question.

The December number of the *Adelphian* has been received. Its appearance is neat and tasteful, and has what we consider a necessary requisite—good paper and print. A few leisure minutes can be profitably employed in reading its pages.

We have also received *Student Life*, *Western Maryland College*, *The Hellmuth Phonograph*, *Knox College Monthly*, *Hamilton College Monthly*, *The 'Varsity*, *The University News*, *The Earhamite*, *Trinity University Review*, *Bethany Collegian*, *The University News*, and many others.

A complete novelette, by Rudyard Kipling, entitled "The Light that Failed," appeared in the January number of *Lippincott*. This, the first long story by this writer, has received a good deal of adverse criticism from the English press. Doubtless it is open to it, but it so completely fascinated us that we forgot to be critical. Certain stories, like certain people, have the power to spread such a glamour over us that we are oblivious of their imperfections. The back-ground of most of Kipling's tales is India. With that country his deepest experiences, his greatest successes are associated. The opening chapters of the "Light that Failed" are in the Soudan. The characters are learned Bohemians. There is a carefully elaborated study of two characters from childhood to mature years—of Maisie and of Dick. There is Torpenhow and the red-haired impressionist girl who falls in love with the hero but is not beloved by him; then Dick's blindness, and lastly the coming of Maisie, the lasting good, the permanent thing of worth in his life.

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