

THE PORTFOLIO.

Vita Sine Litteris Mortis Est.

VOL. 3.

HAMILTON, OCTOBER, 1880.

No. 1.



—THE—

Wesleyan Female College

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Hamilton, Ontario.

THE PORTFOLIO.

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Poetry.

WHAT WILL IT BRING?

ONLY a grain, a single grain,
Let fall by a childish hand;
Years pass, and we see a field of corn,
Instead of a barren land.
A single grain is a little thing,
What did it bring?

And so to-day, of the seed of truth,
We may plant a single grain;
'Twill multiply through coming years
Of sun, and wind, and rain.
A single grain! 'tis a little thing;
What will it bring?

Watch well thy sowing, for harvest-time
Must surely come at last,
And naught can change it for good or ill
When sowing-time is past:
Watch well the seed thou art dropping in!
What will it bring?

Essays.

CONVERSATION.

If there is any pleasure in life that is always and everywhere attainable, that is profitable, yet inexhaustible, and that is quietly, perhaps imperceptibly, fascinating,—it is the pleasure to be derived from the interchange of thought in conversation. It is a universal pleasure, for man is a rational animal capable of thought and language, and there are its essential elements; it is inexhaustible pleasure, for subjects of thought are inexhaustible; and it is entertaining just in proportion as our interest and attention are enlisted.

“Talking,” says Oliver Wendell Holmes, “is one of the fine arts, the noblest, the most important, and the most difficult.” The venerable American philosopher and talker never gave utterance to a truer sentiment. Talking is one of the fine arts, and withal, the most important and most difficult. Other arts we might possibly dis-

pense with, but, abolish the interchange of thought, and ultimately thought becomes extinct, and life without thought is a living death. Again, each other branch of the fine arts, to be brought to perfection, needs not the assistant knowledge of any other, but is, as it were, self-contained. To write poetry does not demand an acquaintance with scripture, to paint does not require familiarity with music; but to converse, and to converse well, demands a knowledge broader than them all, a knowledge inclusive of them all.

Like other arts, this art of conversation is capable of the highest perfection, but unlike them, agreeably puts up with the day of small things. The greater the genius, the broader the information, the keener the wit and logic brought into its service, the nobler will be the thought and the grander its expression. Yet, not in this lies the supremacy of the art, for the great and learned are but few in this world; they are like scattered beacons that tower aloft in solitary grandeur, far above and beyond the flickering, flaring rushlights that throng the banks of the rapid river of Time. No, all may indulge in this art, all may taste of the pleasure it gives, and the humblest intellect, though it may never attain anything like the proficiency of a Macaulay or a Johnson, may still be the centre of some smaller circle, and illumine with a steady though a feebler ray, a diminutive sphere of its own.

There is one point, however, in which conversation falls behind the other arts, and to fame-seekers it might prove an important point; it speaks only to one generation, it is not immortal. The efforts of the great art-geniuses will always remain, treasured up by admiring fellow men. The creations of Angelo, Raphael and Reubens will live and speak to reverent, awe-stricken gazers just as they spoke to the multitudes in long years gone by. The soul-stirring strains of Haydn, Handel, Mendelssohn, lingering now in the ears of mankind, will be wafted down

the ages in waves of melody that will never cease their onward roll till with a last sigh they sob themselves to rest upon the sands of eternity. The thoughts and words of Shakespeare, Milton, Homer, that have burned their way into the hearts of men, and there inscribed themselves in characters of living fire, will continue to glow with unabated flame, till at last with the souls of mortals they sweep through the jasper portals of infinity.

No, conversation is not capable of immortality. But we have not far to seek in order to find ample consolation for this shortcoming. All men cannot be great painters, great musicians, or great poets, but all men if they do but try can become good if not great talkers; and should it happen, which is not at all improbable, that the world be blessed with another Johnson, I think we can contentedly trust that a second Boswell will also be provided to meet the emergency.

Thought is an essential element of conversation. Cowper, however, makes a distinction between talk and conversation:—

“ Words learned by rote a parrot may rehearse,
But talking is not always to converse.”

Then where would you place and by what name would you distinguish intercourse that is neither the one nor the other—that has not even a vestige of imagination or humor, much less wit, to cover over its horrible vacuity, to excuse its empty nothingness!—a kind of intercourse that contains, perhaps, absurd compliments or ill-natured comments, but that when stripped of its flattering or scandalizing tendencies, has barely a framework of vowel sounds to rest upon or give evidence of its existence. What, I ask, would you call this? Surely not conversation!

When spending an evening abroad, how is it that we so seldom meet with a sensible, sprightly conversationalist? How is it that at such times we seem to feel a sort of obligation to give utterance to most utter nonsense? Why is it that like poor Claudius our “words fly up,” our “thoughts remain below?” We cannot surely in this age of culture, and in this Dominion of common schools, set it down to ignorance. Probably much of it arises from a want of self-confidence and a want of proper practice. We have a dread of being thought pedantic, or of falling short of some elevated standard

by which we think our friends will judge us, and in the end we either yield to the impulse of the moment and allow ourselves to join in the exchange of nonsense, or else sit apart mute and discontented and muse upon the folly of this world.

Another essential to conversation is a good listener, and we ought to cultivate not only the art of conversing but also the art of listening. A good listener is an inspiration, but a poor listener is—well, is not

Then we should not hesitate about expressing opinions diverse to those of our friends; for, as variety is the spice of life, so contrariety is the spice of conversation. Of the many things that damp the spirits and superinduce melancholy, the most potent are individuals who assent to everything you say. If you state that the most civilized people on the face of the globe are the North American Indians, they meekly reply—“so they are;” tell them the National Policy is the sublimest scheme that ever was concocted, they answer—“I’m quite sure;” expatiate on the nobility of that worn out project “blankets and top boots for the Hottentots, and they gravely murmur—“yes.” Such people are of course the exception, not the rule.

The weather must by all means be dragged in. I can hardly conceive of a meeting between two persons no matter what their age, sex, or circumstances, at the which the condition of the atmosphere, past, present and future would not be discussed. It is useless to struggle against the thing or ridicule it, for you are sure to commit yourself on the very next occasion. But when we consider, perhaps it is just as well that there is some such subject of common interest to fall back upon in an emergency, to act as a sort of extended introductory expletive, or which we can employ to relieve the solemnity of an awkward pause—and why not the weather as well as anything else? Though we cannot do without it altogether, we can at least modify its use; we can drop this subject just as soon as it has served the purpose of the moment. Some people do not know when to abandon it; they wring the “hundred-and-one” changes upon it, glance off in another direction for the space of a paragraph or so, but in a minute back they come and attack it again with the pertinacious boldness of mosquitoes, and, to the delecta-

tion of all listeners, begin an exposition of it in some new phase. What must the inhabitants of the moon do, for scientists tell us our satellite has no atmosphere. Is the Man-in-the-Moon, that oldest of all lunatics, doomed to eternal silence on that account? If so, welcome atmosphere—Vennor and all!

And what of these sociables at which we spend so much of our time. What are the all-engrossing themes at such gatherings? If we give our attention to a group of old gentlemen, we hear that such and such a market is terribly depressed; that such-and-such a trade is exceedingly brisk or dull; perhaps a certain bank is not exactly safe, or a certain merchant not flourishing. Turn then to a group of old ladies, and you hear how scarce good domestics are, with illustrations; how troublesome sick children are, this also illustrated and enlivened by personal experiences; that a certain retail establishment is far more expensive than another, or that Mrs. So-and-So has moved into a house of her own which cost ———.

But, at this mercenary stage, we take our departure, and listen to a knot of young people talking. The subject is the latest styles, the latest news, liberally interspersed with compliments, criticisms and vapid repartee. You hear one estatic demoiselle exclaim, "Oh! what a love of a bonnet!" or "What a pink of perfection Mrs. So-and-So would be without that hat!" Perhaps it is, "Don't you think this tie immensely becoming?" or "this suit a model of dress-making ability?"

Having sought in vain for a conversation worthy the name, the place or time, disconsolate and disheartened you abandon the search.

Can we not find interest in other topics than the weather, trade, servants, neighbors, fashions and political parties? Can we not get beyond the narrow limits of everyday experience, and everyday petty trials and tribulations? The excuse that their is "nothing to say" cannot be given—absolutely nothing to say?

Think of the vast domains of thought through which we might travel, so vast that pass no matter where or how far we may, there is still an infinitude beyond! Consider the realms above, beneath, around, within us, and that not only the wonders of the heavens, the marvels of the earth, but

even "the meanest flower that blows, can give thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears!"

In the presence of all this we cannot, we dare not give such an excuse.

But there is not always time for discoursing upon subjects that are great and grand, and we must make use of those which will occupy the minutes and yet the discussion of which need not be left crude and unfinished should one of the many drawing-room emergencies call away our attention or our presence. Do not think for a moment, however, that in ridiculing nonsense and exalting thought to its fitting supremacy, that I would exclude the other faculties from participating in the exciting exercise. No, bring all the wit and fancy at your command to aid in heightening the brilliancy of your replies, similes and metaphors, if you will, epigrams and puns (occasionally). Sharpen your logical arrows to the keenest of points, measure your distances, aim carefully, and hit your opponent's argument right in its weakest point; then prepare yourself for a return attack.

Who, having tasted the delights of such a linguistic contest would ever again relapse into stupidity or silence? Why, it is like a mental tonic, a fresh sea breeze on a hot summer day, a cooling draught to a fevered brain, a stimulating warmth to a frozen soul.

But, better than all, it is an influence for good, instructing, refining, elevating; an influence that will help in raising us daily nearer that high ideal, that God-given inspiration to cheer and stimulate us in the rugged upward path of life.

DRYDEN was so bound up in his books that his wife exclaimed: "I wish I were a book that I might always be in your society." "I wish you were an almanac so that I could change you every year," replied he.

MISS CHARLOTTE MARY GOUGE, authoress, is now 57 years old. She is a woman devoted to religious work. The profits of her book, "The Daisy Chain," amounting to \$10,000 she used in building a Missionary College in Auckland, New Zealand, while a large portion of those arising from the "Heir of Radcliffe" went to the equipment of the late Bishop Selwyn's missionary schooner Southern Cross.

The Portfolio.

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THE PORTFOLIO, HAMILTON, ONT.

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

Editorials.

SINCE the last publication of THE PORTFOLIO, it has passed into new hands, and it is with a feeling of trepidation, which we will not attempt to conceal, that we, the newly elected editorial staff, make our first appearance before the public. The duties pertaining to our office, so ably discharged by the retiring staff, fall heavily upon our more inexperienced shoulders, and we tremble in view of the weighty responsibilities to be borne. Still we enter upon our work with hopeful spirits, knowing that our little paper has friends and supporters not a few, whose kind wishes for our success, and still kinder offers of assistance, assure us of their sincerity. We take this opportunity of thanking those who have extended toward our paper a friendly hand in the past, and solicit their continued support.

We do not expect our paper to revolutionize the world, we do not expect it to make our fortunes, but we do expect that the experience which will come to us with a year's editorial duties, will more than repay us for all our labor. If we can make THE PORTFOLIO profitable and attractive to its readers, and see it prosperous as it has been, under our predecessors, we shall be satisfied.

OUR College halls are again thronged by eager students, some of the old faces are missing but many new ones take their places, and all are rapidly becoming accustomed to their new home. During the short vacation Death has visited our ranks, and it is with saddened hearts that we think of school-mates who have passed away, or of others who have since we last met lost one of those nearest and dearest. We tender them our heartfelt sympathy, and would it were in our power to assuage the grief of hearts that were ever ready to console us in times of home-sickness, to cheer our solitude, lighten our tasks, and brighten in a thousand-and-one ways the lonely hours incident to a new student.

Back again to work! Work, what widely different meanings it conveys to different ears! To us it signifies the complete mastery of the year's studies, the storing of our mind with useful knowledge, the development of every faculty of that mind until the tools in our workshop are fitted to make use of the material supplied by both inner and outer world. In short, it means, whether we wish it or not, the forming of habits which will cling to us through life, and lead us continually higher or drag us lower. With this as the end in view, we feel the importance of conscientious study through the whole term. The enthusiasm inspired by new studies has not yet worn away, but we know by experience the tendency there is to let the energy of the first few weeks give place to indolence in the middle of the term, to be made up by "cramming" towards the end.

Let us revolutionize things this year and work right up to the mark throughout. We mentioned the many new faces and would bid them all a cheery welcome, but thrice welcome she who comes to us after a prolonged absence. Miss McEvers, a graduate of '76, finding no place like home has at last come back to her Alma Mater. Fresh from

the shadow of "Victoria," the precincts of "Brookhurst," and the "Ontario Ladies' College," we congratulate the Faculty on this worthy addition to their number, and we have every confidence that we will find in Miss McEvers a firm friend to all the interests of higher education.

THE week of the Fair was quite an exciting time for us. Hamilton was looking its best, for during the day the streets were thronged with visitors, and in the evening all the stores and houses were illuminated, and the gore, which is such a short distance from the College, was a lovely sight. Friday, the day on which the Marquis arrived, we had a holiday, and saw all that was to be seen from the balconies and windows. We appreciated that advantage, for which the College is noted, of being in a situation to see everything that goes on in the city. In the evening we had a good view of the torchlight procession, which came down the street and turned immediately in front of the College. We spent Saturday morning at the Fair grounds, where we were honored with an introduction to the Marquis, who made many inquiries about the College. After having been through the various apartments of the Crystal Palace, we returned to the College, there to settle down to work after a recreation of two days. Monday morning it was announced in the Collegiate Hall that the Marquis had left word with the Mayor that, as he had been unable to visit the College, he would like us to have a holiday that day, but our Principal, who looks for our enjoyment as well in this as everything else, decided on waiting for another and pleasanter day. So much in store for us.

OUR College was honored a few weeks ago by a visit from the celebrated Dr. Guard. We were all assembled one morning in the Collegiate school-room to listen to another address from those eloquent lips, which had

three times during that week thrilled an audience in this city. After a few preliminary remarks, as to the necessity of having his voice tuned and the difficulty of suiting his address to the occasion, Dr. Guard proceeded to state that after having spent part of a day and a night in the College he felt confident that everything about the institution tended to promote those two great essentials to a useful life, namely, soundness of mind and strength of body. The Dr. reminded us of the fact that the object of spending so many years in College is not so much to acquire facts, though that is not to be depreciated, as to ascertain our mental calibre, and to train every faculty of the mind till each becomes obedient to the will of the agent. Dr. Guard here instituted a comparison between man and a plant. The latter, possessing simply life, might be compared to a one-storey house; while the former, possessed of life, motion, and intellect, would be compared to a three-storey house, and that with a mansard roof. It is quite possible for us, in our care and cultivation of the physical nature, to neglect both the intellectual and the spiritual; or, equally possible, to have the physical and intellectual well developed and thoroughly furnished, while the spiritual remains dark and void. In order to a perfect character all these powers must be cultivated and trained. To this end honest, sedulous labor is the only road. Dr. Guard here remarked that whatever he had been able to accomplish in life was the result of hard work. He believed in the the "divinity, the dignity, and the usefulness of labor." In our work, the Dr. admonished us to be honest, to be true. To adopt as our motto, "Be what you seem;" to take to ourselves no praise from Principal or teacher but that which, in our honest convictions, we know we merit. For

In the elder days of art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part,
For the gods see everywhere.

Had the audience been composed of gentlemen instead of ladies, Dr. Guard would have dwelt upon the importance of courage and veracity as being two essential qualities in the character of a gentleman. However, it is taken for granted that ladies never equivocate, but that they are perfectly truthful in all things. Courage is not so essential in the character of a lady, although possessed by many. It is not necessary to be a Joan of Arc in order to be renowned. Many ladies who are naturally timid possess that moral courage, which in such cases is worth vastly more than mere physical courage. Dr. Guard closed his remarks by emphasizing the importance of laying a solid foundation for the structure of life in the daily formation of character, for

The hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world.

AMONG THE many distinguished visitors by whom we have of late been honored, last, but by no means least, was the distinguished artist, REMENYI. On Friday, the 13th ult., he dined with our Principal, and after dinner, we repaired to the drawing room from which there soon issued strains fit for the gods. Such music as Remenyi's is beyond the description of voice or pen, his is indeed a marvellous power and the touch of a master hand. His kindness in performing was fully appreciated by the delighted listeners and we all wish him a long and happy life that he may bless humanity by the exercise of his great talent.

A MEETING was called on Monday, Oct. 4th, for the purpose of re-organizing the Junior Literary Society of the W. F. College. Miss McDonald was called upon to occupy the chair, and the election of officers was immediately proceeded with, the following ladies being elected:

President, - - - - MISS BRADLEY.
Vice-President, - - - - MISS McDONALD.
Secretary, - - - - MISS KOYL.
Treasurer, - - - - MISS SIFTON.
Critic, - - - - MISS AUSTIN.
Chaplain, - - - - MISS SHERREN.

Ladies to arrange Programmes,
MISSES WALKER AND GLASGOW.

As it is customary for the J. L. Society to be represented upon the staff of the "Portfolio," Miss E. Jarvis was chosen for that position. The meetings of this society last year were of an exceedingly interesting and profitable character, and it is the desire of its members and friends, that, far from losing any of their former glory, their meetings shall become increasingly attractive and beneficial as they are held from week to week.

WITH commendable zeal our Senior Literary Society met on the 14th September, for the purpose of re-organization. A merry crowd surrounded the tables in the reading-room, when, by a unanimous vote, Miss White was installed as Chairman. The result of the first ballot declared Miss Fish, President, upon which Miss White very gracefully resigned her position, requesting Miss Fish to occupy the chair. A few moments spent in pleasant banter (for ladies must be coaxed they say) and the newly elected officer took the chair, thanking the Society for the favor they had shown her, and hoping that as "time is said to work wonders," she might some day make a President almost as good as our last one, who is still peerless in the memory of every Senior. Miss Morris, being elected Vice-President, treated the students to one of her always sprightly speeches, this time expressive of her appreciation of their kindness and confidence. The next elected were Miss Harrison and Miss Smalley, to the office of Secretary and Treasurer respectively. Each, in a few well chosen words, expressed the hope that she might perform the duties devolving upon her in a satisfactory manner.

Last year this Society was overshadowed by a debt, and had numerous obstacles to surmount. It is true the debt might have seemed no larger than a man's hand to some, but it nearly obscured our horizon; while paying it was a considerable tax on both the ingenuity and pockets of some few favored (?) ones. Thanks to the class of '80, however, our prospects are bright, and if there be lack of energy or interest, the fault must be our own. Nothing but success is anticipated, for all are animated by the desire to make this Society eclipse all past ones in the grandeur of its attainments.

EXCHANGES.

AS YET, we have received but two exchanges; to these we bid a hearty welcome.

THE *Notre Dame Scholastic*, of which we have received two numbers (Sept. and Oct.) is business-like in its tone. We admire the substantial character of its contents, though it is not lacking in the lively element.

THE *Normal News* comes to us in an entirely new dress, and we think its appearance decidedly improved. In general this paper pleases us, but we could not but be surprised in reading the article on "Kings," that any one belonging to a nation of such enlightenment and culture, should entertain such narrow and bigoted views, and display such an apparent ignorance of historical facts.

THE PRINCESS LOUISE AT HOME.

THE daughter of our much-loved Queen is at present travelling for her health in Germany, under the assumed name of Lady Sandridge. While she is away we would, perhaps without being accused of unpardonable curiosity, learn something about her private life.

As far as we can learn, she leads a home life in the broadest sense of the term, and her home is said to be a model of house-keeping ability. It is said that the Princess does all the shopping and purchasing of

household stores, and looks well to it that no grasping tradesman should deceive or overreach her. On one occasion, having suspected her butcher of habitually sending a false measure of meat, she went into the kitchen and with her own royal hands weighed a piece which had just been sent in. It was found to weigh three pounds less than it should have weighed, and, in consequence, that butcher lost the royal patronage. At another time the Princess had been buying a quantity of pencils, and, on being handed the bill, remarked that she had been charged too much, as in taking a quantity of anything a reduction is always made.

Our Princess is not one bit afraid of public opinion, and holds to the principle that what is right for one is right for another, even for royalty.

In all matters she is guided by her own judgment, regardless of what may be said either for or against her conduct. This independence is clearly seen in the matter of dress. The people of Ottawa have grown familiar with a certain little, old-fashioned, cloth jacket, trimmed with fur, which constantly adorns the person of the Princess in her walks during the cold weather. Indeed, her whole style of dress is very plain, and her example might be followed with advantage by many a one of commoner birth.

The Princess Louise still keeps up her very English habit of taking long walks, the Marquis and herself thinking nothing of walking to New Edinburgh and back, a distance of seven miles each way. Her elegant carriage and four beautiful, spirited horses are constantly seen taking an airing in the principal streets, but the groom is usually the sole occupant of the carriage, as Her Royal Highness prefers to walk.

Our Governor-General and his lady attend a small Presbyterian Church just outside their grounds. The church is very roughly finished, not even boasting plastered walls. The music is extracted from a small cracked organ, played by a little girl in short dresses. Their pew is, of course, strictly private to themselves, but all around them may sit, unrebuked, the very lowest of the low, if they be so inclined; and the little church is crowded from Sunday to Sunday with those whose chief anxiety is to be known as worshippers under the same roof as the Queen's daughter.

College Items.

PLEASE pass the fruit.

THE latest style of an engagement ring consists of "two hearts and fifteen garrets."

PRESIDENT HAYES has not yet arrived, but our American girls think that "while there's life there's hope."

IT was only yesterday that one young lady was heard earnestly pleading another to sit beside her in "Paradise" (Lost)

ALTHOUGH rather late, we wish to tender our congratulations to the "Coquette" party as the winners of the yacht race, September 25th.

PROF. WRIGHT, our learned instructor in the Natural Sciences, carried off quite a number of prizes both at the Toronto Exhibition and the one held last month in this city.

CLASS in English History: Teacher—"Why was the name 'Angle land' given to the country now known as England?" Original answer: "I think it was from the shape of it."

A GLEE CLUB has been organized in the College, consisting of 11 members. Judging from the musical sounds that issue from the music room, the Club must be in a prosperous condition.

FOUND—On Friday, Oct. 8th, between the hours of five and six A.M., one pair of buttoned boots. If the owner will call at the "green table," prove property and pay for this notice, the boots will be hers in the future.

DR. L.—"Miss C——, can you give the distinction between 'ingenious' and 'ingenuous?'" Miss C——(with a deeply thoughtful look)—"Ingenious means not a genius, a person who is not clever." Dr.—"Ah, indeed! and ingenuous?" Miss C——"I am not sure about ingenuous." Dr. L.—"Miss R——, could you explain the meaning of these two words?" Miss B——(with a ready smile)—"Ingenious means one who is very clever, and ingenuous one who is not quite so clever."

FRIDAY evening, Oct. 8th, the Glee Club gave a dramatic entertainment in the College drawing-room. The play was "A Day at Boarding School," the character were ably sustained, especially that of the "New Student." Several songs were sung between the scenes, in which the young ladies showed to advantage their musical talent.

THE other afternoon a student was trying to explain a difficult question in Logic to a fellow-student, she had a great deal of trouble making the other one understand it. Finally, however, she succeeded, and drawing a long breath, remarked: "If it wasn't for me you would be the greatest donkey in the College."

THROUGH the kindness of the Directors, the students and several of the teachers spent the afternoon of September 22nd in Ainslie's Woods. The afternoon was delightfully passed away in scrambling over logs, climbing steep hills and eating apples. We returned from the woods at 5:00 P.M., and while impatiently waiting for the sound of the tea-bell, as the change had made a wonderful increase in our appetites, we sighed "for the afternoon that was no more."

ART OF MEMORY.—The best way to remember a thing is to thoroughly understand it, and often recall it to mind. By reading continually with great attention, and never passing a passage without understanding it well, the memory will be stored with knowledge; and things will occur at times when we want them, though we can never recollect the passages or from whence we draw our ideas.—*Dr. Truster.*

A man who had missed his way fortunately overtook a boy going with a pot of tar to mark his master's sheep. He asked him the road to Bauff, but was directed by so many turnings right and left that he agreed to take the boy behind him on his horse. Finding the boy pert and docile, he gave him some good advice, adding occasionally "mark me well, my boy." "Yes sir, I do." He repeated the injunction until the boy at last cried out "I canna mark ye any mair as the tar has all gi'en oot."

Personals.

MISS EUGENIE MACKAY has gone to England to complete her studies.

THE celebrated violinist Remenyi took dinner at the College last week.

MISS MINNIE BUCK, class of '80, spent a few days with us during Fair week.

WE were pleased to receive a short call from Miss Annie Helmka on Friday.

MARRIED—In Milbn, Ont., Sept. 8, 1880, Mr. Wesley Taylor to Marion E. Wilmott.

DIED—In Port Hope, Thursday, Aug. 19, Ettie E. Baker, of Millbrook, aged 20 years.

MARRIED—In Drayton, Ont., June 15th, 1880, Mr. A. J. Wallace to Miss Serena Healey.

DIED—In this city, on Thursday evening, Sept. 23d, Mattie, only daughter of E. Van Allan, aged 16 years.

MARRIED—In St. Marys, Ont., June 30th, 1880, Mr. Joseph Campbell of Hamilton, Ont., to Carrie S. Rice.

MARRIED—In Centenary Church, Hamilton, Oct. 6th, Mr. Geo. F. Glassco, son of W. H. Glassco to Miss Tillie F. Moore, daughter of Mr. Dennis Moore.

AN INCOMPLETE EDUCATION.—“What, shivering in the middle of August! How's that?” “Oh sir, please sir, we was only taught 'ow to beg in the winter time, sir.”
—*Punch*.

AMONG the many articles advertised for a recent sale of stage property were the following: A sea, consisting of twelve waves, the tenth, which is greater than the others, being a little damaged; half a dozen black-edged clouds in good condition; a spic-span new rainbow; a superior snow storm, consisting of flakes of white paper; two other snowstorms of inferior quality; three bottles with lightning flashes; one setting sun of not much account; a new moon; an elephant, a crocodile and three wagons; several vials of alcohol good for apparitions and the production of blue flames; lastly some entirely new thunder.

Art, Science and Literature.

GEORGE BANCROFT, historian, celebrated his 80th birthday Oct. 3d.

THOMAS CARLYLE is seriously ill, and not likely to survive many days.

MR. SPURGEON's fifteenth hundreth sermon has lately been translated into Japanese.

THE Passion-Play, as played from time to time at Ober-Amergau, is likely before long to be performed in New York.

IT IS SAID that Mr. Herbert Spencer intends shortly to publish a ruthless examination of Carlyle's works and opinions.

MR. OLIVER KING, pianist to Her Royal Highness, Princess Louise, made a successful *debut* lately before the musical critics of Boston.

MRS. CLIFFORD, widow of Prof. W. K. Clifford, the eminent mathematician and philosopher, is to receive a pension from the British Civil List.

COLERIDGE's copy of Shakespeare, copiously annotated with remarkable notes by the younger poet, has been picked up at a chance sale, and added to the treasures of the British Museum.

IN 1882, Montreal will be the scene of the annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, when scientists from all parts of the continent will meet to discuss possibilities and develop new theories.

JACQUES OFFENBACH, the popular French composer, died Oct. 5th, at the age of 61. He was born at Cologne in 1819, received his education at the Paris Conservatoire, and first gained celebrity by setting to music some of La Fontaine's fables. He was decorated with the Legion of Honor in 1861.

THE ma'kest performance recorded in Mr. W. F. Dobson's history of literary frivolities, is that of a man who discovered 33,535 different ways of spelling the word scissors, accordingly sat down and wrote them all out in a book, containing 300 pages of three colums each.

Clippings.

He who talks sows, he who listens reaps.

You should forgive many things in others, but nothing in yourself.—*Antonius.*

MEN with the weightiest brains are not always the best swimmers in the sea of life.

A dreadful old bachelor defines a dower as "a lump of sugar intended to nullify the bitterness of the dose."

DIOGENES being asked which beast's bite was the most dangerous replied: "If you mean wild beasts, its the slanderer's; if tame ones, the flatterer's."

WE write our mercies in the dust; but our afflictions we engrave in marble. Our memories serve us but too well to remember the latter; but we are strangely forgetful of the former.

"Have'nt you mistaken the pew, sir?" blandly asked a Sunday Chesterfield to a stranger as he entered it. "I beg your pardon," replied the individual, rising to go out, "I fear I have; I thought it was a Christian's."

"NATURE abhors a vacuum," remarked the philosophic prep. as he quietly stuffed his inner man from the Professor's back orchard. "Force is an agent that causes motion," murmured the Professor as he quietly elevated the prep. over the ten-foot fence on his pedal tip.—*Ex.*

ART received rather an awkward criticism from a free-and-easy young man who recently met a sculptor in a social circle, and addressed him thus: "Er—er—so you are the man—er—that makes—er—mud heads?" And this was the artist's reply: "Er—er not all of 'em; I didn't make yours."—*Ex.*

IF there is any virtue that a man should strive to possess, it is the virtue of charity; for if we take away charity from a man—if we divest him of this most precious mantle, we have left but a poor specimen of humanity—a man in appearance, in so far as his exterior is concerned, but possessing none of those grand and ennobling qualities that should be found in the heart of every Christian.

A musician George Sharp had his name on his door "G. Sharp." A wag of a painter, who knew something about music, made the following undeniable and significant addition: "Is A Flat." Sincerity is the basis of every virtue.

WE find umbrellas mentioned as in use in England 150 years ago. In Cambridge, we read that early in the last century umbrellas were let out on hire for so much per hour, like sedan chairs. Jonas Hanaway, the founder of an hospital in London, has the credit of being the first man in London, who had the courage to carry habitually an umbrella. He died in 1786, and is said to have carried an umbrella for thirty years; so that their introduction for general use may have been said to date from 1756.

MICROSCOPIC WRITING.

The "Iliad" of Homer has been written in so small a compass as to be enclosed in a nutshell. It is nothing unusual to find now-a-days, writings of a still more minute character than this, seeing that the Ten Commandments have been written in a compass small enough to be covered by a sixpence. There is a portrait of Queen Anne in the British Museum, on which appear a number of minute lines and scratches, which, when examined through a microscope, are shown to be the entire contents of a small folio book which the librarian has in his possession. A pen-and-ink portrait of Alexander Pope, surrounded by a design in scroll work, contained the life of the poet in the fine lines of the scroll; it was so minutely transcribed as only to be legible by the aid of the magnifier. This was an evident imitation of a similar effect in the way of portraiture which was at one time in a library at Oxford, where a head of Charles I. was drawn in minute characters, so fine as to resemble the fine lines of an engraving, but which, when closely examined, were found to be the book of Psalms, the Creed, and the Lord's Prayer. One other instance of this kind has been recorded of a portrait of Cardinal Richelieu, which appears on the title-page of a French work; the Cardinal's head is surrounded by a glory of forty rays, each ray containing the name of a French academician.

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