



The illustration features the word 'THE' in a simple serif font above the word 'PORTFOLIO' in a larger, bold serif font. A large, ornate initial 'P' is on the left, with a leafy branch extending from its base. To the right of 'THE' is a small illustration of a glowing oil lamp on a book. The entire title is enclosed in a decorative horizontal frame with a scroll on the right end.

THE PORTFOLIO

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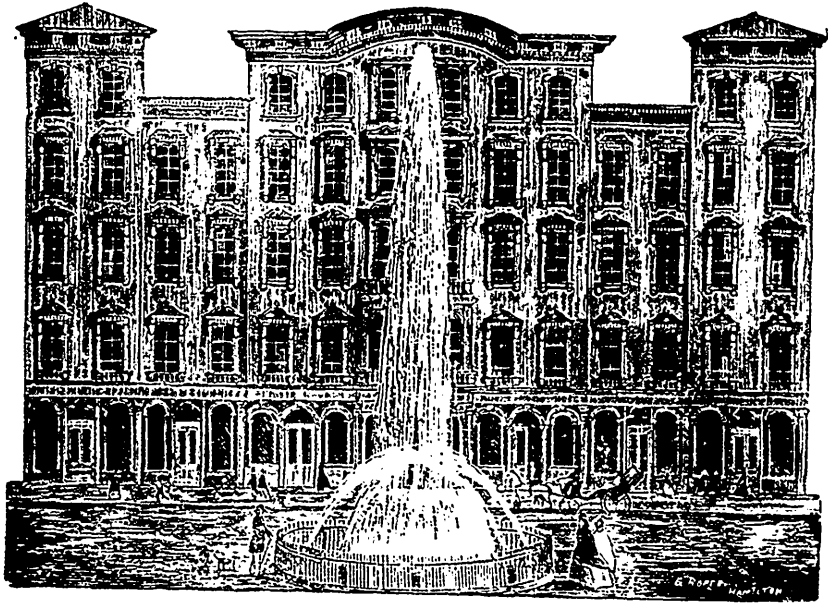
THE PORTFOLIO.

"VITA SINE LITERIS MORS EST."

VOL. X.

HAMILTON, ONTARIO.

No.



THE

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Second " " November 13th

HAMILTON, ONTARIO.

Third Term begins February 4th
Fourth " " April 16th.

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"VITA SINE LITERIS MORS EST."

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✧ Notes. ✧

WORK once more! The long and eagerly expected holiday is over. The days have passed all but too quickly, "hardly leaving time to arrange the annual spring suits," as one maiden regretfully remarks. Such trifles it should be remembered are only of secondary consideration in these classic halls. Education cannot afford to be neglected for them. Easter has come and gone, leaving in the thoughts of many, bright and happy hopes for the future, which our glorious Christianity overshadows with a golden cloud of blessings. The expectant looks of two weeks ago have given place to those of sober earnestness, as it is realized that in a very few short weeks the school year will have passed. With some this is the final year; some

are only tasting the first part of a long course, what will June with its examinations and excitements have to show for the work of the year so quickly passing? Has it been honest work faithfully done, or has the time, so precious, been trifled away? Will there be merited rewards or secret regrets in June. Let it be the former. There is yet time to retrieve lost moments and all may yet be *success*. Is it not worth a trial?

IT is approaching, winding in and out in an undulating manner; now it appears to move quickly, now more slowly, like some huge creature of the antediluvian ages, whose size forbids rapid motion. Nearer it draws and nearer, now almost halting as though reluctant to proceed. Soon a rumbling sound is heard like distant thunder, and increases as the moving object approaches. What can it be? Only the College division. Now it makes one think of an invalid corps out for a constitutional. Two by two they go, with spaces between varying from two to ten feet in length. At a command from the leaders to "keep up," comes a counter command echoing up from the foot "walk more slowly." Now that spring has come and the air is balmy and invigorating, it is time that the division assumed a brighter and more lively appearance and proceeded with a more buoyant step. For some the ground seems to have a special attraction, the head is bent forward and the shoulders are inclined to follow; some trip along daintily on their toes, others come down most ungracefully on their heels. Of course it is not considered inelegant to turn and speak to one's neighbor behind, else it would not be done; laughing and talking, and so attracting attention, appears also to be quite proper. Is it? The weather invites to longer walks than during the winter. Some have even ventured out in the early hours of the

morning before breakfast, not satisfied with the daily evening ramble.

Endure the division yet a while, it is rumored that schemes for improvement in the way of daily exercise are being indulged into, and the day may yet come, nay, may be not far distant, when we shall walk alone !!

THE literary criticisms of the present day are lacking in the bitter personal feeling which prevented them in former days from attaining true eminence. This loss of prejudice is truly something to be grateful for, but why not extend it further? It is not only in literary criticism that this degrading quality is found, but it exists to this day; in all grades of society, men are prevented by it from seeing any good qualities in those who do not hold the same opinions as they do. Did the immortal Emerson teach freedom of thought in vain? Will it ever be that people are condemned because they do not think the same as others? Who in this world is in a position to tell us that our opinions are wrong, or so pure that he can accuse his brother of being wholly bad? All are human and have evil passions to contend with, and none are without sin; why then should one who has withstood wrong, having perhaps less evil in his nature to strive against, or is surrounded by fewer temptations, censure his unfortunate fellow-man who has fallen? In all natures there is some good. Granted that it may be so small in proportion to the bad that it is almost invisible, but if one is desirous of finding it, they will bring it to light.

No matter how degraded a man may have been, is it just or right to forever brand him with evil? If all the thoughts of the heart were disclosed, they would be few who could set in judgment and condemn their fellows.

The statement that "The evil that men do lives after them—the good is often interred with their bones," is acted up to the letter, but nevertheless the truth of it is a disgrace to humanity. To declare that man, the highest creation of God and made in His image, can only perpetuate the evil deeds of his brothers,

and will let the good die, places him below a dog in feeling. The fact that many of the historians would be robbed of their subject matter were the evil not handed down to posterity, is certainly a serious reason why this state of affairs should remain as it is, for it would be a lamentable fact that many would be prevented from filling the minds of pure children with accounts of atrocious deeds committed in ages past, as well as at the present time—deeds that cause the vilest to blush with shame! It is one of the best means of filling their minds with impure thoughts, and it teaches them to look for the evil in their fellow creatures and overlook the good, as though it were of minor importance! This is truly a laudable work and great will be the reward! A time may come when the lives of men who so labor will be a striking contrast to the lives of them they condemn and in that age, good may come of it, but until then the command, "Heal thyself," will meet them with crushing force.

The following crude lines express the sentiment of a noble mind and would be an excellent motto for many to adopt.

"Speak gently of the erring, oh, do not thou forget,
However darkly stained by sin—he is; thy brother yet.
Heir to the self-same heritage—child of the self-same God,
He has but stumbled in the path that thou in weakness trod."

ONE of the most interesting subjects to the feminine mind is "the fashions"—but I am wrong in saying to the feminine mind only—is of even more importance to the sterner sex, though they endeavor to conceal the fact. A volume could be written and made very curious and interesting, for our ancestors were not less inconsistent, and possessing infinitely less taste they were more capricious than the present generation.

The origin of fashions, in a great degree was to conceal some deformity of the inventor. Patches were invented in England in the reign of Edward VI. by a foreign lady, who in this manner

ingeniously covered a wen on her neck. Full bottom wigs were invented by a French barber, for the purpose of concealing an elevation on the shoulder of the Dauphin. Shoes with very long points, full two feet in length, were introduced by Henry Plantagenet, Duke of Anjou, to conceal a large excrescence on of his feet. Numerous like instances could be given, but they all are in the same line. The *court* in all ages and in every country are the modellers of fashions; so that all the ridicule, of which these are so susceptible, must fall on them and not on their servile imitators.

There are flagrant follies in fashions which must be endured while they reign, and which never appear ridiculous till they are out of fashion. In the reign of Henry III. of France, they could not exist without an abundant supply of comfits, and all the world, grave and gay, carried a comfit-box, as it now is the fashion to carry snuff-boxes. They were used even on solemn occasions: when the Duke of Guise was shot at Valois, he was found with his comfit-box in his hand!

It is not worth noticing the change in fashion unless to ridicule them. Modern fashions have until lately been copies of obsolete ones, and were rarely original, but people are beginning to find that there are universal principles of beauty in dress that are independent of all fashions, and there are few who now follow blindly the lead of others, but they ask themselves the serious question, "Is it becoming?" and if not it is discarded?

THE indication of a man's rank is carried in his eyes, according to Emerson. Another says prominent eyes devote a command of words in writing and speaking, while still another says that the grey is the eye of genius.

Nathaniel Hawthorne's eyes were grey, Underwood speaks of them as "mottled grey and brown, and indescribably soft and winning." It is said that "no finer eyes had appeared since the time of Burns than those of Hawthorne."

It is reported of Coleridge, "His forehead was prodigious—a great piece of placid marble; and his fine eyes, in which

all the activity of his mind seemed to concentrate, moved under it with a sprightly ease, as if it were pastime to them to carry all that thought." And again, "The upper part of Coleridge's face was excessively fine. His eyes were large, light grey, prominent and of liquid brilliancy, which some eyes of fine character may be observed to possess, as though the orb itself retreated to the innermost recess of the brain." Carlyle says, "The deep eyes, of a light hazel, were as full of sorrow as of inspiration; confused pain looked mildly from them, as in a kind of mild astonishment." Leigh Hunt, after examining many eyes, says he considers Carlyle's eyes the finest he ever saw in a man's head. In speaking of Wordsworth's eyes he says: "I never beheld eyes that looked so inspired or unnatural. They were like fires half burning, half smouldering, with a sort of acrid fixture of regard, and seated at the further end of two caverns. One might imagine Ezekiel or Isaiah to have such eyes." Walter Scott said of Burns: "There was a strong expression of sense and shrewdness in all his lineaments; the eye alone, I think, indicated the poetical character and temperament. It was large and of a cast that glowed (I say literally *glowed*) when he spoke with feeling or interest. I never saw such another eye in a human head, though I have seen the most distinguished men of my time."

†The Ideal and Thought.†

"For out of olde" felde as man saith,
Cometh al this newe corn from yere to yere,
And out of olde "hokes" in good faith,
Cometh al this newe "science that men lere."

THE ideal and the real exist in universe proportions. Amid the rush and whirl of daily life the ideal is rapidly lost, and becomes a thing of the past. The importance of a grand ideal is often undervalued. Earth's great victories were fought first, not amid fire and sword, the dash of cavalry and the

hurrying tramp of feet, but in the solitary midnight watch of the General. The ideal of the leader must be sufficiently in advance of the ideals of the men to inspire them with indomitable courage, something like that of the Spartans. Courage to conquer or perish in the attempt. Turn back the shadow over the centuries. The image of a Carthaginian warrior presents itself. It is that of Hannibal. From childhood one great and supreme thought possessed his mind, to subdue the power of Rome. Before this lofty ideal, all others must give way. The Alps must be scaled in order to reach Cannae. Wellington knew best how often Waterloo was fought before 1815.

Again, the ideals of past ages have aided in making the boasted wisdom of the nineteenth century what it is. Modern thought owes much to the glowing fervor of Isaiah, and Ezekiel the father of Jeremiah, the winged words of Homer and of Shakespeare, and the profound logic of Newton, Kant, Pascal and Bacon. In the great literary emporium ideas are constantly being exchanged, until they, owing to the friction of frequent use, assume a symmetrical form, polished and beautiful. Emerson says thought is the property of him who can entertain it, of him who can adequately place it. From time immemorial the ideals of the ages have been constantly changing. The age when the whole earth was of one language and one speech, saw in its ideal a tower reaching unto heaven. The Pyramids represent the lofty aspirations of Egypt. The ideals of Assyria and Persia lay in the path of conquest, that of the old Greek philosophers in the highest good. The wisdom of the Mediaeval ages bends its energies to the search after the philosopher's stone. Three hundred years ago the ideal of Columbus lay beyond the Atlantic, to-day the spirit of exploration is centered in Africa.

The ideal largely pervades all thought. Looming brightly through the mist that veils the past, embalmed in heroic song are the brave deeds of yore. With what rapt attention the boy Macaulay conned

these old Greek and Latin legends can be inferred from his *Lays of Ancient Rome*. Readers usually agree that history never seemed so real to them before as when scanning these thrilling lines.

And after all it seems as though each ancient writer (poetry or prose) had some great thought peculiarly his own, the condensed thought of years. While some of the grandest utterances fell unheeded on Mars Hill, some thoughts of equal beauty have been preserved to us. From the remotest period of time the human heart has given voice to its sentiments in many ways. The silence of the middle ages was broken when Mendelsohn gave to Europe his songs without words. When Beethoven composed his memorable harmonies, when Hayden in most modern times gave to Austria and to Vienna one of the grandest oratorios on record, the "Creation." In the seventeenth century Handel thrilled his German audiences with the "Messiah" and "Judas Maccabees. Many gems of thought are also crystalized in the mystic beauty of the Greek and Gothic legends, in the old Anglo Saxon prose, which for sublime imagery, more resembled poetry than prose. Sir Christopher Wren left a memorial of his inventive genius in the massive Cathedral of St. Pauls. The memory of Michael Angelo still survives in St. Peters at Rome. The visitor to the Vatican still thinks on glancing at the walls, of Raphael.

Geology tells us whole races of life have passed away in bygone ages, leaving in some forsaken nook a few scattered memorials of their existence. Here a leaf has fallen in the soft clay, yonder a clam is imbedded in the earth. To-day the geologist wanders along some mountain cliff, one blow of the hammer reveals the skeleton of the leaf and the delicate marking of the shell fish. It is a principle in the grand old economy of nature, that nothing is ever lost. The question naturally rises, is thought ever lost? What of the thought of these geological ages, if any existed. Has it too, been embalmed neath the sod, or

perished with the originator, and are the old traditions after all but faint and distant echoes of centuries in the march of the human mind. Is thought, as some theorists assert, written on the universe vibrating to eternity? Where is its distant shore, its final resting place? The evidence of the centuries tell us that the climax of individual thought is usually reached in some one grand production. Hence the "blind bard of Choix'" lonely isle, gave to Greece but one Iliad. Dante wrote but one epic. Virgil but one Aeneid. Milton in poverty and blindness "Saw with that spiritual eye which no calamity could darken," the immortal scenes of Paradise Lost. His mind soared beyond all relations of time or space—beyond the stars—away into the infinite. His imagination was unfettered by the lapse of time. While Milton's Paradise Lost is one of the grandest bursts of thought on record, there are many things which would have been better "unattempted yet in prose or rhyme." Can we not then from Milton's errors give more latitude to the old philosophers and understand better the winding mazes of ancient thought, which they had to tread in darkness and alone. Credit them for their great and noble thoughts, for their lofty aspirations after the highest good! It follows then that when mind surpasses itself a work of art is produced. The greatest paintings are those which the artist could not do again. The most subtle symphony is that which the musician cannot recall. The most elevating thoughts are from the inspiration of genius, ideas and images, all crowding in succession, faster than the pen can record them. Pope's best thoughts came to him like owls in the night. A careful perusal of Shakespeare's plays reveal to the reader one image after another. One change after another is rung on the human passions. It is not the result of careful study, it bursts forth lava like, the out-pouring of genius. No author has transmitted more truly great thoughts than Shakespeare:

"There is a destiny that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them as we will,"

has become trite. One writer says "there is Gethsamene wherever a great thought is born." Tennyson had passed through the fiery furnace before he took his pen and wrote:

"Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell,
That soul and mind according well,
May make one music as before."

Thought can work miracles. Witness the marvellous transformations of the chemical laboratory, and then call to wonder at the mediæval belief in the power of magic or the supernatural. Thought cannot be measured by the yard-stick, or recalled at will, it will not yield its brightest treasures on demand.

There is a beautiful old legend of a monk who was vainly trying to paint the Christ-face. Each attempt proved a failure. But suddenly—

"He raised his eyes within his cell—O wonder!
There stood a visitor, thorn crowned was he,
And a small voice the silence rent asunder,
I scorn no work that's done for love of Me.

And round the walls the paintings shone
resplendent,

With lights and colors to this world unknown.
A perfect beauty and a hue transcendent,
That never yet on mortal canvas shone.

The grandest, most beautiful thoughts, have survived the ravages of time and are reset in new form by modern authors. Ideal thought as presented by Tennyson, Browning, Longfellow, Carlyle and Emerson, has proved a powerful stimulus in aiding modern thought to reach a higher plane. To the student these are especially valuable.

Education means more than a mere cram, it means training for life. Plato's ideal of education was as follows: "A good education is that which gives to the body and to the soul all the beauty and the perfection of which they are capable."

†Objections.†

✠ short time since I read in the columns of your paper an article under the name, "Culture Demanded of Modern Life," in which the writer in a most peremptory manner gave his opinion on the requirements of culture demanded at the present time. I beg leave to appropriate a small space in which to insert a few objections to the article published last month.

The writer opens his essay with the remark that "America in this age is intensely practical, and requires a culture on the part of its inhabitants equally practical." We would venture, in reply, the question—In proportion to the advancement in every department of education and social life, is the practical element greater than in former years? Owing to the progress in Science and Philosophy subjects, which a few years ago were far off dreams to the bulk of humanity, if ever thought of, are now brought within the range of the people. In every way the intellectual standard is higher than in preceding ages, but we doubt if it be more practical. It will not be denied that the highest aim of the majority of American citizens at the present day is—how great an amount of "filthy lucre" can be laid by in "Life's short hour," so that when they catch the vital breath and die, their names will be handed down to posterity; not for the amount of good done or noble thoughts left to influence humanity for good, but the large check their names are good for at the bank! This may be acknowledged by many to be practical, but they will hardly attach the word "culture" to it.

One great function of Science at the present day is to lighten labor—"Man is a being of action," but not a being for menial labor. Nor is this disparaging—the less time spent in manual labor leaves more to the enlargement of the intellectual faculties, but to affirm that the highest reason for which knowledge is acquired is its "useful application," is going to an extreme.

The writer acknowledges that the adherents of the opposite view of education hold that "mental discipline is the true object of a higher culture." If he does not accept this as the one great reason for higher culture, the writer certainly advances no other unless he places "useful application" above "mental discipline," or give "Night" more homage than "Day." What could be a higher object of culture than that which trains the intellectual faculties? To quicken and strengthen the reasoning power is the height of education. We want in this world thinkers who can advance an individual line of thought and not blindly follow where others lead. What is better able to accomplish this than the study of mathematics. The writer scornfully speaks of a course in the dead languages taken up for anything other than a critical study, and tells us that "the young classical student is detached from all his early mental connections—expatriated to Greece and Rome for a course of years, and becomes charged with antiquated ideas, etc., etc." Does he mean to infer that while taking a classical course the student is a hermit? If so we will not attempt to refute the statement, but this is not the case with the modern students of our knowledge. Surrounded by active life in which he must be active—he could not if he would, separate himself from modern refinements. He thus has the advantages of both schools. In the midst of modern thought he studies ancient, will not the two unite and produce that which is higher and nobler? The writer is on shifting sand when he takes the stand that where no perceived result comes from the acquiring of certain subjects that "time has been irretrievably lost and power irrecoverably wasted." Nothing once acquired is ever lost. Unconsciously it will produce effects and the mind will be enriched and elevated so that it can grasp higher thoughts with greater ease.

We agree in that "the most priceless of all things is mental power," but would ask a proof that this is accomplished by means of Science. Do the great thinkers

of our day owe their mental power to Science as a basis? We have no great names on our records who have left gems of thought to the world, but we find that their souls were roused by the writings of past thinkers. Science is unbounded in its influence and the greatness of our present age is due largely to this, but should the enlargement of one great subject lead to the banishment of a greater? The injurious effects of substituting other studies for mathematics in Colleges and Public Schools is becoming apparent, in that the minds of the students are incapable of grasping the higher subjects.

An extreme stand taken in either course is a sign of weakness. If either does so much good taken apart, when they are united greater intellectual power and purer and loftier thoughts will be the result.

FLUFF.

✦ A Trip to Mackinac. ✦

VACATION is a cessation of work, and a diversion of the mind into new and pleasant channels. While it may seem like idleness to loll around at the sea-shore, the country farm, or among the mountains, it is a repairing and oiling of the machinery, necessary to the better accomplishment of work. If you can find rest and recreation during the sultry months of summer, you are all the better for it. A trip on the water, is to most people the most delightful of all vacations. It seems as if all cares, troubles, worries and anxieties, are left behind the moment we are afloat.

Mackinac Island is one of the grandest and most romantic of spots. We start on this delightful trip from River St., Cleveland, at 2.30 p. m. It takes fifteen or twenty minutes to get out of the river. Just out here is the most picturesque part of Lake Erie. We pass Pt. Pelee and several smaller islands, then enter the Detroit River. Before reaching

Detroit City we pass Fort Wayne, which is at all times well garrisoned. At Detroit the steamer stops long enough to give passengers a chance to "take in" the views. Leaving Detroit we pass Belle Isle Park, run straight across Lake St. Clair and the St. Clair Flats. It would be intensely difficult to describe in a satisfactory manner, the beauty of this magnificent river. It possesses a magnetic influence that attracts pleasure-seekers to its shores, the continually changing panoramic views, impress themselves on the mind. We touch at Port Huron, Alpena, Rogers City and Cheboygan, and come in sight of Mackinac, rising in its grandeur above the crystal waters, which cover but do not conceal the white pebbly depths beneath.

Mackinac, the central point of the three great lakes, has no land breezes, hence the air is always cool and refreshing. The island contains over two thousand acres the National Park covers eight hundred and twenty-one acres, and the military reservation one hundred and three. Nature has here almost excelled herself. The scenery is grand. The Fort was built by the English over one hundred years ago. Climbing up the steps is a difficult task, but when up fatigue is forgotten. Robinson's Folly, a cliff with a legend, is worth visiting. The Arch Rock surpasses description. It is a magnificent natural archway spanning a chasm eighty feet in height by forty feet in width. The modifying agents of nature are destroying this sublime piece of nature's handiwork, and it is doomed to crumble away. Other places of interest are Sugar Loaf and Skull Rocks, Scott's Cave, Devil's Kitchen and the Lover's Leap, with which is connected a most interesting legend, the heroine being called Mechemockenungoqua, and her lover answers to Genivegwon.

Another name for Mackinac is "The Wonderful Isle," and well the name suits. No monotony exists here, contrasts, sudden surprises and fascinating views are ever before the eyes.

+My friend+

(FOR THE PORTFOLIO.)

† sing to the praise of my mightiest friend ;
 † Yet a friend unassuming withal,
 † Who is never puffed up, and never cast
 down

And yet always "goes to the wall."

A friend who in summer complains not of heat,
 Nor feels he the bitterest cold.

For the young he is full of the merriest fun
 And of wisdom profound for the old.

His sorely-vexed temper is always unruffled,
 And he never is "down in the mouth ;"

His spirit's the same when the north wind doth
 blow

As when it soft sighs from the south.

He never complains of "the hardness of times ;"
 He never, I'm sure "had the blues."

He's certain no glutton—he lives not to eat,
 And all manner of drink he eschews.

Though my friend's a mere pigmy—scarce six
 inches high,

He is not (like most small men) vain :

Lives up to the precept—"Little folks should
 be seen

And not heard"—too wise to complain.

When the day with its cares gives place to the
 night

And I sit by my fireside reposing,

In the midst of his story he takes no offence
 When he oftentimes catches me dozing.

When the sorrows of life bloom thick o'er my
 path,

And I'm getting the worst of the fight,

Like a light-house unmoved when the elements
 war,

He streams through the darkness his light.

He's a flat contradiction to the worn-out old saw—
 "Two's company, three's none"—He's no bore.

Full many a maid with the youth of her choice
 With him passes many an hour.

Of his praises I've sung but a few ; lest you
 weary,

A thousand I'll quite over-look.

He lives in all lands—is a friend to all seekers
 And speaks all their tongues—He's a Book.

CLARENCE LUCAS.

+Poetry of Scotland.+

HAVE you ever traced the river Dee ?
 —followed the western stream
 from its rising far off in Gaick
 forest, as it flowed eastward through
 mossy glens that tinged its waters with
 that deep yet clear amber, so character-
 istic of Highland rivers, and then turned
 to the northern stream born in the deep
 gorge below Ben Dhui, and which after
 dashing for miles over a clean bed of grey
 granite boulders, poured into the western
 stream a flood of water of the purest
 crystalline green ? Have you noted that
 for many miles after their junction, the
 two currents flowed side by side unblended
 —the northern retaining its clear trans-
 parent crystal, the western as distinctly
 its deep amber brown ? These two
 distinct and unmingling currents are an
 apt image of the character and history of
 Scotland's poetry. The amber colored
 stream typifies the literary poetry, the
 production of educated men, flowing
 tinged with the culture of other lands, to
 which it was indebted for its form, its
 metre, and in some measure for its
 language and its sentiments. The pure
 crystal current represents the home-born
 popular poetry, which springs out of the
 hearts and habits of the people, breathes
 of native manners, utters itself in the
 vernacular language and in home-spun
 melodies. It is in this last that the inner
 spirit of Scotland found vent ; this is her
 peculiar heritage of song ; a heritage
 which after it has lived on for centuries
 in the hearts and by the firesides of the
 people, at last flowed forth into bright
 and consummate expression, in the two
 great national poets, Robert Bruce and
 Walter Scott. Before, however, dwelling
 on this last, the most truly national poetry
 of Scotland, a word must be said on the
 early literary or learned poems which
 have come down to us.

Passing by for the present the
 "Romance of Sir Tristram," the
 Chronicles of Barbour's "Bruce" and of
 Blind Harry's "Wallace," we come to
 the earliest poems in Scotland that

betoken the presence of literary art—those of the royal poet, James Stuart. All are familiar with the story of the treacherous capture and detention in English prisons for eighteen years of this heir to the Scottish throne. But Henry IV. and Henry V. repaid the wrong in part by giving their royal captive the best education the age and country could provide. And it was well bestowed, for James was by nature rarely gifted, both in body and in mind. He soon became an accomplished athlete, a scholar versed in all the then known literature, in grammar, in oratory, in Latin and English poetry, in jurisprudence and philosophy. A musician of high order, he played on eight different instruments, and invented, it is said, a new kind of music, plaintive and melancholy, and quite original, which some suppose still survives in some of the oldest Scottish melodies. With poetry as well as music, he soothed these captive years, and in his "King's Quhair" or "Little Book," he describes the circumstances of his capture and imprisonment, and the lighting up of his gloom by the vision of Lady Joanna Beaufort, as she walked below his prison walls. The King in his poem describes the history of his love with a purity and delicate grace quite peculiar in that age. A good modern critic has said: "This work contains natural description more varied, color more vivid; a self-reflection and spirituality which are not to be seen even in Chaucer himself." But though this may be true, the whole cast of the poem, the style, versification and language, are distinctly Chaucerian, and through their employment by this gifted King they became for generations the accepted model of all polished poetry in Scotland. For it is a remarkable fact that the influence of Chaucer was much more apparent in Scotland than it was in England, for two centuries after the poet's death.

The style of poetry introduced into Scotland by the "King's Quhair" was carried on by a long succession of poets, of whom the most illustrious names are: William Dunbar, Garvin Douglas, Sir

David Lindsay. When these and their style disappeared, a new influence arose in William Drummond, of Hawthornden, the only literary or polished poet of any mark who adorned Scotland in the 17th century. When the Stuart Kings quitted Holyrood for Whitehall, literature at once almost disappeared from the northern land, and it was more than a century and a half before it returned. From George Buchanan to David Hume, as Lockhart has remarked, no name of first-rate mark in scholarship, poetry or literature, appeared in Scotland. The tide of song may have flowed on obscurely among the people, but it was unheeded until it found vent through Ramsay and Fergusson in the first half of the 18th century, and afterwards rose to full tide in Burns and Scott.

Perhaps no royal house in Europe, in proportion to their opportunities, did more to foster literature and all the fine arts, than the Scottish Stuarts. This genuine love and patronage of literature might alone plead for their memories against the obloquy which most modern literary men have conspired to heap upon them. But besides this they possessed, as a race, a personal attractiveness, a gracious, romantic and generous character, which, whatever faults they may have had, endeared them to all Scottish hearts, as neither Plantagenets or Tudors in England, or Bourbons in France, ever were endeared.

Turning to the other, the more purely poetic current of song, we find first, poems descriptive of the manners and customs of the peasantry. Christ's "Kirk on the Green" and "Peblis to the Play," are the earliest extant works of these kind. They have been attributed, but not with absolute certainty, to James I. Some have questioned whether the graceful and refined author of the "King's Quhair" could have condescended to such broad humor, and often coarse expressions as are found in these poems. The King, or whoever the author was, had witnessed a rural holiday at some village in Aberdeenshire it is supposed, and

described what he there saw, in a poem full of sprightliness and humor, which in many parts is too plain speaking for modern recital. The poem must have been well-known in England in Pope's time, for he says :

" I like no language but the Fairy Queen,
A Scot will fight for Christ's Kirk o' the Green."

It is in an easy lyric stanza, somewhat modernized, this is the opening one :

" Was ne'er in Scotland heard or seen
Sic dancing and deray,
Nouther Falkland on the Green
Nor Peblis at the Play,
As was o' wooers, as I ween
At Christ's Kirk on a day.
Then came our Kilties, washen clean,
In their new kirtles o' grey—full gay,
At Christ's kirk of the green that day."

In " Peblis to the Play " we see the same full sympathy with the peasantry and their frolics, and the poet's true eye for the picturesque and the human. James V., known as the poor in the Commons, is said to have wandered about the country in disguise, conversing freely with all he met, often passing the night under the peasant's hut or by the farmer's fireside, and there finding for himself strange adventures. Two poems are attributed to him, " The Gaberlunzie Man " and the " Jolly Beggar." The latter has the following chorus :

" And we'll gang nae mair a-roving,
A-roving in the night.
We'll gang nae mair a-roving,
Let the moon shine ne'er so bright."

Early in the 16th century we have a poem of the same class called the " Friars of Berwick," representing the hospitality of the country people and the coarseness of the Monk's lives. To the same time also belongs " Three Tales of the Priests of Peebles."

From this time onward for nearly two centuries, the poetry of rustic manners slumbered in Scotland. Early in the 18th century, it was revived by Allan Ramsay, in his pastoral drama of " The Gentle Shepherd," a poem of great original merit, which has maintained a strong hold on the affections of the

Scottish nation for more than a century and a half. Immediately succeeding to Ramsay, Robert Fergusson carried on the description of rustic manners in his " Farmer's Ingle," " Leith Races," and other poems, from which Burns afterwards took the form and manner of his own productions of for higher genius.

The ballad ranks second in Scotland's popular poetry—The simple and affecting narratives of memorable events

" Of old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago."

Every country in Europe, at least, has had its ballads or something corresponding to them. Spain, Germany, Denmark, Sweden, England too, had theirs, in early times. These cluster around mythic or national heroes; such as Arthur and his Knights, Robin Hood, Guy of Warwick. Judging from the contempt with which Shakespeare and his contemporaries, however speak of " odious ballad makers," the trade of ballad making must have fallen into disrepute in England in the 16th century. Early in the 18th century, Addison's comments on Chevy Chase, and the publication of a collection of ballads for popular use, showed that the tide was turning in their favor again. But the great epoch-making-books, those which established the ballad forever as a great national inheritance were, " Percy's Reliques of Ancient English Poetry," containing many fine Scottish ballads communicated to the bishop by Lord Hailes, and Scott's " Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border." These two great works wrought quite a revolution in English thought and sentiment. They not only restored the long-despised and almost forgotten ballad to its rightful place, but they changed and revived the whole body of England's poetry.

Who may have been the authors of the old ballads we still possess, is wholly unknown. Many of the oldest were probably composed by those wandering minstrels, who abounded before the Reformation. These minstrels absolutely swarmed about the Court of James I. Dunbar in his " Lament for the Makaris,"

mentions two poets recently dead, as ballad makers. Neither can we more definitely fix the age when the ballads were produced. The historic ones were probably composed immediately after some great event, the popular heart and imagination breaking spontaneously into song; the romantic ones may have been adapted by the minstrels from older metrical romances. All of them, however, were handed down orally and preserved in the memory of the people until the close of last century, when they were collected by Sir Walter Scott from the recitations of old women in Etrick Forest and of farmers, like Dandie Dinnewup or Liddesdale. Of Fairyland and the old feeling the Scots had about it, the ballad of Thomas the Rhymer is the purest example. Thomas had the gift of prophecy which he got from the Fairy Queen. His first meeting with her the ballet thus describes :

“ True Thomas lay on Hemltie bank,
A ferlie he spied wi' his e'e ;
And there he saw a lady bright
Come riding down by the Eildon tree,”

After some parley in which Thomas by kissing the Queen of Fairies becomes bound to serve her seven years,

“ She mounted on her milk white steed,
She has ta'en true Thomas up behind.
And aye when e'er her bridle rung
Her steed flew swifter than the wind.
O they rade on, and further on,
The steed gaed swifter than the wind,
Until they reached a desert wide
And living land was left behind.”

She then shows him three paths—the first the path of righteousness, the second that of wickedness, and the third to fair Elfland. Thomas chooses the latter, serves the Queen seven years and receives for his wages :

“ Syne they came to a garden green
And she pu'd an apple from the tree ;
Take this for thy wages, true Thomas,
It will give thee the tongue that can never lee.”

On his return to earth he uttered those prophecies, many of which are remembered in Scotland to this day.

As an example of the heroic ballad is the description of the fray between the Scots of Buccleuch and the English freebooters :

“ Then til't they gaed wi' heart and hand,
The blows fell thick as bickering hail,
And mony a horse ran maserless,
And mony a comely cheek was pale, etc.”

The third form of poetry in which the national heart of Scotland has expressed itself, is her songs. The songs of Burns must form the subject of a separate article.

† Locals. †

145.

“ Hyacinths.”

“ Hide-and-Seek.”

“ (Gas) light in the darkness.”

The latest spring novelty—black and tan pups.

A young lady in talking of the many good things her father sent her in her box, innocently remarked, that she received oranges, bananas, shrimps and lots of other fruit.

What could it be? Nothing, but—

Only a broken bedstead,
Only a broken door,
Only two masculine figures,
Only two boys nothing more,
Only a glass of lemonade,
Only a slice of ham,
Only seven maidens smiling,
As sweetly as maidens can.

One of the music pupils is very anxious to know who Chopin I. was. Any one possessing the required information will be thanked most heartily if they will impart their information to the one who is thirsting for knowledge.

“ The Lord helps those who help themselves,” remarked a young lady as she served herself for a fourth time to her neighbor's chicken. “ Then you will be well helped,” replied the owner of the dainties.

St. Patrick's day found many of our number decked in green, but on account of the scarcity of Shamrock we had to

content ourselves with grass from the College lawn.

The art students are already looking forward to a trip to Dundurn Park to search for the beauties of nature. We are also glad to see that every day the art rooms become more crowded with earnest workers.

A certain young lady must evidently be very proud of her little feet, or she would never allow a young gentlemen to run off with her slippers. "All is vanity," but it was a vanity that reached deeper than the heart, even to the sole.

Was it an outburst of genius, or the cry of a heart sick of life, that caused the birth of the following lines :

"A Misanthrope," they cry,
 "Look at her mournful eye,
 And the bitter expression of her face :
 Such beings who are not
 Contented with their lot,
 Should be exterminated from the race."

Then she soliloquizes thus :

"Ah ! if they knew of all the woe
 Which I have had to undergo,
 Before I was turned to what I'm now.
 They'd then forgive the scorn
 Which sits from night to morn.
 Vice versa, on my corrugated brow."

The young ladies have taken advantage of the bright spring days and have organized a baseball club, which will without doubt stand higher on the list than any of our previous clubs.

The high tea at the Centenary Church was patronized by several of the students, who on account of their early return, were allowed the privilege of attending it. The old saying of "The more the merrier," did not prove true in that case, few there were, but never was anything of the kind enjoyed so much before.

A few of our number spent another very enjoyable evening at the home of Mrs. Pratt, the President of the Alumnae Association. Notwithstanding her many arduous duties she does not forget the lonely students. She has now many hearts through her kindness, and we wish always think of her as one who all helped to brighten our school days.

The Junior Literary Society has established for itself a monument. The

coming generation will not appreciate its efforts as much as we do, who have experienced the fatigue of standing first on one foot and then on the other, as we peruse the daily papers ; but, thanks to this Society, we are now able to rest ourselves comfortably while we read, and the three new stools are a great saving of strength and patience, as well as an ornament to the reading room.

"Quiet ! but oh my—!!"

+Exchanges+

THE article on Carl Wimar, which occupies the "first place" in "The Student Life," one loses interest as it is continued from month to month. The limited space in College papers should introduce a short and positive style in writing, as all lengthy articles show a lack of appreciation in the importance of the paper. "The Freshman Allegory" is very amusing, and we are sure the heart of the readers give a sympathetic throb, in having the grievance of this class too ruthlessly displayed.

ONE of our favorite Exchanges is the Argosy, and we gladly welcome its appearance, though it is often tardy. The literary matter it contains is well written and as a rule instructive as well as pleasing, but we are often inclined to think that it is a paper written exclusively for its immediate surroundings, and for this reason it is not as interesting to the "outside world" as it might be. We do not doubt that the Freshman Class is worthy of much attention, but when we find it occupying a prominent place in every number of the paper we might be both pardoned and justified for making use of a popular slang phrase and entreat the editors to "give them a rest."

We much enjoyed the Correspondence Column, and are confident the "Trip to the Isle of Man" was written by a lover of Nature, many of the descriptions are beautiful. Concerning "Our Unwritten History," we think that an extensive subject has been compressed, to an extent which detracts from the interest as the mind involuntarily follows the thought and is not satisfied that so little should be written.

Other Exchanges received, which we hope to notice next month, are Queen's College Journal, The Earlhamite, Niagara Index, and Hamilton College Monthly.

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