

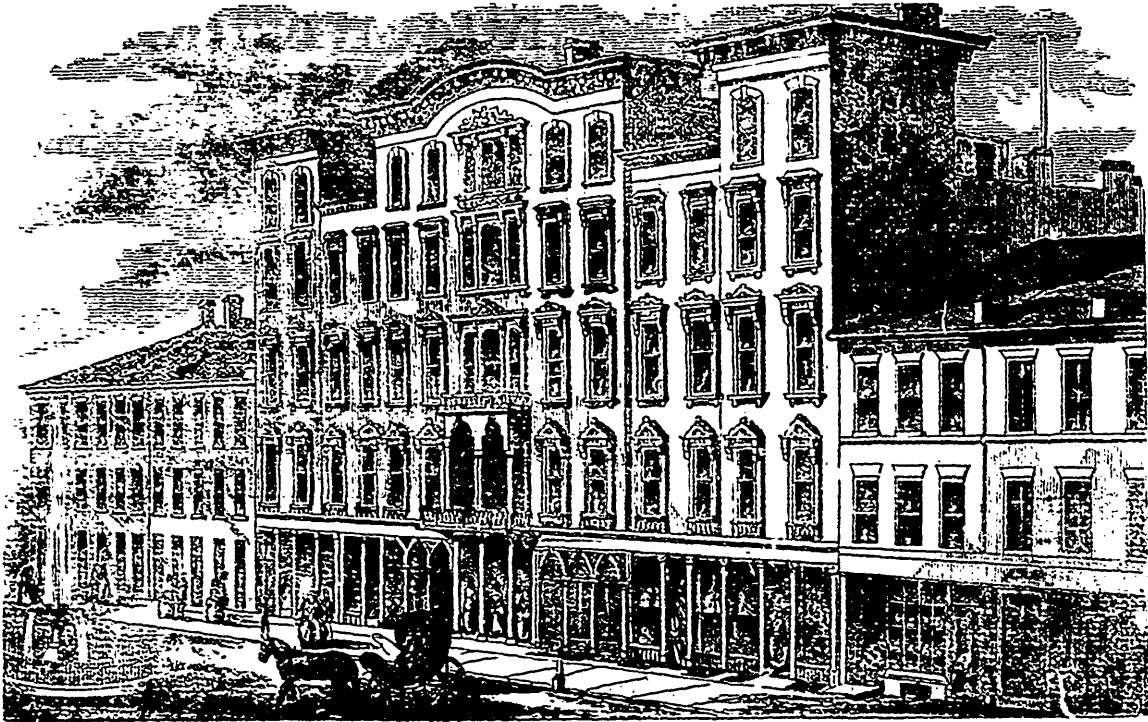
THE PORTFOLIO.

Vita Sine Literis Mortis Est.

VOL. 3.

HAMILTON, NOVEMBER, 1880.

No. 2.



—THE—

Wesleyan Female College

HAMILTON, ONTARIO, CANADA.

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Hamilton, Ontario.

THE PORTFOLIO.

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HAMILTON, NOVEMBER, 1880.

No. 2.

Poetry.

TWO DAISIES.

S. J. W.

I.

Two pink daisies grew together
In a sweet shady nook;
Grew, and budded, and bloomed together,
Nodding their heads in the bright spring weather.
Down by a glancing brook.

One was plucked by a gallant rider,
Plucked and carried away
To smile in his lordly mountain dwelling.
There of fields and gardens telling
To knights and ladies gay.

The other left in its shady corner
Bloomed unseen, unknown;
Bloomed, and faded, and perished lowly.
Saw for bees and wild birds only;
Lived and died alone,

II.

Two little maidens grew together
In the same quiet spot;
Roamed, and played, and dreamed together
O'er cowslip dells and hills of heather;
Slept in the same low cot.

Years passed, and a knight came that way riding
And, won by her beauty rare,
Wooed with glance and word so tender,
And bore afar to his home of splendor,
One of those maidens fair.

The other, left in her quiet corner,
Far from the world's gay throng,
Blessing the weak, and old and lowly.
Lived a life more pure and holy
Than ever was told in song.

III.

One life seems bright—another shady.
But one sky bends o'er all;
The rain, with sunshine following after,
The same sad tears, the same gay laughter.
Alike come to cot and hall.

Essays.

UNREALIZED IDEALS.

TENNYSON says: "Common is the common-place." This is true, certainly; and so, too, the wild flowers of the field are common. The workman passes them on his way to work, and only knows—perhaps scarcely knows—that they are there.

"The daisy by the mountain side to him a daisy is," and it is nothing more. But the poet comes by, and, in his deep sympathy with nature, he exclaims:

"Would to this mountain daisy, self were known;
The beauty of its star-shaped shadow, thrown
On the smooth surface of this naked stone."

And the common-place! It lies around us everywhere. The struggle for bread, the struggle for position, the struggle for time wherein to crowd the work of the day. All these things are common-place enough, but they need not be so. The man with a lofty ideal ceases to find anything prosaic in—work.

Everybody knows what an ideal is. It is subjective. If it is of any strength, or worth it cannot long remain a mere ideal. It will develop, and work itself into a living reality. As soon as it takes this tangible form and becomes objective, it ceases to be an ideal, for an ideal must always be beyond our reach. It is what a man *means to be* or *to do*; and in its very nature it must be above him—must be beyond and outside of his present capabilities.

"Have we not all, amid life's petty strife
Some pure ideal of a noble life
That once seemed possible?"

The sculptor aims to chisel out of the rough unhewn marble "a human face divine;" a purer, loftier face than those he sees around him—his dream of humanity. The artist aims to produce on canvas a living representation of the scene before him, so that others may see what he sees. Each

has before him an ideal one degree beyond the possible—a shadow that fleeth before him at his near approach, the better part of every ideal being hidden in the "voiceless silence of the heart." Yet without this stimulating influence, this energy of ambition, the world would never reach any degree of excellence, or rightly feel what it might become.

Everyone knows from personal experience, as well as from the history of other lives, that "what shone afar so grand" may "turn to ashes in our hand." This is a knowledge very bitter—if salutary; and it is well for those in such a case to remember that

"The virtue lies
In the struggle—not the prize."

Coleridge and Shelley, poets of the same romantic school, each possessing marvellous gifts of genius and imagination, were nevertheless visionary rhapsodists. They build beautiful air-castles only to crumble into ruins; they launch imaginary skiffs bent upon the success of some air-built fancy, but e'er their mission is accomplished the light barque is wrecked; they view the ideal, but never possess it; they place, but fail to execute; they dream, but accomplish nothing; because before their mental concepts had taken the form of ideals, dark shadows had thrown themselves athwart their pathway, the connecting thread had snapped asunder, the light within had gone out, leaving the life an unfinished tale—broken and incomplete.

But it is through repeated failures that great deeds are accomplished. No effort put forth earnestly for the right can ever be totally vain. If to-day no ripened sheaves are garnered in, some one in the vast to-morrow shall reap a golden harvest. With the majority of men, there is no royal road to success. Seldom is it attained but by laborious effort. But there are some fortunate few, who, entering into the labor of others, share in their knowledge and appropriate their success.

Such an one was George Stephenson, the perfecter of the locomotive. Coming after men who had spent lives of patient, plodding toil in the work without having achieved the end they had in view, he gathered together the data which the broken thread of their lives had left entangled, and, aided by his

own genius, trod the road which led right upward to the goal of his success.

"Fail, yet rejoice because no less;
Thy failure, that makes thy distress,
May teach another full success."

It is hard to fail. It is hard at the end of life to look back and say: "What I have striven to accomplish is yet unaccomplished. I have worked; but my work is still unfinished, and I must die." Such a life, though full of failures, cannot in itself be a failure, if its object has been high. Full of mental discipline, the man himself must come out of such a life a grander man and more in the image of God, though he looks back upon unfulfilled visions.

"There is something noble in failure; there is discipline in it, to love what is great, to try to reach it, and yet—to fail." The very fact of failure pre-supposes effort; better to stumble on the mountain's slippery height than tread the marshy land with even footsteps; better the unattainable ideal, than a life so satisfied with earth that the veil that hides the real from the ideal, the seen from the unseen, be never lifted; better to fix the eye upon the topmost pinnacle of fame, incomprehensible though it appear, than never have an aspiration good enough to be called a failure. "Were defeat unknown, neither would victory be celebrated by songs of triumph."

Through all the years of his wanderings in the wilderness with the children of Israel, Moses had ever before him the promised joy of entering the land of Canaan, that flowed with milk and honey. It had been to him a powerful incentive in pursuing a weary march; it had made his step more sure, and unconsciously influenced him when his spirit flagged, and his heart forgot its song, by reason of the murmurings of the people.

And yet, when the journey was ended, the blue line of mountain peak just in view, when together they were about to enter within the gates into the city—he, who had been their leader, their faithful friend, obedient to the Master's voice, which bid him enter not, ascended alone Mount Nebo's giddy height—his toil over, his pilgrimage done.

But he lay down to die a nobler man for the persistency with which he had followed his ideal; satisfied enough to yield it up unrealized, as he viewed with eyes super-

naturally far-seeing, the land he was to have trod—a foretaste of the more blessed country he was so soon to enter. Peacefully he must have died, with

“God’s own hand in that lone land
To lay him in his grave.”

At the creation of the world, God had a place in its minutest detail. He made man pure and sinless, yet free to choose and trace the lines of his own destiny. Might it be possible that his ideal was not fully realized; that in man, as a fallen creature, He saw no vestige of that which He had made so lately in His own image and likeness?

Yet it may be that when the Millenium day shall have dawned, when man is redeemed from the scars and deformities of sins and entirely outgrown its weakness, he shall awake to a life that is strong and higher than the angels, a perfect being, a friend and companion of God.

If for a brief space the mind might grasp the sense of its nearness to the unseen world; if for a moment it were possible that the range of human vision could be enlarged, that the eye might gaze into the illimitable future and see the issue of every unfinished plan, every half-formed purpose, every unrealized ideal, how Hope would triumph! How Ambition would be satisfied!

But it were better so; better far that the future be hidden from mortal sight within the veil.

“The unattained
In life at last,
When life is past,
Shall all be gained.”

It must suffice that “what we know not now we shall know hereafter.”

“And still their lies
An outer distance when the first is hailed;
And still forever yawns before our view
An utmost—that is veiled.”

HOW OTHERS APPRECIATE OUR PRINCIPAL.

THE *Orillia Times* says: “Sometime ago the Methodist congregation here decided to enlarge and improve their church, and for some weeks past the work has been vigorously carried forward; the principal part being completed the end of last week. On Sunday the church was reopened, the Rev.

A. Burns, D. D., LL. D., Principal of the Ladies’ College, Hamilton, preaching morning and evening to very large congregations. The doctor’s discourses were the ablest and best sustained we have heard for a long time, but though one could not fail to notice that he is a fluent scholar and a gentleman possessing ability of no ordinary kind, his sermons were delivered in an easy, conversational, yet attractive and impressive style that was really most enjoyable. There was an absence of all egotism, and a breadth and comprehensiveness in the discourses that contrasts happily with the dogmatism which yet remains in many of the churches; in fact, the doctor talked to the audience rather than preached at them. The discourse in the evening was a powerful exposition of the reasonableness of Christianity, the speaker dealing with the phase of thought that some modern thinkers set forth, namely, that we cannot know its truth simply because we cannot test it by the senses. It was shown that our senses deceive us, and that the most advanced scientists cannot explain any of the operations of nature and feeling, being above the senses, could not be tested by any scientific method. The publication of these two sermons would be an excellent means of enlightening many people on some questions which now agitate the public mind.”

REPENTANCE in man is the angel in him weeping over the ape.

The class in German grammar is on the subject of genders. “Miss F., why is the ‘moon’ masculine in German?” “So that she can go out alone nights, I suppose.”

A man called out to his creditor: “Get out, you ornithoryuchus!” The man departed meekly. “Who’s that?” inquired a friend of the speaker. “An ornithoryuchus.” “How’s that?” “Well, Webster defines him as ‘a beast with a bill.’”

AN American backwoods minister having alluded to an anchor in his discourse, described its use in the following lucid manner: “An anchor is a large iron instrument that sailors carry to sea with them, and when a storm arises they take it on shore and fasten it to a tree, and that holds the ship still till the storm blows over.”

The Portfolio.

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

Editorials.

OUR Thanksgiving holiday, so eagerly looked forward to, has come and gone, and we are back to work again, as if no break had been made. In prospect, the time for rest and play seemed long, but happy hours fly swiftly, and these have been no exception to the rule. All that is now left us of these bright days is their memory.

Many of our students took this opportunity to make a flying visit to their homes; but there are those whose homes are at so great a distance as to render this impossible. Of these, some were entertained by friends in the city, of whose kindness they speak in glowing terms. For those who remained in the college, all was done that could be done to make the time pass pleasantly.

There is one feature about these holidays, however, which takes the edge off the pleasure of many. This is the disinclination, shown by many, to put in appearance on the morning of re-opening after any vacation, be it long or short. We have just had a renewed illustration of this fact. There are those, to be sure, who would be here if they could, but owing to the perversity of time-tables and trains, they are

unable to do so. From such we are, in charity, bound to take the will for the deed. But it is to be feared that with the majority of these tardy ones, the habit of returning after all the rest have been at work for several days is becoming second nature. At any rate, they are never here in time to take their places in the class, and the consequence is, that the teachers, always at their posts, are inspired by having to deliver instruction to classes largely composed of vacant chairs, while the students are electrified by having to answer (?) about twice as many questions as usual. We do not know whether there is any cure for such a state of things; if there is, we hope it will be speedily discovered. But we are inclined to fear that as long as this world lasts, or at least, till the Millenium day shall dawn, there will always be found specimens of that remarkable animal, possessed of three hands—a right hand, a left hand, and a little *behindhand*.

ALL acknowledge that things are relatively of greater and less importance, and that the less should be made subservient to the greater. Putting this down as a fundamental principle, the next thing is to decide what is of most consequence under present circumstances. The problem now before our "Societies" is whether "Shopping" or "Literary Pursuits" must occupy the first place, and claim the most attention. Most of the members decide in favor of "Literary," but we notice that the few who do otherwise are generally those whose names occur on the programme.

What does this mean? Of all the hours in the week, are these the only two that can be chosen for shopping? What is to be done? Excuses for buying a yard of frilling have passed into disrepute; indeed, they cannot be obtained, and a "fine" is the only alternative. Something else must be invented.

Then again we must mention the very pleasant diversion enjoyed every Friday at four-forty-five P. M., by the Senior Society. This consists in the kindling of a fire in the grate while some poor unfortunate is vainly trying to make herself heard above the clatter of kindling, coal-scuttle, shovel, tongs, brush and dust-pan, preceded by a stealthy entrance, and followed by a slam of the "blower," and a hasty exit. At five, the blower is removed and the Seniors adjourn to make room for the Juniors. Truly it is a good thing that the Seniors during three years of college life have become inured to hardship, as for the Juniors, we are afraid that they will never be fit for much, and would caution them against the folly of indulging in a fire for the first part of November. Such a thing is unheard-of extravagance.

ON Friday, we visited the art-class under the management of Prof. Martin; any remark from us on the Professor's painting would be superfluous, as we all know his standing in the school of art. As we entered the room we at once noticed how very interested the students were in their work, hardly noticing us as we entered. Taking a look around the room we beheld copies from the best masters and while copying them the student must be brought to the highest style of art. Some were tracing the most exquisite flowers on porcelain; all we think have heard, and heard truly, that Prof. Martin excels in this particular branch having spent much time in the celebrated potteries of England. The drawing pupils are doing some excellent work, but the painting class proper has hardly been mentioned as yet; as we stood watching one young lady making bold strokes on the sea of canvas before her, we almost imagined that we were gazing upon one of the celebrated painters. We were especially fascinated with one picture and found, after inquiring, that the original was taken from

nature by Prof. Martin while on his extensive tour in Europe during the past summer. We wish the Professor and his class success, and expect to hear of some of them as second Raphaels or Rubens.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

"We, too, have autumns, when our leaves
Drop lobsely through the dampened air,
When all our good seems bound in sheaves,
And we stand reaped and bare.

"Our seasons have no fixed returns,
Without our will they come and go;
At noon our sudden summer burns,
Ere sunset all is snow."

Falling, falling—alas! that such brightly beautiful things must fall! Autumn has come with mingled sorrow and joy, with bare branches and howling winds, but with harvests of golden grain and luscious fruits. The sweet springtime, with its tender grass and budding trees, its warm breezes and fairy flowers, is but as a dream when one waketh. The summer brought us weary heat and toil, fervid noons and sultry nights, and deepened the coloring of field, and flower, and sky, but that, too, is a thing of the past. Autumn is here:

"The time of year
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruined choirs, where late the sweet birds sang."

The leaves are flying with every gust of spiteful wind which piles them in heaps in the fence corners, yet never lets them rest, but whirls them round and round again as if in mad triumph it would not be satisfied with their downfall, but must tantalize them to the last. The few yet remaining on the trees are dry and brown, rattling in the breeze and seeming in haste to follow their companions in the rustling piles below. Leaves of autumn! Let us gather them carefully to deck our walls in the long, dreary winter just ahead!

Just so will be the autumn of life. The springtime of Childhood, with budding hopes and fresh feelings, is far, far back. Summer, with its deep passions and strong purposes, its weary labors and bright joys—is a thing of yesterday. The winds of Disappointment howl dismally through bare branches, from which the brightest leaves of life have fallen. A few yet remain, but they shiver and rattle in the chilly winds that herald the dark winter, and seem in

haste to be gone. Let us gather the brightest and deck with them the walls of Memory's chamber. They may cheer us, perchance, when, with frost upon our heads, we cower over the embers of a dying life. Here is one bright leaf. What is pictured thereon? A summer earth, a summer sky, a village school-house, and in front a group of happy children, all unconscious of time or care. Ah, treasure it carefully, for upon such pictures does Memory love to gaze. See another—a moonlight scene. A frozen pond glitters in the foreground, and upon it are merry skaters. We can almost hear their gay laughter and shouts echoing among the surrounding hills. Still another! Here is a thick green wood through which the sunshine sifts in golden grains upon the velvet beneath. Upon a fallen tree, in the centre of the picture, sit two in earnest conversation. Ah, Memory, thou canst tell the tale, so we store it up for thee. Here is a sad, brown leaf so faded by frosts and by the tears of an autumn sky, that the picture is but dim. It is night, and in a chamber, lighted only by the faint glimmer of the night-lamp, lies a dying father. Round his bed stand the stricken group, the younger ones weeping in uncontrollable grief, the older ones and the mother standing in silent, tearless sorrow, waiting for the end. Sad leaf! and yet Memory treasures it with peculiar care. Here are two on one stem—so like and yet so different. One a nursery scene, a babe in its cradle, laughing and crowing at the happy mother's face bending over it. The other, a tiny coffin in which lies a waxen form of rarest beauty, with closed eyes and quiet folded, baby hands, while over it a pale, haggard woman in robes of mourning, bends in speechless agony. And so we gather them; some gay with many colors, some sober, some sad, but all beautiful and all dear to Memory. Too soon they fell; we mourn that such perfect beauty could not last forever. But what does it matter after all, so we only keep our heart-fire warm and bright, and no unladen ghost of the past haunt us in the long nights. Let the snow pile its white drifts about us, and upon our heads; let the frost lock us in our last narrow dwelling—the spring cometh, and from the very branches that now look dead and bare shall come a fresher and more perfect beauty; leaves of eternity which shall neither fall nor fade.

EXCHANGES.

SINCE our last publication, almost every day has marked the arrival of one or more of our old friends, as well as those whom we now greet for the first time. Although our exchange list, as yet, is not nearly complete, the pile before us is gradually assuming formidable dimensions, and in its depths we can revel to our heart's content. To our mind, the exchange system is one of the most pleasurable features of college journalism. Nothing is more pleasant than thus to receive intelligence, as we do, from institutions similar to our own in all parts of our Dominion and the United States. And the criticisms appearing in the columns of the different papers, if given and taken in the right spirit, cannot fail to aid us in correcting our faults and sharpening our wits. The announcement, "more exchanges," always delight our ears, and as we glance over one after another, the universal tone of energy and hopefulness strikes an answering chord in our own hearts, and does us good.

First to greet us on our return after the summer vacation was the *Notre Dame Scholastic*, and it has continued to come regularly every week since. Its general tone is more grave and serious than that of the majority of college journals, but we do not find this feature at all objectionable among so many papers of a lighter character.

KING'S COLLEGE RECORD is always welcome. Judging from the September number, the atmosphere surrounding King's College must be favorable to the poetic muse. The descriptive sketches, "A Trip to Gaspé," and "Places I Have Seen," were read with great interest.

THE good ship *Argosy* has once more furlled her sails in our port. We congratulate her upon the safe transportation of her interesting and valuable cargo. The first compartment of the hold is devoted to "Neckties," at a prudent distance from

which is a quantity of those costly and exceedingly explosive articles—"Kisses." The intervening space is occupied with the volatile fluid "Conversation," and a commodity mysteriously labeled "Plagues." Among the passengers of note is the Carthaginian general Hannibal. At his age such a trip must be quite an undertaking, but from all appearances, the old warrior has experienced none but the most beneficial effects. May prosperous breezes attend the *Argosy* on all her voyages.

THE *Richmond College Messenger*, which is published in magazine form, is well filled with very readable matter. "Aunt Minnie's Reminiscences" will no doubt recall to the mind of many a reader similar incidents connected with his own youthful days.

TAKING up the *University Herald* we turn page after page of short editorials, locals, personals, etc. Upon reaching the ninth, however, we are delighted to find the remaining three pages and a half devoted to literary matter.

WE also acknowledge the receipt of the following:—*The Varsity*, Toronto University; *Shattuck Cadet*, Faribault; *Roanoke Collegian*, Salem, Vir.; *College Journal*, Milton, Wis.; *Acta Victoriana*, Cobourg; *The Sunbeam*, Whitby, Ont.

THE DOCTRINE OF TRANSMISSION.—A boy had been punished by his father with solitary confinement for lying. He showed on his release that he had been employing his time in theological reflections instead of self-mortification. He asked his father, "Pa, did you ever tell lies when you were little?" The father, perhaps conscience-smitten, endeavored to evade the question. But the child persisted, "Did you ever tell lies when you were little?" "Well, no," said the father, "but why do you ask?" "Did Ma tell lies when she was little?" "I don't know, my son, you must ask her." "Well," retorted the young hopeful, "one of you must have told lies or you could not have had a boy that would do it."

Art, Science and Literature.

SEVEN dollars a minute represent the value of Adelina Patti's notes as she sings.

THE Russian *savant*, Count Noaroff, is writing a voluminous work on the Stone Age.

THE electric light is now used to produce scenic effects such as the rising sun, rainbow, etc.

OFFENBACH was a masterly performer on the drum, which he learned while he was at Cologne.

AN earthquake occurred in Europe lately. The shocks were felt in France, Spain and Portugal.

THE death of Friederich Wicprecht, one of the most distinguished oboe players of Germany, is announced.

MARTIN LUTHER'S own copy of Vulgate, from which he translated the Bible into German, is said to have been discovered.

EVERY seat has been engaged in the Princess Theatre, London, where Edwin Booth, the American actor, is to make his first appearance on the English stage.

AN almost perfect house has recently been disintombed at Pompeii, and is probably the best preserved of all the Roman dwellings hitherto discovered.

WHEN Miss Ellen Terry returns to London, Tennyson's new tragedy will be produced at the Lyceum by Mr. Irving, who has had the MS in his hands for some time.

VICTOR HUGO's new poem "L'Ame," is said to be of a mystical and philosophical character, and, it is thought, will not do much to increase the poet's glorious reputation.

MR. TENNYSON'S new three-act tragedy, which Mr. Irving is about to produce, is founded on a Roman episode in early Christian history related in Gibbon's "Decline and Fall."

THOMAS CARLYLE has so far recovered from his late illness, as to be able to superintend the preparation of materials for his biography, which, it is said, will be interspersed with chapters of autobiography.

DR. SCHLIEMAN'S new book, "Ilios, the City and Country of the Trojans," will be published this month in London and Leipzig. The English copy ranks as the original, which the author himself translates into German.

THE great scene of that historic success, the capture of Cete-wayo by Major Marter, is to be painted for the Queen by M. De Neuville of Paris. English artists are asking why De Neuville should have been selected by Her Majesty.

THERE is a great deal of artistic talent in the family of the late Prince Consort. Several of his children are accomplished musicians, and his brother Ernest, (Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha,) is also a composer, and one whose operas have met with great favour.

THE papyrus manuscript recently discovered in the cave of a hermit, near Jerusalem, and said to be the work of St. Peter, has been submitted to a committee sent out by the Biblical Society of London. They have concluded that the papyrus is in reality, the work of the apostle, and have offered \$100,000 for the document in vain.

MR. LEWIS SWIFT, the celebrated astronomer of Rochester, writes:—"The new comet which I found on the 11th inst. promises to be one of the most remarkable ones which have recently been seen in this country. Its great size, its slow rate of motion, and the fact that its movement is nearly in a direct line toward the earth, all combine to produce this result."

THE EMPIRE OF JAPAN.

WEST of the old world, and between it and the new, spreads out the vast area of the Pacific Ocean. Though less important as a highway of commerce, the Pacific occupies nearly twice the expanse of the Atlantic. The most important of its seas are those of Japan and China, whose shores have been the seat of an early and peculiar civilization, and whose waters have long been traversed by the ships of every other nation.

Among the many islands that stud the bosom of this great ocean are to be found

Nippon, Likok, Kinsin and Yesso, which, with numerous smaller ones, about three thousand eight hundred in all, form the Empire of Japan. These islands are mostly of volcanic origin, and at the present time many active volcanoes are to be found in Japan. The area of this "land of the rising sun" is about the same as that of California, and its population of about thirty-five millions is within a few millions of that of the United States. The climate is tropical at the south, but temperate and cold at the north. The Japanese as a race are impulsive, highly intelligent, brave to rashness, cleanly in their habits, have a high sense of personal honor, and are universally polite from the highest dignitary to the lowest in the land. They are kindly disposed towards foreigners and especially toward Americans. Before the treaty, concluded by Captain Perry in 1584, and followed by that of Minister Harris, for purposes of trade, the penalty of death was inflicted upon Japanese who held intercourse with foreigners, and consequently trade was impossible. The government was in the hands of a number of Princes, who ruled in the name of the Milkado, or Spiritual Governor, but practically in their own right. The distinctions of caste were vigorously enforced, and feudalism in its most ultra form prevailed throughout the empire. This state of affairs existed less than half a century ago, but since then a radical change has taken place in the government, the Milkado becoming the active head of the temporal power. Feudalism has been swept away, and the government officials receive salaries from the national treasury as is done in Europe. Another important change which has proved a blessing to Japan was the withdrawal of government assistance to the Buddhist religion, leaving it to continue only through the voluntary support of the people. The priests thus left without income are obliged to seek employment, so that Sentoism, which is only a moral code, is all the guidance left to the people. This seems to have been a providential opening for the introduction of the Christian religion into Japan, and it is not to be doubted that with Christian patience and forbearance on the part of the missionaries and teachers and the blessing of God, religion will receive in time not far distant, the same recognition

in Japan as it does in our own loved Canada. The natural intelligence of the Japanese, which some go so far as to say is unequalled, needs only to be shown the blessings of civilization in order to ensure their willingness and support in introducing measures to that end. According as the Japanese are emerging from under the dark cloud of ignorance which has overspread their land, their commerce is increasing, and caste is being abolished. Their aim is how to educate and elevate the people. Among the many signs of progress worthy of note, are building of railroads, the establishing of a system of telegraphy, navy yards and building of steamships. English books in great numbers are being translated into the Japanese language, and newspapers, even daily journals are becoming a necessity. Private circulating libraries of fiction have long been common in Japan, but since 1873 several free public libraries have been established, the largest being, however, in the Confucian Temple, in Tokio. It contains 63,840 volumes of Chinese and Japanese literature, 5,162 of English, 6,547 Dutch and about 2000 volumes of other European languages. The number of visitors to this library averages nearly 100 a day.

Hospitals, institutions for the employment of the poor, and schools, have been established. The intelligent portion of the Empire are hungering and thirsting after knowledge. Although it is true that among many of the nations of Asia woman is degraded, but it is not true of the Japanese as a nation. The Japanese women enjoy equal rights with the men. And if abuses have crept in among the lower classes, yet as a rule, woman has never been degraded in Japan. Out of 124 sovereign rulers of Japan, 8 were empresses who ruled long and wisely. Japan will not hesitate still to enforce that respect and consideration for woman, which has never been wanting about her court and among her best families. For by enlisting the assistance of her educated mother and daughters she may hope to secure a noble future.—*Notes from "Japanese in America."*

If one of our students had studied her scripture lesson last Sunday instead of one of the verbs, it would have been more profitable to her and her friends.

College Items.

STICK to it !!

MARY had a little lamb.

THE latest discovery—a girl with a conscience.

Where did you spend your Thanksgiving holidays?

VIRGIL.—"*Longani muniet albam.*" "He shall fortify Alber longer."

WHAT is the sign when you see a pane of glass broken in the upper story of a bachelor's hall?

NATURAL HISTORY.—"Name some of the reptiles." Pupil—"Frogs, toads, and alabasters," (salamanders).

It has been suggested that this is a good season of the year to begin practising upon the almost "lost art" of shutting the door after you.

NEARLY all the "Grimes Family," spent their Thanksgiving with friends, while those who had "no friends, no money, no nothing" remained in the College, and did ample justice to the Thanksgiving turkey.

ENTERING the class-room the morning after Thanksgiving, she gazed upon the vacant chairs, counted those which were occupied, and murmured thoughtfully as she took her seat, "we are seven."

If you ask a certain young lady a question she will invariably bring "whether ail" in her answer. Why it is none can say, but the surmise is that it is in some way connected with Thanksgiving.

A STUDENT read "Divers weights and divers measures, both of them are alike abominations to the Lord." Then asked, "What is peculiar about divers' weights and measures? I never knew they used anything so very bad." Query: who knows?

ANOTHER Hallowe'en has come and gone. This year the demonstrations were not very startling as nearly all were busily engaged in making taffy. Many tried to look into the future by the good, old-fashioned Hallowe'en tricks, and if what they sought was revealed to them truly remains to be seen.

THE other day a Senior was learnedly expatiating on the fact that the mind is impressed by things in their entirety. She said, "I tell you it is the *tout ensemble* that we notice." An interested juvenile inquires, "The what?" Second juvenile replies, "The toot on a saw mill, can't you hear?"

WE have spent a number of pleasant Friday evenings during the past month, as we have held informal, social gatherings in the College drawing-rooms. The evenings were delightfully passed in listening to music, both vocal and instrumental, from the best musicians in the College, and once we were assisted by city talent. We hope the gatherings will continue, for they are entertaining as well as beneficial.

LAST month the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, gave a concert in the College hall. When a celebrated concert visits Hamilton, the city favors it with a limited audience. Such was the case on the evening of this celebrated concert. Although the audience was small, it was a select and music-loving one, the music was fully appreciated, all listened in breathless silence enjoying the wonderful strains. We would speak of Miss Nellini, but words fail us; suffice to say that her singing was entrancing.

WE have the following problem in one of our exchanges: "If Edward IV. obtained £20 for a kiss, what would be given to the editor of the *A*— for one?" We take it for granted that solution is invited, and are only sorry that we are unable to offer a satisfactory one; but we have not reached that department of mathematics yet. If we might be allowed to make a guess though, we would say: Not much, probably not more than one in return, if that—and it might happen to be — something worse.

THE class in calisthenics under Major Dearnaley is in a prosperous condition, although the number is not very large. We see no reason why more of the students should not avail themselves of the superior advantages offered them in this department. Major Dearnaley is all that could be desired as a gentleman and instructor, and the exercises themselves are attractive and enjoyable. Some of the young ladies are in evident need of pursuing this branch of study, as is seen in their listless appearance and languid bearing.

Clippings.

THE Sophomores of Bates College have chosen as their orator a colored student, the son of a former slave.

A CLERGYMAN on a visit to the seaside says he likes calm Sundays because he's opposed to Sabbath breakers.

A DANBURY man was approached by a canvasser who wished to sell him a cyclo-pædia; but the man declined to buy because he was sure he could never learn to ride one.

METAPHYSICS.—A Scotch blacksmith gave the following definition of this science: "Two folks disputing together, he that's listening does not know what he that's speaking means; and he that's speaking does not know what he means himself.

HENRY VIII. would fain have married Christiana, widow of the Duke of Milan. This lady, however, sent him the following sarcastic refusal: "Having but one head I beg to decline the honor; had I possessed two, one would have been much at your service.

THE orders of Mr. J. W. Brooks, a celebrated American railroad manager of Michigan, were, it is said, almost beyond deciphering. On a certain occasion, when a second line had been laid on one of the branch roads, it was reported at headquarters that the barn of an old farmer stood partly upon land which the company had bought, and dangerously near to passing trains. Mr. Brooks, just getting ready for a trip down the Mississippi, wrote to the farmer that he must move his barn from the company's land at once. If he delayed he would be liable to a suit for damages. The old farmer duly received the letter, and was able to make out the manager's signature, but not another word could he decipher. He took it to the village postmaster, who, equally unable to translate the hieroglyphics, was unwilling to acknowledge it. "Didn't you sell a strip of land to the railroad?" he asked. "Yes," "Well, I guess this is a free pass over the road." And for over a year the farmer used the manager's letter as a pass, not one of the conductors being able to dispute his translation of the instrument.

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