

THE PORTFOLIO.

Vita Sine Literis Mortis Est.

VOL. 3.

HAMILTON, DECEMBER, 1880.

No. 3.



—THE—

Wesleyan Female College

HAMILTON, ONTARIO, CANADA.

WEXT TERM WILL BEGIN ON NOVEMBER THE TENTH. EVERY DEPARTMENT OF THE College is thoroughly equipped. An abundance of Apparatus, Maps, Charts, Specimens in the different fields of Natural Science and all necessary modern appliances. Regular teaching force—Four Professors and Seven Lady Teachers. No pupil teachers employed. The building contains about One Hundred and Fifty Rooms. Students rooms completely furnished and carpeted. Hot and Cold Baths always accessible. Large and Elegant Parlors, Spacious Halls, Marching Shed for bad weather, Skating Rink, Recreation Grounds, Etc. Etc. Our Location gives to our Pupils advantages that can be obtained only in Cities, the very advantages that parents desire most for their daughters when they send them from home. These are daily enjoyed under a constant and conscientious supervision. The College is entirely free from debt, and our friends will have the advantage of our success. Terms very low. For particulars address the Principal,

REV. A. BURNS, D. D., LL. D.

THE PORTFOLIO.

THE OLD ESTABLISHED
DRUG STORE,

Corner King and Hughson Street.

I wish to direct your attention to my complete and well assorted stock of

Drugs, Chemicals, Dye Stuffs,

PATENT MEDICINES, PAINTS, OILS, ETC.,

All of which I am selling at the Lowest Cash Prices. I will guarantee all my preparations to be of full strength and best quality, being carefully prepared and only pure and fresh drugs used.

I would avail myself of this opportunity to thank my old customers for past favors, and to assure them I shall study to deserve their continued confidence, and also to solicit the favor of a trial from those with whom I have not had the pleasure of doing business.

JOHN A. CLARK, Chemist.

A. MURRAY & CO.,

IMPORTERS OF

Millinery, Mantles,

Silks, Dress Goods,

Lace Goods, Gloves, Hosiery and Dry Goods of every description.

*One of the Largest and Choicest Stocks
in the Dominion always on hand.*

PRICES AS LOW AS ANYWHERE.

A. MURRAY & CO.

King Street, Hamilton.

HARDWARE

38—JAMES STREET NORTH—38

ROACH & INSOLE

Importers and Dealers in

Builders' & House Furnishing
Hardware,

E. P. Silverware, Agate and Japanned Ware,

MACHINISTS' AND COOPERS' TOOLS,

And a complete line of Shelf and
Fancy Hardware,

38 JAMES ST. NORTH,

OPPOSITE THE MARKET.

W. H. GLASSCO & SONS,

Wholesale Manufacturers and Importers of

HATS, CAPS, FURS,

STRAW GOODS, GLOVES, MITTS AND

BUFFALO ROBES

Hamilton, Ontario.

THE PORTFOLIO.

Vita Sine Literis Mortis Est.

VOL. 3.

HAMILTON, DECEMBER, 1880.

No. 3.

Poetry.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

RING out sweet bells! ring loud and free,
Till the whole air thrills with your melody!
Ring out, and girdle the earth around
With your golden chain of joyful sound.
Ring out the glad old song again,
"Peace on earth; good will to men."

The little ones love the cheerful strain,
There are faces pressed 'gainst the window-pane;
There's many a young heart keeping time
To the joyous peal of the merry chime.
"Glory to God!" let the children know
The angel's message of long ago.

Ring out sweet bells! there are gray old men
Bowed 'neath their threescore years and ten;
Let the dull ears catch the glorious song,
Like a far off voice from the angel throng;
Ere you herald another Christmas day,
The gray-haired men may have passed away.

Ring loud on the frosty morning air!
Ring into the heart of the man of care!
Harsh discords meet him on every side,
Let him hear the music of Christmas-tide:
Ring out with a voice he must hear and heed,
For he needeth thy message with bitter need.

Ring out sweet bells! ring soft and low;
Steal gently into the home of woe,
Where the heart's exceeding bitter cry
Goes up to God in a prayer to die;
Whisper of peace in the home of grief,
For the Christ ye tell of can give relief.

There are some who have waited and listened long,
For the first glad note of your Christmas song,
Tossing all night on beds of pain,
Longing for morning to come again;
Let the sweet strains linger upon the air,
Tell them of heaven—they'll soon be there.

There's a message for all in the silvery chime,
For every place, for every time,
"Glory to God!" the heavenly choir
Sing it forever, yet never tire.
'Tis a melody passing mortal ken,
"Peace on earth; good will to men." s. w.

Essays.

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

IT was left for England to produce the world's greatest dramatist, one who has never been equalled in the wealth of his imagination, the play of his fancy, his intimate acquaintance with all phases of human life and character, and above all the marvellous facility with which he places these before our wondering eyes. In the year 1564, at the quiet, dreamy, little town of Stratford-on-Avon, William Shakspeare was born. The son of a burghess in comfortable circumstances, he would probably have received a fair education, but while still in his thirteenth year, the little family was beset by pecuniary difficulties, and amidst the general ruin Shakspeare had to do his part in providing for the necessaries of life. Thus early thrown upon his own resources, he seems for a while to have followed his father's trade as glover and dealer in wool, and to have led anything but a regular life. This part of his career, however, as indeed the whole of his life, is, so far as certain knowledge can be obtained, almost a blank; and most of the stories told of his youthful escapades have so little authority as to be unworthy of repetition.

Before the age of nineteen he married Ann Hathaway, a woman seven or eight years his senior. He is said to have been unhappy with her, at any rate we find him soon after occupying one of the lowest positions in a London theatre. Although he probably began when very young to write verses, his first appearance before the public was not as an author, but as a remodeller or improver of old plays. Among these "Titus Andronicus" is thought to have been the first. In 1593, the poetic and literary world was enchanted by the first product of his genius in the "Venus and Adonis." The plan was perhaps sketched before he left the

banks of the Avon, as it is full of charming country scenes, the song of birds, the ripple of water, the murmur of trees, the beauty and fragrance of flowers, all breathe through it, and all tell the self-same story—the story of deep, passionate love. Abandoning himself wholly to this, one piece follows another in quick succession, all filled with the same thought, telling the same tale—the witching, witching tale of love. Shakspeare seized everything that came to hand and made them serve his purpose, what was thrown aside by others as useless was taken by him and transformed into the rarest jewels. The warm coloring of Italian poetry and love finds its way into his tragedies, and the sterner Anglo-Saxon is varnished by its brilliant portrayal on the stage. Thus he proceeds until the amorous sentiment gives place to the patriotic. Then follow his historic plays, which so interest and thrill us that it seems impossible to believe that Shakspeare is not a standard authority on facts of history, his vivid imagery comes so quickly before our minds at the mention of a familiar name that, in spite of ourselves, we accept Shakspeare's version of the story.

On his arrival in London, he seems to have fallen in with Marlowe and Greene, and to have followed them into all scenes of riotous amusement. In spite of this dissipation, or partly through it, he numbered amongst his friends many of the noblest in the land, was patronized by the queen, made much of everywhere, and in time came to be considered wealthy. At this time he seems to have rescued his father from poverty and purchased an estate on the Avon, to which, in his later years, he retired. None of Shakspeare's plays bear the impress of work, they are more like the irrepressible, uncontrollable bubbling over of an inexhaustible spring, whose waters are ever clear and pure, untainted by the source whence they rise. One metaphor follows another in quick succession. We are led higher and higher until, giddy, we would descend, but the poet is far above us, and if we would stand where he does, there is nothing left for us but to follow the difficult path which he with such ease has traced. Nothing daunts him; where others would leave out this because it detracts from dignity, and the other because it savors too much of going into details, he leaves nothing, but takes mankind just as he

finds it. Kings and queens in his hands are not kings and queens only, they are men and women, husbands and wives, fathers and mothers; they are not always clothed in the robe of state, but sometimes don the dressing-gown and slippers to utter commonplaces with the rest of men. In comedy, he leads us by the fairest paths, by a way that seems almost interminable until, catching something of his own spirit and intoxicated with delight, we care not for the end, but wish our journey might still continue. "Much Ado About Nothing" is a brilliant dialogue, followed by "As You Like It," where "time fleets carelessly," and we see the artist past his first love passion touch its lighter phases with a playful hand. Some have thought to have recognized the older and sadder poet in the sorrowful *Jacques*, and more especially in the sonnets that succeeded. It is, however, exceedingly hard to put our fingers on any character and say "here we see Shakspeare; into this person he has infused his own thoughts and aspirations. On the contrary, such versatility of talent is beyond our comprehension, there is no one key running through the piece by which the author may be understood. His poetry is not like that of Byron's, where we see the same sad, weary face looking at us from every page; but the picture is ever changing. Amid the innumerable portraits who will determine Shakspeare? His genius never left him. His later tragedies have all the fire of the first, and differ only in their greater grasp of thought and wider knowledge of human nature. "Julius Cæsar," "Macbeth," and "King Lear," and the rest written about the same time depict the darker sins of men in their deepest hue. Revenge, hatred, jealousy and treachery are seen here as never before, while the pangs of conscience furnish a retribution equal to the crime. Soon after the completion of these, his last tragedies, we find the now landed proprietor quietly settled at his home on the Avon, where he lived three peaceful years, then passed from earth leaving immortal works and an undying fame.

A DULL old lady being told that a certain lawyer was lying at the point of death, exclaimed, "My gracious! won't even death stop that man's lying?"

"THE GREAT WEST."

THE East constantly hears of the recklessness, the bad manners, and the immorality of the West, just as England hears of all our iniquities, but who can tell the tale of those quiet lives which are the life-blood of the country—its present strength and its hope for the future?

Society in the West does not hide its wounds so closely as in the East, but is there not hope in the very fact of this openness?

"The Great West" occupies the western part of North America, and comprises the great prairies of the United States and the northwest territory of the Dominion. The climate is, as a general rule, mild throughout the year; even in January, the air has an Indian Summer mildness. On the Pacific Coast, the climate is certainly not favorable to asceticism. The flowers blossom profusely all the year round, and all the surroundings seem to tempt man to live after the flesh.

Nature here is so wild that it is difficult to bring it under the range of human emotion and sympathies. It cannot be made to express half-shades of meaning, but there is a massive and savage grandeur which would fitly accompany an opera like "Lohengrin." The lines of the landscape are broad and simple. The dark, smoky, blue mountains which have always been noted for the fact of their being heavily timbered, rise and gradually recede, with stretches of plain between, like the circling seats of a great amphitheatre. The effect is brilliant when one sees the yellow-white glare of these mountains in the sun; but it is a relief to turn from this immovable, solid brightness even to the piercingly blue depths of the sky, or to the changing white foam flashes.

A colorist would rejoice in the luminous shadows that bring out all the purple, and red, and green tints which the blinding light effaces.

Fancy yourself in California in November (but not the November of the East). Already the fields are getting softly, tenderly green, as in early spring. Wild roses are to be found growing along the sandy paths by the shore. Go into a grape-arbor and there is a smell of ripening grapes. The dead leaves curl and drop; they have the same

rustle as on still, fall days. The winter rains are looked upon as a blessing; if they are withheld, all is gloom for another year; if they come in joyous abundance, the dread is past.

The country is rich in minerals, and the accumulation of wealth has been very rapid, perhaps more especially in California and British Columbia. The aggregate gold products of California up to the present time is about \$990,000,000. In San Francisco alone, there are at least sixty millionaires. It is marvellous the amount of hidden treasure the earth produces there. Thus, it is not surprising that the people occasionally lose their heads and abandon temporarily the more conservative channels of business, and seek their fortunes on the street. Perhaps nowhere is witnessed such a representation of almost every nation on the globe.

Labor is more remunerative than anywhere else, and in consequence the people live, perhaps, rather extravagantly. Chicago, one of the largest cities of the West, is the greatest grain market on the globe. It is one of the wonders of the age. Only a few years ago it was a very small town. In all directions from northeast to southeast are rural towns within ten or fifteen minutes ride by the cars. The West has greatness literally thrust upon it, and cannot escape its magnificent destiny if it tried. The steam and railroad communication is working great results, and as "all roads lead to Rome," so all the streams of commerce from the east countries on the eastern shores of the Pacific flow by an inevitable law of gravitation to the "Great West."

How far the men of the present time will be able to utilize their opportunities is a problem not quite yet solved. J. R.

AN eccentric, but amiable and respected clergyman on sitting down to compose his first discourse after having committed matrimony, resolved to select a text which could not be twisted by his hearers into the remotest allusion to the connection he had so recently formed. But "the best laid schemes of mice and men, etc.;" to the great amusement of the less serious part of his congregation, the reverend gentleman gave out: "For I would that ye all were even as I am this day, except these bonds."

The Portfolio.

Published monthly by the Students of the Wesleyan Female College, Hamilton, Ontario.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF,	E. A. WHITE.
BUSINESS MANAGER,	M. G. MOORE.
ASSOCIATE EDITORS,	I. L. FISH.
	C. G. MORRIS.
	E. JARVIS.
	M. M. HILL.
CORRESPONDING SECRETARY,	E. M. ELLIOTT.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

Per Annum, One Dollar. Single Copies, 15 Cents.

Address all communications and exchanges to
THE PORTFOLIO, HAMILTON, ONT.

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

Editorials.

In this age of the world when so much attention is being given to the development of muscle, it is gratifying to notice that some, and that not a little, joined to brave hearts and strong nerves, are being employed in a better cause than running a foot race or pulling an oar. While Hanlan is being feted in London, and Toronto is making arrangements to grant him the freedom of the city, there occurs in our midst a tragedy bringing to the front more bravery and self-abandonment than any champion sculler has ever yet displayed. Has not half of our world been carried away by the exhibition of a skill that is made subservient to no earthly purpose but exhibition? If these were the old days of French galleys, it might be worth while putting such men as Hanlan and Laycock in training. But, as it is, are we not bestowing honor where it is not due, and withholding it from those most deserving? Would it not be much more sensible for Toronto to confer favors on the gallant firemen who again and again have rescued the homes and friends of her population from the flames, more sensible to bestow even the freedom of the fair city on such men than, forsooth, on one who has been the cause, perhaps, of more gambling

than any other man living, and who has accomplished literally nothing for the real good or glory of his country? From the raffle at the church bazaar to the secret lottery at the other end of the metropolis, from the game of marbles at the street corner to the national race just concluded on the Thames, all are buoyed up and impelled onwards by the same spirit—the thirst for gain and the excitement of contest. Truly, we live in a time of wonders! One man, under the most favorable circumstances, surpasses a rival at sculling; his fame is heard from tropic to tropic; “all Europe rings from side to side;” addresses and presentations pour in from all directions; we had almost said his was a household name; and all this to greet whom? The champion! Champion of what, you ask—of innocence, freedom, or the right? Oh, no!—just the champion sculler. But a wild storm is raging on our lake; the sky is inky black, while the dark clouds rend before the wind; the tempest is unabated, but the signal of distress is heard, and instantly willing hands launch the life boat into the almost freezing water, with the hope, but often the barest possibility, of saving a human being. The paper mentions such deeds of heroism, and they are commented on during the cozy breakfast, then—forgotten. If we could but move forward a century and look at ourselves, think you distance would lend “enchantment to the view?” Then, to examine the purely financial aspect of the question, think of the untold wealth that has been squandered in these so-called great races. If this had been used in the furtherance of some great national project, as for instance the Darien Canal, who can say what future generations would have reaped from it? Monsieur de Lesseps, in this scheme for facilitating commerce between two vast continents, has met with numerous discouragements, not the least being, for a time, lack of funds, and we think that shares

might have risen had this sum been invested. Is it not time that all true men and women were awake to the evil in their midst? When man's highest ideal is the developing of muscle, to the neglect of every mental and moral trait, we fear that the glory of his manhood has departed, and the image of his Maker obliterated. Let us do our part to perfect the physical, mental and moral nature of man, leading him continually towards the noblest and the best until he be able to fulfil his life's task.

THE first number of THE PORTFOLIO was sent to all last year's subscribers, some of whom have replied either by sending the price or promise of subscription, but from the majority we have as yet heard nothing. A circular requesting renewal of subscription was enclosed in each paper, and in the light of that time-honored saying that "silence gives consent," we would be justified in concluding that all intend to comply with that request. But as we do not wish to be guilty of drawing unwarrantable conclusions, we would be glad if all who have not communicated with the Corresponding Secretary would do so before our next issue.

In this connection, it may not be amiss to say that our editorial duties might be materially lightened, if more of the former students and Alumni would help us, both by literary contributions, and additions to our list of subscribers. "Misery loves company," and it was with a sensation of relief that we find ours is not the only college paper depending upon a few for its support. We cannot do better here than quote from the *Notre Dame Scholastic*: "This is not as it should be; the paper does not belong to the editors; it is the college paper, the students' paper, and as such it should receive a liberal support, not only from the students but from the Faculty. All, without exception, should take an interest in it, and should not only contribute their mite to make it

readable and spicy, but should endeavor to extend its circulation. How few think of doing either! We make this appeal not only to the students here now, but to all the old students, to the Faculty, and to all who wish to see the *Scholastic* what it should be."

THE Senior Literary Society has long felt the necessity of increasing the number of volumes in the reading room library, for although, as it is, the library contains many valuable works, there is room on the upper shelves for many more. Different plans have been discussed whereby this might be accomplished, but the duties and responsibilities of the Society have been such as to render the execution of these plans impossible. Thanks, however, to the Alumni, who are ever anxious to do all in their power to assist us, the Society of this year will have the luxury of spending \$15 in replenishing the library. The Alumni have the sincerest thanks of the Society for their kind and timely assistance, and before long we hope to see some of the empty shelves filled with the books we so much need.

IN the last number, in the article "Empire of Japan," Likok should have read Sikok, Kinsin—Kiusiu, and Sentroism—Sentoicism.

EXCHANGES.

THOSE who occupy a high rank in the literary world can well dispense with eulogy and have nothing to fear from criticism, while the unpretentious or those who have not as yet attained to eminence are glad to find themselves noticed at all. In either case we feel grateful to *Varsity* for the recent paragraph on PORTFOLIO. It is certainly quite refreshing to learn that a student thinks it worth her while to even glance over the contributions of fellow-students after their first novelty has worn away. But to hear that she was "absorbed" in them, we could scarcely believe our eyes while reading

it. This timely information afforded by *Varsity*, lifts us quite above ordinary college journals. We feel that our mission is high and responsible to a degree we had scarcely believed possible. Our gratitude to *Varsity* is, however, unbounded on another score, viz: the brave and manly, may we not say gentlemanly, way in which they are taking up cudgels for the defence of women's higher education, more especially of her right to be admitted to college lectures. We feel that the day is not far hence when these efforts will be crowned with success. Woman herself will prove, if she be allowed, that there is no room to oppose the "right" on the ground of "expediency." The grand theory of the Nebular Hypothesis has had a masterly exposition by the President of the Natural Science Association. If more of our researchers into the mysteries of nature were imbued with the "constructive" spirit, we feel assured that "Science versus Religion" would soon be a thing of the past. We hope that *Varsity's* ideal may be speedily realized, and that this deserving paper may be as attractive to old students as PORTFOLIO seems to be to some, or perhaps better one, of her former contributors.

THERE may be many things that we might learn from *Acta Victoriana*, but there is one that we wish we could persuade the Alumnæ to learn. We open *Acta* and find two pages devoted to the correspondence of former students. What a treat it would be to have a word of encouragement, advice, or even fault-finding from a friend of our Alma Mater! We were pleased with the views expressed on the subject of college journalism, and we feel bound to confess that *Acta* comes nearer fulfilling all the objects of a college paper than do many that we know. We also think that "the authorities has no right to censorize free expression of thought," but of this we have nothing to complain. If *Acta* has been "singularly" exempt from interference of the Faculty, we

can say that we are "absolutely" free from such. In company with others of our exchanges, *Acta* is entering into a discussion on the subject of "Cap and Gown." Never having had the honor, and probably discomfort, of appearing in such attire, we can give them but one piece of wholesome advice, viz: "to follow the fashion."

Forman 1880
Jacin
SUNBEAM is always a welcome visitor, coming from an institution nearly related to our own, we feel that we should have much in common. The poetic muse seems to have departed from the O. L. C., but the staff has shown good taste in selecting, and we are glad to see Canadian talent brought to the front. Is it not too bad to have nearly three pages of the paper filled with "Notes on Vacation?" Surely vacation is not one of the chief ends of college life. These "Notes" forcibly recalled to mind our first compositions in the class beginning "Rhetoric." Then, the autobiographies of great men, or their cleverly written diaries are generally uninteresting and uninteresting, how much more so the notes of common school girls written by themselves! The editors of *Sunbeam* are capable of something more original than such jottings and French essays. We advise them to launch out into a broader stream of thought. *Whitby, Tadin* *Call*

IN glancing over the *Dalhousie Gazette*, we sigh for the remarkable memory possessed by at least one of the staff. The exchange column fairly bristles with poetical quotations, the number of which is equalled only by their fitness. The *Gazette* fully appreciates the value of the "almighty dollar," but we are glad to see the disinterestedness with which they resolve to publish the college advertisement. The exhibition of such a spirit, also the one shown in the question of the grand parade, is worthy of better treatment from the "Governors."

WE'VE scanned the first page of *Shattuck Cadet*, and we've scanned the second, six

times at least. Now, what shall we say? The first thing that we presume to think we understand at all is the article with three headings, but almost before arriving at the third, we give it up and pronounce the whole thing to be a military rocket in some way connected with the "grand (?) display of fireworks," in which we were lost.

LAST in order of arrival is the *Heidelberg Monthly Journal*. Its appearance is exceedingly prepossessing, and merits more time and space than we have at our disposal in the present issue.

THE OLD YEAR.

IT was the last night of December, and slowly the great hands of the clock were nearing the hour of midnight. The firelight and shaded lamps cast fantastic pictures in the dark corners of the room, while marvellous frost pictures grew upon the window-panes. Without, the wind was sobbing and moaning among the bare branches, in the chimney and casements, and I knew, though I saw it not, that great drifts of snow were whirling and piling in the darkness. During all the weary hours my thoughts had been dwelling sadly among the graves of my past. Again my soul had put on her sack-cloth of bitter days, that had been lain away for mirthful vestment. But now a strangeness came over me. I heard no sound of foot-fall, but was silently borne away from my fireside to the portals of a wonderful cathedral. The walls were cruelly white, and covered with mysterious figures and hieroglyphics. The vaulted roof rose hundreds of feet above, and was supported by the sculptured figures of angels. Long corridors extended further than eye could see. All was silent, except a low sound like a requiem of sighs, that came echoing from the dim corridors, and chilled the heart icily. Bewildered and trembling, I would have hastened away from the dazzling whiteness, but strange influences held me stationary. Then behind me I heard voices, and suddenly was surrounded by a numberless crowd of human beings. Passionately they hurried along into the cathedral, till I was carried on like a leaf on the surging ocean. On, on, but now like a

phantom throng, noiselessly and death-like, for even the foot-falls on the stone pavement awakened no echo. But soon the crowd moved slower, and I saw we were approaching a bier whereon something lay. Nearer, and we stood mute and breathless, for before us—lying low among sere leaves and faded flowers, wrapped in his winding sheet—lay the Old Year we had loved so well, white, rigid and dead. The weight of his last days had pressed heavily, and his face was furrowed and sad to look upon. Around him, in mockery, upon the sombre pall were scattered the gifts he had bestowed. The soundless wave of human life surged on. Some came eagerly, as if to see a joyous thing; others with lingering footsteps and few with sneering faces; but as they one by one looked upon the pale face and laid some treasure or some burden down, feeling that the year was indeed dead, they turned away more sadly, and some with tears. They were bringing their cares, sorrows, fancied ills, and incompleting tasks. Each striving for self, each heavily laden, thinking it possible to bury all sadness in one dead year, but passing to find the burden but little lighter and little left behind. Some came with gloomy faces bearing imaginary cares, and some bore bitter griefs. Many, mourning-vestured, laid down carefully handfuls of ashes. These were they whose idols had been broken, and beautiful shrines lay crumbled in the dust; still, they gathered the ashes to their hearts, again, and went away mourning. One young girl, bending under the burden of a lost idol, wasted and careworn, went to the bier, and looked with a sigh on the cold face but could not fling the burden off; as she turned she staggered and fell; when they lifted her up she was—dead. Children eagerly flung down their broken toys and felt no lingering sadness for the shrouded year. Many a youth brought resolutions and broken ambitions, and holding high his right hand made solemn vows for the future. One strong man, weary and heavily laden, knelt on the cold floor clasping the shroud and prayed; when he arose a light more than earthly broke over his face and he went onward with the music of a new song in his soul. While yet they were urging in with their voiceless weariness, a bell commenced tolling in awful tones, that woke echoes in the corridors. Then the

phantoms lifted and bore the dead year through Times' cathedral, and the multitude followed with their burdens. Ere long they reached a stream, segy and black, where formless boatmen waited to bear the dead to the ocean. As I stood gazing, I remembered my own withered garland, a hope, a dream or two twined in the bright days when the year was young, but now dead and worthless, so I threw it thinking it might rest on the bier. The boat moved slowly off and my flowers sank in the bottomless river. As, with saddened hearts, we gazed after the shadowy thing that grew mistier in the distance, we heard the song of music and laughter; turning, we saw that the New Year had come golden and glorious. The children shouted for joy and the youth pressed forward to greet him. Even some of the sad ones, who had sighed for the dead year, lifted up their head and smiled as he scattered his treasures. But I turned from these things which I had seen so often and from the sad, dead year, and soon forgot in my dreams that all years, freighted with human hopes and sorrows, must pass from Time through oblivion to the ocean of Eternity.

THE ORIGIN OF FAMILIAR PHRASES.—The term "masterly inactivity," originated with Sir James Mackintosh. "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," which everybody who did not suppose it was in the Bible, credited to Sterne, was taken by him from George Herbert, who translated it from the French of Henry Estienne. "The cup that cheers, but does not inebriate," was "conveyed" by Cowper from Bishop Berkely, in his "Siris." Wordsworth's "the child is father of the man," is traced from him to Milton, and from Milton to Sir Thomas More. "There's a gude time coming," is Scott's phrase, in "Rob Roy," and the "almighty dollar" is Washington Irving's happy hit.

A MEDITATIVE man was roaming through an anatomical museum, and came across the skeleton of a donkey; "Ah," he said, in reverential tones as he adjusted his green spectacles, "we are indeed fearfully and wonderfully made."

College Items.

BUSINESS!

SH—O—O!!

RATS and mice.

OH! ye gods inspire me.

DID you take Mr. S——'s hat? Do you know who did?

"WHY don't you have patent fascinators on your boots?" inquired a junior.

"I AM no longer a free bird, but a happy bird," wrote a student who had been recently married.

A YOUNG lady picked up an Apocraphy in a Senior's room and innocently asked, "Is it comical?"

THE chemical experiment was not successful, or at least we hardly think it had the desired effect.

A CERTAIN young lady in the College should not feign sickness, or be too economical with the truth while that celebrated herb lasts.

A STUDENT was asked if it would be justifiable to shoot a burglar in defense of property. She replied, "yes, if you did not shoot him dead."

SHE says that next to "Hamlet's Soliloquy," the following are the most sublime lines in the English language:

"There is a little mystic tie,
That binds together you and I."

A YOUNG lady was in the reading-room, and catching a glimpse of the illustrated front which adorns one of our exchanges inquired, "When did you subscribe for the fashion paper?"

HISTORY CLASS.—History, page 29, says: "Chaldea is the only country in which wheat is known to be *indigenous*; other cereals grow plentifully." Teacher: "What are the products of the soil?" Pupil: "All the grains *excepting* wheat."

Two students had been racking their brains for about two hours over a problem in Trigonometry. One remarked, by way of encouragement, "Only two more problems in Plane Trigonometry." The other exclaimed, "If this is plain (plane), what will the rest be!"

A YOUNG lady was explaining to another that the power of the mind is judged by the length of time that it can be concentrated on one subject. The other one remarked, "My mind must be very powerful, for I have been thinking of one young man for three years.

WE were informed the other day that "the size of the feet is in proportion to the body." That afternoon one student met another in the hall, and gazing at her feet remarked: "Your feet had better wait awhile for the rest of your body, or you will be about two feet out of proportion."

ONE evening, about half-past nine, a gentleman of the dark race was found wandering through the college halls. That night we noticed that every door was bolted, and just as we were sinking into rest a voice from the distance aroused us asking, "Girls, ar'n't you awfully afraid? The timidity has gradually worn away, and the young ladies again venture out in the hall without a light.

IT is with sincere regret that we record the departure from the College of Miss Bradley, President of the Junior Literary Society. She performed the duties of the President in a manner which merits great praise. At the last meeting of the Society when she was present, she expressed her sorrow at having to leave the Society in which she had become greatly interested. She resigned in favor of Miss McDonald, the Vice-President, who accepted the position with a few well chosen words.

THE last "At Home" was greatly enjoyed by those who appreciated music enough to attend. We were cordially received by the hostesses, who made us feel perfectly at home. The musical programme opened at eight o'clock, every piece being nicely rendered and well received by the audience. There was an instrumental duet especially worthy of praise. We would give the names of the musicians, but understand that they are not prepared as yet to enter public notice. Refreshments were served at nine o'clock, and after singing the National Anthem, we dispersed, hoping to enjoy many more musical treats of a similar character.

THE most cunning of all egotists is the man who never speaks well of himself.

Art, Science and Literature.

TENNYSON has a new volume of poems in press.

LEON COGNET, the celebrated French painter, is dead.

ALEXANDER DUMAS is to have a statue in the Place Malesherbes.

THE magnet, as a means of mitigating pain and curing disease, is again being studied.

THE Royal Geographical Society has proposed to the Government an expedition to Franz Josef's Land.

IT is expected that important results to telegraphy will follow the tour around the world of Cyrus W. Field, of New York.

CAPTAIN LAWSON, when in New Guinea, found that Mount Hercules is 32,786 feet above the level of the sea, the highest in the world.

IN deference to the strong public sentiment against it, the proposed production of the Passion Play, in New York, has been abandoned.

MR. HERBERT, R. A., has painted for the walls of the Peers' Conference Chamber, in the British House of Lords, a large picture called the "Judgment of Daniel."

IT is said that the reading of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," fired the heart of the Emperor of Russia with the resolve to destroy slavery and serfdom in his empire.

THE American monument to the memory of Edgar Allan Poe will, it is said, be a bronze bas-relief representing the scene of "The Raven," with the poet as the hero, life size.

MR. GLADSTONE having been asked if he did not consider Tennyson the greatest genius of the age, replied in the negative; and added, that without doubt Disraeli merited that title.

JOHN RUSKIN says that he was a home-bred boy; that as diligently and scrupulously as his mother taught him his Bible and Latin grammar, so his father devotedly taught him Scott, Pope and Byron.

MISS EDMONIA LEWIS, the colored sculptress, is very happy in her Roman studio. In early life her name, given her by her mother, a native of the Chippewa tribe, was "Wild-fire." She roamed with the tribe for fifteen years.

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT recently presented the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, with a large collection of drawings by the most eminent European masters. The collection is said to be the finest in America.

MR. BOEHM, A. R. A., has just finished the memorial of the Princess Alice, executed for the Queen. The statue, nearly life-size, is made of the finest white marble. The Princess is represented as lying on a couch, with one arm around her infant daughter, who died a short time before her.

BEACONSFIELD'S new novel, "Endymion," is circulating rapidly, 5,000 copies being sold within six hours after its issue. A second edition of 5,000 was immediately issued. It has been published in French and German, and will appear as "Feuilleton," in the Paris morning papers, and also in the *Cologne Gazette*.

THE oldest painting in the world is a Madonna and child, painted A. D. 886. The oldest in England is said to be a portrait of Chaucer, painted in panel in the early part of the fourteenth century.

AN old darkey was endeavoring to explain his unfortunate condition; "You see," remarked Sambo, "it was in dis way as far as I 'member. Fust my fadder died and den my mudder married agin, and den my mudder died and my father married agin, and somehow I dosen't seem to hab no parents, r or no home, nor nuffin."

"WELL, my son," said a Detroit father to his eight-year-old boy, one evening, "what have you done to-day that may be set down as a good deed?" "Gave a poor boy five cents," replied the hopeful. "Ah, ah, that was charity, and charity is always right. He was an orphan boy, was he?" "I didn't stop to ask," replied the boy, "I gave him the money for licking a boy who upset my dinner basket."

Clippings.

MRS. PARTINGTON said that her minister preached about the parody of the probable son.

QUERY: Why isn't a milkman like Pharaoh's daughter? Because he finds not a little profit in the water.

SUNDAY is the strongest day, because all the others are week days; yet, if it is the strongest, why is it so often broken?

DR. JOHNSON, being once asked whom he deemed the most miserable, replied: "The man who cannot entertain himself with a book on a rainy day."

CONTROVERSY and chemistry: "Why is absolute dogma, your reverence, like absolute alcohol?" "So please you, because it is utterly above proof."

"I didn't like our minister's sermon last Sunday," said a deacon who had slept all sermon time to a brother deacon. "Didn't like it, Brother A.? Why, I saw you nodding assent to every proposition of the parson."

COLLEGE PROFESSOR (*to Junior, who has been taking advantage of his absent-mindedness.*) "Young man, I find on looking over the records that this makes the fifth time in two years that you have been granted leave of absence to attend your grandmother's funeral.

HIRAM ARGUS says that "William Eaton, of Danville, recently killed a cat that was twenty-six years old." When a cat gets to be so old as that she can't dodge bricks and bootjacks coming at once from five different directions as she could in her earlier years. Hence this tragedy.

This is the way a Vassar girl tells a joke: "Oh, girls! I heard the best thing to-day; it was just too funny! I can't remember how it just came about, but one of the girls said to Professor Mitchell—Oh, dear, I can't remember how it just came about, but one of the girls said to Professor Mitchell—Oh, dear, I can't remember just *what* she said, but Professor Mitchell's answer was just too funny for anything. I forget just exactly what he said, but it was just too funny for anything."—*Ex.*

THE PORTFOLIO.

HENRY MARTIN,

Art Master

HAMILTON, BRANTFORD AND GALT
COLLEGES AND SCHOOLS.

The following branches are taught in Mr. Martin's
classes: Pencil, Pen and Ink and Crayon Drawing;
Colored Crayons; Water Colors and Oil; Drawing from
Nature, and Painting on China.

Studio, No. 9 Rebecca St., Hamilton, Ont.

H. BURKHOLDER & CO.

WOOL AND

COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

67 & 69 King St. East,

HAMILTON, - ONT.

TREBLE'S

—DOMINION—

SHIRT FACTORY,

KING T. FAST,

Hamilton, Ontario.

PRATT & WATKINS

Show a splendid lot of Colored Kid Gloves of the best
makes. Four Button Evening Shade Kid Gloves, \$1.00
per pair. If you want a Colored Silk Dress, go to
PRATT & WATKINS. If you want a Black Silk Dress,
go to PRATT & WATKINS. Colored Dress Goods in all
styles and prices. A magnificent assortment of Mantles
to choose from. Millinery at Cash Rates. Always
patronize PRATT & WATKINS, the "Noted" One Price
Cash Dry Goods House.

16 AND 8 JAMES ST. NORTH,

HAMILTON - - - ONTARIO

Dennis Moore.

Wm. Aspley Robinson

D. MOORE & CO.,

Iron Founders & Manufacturers

—OF—

Stoves, Tin, Copper, Iron, Japanned and General
Stamped Ware, Patent Tubular and Wall Lanterns,
Importers and Wholesale Dealers in Tin Plate, Canada
Plate, Sheet Iron, Sheet Copper, Galvanized Iron, Wire,
Tinsmiths' Tools and General Trade Supplies.

OFFICE:

FOUNDRY:

100 King Street East.

Cor. Catharine & Robert Sts.

HAMILTON, ONTARIO.

P. GROSSMAN,

—DEALER IN—

SHEET MUSIC,

Music Books,

PIANOS, ORGANS

Band Instruments and every description of Music Goods,

NO. 49 JAMES STREET NORTH,

Opposite Post Office,

HAMILTON, - - - ONTARIO

JOHN McPHERSON & CO.,

—MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN—

BOOTS, SHOES

—AND—

RUBBERS

51 and 53 King Street East,

HAMILTON, - - ONTARIO

THE LONDON HOUSE

McILWRAITH & McMASTER,

Importers of

French, English and New York Bonnets

HATS, FLOWERS, MANTLES, SILKS,
DRESS GOODS, KID GLOVES,
LACES, RIBBONS AND
HOSIERY.

 **DRESSMAKING IN FIRST-CLASS STYLE**

AT MODERATE CHARGES.

12 James Street North.

For one of the choicest Stocks of new Dry Goods
to be found in Hamilton, try

A. R. KERR & CO.

34 King Street West.

Departments Represented on Ground Floor:

Rich Silks and Velvets in Black and Leading Colors, Plain and Fancy Dress Goods in English, French and German Makes, Cottons, Prints and Winceys, Plain and Fancy Flannels, Blankets, &c., Hosiery, Gloves and Small Wares, Real and other Laces in great variety, Ladies' and Gentlemen's Underclothing in Wool, Merino, Muslin, Scotch, English and Canadian Tweeds and Cloths, Gents' Furnishing, &c.

Departments on Second Floor:

Flowers, Feathers and Bonnet Materials, Shawls, Jackets and Cloaks, Costumes and Dresses.

We employ first-class milliners only. Our Dress maker cannot be excelled. Our Mantle Cutter makes Good Fits.

Palace of Artistic Photography.

FARMER BROS.

8 King Street West, Hamilton,

is undoubtedly the most popular place for beautifully finished Photographs. The life-size Portraits executed by the Messrs. Farmer, in Oil, Pastel, Water Colors, India Ink and Crayon, are really very fine indeed, while their Cabinet and *Carte de Visite* Photos (pearl tint, ivory and marble finish) are perfectly lovely. In future a reduction of ten per cent. will be made to students.

ESTABLISHED 1861.

THOS. LEES,

WATCHMAKER,

JEWELER AND OPTICIAN

—IMPORTER OF—

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silver Ware,
Spectacles, Etc., Etc.

REPAIRING and ENGRAVING PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO

No. 5 James St. North, Hamilton.

N. B.—Timekeeper to the City and Railways.

C. N. HIESRODT & CO.

Picture and Mirror Frame Manufacturers

Dealers in

CHROMOS, MOTTOES; STATUARY AND PHOTOGRAPH FRAMES.

All the new patterns in Washable Gilt Mouldings. We make a specialty of Fine Gold Work. Old Frames re-gilt equal to new. Promptness and neatness is our motto. Charges down to the lowest possible figure.

No. 13 John Street North,

HAMILTON, ONTARIO.

THE PORTFOLIO.

W. J. WAUGH,
Manufacturer and Importer of Gentlemen's Furnishings,
HATS, CAPS, ETC.
No. 60 James Street North, Hamilton, Ont.
Manufacturer of Waugh's Perfect-Fitting White and Colored Shirts.

DR. J. G. SINCLAIR,
DENTIST,
No. 8½ EAST KING STREET,
Opp. Large Fountain. HAMILTON, ONTARIO

J. ZIMMERMAN,
DENTIST,
No. 38 King Street East,
HAMILTON, ONTARIO.

ROBERT P. LEASK,
—IMPORTER OF—
GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS
Hats, Caps and Furs.
24 King Street East, Hamilton, opposite the Gore.
SHIRTS MADE TO ORDER.

CAMPBELL BROTHERS,
—IMPORTERS OF—
DRY GOODS & CARPETS
Lace Curtains, Floor Cloths, Etc.
70 KING ST. EAST, COR. JOHN ST.,
HAMILTON, ONT.

J. BOWES,
DENTIST
OFFICE: 9 JAMES STREET NORTH,
Over hat store of Jos. Mills & Son. HAMILTON

GEO. A. MILLS,
FASHIONABLE
HATTER & FURRIER.
No. 3 Market Square,
HAMILTON, - - ONTARIO.

CHISHOLM & HASLETT,
BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS & SOLICITORS,
NOTARIES, CONVEYANCERS, ETC.
OFFICE—STANDARD INSURANCE BUILDINGS,
Corner James and Vine Streets,
HAMILTON, ONTARIO, CANADA.
D. B. CHISHOLM. T. C. HASLETT.

LAZIER & DINGWALL,
BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS AND SOLICITORS,
42 James Street North,
HAMILTON, ONT.
S. P. LAZIER, B. A., LL. B.
E. DINGWALL, B. A., LL. B.

J. N. ANDERSON, M. D.,
EYE AND EAR SURGEON
34 James Street North,
HAMILTON, ONTARIO.
Cross-Eyes straightened. Dr. Anderson gives exclusive attention to
the treatment of Eye, Ear and Throat Diseases.
OFFICE HOURS - - - - 9 A. M., to 4 P. M.

JOSEPH HOODLESS,
FURNITURE MANUFACTURER,
HAMILTON, ONT.

J. W. ROSEBRUGH, M. D.,
No. 52 James Street North, Hamilton, Ontario.
OFFICE HOURS—FROM 2 TO 4 P. M.

THE PORTFOLIO:

SANFORD, VAIL & CO.,

☞ CLOTHING ☞

MANUFACTURERS

47 KING STREET,

HAMILTON, - ONTARIO.

THOMAS MARSDEN,
GILDER & PICTURE FRAMER

Manufactures and deals in the following goods:

Mouldings for Picture Frames,
Room Mouldings for Hanging Pictures,
Pier and Mantel Mirrors,
Gilt, Walnut, and Gold Window Cornices,
Steel Engravings and Lithographs,
English and German Chromos,
Nails, Cord and Wire for Hanging Pictures.

GENERAL AGENT FOR

Wheeler & Wilson's Unrivalled Sewing Machines

*Needles for all kinds of Machines. Best Machine Oil,
Soap, Spools, Etc.*

BUTTERICK'S PATTERNS

For Ladies' and Children's Dresses.

56 James Street North, Hamilton, Ont.

—THE—
RIGHT HOUSE

Ladies will remember that the Right House is about twice as large as any other Dry Goods House in Hamilton. That the stock comprises almost everything that they are likely to require at the very cheapest prices in General Dry Goods, Mantles, Ladies' Misses', Gents' and Boys' Underclothing, Neck-wear, Hosiery, Gloves, Dress Goods, Silks, Satins, Ribbons, Laces, Ties, House Furnishings Goods in Carpets, Oil Cloths, Linoliums, Lace Curtains, Lambrequins, Antimaccassars, Blankets, Etc.; Flannels, Tickings, Prints, Cashmeres, and an almost endless list of other goods from the lowest to the very best usually imported, at prices unsurpassed in cheapness and real sterling value, and of the very newest and most fashionable styles in French, German, British and American designs.

Be sure to examine the stock at the Right House,

NOS. 39 AND 32 KING STREET EAST, CLOSE TO HUGHSON STREET,

Where the verandah is down. Remember
the name is

THOMAS C. WATKINS.