



THE
PORTFOLIO

The title 'THE PORTFOLIO' is rendered in a decorative, blackletter-style font. The word 'THE' is in a smaller, simpler font above 'PORTFOLIO'. The letter 'P' is particularly large and ornate, with a laurel wreath wrapped around its base. Above the word 'PORTFOLIO', there is an illustration of a lamp of knowledge (an oil lamp) resting on a book, with rays of light emanating from the flame. The entire title is enclosed within a decorative horizontal frame with a scroll-like end on the right.

♦♦Contents.♦♦



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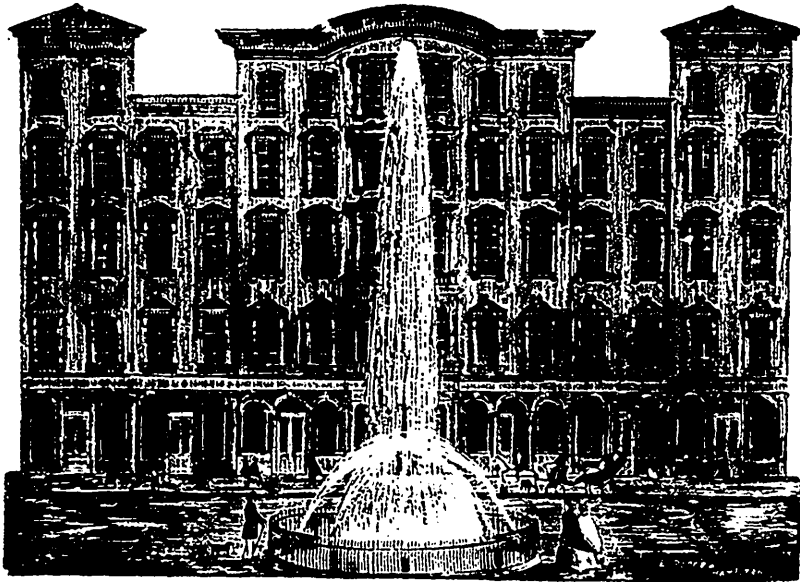
THE PORTFOLIO.

"VITA SINE LITERIS MORS EST."

VOL. X.

HAMILTON, ONTARIO.

No.



THE

WESLEYAN LADIES' COLLEGE and Conservatory of Music.

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Fourth " " April 16th.

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THE PORTFOLIO.

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VOL. X.

HAMILTON, ONTARIO. MARCH, 1890.

No. 6

Life.

[Each line of the following remarkable little poem is said to be a quotation from some one of the standard authors of England and America, and is the result of laborious research among the voluminous writings of thirty-eight leading poets of the past and present. The number of each line refers to its author below.]

- 1—Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?
- 2—Life's a short summer, man's a flower:
- 3—By turns we catch the vital breath and die—
- 4—The cradle and the tomb, alas! so nigh.
- 5—To be is better far than not to be,
- 6—Though all man's life may seem a tragedy:
- 7—But light, cares speak when mighty griefs are dumb.
- 8—The bottom is but shallow whence they come.
- 9—Your fate is but the common fate of all;
- 10—Unmingled joys here to no man befall.
- 11—Nature to each allots his proper sphere,
- 12—Fortune makes folly her peculiar care:
- 13—Custom does often reason overule,
- 14—And throw a cruel sunshine on a fool:
- 15—Live well, how long or short permit, to heaven:
- 16—They who forgive most shall be most forgiven.
- 17—Sin may be clasped so close we cannot see its face—
- 18—Vile intercourse where virtue has not place.
- 19—Then keep each passion down, however dear,
- 20—Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear;
- 21—Her sensual snares, let faithless pleasure lay,
- 22—With craft and skill to ruin and betray;
- 23—Soar not too high to fall, but stoop to rise,
- 24—We masters grow of all we must despise.
- 25—O, then renounce that impious self-esteem;
- 26—Riches have wings and grandeur is a dream.
- 27—Think not ambition wise because 'tis brave,
- 28—The paths of glory lead but to the grave.
- 29—What is ambition?—'tis a glorious cheat,
- 30—Only destructive to the brave and great.
- 31—What's all the gaudy glitters of a crown?
- 32—The way to bliss lies not on beds of down.
- 33—How long we live not years but actions tell;
- 34—That men live twice who live the first life well.
- 35—Make, then, while yet ye may, your God your friend,
- 36—Whom Christians worship, yet not comprehend.
- 37—The trust that's given guard; and to yourself be just;
- 38—For live we how we can, yet die we must.

1, Young; 2, Dr. Johnson; 3, Pope; 4, Prior; 5, Sewell, 6, Spencer; 7, Daniel; 8, Sir Walter Raleigh;

9, Longfellow; 10, Southwell; 11, Congreve; 12, Churchill; 13, Rochester; 14, Armstrong; 15, Milton; 16, Bailey; 17, Trench; 18, Somerville; 19, Thomson; 20, Bryant; 21, Smollet; 22, Crabbe; 23, Massinger; 24, Cowley; 25, Beattie; 26, Cowper; 27, Sir Walter Davenant; 28, Gray; 29, Willis; 30, Addison; 31, Dryden; 32, Francis Quarles; 33, Watkins; 34, Herrick; 35, Mason; 36, Hill; 37, Dana; 38, Shakespeare.

The Culture Demanded by Modern Life.

AMERICA in the latter part of the nineteenth century is intensely practical, and demands a culture on the part of its inhabitants equally practical, and in no way can this result be brought about except by a more enlarged study of the sciences.

Ideas and character having outgrown the arbitrary institutions of the remoter past, there has arisen between them an antagonism, of the results of which modern history is full. Educational institutions which have been bequeathed to us by the past and which may have been suited to their times, have fallen out of harmony with the intellectual necessities of modern life, and a conflict has arisen, which is deepening in intensity with the rapid growth of knowledge and the general progress of society.

As man is a being of action it is demanded that his education shall be a preparation for action, and that he spend his energies on those subjects of study which will afford a better preparation for the duties and work of the age in which we live.

The adherents of the traditional system of education, that knowledge is to be acquired not on account of its capability of useful application, but for its own intrinsic interest, that the purpose of a liberal education is not to prepare for a

vocation or profession, but to train the intellectual faculties. They therefore hold that "mental discipline" is the true object of a higher culture, and that for its attainment the study of the ancient classics and mathematics is superior to all other means. From the tone assumed by its defenders when speaking of its incomparable fitness to develop all the mental faculties, it might be inferred that this scheme of study was formed by the help of a perfected science of the human mind, nothing, however, could be more erroneous, not only was that system devised anterior to anything like true mental science, but it antedates by centuries the whole body of modern knowledge. There was abundance of vague metaphysics, but hardly a germ of that positive knowledge of the laws of mind which could serve as a valid basis of education.

The sciences are much preferable to dead languages as instruments of culture. For if it be held desirable merely to task the memory by a dead pull of arbitrary facts (and there are not wanting those who hold to this notion of discipline), then it is only necessary to use the innumerable facts of science, without regard to order; but when we take into account the immense importance of methodizing mental acquisition and utilizing the principle of national association among the elements of knowledge, the immeasurable superiority of the sciences for this purpose becomes at once apparent.

That there is a useful discipline in the critical study of the dead languages as in the critical study of most other things, is not denied; but that it has either the transcendent importance usually assumed or that it cannot be substantially acquired by the mastery of modern studies, is what the advocates of dead languages have failed to prove.

The young classical student is detached from all his early mental connections, expatriated to Greece and Rome for a course of years, becomes charged with antiquated ideas and then returns to resume his relation with the onflowing current of events in his own age. If the classical system grasps the conception of

education in its ends as well as its beginnings, as a preparation for the activities of life; if it unfolds the order of the world and puts the student in command of the ripest and richest results of past thinking; if it qualifies best for the relations of parenthood, citizenship and the multiform responsibilities of social relation; if it equips for the courageous and intelligent consideration of those vital questions which the progress of knowledge and aspiration are forcing upon society; if it fits most effectually for these supreme ends, then indeed it affords a proper discipline for the needs of the time; but if the student after having faithfully mastered his collegiate tasks, finds upon entering the world of action that his acquisitions are not available; that he has to leave them behind him and begin anew, then his preparation has been a bad one, time has been irretrievably lost, power irrecoverably wasted, and the chances are high that he will give the go-by to modern knowledge and reduce his intellectual life to the languid nursing of his classical memories.

With the growing perception of the relation between human thought and human life, it will be seen that by far the most priceless of all things is mental power; while one of the highest offices of education must be strictly to economize and wisely to expend it. Science, made the basis of culture will accomplish this result.

The ideal of the higher education demanded by the present age, especially in this country where it is becoming most general in a scheme of study which, while it represents the present state of knowledge, shall at the same time best prepare for the responsible work of active life.

The most obvious part of the value of scientific instruction, the mere information which it gives, speaks for itself. We are born into a world which we have not made; a world whose phenomena takes place according to fixed laws, of which we do not bring any knowledge into the world with us. In such a world we are appointed to live, and in it all our work is to be done. Our whole working power depends on knowing the laws of

the world, in other words the properties of the things which we have to work with, and to work among, and to work upon.

The logical value of experimental sciences is comparatively a new subject, yet there is no intellectual discipline more important than that which the experimental sciences afford.

Their whole occupation consists in doing well what all of us during the whole of life are engaged in doing, for the most part badly.

Only by that scientific discipline which confers a steadfast faith in the universality of law, and only as the discipline of mathematical and physical studies is corrected and amplified by familiarity with biological conceptions, will it be possible to secure a class of thinkers who can grapple with the upper grade of questions in which the best welfare of society is involved. BLUFF.

Affectations and Inelegances of Speech.

CANADIANS, in general, have clear, distinct voices and good pronunciation, and therefore the use of the English drawl cannot be too severely condemned. We should certainly endeavor to amend any harshness in our voices, but why should we, who think, move, and act quickly, speak with a lingering drawl. Many people consider it a sign of elegance and refinement to ignore the use of "r," as "Ahw you coming heah, my deah?" This detracts from the force and cleanness of utterances, and moreover gives the foreigner an incorrect impression of our alphabet.

Formality is only pardonable in compositions, in other words, loose sentences are preferable to periodic sentences, because the former are more readily understood and do not sound "cut and dried," or rather as if they had been previously prepared. But we must not take too much advantage of this and allow ourselves to fall into grammatical errors through pure carelessness. Thus a lady

of my acquaintance who understands trigonometry and can translate Virgil, often says to me, "you was," and yet she knows this to be a perfectly inexcusable mistake. Other people, who ought to know better, say "he don't" for "he doesn't," "I don't know as I do" for "I don't know that I do."

Persons who never say "I seen it," "he has went," or "them things," will occasionally betray themselves by letting slip that fatal "I done it." If you wish to talk brightly, avoid the use of too many pronouns; plainly the inordinate use of "who," "which," "whose," "them" and "that," is a careless habit, as they are quite unnecessary and mar the effectiveness of the language when they occur.

It is a common mistake to say, "Between you and I," and yet on a moment's reflection any one who has ever studied grammar knows that he should say, "Between you and me." Among current mispronunciations is that of putting the accent of the second syllable of "exquisite" instead of on the first, of saying "voilent" and "voilence" for "violent" and "violence." One should not say "I expect it is" for "I suppose it is." Neither should one say "party" for "person" or "man." The American "I guess" and "I reckon," are becoming more frequent. These should not be allowed and should be banished as quickly as possible from our vocabulary.

+The Rhine.+

IN the middle of Switzerland rises the St. Gotthard, a beautiful mountain, which forms in a manner the centre of the Alps, for from this mountain the chief branches of the Alps run out in different directions. Here on the St. Gotthard and not far from each other are the springs of two mighty rivers: the Rhone, which passes through Switzerland and Southern France and disembogues in the Mediterranean, and the Rhine, this mighty, beautiful stream that passes

through the western part of Germany and disembogues in the North Sea.

To whom is the name of the Rhine unfamiliar? Who has never heard its beauties praised and its romantic surroundings described? Where is the German who never saw the Rhine? Mention this name to a native and his face will clear up, his eyes become bright and involuntarily he will exclaim: "Our Rhine, our German Rhine." So let me tell you a little about this river; let me show it to you from its very small spring in the high Alps, and let us follow its course through Switzerland, Germany and Holland, till at last its waters are lost in the waves of the eternal ocean.

The spring of the Rhine is formed by several glacier brooks of the St. Gotthard, that are all called by the name of "Rhine." It passes through eastern and northern Switzerland in a circle, and is enlarged in its course by a great many mountain brooks. At the German boundary the river enters the Boden See and leaves it at Constanz, an old and celebrated fortress of Germany. At Schaffhausen the river forms the Rhinefall, a fall of about sixty or seventy feet in height. The Germans are very proud of this cataract, because it is the highest fall that a river forms in Europe. It is also very much admired on account of its own beauty and that of its surroundings, and visited by a great many strangers every year. The course of the Rhine changes from the western to a northern direction at Basle, where it enters a plain which is enclosed in the east by the Schwarzwald and Odenwald mountains, in the west by the Vosges. Further north Speier, which was formerly the burying place of the German Emperors, is situated. Continuing its course, the Rhine passes the old town, Worms. Both towns are celebrated in the history of German Reformation. Between the Odenwald and the Schwarzwald the navigable Neckar comes from Schwaben, and unites at Mannheim with the Rhine, which is here already broad and deep. The afflux of waters that the Main brings to the Rhine is still greater. This river rises in the Fichtelgebirge, meanders

through northern Bavaria, passes Frankfurt and mingles at the fortress Mainz its yellow waters with the green ones of the Rhine. Here the Rhine is 1000 feet wide, so one needs eight minutes to cross the bridge of boats. Near Bingen the river becomes narrower, for it has to make its way through great mountains, by which several whirlpools are formed.

How beautiful is the country all along the Rhine! The steep shores, overgrown with trees on the top and with grape vines at their bottom, are rendered additionally interesting by their ruined castles, renowned in story and song. Between Bingen and Wesel the country is most beautiful and romantic. Romance has here its home, scatters all around its charm, shines during daytime out of the ruins of castles and cloisters and goes about in the night in the bright moonshine. The crosswalks of cloisters are haunted by the spectres of monks, the castle ruins by the knights of yore. From each old bow-window the hand of a ghost seems to wave towards you. The whole region seems to be peopled by spectres and goblins, you may go up or down the Rhine; at each step a mark will remind you of them, for the waters running by, the ivy green rocks, the stones, the ruins of the castles, yes even the little villages seem to recall past times. The place especially celebrated for its romances, is where the "Lurleifelsen" or Lurlenberg, rises out of the Rhine waters, a high rock, one wall of which rises perpendicularly from the border of the stream to its summit. This summit is bare, the sides of the rock are desolate looking and furrowed with clefts and chasms. Here is no tree to give shelter, no flower to give fragrance, no life, animal or vegetable. This place in all its wildness is the scene of one of the most exquisite legends of the Rhine. The "Lorley" is never forgotten by those who have heard it. When the Germans are very gay they sing the sad and melancholy, but fascinating melody: "Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten, dass ich so traurig bin."

Not far from the "Lurlenberg" you see the ruin, Stolzenfels, that King

Frederic William IV. rebuilt in the style of the Middle Ages. Further to the north Koblenz is situated on the left side of the river, just opposite the mountain fortress, Ehrenbreitstein. Here the Rhine receives the Mosel, which meanders from France through a narrow but vine-rich valley.

It is the last navigable tributary of the Rhine; for the Lahn, that enters it just opposite the Mosel, farther down the Rulr and Lippe cannot carry larger ships. After having passed Cohn, celebrated for its Cathedral, the shores of the river become level. This is the case to a greater extent when the Rhine enters the Dutch plain. Here it throws off many branches, is joined by the Maas, coming from France. The old Rhine not having sufficient water to carry it to the sea is lost in the sands near the town of Leyden. The praise of the Rhine was sung in olden times, and a great many songs still speak its glory.

In a Rhinish town printing was invented, and from the Rhine Christianity was spread all over Germany.

Emerson on Newspaper Reading.

“**P**EWSPAPERS have done much to abbreviate expression, and so to improve style. They are to occupy during your generation a large share of attention.” (This was said nearly a quarter of a century ago. It was as if he saw ahead the blanket editions.) “And the most studious and engaged man can neglect them at his cost. But have little to do with them. Learn how to get THEIR best, too, without their getting yours. Do not read them when the mind is creative. And do not read them thoroughly, column by column. Remember they are made for everybody, and don't try to get what isn't meant for you. The miscellany, for instance, should not receive your attention. There is a great secret in knowing what to keep out of the mind as well as what to put in. And even if you find yourself interested in the selections, you cannot use them, because the original source is not of reference. You can't quote from a newspaper. Like some insects, it died the day it was born. The genuine news is

what you want, and practice quick searches for it. Give yourself only so many minutes for the paper. Then you will avoid the premature reports and anticipations, and the stuff put in for people who have nothing to think.”

†To a Young Lady-Critic.†

(For “The American Musician.”)

“Ah, as I thought, some author is the wrong”—
Oh wretched poet, tremble for your song:
This awful lady-critic of eighteen
Hath doomed thee to oblivion, in her spleen!

That pretty mouth was never made to sneer,—
Relax that academic frown austere.
Sweet girl, that miserable vice of thine
Spoils half thy innate charms, thy charms divine.
Last week you found Beethoven's music
“tame.”

You question Wagner's genius, Schubert's
fame.

In Bacon controversies waste your youth,
You style him “quaint” but Shakespeare's
verse “uncouth.”

And not a year ago I heard you say
That Rubens' colors “certainly were gay”;
That Rembrandt's tone was “really quite too
sombre,”

And Turner's best “was nothing but burnt
umber.”

Canova was a trifle “cold.”
Great Angelo a trifle “bold,”
And some one else a trifle “flat”—
A trifle this, a trifle that.

Think foolish girl, if with thy unformed mind
Thou canst o'erstep where full-grown genius
climbed?

Or with thy feigned stern (but gentle) voice
Cry down the men in whom the world rejoice.

Has Shakespeare given all his mighty brain
To write those superhuman lines in vain?
Beethoven, has he struggled then for naught,
And from infinity no radiance caught?
Did Raffaello and Rembrandt naught achieve?
Nothing but color on their canvas leave?
Is Michael Angelo too deep for thee?
Oh who so blind as those who will not see!

Fault-finding is but precious time misspent,
Fault-finding will but bring you discontent.

Thy mission in this world is nobler far—
Thy affectation drop—thy heart unbar—
Thou mayest a Beatrice be to some unknown
And modern Dante—should the truth be shown.

CLARENCE LUCAS.

+ The Portfolio. +

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

+ Notes. +

THE reading room is now in a flourishing condition, and shows evidence of a careful daily attention. Since Christmas the Library has received an acquisition of Scott's and Dickens' complete works, so now presents a very inviting appearance to lovers of literature and reading; not that it did not always invite the enquiring mind, but it is as no one will deny, refreshing to have within reach a series of volumes of the less deep and instructive character. The daily papers are received from the city and also from Toronto, and the "Saturday Night" with its long list of guests present at gay receptions and its inviting Correspondence Column, is always welcome. The Exchange tables occupy considerable valuable space, but we do not begrudge it. There is one one thing that causes a little unpleasantness at times, and that is the tendency with some of removing papers and periodicals for a leisurely perusal in the quiet of the student's own apartments. This causes great incon-

venience, and must be stopped for reasons that can be easily understood.

TO acquire a knowledge of Modern Language is now considered essential to one claiming the name of a student of English. The English tongues can not be properly understood without this knowledge; gathered from so many sources it becomes a compound of many tongues. Then also it is becoming a common-place occurrence for those even of limited means to make themselves acquainted by experience, with the innumerable places of interest to be seen and various characters of people to be studied in the countries once so far away, but now brought near by the rapidity with which voyages are made across the ocean; how much more satisfactory is such an experience if one has acquired the languages of the countries visited. Does it also not enhance the enjoyment in reading a book, whether Victor Hugo's, Les Miserables or Schiller's dramas and poems, when it can be read and understood in its original form and untranslated? Greek and Latin, although not things of the past and indispensable in some courses of study, will never regain the hold on the minds of students that they once had.

French and German are most popular in the College. Classes of all grades, from those who are opening the grammar for the first time this week, to those who think it a pleasure and a privilege to be honored with a seat at the French table, where the most animated conversation is carried on with an advanced degree of fluency, until even our respected instructress can find no reason to doubt the success of her labors.

HOW often the words, "Don't forget," fall upon our ear! We hear them from early morn till late at night, from people of all classes and ages, from the tiny child just learning to list, who is telling papa so earnestly, "Don't o' forget my tandy," to the aged man, who before leaving this vale of woe tells his last wishes to the friends who have gathered round him, and adds the injunction, "Don't forget"

Some times these words fall on the ear in accents sweet and soft, if the message be one which is not unpleasant to the messenger, but if the errand which is being so carefully impressed be an objectionable one, the words sound harsh and discordant.

Unless our consciences are hardened by continual forgetfulness we are in "hot water" until we have relieved our minds of that which has been so carefully impressed thereon by the repeated "Don't forget."

These words are of immense value to our vocabulary, both as an affliction and a blessing.

"Like a dull actor,
I have forgot my part and I am out,
Even to a full disgrace."

"**T**HERE is no royal road to learning," is a statement familiar to all of us, yet one whose truth comes to us slowly and after vain endeavors to find other roads. When entering upon a course of study we feel that knowledge will come to us without any effort on our part—perhaps we have an idea that we possess superior ability. In this satisfied state we start upon our course and for a time all is smooth and we are more confident that knowledge comes naturally to us. But a difficulty comes in our way, and we stop! Some quietly settle themselves to remain where they are until helped over the obstacle by some friend, others try to overcome the difficulty by trying to prove that it should not be there, there are also those who will turn into a different path in order to escape what they cannot easily surmount. It is difficult to tell which of these classes is most to be pitied, and sooner or later they all realize that they are wrong and that the only way to honor, position or knowledge, is by the road of patient, persistent labor. No one, not even those who love us best, can make us successful. They may give us advice and counsel but they cannot act for us—we must travel the road ourselves, we may tremble—we may falter, nearly fail, but if we have a brave heart, a determination to succeed and a soul that ever holds truth and justice as its masters—we shall be victorious.

As we alone make our future place in the world of thought and action, so we alone mould our characters. There are many influences around us it is true, but we must utilize them—they will help or harm us according as we interpret the lesson contained in them. The passions common to all must be mastered by each himself—no other can fight the battle between the good and bad, each striving for mastery in the soul of everyone. The strife may be long and hard, but in this as in knowledge, good will be victorious if we persevere.

HOW many ever feel the importance of a thought? We do not always realize that a thought, although unuttered and most secret and hidden, has a bearing either for good or evil on ourselves and on others.

"There is a saying among the ancient sages
That no noble human thought,
However buried in the dust of ages,
Can ever come to naught."

As it is true of noble thought, so it may be true of thoughts deceitful and wrong. Is it not then a very important thing to be careful of these sometimes seemingly insignificant things, thoughts and their expressions—words? From a thought to an act is but a step. *Colanibus* thought there must be a short route to India, acted on this thought and proceeded to find that route. What was the result? We, centuries after, are reaping the benefit of his thought. So there are innumerable examples that would make an unending chain, illustrating the power of thought and the worth of noble thinking. Great men who have lived and whose footsteps are eagerly followed by an anxious throng striving to obtain the same heights of glory, became great only through thought. True greatness does not consist in wealth of bonds and valuable property. It is the hours spent in earnest thought that count in reaching the plain of fame.

"Think not to live a thoughtless life
And still to gain a spotless fame,
It will not come to thee.
Without a world of earnest thought
And as a purchase dearly bought,
So think and noble be."

THE misuse of a good thing sometimes brings it into undeserved disfavor.

Praise is one of these good things and is to such an extent misused that we cannot tell when it is genuine and when it is the work of a flatterer. What can be more tiresome than to listen to a succession of sweet remarks, knowing all the time that you are the victim of one who will try to make you believe that black is white. It is because of these weak-minded creatures that serious praise is seldom given and seldom received. Spencer says:—

“Or who would ever care to do brave deeds,
Or strive in virtue others to excell,
If none should yield him his deserved need,
Due praise, that is the spur of doing well?
For if good were not praised more than ill,
None would choose goodness of his own free will.”

It is a duty to give fitting praise freely. “Our praises are our wages.” True praise is vastly different from flattery and why should the honest character use it with such reluctance because it is the favorite agency of the sycophant?

Those who say they do not care for praise lose an important incentive to well-doing, but he who works for praise alone the least deserves it. “We are all excited by the love of praise,” says Cicero, “and it is the noblest spirits that feed it most.” “Of all wild beast, preserve me from a tyrant, and of all tame—a flatterer.

+ Societies. +

SENIOR LITERARY SOCIETY.

† It seems that no form of entertainment causes as much interest in our meetings as debates. We have prepared a course of discussions, providing for one debate each week. “Resolved that the press has a wider influence than the pulpit,” is the subject of our first discussion.

If the word “can’t” could be forever banished from our language it seems as though we would progress more rapidly. “Never say can’t but try,” is an ap-

propriate motto for the majority of our members. The word seems to stand for the innate idea that some people possess of their own ability.

We are pleased that the students at the Collegiate know how to appreciate some of our gifted members, and we do not blame a young lady, *very much*, for accepting an invitation to assist in the program of a co-education institution; but have not our western friends sufficient ability in their own Society? We had always the impression that they were Hamilton’s rising stars. Stay home girls—we will have an open Society soon and your friends will then have an opportunity of hearing you. “C.”

JUNIOR LITERARY SOCIETY.

† It is very gratifying to note the continued prosperity of our Society. Our new officers deserve praise for the creditable way in which they have rendered their services, and their strong efforts to maintain the interest in the Society.

We are sorry that the attendance has not increased, but hope by perseverance and influence that our expectation for a larger attendance may be fully realized.

Our programs have been of a very interesting nature. We trust that the talent which can be found in our Society will show itself more plainly than it has in the past. “A.”

+ Socials. +

“Oysters.”

“Good-bye limburger.”

“Blest be the *tie* that binds.”

“Honey” versus “Bees-wax.”

“The leading question of the day”—shall we have an invite? Miss P has received a box of great dimensions.

The College lawn echoes with the merry voices of the younger students, as they swiftly glide down Ralph’s toboggan slide.

What did a modest young maiden mean, when she remarked that she had received a box of “roses and climax?”

The dispersion of the French table has left many "sad hearts and broken spirits."

We were surprised to hear the following from a gentleman of considerable learning: "Who was the man that was taken to heaven in a chariot of fire, Mephistopheles? Oh, no! Beelzebub wasn't it?"

We all know that stolen pickles are the sweetest; but girls, why not share them with us all?

A problem to be solved. What sum is equal to

B. P. + L. Y.

B. P. - L. Y.

Ode written on a collision with the division:

When can their glory fade?
O the wild plunge they made!
All the girls wondered.
'Member their look dismayed,
'Member the blush they gave,
Bashfulness blundered.

Girls to the right of them,
Girls to the left of them,
Girls to the front of them,
Girls by the hundred;
Stormed at by laughter shrill,
Smiles sweet enough to thrill
And backward looks until
Dr. B— thundered.

Signor Rubini and his pupils "favorites" are rapidly nearing the top step of the ladder.

The brilliancy of one of the young ladies was shown recently when asked if she had read any of Scott's works, by answering promptly, "Oh, yes! I have read David Copperfield."

Susan, we welcome you back with smiles, but the next time you go to Woodstock keep out of the crowd, at least, keep your best dress out of the jam.

One of Albany's rivals is now heard to warble "Little Fisher Maidens."

We were charmed the other evening by hearing the soft and melodious strains of "Home Sweet Home" issuing from the Dr.'s parlor. We feel assured that if the Dr. would practice his scales, he would soon put to shame our poor efforts in the musical line.

The young ladies were very much pleased with the contributions received at the "At Home," from the Alumnae and other kind friends, in aid of the Portfolio.

All joys are transient, and sooner or later kindred spirits must part, the girls have realized this since (owing no doubt, to their proficiency in the French language, and the fact that the young ladies appeared likely to forget their native tongue) the French table has become a thing of the past.

We all unite in offering a hearty vote of thanks to Miss Pool and Miss Patterson, for their generosity in sharing their "delicious boxes" with their friends. If it is "More blessed to give than to receive," we are sure these young ladies must be blessed indeed.

As an institution of learning, we are sure our College cannot be surpassed. Even the mice are out of the common order. We suppose they have been taking calisthenics from the Major, which accounts for their strength in being able to carry off a large cake from the pantry to the gymnasium and hiding it in the organ.

+ Exchanges. +

WE do not consider the criticism given by the Exchange Editor of the Elite Journal in regard to the University News, an unjust one, but would suggest that example in this case would be better than precept. Surely with such an efficient Editorial Staff a better Journal might be expected.

TWO very interesting essays appear in the February number of the *Acta Victorian*, "A Purpose in Life" and "Hope." Many valuable thoughts are advanced in the former essay. How necessary it is that each one should study the circumstances by which they are surrounded; in so doing test their ability and ascertain their calling. Providence has assigned a work for each one of us to do, and it remains for us to make it our chief aim in life to acquaint ourselves with this work, although it may necessitate taxing our capabilities to their utmost. Many people in passing through life fail to leave "Footprints on the sands of time," owing to mistaken ideas which they have entertained. How different things would be had they more fully realized that life is worth living, and having done this, not only their own pathway would appear brighter, but rays of sunshine would be thrown in that of others.

The "Acta" cannot fail to meet with the approbation of all its readers. Brilliance is certainly one of the characteristics of its *Locals*. We will feel very much indebted to the clerk of the weather if he will favor us with all information concerning the approaching thunder storm; as we do not wish to suffer the same cruel fate as the gentleman described.

WE are pleased with the two late issues of the *Adelphian* that we find before us. It is an exceedingly bright and attractive *Journal*, in the columns of which we find not a small amount of interesting matter. We would mention especially the Synopsis of "The Fair God," and also "Hunting in the Adirondacks." We extend our heartfelt sympathy to our friends in the loss they have sustained by fire, and trust that by this time the ordinary class work has been resumed.

THE Marietta College *Olio* is a highly creditable Exchange, and one feels amply repaid after perusing its columns. The "*Olio*" has a neat and attractive appearance, and is quite worthy of being classed with our best Exchanges. We prophesy for it a successful career.

WE consider the Exchange Editor of the S. U. P. U. *Journal* deserves credit for the manner in which that department is managed; but we would suggest that a more marked distinction be made between the Exchanges and Personals.

GREEK Letter Fraternities are among the chief and most interesting features of American College life. The benefits they confer and the associations they inspire, are cordially appreciated by their active membership, and are among the most cherished memories of their graduate membership. The issue concerning their propriety and usefulness, which was long an open one and engaged the attention of both students and instructors, seems to be definitely closed in their favor. They are generally esteemed as stimulating intellectual progress, as cultivating the social feelings and graces, and as confirming to the best moral standing. Their usefulness for good is recognized, and their secret rites and ceremonies, their grips and passwords are known to be of the most innocent character, most of them always have illustrious histories, some being more than fifty years old and all having attached and distinguished membership.

Ex.

WE have received the *Floral Guide* from James Vick, Rochester, N. Y. It outshines anything of the kind we have seen before, in artistic design and convenience of arrangement. Although it is not as its name would imply, entirely devoted to descriptions of flowers, but gives a general review of fruits and vegetables.

+ Human Life. +

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not;
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those of saddest thought.

—SHELLEY.

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