

Vol I

No 1.

October

1886.



# THE YOUNG MEN

The  
Magazine  
of the  
Young Men's Association  
of the  
Northern Congregational Church  
Toronto.

Price - Five Cents.

Vol I

1881

Golden

1880



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Price - 1.00

# The Portfolio.

The Magazine of the Northern Congregational Church  
Young Men's Association.

Vol. I.

Toronto, October 1886.

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## Editorial.

The initial numbers of any new publication would be manifestly incomplete, without an editorial greeting. Our solicitations, remarks need not be many — most of our friends are well acquainted with the aims and purposes of "The Portfolio," which are, firstly, to serve as a permanent record of the work of our Society; and secondly, and perhaps more important, to be a channel of communication between our members and the congregation generally, and, perchance occasionally, the outside world as well. That these objects may be attained, we earnestly appeal, to the kindly indulgence, and practical sympathy, of our friends; and, to begin with our feelings, and sympathy, to lend us a hand in the improvement and advancement of our magazine. It is our desire to make "The Portfolio" thoroughly representative, to include among our writers not only those of our own Association, but all, or any, in the congregation, who will aid us with contributions, ideas, or suggestions; and to the ladies we specially appeal that every number may, like the present, contain evidence of their interest in our enterprise. Although we can only talk by actual experiment, and then we are now filling the proverbial "long felt want," we cannot but feel gratified at the encouragement already received; and with every confidence in the future, we launch our little banquet upon the voyage of adventure and conquest.

"Our Work Last Session." — Read at the closing meeting, May 14<sup>th</sup> 1886.

The boys have kindly favored me  
In asking for a rhyme  
About our seasons meetings,  
And how we've spent the time;  
But my poor feeble talents  
As a request to thee tasks,  
And your very kind indulgence,  
I respectfully would ask.

Now to begin: our objects are,  
As you have heard before,  
The carrying on of Christian work,  
And adding to the store  
Of knowledge we have gathered  
In manhood and in youth;  
And on important questions  
We seek to know the truth.

About our early gatherings,  
You have already heard,  
Through Corbold's A.A. Report,  
In which, upon my word,  
He blew the trumpet in such style  
It did our boys elate.  
He spoke of Parshin's Essay,  
And Frank G. Hyson's debate,  
And F. M. Walth's effort  
And of course, his good success;  
And the "Essay on the Dharma"  
Prepared by an one less  
Than our good friend, Mr. Dunnaugh,  
Who handled it with skill,  
For, when a work he undertakes,  
He does it with a will.



2.

Some, other meetings, most we,  
Of a miscellaneous kind,  
But the next immense foundation  
Was from J. B. Williams' mind.  
His subject was "Philosophy"  
And though somewhat plain,  
He gave a famous paper --  
As good as we could wish.

Then came our Glean Meeting,  
Which Andrews did direct,  
So as to highly merit  
Both credit, and respect.  
He furnished ample programme  
Of music, and of song,  
And of all the crowd that listened,  
None thought the evening long.  
Succeeding this, a fortnight,  
Was J. G. Thompson's turn  
To give a splendid paper:  
Poetry, which we all could learn.  
It was about the "Poets"

And delighted all, I ween,  
As he dwelt on Moore of Brim  
"Where the grass grows green!"

A change for the next meeting  
Was the second great debate  
When we met at Newmarket,  
And Joselyn and Speight  
Declared the "Church of England"  
As at present, should not stand;  
While Watts and Batching said it was  
A blessing to the land.

The critics, summing up the case  
And complimenting all,  
Thought, as the arguments were strong  
The Church could have to fall;  
And rendered his decisions

In favor of B. J.  
So look for disestablishment  
At no far distant day.

The next of all the season  
Was an intellectual feast  
For in the fields of science,  
Our knowledge was increased;  
And Wals' high reputation  
Was thoroughly sustained,  
By depth and force of thought expressed,  
And good his hearers gained.

Last night we had a paper  
From the younger of our crowd;  
Whose efforts gained, as they deserved  
(Upholder, both long and loud,  
Punch, Bentley too, and Alfred)  
All did exceedingly well;  
And little Jim recited one  
The oyster and his shell.

And now, although your weary  
I must another mention,  
And the name of H. L. Thompson  
Commands your best attention:  
"The 19th Century Novelists"  
Was his subject, by request,  
And from the varied list, he chose  
The authors he liked best.  
Of course it could not be else than good,  
From his fruitful brain,  
But, within the same hour, there was  
A sentimental strain.  
He told how people "fall in love,"  
In language most affecting;  
Which showed, he'd had experience wide,  
When he was one selecting.

About the programme of tonight,  
No word is called from me; --  
And yet I'd like to say one word:  
It's pleasing thus to see  
Young men discuss this question wide  
From which much talk has grown,  
And I presume each soon will frame  
A measure of his own;  
Not just the same as Gladstone's Bill,  
That's threatening the Corn Law,  
But measures that could be discussed  
Around a parlour fire.  
Such "no-me-rule" ones would have support  
From Watt, and loyal Dick;  
For those who push, push! Irish rule  
May favor "domestic."

Now friends this ends our meetings  
Until another season,  
And all our members say with me  
If at we indeed have reason  
Ourselves to now congratulate,  
Upon the season past,  
And benefits derived, that will  
For years, in memory last.

Though lightly I have spoken,  
Dont think the programmes light,  
For they were scanned by critics  
Of intellectual might  
And Literatures and Sciences,  
Philosophy, Debate  
Have all been well considered  
All meetings held, of late.  
You all know well our critics,  
And honor his good name,  
Whose words bespeak much wisdom -  
Whose writings do the same:  
He sits at all our meetings  
To catch each pressing point,  
And never yet has rendered  
A verdict out of joint.  
So, we young men of the Northern  
Spent our time to cultivate  
The mind, which is the standard  
Of all the good and great;

And though in fields of letters  
We may never highly rise;  
Such gatherings together,  
Will surely make us wise;  
And our motto is to forward  
The cause of truth and right,  
And to increase our mental  
And spiritual light;  
And in the world's great Drama,  
Where we have each a part,  
To see 'tis not neglected,  
But played with upright heart,  
With every motive gilded  
With gold of purpose high,  
Our actions and examples  
Will point men to the sky.  
And when this life is over  
And Death's shadows crossed: - what then?  
A crown and grand reunion  
For the N. C. Young Men!

### Snobs.

Snobs, as a class, consist principally of young men; simply because, boys are not had sufficient time to arrive at the period at which the spirit of "snobbery" attacks human weakness, and old men have either escaped that unenviable spirit, or have learned, by bitter experience, its fallacy and worthlessness.

Of course, snobs are not peculiar to our 19<sup>th</sup> century. They have existed from times immemorial - from the days of Noah upwards. The snob is a cosmopolitan animal, - running in and out among society as a flea sports itself on the irritated surface of the human carcase. There are many varieties of the "snob" and they are the pests of society. As our space is limited one specimen must suffice as an illustration. In any of the public ways of life, you will find "it" in all "its" glory. I imagine a young man, head well greased and scented with maccassar oil, or some substitute, a five cent cigar in mouth, upper lip covered with downy fluff, clothes of large check, the pants are comfortably tight fitting, boots also tight, and very thin, one or two flashy rings, a gold (?) headed cane, high collar, and cuffs extending to knuckles of fingers add to this an expression of face indicative of a mixture of self satisfaction with a perfect absence of intellect, and you have a very average specimen of a snob. His conversation, moreover, is so plentifully interlarded with slang and cant phrases, that, to an average intelligence, it is simply Greek, though fortunately it is so little worth listening to, that your loss is small.

O friends! dont be a snob. This world is a workshop where great things are to be achieved, and great destinies to be worked out; where there is scope for righteous ambition, and where there are endless rewards for work; it is not a "fair" for the exhibition of gimerackeries, performing monkey's, hypocrisy, and snobbery.

For my part, I would sooner see a man working on the railway and



living in poverty it may be, but without doing his duty faithfully. -  
 Then I would see him walking the streets of Toronto dressed in clothes that  
 probably he has never paid for, his life, or rather existence, being spent  
 in the gratification of his own passions and pleasures. He is, in all res-  
 pects, and will be to the end of his small, insignificant career, a thorough  
 snob.

### Correspondence.

The insertion of communications under this head, does not in any way  
 commit us to an acceptance of the views expressed therein.

Cross Corners, September 1886.

Mr Editor,  
 I understand as how you are about starting in the pub-  
 lishing line and to make a grand venture (as they say), Well I wish you  
 success with your new magazine - but Mr Editor I want to give you a  
 word of warnings. Old Mr Weller said to Sam his son (I suppose you have  
 read Pucknick) "Survive beware of politics" - well I says to you - young  
 man beware of Politics. Politics is the bane of society and politicians the  
 curse of the nation - And I says to Silas one day, when the man was a-  
 round to ask him to subscribe for the newspapers - don't you do it - they  
 are so full of politics and lies that the very animals would become demou-  
 ralised - and Silas dissent - it is astonishing how Silas an me sees alike  
 specially when I puts my foot down and ses dont - Well Mr editor,  
 you keep clear of politics or you will become demoralised to. Them Pol-  
 iticians is the most deceitful critters going - why I remembers when Sil-  
 las an me was younger an our Jo was a baby there was a election in  
 our village - an Squire Jones an Lawyer Smith was the candidates. Squire  
 Jones he was a big man with lots of money an a big house an he never  
 looked at us poor folks. Well one day I was a washin an Silas was a cut-  
 tin pants for Squire - when Silas he ses Betsy there's Squire Jones a  
 stoppin at our gate - an a comm in - less I was that time aback I was  
 all in a fluster like. I wipes me horns of the seeds an goes to see what  
 or could have brought him. just imagines my astonishment when he took of  
 his hat an ses good mornin Mrs Brown - an pickin up Jo who was walk-  
 in round the floor sed what a fine child - an them sit down an the bench  
 and begins a natter with Silas - less I thought the millionnair had come  
 an that passage comed into my mind about the wolf an the lamb. Well as  
 he went away he shook Silas by the hand - an ses he - Brown you must come  
 an see me - an must get better acquainted - and as he was a goin out of  
 the gate - he slips a card into his hand with big letters sayin - vote for  
 Jones. - Well Silas he was full of it, what a gentleman he ses an he, old  
 his heart quite up for a while. Well the next day comed an Silas he vot-  
 ed for Jones - and Jones he got in. So 2 or 3 days after Silas ses to me, Betsy  
 ses he - get out my Sunday clothes, I'll go an see Squire Jones this morn-  
 in - ses he. So when mornin comed up he goes all in his best an he knocks  
 at the door. Is Squire Jones in - ses he - no ses the servant and Silas  
 was a turner away when he sed the squire at the window - So back he  
 goes an tells the servant he must have made a mistake. The servant went  
 in and comes back with the message - the squire was engaged - an would  
 you believe it Mr editor from that day to this he never so much as looks at

Belas - yes the editor - they is mighty deceitful critters is Politeshuns they would sell the same matters spiritules for a vote they would - and when they do get into parlyments - they only tries to fill their own pockets like the boy in the apple tree - they are all alike Grits am Dory - so I ses to you agen Beware of politics.  
 your faithful friend Aunt Betty.

Toronto; Sept. 26th. 1880.

Dear Mr. Editor, I hear that the Young Men's Society is going to issue a magazine to contain reports of their meetings, extracts from papers read, and so on. Now of course, that will be very nice, for we hear so much of your meetings, that I, for one, often wish I was a boy, and could attend them; - but couldn't you find a corner sometimes for the girls? I could not write anything; but I think some of us have got brains. if we are "only girls," and as we haven't got a Society of our own now, we might like to express our views, even simply in your magazines. Anyway, I wish you would put this suggestion in your next number, and see what the others think.

P.S. - I almost forgot to say, please put my name down for a subscriber for the year.

We are glad to insert our fair correspondents letters, and most willingly endorse, her remarks. - Editor of the Portfolio.

Something about Chess.

Various interesting accounts are given of the origin of this game. Some Hindoo legends relate, that it was invented by the wife of a warrior, king of Leucos, or Ceylon, to amuse her husband with an image of war, when Rama in the second age of the world, was besieging his capital. According to another account the occasion of its invention was as follows: - Behub, a young and dissolute Indian prince, oppressed his people in the most cruel manner. Nissin, a Brahmin, deeply affected by his excesses, and the lamentations of his subjects, endeavored to recall the tyrant to reason. With this view, he invented a game, in which the king, impotent by himself, is protected, only by his subjects, even of the lowest class, and frequently ruined by the loss of a single individual. The fame of this extraordinary invention reached the throne, and the king summoned the Brahmin to teach him the game, as a new amusement. The virtuous Brahmin availed himself of this opportunity to instil into the mind of the young tyrant, the principles of good government, and to awaken him to a sense of his duties. Struck by the truths which he inculcated, the prince conceived an esteem for the inventor of the new game, and assured him of his willingness to confer a liberal remuneration if he would mention his own terms. Nissin asked as many grains of wheat as would arise from allowing one for the first square, two for the second, four for the third, and so on, doubling for each of the sixty-four squares on the chess board. The king, piqued at the apparently trivial value of the demands, desired him, somewhat angrily to ask a gift more worthy of a monarch to bestow. When however, Nissin adhered to his first request, he ordered the required quantity of corn to be delivered to him. On calculating its amount, the superintendents of the public granaries, to their utter astonishment found the demand to be so enormous, that not Behub's kingdom only, but all Hindostan would have been



6.  
inadequate to the discharge of it. The king now admired the Brahmin still more, for the ingenuity of his request, than for the invention, appointed him his prime minister, and his kingdom was thence forwards prosperous and happy. The claim of the Hindoos to the invention has been disputed in favor of the Chinese, but as they admit they were unacquainted with the game till 174 years before Christ, and the Hindoos unquestionably played it long before that time, the pretensions of the latter must unquestionably fall to the ground. - vol 4.

### Ways of the Autograph Hunter.

A feminine autograph-hunter thus takes the public into her confidence through the medium of the New York Sun: - "When I was in England I saw an apprenticeship to the art of autograph-hunting, which ended in my becoming a proficient. At first, I hunted exclusively for autographs, but it occurs to me that autographs alone were of little interest or value unless affixed to a letter, and I will tell you how I enhanced the value of my collection. The two hardest nuts to crack, or in other words the two celebrities who are icily indifferent to the importunities of autograph-mongers, are Bismarck and Tennyson: even scraps of their handwriting are valued at \$10<sup>00</sup> a piece by bric-a-brac dealers in London. Innumerable letters sent to the great Chancellor, brought never a line in response, and I grew sad. A bright idea struck me. Why not write to his wife, who is reputed to be benevolence personified? I suited the action to the word and by return of mail came an imposing epistle with the Berlin post mark upon it, which set my heart beating at a fearful rate, and destroyed my appetite for a whole day. It contained a cabinet photograph of Bismarck, with his bold, clear signature at the foot, and a kind note from the Princess, saying she was happy to comply with my request. Oh! how I gazed over that portrait. Tennyson's autograph was my next desired item. It came to me unexpectedly, but not until I had wasted much ink and paper in appealing to the laureate himself. I wrote to the late Duke of Wellington - a little man with a big heart, who wore cotton gloves, and invariably rode on the top of an omnibus - asking for a few lines or words in the handwriting of the hero of Waterloo. He sent me a cheque, yellow and musty, which had been filed in by the Iron Duke, and to my unutterable joy, he enclosed a batch of letters, hoping as he playfully put it, that they would be worth a place in my album. The batch of letters consisted of one from Tennyson, another from Queen Victoria, and one in the legible, though somewhat boyish handwriting of Albert, Edward, Prince of Wales. Von Moltke is a dear old man! He will send his autograph to anybody but he has this peculiarity, that he always returns your own communication with his signature crumpled into a corner. Charles Darwin would rarely respond to an application for his autograph, but when I wrote, asking for an elucidation of what to me was a complex portion of his "Origin of Species," he was prompt in replying. His calligraphy was wretched, and I felt like asking him to explain his explanation. An initial letter, a dash of the pen, and a final letter, were made to represent a word. His reply could be only understood by guesswork, and the aid of a powerful microscope. To Professor Tyndall, and Professor Huxley, I wrote asking their opinions with regard to a theory which had been put forth by a scientist, named Harrington that the sun was not a source of heat or light to the solar system. Huxley, I verily believe, esteemed me a lunatic, but,



although his reply is until it gave me his autograph. Tyndall wrote me at some length the saying is head kind of Mr. Huxington's theory, but Mr. Huxington's ideas were not his, and he would advise me to pursue before making them my own. Boardman Newman is ever responsive, but in some cases out of tone, you do not usually get his handwriting, although you think you do. He gives the theologians his hand like graphed a few lines which serves as an answer to most of the common place communications he receives, a sort of literary francis for the ailments of autograph hunters. It runs thus: "Dear me. I am an old man, and my hands are feeble. It was a long time getting a letter from Mr. Ruston, but it came at last. From some reason which I cannot now explain, I asked his opinion on us to what was the best theological work for a young member of the Church of England to improve his mind with. His reply was this: "I have no time to write you at any length, and I take no interest in any young ladies who study theology."

In Arab. Horse - Dealer's Warrant.

The following is the literal translation of a certificate recently given from Arab. Horse Dealer to one of his customers: "In the name of God, Compassionate and merciful, thanks be to God the Lord of the universe, Prince and Health to the most illustrious of the Prophets, to his posterity, and to all his friends. Thanks be to God, that by His will, the firmament above, that by His mighty power He has created the world, the birds, horses, and every living thing, and to Adam also whom He commended His angels themselves to honor in some of these things, being from the creation, the Lord promised His favor, happiness and paradise, and for others He decreed scorn and His vengeance, which is the hell denounced from eternity. Thus it is as the Lord hath said, He has made nothing in the world which was for the pleasure of man. He has granted to him the passion of love for women, of affection for children, for the neighborhood houses, for birds, and for every living thing, and for gold and silver hooped up to him in idleness. And as He has also said, the stable of your horse's head, drive away your enemies, and those of your God. His shoulders are glory, his entrails are hidden treasures, and his neigh serves to drive away the devils and his urine. All this that we have said comes from the Prophet (He may be the subject of horses, and on him may the prayers and the peace of God rest. And finally, this certifies that the mare sold to Don Luciano de Tola, of the illustrious Spanish nation, is one of the mares of pure blood, and of the race of Khey Lem Ayriz, is 5 years old, has a small star on the forehead, and another small mark on the right foot. The present certificate has been written in the name of the buyers, and on the 5th day of the holy month of Ramadan, and in the year 1302. (Signed) Ahmed. - Public Opinion.

Reminders.

- Remember Mr. Roberts' lecture on the "Sun", underlined for the 26th prox. Those who have heard him before, will not miss this opportunity.
- Young Men's Prayer Meeting every Sunday 10.15 a.m. All young men are very cordially invited.
- Of all his large circle of friends, none will regret the removal of Dr. Stephens to England, more sincerely than the members of our Society.
- A public Debate is being arranged for January 23rd, between the Young People's Society of the Metropolitan Church, and ourselves. Details later on.

Young Peoples' Social Bible Meeting. - A well attended meeting was held at Mrs. M. D. Cunningham's house on the evening of the 21<sup>st</sup> ult. to consider the advisability of returning the Social Gatherings for Bible Study, which proved so signally successful last winter. It was unanimously decided to continue the course through the coming season, and a committee was appointed to carry out details. The subject of the course will be "The Christian Life." A detailed programme will be given next month.

### Y. M. A's. Autumn Session 1883.

- Oct. 1<sup>st</sup> - In the School room.  
Lecture "Englund's Dissens and the House of Lords."  
Rev. W. Cuthbertson, B.A.; London, Eng.
- Oct. 15<sup>th</sup> - At the house of Mr. Geo. Hodge, 8 St. Patrick, Street.  
"Impromptu Speaking."
- Oct. 29<sup>th</sup> - At the house of Mr. S. B. Roberts, 1 Avenue Street.  
"Debate." Speakers: - Messrs E. M. Johnson, H. R. Allanson, G. S. Roberts, Jr.
- Nov. 12<sup>th</sup> - Essays. "Canada under the French." - Mr. F. W. Hessins.  
"Canada under the British." - Mr. E. W. Coffey.  
"Canada during the last Decade." - Mr. W. Williamson.
- Nov. 26<sup>th</sup> - In the School room.  
Lecture "The Sun." Mr. S. B. Roberts.
- Dec. 10<sup>th</sup> - Shakespearean Evening. "Much Ado About Nothing."
- P. S. - The meetings of the N. C. C. Y. M. A. are held on alternate Friday evenings, from October to May inclusive, beginning at 8 o'clock. Young men visiting are warmly welcomed.

### Notes & News.

- §. The "Portfolio" will be published on or about the first day of each month, from October to May inclusive, eight numbers yearly. Annual subscription thirty five cents (35¢), single copies five cents (5¢) each.
- §. Our friends outside the members of the Association, are cordially invited to contribute to our columns, short papers (to fill about one side of a sheet of foolscap), items of news, and correspondence, on any topic of interest, are specially invited. Articles may appear over name or plume, or authors names, or anonymously, as preferred.
- §. Contributions should be mailed by the 18<sup>th</sup> of each month, to ensure attention on the next subsequent issue.
- §. All communications should be addressed, and subscriptions paid to  
A. Patching, Toronto, Canada. Editors pro tem.

The taxes are indeed heavy; and if these levies by Governments were the only ones we had to pay, we might more easily discharge them, but we have many others, and much more grievous to some of us. We are taxed twice as much by our idleness, three times as much by our pride, and four times as much by our folly; and from these taxes we cannot ease, or deliver us, by allowing any abatement. - Franklin.