

The Portfolio.

Vita Sine Lileris Mors Est.

VOL. 1.

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No. 6.

GREETINGS AND GOOD BYES.

BETWEEN a "greeting" and "good bye" there lies a span, short, perhaps of an hour, or reaching from one extreme of life to the other. This morning we bend over the cradle, and putting aside the muslin and lace, murmur our "Tālitha Cunie" to the tiny one nestling there—then at evening, with the dew from the baby mouth still clinging to ours, turn and with bursting heart lay our chaplet of immortelles upon the coffin lid.

The mechanics of each country's greetings and leave-taking vary and differ as greatly as the individuality marking each nation. We find in the ceremonies employed a clue to human nature, history and society, and in each is clearly defined the characteristics of the people employing them. These customs are immutable—for noticing the manners, fashions, culture and education the world over, we notice that time has wrought changes in all—small ones, may be—but still, for all that, changes. The original of the word "greet" is found in the Saxon word "gretan" or "gretten," which literally signifies to "cry out." The old Hebrews greeted each other with "*Schalom lecha*" ("Peace be unto you!") and fancy lingering here, we in imagination go back to the tent beneath the feathery palms, and with hushed breathing hear the greeting benediction of Abraham's angelic messengers. In this particular mode is the deep religious sentiment of the Jews enshrined, and still characteristic is it of them to this day, and no where is found a race so inoffensive as those who in ancient days greeted all with "peace be unto you."

The salutation of the Grecians was "*Chaire*," which, translated, means "be joyful." On looking back into the dim twilight encircling Hellas we can well understand this form, growing out of and corresponding to their mode of living. Existence was to them one luxurious revelry—bubbling, glittering, sparkling as the waves of the Hellespont dancing

in the sunlight and laughing forth "Be joyful." Gorgeous robes, jewels, rare viands and ruby wines, chiselled beauty which even to-day knows no equal. All these were theirs. This greeting in our sense was fatal to them as a nation, for too long were they joyful even when the Conqueror was at their gates. Nearly allied to the Grecians are the Romans. "*Salve*" was the usual word used at meeting, and "*vale*" at parting. The expression of congratulation or enthusiasm was "*viva*." Leaving the days of mystic yore, when Plato and Virgil wrote and Horace and Catullus sang, we come to countries with whose formalities we are more familiar. To-day one having no knowledge of the particular form of government exercised in each country, would have no difficulty in fixing upon Turkey, Poland, and Russia as being under the sway of despotism.

Well might "Freedom shriek when Kosciosko fell," for the servility, galling to bear before, was doubly so now, after this desperate but alas! unsuccessful struggle for liberty, and again the sons and daughters of unhappy Poland must bow the knee and kiss the clothes and feet of their superiors. The Turk, with downcast eyes and hands folded across his breast, makes his salaam. It is worthy of comment that the Arab, wild and lawless, recognizing no distinction between "*meum*" and "*teum*," should be so scrupulously observant of a formality in such either dissimilitude is to what their general habits might suggest. With his left hand upon his breast he says, "*Salom Aleckum*" ("peace be with you"), then kissing both your cheeks, he again repeats his salutation, and before you are aware he is up and galloping off, waving his spear and shaking his horse-tails in mocking courtesy. An examination may reveal that anything but "peace" is with you after his departure, for he rarely omits helping himself.

In mountainous regions of Europe, the hardy mountaineer wishes you "*Gluck auch,*" as you prepare to ascend. The meaning embodied in this phrase is "Luck in ascending." Perhaps the Esquimaux, of all peoples, combine the most theories and principles in his salutation. Living in a climate whose severity has made it impossible for Dame Fashion to pay more than one visit, the style of dress, of course, is unchanged, and the fur costume is always *au fait*. Here it would be dangerous as well as inconvenient to lift the hat—a bearskin hood—and as the nose is the only organ capable of withstanding the attacks of Jack Frost, it is left exposed, and of necessity becomes the medium through which the warmth and expression of feeling consequent upon meeting or parting is manifested. Another reason may be that a gentle friction occasionally is necessary to keep up the circulation, and still another, the firm belief that all things should be useful as well as ornamental; and so, all reasons combined, we find in a handbook of Esquimaux etiquette that we are required to rub noses with them. I have no doubt but that to them may be traced the origin of our modern word, "snubbing." Coming down to the everyday method common among gentlemen of England, France and Germany, we find a similarity of style. Monsieur, to whom personal appearance is the most important question, naturally inquires, "*Comment vous portez-vous?*" ("How do you carry yourself?") and accompanies his question with a bow executed with the grace of a Beau Brummel. The Englishman, gruff, self-important and to whom questions of commerce and politics are only worthy of attention, abruptly lifts his hat and bids you "Good morning, aw," until six o'clock in the afternoon. Notice the meeting of the two. Is it not a reminder of Waterloo each time? Mein Herr, phlegmatic and slow, considers creature comforts as one of the most desirable of earth's joys, asks, as a matter of course, "*Wie befinden sie sich?*" ("How do you find yourself?") and immediately loses himself in a profound meditation.

Mademoiselle and Fraulein are exceedingly demonstrative, hug each other rapturously, kiss both cheeks, chattering incessantly. The American and Canadian Miss embrace,

exclaim, question and crush all in one breath.

In the pages of history and romance are the records of greetings and good-byes which will ever be memorable as peculiarly significant of the career of those using them. When two of the proudest monarchs of France lay dying, in their last words might an epitome of their lives be said to be given. On a wave-fettered isle, dying amidst the grandeur of a tropical storm, lay the exiled Napoleon. As the crash of the heavenly artillery rolled along the sky, and the lurid blaze flashed o'er his face, his dying fancy reverted once more to the days of military splendor, and with the murmured words, "*tete d'armee*" ("head of the army"), he is dead. And how fearfully prophetic the words of Louis XIV., when, turning to his courtiers, he sighed, "After me the deluge." But saddest of all is the farewell of King Daniel to his son Absalom. In the little chamber over the gate-way he is alone with his beautiful dead, and amid the solemn stillness he bows himself and wails—

"And now, farewell, 'tis hard to give thee up.
With death so like a gentle slumber on thee,
And thy dark sin! O, I could drink the cup
If from its bitterness I had won thee.
May God have called me like a wand'rer home—
My lost boy, Absalom."

In the leave-taking employed to-day there is a beautiful tribute to the English language in our word "good bye," an abbreviation of "God be with you." The variety of forms in which it is used is amusing. Standing at the street corner are two gentlemen. After a few minutes conversation they prepare to part, and forthwith one brings his hand in violent collision with that of the other and there they stand and shake and shake. This demonstration is usually very conspicuous about election time. Then there is the man whose warmth of feeling can only be expressed by so many pounds avoirdupois being brought to bear upon your flesh. But for laughable blunders we of course have to look to the Irishman or Dutchman, and we think the latter placed himself at the head of the list when he pathetically remarked, "And if I don't see you again—Halloo." But how endless the variety of feelings in which the parting words are uttered.

"Good bye" falters the mother to her

handsome soldier boy—and with trembling fingers she performs the last little loving office—"God bless and keep you my lad," and he is gone, perhaps forever.

"*L'Addio*," murmurs the Italian lover to the maiden he is leaving beneath the fragrant orange tree, and in that parting a revelation is made which leads to a speedy meeting.

"Good bye! safe journey!" is shouted amid fluttering handkerchiefs and waving hats to the friends on board the ocean steamer, and "Good bye, dear," whispered the school-girl to her friend as they stand on the platform, "Now you will be sure and write soon, won't you?" "O yes." "Honest?" "Yes." And amid many promises they part.

VALEDICTORY ADDRESS.

OUT of the emotions, pleasant though sad, stirring our hearts, we scarcely know how to frame our parting words. Long have we been associated together in sweetest relationship, and with you has been spent the springtime of our lives. There have been days of blustering March weather, days of April tears and sunshine, days of smiling May—in all of which were sown seeds for the harvest. And what will that harvest be? But the days grow longer, the sunbeams warmer, and—

"Like the swell of some sweet tune,
Morning rises into noon,
May glides onward into June."

Yes, it is *June*—in our lives as well as in Nature's circle, and on its beautiful threshold we pause and say "farewell." First to our *Alma Mater*, whose loving hand has been our guide. Around her are entwined our heart's warmest affections—nor time nor change can sever them. To the Directors and the numerous friends of the College, here and elsewhere, would we offer sincerest thanks for the constant kindness received at their hands. In grateful remembrance are their names engraved on our hearts' tablets. To our school friends and companions, how shall we say the parting words? We know they are expecting some of the usual orthodox advice, which we presumptuous seniors are allowed this *once* to give them, but we will disappoint them agreeably and say to them only "good-bye," in the full significance of the term. Now to the Faculty and

our esteemed Principal would we address our last words. Words cannot express to you our regret at parting with those who so faithfully, kindly and patiently have imparted to us the precious truths. We regret, sir, that more of our time may not be spent under your excellent teachings, and although you have been with us but but one short year, our sorrow at parting with you and your much loved lady is sincere and painful. And now, at the dawn of our summer days, we would bid to all the dear friends of our spring time one last fond—

"FAREWELL!"

THE members of the Alumnae Association have long been renowned for the unqualified success of their receptions and *conversazioni*, but it was a universally expressed opinion that the reception of Friday evening, the 13th inst., surpassed all former efforts. The splendid rooms of the College are admirably adapted for promenading, and the balcony formed a cool retreat for those wearied with the heat and crush of the parlors. By nine o'clock, the handsomely decorated rooms were filled with the *elite* of the city, who were received by Mrs. Pratt, the charming President of the Association, and Mrs. Burns, the equally charming wife of our Principal.

In the drawing-room, an excellent programme was carried out, in the course of which Miss Crawford gave two splendid readings, and Miss Ready, of South Oil City, Penn., sang "The Knight's Adieu," in a manner which called forth well-merited applause. This lady possesses a beautiful alto voice of rare depth and richness, and her singing cannot fail to please.

At about half-past ten the doors of the supper-room were thrown open, disclosing within the long table loaded with tempting viands. The floral adornments of the table were beautiful, noticeable among which was a magnificent centre-piece, the generous gift of Mr. Robert Evans, of this city.

The whole entertainment could not but be voted a splendid success, and many thanks are due the Alumnae.

THE latest from the pen of George Eliot is a series of essays under the caption, "Impressions of Theophilus Such."

THE PORTFOLIO.

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THE examinations are over, books are laid aside, and everyone is busily engaged in packing. We cannot close this without referring to the pleasant school year just past. Under our new Principal, Dr. Burns, much that is disagreeable in college life has been removed, and Mrs. Burns, by her extreme kindness and the warm interest she has taken in the students, has endeared herself to every heart. The routine of school life has been pleasantly varied by concerts and lectures, the best of which the students are always allowed to attend. Then the Friday evening reunions held by Mrs. Burns and the Faculty, were greatly enjoyed. There have also been other entertainments, but the audiences were always so exclusive and select that even our reporter was unable to obtain admission.

Viewed from every standpoint the year has been a success. Before leaving this report we have specially to thank Mr. and Mrs. Sandford for their kindness displayed

to the students all the year, and also for the decorations they supplied for the Commencement exercises. For the latter kindly act we have also to thank Messrs. Evans, Murray, Wanzer, Townsend and Silvington.

THE first of the commencement exercises in connection with the W. F. College took place on Friday evening, when we had the pleasure of listening to that gifted lecturer, Dr. Tiffany, of New York. Great praise is due the Alumnae in connection with this institution for the selection of the eminent men whom they give the City of Hamilton an opportunity of hearing. But it is a noticeable fact that all really good lectures are but poorly attended, and it does not speak highly for the literary taste and culture of the city. The lecture was one of the best we have had the pleasure of hearing for some time, and the style and talents of Dr. Tiffany are too well known to admit of an enlargement upon them. We regret that want of space will not permit us to give the lecture.

ON Saturday morning, the Alumnae held their annual meeting in the College library. The number of members was not so large as in former years. Officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows:—Mrs. Pratt; President; Miss Walton and Mrs. Bierley, Vice-Presidents; Miss Lister, Corresponding Secretary; Miss M. White, Treasurer. A large amount of business was discussed and transacted.

WE thank those of our subscribers who so promptly responded to the *little notice* in our last issue. Some evidently did not see it, as from a few we have received no communication to the effect that they *did*. Will those who have not had the pleasure of reading that short but excellent literary composition, please do so at once and act upon an idea suggested there?

THE large dining-hall of the College was found scarcely large enough to hold the fine audience which assembled to hear the splendid programme of music prepared for them. To Prof. Ambrose is almost wholly due the unqualified success of this entertainment, both in regard to the beauty of the decorations and the splendid music so brilliantly rendered by the pupils of the institution.

After a few cordial words of welcome by Dr. Burns, the programme, which was a long one, was entered upon. At the request of Prof. Ambrose, no *encores* were tendered.

The first piece, "Trompettes de la Guerre," was given in truly war-like style by Misses Thornton, Ellicott, C. Moore and Adams, and was followed by a solo, "Susan's Story," very sweetly sung by Miss Ada Buck. A sweetly pretty instrumental solo, "Chanson des Alpes," was played by Miss Hawke, and followed by "The Swallows' Farewell," a duet, beautifully rendered by Misses Bryson and Ready. The shading and harmony were almost perfect. Miss Preston gave "Tarantelle," exhibiting great flexibility of fingering. Miss Erb followed with a sweet little ballad, "Love has Eyes," and, judging from the delighted attention tendered her, the fair singer pleased both the eye and ear of the audience. A two-piano duet was beautifully played by Misses D. Bryson and Ambrose, and deserves great praise, in that the ladies played without their notes. "The Merry Muleteer" was splendidly rendered by Miss Ready, in her rich alto voice, and received unbounded applause. Miss Maggie Ambrose kept the audience in delighted wonder over her skillful manipulation of the keys in the rendering of Chopin's "Fantasie Impromptu."

The "Spinning Wheel Chorus," by Misses Bryson, Bradley and Ready, was exquisitely rendered, and with difficulty were the audience kept from demanding an *encore*.

Part second opened with another well executed quartet, "En Route," by Misses

B. Clerk, T. Clerk, Pearson and Preston. Miss Bryson followed with the "Shadow Song" from "Dinorah," a difficult composition very charmingly rendered. Miss Rosebrough followed with Weber's "Concertstueck" (paraphrase), well keeping up her reputation as a pianiste, and was greeted with sincere applause.

The "Elfin Call" was very sweetly given by Misses Ryckman and Bradley. The duet, "Caprice Hougrois," as could only be expected from two such well-known pianistes, was the gem of the instrumental pieces, and received voicferous applause. Miss Ryckman sang with beautiful expression the touching ballad, "'Twas long, long since." One of the chief charms of Miss Ryckman's singing is the beautiful distinctness with which she speaks her words. Miss Wright's "Selections from Moiese" was grandly rendered, and fully deserved the applause it received. Undoubtedly the gem of the evening was the trio, "Watch and Pray," by Misses Ryckman, Bradley and Ready. The sad sweetness of the rendering was beyond praise, and the silence which ensued was more eloquent than the applause which presently burst forth. The National Anthem closed one of the most successful concerts ever held in the College, and the delighted audience reluctantly dispersed.

THE Bachalaureate Sermon to the W. F. College Graduation Class was preached by Dr. Burns last Sunday morning. The text was taken from St. Mark iv. 28—"For the earth bringeth forth fruit of herself; first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear." Although the weather was unfavorable, a large congregation was drawn by the extreme popularity of the speaker. It is impossible to give the sermon in full. The following, from the *Times*, will give our readers but a faint idea of the excellence of this sermon:—"From the opening sentence to the close the audience was spell bound,

and as the speaker proceeded to delineate in glowing language the progress of liberty—civil, intellectual, and religious—the convictions of his hearers were carried with him and a strong impression made. His final theme was that of education to the gentler sex. His positions were cogently and elegantly maintained. His concluding exhortation to the gradulatory class, who were now to go forth to the sterner tasks of life, to follow the noblest aim and bring honor to their friends and the institution, was most impressive, and such as only one whose heart was in the work of education could speak."

In the evening, Prof. Reynar, of Victoria College, Cobourg, delivered the annual College sermon. He took for his text John xiv. 1. The audience, as in the morning, enjoyed a rare treat, and the reverend gentlemen had the profound attention of his hearers throughout the whole of his finished discourse.

THE closing meeting of the Senior Literary Society was an unusually interesting affair. Owing to the usual press of time attending the end of school, only the customary exercises were indulged in. After the programme had been gone through, the meeting was addressed by Prof. Wright, in his usual happy strain, and then by Miss Minnie Buck, who, in behalf of the Juniors, invited the Seniors to attend a farewell supper, which was laid in the library. This part of the programme was most enjoyable, and several of the ladies showed most admirable talent for speechmaking. The work done in the Society this year has undoubtedly been of a good character.

The Junior Literary Society gave their entertainment last week. The programme was excellent and well carried out. An amusing debate on the question whether "General Jackson or Napoleon Bonaparte was the greater general," took place, and the debaters deserve great credit for their efforts. The musical part of the programme was well rendered.

We hope the friends of THE PORTFOLIO will patronize us next year, when the terms will be lower and the matter better.

THE Princess and Marquis are expected to visit Hamilton in September, at the opening of the magnificent new Court House. We understand that arrangements are being made to secure their presence. As a matter of course our College will be honored with a visit, and its usual accompaniments, an address of welcome, &c. Her royal brother visited Hamilton years ago.

THE year just closed has been one of marked comfort and satisfaction. Not a case of serious discipline have we heard of. Nor has any thing occurred to endanger the steady flow of friendly current that should always exist between faculty and student. On the contrary, if we are to judge from the looks and words of our faculty, as well as the strong expressions of satisfaction heard all through the year among the students, we would naturally infer that mutual congratulation and admiration were in order. The closing weeks of the year gave striking evidence of this. Nothing could be more gratifying and delightful than the harmony that has prevailed, each vying with the other in the effort to make our commencement a success. And if half of what the guests say be true, we have had the pleasantest commencement in the history of the College.

ON all hands we hear the hearty affirmative response to the old question—"Are you coming back in the fall?" Many of the rooms have been re-engaged by the present occupants, and it is fully expected that few empty rooms will be found in the College next September.

WE fancy we hear the "right," "left" "right," "left," of Major Dearnly next fall, as the gentlemanly old professor puts us again through our light gymnastics. The skating rink also looms up in the future, although our thermometer away up in the nineties would suggest ice for another purpose to-day. Then our riding school, on which the Major is so enthusiastic, and for which he says we are so well prepared, will engage the attention of some who admire the art equestrian. These with other facilities and arrangements for our comfort are coloring our anticipations of next year.

At eleven o'clock Friday the Alumnae Association of the Wesleyan Female College and their friends assembled in the hall of the College to hear an address from Dr. Tiffany, of New York, and receive the Secretary's report. Those who were present were well repaid for going, for the proceedings were most interesting. The platform at the head of the hall had been prettily decorated for the occasion—the English and American flags intertwined most lovingly. The floral decorations were extremely pretty, a beautiful floral cross being prominent. Across the back was stretched the motto, in white, on red ground, "*Vita sine literis, mors est*,"—"Life without literature is death."

Dr. Burns, the Principal, occupied the chair, and the following ladies and gentlemen were on the platform: Mrs. Pratt, President of the Association, Miss Walton, Vice-President, Miss McIlwraith, Secretary, and Miss Sophie White, Mr. Dennis Moore, Dr. Rosebrugh and Rev. Mr. Hodson.

The proceedings were opened by Miss Louie Wright playing a brilliant pianoforte solo, "*Les Clochettes*." The Rev. Mr. Hodson then led in prayer, after which Dr. Burns, in a few complimentary remarks, introduced Dr. Tiffany.

Dr. Tiffany, on being introduced, said that he fully felt the important position in which he was placed in addressing an Association like this, owing to the great change that had taken place in the position of women in this country during the past few years, and the influence they used. Their sphere of usefulness was much more wide and extended than in years gone by and daughters would occupy a very different position from the one their mothers did now. It was a fitting opportunity to enquire how this change came about. There was a time when a meeting like the present would have been deemed an absurdity. The educated woman, otherwise called "Blue Stocking," was looked upon with disfavor, and thought to be strong-minded, because they were calling for emancipation from slavery. But now it was different. At that time only boys were educated and allowed to go to college, while the girls, after receiving a certain smattering of education, were doomed to sink into insignificance. After touching on the wrongs of women as inflicted by fashionable dressing, the speaker said that nothing but pedantry was expected

from an educated woman. This was a mistake, and in support of this he quoted the poets on the perfectability of woman. An educated woman should attract all hearts and minds, and was the freest of all from pedantry. There was no reason why she should talk Plato or mathematics, and he believed there was no more delightful companion in the world than an educated woman. Their perception was quicker than men's, and in their society the prose of daily life became poetry. Every profession was open to women now, though he trusted that those before him had been sufficiently well educated not to dream of the pulpit, which he did not think a proper place for women. The quite influence of educated women could be of more influence than the ranting of the female preacher or politician. Their influence ought to be directed to purge society of its evils, and women were the only people that could remedy their own wrongs. An educated religious woman could only make home what it should be, and education without religion was worthless. The dignity of age could only come to the good, and religion was the only thing that would smooth the downward path. Women's influence must be felt in the household, which was the fountain of civilization. In bidding them God speed he would repeat the following beautiful lines:—

Dost ask for woman's place?

Not in the noisy street, or crowded mart,
Where bristling commerce wages ceaseless strife,
Nor in the dusty halls where Justice sits,
Requiring ill with ill with nice award,
And pain with pain and death with death,
Vengeful, remorseless, deaf to woman's cries
And cries of innocents, whom her decrees
Adjudge to misery for others' guilt
While meek-eyed Mercy weeps without the door.
Nor in the yelling crowd, whose loud acclaims
Shout barbarous welcome to the people's friend,
Or urge to loftier flights among the stars
The callous statesman brawling to the mob.

Nor yet among the striving, wrestling throng—
Fighting and struggling at the reeking polls;
Not there, nor elsewhere in man's wide domain,
But in her own, which God to her assigns,
A queen within her household's quiet realm,
Crowned with all virtues and her sceptre, love;
Obedient yet commanding, in her weakness strong—
Diffusing holiest light; in blessing blest,
Honored in honoring, Such as she
Our radiant mother stood in Paradise;
Or in the temple pressing to her breast
With uplift eyes the doves for sacrifice.—
The blessed Mary, mother of our Lord!

The doctor's remarks were received with applause. Miss Lillie Bryson sang very

sweetly "Bonnie wee wife," accompanied by Professor Ambrose.

Miss McIlwraith read the Secretary's report, at the conclusion of which she introduced the graduates, who were warmly received by Mrs. Pratt, the President. The young ladies graduating were Miss Erb, Miss J. Davis, Miss Mary Pears, Miss Coatsworth, Miss Bongard and Miss Smith.

Miss Rosebrugh played with great taste a piece of Chopin's.

Dr. Burns congratulated the Alumnæ on having secured the presence of Dr. Tiffany, and alluded to the cordial relations existing between England and America. The Rev. Mr. Hodson then pronounced the benediction, and the proceedings terminated.

[From the Hamilton Times.]

WESLEYAN FEMALE COLLEGE.

GRADUATION EXERCISES IN THE CENTENARY CHURCH.—THE MOST BRILLIANT AFFAIR YET.—ESSAYS BY THE GRADUATES, AND ADDRESSES BY THE HON. EDWARD BLAKE AND OTHER GENTLEMEN.—PRESENTATION OF DIPLOMAS AND PRIZES.—INTERESTING CEREMONIES, ETC.

THE climax of the interesting graduation exercises of the Wesleyan Female College was attained on Wednesday evening, in the Centenary Church, which edifice was kindly placed at the disposal of Dr. Burns and his fair pupils. It was, without exaggeration, one of the most *recherche* and fashionable affairs of the present season. The interior of the church, without considering the audience at all, was a perfect bower of lovely flowers. On each side of the platform stood two fine palm plants in huge pedestalled vases, while the platform itself was almost covered with fuchsias, roses, foliage plants, and innumerable other products from the inexhaustible conservatories of Mr. W. E. Sanford, Mr. R. M. Wanzer, and those of Messrs. Evans, Townsend, Kilvington, and D. Murray. The detailed arrangement of the plants, etc., was good, and the *tout ensemble* remarkably handsome. The choir gallery front was festooned with evergreens, studded with yellow, red and moss roses, and crowned with various and choice exotics. The pillars supporting the main galleries were also half smothered in flower-dotted verdure, which totally disguised the hard,

ungraceful iron. And if the profuse floral decorations were fine, there was an audience to match it. In fact, the whole inside of the church resembled one vast repository of animate and inanimate flowers, for there were many lovely women present, arrayed in becoming apparel, who might very reasonably lay claim to being called "beautiful as a flower." The platform, which was extended for the occasion, upheld at once wisdom and beauty, the former being represented by many of our leading citizens, and the latter more than represented by the fair graduates and their preceptresses. Of these latter more particularly hereafter.

The following gentlemen supported Dr. Burns, who occupied the chair: Rev. Mr. Williams, Rev. Mr. Griffin, Hon. Edward Blake, Thos. Robertson, M. P., E. Kilvert, M. P., Mayor O'Reilly, Hon. Frank Leland, Prof. Wright, Dr. Rosebrugh, Sheriff McKellar, Dr. McQuesten, Judge Sinclair, and Messrs. W. E. Sanford, Dennis Moore, R. M. Wanzer, George Roach, S. F. Lazier, Joseph Lister, Edward Gurney. Besides these there were the College faculty and this year's graduates. Prayer having been offered, part of the 699th hymn was sung, Mr. Ambrose at the organ, and the proceedings, which throughout were of great interest, commenced.

Dr. Burns introduced Miss Nettie T. Coatsworth, one of the graduates, who gave a brief salutatory address.

"Hobbies," an essay by Miss Phœbe Smith, of Glanford, was next. The young lady's reflections on life were quaint, and she spoke easily and well. She defined what a "hobby" really was, and in referring to "hard times" betrayed no little knowledge of Canadian political economy. Indeed, nobody's hobby was left untouched, but was brought forth and held up to ridicule. The essay was received with applause and the fair essayist was made the recipient of several beautiful bouquets.

Miss Jennie L. Davis then gave her essay on "The Song of the Shirt," taking the first verse of Hood's famous poem as a text, and deducing therefrom several lessons.

The paper was interspersed with apt quotations, and the delivery rose at times to a dramatic pitch. She also was greeted with a superb floral offering in the shape of numerous bouquets.

At this point, Misses L. Bryson, Ella Ryckman, Bradley and Ready favored the audience with the sacred piece entitled "Heaven."

"One Hundred Years Ago" was the subject of Miss Josephine Bongard's (Prince Albert) composition. She turned back a chapter in the world's history, and in so doing displayed considerable research and powers of observation. This essay was nicely read, the accenting being admirable. Flowers in profusion were also Miss Bongard's portion.

Miss Mary E. Pears (Toronto) came next with a well written anticipatory essay on "1979," which illustrated the progress that would take place during the next century: the increase of woman's influence, the perfection to which inventions would be brought and the advent of aerial navigation. Amongst other things the last brandy barrel was buried. Bouquets were showered upon the fair reader as she finished.

Mrs. Keltie sang "One Sweetly Solemn Thought," and was obliged to reply to a hearty encore.

"The Present Age" was then handled by Miss N. T. Coatsworth. In the course of her essay she contrasted both the past and future with the present. The first was dead and the last was merely an anticipation. She spoke of the prosperity of Britain under our gracious Queen, and the late wars on either side of the Atlantic. Lovely flowers rained down upon her as she ceased.

The Valedictory entitled, "Greetings and Good-byes," was then delivered by Miss Minnie J. Erb, of Preston, and we really regret being unable to do it anything like justice. A greeting, the fair speaker said, and a good-bye were widely different. The one is the incident of an hour, the other comprises the extreme of life. From cradle to grave was but a span. To-day we saluted the sleeping infant with a kiss, to-morrow follow silently behind a mournful burthen. The whole essay, if such it may be called, was undoubtedly clever and exceedingly well delivered. Several very witty hits were made—some pretty hard ones too—aneant election times, and other timely topics. In the purely valedictory portion of the paper, Miss Erb spoke with great feeling, holding the entire audience with the magnetism of

her words. Her farewell to her *alma mater*, directors, Principal and his wife, and friends, was feelingly spoken and when she had said her last good-bye the applause was tremendous, and flowers literally rained upon her from all quarters.

Professor Wright then presented Miss Pears, of Toronto; Miss Jennie Davis, of this city; Miss Erb, of Preston, and Miss Bongard, of Prince Albert; Miss Coatsworth, of Toronto, and Miss Smith, of Glanford, to the faculty to receive the degree of Mistress of English Literature. As the graduates stood up in the order mentioned the applause was great.

Dr. Burns rose to address them. They must not think, he said, that they were now finished in education. There was as yet no master or mistress about it. They had only learned to handle themselves, as it were, and learnt *how* to study. He would regret nothing more than to hear that any of them during the next decade had ceased studying. He then presented them with their well-earned diplomas and pronounced each of them Mistress of Arts amid prolonged applause.

Presentation of prizes was next in order and Miss Lily Bryson and Miss Georgiana Sutton were invited on to the platform to receive them.

Dr. Burns explained that the "Dennis Moore" Prize had been instituted three years ago. The subject this time had been on "The influence of music," and the prizes had been won by the young ladies mentioned.

Hon. Edward Blake then rose to present the prizes. It is needless to say that he was enthusiastically received. He began by saying that when his good friend Mr. Sanford asked him to come there he could not resist the pleasure of coming and expressing his warmest approval of the Wesleyan Female College as an institution for the higher female education in Canada. It had long been his desire and that of some who were associated with him in the Toronto University, to see State aid in some shape accorded to the higher education of women. Some steps had, he was happy to say, already been taken toward the ultimate admission of ladies to the University at Toronto. Already had examinations been instituted in various parts of the province which six or more ladies could

pass from time to time, and he was glad to be able to say that the experiment so far—for it was only an experiment—had succeeded to their utmost expectations. The excellence of the results of those examinations had created surprise, particularly as regards the sciences—in which the ladies had shown extraordinary ability. He rejoiced to see the wakening in this province on this all-important subject. He had often thought it a duty incumbent upon all of us to supply to our youth the advantages of this higher education. He heartily concurred in the Principal's remarks to the young ladies who had just graduated—their education could but be beginning. In latter years they would surely learn the advantages of learning and letters. He hoped Dr. Burns' advice would be taken by them, and would re-echo their Principal's admonitions. He was extremely glad to be there for another reason, and that was because he had heard a great deal of praise about their College. (Applause.) The teachers—whom he was certain were all that teachers could be—he heartily congratulated upon the successful issue of the evening. Although he would not go into any criticisms regarding the essays just read, yet he could not help expressing the surprise and gratification he felt for the justness of emphasis, clearness of articulation, and graces of dictation which the young ladies displayed in reading their respective compositions. (Applause.) That was the anniversary of the eve of Waterloo. Why he was reminded of this he could scarcely explain, yet he was glad that day was nearly forgotten, and that the memory of the bitter struggle between the two greatest nations on earth was almost obliterated. For forty years peace, with all her attendant blessings, reigned in the land, when again a war was on the eve of breaking out, but was happily averted. There had been a very marked advance between the years 1854 and 1877. Christian people could not but rejoice in the progress of their faith. Unfortunately England was still engaged in small wars, wars from which he feared no national glory could result. There was a marked advance in Christian feeling which spoke well for the world's future. He was further pleased to be present to get information as to the mode of graduating,

and to see if it was the same as in his college. He had been somewhat puzzled as to the title to be conferred, for very few ladies would care to turn into a Bachelor of any kind. (Laughter.) Mistresses of Arts they were, and could easily be changed into Mistresses of Hearts. (Laughter.) Men sometimes forgot that half the world were women, but he was glad to know that of late years the position of womankind had been vastly improved. In reference to woman's rights of property and education much has been done and yet remains to be accomplished. There was no doubt in his mind that medicine was a profession peculiarly suited to the gentler half of the world. He hoped that true views as to woman's sphere and position in life would be still further recognized. The honorable gentlemen concluded an admirable address by quoting from Tennyson's "Princess," commencing at the line, "Woman's cause is man's." He then presented the first prize to Miss L. Bryson, and sat down amid enthusiastic applause.

Mayor O'Reilly followed and presented Miss Sutton with her prize. In doing so he said he had to thank the President for the privilege of being present to-night to participate in these closing exercises of their educational year, and for the opportunity of enjoying the delightful programme provided for the evening's entertainment. He had listened with much pleasure to the very creditable performance of the young ladies who took part, both those who delighted them with their sweet music and those who favored them with specimens of their literary composition. He could assure them that the W. F. College was an institution of such a character that all felt interested in its success, though not all equally closely allied to it, and while he congratulated the chairman on being at its head, he congratulated the citizens upon having such a College located in the city. After listening to the very pleasing remarks of the Hon. Mr. Blake, who had so ably addressed them upon the subject of education, and at this late hour he would not detain them with a lengthy speech, but would confine himself to the discharge of the very pleasant duty assigned to him. He was much pleased to have the pleasure of presenting to Miss Sutton the prize, which was intended to be a mark of appreciation.

by the staff of the College of the merits of her composition upon music. In the receipt of the prize she had the satisfaction of knowing that she had earned it by her own efforts, for however talented she might be, in such a large class of competitors as there must have been in the College for this honor, she was not, he was sure, allowed to carry it off without considerable effort. The prize, he was sure, was not the less acceptable to her from the fact of its being the generous gift of a warm friend of the College, of a gentleman whose interest in the institution had prompted this and many other kindly actions towards it. He had much pleasure in congratulating Miss Sutton upon having obtained this honorable distinction, and while in this prize the College paid a tribute to her present literary success, the recollection of this circumstance would, he hoped, be an incentive to her to be in earnest in whatever she might undertake in the future.

Dr. Burns also made a few remarks. He was delighted with the audience, and thanked them all for their kindly presence. They

had done wisely, he thought, in conducting their commencement exercises in the church. He had been warned about desecration, but could education ever desecrate any sacred edifice? If so, he would not have had the exercises conducted therein. No smaller place would hold all the friends of the College, and he hoped next year they would all come again and bring a friend with them.

The National Anthem was then sung, the audience joining in, and Rev. Mr. Griffin pronounced the benediction.

Congratulations were now in order, and the fair graduates and prize-winners were warmly saluted by their friends. To-day the students leave for the summer vacation, and we cannot close this report more appropriately than by wishing the pupils a pleasant season of relaxation, and by wishing Dr. Burns and his efficient helpers all enjoyment of the rest which, although their usual duties cannot but be pleasant, they must need. In the words of the valedictorian let us say, "Good-bye, good-bye, in the fullest significance of the term."

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