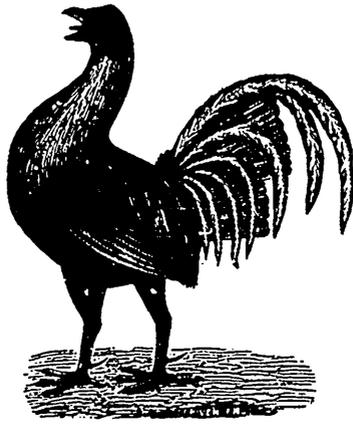


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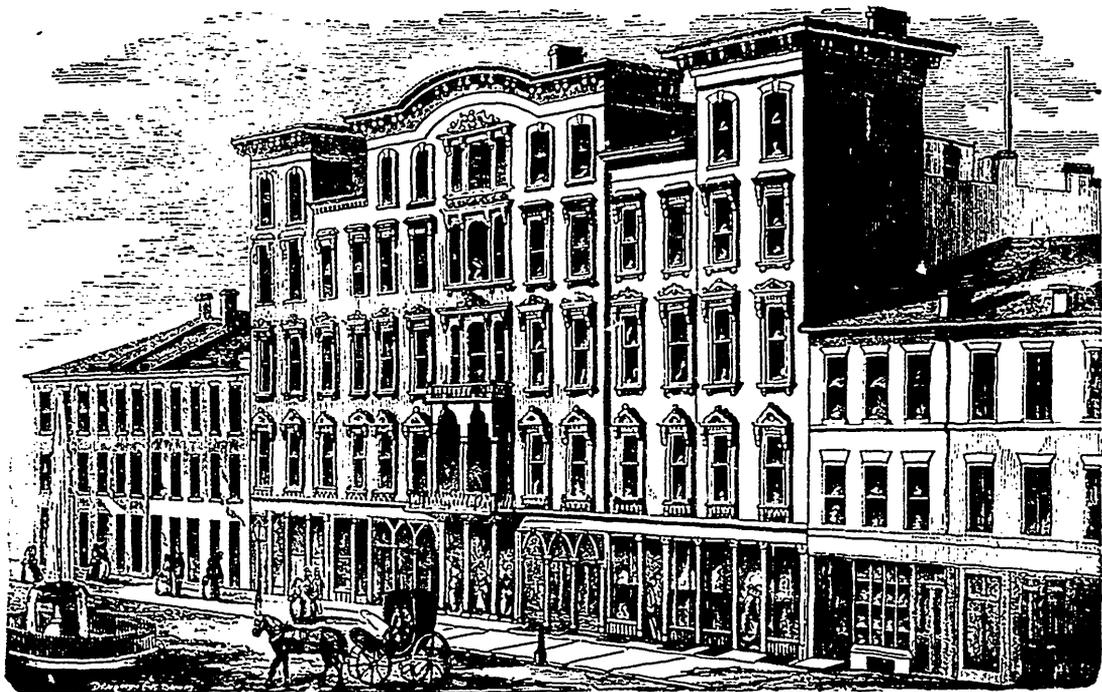
THE PORTFOLIO.

Vita Sine Literis Mors Est.

VOL. 7.

HAMILTON, JUNE, 1887.

No. 8



THE Wesleyan Ladies' College,

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VOL. 7.

HAMILTON, ONTARIO, JUNE 30TH, 1887.

No. 10

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY.

On turning one down with the plough in April, 1786.

Wee, modest, crimson, tipped flow'r,
Tho's met me in an evil hour ;
For I maun crush among the stoure
Thy slender stem ;
To spare thee now is past my pow'r
Thou bonnie gem.

Alas ! it's no thy neebor sweet,
The bonnie lark, companion meet !
Bending thee mang' the dewy weat !
Wee sprackl'd breast.
When upward-springing, blythe, to greet
The purpling east.

Could blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth ;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm.
Scarce rear'd above the parent earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flow'rs our gardens yield,
High shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield,
But thou, beneath the random bield
O'clod, or stane
Adorns the listie stibble-field.
Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawy bosom unsward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise ;
But now the share uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies !

Such is the fate of artless maids,
Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade !
By love's simplicity betray'd
And guileless trust,
Till she, like thee all soil'd is laid
Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple Bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd
Unskillful he to note the card
Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er !

Such fate to suffering worth is giv'n
Who long with wants and woes has striv'n
By human pride or cunning driv'n
To mis'r'y's brink
Till, wrenched of ev'ry stay but Heav'n
He, ruin'd, sink !

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the daisy's fate
That fate is thine—no distant date
Stern ruin's ploughshare drives, elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,
Shall be thy doom.

—BURNS.

TO A MOUSE

On turning her up in her nest with a plow in November.

Wee sleekit, cowrin, tim'rous beastie,
O, what a panic's in thy breastie !
Thou need na start awa sae hastily,
Wi' bickering brattle !
'Twad be laith to rin and chase thee,
Wee murdering pattle !

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
Has broken nature's social union,
An' justifies that ill opinion
Which makes thee startle
At me, thy poor earth-born companion,
An' fellow mortal !

I doubt, na, whyles, but thou may thieve ;
What then ? poor beastie, thou maun live !
A daimen-icker in a thrave
'S a sma' request ;
I'll get a blessin w' the lave
And never miss't.

Thy wee bit housie too, in ruin !
Its silly wa's the winds are strewin !
An' naething, now, to big a new ane,
O' foggage green !
An' bleak December's winds ensuin,
Baith snell and keen !

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste,
An' weary winter comin fast,
An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
Thou thought to dwell
Till crash ! the cruel coulter pass'd
Out thro' thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble,
Has cost thee many a weary nibble !
How thou's turned out for a' thy trouble,
But house or hald,
To thole the winter's slecty dribble,
An' cranreuch cauld !

But, mousie, thou art no thy lane,
In proving foresight may be vain
The best laid schemes o' mice and men
Gang aft a-gley,
An' leave us naught but grief and pain,
For promised joy.

Still thou art blest, compared wi' me !
The present only toucheth thee ;
But, och ! I backward cast my e'e
On prospects drear !
An' forward, tho' I canna see
I guess an' fear.

—BURNS.

MY IDEA OF A CULTIVATED WOMAN.

BY MISS J. MCILWRAITH.

Hands, head, heart—these are what stand for those parts of a woman's nature which can be cultivated, and each requires a special training of its own. The well-educated woman is she in whom the three are properly balanced, and work harmoniously together. Our grandmothers over-rated the importance of the first of the trio, spent their days and injured their eyesight over all kinds of fine embroidery and "white seam." How they would despise our machine-made ornamentation! They have their imitators at the present day in those damsels who devote themselves to fancy work, a fascinating occupation, and one in which there is great scope for the display of artistic talent, but it should not be allowed to crowd out more important efforts.

Hand cultivation was once thought to be the essential part of a girl's training, and even to-day we hear ourselves compared unfavorably to the last generation, because we are not such adepts at baking and sewing. Proficiency in all kinds of feminine work is most desirable, but no woman should be contented to spend the whole of her time therein, unless absolutely obliged to do so. Girls who make their own dresses must of necessity have that subject pre-eminently before them to the exclusion of more intellectual topics, and the housewife whose brain is constantly on the rack to provide new dishes to tickle the palates of the "lords of creation," who would probably agree better with plainer fare, lets slip the "sweetness and light" which are the elements of true culture. All honor to her who works with her hands constantly and cheerfully, but if it be unnecessary for her to do so, she is taking the bread out of some working woman's mouth, while her own leisure might be more profitably employed.

A cultivated woman is the product of education alone, but she does not by any means undervalue those gifts and graces bestowed by nature. She would be no true woman did she not care for her personal appearance and endeavor to dress becomingly, but she takes more æsthetic pleasure in the good looks and fine apparel of her neighbors, and is not burdened with that self-consciousness

which places ever before one an imaginary mirror. Having a well-developed physique, she can thoroughly enjoy for their own sakes, riding, rowing, swimming, skating, and all out-door sports, but she also accepts the old Greek theory that the true value of physical exertion lies in its production of physical beauty, which again is admirable simply in the degree that it indicates spiritual health and vigor.

Few there are who have not a talent, however small, in some line, and she who wishes to make the most of herself will cultivate this as far as she has the opportunity, but she will not waste her time in chasing what she can never hope to overtake. That poor, bethumped piano! How it would rejoice if many of its unwilling devotees betook themselves to the woods and roads to botanise, geologise, sketch, or study the ever-varying forms of bird life. Sidney Smith says: "A woman of accomplishments may entertain those who have the pleasure of knowing her, for half an hour with great brilliancy; but a mind full of ideas, and with that elastic spring which the love of knowledge only can convey, is a perpetual source of exhilaration and amusement to all that come within its reach."

There is no kind of employment so thoroughly satisfactory to one's self as that within the range of the hand alone. Goethe says: "How easy it is to act, but how hard to think!" Till of late years but little brain work was expected of women. Hands and hearts they must have, if only to bestow them upon the other sex, but heads were quite superfluous. Shakespeare's heroines are mostly charming nonentities, and even Ruskin, one of the best thinkers of to-day, has rather limited ideas on the education of woman. Set her on a pinnacle he certainly does, but blandly remarks that she should enter into no subject more deeply than will enable her to sympathise in the pleasures of her husband and those of his best friends. On that principle a cultivated woman should be able to smoke, though cigarettes would probably be strong enough for *her*. The time has come when it is dawning upon all men that it is possible for a woman to stand on her own feet, and not to exist merely in and for the love and admiration of man. As an old professor said to his class lately: "I tell you, young men, I tell you that the

day is drawing near when there will not be found a girl in the land ignorant enough to marry one of you!"

In this country the average woman has a great advantage over most men, because she can, if she chooses, find more leisure for the improvement of her mind. Anyone may fill up the day with trivialities, but what daughter at home has not more command over her time than her brother has, and cannot, if she wishes to do so, keep ahead of him in study? She is therefore responsible not only for herself, but for him too in a measure, having power to lead the mind of the tired business man into the ideal world of literature. Happy the mother who can keep abreast of her sons in their reading! She is far more likely to retain a permanent hold on them than one who considers her duty done when she has attended to their physical comfort.

A woman is known by the company she keeps, and to become thoroughly acquainted with her we must discover who are her favorite authors. It is frequently asserted that no one has time nowadays to read anything but papers and magazines, book reviews, instead of the books themselves, and only the new writers, nothing of the old; but she who aspires to culture must delve more deeply. She cannot afford to despise the novel, for it is becoming one of the educators of the race, the medium for the introduction of many ideas which could reach the public in no other way, and it also aims at being a faithful delineator of character. "The proper study of mankind is man." Even the light productions that are daily rolled out of the press as music is from a street organ, and like confections are most sought after if French in flavor, can do little harm to a sound constitution, especially if taken in the open air with a good breeze blowing, but woe betide her who gets into the habit of feasting on them indoors and alone!

The best and the worst of these "books of the hour" are but the acquaintances of our cultivated woman, her friends are of another sort. They are the thinkers of the world, of whom she never tires, and who have something to say to her let her go to them how and when she will. Experience may be a sure teacher, but she is also a slow one. What individual life extends over so large a

surface as the combined existences of the great writers of all ages, and who can lay down so many first principles as they have done? "There is nothing new under the sun," and she who drinks in the wisdom of Plato and St. Paul, Shakespeare and Dante, will find that it applies equally to the present day and to all time.

Trying to read works "in the original" is but a waste of energy, unless one has a special aptitude for languages. It would be egotistical to suppose that a translation labored through, dictionary in hand, is equal to that of a man who has made the work a specialty. Until a person becomes so familiar with a foreign tongue as to be able to *think* in it, one resembles those Americans who do shopping in England, and are unable to free their minds of dollars and cents, never know the value of an article until the sum is translated into their own coinage.

The cultivated woman is not the mere bookworm, not the student who practises cramming at school and continues the custom after she leaves. Education does not mean simply a putting in, it is also a drawing out of what is in her, the development of her powers to their fullest extent. She may not have great natural abilities; few people are entrusted with that responsibility, and one of them is the last person to be chosen as our ideal. They generally sacrifice all things to their special talent, while the woman of culture is above all things rounded, well balanced, thoroughly *alive* at every point. You can strike no chord to which she does not respond, and she cherishes "a desire after the things of the mind, simply for their own sakes and for the pleasure of seeing them as they are." She is inspired with a divine curiosity, not in the English but in the French meaning of that word, which makes it consist in a scientific passion for getting at the roots of things, learning the best that is thought and said in the world on all matters that most concern humanity as a whole. Never satisfied, but always pressing on to new acquirements, she sees more clearly day by day the height and depth of her own ignorance. She retains a joy in mere existence far longer than those who find it simply in the buoyancy of youth and the exercise of physical powers. With her, life is a constant opening up of new desires, new aspirations. They can be

realized but partially here, but will not the happiness of her heaven be greater than that of those who have striven for less lofty ideals?

Head work is often denounced as being hurtful to woman, unfitting her for her true sphere, but she whose mind has been disciplined by earnest study brings a broader understanding, a more enlightened intelligence, to bear upon the things of everyday life, than she who has never tried to see more than one side of a subject. In what respect is the mistress superior to the servant, the teacher to the pupil, if she cannot judge of cause and effect, and bring to bear upon all subjects her powers of reasoning, which have gained strength through exercise in widely different fields? No one but the woman compelled to labor almost entirely with her brains realizes the rest and relief it is to turn to some household duty, and she will perform it more thoroughly and skilfully than one to whom such work appears the utmost of which hand and head are capable. "A man's reach should exceed his grasp," for though he may never accomplish the highest of his self-imposed tasks, the lower ones will be easier to do and better done.

Worry kills more people than work, but a cultivated woman is not likely to die that death. With a mind awakened to the great problems of the day, with an ear tuned to catch the sublime harmonies of nature and art, with an eye that sees the insignificance of all things in this planet compared to the universe around us, and the still more important universe within us, it is simply impossible for her to succumb to petty anxieties. Her horizon is too broad for molehill cases to assume undue proportions.

There is a popular delusion to the effect that a woman of culture seldom has "her heart in the right place." This arises from narrow notions of what is its right place. The sympathies must not be confined to the home circle, to any select body of friends, to a certain set in society, or to any town, land or race. When the heart is broadened by education, it is able to appreciate the good and true no matter under what disguise of clime or color they may be found. The English-speaking women had reached a comparatively high state of civilization before they felt themselves to be sisters of the women of India, and started the Zenana

Missions. Sometimes it is easier to pity the condition of people afar off, than to exercise a little charity to those at home whom we consider not quite our equals socially, or whose creed is but slightly at variance with our own. The ideal woman is a true hero-worshipper, a hater of shams and insincerities wherever found, and her heart is as broad as humanity, nay broader, for it embraces every living thing upon the earth. Education adds weight to individual opinions, and she can wage more successful warfare against vivisection, and all forms of cruelty both to men and animals, than one with whom these things are considered to be a matter of sentiment. Knowing something of plant life, a corner of her soul's mantle covers everything that grows, and she will not suffer flowers, grass, and shrubs to be wantonly destroyed by "the great unwashed" if she can help it.

Men may talk as they will about a woman's head being enlightened always at the expense of her heart, the reverse is generally the case. She becomes, if possible, too sensitive. For instance, it would give her acute pain to witness the demolition of works of art, or noble piles of architecture, which to the unthinking multitude have no meaning whatever. "True," you say, "but is not that a squandering of sentiment upon inanimate objects which might be more wisely spent?" "Affection never was wasted. * * * * * That which the fountain sends forth returns again to the fountain," and she whose heart is susceptible to the good and the beautiful in all their phases, will greatly increase through exercise her powers of loving. She has inexhaustible indulgence, consideration of circumstances, severe judgment of actions joined to merciful judgment of persons, and she will never commit the errors of one in whom the feelings reign alone. The real waste of sentiment consists in the indiscriminate almsgiving which many idle and selfish, as well as some good people, indulge in. There is a kind of selfishness, too, in the delight some women take in making martyrs of themselves. They are the Marthas, always rushing into action before they have sat at the Master's feet and imbibed that wisdom which is the mainspring of all right-doing. If we subtract from the sum total of woman's misery the amount she herself

has caused by being too emotional, too warm hearted, too much given to self sacrifice, there would be but little left.

The truly intellectual woman does not find pleasure in laughing at the whims and follies of others. She is aware that she herself is often unwittingly an object of ridicule, and strives to do as she would be done by. She has a strong sense of humor, but finds more gratification in smiling at her own little and great weaknesses, and those common to humanity, than in caustic personalities.

Her conversation is agreeable, because she does not introduce subjects beyond the range of her hearer for the sake of showing how much she knows. Rather does she try to discover in what particular line her companion is best informed, and endeavor to learn, not to instruct. She is one of those good listeners who make people feel that she can have had no specially interesting experiences in her life, because she sympathises so unflinchingly with the most trivial of theirs, and never expects them to do likewise by her in return. In fact, like Theophrastus Such, she believes that "This world would be worth living in without any lot of one's own." Happiness is not the supreme end of existence, and the portion thereof which comes her way she takes as something undeserved as well as unexpected, and seeks to find with how many of her neighbors she can share it. She is sincerity itself, but is not one who delights in telling unpleasant truths, having learned to hold her tongue when no good can be done by speaking.

Neither outwardly nor inwardly does she consider herself better than the rest of the world. If she is plain in face and awkward in bearing, she does not find consolation in a feeling of mental superiority, but cultivates the manner which makes one's appearance, though perhaps the first thing noticed, also the first thing forgotten.

Striving ever to judge herself more severely than others, she does not make a parade of self-depreciation in the hope of being contradicted. She may not be able perfectly to control the emotions of the heart, the feelings that come unbidden and oft refuse to go, but she can keep them from having an unwarrantable influence on her actions.

Filled with an appreciation of reverence, she will do nothing to make light of anything which excites that feeling in others, however little she herself may be affected thereby. A want of veneration is among the plainest indications of a small mind and microscopic heart. Think you that a woman can attain to this height through her own exertions alone? Blind she is indeed does she not acknowledge that she owes every means of culture to Christianity, the source from which she receives both the cup and the water to fill it.

The skilful hand, the well-developed head, the widely sympathising heart—these are the elements of a cultivated woman; but the subject is broad, and growing broader every day, and ten years hence a much higher ideal will be evolved.

"Pussy-cat, pussy-cat where have you been?"
 "I've been to London to see the Queen"
 "Pussy-cat, pussy-cat, what saw you there?"
 "I saw a little mouse under the chair."

BY EDITH ROBINSON.

People are not very often compared to cats, but in this case the resemblance in many respects is so obvious, that comparison might be admitted. Now for what purpose did our cat go to London? In truth to see the Queen! But what *did* pussy-cat see? She "saw a little mouse under the chair." Why should it seem so strange that Miss Pussy should have eyes for nothing else, when there was such an all absorbing sight as a little grey mouse under a chair?; certainly to her eyes a mouse is the most important thing that could come before her vision. It is life and food for her and a cat has no higher ambition than to live, therefore poor pussy should not be blamed for seeing only an insignificant little mouse, while it is admitted by all that to us Her Majesty would be a much more important sight. But this is the great dividing line between man and the lower animals; man has the power of thought or a spiritual existence apart from the mere physical, and therefore his highest ambition is not merely to live, but to attain to some ideal which he has ever before him; the chief characteristic of that ideal might be wealth, or fame, or learning, or higher still, spiritual perfection.

Every one frames his own picture. In viewing the external world our vision is bounded by the horizon; so, we can only perceive and reason as far as our mental horizon extends, but this is limited in a great degree to that in which we are interested; and outside of what our minds centre themselves upon appears only as the frame of a picture, merely the surroundings which help to make our conception of it, but which is not the important feature. We always know whether a picture that we have seen was framed or no, but what kind of a frame it was we could not tell, unless it were more conspicuous than the picture. One whose business was manufacturing frames, would no doubt be far more interested in the frame, and would remember it when the picture had been entirely erased from his mind. Then we might still say that he framed his own picture, for the frame is his picture and the real picture forms the frame.

One of the greatest pleasures of travelling is due to that faculty of the mind, by which we reproduce the many scenes, which have been presented to our view. It is not only a pleasure to ourselves, but to others to whom the many scenes may be described. But with what varied impressions we will listen to different people describing the same scene or relating an identical incident. No two people see a thing in exactly the same light and so cannot describe it in a similar manner. Ask for a description of Venice and many will say "It is a most disagreeable damp place, and makes one feel so mournful to see the tall dark buildings on narrow streets of muddy water, with the funeral looking gondolas silently gliding along; it is really a most disappointing place not at all like that which might be expected from pictures." Ask others whose minds are too strong to be affected by mere feeling and they would say, "Venice is one of the most interesting places in the world on account of the history connected with it. We might almost imagine that we were transferred back to the fifteenth century when walking through the Doge's palace with its magnificent works of art, its historic rooms and gloomy cells—referred to by Byron in his 'Childe Harold'—where languished many prisoners of note. Cross the 'Bridge of Sighs' leading from this grand structure to that awful dungeon from which no prisoner ever returned alive, and we

shudder as an indescribable feeling comes over us as if we were being hurried to our doom. When we stand on that magnificent bridge of marble "The Rialto" with its many gorgeous shops, we can almost imagine that we see Shylock with his stooping figure and miserly revengeful face, as he makes that inhuman bargain with Antonio. One of the most important edifices in Venice is the famous 'St. Mark's Church' which suggests many illustrious names. It was from one of the towers of this church that Galileo made his many observations which led to his grand discovery. When we enter the church we find it adorned with the master-pieces of that great artist, Titian, whose magnificent coloring few have equalled none surpassed." This last description would be a fragment of what might flow from an enthusiastic mind, yet what a difference one discerns! How extended is the horizon of minds like this to those of the other description? If the former had visited Venice at a time of a festival, where by day the glistening canals were brightened by gorgeous decorations and brilliant pageants, and in the evening the soft beauty of the moonlight were enhanced by the sparkling lights of the gondolas decorated for the gala day, and where the dreamy music of the harp and other instruments would be mingled with the voices in song and laughter, then their description of Venice would certainly be a bright one; but how much better is it to have a mind which can read between the lines, as it were, for out of the hidden recesses of the treasure-houses of the mind memory will bring rich fabrics with which to drape stern reality.

With what diverse thoughts three men of different occupations and dispositions would look upon Niagara Falls for the first time. Here are three as different as one could imagine—a mechanical engineer, a scientist, and an artist. If by some power we could read their minds, and see just what they see, we might from the stand-point of the first one perceive only the wonderful power and velocity of that body of water. "What an immense force that would be to propel machinery," he might mentally ejaculate. The scientist meanwhile thinks of that power as related to geology, and immediately begins to calculate how long it would take that force to wear away a certain amount of rock, and from this reasons how

long Niagara river has been in existence, by the distance worn away. But the artist does not take these practical views, this great power is not of the slightest importance to him, but he gazes awestruck on the magnificent scene presented to him, the immense sheet of water flowing onward with a resistless impetuosity, dashing over the precipice and onward again, seething and boiling, lashing itself into foam against the huge rocks which stand defiantly in the way. These men might all be compared to the cat in the nursery rhyme, as each one sees only what is the most interesting to himself. Of all the objects which were presented to the cat, it singled out the little mouse, following its only guide instinct which bade it seek food to sustain life; so out of all the different ideas which might arise from a view of Niagara, one has the idea only of wealth, another of knowledge or beauty. The artist might have seen more than the mere beauty if he had had a scientific as well as artistic turn of mind, but as he was only interested in the beauty, that was all he perceived.

A great tendency of the human mind is to find fault instead of always seeing the best qualities. If one is asked to criticize a book he at once begins to dissect it, and point out all the flaws and is quite likely to leave some of the best points unmentioned. One who is a great admirer of Pope would judge all other poets by him, and those whose metre and rhyme were not so exquisitely perfect would suffer materially in a criticism by them; though the ideas expressed be as lofty and the diction be as classic, yet were it not cast into so perfect a mould, then the poem would be worth little. A biased critic should not be considered a good judge any more than a poet should be considered a good judge as to the value of a deep theological work. He would not value the clear logical reasoning or the strong arguments; but would think far more of the diction, style, power of description, and so forth.

It is much the same with character. How uncharitable we often are in judging our neighbors! If we have the slightest prejudice against them we are ready to attribute every action to a wrong motive, though there may be many evidences of a pure and noble one; we do not wish to see the many good qualities, so we perceive only the bad ones.

Nothing suffers more from the smallness of man's mind than religion. We cannot see with our limited horizon the breadth and fullness of our Creator's love and mercy. A simple daisy is but a flower to some, but to others it is an eloquent preacher, telling of God's care and love; but if we could only understand what that little blossom was, then could we fully understand our Father's loving care and protection. We can say with the poet,—

"Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies :—
Hold you here root and all in my hand,
Little flower ; but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is."

While we are not all pessimists, yet we are continually looking on the dark side of things. We find fault with nature because there are floods and droughts, and refreshing rain does not always fall when we are in need of it. So we look only at the dark rain-clouds, and do not perceive the beautiful silver lining that shows itself around the border. We are interested only in self and our petty griefs, and do not perceive the many gifts for which we should be thankful. We are too much absorbed in the shadows to think of the origin of them, the bright sun, for if there was no glowing orb to give us light, then there would be no shadows, for all would be one dark shade.

You show me a mind moderate, well balanced, neither gay nor sad, neither encouraged nor discouraged—one of those characters which amble onward under a medium load without stumbling or galloping, the head on a level with a bag of oats—and say "This is a wise man!" Wisdom, truth, has a higher flight; it returns to its origin; placidity is not to it the synonym of happiness, any more than mediocrity is that of existence; it wishes to grasp all that God has destined for it, and for this reason it aspires. It has the prodigious flight of the eagle soaring towards the light; it has the faltering of the pinion wearied by distance, and broken by tempest. It has the desires, it has the sorrows of the exile gazing eternally in the direction of this country. I prefer it thus, battered and afflicted, to those short-breathed, short-sighted souls, whose pinions are appalled by space, and whose flight grazes the highway.

COUNTESS AGINOR DE GASPARIN.

The Portfolio.

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Editorials.

In the recent jubilee which has been held throughout the British Empire, in celebration of the completion of fifty years of the wise and peaceful reign of Queen Victoria, which we all hope may be long continued, Hamilton has shown herself worthy of being called "one of the most loyal cities in the Dominion."

Tuesday, the 21st of June was proclaimed a general holiday, and although we were not favored with "Queen's weather" all day, yet it was said by all to be a most enjoyable holiday, except by those poor unfortunates who got drenched in the rain. It was really a most pitiable sight to see the farmers' wagons come into the city early in the afternoon laden with boys and girls whose faces were no doubt bright enough when they left home, but now were quite dejected from a long drive in the pelting rain.

A walk through the principal streets of the city would soon convince one of the loyalty of the Hamilton subjects, as the decorations were superb. Flags, evergreens and bunting were everywhere in the greatest profusion. Beautiful arches stretched across the streets from which could be read

such mottoes as "God Save the Queen," "The Jubilee," etc. In the evening the scene was still more brilliant, rendered so by the countless number of Chinese lanterns suspended from every available point, forming an endless variety of designs. Many beautiful designs were also formed by gas-jets.

At two o'clock on Tuesday afternoon a procession was formed on the Gore and marched through the principal streets. It was composed of all the different societies of the city and the school children. This part of the programme was very much spoiled by the untimely rain. Later in the afternoon a free concert was given at the crystal palace by the school children conducted by Mr. Johnston. Many national songs were sung, among which were "Rule Britannia," "The Star-Spangled Banner," "Watch on the Rhine," and "God Bless Thee Canada." The latter, as many will know, being composed by our own music master, Professor Ambrose. This concert was certainly a success in every respect. The crystal palace was crowded to the doors and many sought admission in vain.

The oratorios Creation and Samson given on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings respectively, by the Philharmonic Society, were the most attractive features of the whole jubilee, and the only reason why the palace was not crowded as it was for the children's concert is found in the fact that it was rather more expensive. However, the audiences were fair, and very appreciative of these great compositions. Never has there been a finer or larger chorus in Hamilton, nor has a better orchestra ever been heard here. Mr. Torrington has certainly shown himself to be the greatest conductor in the Dominion, as the power he showed in having such perfect control over both orchestra and chorus was grand. Mrs. Luther and Mr. Babcock are both favorites in Hamilton and many of us were glad of hav-

ing the opportunity of hearing them again before leaving this city. The other soloists all made a very favorable impression. Miss Martens especially was very much liked.

As a close to the celebration of the jubilee a brilliant display of fireworks took place at Dundurn on Wednesday evening.

CLASS CRITICISM, 1887.

Another year of college work has passed away and according to our usual custom we are giving our opinions of the class that so soon will leave our halls, never perhaps to re-assemble here. It has been especially hard to make any distinction in regard to the abilities of Class '87, as the final examinations show such slight differences in the marks given to the members. But we are not required to speak of them from that standpoint. We are to notice them as they have appeared to us as friends and schoolmates, and in this we have endeavored to do equal justice to all. Our earnest wish is that the members of Class '87 may go forth to do good and noble work in the new life that is before them, and may in all things be as successful as they have been in the school work that will so soon lie behind them.

The first on our list is Miss Catharine Shore, Toronto, President of the Senior Literary Society. The Society certainly did itself honor in electing Miss Shore to be at its head. Her carriage is both graceful and dignified, well suited to the office which she occupies. She is always willing and eager to receive light upon any subject, and asks innumerable questions. Of the seniors in the College Miss Shore is the favorite. The city people also show that they appreciate her genial disposition. Catharine does not study too hard, and enjoys life. She thinks not a little of herself, but a certain amount of self-esteem is right and proper, for those who think lightly of themselves are never highly esteemed by others.

Miss E. Robinson, Hamilton, would with little trouble be first in her classes, but does not make the effort; however, in music she excels, having won the gold medal in her junior year. In disposition she is most amiable, but to an outside observer would

appear rather distant. Edith is always at her ease and ever ready with the right thing in the right place. She has proved the President's right hand supporter and it is justly thought that the Society could not have succeeded so well without her.

Miss Hardy, Cornell, is Editress of the PORTFOLIO, although not a literary character. In everything she does her best and that is not a little. She possesses an effective way of making her power felt by silence. "Speech," Young says, "burnishes our mental magazine," but Lillie does not believe this. In the College games she takes no part; they are to her waste of time. You may think as Lillie does if you please. But she will not trouble herself to think as you do. No person could wish a truer or a firmer friend than Lillie.

Miss Burns, Hamilton, is an uncommon young lady and likes to be so. She is gifted in mind and in person. Her face reminds one of an Italian portrait. But the effect is partly spoiled by her ungraceful carriage. Everything about her speaks of originality. Certainly this is shown in her painting. Among Mr. Martin's pupils she is without an equal. Some one says that "honor is not a native trait of women," but even he we think would change his mind had he known Aleda. We have no doubt that a bright future is in store for her if she remains true to herself.

Miss Leary, Britannia, is a young lady of medium height, fair, with a bright, intelligent expression. Her opinions are decided and always expressed. When called upon to give her ideas upon any subject she does so with the utmost self-possession. If she is not victorious in an argument she retires gracefully. Ella would be a greater favorite if she gave up her little way of patronizing. Perhaps it is uncommon in a girl for certainly by the opposite sex she is well liked.

Miss Mercer, Islington, although living but a short distance from Toronto, is very unlike a city girl. She has been called "the most modest, unassuming little girl in the whole school." However, this was in her junior year, and with the added dignity of a senior perhaps does not apply. If she feels she does not show it. The expression of her face seldom changes, and all excitement is received peacefully and without any outward sign. George Eliot would have counted

her a good friend, for Susie "asks no questions and passes no criticisms." She is never angry and has a lovable disposition. Of all the class she possesses the most general knowledge. Her life she thinks would not be mis-spent if it were passed sitting at the feet of one of the old Grecian masters. But this will not do. You must wake up Susie, and take more interest in life.

Thoughts, shut up, want air,
And spoil, like pales, unopened to the sun.

Miss T. Robinson, Hamilton, is the favorite of Class '87 both within and without the College. She is not learned, but makes good use of everything she knows, which is better. In the drawing-room she is more at home than sitting before a professor. She is pretty and attractive and would make sunshine in a shady place. She never desponds, but goes bravely forward. Possessing these and many other excellent qualities we prophesy for Tillie a happy future, for with her disposition happiness is inseparable.

Miss Aikens, Brampton. In all places and at all times she studies and never tires. Eva fully realizes that "the dominions of the absent devolve naturally to those that are present," and is seldom found far away. She is a profound thinker as was proved by her carrying off the mathematical prize in her junior year. She watches coolly the struggles of less fortunate beings without offering help. Eva possesses many excellent qualities, has a frank, happy disposition and will carry with her the best wishes of her fellow-students.

Miss Tucker, Campbellford, masters whatever she undertakes. She is very ambitious, and has taken much of her junior work in her last year. She is called the "Sociable Senior." Instead of thinking it her duty not to have anything to do with the students she is often with them and is much liked. She is a fine debater and wrong is sure to seem right after Emma has talked an hour on the subject. She firmly believes everything she says. As President of the Missionary Auxiliary she has done good work. Emma will likely visit Japan.

Miss Kitchen, St. George, has made a good impression on all. She gains two hours a day by doing what has to be done at once. Clara is a most pleasant person to be near, being always ready and willing to help. Carlyle says "He that will go gladly

to his labor and his suffering, it is to him alone that the upper powers are favorable and the field of time will yield fruit."

MAY MARTER.

GLEANINGS.

Man's the elm, and Wealth the vine;
Staunch and strong the tendrils twine;
Though the frail ringlets thee deceive
None from its stock that vine can reave,
Fear not, then, thou child infirm.
There's no God can wrong a worm.
Laurel crowns cleave to deserts,
And power to him who power exerts;
Hast not thy share? On winged feet
Lo! it rushes thee to meet;
And all that nature made thy own,
Floating in air or pent in stone,
Will rive the hills and swim the sea,
And, like thy shadow, follow thee.

—EMERSON.

Speech is like cloth of Arras, opened and put abroad
whereby the imagery doth appear in figure; whereas in
thoughts they lie but as in packs.—PLUTARCH.

Love all, trust a few, do wrong to none.

Such quiet as the sea knows where abideth
All moving life, all treasures rich and rare,
Such quiet as the untrodden forest hideth,
Albeit it all the singing birds are there.
So steadfast hide, whilst midst man's dreary chiding
Eternity is surging o'er the head of Time,
And underneath thy feet its sands are sliding
Into that ocean vast with sound sublime.
Its surf shall salt thy patient work's endeavor,
While Love and Faith echo its grand Forever.

O, how can'st thou renounce the boundless store
Of charms, which nature to her votaries yields,
The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves and garniture of fields—
All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
And all that echoes to the song of ever,
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
And all the dread magnificence of heaven—
O, how can'st thou renounce and hope to be forgiven?
—BEATTIE.

The highest peaks of greatness are not to be scaled save
by the strong.

The most airy and delicate superstructure that is used by
Genius rests upon adamant.

The College will re-open Wednesday, September 7th.

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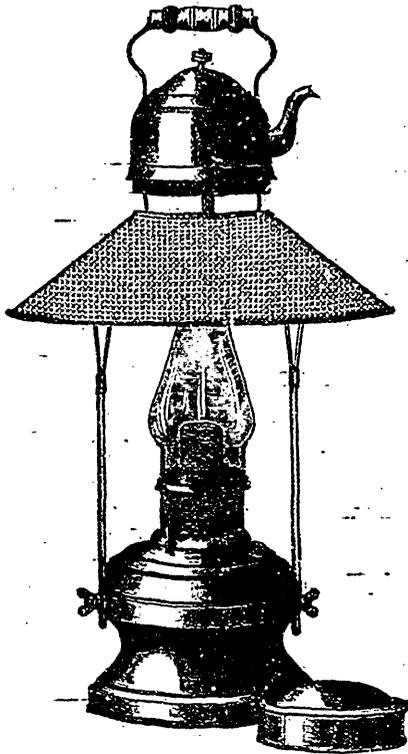
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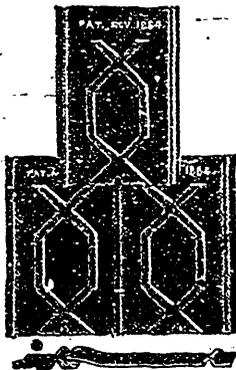
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