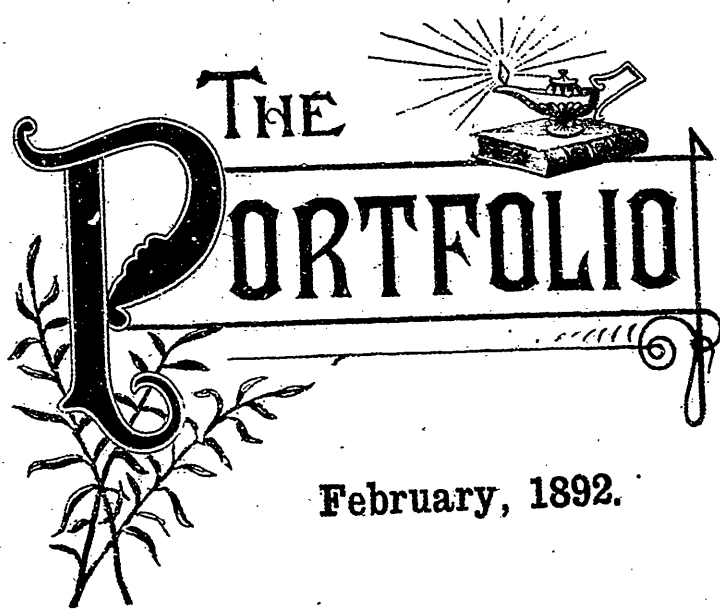


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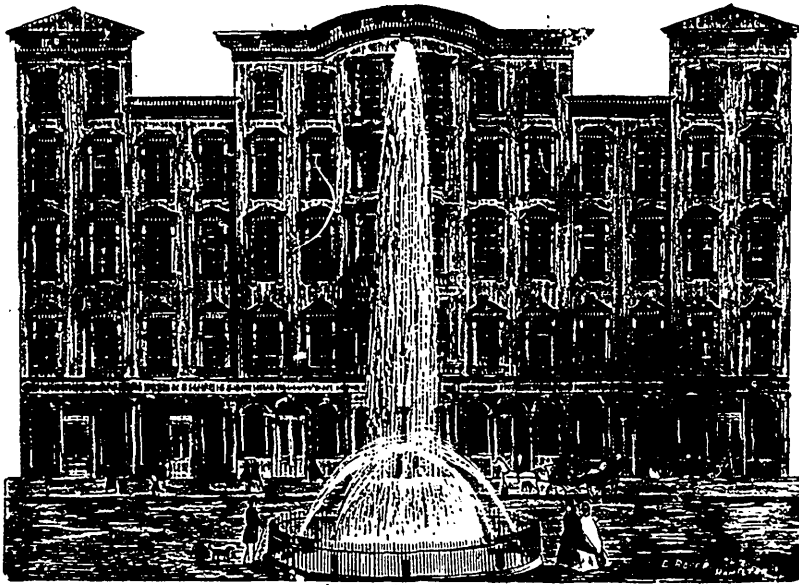


THE
PORTFOLIO

February, 1892.

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"VITA SINE LITERIS MORS EST."

VOL. XII.

HAMILTON, ONT., FEBRUARY 1892.

No. 2.

The Portfolio.

Published monthly in the interests of the Wesleyan Ladies' College, Hamilton, Ont., its students, Alumnæ and friends.

EDITOR-IN CHIEF, - MARY CAMERON.
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TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Per Annum, One Dollar; Single Copies, 15 Cents

Address all Communication to "THE PORTFOLIO,"
Hamilton, Ontario

We invite correspondence and contributions from the Alumnæ and former Students.

Notes.

How few of the old time-honored customs remain. Not such a great number of years ago, youthful hearts would flutter as the postman's knock resounded through the house on St. Valentine's Morn, and pleasurable excitement would be caused thinking of their mysterious authors. Now, we of the nineteenth century would think it derogatory to our dignity to call forth the poetic muse for such frivolous undertakings. Yet are we any happier now that these superstitions legends and stories are no longer credited and the dear old romping games have been banished by society's "Little Evenings." I doubt it, for where the Real bows before the artificial, no good results. How true is the old adage, "Nothing in this world can last."

Note well Reading Matter at foot of Pages.

Every healthy man in this country they say is worth a thousand dollars to the government. His services to his country are his wealth, his exchange value. The question might arise, "why should not all healthy men get the same amount of money for their time? Why should a lawyer get a hundred dollars for half an hours work when a poor gardener might labor four months for the same remuneration? We might answer, tis the experience of the lawyer, his natural talents, his knowledge of the law that gives him the advantage. If a hunter wandering along near some diamond fields chanced to find a large and very valuable diamond and brought it home to England would he be paid for the time he spent in finding it, or would that be taken into consideration at all? the question requires no answer; for a man to be wealthy within himself he must learn to do something that only a few do; there can only be one City Engineer, therefore is his profession a rich one: only one President, hence the value of his position.

I sometimes wonder why Friday is regarded by the superstitious as an unlucky day. For my own part I love Friday. Perhaps that phenomenon of love can be accounted for by the fact that my sympathies are immediately enlisted in behalf of a day so frowned upon by the community and that pity is akin to love. Remember, I only said perhaps, because mine is no such philanthropic, laudable reason. My love is altogether from a standpoint of base unpardonable selfishness. Like Queen Christina, who asserted that she loved men, not because they were men, but because they were not women, I, a school girl like Friday, not because it is Friday, but because it is not blue Monday and it is nearest to Saturday the holiday.

Man's best end is to glorify God How
can I best glorify God? By making the
best out of myself. That may seem sel-
fish but that is not the way to understand
the meaning; when the aims of the soul
are altruistic that is making the best use
of self.

My Valentine.

Why am I glad? you ask me why :
It is not that above the snow
The crocus and the snowdrops grow,
Or that on yonder hedge hard by
The leaves are opening every one
To tell me wintry days are gone
And summer drawing nigh.

Why am I glad? you ask me why ;
It is not that the birds are gay,
And that upon the birch tree's spray
They chirp and twitter merrily ;
Nor that the children as they pass
Have found some daisies in the grass,
For summers drawing nigh.

Why am I glad? I'll tell you why.
A letter came for me to-day,
From one whose name I will not say,
You cannot guess it if you try,
A letter. Oh! so kind and dear,
With words meant only for my ear,
And secrets sweet and shy.

So now you know the reason why
My love has sent a valentine ;
The brightness of new hope is mine,
My heart is filled with joy.
I little thought a year ago,
When parting words were said in woe,
Such sweetness could be night.

M. P. M.

Correspondence.

MY DEAR GIRLS,

I mentioned feeling rather low spirited
on leaving Hong Kong. That sensation
did not last long with the jolly set of
passengers we had on the "Pekin;"
among them an Australian Opera troupe,
who spent most of their time rehearsing

the Operas with which they intended
favoring Singapore. Some of the per-
formers had very good voices, and cer-
tainly the next five days were anything
but monotonous; we were amused by their
squabbles with the manager and the
many schemes they concocted to avoid
rehearsals. I was invited to make a
fourth at a whist table, all the other players
knowing about as little of the game as I;
however any pastime is an amusement
on board ship, and one evening we be-
came so interested in our game that we
were left sitting at the table in the dark,
it being the orders of the P. and O. for all
lights to be extinguished at 11 p. m. The
China Sea is not at all pleasant to travel
on, as even in calm weather it is choppy
and inclined to make one feel sick. We
steamed along all the way in sight of land,
and about two days from Singapore, came
in so close that the Cocoanut palms were
easily distinguished. On our 4th day out
after tiffin, Captain H. called me on deck
to show me Mount Ophir, where King
Solomon is supposed to have got his riches.
On our 5th morning we awoke to find
ourselves in a very pretty part and but
a few miles off Singapore, so hastened on
deck to await the launch which was on
its way to meet us. You can imagine my
feelings when I distinguished my brother
and sister on her bow. In another few
moments they were boarding our vessel.
I will skip over the meeting as I presume
you've all experienced the same feeling
of joy on meeting people of whom you
are very fond, particularly after a long
trip alone. When my baggage had been
collected, and good-bye had been said to
new friends, we proceeded to the Sepoy
Barracks, which was to be my home for
some time to come. The heat was in-
tense and we were all delighted to reach
our house, which looked cool and inviting
with its huge verandahs and our "Chanta
Hazari," (tea and fruit,) ready on a table
awaiting our arrival. After partaking of
this, I tried my first experience of the
baths out there; the room has a cemented

floor and walls; in it is a large Shanghai jar of water and a small tin vessel, with a handle, which is used to throw the water over one; this seems odd at first, but you soon get used to and prefer it. Now I must tell you how our first day is spent. Rise about 5.30 a. m., ride or walk till 8 a. m., when it becomes rather hot, and on our return have Chanta Hazari; bathe and dress for breakfast, which is usually taken about 11 a. m., and is rather a substantial meal; amuse ourselves as we like till 2 p. m., at which hour most of the ladies retire for the afternoon, dressing again about 4.30, for tennis or afternoon drive, returning in time to dress for dinner, which is usually about 8 o'clock, after which one is obliged to retire to the MOSQUITO house, to avoid being pestered by these insects, which are a perfect plague in the Straits Settlements. After a few days rest, I began to feel curious to see some of my surroundings, so we drove to the gardens and thence to the reservoir, being charmed with both places. The roads about here are more than pretty. On our way home we called at Sanglin barracks on Mrs. C—, who has a collection of the loveliest ferns. Singapore has certainly the needful atmosphere for their growth; she showed us ten or twelve different sorts, more like young trees than the poor little plants we get at home. Next day we visited the library and museum, in the latter there are some very good curios, a large lyson stands just inside the door, this was shot and presented by a friend of ours; two hours slip by very quickly in this building. The gaieties, in the shape of luncheon, tennis and dinner parties soon began, so you see social duties take up a good deal of time; our Xmas. festivities beginning by a ball at the barracks, given by Colonel G. and Officers of 58th Regiment. The rooms were all beautifully decorated with flags, rifles, spears, etc., and brightened by the gay uniforms of the Officers. If I have a love for any place in Singapore, I think it is the pawn shop, for here

one can pick up such lovely old malay silver curios, boxes, pillow-ends for next to nothing, and I'm afraid I rather haunted its locality, longing for the possession of unlimited means. One evening we made up a party to go to the Chinese theatre, but left it in less than half an hour, with racking headaches and feeling thoroughly disgusted with ourselves, for though the costumes are handsome, the play consists of tearing about the stage and making the most diabolical row, accompanied by the hideous orchestra, the hall reeking with opium which the Chinese smoke during the play. The redeeming feature of the entertainment was the "tumbling" given for our special benefit. We had several jolly pic-nics to different parts of the Island as the Government launch was at our disposal. The Ball given by the governor on the Queen's Birthday is a very grand affair, people coming from all the neighboring places to be present at it, so you can realize that it is always a success, and a pretty sight with all the different Naval, Military and Civil Service Uniforms, and the guard of honor lining the steps and hall, and this seems to be the time for friends in different parts of the Straits Settlements to meet. I must not forget to mention our visit to Johor; we stayed with the Sultan there, he is a charming man, speaks English fluently, and is never so happy as when his Palace is full of European guests, so you can imagine he did all in his power to make us enjoy ourselves, and exacted a promise before we took our departure, that our visit would be repeated at no very distant date. On leaving he presented each of us with a very handsome silk sarong, to take away with us as a remembrance. On returning after this pleasant trip we found a telegram awaiting my brother, ordering him to proceed as soon as possible to Sungei Njoiy (a place in the interior of Malay Peninsular), to take command of the Liker Force there. This news seemed to please him vastly, not so

SILKS, SATINS and VELVETS, LARGEST STOCK—McILWRAITH & TREGENZA

my sister and me, as we did not relish the idea of being buried alive in the jungle; however we had to look pleasant and begin our work of packing, which is no small item in that climate, even with the able assistance of the Marine Police. In a short time we were ready and our passages taken on the "Oorzia." So once more said good-bye and left Singapore with great regret, but quite decided to try and be happy in our new home.

Now I must conclude for to-day.

Yours very sincerely,

LENORA.

The Beggar's Death.

I saw a beggar die upon the high road. He had seen many misfortunes, many troubles; many pains had had their will of his racked body, many days and years of suffering had piled their load upon his aching shoulders; grief knew him and tracked him down, and sorrow, the pitiless driver of men had stung each galled wound of his soul with cunning cruelty, goading and sparing not as he came near to the end. The silver hairs were few which hung straggling from beneath the torn brim of his battered hat, and the furrows were many and deep upon his colorless face. His dim eyes peered from their worn and sunken sockets, as though still faintly striving, striving to the very last to understand those things which it was not given him to understand. Feebly his two hands clasped his crooked staff, road-worn and splintered by the flints; upon one foot still clung the fragments of a shoe, the other had no shoe at all, and as he stood, he lifted the foot that was bare and tried to rest it upon the scanty bit of dusty leather, which only half covered the other, as though to ease it from the cruel road while he steadied himself feebly with his stick. Had there been the least fragment of a wall near him, a bit of fence, even a tree, he would have tried to lean upon it; but there was nothing—nothing but the broad flinty road with the ditch

dug deep upon each side, nothing but the cold gray sky, the black north wind that began to whirl up the dust, scattering here and there big flakes of wet snow, and far away behind the barking of the dogs that had driven him from the gate, while the churls who lingered there laughed and made rough jokes upon him. A little boy the son of one of those fellows had taken a stone and had thrown it after the old man—the missile had struck him in the back, and he had bowed himself lower and limped away; he was used to it—people often threw stones at him, and sometimes they hit him. What was one blow more to him, one wound more? The end could not be far. So he rested his naked foot upon the other, now that he was out of the reach of harm. He could hear the dogs barking still, but dogs never chased him long; they would not come after him now. The boy could not throw the stones to such a distance either, and would not take the trouble to pursue him, though one of the men had laughed when the poor old man was hit, and another had said it was a good shot. He might rest for awhile, if it were rest to lean upon his staff and feel the bitter wind driving the snow flakes through the rents in his clothing and whirling up the half frozen flint dust to his sore and weary eyes. The night was coming on. He would have to sleep in the ditch. It would not be the first time—if only he could get a mile or two farther he might find some bit of arched bridge across the ditch which would shelter him or a stone wall; or even perhaps a farm house where he should not be stoned from the door, and might be suffered to sleep upon the straw in an out-house. Such luck as that was rare indeed, and the mere thought of the straw, the pitiful dream that if he could struggle a little farther he might get shelter from the wind and snow, was enough to bring something like a shadowy look of hope into his wretched face. With a great effort he began to walk again, bending low to face the blast, starving, lame and aching in every bone, but struggling still, and peering through the gathering gloom in the vain hope of finding a night's resting-place. He struggled on; but the end was at hand. The road grew worse, for it had been mended and the small broken stones lay thick together, rough and bristling. He

could hardly drag his steps over them. In the darkness he struck his naked foot against one sharp flint larger than the rest; he stumbled and with a low cry fell headlong upon the jagged surface. His hands were wounded and the blood trickled from them in the dark, wetting the stones more quickly than did the falling snow; his face, too had been cut. For some moments he struggled to rise, but he was too weak, too utterly spent; then he rolled upon one side and rested his bruised face upon his torn hands and lay quite still, while the wind howled louder and the snow-flakes fell more thickly upon his rags and his wounds upon the sorrow of his soul, and the pains of the body. One long breath he drew—it was more than an hour since he had fallen.

"God be merciful to me!" he murmured, and again, "God be merciful to me for I think it is the end." And the Angel of the Lord came in the storm, and the darkness and touched his forehead; and it was the end. The snow buried him that night and the north wind sang his funeral dirge.

M. C.

Locals.

One morning Cato met a friend,
Whose eyes were dim with tears,
What happened in the early morn
Had filled his soul with fears.

And Cato full of sympathy,
Asked wherefore this ado?
That morning he had seen a mouse
A-gnawing at his shoe.

Oh calm yourself Cato replied,
That prodigy was nought,
Now if the shoe had gnawed the mouse
You then might me have sought.

Table drapes as shoulder capes!—Sure
cure for La Grippe.

Charity implies sacrifice—It gives. Its
beauty is precisely in its liberty.

Don't be hard on an Irishman for saying,
"I axe you now this question."—consider,
isn't it more than probable that he is quot-
ing from Chaucer.

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There is no greater charm in woman,
than a sweet, sympathetic voice.

"Nothing is more simple than greatness;
indeed to be simple is to be great"—
R. W. Emerson.

What is the similarity, if any, between
the feelings of an Editor and those of a
sufferer from La Grippe?

They both have a tendency to commit
suicide.

Of Madade de Stael, Curran said,

"Mde. de Stael talks herself into a
beauty." and

Antoine Berryer whose characteristic
was gallantry, said one day. "There are
no ugly women; there are only women
who do not know how to look pretty."

Romance is a beautiful woman, with a
dead pale skin and starry eyes and stream-
ing raven hair, and when I look into her
sweet dark face I could wear a ton of ar-
mour on my back and cleave a Saracen to
the chin with my huge blade for her sake or
go barefoot to Jerusalem. But she looks
so strangely at me with her great black eyes,
that I am never quite sure whether she is
quite real and quite serious, I only know
that she is very, very beautiful, and that I
love her to distraction.

Marion Crawford.

What do you think of a senior about to
face the stern realities of a whole world full
of trials and tribulations, who actually got
homesick after spending one night at
Boarding School; who, because the inno-
cent little mice gave a dance (and that in a
Methodist College, the mice were probably
Episcopalians) in her room at night in
honor of her distinguished presence, became
frightened to death, and called for them to
"take her back to home and mother?"
what do you think of her, I repeat? since
the other members of the senior class are
models of human perfection, both as regards
force of character and infinite courage.
I should say that if the mice had taken the
aforesaid senior home to their own little
haunts, that she would hardly have been
missed by class 92. I give this evidence

as an eye witness of the whole affair, for I am the aforementioned homesick senior.

Exchanges.

The Notre Dame Scholastic pays us its regular weekly visits always, keeping up its good reputation as a College Journal. In the last number a very interesting article appeared on the "Songs of Death," showing that some of our most sublime poems have been written on mournful occasions. Many poets have a heart consuming grief, a yearning or desire, and numerous are the elegies written. As a balm to assuage his grief, Tennyson resorted to his pen and gave us perhaps the greatest and most pathetic threnody of the English language. Milton, also, on the death of his most intimate college friend gave vent to the feelings of his sorrow-stricken heart and composed his sweetly mournful poem: "Lycidas."

The Art pupils have been very much pleased with the painting materials purchased at A. Hamilton & Co. Every new thing for oil and china painting, French decorative painting and the greatest variety of plaques are to be found there, as well as all the standard supplies necessary for the several departments of art.

Among the late exchanges we notice the *Times* of Upper Canada College of which the second number has appeared on our table. The literary productions of this paper are good and show the ability of the staff. We extend welcome to this new acquaintance and gladly enter it in our exchange list.

"Better late than never." Evidently the *Western Maryland College Journal* was struck by this maxim when they published their account of "A Thanksgiving Dinner" in the January Number. We hope they may always in the future enjoy and have as many pleasant recollections of these festal occasions as they seem to have had of the past.

The increase in the number of College Y. M. C. A.'s has been very marked. In 1887 there were less than thirty of these

societies in existence; now, there are three hundred and forty-five in the United States and Canada, with a membership of 22,000 students.—Ex.

The *Queen's College Journal* is ever prompt in paying us its weekly visits. The high literary tone and excellent taste displayed in this periodical, reflects much credit on the students. We were pleased to notice in a recent number that arrangements had been completed for a series of Sunday afternoon lectures, to be given by prominent men of the United States and Canada. No doubt these will be of great advantage to the students in affording them large scope for meditation.

Another exchange received since our last issue, is the *Illini*, a most enterprising and energetic college paper. The different departments are well represented and abreast of the times. The cuts are especially interesting and also something new in journalism. Another pleasing feature is the publication of the various books which have been added to the already immense library of the University. These numerous additions speak well of the deep interest taken by the students to improve every opportunity as much as possible.

We cannot lay down our pen without a word to the *Varsity's* Bashful "Old Roman." We would advise him to seek a home among the Nebulea, for the Solar system is too far advanced for him to find a congenial spot in it. To be sure if he remained here his name would probably be recorded in history as the male who lived ages after his time; and let this also console him that not the freshest of the freshwomen will ever look at him after his effusion. But it is pitiful to think of the degeneracy of the *Varsity* women for it appears as if the former *female* student had become a woman or a lady from her actions now-a-days. Think of them actually speaking to their friends in the hall. Horrible! Do they not know that these things may become habits, and they may be guilty of the same improprieties when they leave the *Varsity's* hallowed precincts and take their places in life! It is too awful for frail humanity to contemplate.

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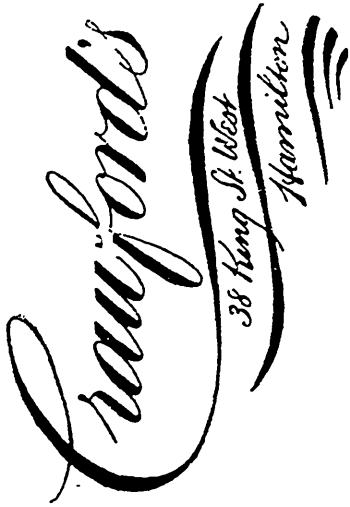
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