

*Miss Burns*

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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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MARCH, - - 1895

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# The Portfolio.

*A Monthly Journal published during the College Year, by the Literary Society, in the interests of the College, her Students, Alumnae, and Friends.*

VOL. XV.

HAMILTON, MARCH, 1895.

NO. 6

"Dita Sine Leteris Mors Est."

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## EDITORIALS.

In the course of study of an institution similar to the one the PORTFOLIO represents, it is necessary above all things to have a correct balance of the different subjects which constitute a girl's education. For in very many cases the student's education is completed so far as schools can complete any education when she leaves the halls of the college or university.

In this age of options the tendency of students is to pursue the course for which they have the most decided gift, and to leave unnoticed the less congenial studies.

If we start to specialize in our student-days the probability is that we will do so all through life, and then how narrow will be our views and thoughts!

Girls as a rule are not fond of mathematics, but it is in this great field that our reasoning faculties receive the greatest stimulus to growth

and development. But we need not devote all our time to mathematics, or we will begin to think in lines and angles. We can so systematically arrange our time that there will still be a large share left in which to indulge in the study of music and literature, or any of the other branches to which we wish to give special attention. Some one has said "know something of everything and everything of something."

When we have left college and are called upon to fill some useful and responsible place in society, we will find how helpful and valuable is the variety of knowledge we have gained by pursuing a general course of study.

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### RECENT ENGLISH VERSE.

"Ah! so, untouched by windy roar  
Of public issues loud and long,  
The Poet holds the sacred door,  
And guards the glowing coal of song;  
Not his to grasp at praise or blame,  
Red gold, or crown beneath the sun,  
His only pride to tend the flame  
That Homer and that Virgil won,  
Retain the rite, preserve the act,  
And pass the worship on intact.

Before the shrine at last he falls;  
The crowd rush in, a chattering band;  
But, ere he fades in death, he calls  
Another priest to ward the brand;  
He, with a gesture of disdain,  
Flings back the wringing brazen gate,  
Reproves, repressing, the profane,  
And feeds the flame in primal state;  
Content to toil and fade in turn  
If still the sacred embers burn."—EDMUND GOSSE.

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"Will he come to us out of the West  
With hair all blowing free?  
Will he come, the last and best,  
Over the flowing sea,  
Prophet of days to be?

Aye, he will come; the unseen choir  
Attend his steps with song,  
And on his breast a deep-toned lyre,  
And on his lips a word like fire  
To burn the ancient wrong.

Bay-crowned and goodlier than a king,  
 With voice both strong and sweet  
 The song of freedom he will sing,  
 And I from out the crowd shall fling  
 My rose-wreath at his feet."—JULIAN STURGIS.

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"Life is not utterly amiss,  
 'Twould be ungracious to despair,  
 I fancy, on a day like this,  
 One ceases to climb fast. Oh well!  
 There's a spring-day before, my dear—  
 I'll show you where the asphodel  
 Grew on the moor last year.

We bear no proud victorious sheaf,  
 We have no "Harvest Home" to raise—  
 And yet, perhaps a withered leaf  
 May sometimes give God praise,  
 As through its falling being run  
 Old thrills of earth and wind and rain,  
 Before it passes to be one  
 With wind and earth again.

And yet, not utterly in vain  
 We bore the burden and the heat,  
 We shared the sacrament of pain—  
 Altar where all men meet!  
 And now awhile have peace, nor grieve,  
 Here in the woodland's joyous breath—  
 Until our erring souls receive  
 The Sacrament of Death!"—MAY KENDALL.

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## EDMUND SPENSER.

Edmund Spenser, the first great poet England had possessed since Chancer, and who, after Shakespeare, is worthy to rank with the father of English poetry and Milton, was born in East Smithfield about the year 1553. He was of a good old family, but his father must have been a cadet, for, when young Spenser went to Cambridge, he returned as a sizar, and never seems to have been possessed of much wealth. He early gave proof of his genius by contributing anonymously, at the age of sixteen, to a work called the Theatre of Worldlings, which presented a series of "Emblems" to its readers. That he was possessed of ability, and also application, is evidenced by the fact that he took

his degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1572, three years after his admission to Pembroke Hall. In 1576 he was made a Master of Arts, after which he went to the north, when the great event of a poet's life befell him. He fell in love, but was rejected by the object of his affection. The poet recorded his sorrow in the Shepherd's Calendar. On the advice and invitation of an old college friend he came south, and was soon introduced to Sir Philip Sidney, the very ideal of English manhood, to whom the "Calendar" was dedicated. Pastoral poetry was the fashion of the age, and Spenser's work was well received. Meantime Sidney had introduced his friend to Lord Leicester, Queen Elizabeth's all-powerful favorite; and in 1580 he was appointed Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, which was at this time in a very troubled condition. Through the influence of powerful friends Spenser received the appointment to several additional offices, all small indeed, but still tending to his advancement, and adding to his income. In 1586 he received a grant of more than 3000 acres of land, together with Kilcolman Castle. Here in this home, amid rustic scenery that appealed strongly to the finer feelings of our poet, he was destined to dwell for nearly the whole of the remainder of his life. It was here that he finished the first three books of his Faerie Queen—it was here that he was visited by his old friend Sir Walter Raleigh, who induced Spenser to go to England to publish the work. He did so, and the reception of the poem was all that the poet could desire; he was already known by his Shepherd's Calendar, but this was something far beyond it. England had nothing at all in her literature that could equal it. Queen Elizabeth fully appreciated the poet, and bestowed on him a pension. Now appeared a collection of his minor poems. On his return to Kilcolman Castle he wrote "Colin Clout's Come Home Again." In 1594 Spenser was married to an Irish lady living in his neighborhood, and the wedding was celebrated by him in his Epithalamion, "the most perfect of all his poems, and the most beautiful of all bridal songs." In 1595 appeared his elegy on the death of Sidney, the Prothalamion and the three last books of the Faerie Queen. This poem was to consist of twelve books, but the remaining six were never finished, or, if completed, were lost when Kilcolman was attacked by the rebels. Spenser was now raised to the acme of his fame. In October, 1599, the Irish uprising took place; Kilcolman Castle was attacked and burned, but Spenser and his wife and two children escaped, although their infant child, left behind by some accident, is said to have perished in the flames. Spenser returned to England, a



ruined, heart-broken man, and did not long survive this terrible calamity. In the following January he died, according to Ben Jonson, "for want of bread," which, however, is scarcely credible. For pure beauty, whether as regards the subjects of his descriptions or the rich harmony of their language, no poem compares with the *Faerie Queen*. Its aim is first of all religious. In the opening book we have the Red Cross Knights to represent the Christian, beloved of Una, the true Church. Prince Arthur personifies magnanimity, "which virtue is the perfection of all the rest, and containeth in it them all." Book by book various virtues are personified, and the entire allegory is the splendid prototype of all such works as the *Pilgrim's Progress*. But while the story of chivalry is sustained and allegorises the history of the Christian Church, many other references are introduced into it, and these are all woven into each other with great skill. The *Faerie Queen* is Elizabeth, Duessa is Mary of Scotland, and Arthur, the Earl of Leicester. Spenser does not rouse his readers to tears and passion, but he is the powerful king of fancy; and while he deals with lofty ideals, he associates them so naturally with the world around us that we believe him. His nature, also, adds a great deal of charm to the reading of his works. He stands between two worlds; he belongs partly to the new firm, partly to the old; he is the last of one age, he is the first of another; he stretches out one hand to Chaucer, the other rests on the shoulder of Milton. All poets have long loved Spenser. Shakespeare praised him; Milton acknowledged to Dryden that he was his master. Dryden said, "No man was ever born with a greater genius, or had more knowledge to support it." Pope has said, "There is something in Spenser which pleases one as strongly in one's old age as it did in one's youth. I read the *Faerie Queen*, when I was about twelve, with a vast deal of delight, and I think it gave me as much when I read it over a year or two ago."

The voices of modern poets have confirmed those of the great masters, and the melodious strains that delighted the court of Elizabeth have still a lingering charm for the age of Queen Victoria.

INCAN PENSILLE MARQUES.

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A handy article to lay on the music rest, for the purpose of keeping the music in place, is made thus: Take three-fourths of a yard of three-inch ribbon, fold overwhip the edges, forming a long tube. Fringe the ends and fill the tube with sand. Paint a few bars of music upon it, and about three inches from each end tie with a narrow ribbon.

## THE HISTORY OF A PIECE OF COAL.

A piece of coal! What a curious subject for a contribution to our journal!

I can imagine I hear my fair readers say those words, and yet, what subject so suggestive at this season of the year. Now we are in the throes of bitter winter, when the cheerful blaze of the fire in the grate attracts us with its warmth and we dream away our time oblivious of the icy cold outside. Now it is we seek to read the pictures in the fire, and quaint and weird shapes do form themselves in our fanciful imaginations as we look into the depths of the red-hot coals.

Yes, coal is a curious subject to write about, but it is also very interesting. While we in memory turn to bygone days and other scenes our thoughts are prone to wonder at the ages past.

A million years! Can any of my readers form any idea what that means? And yet we must for the nonce imagine we are living many millions of years ago. In those distant ages, before our view there rises up the scene of waving forests of tree ferns and gigantic club-mosses. It is the time of the carboniferous formation—and you may form some idea of the ages which have flowed away since then by the fact that *nine* subsequent distinct formations and periods have occurred, constituting a mass which attained a vertical thickness of 50,000 feet to say nothing of the epoch comprehending the present human race. The climate and geography of coal bearing districts was very different from what they are now. You must imagine a soft balmy temperature, with no extremes of hot or cold. There were few ranges of hills or mountains, there were only long extended saline mud-flats thickly studded with *Ligillariæ*, *Lepidodendra* and *Calamites*, trees now extinct. Around the aged trunks of these trees standing on a muddy, shallow sea-bottom the *Spirorbi*—sea-worms—clustered and their coiled tubes we now occasionally find fossilized. Tree-lizards climbed up and down the branches of the forest trees and found a shelter in the hollow trunks of the *Ligillariæ*; great reptiles, frog-like, termed the *Labyrinthodonta*, others, snake-like, called *Ophiderpeton* and many kinds of amphibious creatures lived. In one of the North American states—Ohio—no fewer than 27 species of reptiles have been found, belonging to 10 different genera. Shell-fish—*Othoceras*—with shells 3 feet long and often 1 foot thick crowded the lime-stones of the period, eating up everything that came in their way, and often devouring the more weakly of their own kind. Trilobites, than which no more beautiful fossils can

be found, Crinoids, like the star-fish and sea urchins of to-day, and a host of other creatures, now extinct, existed. The Megalichthys, with teeth and jaws so formidable, with build so powerful, and like the torpedo in its speed, and thousands of other fish covered with beautiful enamel plates wantoned and gambolled in the shallow lagoons.

But what pen can portray the vegetable wonders of the forests of this age. The woods so thick, the gloom so impenetrable. Mosses 50 or 60 feet high and 5 feet in diameter. Thirty or forty different sorts existed at the same time, each with special characteristics, and starting many feet above these gigantic mosses were the Calamites, or horse-tails, with fluted joints and varied foliage, pines with berries large as crab-apples, and a rank abundance of dense underwood of small ferns.

And all the time there was a slow sinking or submerging of the land. The tides brought up silt and strewed it over the decomposing vegetation. Whole forests were buried, and after many years fresh forests covered the site of the older, to be buried in their turn. In South Wales no fewer than 100 such forests must have each in turn been buried, for there are to be found there 100 different seams of coal under each of which you may see the clay full of the roots and rootlets of the ancient vegetation.

Another change occurred—this time a chemical one. The buried masses heated and turned black, as hay will do when packed in a damp state, then it became a pulp, then a solid, sub-crystalline mass, and finally assumed the jetty semi-cubical character it now presents. But notice the associations which cling around a piece of coal. It represents a more solid condition of carbon than does mere wood. The ancient vegetation of the coal period grew by virtue of the stimulus of the sunlight, the heat and light induced growth, and even thus a piece of coal is so much fossil sunshine. Nay more—the very aniline dyes obtained from coal tar are the restoration of the primary colors stored up from the light.

Such is the history of the piece of coal, such the meditations of the passing hour, and no apology is offered to my readers, nor will any be needed from me if I have succeeded in showing that even in so commonplace a substance as coal there is a subject dear to the thinking mind.

E. J.

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Do not become impatient if thy arguments are not readily accepted.—*Goethe*.

## HAMILTON TO QUEBEC.

*(Concluded.)*

The day of our arrival being Sunday, we decided to first see the most important churches. So we turned our steps to the Basilica, the Catholic Cathedral, and found not only every seat occupied but all the space at the back filled by kneeling worshippers. Its interior is magnificent in its gold and white splendour, beautiful chapels and stained glass windows. This church was commenced in 1647, and was consecrated in 1666, and with the exception of the church at St. Augustine, Florida is the oldest on the continent. After hearing some glorious music from a choir invisible to us, we left for the square austere looking English Cathedral, where on entering we found only a handful of worshippers, and those chiefly visitors we afterwards discovered. Such a contrast in every way to the brilliant crowded church we had just left. The only brightness in this bare and gloomy church was the sight of the soldiers from the citadel in the galleries, and a few gallant officers in brilliant uniforms scattered through the congregation. After service everyone waited to see them drawn up in line and march away to the music of the band.

In the afternoon we took the train out to the far-famed village of St. Anne de Beaupré, the Mecca of so many pilgrims of our day. On the way our train conveniently stopped at the station of Montmorenci, so that our car is directly facing those celebrated falls. Beautiful indeed is this silvery sheet of water falling from a height of 264 feet, or 100 feet higher than our mighty Niagara, dashing on the rocks below, forming a sheet of spray higher than the falls itself.

The legend of St. Anne is—that some mariners coming up the river at night were caught in a tremendous storm, and almost gave up hope of being saved in the black darkness, and were in momentary expectation of being dashed to pieces on the rocks, prayed to the good St. Anne, the mother of the virgin (?) to send them help, and promised if they were saved to erect a chapel in commemoration. So this vessel was driven into harbor safely. The thankful seamen, true to their promise, built a little chapel near by, which soon became renowned as a shrine where miraculous cures were effected. To-day a very large church stands on the site of the little old chapel, and thousands and thousands of the sick and afflicted visit it every year. In evidence of the cures effected huge racks stand on either side of the door filled with hundreds of crutches, sticks and bindings of every description,

left by pilgrims in testimony of this cure. In the centre of the church is the shrine containing a relic supposed to be a small bone of St. Anne's foot, with a figure of that good Saint simply covered with gold chains, watches, bracelets, rings and jewelry of every kind, also left by grateful pilgrims. Before this shrine is a constant stream of people who come and kneel kissing the glass covered relic and repeating their prayers.

The next day we visited the most important bit of Quebec, the citadel. Passing by those huge walls of masonry and through the heavy arched gateway, a polite little bugle boy offers to escort us around the fortress. We go the usual rounds, peeping into the soldiers' barracks and black dungeons where they put the intoxicated soldiers when they are noisy and rebellious, watched the morning drill, and then crossed over to the ramparts, where the huge cannons stand guarding the river. Here a glorious panorama is spread out before our delighted eyes. Just below are the narrow crooked streets and ancient houses of lower town, the beautiful glistening river, and beyond the heights of Point Levis, where we can just make out the walls of the three now garrisonless forts. We feel indeed that we are standing on historic ground, as memories of the past come surging up. This was the spot where in 1535 Jacques Cartier erected a small fort and spent a winter, suffering great privations, as he and his small band were unprepared for the extreme rigor of the climate. Five years later he returned with Sieur de Roberval, nominated by King Francis I, of France, "Viceroy of Canada," but the Indians were less friendly than last time, and the little band of colonists spent a miserable four months at Cape Rouge four miles above Quebec, then returned to France. It was sixty seven years later before Frenchmen again lived in Quebec, although a few years previous an expedition had set out under Marquis de la Roche. Searching for a suitable place for settlement he left forty of his crew, who were convicts, on Sable Island, off the coast of Nova Scotia. He, himself, encountered such tempestuous weather that he was obliged to return to France, leaving his wretched followers, who suffered untold hardships, and all died, with the exception of twelve, who managed to find their way back to France.

With Champlain lies the honor of founding Quebec, as it was now called for the first time. In 1608 he fixed upon this high promontory, then covered by luxuriant vines and shaded by noble walnut trees, for the building of a rude shelter for his men, which was the humble beginning of this mighty fortress, which, by the way, has been totally

rebuilt by the English since they came into possession of it. However, we are told that it was twenty years before colonization was begun in earnest, when, at Cardinal Richlieu's instigation, a grand company of 100 associates, of whom Champlain was the leading spirit, was formed, and to them was granted the right of all the trading and fishing, except the cod and whale fisheries, from the Hudson's Bay to Florida. In return they were bound to settle 6000 colonists in fifteen years, and provide them with a sufficient number of clergy. The office of vice-royalty was abolished and Champlain was made Governor.

A year after another misfortune overtook the colony, an English squadron captured the first ship ladened with stores for the emigrants, and in 1629 Quebec was taken and Canada held by the English three years, when it was returned by the treaty of St. Germain-en-laye. Then again did Champlain devote himself seriously to the task of colonization, and was just in the height of his success when he died, 1635. He was succeeded by men, some brave and able, others wholly incompetent, and during the following century the settlements gradually grew amid terrible hardships. It was one continual struggle with the Indians on one hand and the encroachments of the New England colonists on the other. It was during these years that the noble self-sacrificing Jesuit Fathers risked life and suffered martyrdom in their efforts to spread Christianity over the continent and plant French settlements; and those brave sisters endured untold hardships in their schools and hospitals.

We are recalled to the present by hearing that the great gun is to be fired off presently to mark the noon hour, so we hurry away, preferring to hear the boom from a distance. The plains of Abraham we visit next where a monument marks the spot where the gallant Wolf fell victorious. These is nothing in these peaceful looking fields to remind one of the fearful scene of carnage.

We drive back over the very roads, probably, those frightened Frenchmen must have taken in their flight, with Montcalm mortally wounded still supported on his horse and bravely crying to the weeping women who came out to St. Louis gate to meet them "It's nothing, it's nothing; don't be troubled for me my good friends." A little way farther and one of the houses in St. Louis street is pointed out to us as built on the foundation of the surgeon's house, where that brave general was borne to die. From here he was taken, without time for military honors, to the little chapel of the Ursulines where he was buried in a hole made in the floor by a bursting shell. With him were

buried the hopes of the Canadian people, for indeed "the funeral of Montcalm was the funeral of New France." ✕

Impossible is it not to attempt to describe or enumerate all the historic buildings of Quebec, for every stick and stone in the place is fraught with interest. Chief among the beautiful buildings is that glorious monument of the first bishop of Canada, Laval University, built in conjunction with the seminary which was founded by him.

Passing down to lower town by what was once called "Break Neck Stairway," but now rebuilt and modernized, we come to the little church Notre Dame de Victories, built in 1688, in commemoration of Frontenac's victory over the English colonists when Sir Phipps fleet was destroyed. Farther on, almost below the citadel, a huge slice seems to be cut off the rock. This is where the dreadful landslide occurred a little over a year ago when several houses were crushed under the mass of falling rocks and many lives lost.

One place which is always visited by tourists in the early morning is the Champlain Market, where the hucksters come from miles up and down the river in boats. It is a quaint sight to see the women sitting with their baskets of vegetables, fruit and flowers around them, no carts to be seen, the usual accessories of a market place.

A charming drive is over the St. Charles River and to the typical French-Canadian village of Charlesbourg, where a short distance above the pretty old church are still to be seen the ruins of Chateau Bigot where lived that wicked intendant. He is called the first great Canadian boodler, who, for his peculations at the expense of the then infant colony, was recalled to France, indicted, tried and banished. ✕

In one of the secret passages of the old chateau was enacted the tragedy described in Kirby's entrancing historical romance, "The Golden Day" which resulted in the violent death of a beautiful Acadian maiden at the instigation of her jealous rival, another favorite of Bigot's, the beautiful Angelique de Meloise, afterwards Madam de Pean.

Farther on is the Indian village of Loulle, where dwell the descendants of the Christian Hurons who sided with the French and were so cruelly treated by the savage Iroquois. Their little chapel, of which they are very proud, is over a hundred and fifty years old and has many sacred relics sent to them by churches in France; one is a copy of the image of the virgin in the chapel of Santa Casa. ✓

One of the most beautiful evenings I ever remember we spent on the Dufferin Terrace listening to the music of a fine orchestra. Below

us are the dark shadows and lights of lower town ; across the dark river with the many vessels at anchor and in motion, are the twinkling lights of Point Levis. Farther down the river is the island of Orleans with its many bright lights and frowning down upon us is the huge citadel. Climbing up the cliff until we are under the walls of the fortress we await the booming of the big gun which is fired at ten o'clock. One cannot help being struck with the fact that although the English flag floats over us, yet Quebec in its speech, manners, customs, feelings and religion is still French, but with Parkman we all think that the best thing that ever happened to New France was its capture by the British.

E. R.

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### COLLEGE NOTES.

The Literary Society has been neglected so far as the PORTFOLIO is concerned, and we feel that it is about time our readers knew something of the work it is doing. The Society is being conducted with great vigor by the officers elected, and the programmes prepared have of late been largely of a literary character. Three weeks ago we had a debate—subject, "Resolved, that man will do more for Wealth than for Honor." Decision in favor of the negative. Both sides were well contested, and the arguments chosen reflected great credit on the debaters. The next meeting of our Society was very interesting, everything on the programme was "Irish." There was a great variety of taste shown in the selections of those who took part. The next afternoon we had another debate—subject, "Resolved, that higher education unfits woman for domestic work." Decision in favor of the affirmative. One of the arguments advanced by the affirmative was—that Eve, in the garden of Eden, in her desire for higher education, had struck a chord of unhappiness which ever since had vibrated down the ages. But this argument was refuted by one of the opponents, who said Eve was after "the apple" not after "higher education." A great interest and enthusiasm was manifested by all in the debate, and though we do not think that higher education unfits a woman for domestic work, we feel that the arguments brought forward gave us much food for thought. Last Friday the Society had one of the most successful meetings they have had this year. The programme was both musical and literary in its nature, and we were pleased to see such a large attendance and so great an increase in members. The critic is doing good work, and since her appointment to office many have been induced to help us who never before took part. The work has become



more general, and we hope that ere this college year closes all will feel that the Society has been a means of strength and development.

We were all pleased to hear of the return of Senator and Mrs. Sanford from their Continental tour. As Mrs. Sanford was one of our former students we appreciate all the more the kindly interest which she and the Senator always manifest in our welfare.

Since the issue of the last number of our paper, the young ladies of the College enjoyed a most delightful treat: having been invited by Senator and Mrs. Sanford to see their large collection of hot-house plants. The girls were received by Mrs. Sanford and her two lovely daughters. After a tour of the conservatories, which are filled with rare and tropical plants, forming the finest collection in Canada, tea was served in the drawing room. The afternoon sped swiftly, and only too soon came the time to bid our gracious hostess adieu. This we did with mingled feelings of gratitude and regret—gratitude for the pleasure given, and regret that it should so soon become only a pleasant memory.

On Tuesday evening we had the pleasure of attending Mr. Baumann's concert in the Association Hall. Mr. Baumann is considered the best violin teacher in Canada. He numbers among his most successful pupils Miss Nora Clench and Mr. George Fox. It is on such occasions as this that we are able to fully realize the benefit of having the College in such a central position. We are thus enabled to attend the best concerts and lectures, and these are a great educating influence. We are doubly pleased by the the success of Mr. Baumann's concert, in that being one of our teachers we feel a keen personal interest in his welfare.

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#### EXCHANGES.

The literature in the February number of the Hamilton College Monthly is very instructive and interesting. The essays, eight in number, are with but two exceptions Shakespearian. Sketches are given of Shylock, Bassanio and Antonio, Hermia and Helena, Portia and her father's will, The Passion of Macbeth, and Lady Macbeth. The two last are especially fine. The writers tell us that "Shakespeare wishes to show in Macbeth the life of one swayed by unruly ambition, intense selfishness, and moral cowardice." Also that "The sequel of Lady Macbeth's career is the the sequel of the career of those who

cherish an unhallowed and unholy ambition. They may flourish for a time, but they will die disappointed and unhappy."

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We always read the editorials of the Western Maryland Monthly with great interest. The following is taken from an editorial on "selfishness," in the February Monthly. "Selfishness—self. We can see it creeping out everywhere, and yet all of it never gets out. It seems to be something that takes root faster than it grows, and the more there is that appears, the more is yet to come to view. It takes many forms, but they are all changeable and can fit themselves to him who is disposed to wear them."

There is a great tendency manifested among our school body to acquire this selfish nature. It creeps in unawares, and can be kept out only by watchfulness.

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A violent discussion is going on in France over the co-education of the sexes. The French public sentiment is much opposed to the attempt to introduce it.—*Ex.*

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B. gave us a brief but interesting sketch of the History of Higher Education of Women in Great Britain in the February number of the University Monthly; it contains the dates when each large university threw open its doors to women, and this information is at least useful for reference.

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The Viatorian is especially deserving of notice this month; first comes A Letter from Rome which is instructive; it speaks of Queen Marguerite at the little Austrian church of the Sudario, a short description of her personal appearance is given, as well as a gentle act which is attributed to her. Naturally this article contains chiefly accounts of visits to the different Roman Catholic churches. Next in succession follows the life of poor Jonathan Swift; it seems strange that one human destiny should be embittered with so great trouble. "He was unhappy, and was almost always mad, indeed madness was a kind of nature to him, and became a distinguishing character of his genius." The Viatorian also contains a synopsis of the beautiful poem *Evangeline*, and a few paragraphs on Lew Wallace's book, "Ben Hur."

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A pretty story, called "A Little Bunch of Roses," appears in the

Notre Dame Scholastic. An essay on Oliver Goldsmith in the February issue is worthy of mention, and gives one a good insight into the character and works of this clever, good-natured author. Another article, of which the writer principally gathered his thoughts from a little volume by Professor Corson, called "The Aims of Literary Study," claimed our attention. We suggest Mr. Corson's definition of literature, more especially poetic and dramatic literature, is the expression in letters of the spiritual co-operating with the intellectual man, the former being the primary, dominant coefficient.

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The columns of the Queen's University Journal seems to be chiefly occupied by college news and sports.

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The reading matter in the Earlhanite this month surpasses all other exchanges for its brilliancy; there are two essays, "Heresy and Progress," which is the second prize oration in oratorical contest, and "Genius of America," which is the third. The lofty theme of "Increasing Grandeur of Civilization" is also treated; from the mighty east came all civilization. Here and there are ash-heaps, but new life was instilled into the ashes and they are carried by the wind westward, and from England sparks fell on this western continent of America. For sixty centuries this process of life and death has gone on. It will never cease. Let us look back and see what we are to other nations; from the fair shores of Greece came the inheritance of beauty, from the banks of the Tiber martial force, and from Egypt wealth, and now humanity is heir to the dearest treasure of earth that heaven-born, martyr-bought treasure—liberty.

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Many papers contain accounts of St. Valentine's day. That in the Notre Dame Scholastic is especially good.

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The Silver Jubilee number of the Niagara Index is very elaborate, both inside and out. Numerous portraits of the staff during the twenty-five years of the journal's reign is an interesting feature.

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## PERSONALS.

Miss Newcombe spent Sunday with her friend Mrs. Melbourne.

Miss Hicks was present at the opening of Parliament in Toronto.

Miss Craig attended the Toronto University Conversazione of the 22nd instant.

Miss Janie Hobbs, of London, is the guest of Miss Marion Burns.

Miss Maggie Clark, of West Flamborough, gave us a short call on Wednesday last. We are always pleased to see our old students.

Miss Etna Burns spent Sunday at her home in Toronto.

Mr. Collins paid a short visit to his daughter this week.

Miss Ellsworth, who has been visiting friends in Milton, returned on Tuesday last.

Dr. Aylesworth, of Collingwood, called to see his daughter last week. Miss Eva accompanied him to Toronto to spend a few days with her friends.

We extend a hearty welcome to our new students, Miss Dobbyn and Miss Hopper, and also to Miss Snyder and Miss Allan, who have again joined the student ranks.

Miss Williams spent Sunday in the city with her friend Mrs. Bull.

Miss Sadie Wismer spent a few days last week at her home in Jordan.

Dr. Burns preached in the Queen's Avenue Church, London, on Sunday, March 3rd.

Misses Beebe, Williams and Collins, were entertained at the home of Mrs. Murray on Saturday evening.

Miss Susie Taylor, one of the graduates of Class '94, paid us a bright little visit last week. We are pleased to see that the old students do not forget their Alma Mater and manifest a kind interest in its welfare.

Miss Hattie Woodsworth, another graduate of Class '94, has been appointed Second Vice-President of the Epworth League of the Hamilton Conference.

Miss Stocks was with friends in the city over Sunday.

Professor Hall, of Parry Sound, called a few days ago to see Miss Edythe Springe.

Miss Allan was with her sister in the city last Sunday.

Miss Palmer attended an "At Home" given by Mrs. Livingstone on Wednesday evening.

Two weeks ago Miss Burns attended the wedding of one of her classmates—Miss Shore of Toronto.

Last Wednesday Miss Mabel Mills, one of our old students, called at the College to see Miss Beebe.

Miss Hicks and Miss Hord attended a "Musical" at the home of Dr. Green on Friday evening last.

Dr. Carson, of Detroit, and Mr. Flock, of London, called at the College two weeks ago.

The recital given at Milford by Miss Libbie Breden, graduate of Hamilton Ladies' College, and her pupils was a decided success, a full house and an excellent program being the pleasing features of the evening.—*Picton Gazette*.

### FUNNYGRAMS,

For-get me-not eyes.

"I think so too."

Who was Cæsar? Cæsar was ambitious.

The letter his father received because his initials were the same.

Why does M— like to look West?

"Blow the lamp out."

What's the attraction for A— on James Street?

"Hobble-back."

One of the specialists informs us that she has an "intelligent nose" and "determined chin." Oh, to be a specialist!

"Lovely garden."

Wanted, by one of the young ladies, a Carpenter in the students' parlor.

N. B. Locals are not found wandering through the halls.

Herrick says "Gather the rosebuds while ye may," but says nothing to the effect that they are to be sent to G—.

Stinginess is not one of my good faults.

"All very good, all very good."

Photographs in honey boxes with glass tops. (It is a goak.)

Young man to College girl—"I haven't the cheek to kiss you to-night." Fair maid—"Don't let that trouble you, you may have mine."

"Eve was not after higher education, she was after the apple."

"Oh, girls, I'm hopelessly mixed.

Professor—Carnation and smilax.

"You'll be the death of me."

"Extract of new mown onions."

First Violinist—"What's the matter with your bow, W—?"

Second Violinist—"Oh, he's all crippled, E—.

Yes, I'm busy.

"Is that a foot rule?" "No, it measures only twelve inches."

"What's the matter with the centrepiece?"

"There she is now, why don't you say it to her face?"

Fair Zoologist—After life is extinct the fish's heart continues to beat longer than that of any other animal.

L—e, "Oh, I have a fish's heart!"



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