

THE PORTFOLIO

THE PORTFOLIO.

Vita Sine Literis Mors Est.

VOL. 6.

'HAMILTON, OCTOBER,' 1885.

No. 2



— THE —

Wesleyan Ladies' College,

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THE PORTFOLIO.

Vita Sine Literis Mort Est.

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THE HIGHER PANTHEISM.

"THE SUN, the moon, the stars, the seas, the hills and the plains—
Are not these, O Soul, the Vision of Him who reigns?
Is not the Vision He? tho' He be not that which He seems?
Dreams are but true while they last, and do we not live in dreams?
Earth, the solid stars, this weight of body and limb,
Are they not sign and symbol of thy division from Him?
Dark is the world to thee: thyself art the reason why;
For is He not all but thou that hast power to feel "I am I?"
Glory about thee, without thee: and thou fulfillst thy doom,
Making Him broken gleams, and a stifled splendor and gloom.
Speak to Him, thou, for he hears, and Spirit with Spirit can meet—
Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet.
God is law, say the wise, O Soul, and let us rejoice,
For if He thunder by law, the thunder is yet His voice.
Law is God, say some: no God at all, says the fool:
For all we have power to see is a straight staff, bent in a pool;
And the ear of man cannot hear, and the eye of man cannot see;
But if we could hear and see, this Vision—were it not He."—TENNYSON.

PARADISE.

(A Hindoo legend.)

A HINDOO died—a happy thing to do—
When twenty years united to a shrew.
Released, he hopefully for entrance cries
Before the gates of Brahma's Paradise.
"Hast been through Purgatory?" Brahma said.
"I've been married." And he hung his head.
"Come in, come in, and welcome, too, my son!
Marriage and Purgatory are as one."
In bliss, extreme, he entered Heaven's door,
And knew the peace he ne'er had known before.

He scarce had entered in the Garden fair
Another Hindoo had asked admission there.
The self-same question Brahma asked again.
"Hast been through Purgatory?" "No—What then?"
"Thou canst not enter" did the god reply.
"He who went in was there no more than I."
"All that is true, but he has married been,
And so on earth has suffered for all sin."
"Married? 'Tis well; for I've been married twice!"
"Begone! We'll have no fools in Paradise."

AMBITION.

WHAT is ambition? Is it not the yearning for power, distinction, fame? What a vast field of thought is here disclosed! What a history of hopes, successes, reverses, disappointments and failures!

Ambition is an original principle, implanted in every mind, a gem which with proper culture may unfold flowers and bear the richest fruit; but how needful the culture, for, if neglected it may be crushed entirely or may become a poisonous growth, blasting and deadening the noblest impulses of mankind. What interesting study we have in its growth, for what a power for evil is ambition when all its dictates are yielded to, but when under the genial light of a noble soul, developing into the richest fruit.

We have its workings depicted by the master hand of Shakespeare; at first Macbeth restrains his aspirations and fortune seems to smile on every side, but finally "vaulting ambition o'erleaps itself" and the end is as great a failure as the beginning was a success.

The growth of ambition is unceasing, it grows steadily day by day. Man sets his heart upon the attainment of some end, which he truly believes will give him happiness, but when that end is attained is he satisfied? Was man ever satisfied? The highest rung on ambition's ladder has never been reached. When struggling at the bottom the end may be seen in the far distance, but when reached makes only a stepping stone to higher honors.

Ambition seems to have been the besetting sin in many noble characters in history. For example, Alexander the Great stooped to murder one who refused to do him homage; Cæsar was not content with his real greatness, ambition must wear a crown; Napoleon was Emperor of France, but he longed to rule a world. However, on the other hand, we have characters ennobled by

ambition, for instance Washington, in the midst of adversity, refused bribes "to trim anew his lamp of hope." When destruction seemed to hover over his starving army, when the hearts of others sank in despondency, could anything but integrity and a just appreciation of the future rights of mankind have induced him to forego, in many instances, the necessities of life, when reward seemed not only improbable, but impossible. He, from childhood, cultivated an unselfish, laudable ambition, until his mind was so deeply imbued with universal benevolence that it was impossible for him to act in opposition to this cultivation. Washington is only an example of many others, who, forgetting themselves, have had only their country's good at heart. And as ambition was both the ruin and the glory of these illustrious lives, so it has been with hundreds of others.

Everywhere we find men following the airy phantoms which hope pictures to their vision. Many are the homes that this insatiable thirst for power has desolated. Nations and men alike have been ruined by ambition's power. It wields a power fearful and wonderful to contemplate. We mark its influence in every walk of life, we trace it through the pages of history, biography, fiction and the blood-stained records of crime. It seems hard that there is implanted in so many minds this peace-destroying ambition; for, as we pause to reflect upon the countless wrecks strewn all along the shores of time, we can scarcely look upon ambition as other than a dangerous pilot, and when, never more so than in the present time, the desire to be honest is pressed so hard, is so violently assaulted by the ambition to be great.

How many ever meet, on a solid foundation, the structures that loom imposingly in the air. It demands but little thought to show us clearly that the majority of our ambitions is hopeless. Shakespeare says, "Dreams, indeed, are ambition"; for the very substance of the ambitions is merely the shadow of a dream, and I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality, that is but shadow's shadow.

Ambition, like other desires, may be cultivated, but it must be directed, it must be controlled and shorn of a selfish nature, that it may be instrumental in redressing wrongs.

It is necessary to have some object in view before you give your ambition a loose rein.

The dark background which has been touched upon serves to set off the brighter side with still greater splendor. Though ambition may serve the meanest ends, may debase the noblest talents to most ignoble uses, it may, and does serve the highest aims and the sublimest purposes. It is, in its very essential nature, a good thing, to be cherished and cultivated; and dangerous only when abnormal in its growth, just as an unguarded love may degenerate into a lawless passion, or reverence into servility. It is the motive power, the regulator of society, and of the world. It is necessary that different classes of society, and different classes of men, should exist. There must be some to command and some to serve; as in an army there are different ranks and grades, so in life there must be various classes and orders.

Every one, in the eager pursuit for himself, labors more or less for all, and the united efforts tend to produce progress, civilization, and the greatest efforts of genius and invention.

In the history of ambition we have almost the history of a world. In the different races do we find active, energetic, aspiring men? No, if there were such among them they would soon lift their people out of the depths of degradation, and place them among the powers of the earth. Individuals constitute the race, and unless the heart of the individual beat with high hopes and aspirations, the pulse of the race can never be quickened.

Of all the motives which urge men to the consummation of a purpose, love of fame ranks among the loftiest. Books, poems, grand monuments, and even the humble stone in the grassy churchyard, all bear witness to the universal desire to be remembered. And can we wonder that men shrink from the thought of passing into utter oblivion?

"To die, like a dull worm, to rot,
Thrust foully into earth to be forget."

What stores of learning and of literature has ambition urged to be contributed to mankind, simply that their names might be held in remembrance. Nor is it altogether unworthy of the ambition of a noble

and generous mind to leave a good name as a legacy to the future. Was it a mercenary motive that impelled Milton to write the grandest epic in our language? Surely eighteen pounds was a poor compensation for so many years of labor. He, himself, declares that the incentive was not love of gain, but love of glory. "I am meditating, by the help of Heaven, an immortality of fame, but my Pegasus has not yet features enough to soar aloft in the fields of air." Again he says, "Some day I shall address a work to posterity which shall perpetuate my name, at least in the land in which I was born."

But there are still more striking incidents. Walter Scott wrote from a passionate desire to live as a person of wealth and influence, that he might "do the honors of Scotland." Bacon, "the apostle of progress," possessed ambition and intellect which exalted him to the highest honors in state, philosophy and literature.

History is full of the names of men whose love of fame has induced them to bequeath the most precious treasures of knowledge and genius to posterity, and has made them resplendent lights, shedding lustre over their age and nation.

We, then, may profit by the failures and successes of the past, neither striving to quench the thirst for power, nor yet sacrificing too much to its demands.

Ambition is a noble trait. It will uphold us in many a sea of trouble, and bear us safely over the yawning gulf of fortune. Let us have an aim, a purpose in life, and then, although we may not attain to a position of wealth or renown, life may still be a pleasure, and a success.

FRANK.

THE SAXON PERIOD OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

ABOUT the middle of the fifth century a large band of Saxon pirates, or sea-kings, landed on the east shore of the island of Britain. Through the latter half of the century, Saxons, Jutes and Angles continued to land in Britain; and, at length, the former inhabitants were driven to take refuge in Wales, Scotland and Ireland. The home of these usurpers was in the land lying between the Rivers Elbe and Rhine.

Climate always has a great influence on character. The inhabitants of the sunny lands along the shore of the Mediterranean possessed, at this time, splendid literatures. Poetry and romance were for those of the warm southern clime; as for the Saxon barbarians, breathing a foggy atmosphere, and gazing on a dull, gloomy sky, they seem to think of nothing but carousal and slaughter. When the toils of the day were over the Thanes, assembling in their large dining-halls, would listen, with flashing eyes, to the minstrel as he sang of the bloody feats achieved, perhaps, by their Scandinavian forefathers; as the tale was sung ale and mead were imbibed freely, and at length both minstrel and listeners would be wrapt in a drunken slumber.

But these degraded people had some traits nobler than any which characterized the cultured Southerners. They have a certain earnestness and melancholy which lead them to noble sentiments. Courage and fidelity are the virtues most highly esteemed among them. We have the fragments of one of their poems which illustrates this esteem. The poem relates the adventures of a hero, Beowulf, whose nature is truly noble. He slays sea-monsters and dragons, endures bitter cold and hunger, rescues the distressed; and, at length, meets his death in an encounter with a dragon, undertaken to save his prince. He is brave, generous and loyal. This poem is a reflex of the manners and sentiments of the race. Uncouth and brutal as the people were, they yet had a grand spirit of courage and devotion; and, in spite of their ignorance, saw and worshipped the truly heroic. This is the race from which, in after years, comes a Cromwell.

They bowed in adoration before no images. In their minds floated dim conceptions of the infinite and the sublime. Thus Christianity was peculiarly acceptable to them. At Athens, the beautiful city of learning and culture, the Greeks erected an altar on which was the agnostic inscription, "To the unknown God." But the simple Saxons, recognizing in their darkness, the sublimity and greatness of his character, in lowly reverence paid homage to this God of the Hebrews. Cædmon's Paraphrase is full of cries of passionate devotion. One of these writers has left us a fragment of the history

of Judith, which displays with what energy and vehemence these people entered into the spirit of the old Hebrew warriors. The Hebrew seers, themselves, could not have spoken with greater vigor or sublimity than is exhibited in Cædmon's Paraphrase. In the writings of both, we see the same stern appreciation of justice, and the same exultation over the downfall of an oppressor.

This Saxon spirit is continued in English literature. Milton's Satan, the hero of the epic, "Paradise Lost," as when "seated on a throne of royal state, that far outshone the wealth of Ormuz or of Ind," he declares that "'tis better to reign in Hell than serve in Heaven," certainly bears a strong likeness to the Satan described by Cædmon, who, while uttering cries of defiance against the power that overthrew him, exclaims "Why shall I for his favor serve, bend to him in vassalage? I will be chieftain in this dark realm. I will no longer be God's vassal."

The Saxons, unlike most of the savage tribes of Europe, were not greatly influenced by Roman civilization. Christianity was introduced by the Romans, but here the foreign influence ended. After the nation had adopted Christianity, a few scholars arose among them who knew the Latin tongue. Bede, Aldhelm, Erigena and Dunstan wrote in the Latin tongue, but none of their works are very important. Alfred was a translator and copyist of some note. But he was forced to write in an exceedingly simple style in order that he might be understood. The great minds among them were prevented from rising by the condition of the people around them. The race was then in its infancy, and they were totally unable to appreciate the sublime utterances of the writers of the Augustan age, or the orations of Demosthenes.

At the time of the Norman Conquest the people were still rude and primitive in their manner of life. The Normans, who conquered them, belonged to the same family.

Though they had yielded to Rome's civilizing influence, they possessed beneath their Gallic culture the Teutonic traits of the people whom they conquered. The English language is to-day German in element. When the Norman barons and their Saxon dependents united in the thirteenth century against the tyrant king who was robbing

them of their rights, we find the spirit of freedom and independence that was strong in their German ancestors, and which is strong in the British of to-day.

The old poetic genius that shines forth in Beowulf and Cædmon's Paraphrase for a time dies out. Pretty French love songs and bright sparkling lays take its place. But the Saxon spirit finally triumphed. The sadness and sombre realization of the vanity of earthly joys, which at that early period pervaded their literature, may be found in later English productions. We discover it as we read the gloomy ravings of Hamlet, or the bitter, wild musings of Childe Harold. It haunts us amidst the glittering splendor of Lalla Rookh, and in the exquisite pathos of Gray's Elegy. Carlyle, "the sage of Chelsea," who has but lately gone to rest, who was the eloquent and brilliant denouncer of sham and hypocrisy, possessed the same spirit of hero worship that inspired the old Saxon writers.

EMMA.

THE Seniors have a very good opinion of themselves, but none of them thought that they were capable of inspiring much dread until the following incident took place. Two of them were appointed to wait on the Junior Society for the purpose of discussing some business items. After they had explained the matters in question, they resumed their seats and prepared to listen to the programme. Imagine their surprise on being informed that the meeting would not proceed till they had left the room. All remonstrances were in vain and they shortly found themselves on the other side of the door. They resented such treatment very much and have given us to understand that they distinctly refuse to belong ever again to a committee to wait on the society. What an awe-inspiring effect their presence must have produced! It has always been customary formerly to invite visitors to remain till the meeting was over, but we live in a world of change.

A few evenings ago, from one end of the hall to the other resounded the cry of "Have you got your 'Holy Grail done' yet? What time is your alarm set for?" Poor girls! you will have many a worse subject than that before you get through college life.

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

Editorials.

At the Commencement exercises last June a remark was made by one of the speakers that has provoked much further discussion. In speaking of the attire of the graduates, he observed that, becoming as the light dresses were, he thought that it would be more befitting graduates if they had assumed the usual College garb. When the members of class '85 assembled once more in September many small gatherings were held, at which "caps and gowns" were enthusiastically debated. The Senior Literary Society then appointed a committee to wait on Dr. Burns and inform him of the wishes of the seniors in the matter. They did so, and accordingly, Dr. Burns called a meeting of all the students. At this meeting it was unanimously resolved that the members of the senior, junior, and sophomore classes should don caps and gowns. The girls were loud in their expressions of delight at this decision, and, indeed, some young ladies became quite hilarious in their glee. A few evenings later a gown was sent in from Mr. Sanford's

establishment. It proved satisfactory, and in two or three weeks we will be in possession of those much-longed-for "caps and gowns."

DEBATING does not seem to hold as prominent a position in our society meetings as it should. When they are on the programme they are always impromptu, as the girls complain they have had no time to spare from their numerous studies, in which to read up for debates. Those which are impromptu never amount to much, unless there are experienced speakers on both sides; and these do not appear to abound here. Here is a sample of one of our debates. One girl arises and states the subject, then remarks that she is on the affirmative side; she thinks her view of the subject, the only correct one, because—well because she thinks any other view would be incorrect. She then pauses, and waits a moment or so for inspiration; this failing to arrive, she takes her seat and her opponent rises. No. 2 observes that she differs from No. 1; she thinks the negative the only reasonable side of the question. If the subject admits of it at all, she will quote the cases of several eminent men to support her side. No. 3 will illustrate by more great men, in order to bear witness to the truth of the affirmative; then No. 4 asserts that the men on their side are far more notable than those mentioned by No. 3. No. 1 again arises, and, perhaps, by this time she has thought of one good argument. She states this, makes a few remarks, wondering how any one can be dense enough not to see that hers is the only rational point of view concerning the subject under discussion. She repeats this argument, and elaborates on it most copiously. No. 2 laughs to scorn, her opponent's one idea, tries to answer it successfully; and, if it should be unanswerable, brings all her powers of sarcasm to the

front, and endeavors, at least, to make it seem utterly ridiculous. As she feels it is her last chance, she makes a few dis-jointed remarks, and closes the debaté (?) by stating that she thinks no one could entertain any other conviction than that the negative side of the question is the correct one, "because" (pause) "well because" (longer pause)—a ray of illumination spreads over her countenance, and she concludes with "because it is."

A woman's logic, so people call it. But why should it be so? Surely we have enough brains in the College to get up some first-class debates. More practice is all that is necessary, and we would soon be able to express our thoughts in a clearer style. More attention should be given to this subject; and if it were made a regular item on the programme of each week, the time would soon come when we would not have to listen to such feeble attempts as we are now bored with occasionally.

No sooner had the all-important question of caps and gowns been decided than several active spirits among us began to agitate "College Colors." Last year we wished to adopt some particular colors as our badge, but the students disputed so hotly over it that the project was defeated. This year, however, our efforts were crowned with success. A meeting was held in the collegiate, the President of the Senior Society occupying the chair. "Black and gold," "buttercup yellow and brown" were suggested, but the majority was in favor of "buttercup yellow and brown" to be worn as a badge. The subject of college pins now came up, but though some seemed in earnest about it, the plan has not met with the approval of most of the girls. No longer will the fertile brains of some of our students be taxed for a reply to the question, "what are the college colors?" For, be it known, the colors of the W. L. C. are "Gold and Brown."

"CAN you lend me something to read;" is the question we have asked so often. Since we have once more settled down to our school work we have heard it again and again. Anything to read; when the world is so full of books that if one should devote his life-time to reading only, he would, at its close, have perused only a fraction of them; when the number of literary works in continually being added to, and in greater proportion as the years roll on; when our book shelves crack under the weight of literary lore; when the best books are, financially, within the reach of all, surely every one can find something to read. We will not dwell upon the necessity of reading, and of reading only the best, for one cannot look around and beyond, into the world, and then, looking at himself, feel how little he knows without desiring to cultivate his mind by knowing the best authors.

Girls, don't waste your moments and your intelligence, for you gain nothing by reading trashy novels. Throw them into the fire. When we have so little time, and so much to learn and do in that time, do not waste it and compromise yourselves by descending to read literature that will neither lift you any higher in the literary scale, nor help you up one rung of the ladder that leads to knowledge. You say they are good in their place, but what is their place? To fill your minds with nonsense, and give you unreal views of life, and so unfit you to hold the important positions you are destined to hold in this world.

Read what will help you to fill those positions, so that you need not be ashamed to compare your work with the best. All have not the same tastes, but surely each, in her own line, can choose and use the best. Let us advise history, science, poetry and the highest class of fiction. A German writer has said: "See a good picture, hear some good music, and read a portion of some good

book every day." And it is one of the best pieces of advice that has been given us.

History we always need, for how can we understand and appreciate the different changes that have taken place in the world without it. And how, but by comparing, through its records, the movements towards progress, and the unsuccessful endeavors, can we learn to regulate our conduct, in the present and future, so that the world, through our feeble, yet strong influence, may always advance.

Then each, at some time, reads poetry; here again—have only the best, Milton, Dante, Chaucer, Shakespeare, Goethe, Racine, Tennyson, Longfellow—memory fails to recount them all. What a host to choose from! Surely here we can find something to occupy us. Then read thoroughly, and retain the best thoughts. Make it always your object to understand, and be able to criticise the work before you. We have heard it said that to know Tennyson's "In Memoriam" thoroughly, would be a liberal education. Here is encouragement, for surely everyone can master, at least, one good work in a life-time.

Still prose is the more widely read class of literature, and here one has only to desire the best, and he may have it. We have Bacon, Ruskin, Macaulay, Emerson, Carlyle, Thackeray, Lytton, Victor Hugo, Scott, George Eliot, and a legion of others whose works have helped to keep the world's thoughts pure and noble. One who is conversant with these need never be lonely, for it is said the knowledge of a good book is the best company a man can have. And one needs these also, that he may move in the highest circles of thought; so that each should feel it his duty to study the best literature.

THE walking hour has been changed; instead of being from five to six, it is now from half past two to half past three.

College Items.

Miss Lou Cornish, Class '83, is now attending the College studio.

TEACHER, to funny pupil.—"Parse the word dreaded." Pupil. "Dreaded a verb of weak constitution and"—Loud applause.

THROUGH some change in Miss Burns' studies, she has had to resign her position as president of the Junior Society, Miss R. Hockin taking her place.

A number of the young ladies spent a very enjoyable evening at the home of Miss Grafton, Dundas, a few weeks ago.

WE are sorry to announce the departure of Miss Coast, who was called home two days after her arrival.

WE have heard a great many regretful exclamations since Thanksgiving day has been set for Saturday, Nov. 7th. It is heartless to have it so arranged that we cannot go home for a rest. Surely after all the hard work done this term, Monday, the 9th, will be granted as a holiday.

PROF. PARKER intends to organize a choral class, and a cantata is to be given before the Christmas holidays.

ALL of the girls must be prepared to buy our Christmas number. Mr. C. Burns has promised us an opening poem, written by himself, which will, of course, add greatly to the interests of the December number.

THE Editorial sanctum was, a few nights ago, the scene of much excitement. A rough draft of some unfortunate's essay on the "Holy Grail" had been found in the hall, and was being read by the Editress to an attentive audience, consisting of one Assistant-Ed. and two other young ladies,—also of mice. The literary effort was much appreciated, and the audience applauded loudly.

THURSDAY afternoon, Oct. 8, Dr. Rosebrugh came in and vaccinated quite a number of the young ladies, but had to return the following Saturday, as the afternoon was gone before he got through with "all those horrid operations." Now every one wants to know how every one's arm is, and every one wants every one to keep at least two yards away from her.

ALAS! alas! to think that any young man would ever be so bashful. But girls, really, if you want to change your name, Dr. Burns can aid you in more than one way, for one bashful young man has really applied for any one of the W. L. C. ladies that Mr. Burns would recommend.

WE welcome among our students Miss Edith Payne, Des Moines, Iowa, who is gifted with splendid elocutionary powers and whose recitations have delighted all those who have chanced to hear her.

MR. Bingley, one of Bishop Taylor's missionaries, has been visiting lately at the College.

DR. Burns paid a hasty visit to Des Moines, near his old home, where he received a hearty welcome from all his friends.

IN the question box of the Literary Society, was found the following question: "Is it a fib when an old girl promises to send you a box and does not do so?"

THE elocution class, under Miss McEvers has started again and is doing well. The only difficulty is for the girls to find the bottom of their voices.

ON Thursday Sept. 24th, the young ladies were allowed to attend the fair. This was a great treat, and was thoroughly enjoyed by all. Going up one of the young ladies became so excited that she let her purse fall from the car, but through the kindness of some young gentleman she recovered it. The art gallery was the chief place of attraction for all, and was especially enjoyed by those who are taking up that course of study. The flowers and fancy work were also much admired.

KISSING is the last mania that has taken the girls, and it is almost as contagious as small-pox. It is stated that one of the faculty declares that it takes certain girls at least ten minutes to do the kissing for the night. If the girls want to practice we would advise them to do less of it in the halls or take the fourth flat for the purpose.

MRS. Sanford was most heartily welcomed, not only by old students but by a large portion of the new girls, in her Sunday afternoon class. We hope that success will attend Mrs. Sanford in her work and that great good will be derived from the class.

LOVE'S warning cry:—"Be careful, Tom; you hurt my vaccination."

THE classes in chemistry have become exceedingly interesting; one of the seniors has made a rather remarkable discovery concerning the properties of hydrogen.

SOME of "Mark Queucher's" philosophy:—"It's a long lane vat's got no silfer lining." "A rolling shtone is often darker pefore dawn." "After de sdorm comes a clam. Dherefore *Nil Desperado*." "Honi soi qui mal who dinks about it." "Always try to be nefer to late to mend."

"COULD not some one give us a recipe for taking stains off our hands? They are so disfiguring when we are going to a *very particular* place for tea."

ALTHOUGH the subscription fee is not due till the first of January, if anyone feels the debt lying heavily on his conscience, we will relieve them of the amount of one dollar.

THE "oyster supper" season has arrived.

REV. Mr. Savage and his band, are now holding evangelistic services in the Centenary Church.

OUR science master, Prof. Harrison was called away a few weeks ago to attend the funeral of his sister. We sincerely sympathize with our teacher in his deep affliction.

Exchanges.

A LARGE number of exchanges has been received since the College opened, among which we are glad to recognize many old friends; and would also notice some new ones which it gives us pleasure to place on our exchange list. The PORTFOLIO, like the majority of college journals, is not faultless. We wish only for kindly, honest criticism, such as it shall be our endeavor to give to others. It always gives us pleasure to peruse the contents of our different exchanges, and we believe that this system is productive of much good.

THE *Heidelberg Journal* contains a graphic account of "Life at Naples" and a barangue about "Public Schools as a Millennial Factor." There are no editorials to be seen.

THE numbers of the *Notre Dame Scholastic* that we have already received this year, are certainly inferior to none that were issued in past years. The last number contains two vigorously written articles—"Charles Dickens" and "Promptitude."

The former, while giving to the great novelist the praise that is his due, clearly points out the defects in his writings and his life.

The *W. T. J.* is a new exchange which hails from Worcester, Mass. If its future editions prove to be as good as the first one it will soon rank as one of our best exchanges. The editorials are sensible and of interest, even to those outside the Institute.

Two numbers of the *High School Argus* have reached us, and we feel deeply for the woes of the young lady whose career is described so touchingly in "A Four Leaf Clover." We certainly look for something more edifying than namby-pamby little love stories in a school paper.

The October number of the *College Index* contains an essay entitled "How Far is Man the Creature of Circumstances?" from which we quote the following sentences: "In all the pursuits and stations of life we are ever pressed on into new bearings, and thrust into the inevitable conflict. The truly effective weapons for the struggle are a strong will, a disciplined intellect, and moral sensibilities trained and quickened to correct standards of judgment." The entire article is characterized by careful, earnest thought. We think, however, that the "Local" column might be improved.

"OUR HORIZONS" in the *Normal News* is an article that fully repays the reader. The sentiments are clearly and beautifully expressed.

THE *Earlhamite* again appears on our table in a new cover. It contains several very good articles, among them being an essay "Is it Nothing?" which gives a very fair idea of the peculiar principles of Nihilism, and does not leave its professors much ground to rest upon. In reading "The Reformer" we find many time-honored truths presented in a very forcible light. We quite agree with "Earlham's Testimony," concerning girl graduates. It seems absurd to think that because a woman has some education she is unfitted to attend to her duties.

THE *College Cabinet* arrived in good time last month, and among other spicy articles contained an extremely interesting and well-written essay, "Prophecy of Class '85." The editorials contain advice that might be adopted by all with much profit.

OUR editorial sanctum is plunged in the most profound darkness. "The sparkling little *Sunbeam*" has not yet made its appearance. We are aware that this would-be joke has been made, at least, once before; but we promise that as this is the first, so will it also be the last time that we shall use it this year. *Sunbeam*, where art thou?

SCIENCE.

"SCIENCE is cosmopolite. She sinks her shaft into the interior of the earth, and digs therefrom the valued ores, and the buried records of past ages. She climbs the Alpine glaciers, and measures their grand majestic tread. She throws out her sounding line and plumbs the depth of the Atlantic, bringing up the life-evidences of those abysmal zones. She places her scaling-ladder against the sky, and triangulates the heavens. She determines the distances of planet, sun and star, and demands of those fiery orbs the secret of their constitution. She penetrates, with her ever-widening telescopic gaze, the hidden mysteries of space, and calls from those hitherto unfathomed recesses, unknown suns and systems; and then returning from such adventurous flights, she peers into the drop of water, to gain a more intimate acquaintance with its minute protozoan occupants. She scorns to be limited to the narrow confines of the present. She seeks to retrace the steps of the ages, and view the original cosmic nebula, as it begins its grand march of differentiation, long aeons anterior to the time when the morning stars sang together, for joy, over a completed and spotless world.

The study of nature is by no means unproductive; it yields ample returns to all nature, from her large resources, supplies the choicest gifts; and he who knows her best, may use her to greatest advantage. Is the practical desired? she meets the call. It would certainly be a work of supererogation, in this over-practical age and country, to rehearse the great benefits in this regard, that we owe to science. We have but to look around, and sufficient evidence is presented. Do you demand the æsthetic? She bids you behold and admire the adaptations and harmonies everywhere seen. She reminds you that the instinctive response given to the concord of sweet sounds, is but the exponent of that deeper emotion which

answers back to the grand choral which resounds through space as world upon world continues the grand procession, in obedience to appointed law. Are you an artist? Nature furnishes the best models. Are you a poet? Her themes are the most lofty, her similes the most appropriate, her subjects are most worthy of a poet's contemplation to enlarge, a poet's pen to portray. Nature is the highest art. And, too, the philosophical and metaphysical tendencies of the mind are not without their opportunity to exercise in the field of science. Her throne, indeed, is founded upon reason, and if the opinion is entertained that her supporters are brainless enthusiasts, and her system a concatenation of wild and baseless speculation, the sooner that opinion is erased from the public mind, the better. The work of the natural philosopher demands as much common sense as any other work on earth, and there is need of the greatest acumen and penetration that the sharpest intellects are able to afford.

Nature is all around and about us, within the reach of all, and all may assist in advancing her cause. It may not be given to any of us to make grand generalizations, or to formulate far-reaching laws; and yet each one may accomplish something. We may help to gather up materials—we may be the children on the sea-shore, picking up shells, which, when classified and arranged by a master hand, shall constitute a part of the beautiful and valued cabinet. Let us come into a closer communion with nature; such converse will enlarge, elevate and purify the mind. It does not tend to degrade, but to spiritualize our thoughts. It carries us from the contemplation of the material to that of the dynamical, of force and mind and will, rather than matter. We rise from the visible and tangible to that which is beyond sense—from nature herself, to the God of Nature."—*Literary Gem*.

Clippings.

"The path of duty is the way to glory.
He, that ever following her commands
On with toil of heart and knees and hands,
Through the long gorge, to the far light, has won
His path upward, and prevailed,
Shall find the toppling crags of duty scaled
Are close upon the shining table lands
To which our God Himself is moon and sun."
—TENNYSON.

"MILTON was the heir of a poetical age, the precursor of an austere age, holding his place between the epoch of unbiassed dream-land and the epoch of practical action; like his own, Adam, who, entering a hostile earth, heard behind him, in the closed Eden, the dying strains of heaven."
TAINÉ.

"Errors, like straws, upon the surface flow;
He who would search for pearls must dive below."
—DRYDEN.

"The whirligig of Time brings in his revenges."
—SHAKESPEARE.

"Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl-chain of all the virtues."

"A little pebble dropped into a stream
Sends lovely widening circles out, and then
Far upward, till the water and the air
Are full of like beyond our thought and ken."
—DUGAN.

"Who has not learned, in hours of faith,
The truth to flesh and sense unknown;
That life is ever lord of death,
And love can never lose its own."—WHITTIER.

"If poetry be thought, in flower,
Goodness is thought in fruit."

"In the still air, the music lies unheard;
In the rough marble beauty hides unseen;
To wake the music and the beauty, needs
The master's touch, the sculptor's chisel keen."
—BONAR.

"ALL mystery is defect; and cloudy words
Are feebleness, not strength; are loss, not gain;
Men win no victories with spectre-swords,
The phantom barque ploughs the broad sea in vain."
—BONAR.

"THE golden moments in the stream of life rush past us, and we see nothing but sand; the angels come to visit us, and we only know them when they are gone."
—GEORGE ELIOT.

"Only the prism's obstruction shows aright
The secret of a sunbeam, breaks its light
Into the jewelled bow from blankest white;
So may a glory from defect arise."
—ROBERT BROWNING.

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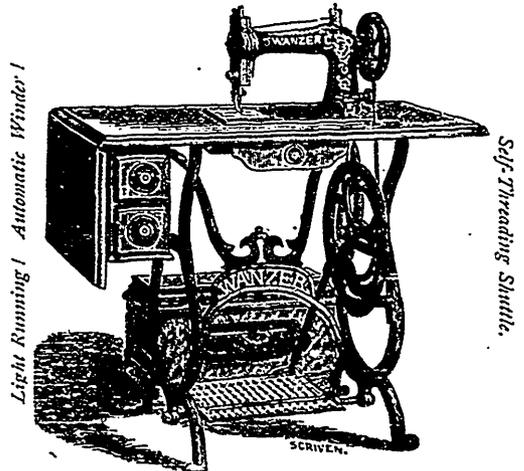
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