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The Portfolio

A Monthly Journal,

PUBLISHED DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR BY THE LITERARY SOCIETY
IN THE INTEREST OF THE

Hamilton Ladies' College,

Her Students, Alumnae and Friends.

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"Vita Sine Literis Mors Est."

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EDITORIALS.

There is a danger of school girls forgetting every kind of reading but that found in their text books. A student who is carrying a heavy course of study has certainly very little time for outside reading, but still a little time devoted to this would be very helpful, would broaden her views, and would show to her greater fields of rich intellectual thought. When we have a few moments to devote to reading we seem to think that the higher class of literature would be "dry" and heavy, and the tendency is for us to pick up some of the worst kinds of trashy novels (good fiction is not to be classed with these), thinking these will prove a rest and relaxation for the tired brain. And once having studied and assimilated the thoughts of our purest and best authors, we will wonder how we could have so foolishly spent our time on the lower class of literature.

"No book is worth anything which is not worth much; nor is it serviceable until it has been read and re-read, and loved and loved

again, and marked so that you can refer to the passages you want in it."

* * *

There is good reading matter found in modern newspapers and magazines, and in order to speak intelligently on the leading topics of the day, and be a well-informed member of society, these must be read. The student should devote some time, no matter how little, to the perusal of the daily papers and journals.

* * *

We have a large bright library, and there on the shelves may be found "kings and statesmen who will talk to us as long as we like—talk to us in the best words they can chose, but we make very little account of that company—perhaps never listen to a word they would say." If we spent some of our spare moments with such company as Macaulay, Laing, Carlyle, Arnold and other members of the royal family of intellect, we would wonder how it was we ever considered them "dry" and uninteresting. If you are tired of prose, and would prefer the higher notes of poetry, you will find there the works of our poets, and you will find their company so enjoyable—

"That the cares which invest the day
Will fold their tents like the Arabs
And as silently steal away."

CHEYENNE CANON.

On either side the rocks all rugged rise
In mighty, massive grandeur to the sky;
Here sandstone red, and there the granite pink
Or grey as morning mists on ocean's shore.
Above—the fleecy cloud—ships softly sail
Across the narrow sea of summer blue.
Within—the playful sunbeams gently glide
Adown the shady vistas; peeping now
Between the branches interlaced; anon
They dance upon the streams, which laugh and leap
From rock to rock in merry, madd'ning play.
Who trained the ivy climbing gracefully
Those rugged, rocky steeps? Who planted there
The mountain pines, on yonder towering heights,
Whose roots seem firm embedded in the rocks?
Do fairies tend the wild flowers that they grow

Around our feet in such munificence?
 What revels could the tiny elves enjoy
 Upon the mossy boulders scattered near,
 When moonbeams peep above the mountain peaks
 And fill their Elfin haunts with mystic light!
 Methinks I see them dance with witching grace
 To music of the waters. While the birds
 Swing sleepily among the arching boughs
 And drowsy flow'rets nod a sweet good night.

* * * * *
 Those dizzy heights like hoary sentinels,
 Shut out the turmoil of a dinning world;
 Its grief and discord cannot penetrate
 Where nature rules in royal solitude.
 The weary heart forgets its loss and pain;
 Grows hushed and quite 'neath the brooding peace,
 And, reaching outward toward the Infinite,
 Finds God revealed in all, and feels Him near.

* * * * *
 And surely God Himself near "cool of day,"
 Amid the Eden beauty of this spot,
 Would roam as in creation's joyous morn,
 And whisper now, as then, that—"It is good."

FLORENCE M. YORK.

THE STUDY OF LAW FOR WOMEN.

POSTULATE I.—Women have to earn their livelihood in some way.

AXIOM I.—They have a right to earn it as they see fit.

For the purpose of this article these statements will be accepted as established.

Granting these, there appears to be no valid reason why a woman should be told her talents do not fit her for the peculiar occupation she may think congenial.

Hence Proposition I.—Women have the right to practice law if they choose.

There is a short innocent-looking law in the Statute Book for 1892 in which "*Her Majesty*, by and with the advice and consent of the Legislative Assembly of the Province of Ontario, enacts as follows:

"1. The Law Society of Ontario may in their discretion make rules providing for the admission of women to practice as Solicitors."

Great were the difficulties overcome by the pluck and perseverance of Canada's pioneer law student, Miss Clara Brett Martin, in se-

curing this short piece of legislation, and the subsequent permission of the Law Society to her entry as a student. Even yet the field is not entirely open. The statute does not allow a woman to enter the inner circle and become a Barrister-at-law, nor to penetrate the innermost sanctum sanctorum and occupy a seat among the judiciary. These are however, but additional steps, and will doubtless be taken shortly. Practically the profession of law may be regarded in Ontario as being open to women. Sometimes, though, certain things are lawful which are not expedient. But as the woman who studies law is an individual with a mind and ambitions of her own, and as she is the most interested in her future success or failure, it will occur to most people that she might safely be left to judge of the expediency for herself.

There does not seem any danger that our domestic economy will be overturned by wives and sisters flocking as a body into law. A profession already overcrowded is not likely to prove attractive to many women. Besides, they are not strangers to the practice of law. The number of women practitioners in the United States is very small. In Canada there is but one woman as yet pursuing the study.

It is a good many years—about three thousand—since Deborah, the wife of Lapidoth, judged Israel, and moreover delivered them from the bondage of the people of Canaan. Women seem to have acted as counsel in Athens, in Rome, and in the early European States. But “the unruly member” proved uncontrollable. The “Eve” who brought on her sex deprivation of the privilege of acting as barristers-at-law was one Calphurnia, a Roman virago apparently. She, by “excess of boldness” and “by making the tribunals resound with howlings uncommon to the forum” occasioned the passing of the Lex. i. Sec. 5. Dig. iii, (1) whereby after reciting that the act rested solely on the conduct of Calphurnia, it was enacted that she should cease to plead in the courts of Rome. Apparently she was not the only offender, and shortly afterwards the statute was extended to exclude all women.

As the study of the Canon law permeated Europe, the wisdom of this enactment seems to have impressed other countries, and the profession was lost to women, or perhaps it might better be said that women were lost to the profession.

At the present day the wheels of apparent progress have reached a point where the second Calphurnia is to have a chance to redeem the lost position. Let us hope she will never again be deserving of the

rebuke administered to her learned predecessors. A French historian in 1603 writes, "for women are excluded from the law here because of their forwardness—like Calphurnia, who could never endure that her side should be beaten, nor that the judge should decide against her without speaking forwardly to the judge or the other party."

That the practice of law does not unsex all women engaged therein is clear. One instance I find cited. Mrs. Lutes was the first woman lawyer in Ohio. She was admitted to the bar in 1873, married in 1874, and practiced law with her sister until 1880. She then formed a partnership with her husband, who had studied in the same office and been called to the bar at the same time as herself. She has instructed her three daughters herself, and prepared them for a classical course at the university. She and her husband work together on every case. Of recent years he has become totally deaf, and is informed of what is being said by judge, witness or opposing counsel, only by the noiseless motion of his wife's lips. That they are successful lawyers would appear from Mr. Lutes' own statement, that in a bar numbering forty-five members in the county they are retained on an average in more than one quarter of the cases, and have besides a considerable amount of outside business.

Ada M. Bittenbender, another American lawyer, claims, and I presume she ought to know, that the practice of law will allow a woman to "properly act as the custodian of a home and maintain it in love and honor and do none of these things," (that is, cook, wash dishes, sweep, dust, etc.) Further than that she takes the stand that "to stifle the longings of an immortal soul to follow any useful calling in this life is a departure from the order of nature, and when voluntary, treason against it."

Law will not be attractive to many women. The possibilities are glittering, but the reality for nearly every practitioner is small. Chance plays a tremendous part, and when that fickle goddess gives the opportunity success must be forced by arduous, unremitting toil. Without very strong powers of physical endurance much success in the profession cannot be hoped for. In no other profession is mediocrity brought home to its possessor so swiftly and with such a sickening sense of disappointment. In no other profession will the average person get such meagre returns for so much time and money spent in preparation.

A mechanic who had taken the same trouble to fit himself for his

work that the average lawyer has would sneer at the income the lawyer is able to earn.

The lawyer never meets his clients except when they are in trouble. One side must always be beaten in every legal contest, and while humanity persists in viewing its rights from the standpoint of self-interest, neither side will ever be satisfied, and the lawyer will get the blame for everything.

All these disadvantages, I presume, exist because law is the highest and noblest of the professions. It is the lawyer who must have the greatest share in the making and administering of the law. His (I use the masculine for the present) special knowledge is necessary in framing almost every new law, or the confusion and uncertainty which unavoidably attends such work would be incredibly increased.

He is an officer of the court, is amenable to its discipline, and in return is given a monopoly of the conduct of cases coming before it. The judges are led to conclusions by his research, his knowledge of law and of legal principles. His skill in marshalling evidence, and his eloquent presentation of his client's case enables the jury to arrive at their verdict.

The judiciary and most of the court officers are selected from the ranks of the profession.

His training specially inclines and fits him for public life. He is and must ever be a potent influence, in the Legislature and out of it, in assisting to balance the scales of justice. This measuring out equal rights to all is the chief duty of the State to each citizen. And the man whose life is spent in this work can surely render no higher service to his fellows.

In Canada women number nearly fifty per cent. of the population. It might not be considered unreasonable for them to seek the exercise of some personal supervision over the weighing operations.

True, "Justitia" herself is a woman. But her servants who superintend the Scales are men, and it is just possible that with the assistance of women the measure dealt out to the female members of the State might be a little more generous, and the share of the male members softened a little with an alloy of mercy and fairplay.

MISTRESS MARGARETT BRENT,
Attorney-at-law,

Maryland, U. S.

Admitted to practice law 1847 A. D.

HAMILTON TO QUEBEC.

Almost too good to be true was my thought on hearing the decision that Quebec was to be the direction of our summer outing. "Quebec,"—the historic part of our vast land, the connecting link between the old world and old times and our new rich country, this Canada of ours.

When King Louis XV, on hearing of the defeat of the French forces, and the capture of Quebec by the English, called this country "only a few acres of snow and ice," little did he know that it was merely the threshold of a grand treasure-house, the path to a land so great and rich.

The trip as far as Montreal is almost too tourist-worn to require more than a brief reference. The first half day after leaving Toronto is very uninteresting. Just the broad expanse of the blue or grey waters (according as the sun shines or no) of our own Ontario. It was greyish green on this day, and as the wind was blowing and the air clammy, only the bravest staid on deck. Even they were glad later on to seek the seclusion of the cabin, and for a change examine their stock of literature, and also their fellow-passengers. Of course there was the usual crowd,—the bored ones, the enthusiastic ones, the literary ones, the few lazy indifferent young men, the inevitable clergy and the usual sprinkling of newly wedded pairs closely clasping Howell's "Wedding Journey" or "A Chance Acquaintance."

The next day every one is up early to see the islands, and there is a grand struggle as to who shall finish breakfast first and secure good seats on deck, and indeed it is well worth the trouble of being up with the birds for once, for having got possession of some of the coveted chairs next to the railing, we proceeded to drink in the beauties of nature. So much has been written about these wonderful thousand islands that I can only say, it is all true. So thickly dotted are they, and so narrow the channels at times, that one would think our vessel was going to run aground, for surely there is no outlet here, but as we go on rounding a point, a passage-way is discovered, and what had seemed an impassable barrier divides into many little islands.

All natures may be satisfied here, for at the fashionable resorts of Alexandria Bay and Thousand Island Park, with all its gaieties and its thickly populated islands around, with magnificent villas and summer castles. One who craves excitement and luxury will enjoy the many beautiful little nooks in the quieter parts of the river, where man has

not been chopping down the trees and making grassy lawns and terraces, but where mother nature still holds sway.

Conspicuous among the grandest summer houses here is that of Pullman, one of America's millionaires, a magnificent grey stone castle built high up on a rocky island, with winding roadway and terraces. Close by is a beautiful Swiss chalet, so high that one conjectures that they must have that horrible incongruity of an elevator there, in order to inhabit the upper stories, otherwise imagine having to climb six pairs of stairs for a forgotten shawl or book.

But now the excitement begins as we approach the rapids. The first one is small, not very awe-inspiring, just a "bonne bouche" to whet the appetite for more. And it comes, for the next, the Long Sault rapids are quite exhilarating. It is like suddenly coming into a storm at sea, the waters are foaming and dashing around the vessel, which is rocking and pitching down hill through the rapids at a wonderful pace, with all steam shut off.

It was a surprise to me to learn that these rapids were nine miles long, for it seemed as if it took no longer than five minutes to pass through them, so rapidly did we go.

Still more thrilling because more dangerous are the Lachine rapids, so named by Champlain because he thought he had here discovered a route to China. The river is fairly wide here and the waters shallow, rocks being met with continuously, and what is worse for the pilot there, but not visible. How dreadfully discouraging it must have been to Champlain, La Salle, and those self-sacrificing Jesuit Fathers who first worked their way up this river beyond Montreal to encounter rapids after rapids, and have to make those long portages through thick wood and underbrush. How almost impossible it would seem except to men of such hardy nature and grim determination as they were.

We have already passed the C. P. R. Bridge—that latest triumph of engineering skill—at Lachine, and now are approaching one of the grandest engineering feats of the age, the wonderful Victoria Bridge, the longest in the world. Passing under it, our boat gliding over the waters which seem as smooth and blue after the rushing, foaming rapids, soon lands us at Montreal, where we are literally hustled, without the merest chance of gazing at the far-famed city, from our steamer "Corsican" to the larger and much more palatial one called "Quebec," and are steaming away from the smokey harbor before we realize it. Looking back the monster bridge is disappearing behind St. Helen's

island, the twin towers of Notre Dame is all that we can see of Montreal with the shadow of the mountain at the back.

The evening shades descend as we plough past hamlets and villages with church spires in every one, meeting vessels of every kind, from the lumbering barge and rafts to the ocean grey-hound. Then the moon rises and we sit on deck, gazing on the enchanted scene, listening to the music of the boat's orchestra. It seems like fairy-land.

The first stopping-place is Sorel, at the mouth of the Richlieu river, once that famous fort built by the French in 1665, where gathered many a time all the seigneurs, from that river, with their dependants, when their own homes were not strong enough to resist the attacks of the Indians.

Leaving Sorel we enter the Lake St. Peter, where the descending waters commence their first struggle with the fringes of the Atlantic's tide. Loath as we were to leave the moon-lit deck, yet retire we must, and we pass historic Three Rivers and Batiscar during the night.

Soon after dawn we are on deck again, for to miss having the first glimpse of Quebec would be indeed dreadful. The land grows higher on each side of the river, we see many vessels loading timber in the coves, and huge rafts manned by sturdy French Canadians, their quaint looking houses, first a few, then many, huddled along the narrow strips of shore at the bottom of the cliffs. Wolf's Cove is pointed out to us where, 136 years ago, that brave leader landed with his men under cover of night, scrambled up that steep precipice and surprised the small guard at the outpost where attack was the least expected, and there, on the Plains of Abraham above, was fought the battle which changed the whole future of Canada. Now the grey walls and the sombre citadel crowning those huge cliffs appear in sight. Another minute and we round Cape Diamond, and the ancient city of Champlain appears before us in all its picturesqueness and antiquated attraction. How beautiful it looks in the bright morning sun! Seemingly dividing those quaint tumble-down looking houses on the shore called Lower Town, from the beautiful buildings above, is the Dufferin Terrace, a parade extending from the citadel rock to the road that winds its tortuous way to Upper Town. The most conspicuous object next to the citadel is the magnificent new hotel, "Chateau Frontenac," built on the site of the old Chateau St. Louis, which was built by Champlain, the founder of Quebec, and was the home of Count Frontenac, and of all the French Governors.

But it is only a glimpse we can have of old Quebec, and are again hurried to another steamer. As we go sea-ward, the water seems to grow greener, and, as we pass the beautiful fertile Isle of Orleans, it is not all imagination which makes us believe we can sniff the sea-air, for we find that the salt water extends up the river as far as the shores of this island. Rising nearly 2000 feet from the river we see Cape Tourment, dark, desolate and gloomy, on the highest elevation of which a cross was erected in 1616, but was replaced by a small chapel in 1870, to which brothers from a monastery near by ascend to pray on every holy day. Then there is a succession of huge peaks, some higher, some lower, of this pine covered Laurentian range, with cascades and water falls looking like tiny threads of glistening silver in the distance, and only very occasionally a desolate looking house on some part of the shore more accessible than the rest.

Grosse Isle is pointed out to us on our right, and as we see that speck of green in the distance, memories come to us of that awful year 1847, when thousands of emigrants died of fever on this island of quarantine. The mighty St. Lawrence has now grown so wide that the opposite shore is scarcely visible, and we might indeed be plowing the Atlantic ocean, for the waves are high and the wind is strong.

Baie St. Paul is our first stopping place, the mountains here seem to take a wide scoop inland, leaving considerable shore and a very wide sandy beach. Instead of landing on terra-firma, the passengers are left stranded on a high quay right out in the river, and are taken to a sandy strip by small boats. On this sand are waiting several caliches and buck-boards, which surely have to drive right through the water, for there seems no other way to get to shore. Thankful was I that fate had not decreed that this was to be our resting place. Leaving this bar we passed Isle aux Condres, of smuggling fame. As soon as we have a Canadian Hardy or Crockett we may expect as fascinating romances as that of the "Wessex Tales" or "Raiders," for there is abundant store of material about this river island.

And now at last is Murray Bay (which is our abiding place for a few weeks), beautifully situated among the frowning hills.

Everything charms us here, the quaint fishing village with its wee houses where live a few French habitants and Indians, who have small stalls to sell their wares made of birch bark and grass. Winding up from there is the road leading around the bay where we come to beautiful summer residences, cottages and hotels, a Catholic and also an

English and Presbyterian church combined, the latter built by visitors. Then the habitants' houses all huddled together, (as if they could not each have acres of this beautiful land about for not much more than the asking), but all very clean and tidy. Swarms of children everywhere, but seemingly as happy as mud-larks, always grinning and ready to say "Bon jour" to every one. All the French Canadian habitants' homes seem to be built on exactly the same plan, with high sloping roofs and projecting eaves. Sometimes as many as three tiers of windows may be seen in the roof, making the house look like a veritable Noah's Ark. One thing that struck us as very quaint and peculiar was the manner of baking, in ovens, built some little way from the house, usually across the road, made of stone or brick, and thickly plastered over and often white-washed. They build a fire in this oven, and when hot rake out the embers and pop in the bread, pies or cakes, and they are baked and browned thoroughly. We tested some of the habitants' ordinary brown bread once, buying it from a little girl who was taking it out of the oven, but found it rather sour and the crust very hard.

At the head of the bay is the village proper, boasting of a large church and convent, many shops and even a notary. Also a decrepit saw-mill, the last having originally made the place, being named after the first owner, Murray. The French name is Mal-baie, so called because it is a very bad harbor, when the tide is out. The whole bay is a thread-work of sand-bars except just where the little river empties into it, the current forming a deeper bay. Delightful beyond expression are the jolly drives in the quaint caliches which look exactly like cutters perched up on the top of two wheels, the driver sitting on the curved part in front with his feet on the shafts. They are very comfortable considering the only springs are strips of leather swung on thin pieces of curved wood. At first conversation was exceedingly limited with the drivers, who are not able to speak one word of English, as indeed do few of the inhabitants, but we would say—pointing—"Qu'est-ce que c'est que cela," and look very intelligent, while they gesticulated and jabbered in response, and in that way would carry on a very animated conversation until they in turn would ask a series of questions, then our complacency would vanish most miraculously. Such charming drives they were, up and down hill, the sturdy ponies trotting all the way as easily up as down, to beautiful inland lakes, wonderful gorges, mountain streams and water falls. Excellent trout-fishing everywhere we are told, but we are not anglers. Every mile or two on the roadside of the beautiful country there is upreared a

wooden cross, usually painted black. We were ignorant enough at first to think they marked graves, but on enquiring from a caliche driver if that were so, he gave a most horrified look and said reverently "Non! non! c'est pour prier." On examining some of them more closely we found sometimes a crucifix or figure of the virgin in glass on them, and below often offerings of flowers, placed by children no doubt.

After three weeks of perfect enjoyment, in which we tried everything, long rambles over the rocks, sailing, canoeing, bowling, tennis, even golf, and, last but not least, bathing in ice-cold water, we bade adieu to beautiful Mal-baie to continue our trip down the mighty river. Only one stop is made, and that is at Riviere du Loup, (or river of wolves), before reaching Tadousac, situated just at the mouth of the far-famed Saguenay. This is undoubtedly the oldest European settlement in Canada, perhaps in America. Before Champlain began to build Quebec it existed. Even before Jacques Cartier left St. Malo to find out Canada, nearly four centuries ago Tadousac was the resort of the Basque fishermen. Indeed one writer evolves the theory that not only were the Basques here before Columbus was born, but that their ancestors, the sea-roving Iberians, visited this harbor even before Christ came to the world. So it is with reverence that one visits this spot, which, historically, is older than the country of which it is a part. Tadousac was once the capital of the French settlement, and then chief fur-trading post of the St. Lawrence, and now is valuable to the government as the salmon hatcheries.

The Jesuit missionaries had a mission here as early as 1639, and its little Indian church is built on the site of the first church built on this continent, and is over two hundred years old. It is said that the Angelus is rung out to-day with the bell by which it was sounded at night well nigh four hundred years ago. Such a quaint little building is this white painted chapel with its altars of tarnished gilt and cotton lace, only capable of seating about thirty people. In a glass case at one side is a wax doll very gaudily dressed in silk and tarnished gold, which they proudly exhibit as presented to this church by Louis XIV. It took me some little time to guess that it was to represent the Christ child, for it looked like a very ordinary ancient wax doll dressed like a fine lady of the time.

A cluster of pine trees, over 200 years old, now marks the spot where the first stone and mortal building ever erected in America

stood, the home of Father Marquette, the explorer of the River Mississippi. Returning to the steamer we swing out from the little wharf, turn to those mighty rocks, and enter the silent, gloomy river Saugenay. Such an indescribable eerie feeling seizes one as we pass up this lonely place in the evening shadows. Not a light to be seen, not a sound to be heard but that our own steamer is making. Nothing but huge rocks towering up on either side, like one great mountain rent asunder in remote ages by some great convulsion of nature. Ha-Ha Bay, sixty miles from the mouth of the river, is reached about midnight, and our boat remains there until early morning. This bay is so named because early navigators ascending this river could not find a landing place or anchorage until reaching this bay, when they broke out laughing on being able to touch bottom with their anchors. Chicoutimi is at the head of the navigable part of the river, and is quite an imposing little town, with its important-looking cathedral, seminary and convent, rows of shops, railway station and numerous saw-mills. We have passed through the Laurentian range of mountains and have reached softly undulating lands rich with verdure.

Returning, the river seems not a whit less grand and gloomy by the hazy daylight; the bare rocks and others covered sparsely by hardy pine trees; the silver threads of cascades occasionally trickling down the dark precipices, and the few scattered hamlets in valleys or where the rocks slope more gently whence a landing could be effected. There is a suppressed feeling of excitement as all passengers crowd to the front of the boat, for looming up in front of us is that wonderful Cape Trinity. Three different elevations and yet one rock, three distinct steps leading up from the river to a height of 1800 feet. As the steamer glides nearer and nearer to these precipitous cliffs we more and more appreciate the awful height and massive grandeur of the cape. How the steamer seems to dwindle to insignificance as we are overpowered by the mightiness of nature. A statue of the Virgin is seen on the first step of the Triune, and higher up still is a cross planted by some pious zealot, who has risked life and limb to rear aloft the sacred emblem of his church.

Across the bay, like a huge cleft in the mountain, stands the still grander and more imposing Cape Eternity. Sheer rock rising straight out of the water 1900 feet. When one thinks of the depth of the river at the base, over 2000 feet, one's awe is not decreased. The steamer's whistle startles us as we gaze silently, and the long-continued and oft-repeated reverberations of its echo adds to the impression.

The scenery from Trinity and Eternity down to Tadousac is of the most sublime grandeur, the river is winding and indented with bays formed by formidable projecting capes. After passing the mouth of the little Saguenay and the famous salmon stream Marguerite and a few islands, bare rocks only, we again touch at Tadousac, then out on the broad bosom of the St. Lawrence, which indeed seems like the ocean here in its vastness. A few hours past village and hamlet, rocks, bays and islands, and we are at last in Quebec, the ancient capital of New France, the one walled city of the north. "Quebec," says Joaquin Miller, "is the storehouse of American history, and the most glorious of cities" She stands at the very threshold of this strong and impatient new world, in this age of progressive activity and enterprise, like a little patch of mediaeval Europe transplanted upon a distant shore. There is scarcely a foot here which is not historic ground, which is not consecrated to the memory of deeds of heroism, from the scene of Champlain's landing in Lower Town, then the Indian village of Stadcora, to found the first French colony to the world-renowned Plains of Abraham, where Wolf died to gain, and Montcalm shed his blood in the vain endeavor to save half of a continent.

(To be continued.)

EXCHANGES.

In last month's *Niagara Index* the writers of the two articles entitled "An Abuse" and "Time," have expressed very clearly in words our thoughts on the subjects. The abuse is the habit which some students, or would be students, have of returning from their holidays long after studies have begun. Their late return must of necessity cause them to miss instructions requisite for future lessons, hence they become drags on their classmates. Again, we do not realize with what rapidity time passes, and how important it is we should make good use of every moment. Fortunately for all, a something more than biding your time at college is required for success in the world. You must be wide awake if you wish to live and be in line with the present. The pace is set, and if you cannot keep up you must lag behind. "Time and tide wait for no man." Thus thinks the faithful student, and if he keeps a calendar on the back of his desk-lid it is to

"Count that day lost
Whose low-descending sun,
Views from thy hand
No noble action done."

“Life is an investment which issues daily dividends of joy and sorrow.”

“How seriously one's life is reflected in his works! As the sea wave takes the color of the sky above it, so the multitudinous billows of thought, that roll in every human soul, are tinged with the hues of the outward life.”

The Albert College *Times* is certainly one of our most valued exchanges. The January number contains two especially interesting essays, “The Might of ‘Must,’” and “Paradise Lost.” We clip the following from the former, as we think it will be helpful to our friends: “There is a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will,” While doubtless there is truth in this quotation, yet man has within his *own* keeping his own destiny. It is possible, gloriously possible, to so rise above circumstances and make ourselves into a something beyond that which is in the possibilities of circumstance to make. Reasoners too often leave out of their consideration the Divine that enters into man with his New Birth, making him “here and there a reflecting ray from the infinite source of truth,” leaving him not man only but a divinity, divinity itself dwelling within him. With this new element, man need not fear the dangers lying about the skirts of success, and at the same time he may realize that, “Sweet are the uses of adversity, which, like the toad, ugly and venomous, wears yet a precious jewel in its head.”

We are glad to enter on our exchange list *The Student*, of University, N. D. It is a neatly gotten up journal, filled with a variety of interesting matter.

Many of the college papers have adopted the plan of mingling with their heavier literature, short stories and spicy verse. This makes a pleasant variety, and we are always glad, when turning the pages of our exchanges, to come across a prize story, or something of the kind.

In the last issue of the Notre Dame *Scholastic* appears an article entitled, “What Does the *New* Woman Want?” or more properly called, according to the hints thrown out by the several writers, “What Doesn't the *New* Woman Want?” Being a girl, who some day hopes to develop into what is termed a *new* woman, I feel it my duty to add

my little plea to the host of others for the true privileges of a woman. Men, in their selfishness and conceit, think that the chief desire of a woman is to be admired by them. Simply because the majority of a species of human beings, who are commonly called men, prefer a pretty, weak, insipid "*lady*," they believe the present aims of womanhood will fail! I candidly acknowledge that the first duty of a woman is towards her home if she has one, but if not what? The number of girls whose *one* object in life was to marry, are rapidly decreasing, and instead a new race is arising, who desire to work for themselves, instead of being dependent on a *man*. Woman is called the *helpmate* of man. Does that mean that she is to look up to him, to *obey* him? No! It means that she is to be on an equal footing with him in everything. Let the twain walk hand in hand, sharing each other's very heart; and while woman is thought inferior to man, this can never be. Ah! The time is coming when a pure woman can openly claim her true position in this world.

PERSONALS.

The old students were pleased to see Mr. Keenleyside, one of our former science teachers, at the college last week.

Miss Hattie Woodsworth, of Woodstock, one of last year's graduates, comes to the college each Saturday for lessons in elocution and vocal music.

Last Friday the young ladies residing in the college spent a most enjoyable afternoon, the occasion being a sleigh-ride to Chedoke. Senator Sanford, the President of the Board, who always manifests a kind interest in the young ladies of the college, provided the afternoon's pleasure. He was assisted by a number of the young gentlemen of the city, who drove the young ladies to Chedoke. Here they partook of luncheon. After several hours very pleasantly spent the merry party drove home. On every hand were heard expressions of delight, showing how all appreciated the kind thoughtfulness of the worthy Senator.

We are sorry that owing to illness Miss Harris has been unable to resume her studies with us. She has our sympathy, and we hope she will soon return to her Alma Mater.

At a recent concert given in Orangeville, Miss Nettie Keamsⁿ figured prominently as a soloist. We are always pleased to hear of the success of our former students.

During the late vacation Mr. M. M. Hart, B. A., formerly of Hamilton College, but now in Stanstead College, Quebec, visited his many friends in Burlington and Hamilton.

Mr. Burns spent Sunday in the college with his daughter, Miss Etna.

Miss Lawson was with friends in the city on Sunday.

The Misses Duncan spent last Friday evening very pleasantly with their cousin, Miss Duncan.

Miss Wismer, accompanied by her parents, spent Sunday in Mount Hope.

Miss Marion Burns has returned from London, where she has been visiting her college friend, Miss Jernie Hobbs.

We extend a hearty welcome to Professor Jordon, a graduate of Oxford University, who now has charge of the science department here.

We welcome very cordially the Misses Aylesworth, Williams, Collins, Ferguson, Locke and Jamieson, who have come to reside with us.

The students hailing from Collingwood received a call from Mr. Cameron of that town.

FUNNYGRAMS.

Why did L—— wear the violets?

When he saw the "walking division," Newsboy No. 1 said to Newsboy No. 2: "Say, Bill, see Coxey's Army."

"The young preacher with the dark cardinal hair."

I beg to be excused.

"Good evening. Oh! I *beg your pardon*."

"Can you tell me in what year the town of Pompeii was burnt?"
 "I don't know the exact answer, professor, but it must have been on Ash Wednesday."

Has one of the senior missed her Colling?

Are there a letter for me?

Salt (stopped short never to go again)

What's the matter with the cellar?

Ice is slippery.

A heavy joke.

THE PORTFOLIO.

“ A little boy,
 A pair of skates,
 A hole in the ice,
 Golden gates.”

Not a bit mad ; not a bit mad ! See, I laugh.

“ Latin is a dead language. That is why doctors use it in writing out their prescriptions.”

I and my true love went sailing,
 Went sailing over the sea ;
 I and my true love went sailing,
 But deep was the trough of the sea.

A deadly sickness came o'er me,
 She vowed she would see me no more,
 She'd have nothing to do with a hero,
 Who was only a hero on shore.

She has gone and married a sailor,
 I wish I had been drowned in the sea,
 Or ever I went out a sailing,
 And took my false love with me.

Stocks of girls—rings with “ demons,” as the junior said.

Clever Physiologist—The retina of the eye is a curtain with a hole in it.

What mortal can tell what our sweet Daisy Bell
 Will invent as a mid-winter wheel ?
 Will she glide o'er the snow where a bike cannot go,
 On a buz-saw and runners of steel.

For “ au revoir ” L—— says “ ah reservoir.”

Has a goat a tail ?

“ The picture turned to the wall ! ”

“ To my own darling Ned.”

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