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THE PORTFOLIO.

VITA SINE LITERIS MORS EST.

Vol. 8

HAMILTON, ONTARIO, MAY, 31st, 1888.

No 9.



THE

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Second " " November 10th. | Fourth " " April 13th.

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✦ Editorials. ✦

Friends of the "PORT." will please be lenient with the editors this month, as we have just passed through the trials and tribulations attendant on senior exams. Now that our thoughts are no longer engrossed with Psychology, Evidences, &c., we have time to devote to our secondary duties. As we so soon give place to others we would not quarrel.

Cramming is the watch-word of the day. Pale cheeks and hollow eyes range the halls, proclaiming the examination's near. Some students have a mistaken idea that they must study night and day a week or two before the close of college. They manage to float along during the year, getting all the enjoyment out of life that can be had and not until the time-table of the examinations are posted up, do they wake from their dreams. The

good students keep reviewing all the time and when the important day comes they are calm and their minds are not distracted, so that if a difficult paper is put before them they are able to give common-sense answers. This "system of cramming," which so many rail against, is generally the result of mismanagement. Too much is left for the close, instead of planning and arranging their work, so that the burden is divided. This requires a determined mind in order to keep away from the attractions that a city offers, and not to give up when difficulties come. Then it is not well to depend on the work used in the class-room, but search up everything that bears on the course of study pursued. This makes the student independent, and she receives confidence in her abilities—which is half way to success. There are very few clever people, and only those who persevere and are hard-workers can claim that name, although they may not be the first to see the point. Brilliant people rarely make themselves known to posterity; but those like Chaucer, who worked with aching head and dazed eyes far into the night, that leave any permanent effects of their labors. To go home feeling that we have done our best, and have not wasted our time is a great satisfaction, although no great record be made. It casts a glow over the memories of college days, and spurs us on for the future. As the girl is at college so will she be when in her home. If she loves to gain knowledge, watching her mind expand like a rose unfolding its petals, she will take a prominent stand in society. When we think of the invisible being in us, which depends on our efforts for growth and freedom, we take delight in feeding it with the riches that Nature bestows, with the noble thoughts that God's laws inspires, until we are never alone, but have the pleasure of walking and talking with ourselves. College life,

which separates us from our friends, becomes irksome, unless we take pleasure in expanding our minds and drinking at the fountains of knowledge. The one who loves to hunt up the diamonds of truth will not cram, nor go in hysterics at the last moment, but will acquit herself creditably for all time.

† The Drama. †

THE Greeks are parents of many of the arts that we enjoy; but probably the one that has grown to the greatest stature is the Drama—over two thousand years old; it is, most likely, past its prime. Much good has been scattered by its open hand and much evil has dropped by the way-side. Many people have held their sides with laughter, and many have wiped away the falling tear, as the Drama gave vent to its feelings. It has amused the king and the peasant; it has laughed at vice and stimulated the heart to noble actions.

Long ago when the Greeks wished to impress the readers with their thoughts, they used a lively conversational style, and soon after this, one or two parts would be represented at their festivals, where the poems was read. Also when their enthusiasm grew high at the Bacchanalian feasts, they performed the choral parts. Even in the Old Testament we find dramatic composition. The Song of Solomon is a play of five acts, and also the Book of Job contains traces of dramatic effort, where he discourses with his three friends. The artistic Persians no doubt had some taste for this kind of literature, for they came in contact with the cultured Greeks; and this sort of composition greatly interests the people of warm countries. The early Hindoos were very fond of dramas, and the Puranas abounds with heroic deeds of celestial beings.

About 580, B. C., the drama received two distinctions, the tragedy and the comedy. The tragedy represented sad-

ness and sobriety and was acted only for the refined class. The comedy represents fun and gaiety of all kinds, and was thought fit only for the rustic people. Tragedy derives its name from *Tragos*, a goat, and *ode*, a song. This, no doubt, resulted from the peculiar custom of offering a goat for a prize. Comedy is from *komos*, a revel, or home, a cillage. These two forms of drama received great attention and in the course of time the names of illustrious authors were attached to each. Aristophanes brought the comedy to the highest perfection. *Æschylus* wrote tragedies and taught the actors their parts. The last named, together with *Sophocles* and *Euripides*, the three greatest poets, were the last of the Greek tragedians.

With the Romans, dramatic composition was very little cultivated. What they did have, was borrowed from the Etruscans and the Greeks. Their warlike spirit was not to be tamed by the Muses, and thus they lost the opportunity of carrying their names on the pillar of fame. The drama fell with Rome, and where the power of the church grew, it was utterly forbidden.

In the sixteenth century, the Italians attempted to bring the drama forward again, and among the first productions was *Sophonisba*, written by *Trissino*, *Ariosto* and *Macchiavelli*, soon followed with their masterpieces. In the next century, music formed a part of the play and was thus named the melodrama. The tragedy was also revived by the great works of *Alfieri*, who excited the intense interest of the Italians by his portraits of the strong passions.

The Spanish people are justly proud of the *Numantia* of *Cervantes*. This celebrated man devoted himself entirely to literature and endeavored to reform some of the abuses then existing. *Lopez de Vega*, another son of Spain, utterly disregarded the "unities," but his fertility of thought and great imagination gained for him much popularity, nevertheless. The last of the trio of Spain's poets, *Calderon*, loved his art and did not write for fame or money. He was well repaid

for his labors by his own people before his death. The "Unities" were observed generally by the French poets, and they were very severe in their criticisms on those who did not. Here the farce originated, which was a mere filling up between the scenes, and was composed of low extravagant wit. The first tragedy of importance was the *Cid*, written by Corneilli, in the reign of Louis XIV. After him came Moliere, who wrote famous comedies, and escaped the anger of the French critics, for his neglect of the "Unities;" but the favorite poet of that time was Racine, who wrote his great tragedy, *Athalic*. He refined French literature with his elegance and beauty of thought, but a sadness vibrates through all his works. From him we turn to notice Voltaire, who gained the attention of everybody by his romantic dramas; but unfortunately they are full of his infidel notions. After Voltaire, we can only mention two well-known poets, Victor Hugo, and Dumas.

The three pillars of the German drama are Lessing, Goethe, and Schiller. Goethe is greatly beloved by his countrymen, and they have not misplaced their affections, for he is one of the grandest writers that has ever lived. His chief work is the *Faust*. After him comes Schiller, to divide the honors; his greatest work is *William Tell*.

But it is to our own mother country that the palm of victory is awarded for the best dramas. The progress was very slow until the sixteenth century. The first idea the English had before this time was given to them by the clergy, who endeavored to teach the scriptures by the presentation of noted characters. Their notion of propriety was not very high, as Christ was personated by any wag. These efforts were useful, as books were not to be had and people could remember the raising of Lazarus much easier by seeing it, than hearing it read. The miracle plays, however, soon gave way for the morality plays, in which Justice and Virtue were the characters; but unreal characters cannot hold the interest, and when the plays of Greece

and Italy became known, the morality plays were dropped.

A modern actor would not feel much at home on the rickety old stage that used to travel from town to town and exhibit at street corners. If the scene in the play moved from one place to another a sign-board was hung out and the audience were to imagine that they were looking at a landscape in Scotland or France. If a pair of lovers whispered through a knot-hole, a man made the shape of one with his thumb and finger, and if the play did not interest them; they could use their lungs as well then as now.

The earliest tragedy is *Gorbuduc*, and the earliest comedy is *Ralph Roister Doister*. Then for about twenty years nothing much was written until Marlowe introduced the first historical play,—*The Life of Edward II*; also his *Dr. Faustus*, became celebrated later years. Contemporary with Marlowe is Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, and Shakespeare. Ben Jonson will be remembered for his *Every Man in his Humor*, and Beaumont and Fletcher's *Maid's Tragedy* redeem that age from some of the coarseness found in most of the plays. Of Shakespeare himself, we know so little and yet of his works we have so many. He left us fourteen comedies, eleven tragedies, and ten histories. Many Shakespearian scholars have made his plays a life-study, and yet feel that this man with the "oceanic mind" is still unfathomable. Philip Massinger wrote a play which would not be acceptable to modern business men, a new way to pay old debts.

A new term now came into use which embraced tragedy and comedy. It was called *tragi-comedy*, and was given to those plays in which some of the principal actors were brought so near to destruction and yet at the end of the play every thing turned out happily. This kind of play Shakespeare used, of which *The Merchant of Venice* is an example.

When the Elizabethan period closed, the Paritans took the reins of government and prevented any from attending play-houses. But after the Restoration, the

doors of every theatre were swung open ; women began to assume the parts allotted to females, and the coarseness which every author was obliged to put in his writings only reflects the taste of the times. Dryden lowered his great mind in order to be known. His most noted plays are the *Indian Emperor* and the *Conquest of Granada*. Towards the close of the seventh century, this immorality received a check and the people found delight in the classic play of Addison's *Cato*. A new feature called the *Comedy of Manners*, represented the fashion of the times, and was named the *New School of Comedy*, with Congreve, Etherege and Wycherley as representatives. We are glad to say that the better taste of the people grew tired of such low bred entertainments.

In the eighteenth century Johnson produced his *Irene*, but it was not received. Goldsmith's play, *She Stoops to Conquer*, was quite popular, and Sheridan's *Rivals* still keeps the spectators in constant roars of laughter.

In this century, the stage has gradually sunk into insignificance. Works written by men of genius, as Byron, receive but little attention. His *Manfred* was a failure and Joanna Baillie's *De Montfort*, met with a like reception. But Sheridan Knowles made himself famous by his *Virginus* and *William Tell*. Talford wrote *Ion*, and Taylor wrote *Philip Van Artevelde*.

We are glad that the spirits of the other world do not see what is acted here. Shakespeare would feel disgusted at theatre-going-people, for their delight in second-class dramas. It is true that the equipments are much better than when he owned *Globe Theatre*; but the quality of the play is far below what they were three hundred years ago. One cause for the lack of interest shown to theatres and plays may be that we have many more sources of interest since his time.—*Gladys*.

“Let us be glad, and all our fears lay on His Providence.
He will not fail.”

✦ Four Lovers of Art. ✦

From the maddening crowd they stand apart
The maidens four and the Work of Art,
And none might tell from sight alone
In which had culture ripest grown--
The Gotham Million fair to see,
The Philadelphia Pedigree,
The Boston maid with azure hue
Or the soulful soul from Kalamazoo,
For all loved art in a seemly way,
With an earnest soul and a capital A.
Long they worshiped ; but no one broke
The sacred stillness, until up spoke
The western one from the nameless place,
Who blushing said : “What a lovely vase ? ”
Over three faces a sad smile flew,
And they edged away from Kalamazoo.
But Gotham's haughty soul was stirred
To crush the stranger with one small word.
Deftly hiding reproof in praise,
She cries : “'Tis, indeed, a lovely vase ! ”
But brief her unworthy triumph, when
The lofty one from the house of Penn,
With the consciousness of two grand papas,
Exclaimed : “It is quite a lovely vass ! ”
And glances round with an anxious thrill,
Awaiting the word of Beacon Hill.
But the Boston maid smiles courteouslee
And gently murmurs : “O, pardon me !
I did not catch your remark, because
I was so entranced with that charming vaws.”

✦ Marking Time. ✦

☞ DID you ever see the soldiers, when obliged to pause for a short time, still keep tramping tramping, neither going backward nor forward, so as not to loose step ? What is true in military affairs is also true of other phases of actions. When the world was created, each period marked a step onward in organic and inorganic life. From the time that the earth was “without form and void” until now, every day, hour, and minute, brings this flying world nearer to the millennium. During the untold years, prior to the

creation of man, animals and plants were populating and beautifying the barren plains; preparing it for the use of him who was created in God's own image. We cannot say that the world has been marking time. If we were able to see and compare the condition of this globe, from the period which Moses called "in the beginning" and the present time, we would not be able to comprehend the advances that have been made.

Taking the liberty which we enjoy as freeborn Englishmen, what gigantic steps have been made! Commencing with the Magna Charta; The Petition of Rights, and The Habeas Corpus Act, we see that liberty has not been marking time. When the Barons demanded protection from their king, they marched onward a step; when Charles II, signed that Act, securing the liberty of the subject, another step was added; and so on, until we enjoy more freedom than any nation in the world, except the United States.

John Wycliffe led the army of reformers and we know well how far they marched. Luther next took the command, and he made his soldiers march double quick time. Since Luther's death, such men as Latimer, Ridley, and John Wesley, have led the mighty army. Looking back to the place from which they started, we are surprised to see what a journey has been accomplished. It is evident these soldiers did not mark time.

Let us watch the army of literary men. Stern old Geoffrey Chaucer led the van, and the code of laws laid down by him for the safe guidance of his regiment, have been revered and followed by every commander since. When he laid down the sword, Spencer and Shakespeare took it up; but the wonderful genius of Milton left a shining record, which no one has been able to surpass. These old warriors have not been tramping, tramping in the same place, as the work they leave behind proves. So in commerce, science and art, advances have been made at every tramp.

Could the noble-minded Columbus visit America again, and see what has taken place since the fifteenth century,

he would count the murmurings of his mutinous crew and the jeers of his enemies as nothing compared with the great progress of the New World. A very few years after Columbus had landed a nation had grown into existence and it seems but yesterday when the Declaration of Independence was signed.

Our Canada is fast growing up and taking her stand in the front ranks of the nations, and but few years are needed to develop the resources of the vast country in the North West.

Woman suffrage has engaged the attention of a large number of people and as a result, women have in many places received privileges equal to the men. They are filling public offices and taking the situations in most occupations once filled by men. It is estimated that there are nine hundred thousand more women in America than men; therefore a large number will be thrown on their own resources. Those who have comfortable homes cannot depend on that for life as we know the fickleness of fortune. The only conclusion that can be drawn then is, to improve all our faculties in case of necessity. How frequently we hear students say: "I am only studying this subject because it is on the curriculum, for I don't expect to look at it after I leave college," as if we could afford to lose any knowledge gained. So many students too, manage to make a respectable appearance in the class, not studying because they love to search out the hidden things, but doing just as the soldiers do—marking time. Let us imitate the grand old heroes and make a stride forward every step we take. It may take some time to learn the step and keep pace with the army, but we dare not become deserters. We do care to become fossils to be dug out in the ages to come as a specimen of this age.

Fern.

"Blessed shalt thou be when thou comest in.
Blessed shalt thou be when thou goest out."

+ Maximus. +

ADALAIDE PROCTOR.

I hold him great, who, for love's sake
 Can give with generous, earnest will.
 Yet he who takes for love's sweet sake
 I think I hold more generous still.

I bow before the noble mind
 That freely some great wrong forgives:
 Yet nobler is the one forgiven
 Who bears that burden well and lives.

It may be hard to gain, and still
 To keep a lowly steadfast heart:
 Yet he who loses has to fill
 A harder and a truer part.

Glorious is it to wear the crown
 Of a deserved and pure success:
 He who knows how to fail has won
 A crown whose lustre is not less.

Great may he be who can command
 And rule with just and tender sway:
 Yet is diviner wisdom taught
 Better by him who can obey.

Blessed are they who die for God
 And earn the martyr's crown of light:
 Yet he who lives for God may be
 A greater conqueror in His sight.

Is Contentment only a Virtue

AND AMBITION ONLY A VICE?

Man is an antithesis, made up of opposites. Does he possess many virtues? he has also many vices. Has he many appetites and passions, which lead him to seize upon present gratification heedless of consequences? self-love seeking ever a future good, comes in as an opposing principle. Is he generous? he has also a desire to acquire. Has he justice? it is tempered with mercy. Thus many of his virtues stand in opposition, which, like the centrifugal and centripetal forces, would unless perverted, keep him moving in the right direction, such is the relation existing between Contentment and Ambition. We have no hesitation in asserting that these were originally pure virtues. Granting this, how account for the "Yankee Philosopher" who is perfectly content with the world as he finds

it, knows it could get on very well without him, and who has not the least ambition to leave behind him "foot-prints on the sands of time?" or for the man who in eager, ambitious, fery chase oversteps the limits of humanity and morality? Assuredly these are not instances of virtue. Popular opinion generally assigns Ambition to a place among the vices, while the same infallible decree designates Contentment to the foremost rank among the virtues. But will careful and impartial examination confirm the opinion? Actuated by contentment alone life would become monotonous. Acquiescence in the present portion of good, unmoved by the gales of hope and fear would produce stagnation, the number of Sam Lawsons would be greatly increased, or if the man with his content became thoroughly lazy, we should have many veritable "Macawbers" always waiting for something to turn up. Surely Contentment is not always a virtue. The self-complacent tendency is tracable in the history of past and present, lowering the standard and making less frequent types of a nobler existence. The Newtons, Shakespeares, Miltons, Wellingtons, and Macaulays would be less rare though not less revered, with less of this tendency pervading society. Stolid content among the masses must, and does drag down the aims of those who would be great. Let contentment become the only or the guiding principal and with widening sway it gives a nation of men who are not wanting in genius or intellectual vigor. Who are the renowned discoverers of the mariner's compass, gunpowder and printing? yet who leave their ambitions to be employed and perfected by others, while with folded arms, they display as they imagine, the most consummate wisdom by doing only that which has been done by their predecessors. Is this a life to satisfy? Can we, will we admit that contentment is in this case a virtue? It is not natural for man to be satisfied with his present condition. Active, vigorous spirits cannot remain at rest. If they do not aim at a noble object their desires will have a downward tendency, as in the case of

Domitian, who after he had possessed himself of the Roman Empire, turned his attention to catching flies. The man who would fain soar beyond the region of the common-place, who forgets not that his soul is an active principle and seeks out worthy objects upon which to expend this activity, who feels that the ambition of acquitting himself well in his present station is truly noble; yet gladly and energetically uses every justifiable means to advance himself to more advantageous ground; such a man is fired with a true ambition. Napoleon was an ambitious man, but that at which he aimed was false. He and Alexander might have made ambition a good servant; but they tarnished the splendor of their reputations by aiming—not too high—but falsely. Their lives are proofs, rather of the evils resulting from misdirected ambition than of the vicious nature of this "secret spring within urging on all men to soar." The manifold evils attendant on a perverted ambition, only show the greatness of its power, and what a mighty agent it may be made for good. When rightly directed it must contribute as much to man's advantage as it usually does to his uneasiness. Illustrative of this is Washington, universally acknowledged 'to be a patriot without reproach.' Few ambitious men can say with Cæsar: "I am satisfied with my share of life and fame." Happily Contentment and Ambition are virtues, and only in the absence of the principle which regulates and directs, rather than extinguishes, the passions, do they lead to evil. There is no reason why man should not exclaim with Cowley:

'What shall I do to be forever known,
And make the age to come my own?'

And yet possess that contentment which is one of the pillars of happiness around which twine the fair and fragrant flowers of a cheerful heart and generous disposition. Through that wise Providence which has made man a compound of opposites, he may at the same time possess,

"That jewel which no Indian mine can buy,
No chemic art can counterfeit,
Which makes men rich in greatest poverty,
Makes water wine, turns wooden cups to gold,
Seldom it comes, to few from Heaven sent
That much in little—all in nought—content."

Or be fired with the generous ambition to make his power of doing good equal to the desire. Corner stones they both are in the structure of man's character, virtues, not vices, and it is only when directed towards wrong objects that either is wrong. In such a case contentment ceases to be a virtue and ambition becomes a vice. The life of Paul, indisputably proves that the combined effect of both is to enable and perfect human character. His heart was filled with sanctified ambition yet he exclaimed triumphantly, "I have learned in whatsoever state I am therewith to be content."

A.

+ Items. +

ITEMS for the last number this season, so make the most of them.

The students desire to know the person who so kindly furnishes information to any in the city, who are interested enough to inquire about the college.

Major Dearnly is quite proud of his calisthenics class, and lately made the trip from Toronto to Hamilton in order to have the same and aforesaid class photographed. It was a great success.

Where did you say you left your heart, Ada?

An abundance of holidays is fast approaching, when we hope all will have a very pleasant time.

The following note was found in the Geology of one of our seniors: "The Ichthyomis Victor very much resembles the birds of the present time in its having teeth." O, how strange!

Professor in botony class, holding up a leaf, asked one of the young ladies to discribe it. He was not prepared for the scientific answer and consequently was much taken back when the young lady said, "Why, its a maple leaf, of course."

Tiberius is a dreadful place, isn't it? People are banished there when any crime has been committed by them in their own country." She meant Siberia.

"Who wrote Gulliver's Travels?"
"Why, Gulliver, of course."

EXTRACTS FROM ESSAY.

"Tell me what the fragrance of a rose is, and I'll tell you what poetry is."

"Spencer drove the quill of poetry."

"Next to the Bible, we pin our faith on Will Shakespeare,"

The imaginative turn of mind of this lady leads her to soar into untried realms. We hope that her remarks about Will Shakespeare, will not be taken literary, and that future essayists will be able to turn these extracts to good account.

Whose heart did you say was as hard as Calcelareous rocks? In what strata do you find those kind of rocks, I wonder?

What is the height of bless to one of our resident seniors? Something good to eat.

Two of the seniors were talking very intellectually together when a frivolous junior joined them with the remark, "Its enough to make a dead man resurrect from his grave to hear you talk."

Prof.—"What book follows the Book of Jeremiah?"

1st bright student, promptly,—"The prophet Hezekiah."

Prof.—"What is the date of the book?"

2nd bright student, thoughtfully—
"There is very little date given."

The third student spoiled the proceeding answers by saying, "There is no such book in the Bible."

✦ Clippings. ✦

FROM LONGFELLOW.

Let not the allusion of thy senses
Betray thee to deadly offences.
Be strong! be good! be pure!
The Golden Legend.

Oh, there is something sublime in calm
endurance. *Hyperion.*

Oh, the souls of those that die
Are but sunbeams lifted higher.
The Golden Legend.

She made the heroic sacrifice of self,
leaving her sorrow to the great physician.
Time—the nurse of care, the healer of all
smarts, the soother and consoler of all
sorrows. *Kavanagh.*

Nothing that is, can pause or stay;
The moon will wax, the moon will wane,
The mist and cloud will turn to rain—
The rain to mist and cloud again,
To-morrow be to-day. *Keramos.*

The country is lyric, the town dramatic.
When mingled, they make the most
perfect musical drama. *Kavanagh.*

Brilliant hopes, all woven in gorgeous
tissues,
Flaunting gayly in the golden light;
Large desires, with most uncertain
issues,
Tender wishes, blossoming at night!
Flowers.

Music is the universal language of man-
kind; poetry their universal pastime and
delight. *Outre-Mer.*

Honor to those whose words or deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs,
And by their overflow
Raise us from what is low.
Santa Filomena.

✦ Class Criticism ✦

SOON we are to bid farewell to the girls with whom we have spent so many pleasant hours in our Alma Mater during the last few years. Are they sad at leaving? They tell us that the associates and memories of our school days are the happiest of our lives. I am sure that they leave sadder hearts behind them, in the bosoms of the juniors, than they take with them. It is the privilege (?) of your critic to make a few remarks on the friends to whom she is so soon to say Good Bye, 'it may be for years, and it may be forever.' Soon class '88 will be a thing of the past. Next year they will be the theme of many conversations as has been the fate of every class. Before exams next term the new students will have a pretty fair idea of all the members of this illustrious class. I will endeavor to the best of my poor ability to picture the most salient points in the characters of each of our friends. I trust that I have not misjudged them.

Miss Marter the smallest of the class in stature, is by no means the smallest in her own estimation. She has been a most efficient and capable president of the Senior Literary Society during the past year and also one the assistant editresses of the PORTFOLIO. May does not believe in studying too hard. Life is too short for that, but she has a little way of her own of always being safely and firmly on her feet when examination time is near. What enjoyment there is to be found in life, you may be sure, comes under May's notice. She is generous and good hearted with an exceedingly strong will and unbounded confidence in her own opinions. As a friend she is true as steel and always the same; yet sometimes it seems as though this little lady is in serious danger of being quite "overcome with a sense of her own identity."

Miss McInnes, Hamilton, we will speak of next. A most powerful hold has this young lady of the weapon of sarcasm, and oftimes does she wield it with most disastrous results to the poor victim. The better you know Allie the better you like her. She is not like any one else, and rather enjoys being out of the common. In disposition she is sometimes gentle, sometimes capricious, sometimes awful (?) Never the same for two moments together. She does not make many friends, indeed, Allie does not seem to care to do so; but those she has are firm and true. For her friends she would go to the ends of the earth; but for anyone she does not have "on the list" she would not stir a finger.

Miss Burkholder, also assistant editress of the PORTFOLIO, possesses a mind moderate well balanced, neither gay nor sad, neither encouraged nor discouraged. She commands respect and esteem from all those that come in contact with her, always conscientious and faithful in performing her duty, notwithstanding the fact that her work has been fully as heavy as any one's in the class, she has never refused to write an essay, take part in a debate or anything else, when she was called on, which was not seldom. Nettie is very ambitious and works to fulfil her ambition with sure and unflinching steps. She takes life a little too seriously and had she taken the trouble to show herself more often with the girls she would have been a greater favorite. Nettie says very little, but spends her life in acting.

Miss Lister, of Hamilton, leaves us in this class and when bidding her good bye, we say farewell to the last of six sisters, all of whom are graduates of this college. Lou is a very peculiar girl and one under the ban of whose tongue it is not advisable to get. She not only backbites them when they are absent, but bites just as furiously when they are present. She is as zealous in defending her friends as she is in abusing others. Let any one say anything derogatory to the character of any one whom she happens to like, and they very soon wish that they had held their peace. Lou has not a great many friends among the girls—she is too apt to express her private opinions publicly, favorable or otherwise. It does not do Lou, to say always just what you think, better to say nothing and if you would have your path through life smoother, you should break yourself of this habit.

Miss Martin, of Goderich, has been the favorite senior both in the college and out, in fact, she is said to be the favorite girl in school. Genial, even-tempered and with a heart that is much larger than many others. She makes friends wherever she goes, particularly with the opposite sex. She is very determined and when Georgie makes up her mind to do anything she does it, even sometimes when it is not for her own good. She has quite a temper, but much to her credit, she has succeeded in mastering it and has it completely under control. She has been the one to whom all the girls have run with their grievances, little or great, real or imaginary. And sadly will we miss you, Georgie, next year when you have left us.

Miss Fanny Merrill, the editress of the PORTFOLIO, has also the honor of being salutatorian of her class. We have not had very much chance of becoming acquainted with Fanny, unless we visit her in her room. She does not believe in troubling any body until they trouble her. She

has a pleasant disposition. She does not take much interest in life and feels her dignity of being a senior to absolve her from sociable relations with the girls. She would rather sit in her room and make some little piece of fancywork than take part in the games on the college green. Any one with Fanny for a friend, could say with the poet

"I have a loved, yet silent friend,
Not many words she speaks to me,
And yet my steps she will attend
With mild and wonderous sympathy."

MISS MINNIE VANZANDT.

+ Class Prophecy +

WITH rather sad hearts we chronicle the closing scene in the college life of class '88. The time has come for the seniors to leave their Alma Mater and step out into the great world.

Alas! The juniors that remain,
What comfort can they find, but this?
The ones that go are happier far
Than those they leave behind.

We will endeavor to raise for them the curtain which separates the present from the future, and tell what it envelopes in its winding sheet. Is it storm or is it sunshine?

The future achievements of this class will far surpass anything the world has ever seen. Hearts will bow in submission at their feet; hen-pecked husbands will writhe under their power; domestic squabbles will be settled by the broom stick &c., &c. In a great variety of ways will they swell the sum of human happiness and misery.

Now, never let this thought enter your mind that this prediction will not be realized, and if your phophetess fails to give the exact future of each pupil it is because her genius is incapable of soaring to the ethereal heights.

We prophecy for Miss Nettie Burkholder, (the first of this illustrious class) a life of distinguished self-sacrifice, namely, a mathematical teacher in a Ladies' College. We need hardly mention the discouraging circumstances with which you will have to contend, the incessant labor, the ceaseless torture incumbent upon such a position; but remember, Nettie, tribulation worketh patience. Thus you will wander on over the shards and thorns of existence till some years have passed and our fancy turns to a certain class-room, our gaze falls upon a teacher who is sitting with head bowed down, apparently gazing into the dark future, altogether an impressive symbol of resignation, with a class of juniors before her whose mental capacities are of a very limited nature.

Do we really recognize Nettie in this mere shadow of her former self. The brow furrowed, but not with years; the eye dimmed with secret tears. Streaked with white is the raven hair; these are the signs of conflict there.

Alas, Nettie! Fair and young wert thou when in hope began this sad career. Faded wilt thou be and old, when in disappointment it endeth. However, earth is not all a house of decayed hopes and blasted anticipations. You will end the dull routine of school life by marrying a widower, with eight grown-up sons, and die as you lived—a heroine.

Miss Louise Lister, of poetic fame, comes next. To look upon thee we would deem the too fair to be left to braid St. Catherine's tresses; but such, Louise, must be thy destiny. The only one you will ever love will not ask you to marry and so you are to be numbered among that uncrowned host of martyrs—old maids. All your most cherished castles in the air, will fall to the ground. Deprived of the natural objects of interest your sentiments will fix themselves on parrots, poodles or cats. After some years have passed, you habited in severe strong-minded simplicity, will traverse the world lecturing on the "Total Depravity of Mankind," and selling poems. Your old age will be spent in peace—the peace of surrendered, not of fulfilled hopes.

Then comes Miss Georgie Martin, in whom we behold a dove with folded wings. Kind-hearted, good-natured, sweet-tempered, ready to place her little hand into a husband's strong one—just the girl to marry, Not a leader, but a follower in whatever community she is placed. However, notwithstanding, nevertheless, we all know Georgie has a "Will" of her own. Hers is the old, old story since the days of Jacob and Rachel—two souls united—two hearts exchanged—two lives forever entangled. The old "Rule of Three" will soon be forgotten for the simpler Home "Rule of Two." But the truth of the old saying will soon be realized, "Comforts there are in a married life; but there are crosses too." She will live in poverty the most of her life and be tortured to distraction by a cross mother-in-law.

Fannie Merrill's voyage thro' life will be crowned with success, because she will start out with a quiet conscience and a steady resolve to face her duties whatever they may be. She will spend her early life teaching a country school, where she will be respected by all and imitated by not a few. The sentiments of Goldsmith are applicable to her.

"Words of learned length and thundering sound
Amazed the wood-be thinkers ranged around,
And still they gazed and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all she knew."

(To be continued in June Number.)

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