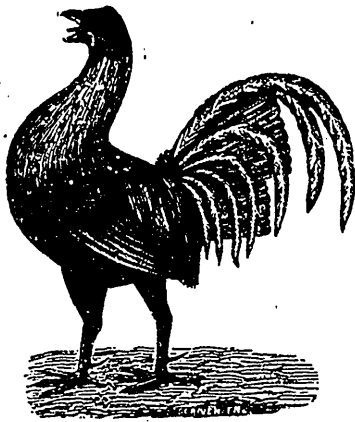


THE PORTFOLIO



HE HA! HO HA! HOO!

BLACK SILKS REDUCED.

50c. Black Silk.....	now 25 cents
\$1.25 Black Silk.....	now \$1.10
\$1.35 Black Silk.....	now \$1.10
\$1.50 Black Silk.....	now \$1.15
\$1.75 Black Silk.....	now \$1.25
\$2.00 Black Silk.....	now \$1.50

A RATTLER.

Is our 25c. Colored Satin in pink, blue, white, yellow, lavender, navy, brown and old gold.

PRATT & WATKINS, 16 and 18 James Street North.

THE PALACE DRY GOODS HOUSE.

14 JAMES STREET NORTH, HAMILTON.

S. THORNE & CO.

IMPORTERS OF

General Dry Goods

Silks, Mantles, German and French Novelties, Ribbons, Ties, Shawls, Wraps, &c., &c., Fashionable Dress Making, and Fashionable Mantle Making, under experienced managers, charges moderate.

We always keep abreast with the times, in having the right goods—at the right prices.

MARK THE NAME

S. THORNE & CO., 14 JAMES, AND BRANCH STORE,
160 KING ST. EAST.

HENRY MARTIN,

Teacher of Painting and Drawing

WESLEYAN LADIES' COLLEGE,

HAMILTON.

STUDIO: 7 1/2 REBECCA STREET

THE PORTFOLIO.

Vita Sine Literis Mors Est.

VOL. 7.

HAMILTON, NOVEMBER, 1886

No. 3



THE Wesleyan Ladies' College,

FIRST TERM BEGINS SEP. 2ND.
SECOND " " NOV. 1STH.

HAMILTON, ONTARIO.

THIRD TERM BEGINS FEB. 2ND.
FOURTH " " APR. 13TH.

THIS is the oldest and by far the largest and most complete of the Ladies' Colleges in the Province. Thousands of ladies have been educated here, and our graduates in the literary course number over two hundred. The regular teaching force is five Professors and eleven Lady Teachers. Modern Languages taught by natives of the countries represented. The building contains over one hundred and fifty rooms. Hot or cold baths always accessible. Large and elegant parlors, spacious halls, skating rink, and recreation grounds. Those who know will admit that no other College in the Dominion contains such halls, bed rooms, recitation rooms and parlors, or so grand a dining hall. Each piano for practice—sometimes we require twenty-five—has a separate room. Our location gives to our pupils advantages that can be obtained only in cities. These are enjoyed daily under a constant and careful supervision. The health of our pupils is always remarkably good. No college in the Dominion has a better health record.

For Particulars, Address the Principal,

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

THE PORTFOLIO.



*CHICKERING & SONS, STEINWAY & SONS,
HAINES BROS, ERNEST GABLER,
AND OTHER RELIABLE MAKES—New and Second-hand.*

A Full and Complete Stock of Music and Musical Merchandise

ESTEY & CO'S ORGANS.

A. & S. NORDHEIMER'S

80 JAMES ST NORTH, HAMILTON. | HEAD OFFICE 15 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO.

W. E. SANFORD & CO.

↔ **CLOTHING** ↔

MANUFACTURERS

45, 47, 49 KING ST., HAMILTON, ONT.

24 McDERMOTT ST., WINNIPEG, MAN.

THE PORTFOLIO.

Vita Sine Literis Mort Est.

VOL. 7.

HAMILTON, ONTARIO, NOVEMBER, 1886.

No. 3

THE DESCRIPTION OF BYRON.

[FROM POLLOK'S COURSE OF TIME.]

A man of rank, and of capacious soul ;
Who riches had, and fame beyond desire :
An heir of flattery, to titles born,
And reputation, and luxuric life.
Yet not content with ancestral name ;
Or to be known, because his fathers were.
He on this height hereditary stood,
And gazing higher, purposed in his heart
To take another step. Above him seated
Alone the mount of song—the lofty seat
Of canonized bards, and thitherward,
By nature taught, and inward melody,
In prime of youth, he bent his eagle eye.
No cost was spared. What books he wished, he read :
What sage to hear, he heard : what scenes to see,
He saw. And first in rambling school-boy days,
Brittania's mountain walks, and heath-girt lakes,
And story-telling glens, and founts and brooks,
And maids, as dew drops, pure and fair, his soul
With grandeur filled, and melody, and love.
Then travel came, and took him where he wished.
He cities saw, and courts, and princely pomp ;
And mused alone on ancient mountain brows ;
And mused on battle-fields, where valour fought
In other days ; and mused on ruins gray
With years ; and drank from old and fabulous wells ;
And plucked the vine that first-born prophets plucked,
And mused on famous tombs ; and on the wave
Of ocean mused ; and on the desert waste.
The heavens and the earth of every country saw,
Where'er the old inspiring Genii dwelt,
Ought that could rouse, expand, refine the soul,
Thither he went, and meditated there.
He touched his harp, and nations heard, entranced
As some vast river of unfailing source,
Rapid, exhaustless, deep, his members flowed,
And opened new fountains in the human heart.
Where fancy halted, weary in her flight,
In other men, his, fresh as morning rose,
And soared untrodden heights, and seemed at home
Where angels bashful looked. Others, though great,
Beneath their argument seemed struggling ; while
He from above descending, stooped to touch
The loftiest thought ; and proudly stooped, as though
It scarce deserved his verse. With nature's self,
He seemed an old acquaintance, free to jest
At will with all her glorious majesty.
He laid his hand upon "the Ocean's mane,"
And played familiar with his hoary locks.
Stood on the Alps, stood on the Apennines,
And with the thunder talked, as friend to friend,
And wove his garland of the lightning's wing,
In sportive twist—the lightning's fiery wing,
Which, as the footsteps of the dreadful God,
Marching upon the storm in vengeance, seemed ;
Then turned, and with the grasshopper, who sung
His evening song, beneath his feet, conversed.
Suns, moons, and stars, and clouds, his sisters were ;

Rocks, mountains, meteors, seas, and winds, and storms,
His brothers—younger brothers, whom he scarce
As equals deemed. All passions of all men—
The wild and tame—the gentle and severe,
All thoughts, all maxims, sacred and profane ;
All creeds ; all seasons, Time, Eternity ;
All that was hated, and all that was dear ;
All that was hoped, all that was feared by man,
He tossed about, as tempest-withered leaves.
Then, smiling, looked upon the wreck he made.
With terror now he froze the cowering blood,
And now dissolved the heart in tenderness ;
Yet would not tremble, would not weep himself ;
But back into his soul retired, alone,
Dark, sullen, proud : gazing contemptuously
On hearts and passions prostrate at his feet.
So Ocean, from the plains his waves had late
To desolation swept, retired in pride,
Exulting in the glory of his might,
And seemed to mock the ruin he had wrought.
As some fierce comet of tremendous size,
To which the stars did reverence, as it passed ;
So he through learning, and through fancy took
His flight sublime ; and on the loftiest top
Of fame's dread mountain sat ; not soiled, and worn,
As if he from the earth had laboured up ;
But as some bird of heavenly plumage fair,
He looked, which down from higher regions came,
And perched it there, to see what lay beneath.
The nations gazed, and wondered much, and praised.
Critics before him fell in humble plight ;
Confounded fell ; and made debasing signs
To catch his eye ; and stretched, and swelled themselves
To bursting sigh, to utter bulky words
Of admiration vast : and many too,
Many that aimed to imitate his flight,
With weaker wing, unearthly fluttering made,
And gave abundant sport to after days.
Great man ! the nations gazed, and wondered much,
And praised : and many called his evil good.
Wits wrote in favour of his wickedness :
And kings to do him honour took delight.
Thus full of titles, flattery, honour, fame ;
Beyond desire, beyond ambition full.
He died.—He died of what ? Of wretchedness.
Drank every cup of joy, heard every trump
Of fame ; drank early, deeply drank ; drank draughts
That common millions might have quenched—then died
Of thirst, because there was no more to drink.
His goddess, Nature, moved, embraced, enjoyed,
Fell from his arms, abhorred ; his passions died ;
Died all but dreary solitary pride ;
And all his sympathies in being died.
As some ill-guided bark, well-built and tall,
Which angry tides cast out on desert shore,
And then retiring, left it there to rot
And moulder in the winds and rains of heaven :
So he, cut from the sympathies of life,
And cast ashore from pleasure's boisterous surge—
A wandering, weary, worn, and wretched thing ;
Scorched, and desolate, and blasted soul ;

A gloomy wilderness of dying thought—
Repined, and groaned, and withered from the earth,
His groanings filled the lands his numbers filled;
And yet he seemed ashamed to groan. Poor man!
Ashamed to ask, and yet he needed help.

DREAMLAND.

All of us at times wander into dreamland, that mystic realm where imagination, fancy, ambition and hope, summoned before our mental vision, seem as varied in their character and shape as are the clouds that float above us. As transient at times as the mirage of the desert, or the gleam of some wandering stars, and again as fixed and lofty as our lives are long. There is no person so worldly, so utterly lost to nature, that his mind does not steal away from the realities of the present into speculations as to what might have been, or what may be. But, although we travel into the vanished past, and the coming future, in quest of materials with which to build those airy castles, whose foundations are found upon the earth, whose summits rise to heaven, yet our pictures of the past are generally of a sombre hue; for side by side with the beautiful and well-proportioned edifice we might have reared, we see ruin, the unsightly pile that we have created, and angry with ourselves, we turn to the future, so free from all sad memories, so unshadowed by any vain regret, but made light and lovely to our eyes by hopes and aspirations seldom realized. These wanderings into dreamland are not idle excursions from which we return without gain or profit, for, in a great measure, they shape our present life, and we have it in our power to come back laden with the flowers of imagination and the blossoms of fancy, whose fragrance shall cheer us; or hardened with noxious weeds, whose baneful influence will serve to depress our hopes and encourage our fears. It gives vividness to our feelings, raises the tone of our entire mental activity, casts the light of fancy over the plodding steps of judgment. It lights up the whole horizon of thought, as the sunrise flashes along the mountain tops, and lights up the world. It would be but a dreary place without some light of this kind. In spite of all the good thus derived, we must not dwell upon its pleasing visions till we forget the sober face of truth, nor are we to look upon the dark and dreary side of

things till all nature appears as dull as our disordered fancy.

Our dreams of love and affection are perhaps the noblest and the best, for they bind in one jewelled circle the memories of the past, the realities of the present, and the longed-for and possible future, connecting heaven and earth by a golden thread so strong that neither misfortune nor evil can sever it, leading us to earth by the presence of loved ones here, yet wafting us into celestial vales, where hope and faith prompt us to believe our beloved who have departed yet live. As we sit alone and think upon those we love best, who are perhaps dwellers in some distant land, when we recollect that a portion of their hopes are centered upon us, that the beating of their hearts answers to our own, that their sympathies and prayers are with us, mainly, as we remember all this, do we feel encouraged to push forward in spite of present difficulty and oppression, until we attain the goal upon which we have set our ambition. Do we not indulge, the sternest among us, do we not indulge in delightful fancies as to what those we love are doing; do we not picture to ourselves the old familiar faces, whose lives are stamped upon our hearts, as we read them long ago, and seeming ten times more bright and beautiful from contrast with the living present. Then we think of friends who, when they were here, have cheered us so many times, and how often do we think of what they were and how reverently of what they are.

“Day after day we think what they are doing
In those bright realms of air,
Year after year, their tender steps pursuing,
Behold them grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with them, and keep unbroken
The bond which nature gives,
Thinking that our remembrance, thought unbroken,
May reach them where they live.”

Then across our memory sweep clouds of vain regret. We remember how we repaid their kindness with neglect. Though to no one perhaps is the memory of greater pleasure, strange as it may seem, than to the mourner. We would not forget what we have lost. Every recollection and association connected with them are sacred. Time assuages our grief, but does not diminish the pleasure with which we recall the forms we shall see no more. It is also to be noticed, though other things change,

we remember the past as it was. If a mother loses a child of three years, it always remains to her as a child of three years. She grows old; twenty summers and winters pass; yet as often as she thinks of her child, she thinks of him, dreams of him, as a child, for it is as such only that she remembers him. Though all things change, fortunes vary, friends depart, the world grows unkind, and we grow old, the former things remain treasured in our memory, and we can stand as mourners at the grave of what we once were. But it is that we can never be wholly alone—though we are alone, we can people the realms of fancy with creations which are invisible, but are as real to us as if we could see and touch them; for they do us as much good, if they are unreal, keeping before us some ideal which we are ever striving to reach. Then, in old age, people dream of the scenes of their childhood, the sports and companions of their youth, the hills and streams, the bright eyes and laughing faces on which their young eyes rested. So the extremes of life meet. Age completes the circuit and we close where we began. Life is a magic ring. We wander back into past ages—see Rome in all her grandeur. Then see the gorgeous pageants of her emperors sweep past in proud contrast with the ruin and desolation of the present. So we may make the dead and vanished past a living present to our minds, so hold communion with the mysterious future and make it ours. There is no business so commonplace, no occupation so menial, the cares and services of which may not be lightened by a reasonable indulgence in the wanderings into dreamland.

LOUISE.

THOUGHTS ON SKETCHING.

It seems to me a day cannot be spent more pleasantly than by starting out, paint-box in hand, to sketch from nature. I would not say that under all circumstances one would enjoy it. During the first few lessons our brush seems powerless in our hands to reproduce on canvas that which is before us. But although it may be that an artist is never really satisfied with his work, yet each succeeding lesson we feel more at ease with our tools.

There is one mistake which I think some

of us make in choosing our subject. We start out with the intention of seeking a good position from which we think a good sketch can be made. We go from place to place and at last choose one which we only half like. As a result our sketch is not a success. How much more enjoyable it would have been to have selected something which had impressed us with its beauty. Often we say "Oh! What a lovely bit of colour, how I should love to paint it." That is just the subject we should have painted if we wished to be successful and interested in our work.

How different we all are in our tastes. One likes the gorgeous crimson of the poppy, another is more pleased with the soft delicate tints of the wild rose. One climbs grand and rugged mountains, another is out among the field daisies.

How apt we are to seek for beauty, when in reality it is at our own doors, and we only need to look at the familiar objects around us to find it.

For myself, I prefer being alone or with only a few when out sketching. Then everything is quiet. There is nothing to interrupt or take the attention. I do not think there is any other time at which our thoughts run in the same course. We seem to forget the little things which have vexed us in the past, and our cares for the future do not molest us. I cannot explain the charm, but I know it is found not only in sketching the forest but also the single leaf.

With what different eyes the people see the same scene in nature. Some will see every flower and all the details, the pictures of such artists are often very pretty, but we are apt to grow tired of them. Others will only see masses of light and shade, these are our artists of strength, we enjoy their pictures more each time we see them.

ADELA.

SUNBEAMS.

Considered from the philosophical standpoint this subject is full of interest. Scientists have long endeavored to discover the nature and composition of light. From repeated experiments they have learned, or think they have, that it is composed of transversely vibrating ether. They have also discovered that there are seven primary

colors in the solar spectrum, some of which vibrate much faster than others, and that though merging into each other, some are luminous, some are actinic, and some are thermal, so each ray has its own functions to perform in the divine economy even though we do not understand them all. So each one of us was created for some noble purpose, as a particular part of the divine plan.

A scene becomes much more beautiful if seen bathed in sunlight, than when seen by the pale light of the moon. In the first case all is animated and sparkling, for the sun illumines and brings out all the colors and beauties of every object that it touches; in the other case all is cold and quiet. There are a great many people all around us who are living sunbeams. They are lucifers or light-bearers, but the characters of their light differs as much as the characters of the light in the different colored rays of the spectrum. Let us see if we do not recognize some of our friends. The luminous rays were mentioned first. These remind us of our sun-shiny friends who come to cheer us when sick, mentally or physically, who relieve and comfort any one in distress. We are irresistibly attracted to cheerful persons and despondent ones repel us, while we pity them. We are always told to look on the bright side of things, though it is not always possible to see the "silver lining behind the clouds." Longfellow encourages us thus :

"Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary."

But Bailey says :

"What happy things are youth and love and sunshine!
How sweet to feel the sun upon the heart!
To know it is lighting up the rosy blood,
And with all joyous feelings prism-hued,
Making the dark breast shine like a spar grot,
We walk among the sunbeams as with angels."

And would not the last line be as beautiful if the words were transposed so as to read, "Sunbeams walk among us as angels." All our blessings are sunbeams coming from above as the sunbeams come from the sun, and are as plentiful and unintermittent. There have been great lights in the world in every department of literature, science and art, but most of us fill our niche if simply

sunbeams. Only a few can be Newtons, Shakespeares or Raphaels.

The actinic or chemical rays of the sun—let us call these the medicine dispensers. It is not only physicians who administer medicine in this world. "There are diseases of the mind which no physician can cure," but which can only be relieved by kind friends and time, aided by treatment best known to our actinic friends. These rays of the sun are necessary to animal, and especially to vegetable life, for the building up of the tissues which compose them. They give health to the animal, and the beautiful tints to the flowers, and colour to the foliage.

Various have been the things which different people have regarded as sunbeams in their lives. The prisoner becomes attached to a mouse, a spider, or a plant which shares his loneliness, and he would rather part with his life than lose the object of his care and attention. Those who give us pleasure, our friends, or usually those who are nearer and dearer, throw most of the sunshine into our lives. A good education is now the enjoyment and delight of many. Nothing gives a person thirsting for knowledge more pleasure than to place the means for accomplishing his desire within his reach. Any gratifications of innocent desires are sunbeams to us.

Then we also have our thermal friends. How we enjoy the warm grasp of their hand, indicating a sincere and kindly heart; their words of welcome cheer us; their ready hospitality charms us. How we wish that all our friends had one of these rays in their nature.

The "great and glorious" sun is only a small part of the created universe. As it is the source of all our light and heat and energy, and the most prominent of the heavenly bodies, it has always had worshippers. Sunbeams are little things, and yet what good they accomplish. Kind actions, the outgrowth of a sunny nature, are among the greater duties of life; what joy they bring to the doer, and what pleasure to the receiver. The little things of life—how important they are. Man considers the cyclone great, God the dewdrop; man the earthquake, God the sunbeam. For

"With God 'tis one,
To guide a sunbeam or create a sun;
To rule ten thousand worlds or one."

AUGUSTA.

THE ARRANGEMENT OF THE HAIR.

Where could we find a more puzzling question for the present day, than how to wear the hair? And probably the older and the more civilized the world grows, the more uncertain will be the answer, for we *all* acknowledge, that the simple style in which Eve wore her hair, was certainly the most becoming.

If we have a few stray hairs, our aim ought to be to make the most of them, and at the same time to be in the fashion, for who would defy Mrs. Grundy and face the criticism of the critics. To overcome this difficulty hairdressers' establishments are resorted to, and we see displayed in his magnificent show-cases, styles, varying in shades to suit the fairest blonde, to the veriest negro.

Hair, is, no doubt, a great ornament to any one, and becomes in the hands of a skilful artist, a great addition to the personal appearance.

How quickly the styles go out of fashion. Only as long ago as ten years, the waterfall (now so antiquated) was then at its height. This structure is elevated on top of the head by means of a pad, which is covered with hair, and the aid of two or three small boxes of hairpins. Often accompanying the chignon, was a stray curl hanging down beside it, like one of Eve's "wanton tresses."

No one then disfigured herself by cutting her hair so as to hide the beauty of the marble brow, but those who thought that their loveliness would be enhanced, bought their "bangs" by the yard and sewed them on the inside rim of her hat.

Another strange mode was hair-pin curls arranged promiscuously on the top of the head. These mysteries of the art, were sewed on to strips of bonnet-wire, rolled up, and so fastened on with a hair pin.

The most approved hair-color for the present day is perhaps red, and some people (to whom it is worse than death to be out of the fashion) would even go so far as to sacrifice health and life for the sake of appearance—by dyeing.

On account of its being so uncommon, the auburn shade of hair is much admired, especially by poets, who rave about golden tresses touched with red; but to plain practical people, who cannot see as the poet sees, or look through the spectacles of his imagination, these rather suggest a nutritious vegetable than "soft hair on which light drops a diadem." We once heard of a red-haired man saying to a man with a bald head (who shared the prejudice, so common to some people, against red hair) "Where were you, when hair was given out?" The bald-headed man replied: "I was there; but there was nothing but red hair left so I would not take any."

How much more becoming the styles are now. One of the most graceful is the hair being coiled into a simple knot at the neck, or the celebrated French roll, which has again made its appearance in the wheel of fashion, as it revolves surely and steadily.

To make it possible to wear bonnets, the idea has been conceived by some ingenious milliner, to cut away the back of the crown in order to display the fashionable coiffure.

It has been rumored that the hair is to be worn low on the back of the neck, but after being used to growing upwards from the roots for so long, it will seem strange at first to the wearer, to have it suddenly restored to its natural direction.

One of the latest (but by no means the prettiest) styles is short hair. It suggests either one of the following things to the shrewd observer, the penitentiary, the asylum, brain fever, or a desire to be masculine, and from all who attempt the latter, may we be mercifully preserved.

It is popularly supposed that the ladies alone take pride in their hirsute attractions. But could we peep behind the scenes and watch the youth just emerging into manhood, coaxing and encouraging (by the diligent application of bear's grease) the few stray hairs which grace his upper lip: could we catch a glimpse of the modern young man, as fully equipped for an evening party, he looks with ill-disguised satisfaction upon his face reflected in the mirror, and notes how gracefully each particular hair of his well-waxed mustache arranges itself; while his hair has (of course, quite unconsciously) taken on the Beaconsfield curl: could we gaze upon the elderly man in his solitude—how carefully he arranges his scattered locks which still remain to him, that no one may even have a suspicion that he is "thin on top," we would never be tempted to think again that it is only the gentler sex who pay attention to the dressing of the hair.

While all this may be very useful in its place, at the same time we should never lose sight of the fact that the world was not made for coiffures, but coiffures for the world.

HE alone is an acute observer who can observe minutely without being observed. LAVATER.

WHEN you talk to the half-wise twaddle; when you talk to the ignorant brag; when you talk to the sagacious look very humble, and ask their opinion. LORD LYTTON.

THE sublime and the ridiculous are often so nearly related that it is difficult to class them separately. One step below the sublime makes the ridiculous, and one step above the ridiculous makes the sublime again. TOM PAINE.

The Portfolio.

Published monthly by the Students of the Wesleyan Ladies' College
Hamilton, Ontario

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF - - - - - Lillie Hardy.
BUSINESS MANAGERS - - - - - { Edith Robinson.
Clara Kitchen.
ASSOCIATE EDITORS - - - - - { Florence Somerville
Aleda Burns.
CORRESPONDING SECRETARY - - - - - { Fanny Merrill.
Kathleen Shore

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

PER ANNUM, ONE DOLLAR. SINGLE COPIES, 25 CENTS.

Address all communications to

Portfolio, - Hamilton, Ont.

We invite correspondence and contributions from the
Alumnae and former students

Editorials.

A GREAT many people are gifted with mediocre capacities, a lesser number have higher gifts, and but very few have the capability of becoming specialists in any department of knowledge, science, or art. Among the great gifts is originality. Of course every one possesses it in so far as he is different from every one else, and has an individuality of his own. We are often delighted with the remarks of children. It is because they are original, as they have not had time to become imbued with the ideas of their elders. They are imitators of the outward acts of those around them, but cannot be of the inward thought, and we would not wish them to be. Neither then, should they be imitators when they are grown up. If it is to be esteemed in youth, can it be any less admirable when all the faculties are developed? We are apt to become too much conventionalized by the fashions of the age. We think, speak, and act in a certain way because others do so. This is perfectly right in some things, but not in others. A man possessed of the franchise

should have a decided opinion of his own, and should know which candidate for any position is the best qualified to fill it. On some subjects it is essential that we have an opinion of our own. While about others it does not matter so much. So many external influences affect us, and often it is much better for us to do things in the same way that others do—to conform to the general rules and principles which are for the well-being of society and govern it. We should not be peculiar—peculiarity never was originality. If we have not fully made up our minds on a certain subject, and perhaps are not in a position to be capable of doing so, either through lack of knowledge or experience, suppose that we hear a speech about it, we may come away thinking as the speaker does, till we hear someone else who holds some very different views. If the second speaker has convinced us that the first was wrong, then we think as he does, or if he does not convince us he either confirms our first opinion or else leaves us in doubt which to believe. Or it may be two books or two teachers which exert the influence over us. We should be instructed, and to some extent guided by men of greater minds than our own.

All the great writers have possessed the faculty of presenting their own ideas in original dress, and it is this which has distinguished them. Some would not hold a place among first-class writers if it were not for this gift. The man whose writings and speeches catch and retain the attention of the public must be original. The first piece Josh Billings wrote for a paper was a failure, but he changed the spelling of it, and it was instantly copied into papers all over the continent. The changing of the spelling was not altogether original, but it answered his purpose, and called the attention of newspaper readers to his writings, who im-

mediately recognized the truth and worth that was in them; and so, by his wisdom and wit, and his quaint sayings and aphorisms, he has amused and instructed ever since.

Some ages have required greater minds than others. There have been greater national problems to solve. But if a great statesman or a great general has been wanted, he has usually been found. A Pitt or a Wellington appears.

Courage is originality. An act of bravery or daring is not generally a repetition of what some one else has performed.

Certainly people should not be obstinate in their opinions, for that would be foolish, but neither should they be too easily influenced. A great man will always make his influence felt, and properly so, whether he be a writer, a speaker, or a philanthropist. The world seldom fails, though it may be slowly, to recognize a grand character of which originality must form a large constituent.

If a person must be rude, do not let it be in public, and especially in church. One of the students lately was guilty of the greatest discourtesy by refusing to move a little further up the seat, so as to allow a lady who was shown to the seat by the usher, to have room to sit down. We are judged as a community by the acts of a few. An act of this kind is noticed and talked of far more than half a dozen of the opposite character. We think it is very natural the rest of the students should be indignant at such conduct as this. If one or two of the students act improperly, then we are instantly set down as a lot of frivolous girls who came here not to study, but to pass away the time during which our parents think we ought to be going to school.

We shall not soon forget the visit of Chancellor Sims, of Syracuse University.

His sermons on Sunday last were among the richest treats that we have enjoyed, and his lecture on Monday evening was edifying and inspiring. Dr. Sims does not appear to be putting forth much effort, indeed he is one of the easiest speakers we have ever listened to. But he moves, and melts, and moulds his audience as he wills, and all seem to surrender themselves cheerfully to his sway. His sermon on Sunday morning affected both hearts and eyes, and must have caused many a holy resolve to a higher life. In the evening his text was "Son, Remember." He quoted the most noted psychologists and physicians in support of the idea that nothing will be ultimately forgotten, and his deductions therefrom were thrilling in the extreme. The sermon could only have been preached by a man thoroughly conversant with the principles and applications of mental philosophy. The universal verdict of the college was that "he was simply lovely." On Monday evening, Dr. Burns permitted us to attend the lecture on "Character and Character Building." There was a fine audience and it appeared greatly delighted with the eloquent and inspiring lecture. Dr. Sims is becoming well known to Canadian audiences, especially in the cities, and the pupils of the Wesleyan Ladies' College will be delighted to hear of his early return to Hamilton.

We are inclined to think that the Reading Room should be visited by a great many oftener than it is. The library contains a great many first-class works, which might be perused with profit. Every student should have some knowledge of the works of our standard authors. To read such books as those of Macauley, Ruskin, Carlyle, and many others, is to increase our knowledge of facts and events, of style and of language. The encyclopædias and other works of reference might be profitably con-

sulted oftener. And every person should have some knowledge of the news of the day. There are several good dailies on the table. A great many say they have not time, still any spare minutes now and then can be spent very pleasantly and to good advantage in reading the papers. But there is another matter of which we wish to speak in this connection. There are always two appointed "to take charge of the Reading Room," every week. It is not very heavy work, and not very much trouble to put it in order, especially as the work is divided. Why is it so often left almost entirely to take care of itself? Once a day is surely not too often for those who have this duty, to visit it. Orderliness and method should be cultivated by every student. The Reading Room would present a much better appearance if a little more attention were paid to it.

College Items.

"SMOKE."

"GO Swift."

"CALM, yam, yam."

"You sigh just like your sister."

WHAT is the metre of Robinson Crusoe?

"TELL the critic that some of the keys are broken."

WE have lately been told that to talk in class is selfish.

"I THINK he is very clever." Sister: "Why do you say clever, if you were at home you would say smart."

HELEN, what was it that you lost on the second flat the other day after dinner?

AN anxious query: I wonder who will get the letter which was dropped by mistake into the newspaper box for the hospital?

THE class in Natural Philosophy sometimes visits the museum to study the geological specimens no doubt.

THE six o'clock bell, for the first time in nine years, did not ring the other morning until half past.

BURTON'S Anatomy of Melancholy, was described to us as being "an unsystematic conglomeration of heterogeneous curiosities."

AFTER first experiment, "What was the smoke, professor?" "Oh you are too inquisitive." We think that legitimate curiosity should be gratified, even though a girl—whose curiosity, or that of womankind in general, has passed into a proverb—does ask the question.

"WHO was 'Ibid' and what did he write?" was recently asked us by one of the students. Perhaps if you look in a mythological dictionary you will find the same.

"HERE is the illustrious PORT." This remark sounded very unkind as well as sarcastic to us, especially as it was not made by one of the students.

A LADY from the south asks: "Don't sleighs have wheels?" We tried to explain to her how they work. She also wanted to know if our ears ever got frozen in the house.

A STUDENT lately was heard talking about microscopic salt.

"THIS sentence has an amphibious word in it." As this must be a curiosity we would like to see it.

"You might write down these symbols to keep yourselves out of mischief."

ONE idea of distance. "Oh I live a long way from here." "Why about how far is it?" "Seven miles."

"I'VE found him out—discovered the principle on which he makes his questions."

SUNDAY evening, after service. Sexton: "Well, young ladies, are you going to stay here all night?"

ON Saturday last, the students had a good opportunity of showing their good

nature. A poor, but worthy, pedlar of small wares paid us a visit. In delicate health and without a home—so much of his history we know—it seemed an act of charity to patronize him. His pleasure at seeing his pack becoming lighter, and his purse heavier, amply rewarded the generosity of the purchasers. Pins, buttons and court plaster may now be found in abundance in almost every room.

THE pouring rain, although it somewhat dampened their ardor, did not prevent the majority of the young ladies from going home at Thanksgiving. But we imagine the hearty welcome they would there receive would immediately counteract the gloomy influence of the weather. On their return on Monday morning, we heard several say that they thoroughly enjoyed themselves; we infer that all did, as school girls generally do, even if the holiday be short.

In Memoriam.

Quite a number of the students, and readers of the PORTFOLIO will remember the graduating class of '85. To some of us, it seems but yesterday that their faces were among us, and they mingled in our social circles. It was with sad hearts that we heard of the death of one of the brightest of the class, Miss Nina Keayes, of Hamilton. The sad news reached us on the morning of her death, Nov. 26th. She was a general favorite, and will be missed at our gatherings. We extend our heartfelt sympathy to her bereaved parents, whose sorrow will be heavy and hard to bear. The parting with dear ones is always painful, but the parting with an only daughter, so loved and loving, must be an exceeding cause of grief; but

“God is his own Interpreter.”

In our sadness it is a comfort to reflect that she has gone prepared for her heavenly

reward with Christ. Her gentle and dignified bearing, her consistent example, her religious experience, and her glorious triumph over death, will abide in and comfort many hearts.

Exchanges.

THE *North Western College Chronicle* is one of the most interesting journals to be found on our table. The October number contains a very practical exposition of “Truth, its Nature and Importance.” From a well written article on “Labor, the True Alchemist,” we clip the following sentence: “Labor is the price of success, and the power and the will to perform it are the only conditions of greatness. The real difference between great and ordinary men is not so much in the circumstances in which they may be placed, as it is in the amount and the quality of the work they can perform.”

THE *Vindex* is altogether taken up with accounts of games, in particular foot-ball.

THE *Notre Dame Scholastic* and the *Varsity* are among our best exchanges. They are the only journals, edited weekly, which we receive.

THE *Comet*, coming from Rockland, is not a very large journal and does not contain very much literary matter. They have quite an interesting custom of burying or cremating their geometries after having finished that study. We prefer to sell ours.

WE think the writers for the *Tuflonian* could produce a more instructive paper if fiction did not form so prominent part of its contents. The writing of stories should not be depreciated, but, as a rule, it is not found in the best college journals.

AMONG the articles in the *Swallowmore Phoenix* is one entitled “Whirl's End,” which for beauty and vividness of description is rarely surpassed.

WE also acknowledge the receipt of the *University Herald*, *Argosy*, *Sunbeam*, *Acta Victoriana*, *Earlhamite*, *Messenger*, *University Gazette*, *College Message*, *Simpsonian*, *St. Viateur's College Journal*, *Young Idea*, *Normal News*, *College Index*, *Rex Academicæ*, *University Monthly*, *The Dartmouth*, *Wilmington Collegian*, *Southern University Monthly*, *Hamilton College Monthly*, *St. Charles Gazette*, *Oak*, *Lily and Ivy*, *Cue*, *Student Life*, *Premier*, *Beacon*, *Emory Phoenix*, *The W. T. I.*, *Luther-ville Seminarian*, *Chironian*, *Home and School Supplement*, *Genevan*, *Troy Polytechnic*.

LETTER-WRITING.

Letter-writing has become an easy matter in modern days. We write because we have something to say, feeling careless how it is said; or we write to stop the mouth of a correspondent, and as we know he must swallow the sop we throw him, are not over nice about kneading it to his taste. But things were different in the days of our grandfathers. They wrote to do themselves credit, and to keep up their literary reputation. The good letter-writer had a distinct and recognized place in society, as much as the good dancer or dresser. The perfect gentleman had to acquire an elegant style, which he must exhibit as a mark of his standing, as he did his rapier and his well-trimmed wig. His mind had to wear a court dress as well as his body, and he would have as soon thought of seizing his sovereign by the hand as of presenting himself to a correspondent without the epistolary bows and flourishes which good breeding demanded. Letter-writing was made an art; and the epistles of a great letter-writer of the last century had not a merely general and remote connection with his character and history, but served him as a field on which he might display and exercise his powers. To succeed in the literary effort was the primary object, and to please or inform the friend addressed was the subsidiary one. This art had a peculiar history of its own; its course may be marked off into characteristic epochs; it rose, grew and faded away. Pope began the series; in his hands letter-writing was an instrument by

which the writer strove to adopt and preserve the tone of an exclusive artificial society, a means of establishing a sort of freemasonry between those whom birth or the privilege of genius entitled to speak a peculiar kind of language denied to the vulgar. With Pope we may couple Lady Mary Wortley Montagu as a specimen of a writer whose letters exhibited the high-bred ease and wit that suggested a corresponding display in men of literary reputation. The art of letter-writing passed into a second stage when, from this beginning, epistolary graces came to be cultivated as a requisite for high standing among the upper classes of society. It grew to be a study with the most refined members of these classes how to say everything to their correspondents in the most pointed and elegant way. Of such writers we may take Horace Walpole and Lord Chesterfield as sufficient examples. Lastly, that which had been confined to the higher circles spread downwards, and all educated men imbibed something of the love, and in some measure used the style current in the world of fashion. Letter-writing then attained its highest perfection. It lost its forced and hot-house character, and retained all its beauty and grace. The style adopted was more elevated and sustained than would be employed in the present day; but still it was perfectly easy, natural and simple. Of the writers whose letters exhibited this perfection, Gray and Cowper are perhaps the most conspicuous. After the time of Cowper, the art of letter-writing may be said to have quickly perished. How this happened must be obvious to anyone who reflects on the change undergone towards the close of the century throughout the whole structure of society, and on the causes, political and moral, that conducted to this alteration. Society changed, and the art that suited and belonged to the old society did not suit the new.

SELECTED.

HE is the best soldier who conceals his weapons, carries his knapsack jauntily, never crushes a violet, nor treads on a daisy, and who has a bugle hung so near his lips that he can send a note of cheer to any drooping comrade. E. V. G.

THE PORTFOLIO.

DR. SINCLAIR
Dentist,

NO. 22 EAST KING STREET,

Opposite Fountain.

Hamilton, Ont.

LAZIER & MONCK

Barriers, Attorneys and Solicitors

42 JAMES STREET NORTH,

S. F. LAZIER, M. A. LL. B.
J. F. MONCK.

HAMILTON, ONT.

JOS. MILLS & CO.

MANUFACTURERS OF

LADIES' FINE PURS

SEAL SACQUES, DOLMANS AND ULSTERS.

7 JAMES STREET, - HAMILTON.

Established Over 45 Years.

A. HAMILTON & GO.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

DRUGGISTS

DEALERS IN

Artist's Materials, Paints and Oils, Perfumery,
Toilet Articles, and a large assortment of
Druggists' Sundries.

COR. KING AND JAMES STREETS, HAMILTON.



1. When your WATCHES or
JEWELRY require doctoring,
take them to

JOSEPH TAYLOR'S

42 King St. West.

2. New Goods in American
Jewelry. Reserve your orders
and judge for yourselves. Inspect
our stock before purchasing and
you will be amply repaid.

Remember the place

JOSEPH TAYLOR'S, 42 KING ST. WEST.

J CRAWFORD

Confectioner

38 KING STREET WEST

J. ZIMMERMAN,

Dentist,

38 KING ST. EAST, HAMILTON.

Gas, Vitalized Air and other Anesthetics.

FULL LINES

-OF-

FALL AND WINTER

MILLINERY

-Just imported by-

MRS. HINMAN

No. 8 James St North. DRESS AND MANTLE MAKING.

CHARLES STREET CONSERVATORIES.

CUT ROSES

-AND-

All Kinds of Ladies' Wear

A SPECIALTY.

F. G. FOSTER,

Cor. Charles and Hunter Sts.,

HAMILTON, - ONT.

THE PORTFOLIO.

Behran

THE PHOTOGRAPHER

(LATE OF NEW YORK CITY.)

Makes the Finest Pictures in Hamilton. All Photographs made by the Instantaneous Process, and guaranteed satisfactory. ("Proofs shown without extra charge.") Pictures finished in Oil, Water Color, Crayon, and India Ink. Special reduced prices made to attendants of the College, also club rates furnished on application.

Studio: 124 King St. East.

MCKAY BROTHERS

48 KING ST. EAST, HAMILTON,

Direct importers and
dealers in

BRUSSELS, TAPESTRY, WOOL, AND

HEMP

CARPETS

Oilcloths, Lace Curtains, Tapestry, Coverings, Curtain
Poles, Stair Rods, Dress Goods, Hosiery, Gloves, Shawls,
Blankets, Flannels, Tweeds, Shirtings, Table Linens,
Tickings, &c.

Sole Agents in Hamilton for the Perfection Carpet Sweeper

THE BEST IN USE.

MCKAY BROTHERS

48 King St. East, between Hughson
and John Sts.

H. & C. Blachfords'

NOTED FASHIONABLE

BOOT AND SHOE

—HOUSE—

30 AND 32 KING ST. WEST, HAMILTON

(Successors to Colin McRae.)

N. B.—WE MAKE LADIES' WEAR
A SPECIALTY.

THE PORTFOLIO.

McILWRAITH & McMASTER

—Beg to call Special Attention to their—

DRESS AND SILK STOCK.

They are the Only House in Hamilton importing direct from France. Their Selections are made in Paris. They buy Immense Assortments. Styles that are the latest on the Continent. Fabrics that retain a Lustre and Brilliance of Color, found nowhere outside of French Manufactures. They Always Have on Hand in Season,

THE NEWEST NOVELTIES IN MILLINERY.

Their Dressmaker—a lady from New York—is one of the Best in the City. They will Always be pleased to show goods, whether ladies are wishing to purchase or not.

McILWRAITH & McMASTER.

R. DUNCAN & CO.

BOOKBINDERS,

Booksellers and Stationers

—IMPORTERS OF—

SCHOOL AND COLLEGE

TEXT BOOKS,

Room Paper Decorations, Etc.

COR JAMES AND MARKET STS., HAMILTON

E. F. ROBINSON,

(Successors to Harrison Bros.)

Chemist and Druggist

A Choice and Full stock of
PERFUMES, SOAPS, TOOTH-POWDERS AND BRUSHES.
HAIR BRUSHES, ETC., ETC.

The Fullest Line in the City of
PATENT MEDICINES.

Prescriptions put up by qualified Pharmacists only.

36 JAMES ST., HAMILTON

DAVIS & McCULLOUGH

12 KING STREET WEST

ARE THE LEADING

JEWELLERS AND MANUFACTURERS

IN THE CITY OF HAMILTON.

DAVIS & McCULLOUGH

THE PORTFOLIO.

FOUND!

A Delicious Blend of High Grade Coffee.

If you love a cup of Good Coffee, give me a call. I have the finest Coffee in the City. Every day brings praise from some new customer that has tried it. You can buy it whole and grind it at home, or we will grind it fresh on the spot. You can rely upon the article being strictly pure. Don't put off getting some of this Coffee, but order some at once and you will be delighted with it.

NEWTON D. GALBREATH,
104 KING ST. EAST.

WHERE TO GO

A. R. KERR & CO.,
NO. 84 KING STREET WEST,

Is the place to get your

DRY GOODS

MILLINERY, MANTLES AND DRESSES

Cloth Mantles from \$1.00 up to \$40.00 each. Brocade Mantles from \$10.00 up to \$100.00 each. Fur Lined Cloaks from \$8.00 up to \$75.00 each. 10,000 yards of Dress Goods from 10cts. up to \$1.00. 10,000 yards of Black Silks from 50 cts. to \$3.50. For the Largest Stock, Best Value and Nobbiest Assortment of Staple and Fancy Dry Goods go to

A. R. KERR & CO.

JOHN A. CLARK

Chemist and Druggist

COR. KING AND HUGHSON STS.,

HAMILTON.

D. MOORE & CO.,

Iron-Founders & Manufacturers

Stoves, Tin, Copper, Iron, Japanned and
General Stamped Ware.

IMPORTERS AND WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

Tin-Plate, Canada-Plate, Sheet-Iron, Sheet-Copper, Galvanized Iron Wire, Tinsmiths' Tools, and General Trade Supplies.

OFFICE:
100 King St. East.

FOUNDRY:
Cor. Catharine & Robert Sts

HAMILTON, ONT.

STILL LEADING

The LEADING

Shoe AND Rubber House

IN THE CITY, IS TO BE FOUND AT

28 KING STREET EAST.

The LARGEST ASSORTMENT in Ontario in

Boots, Shoes, Rubbers and Overshoes,

ARE TO BE FOUND AT THIS STORE

Prices Moderate, and Only

ONE PRICE ASKED OR ACCEPTED

Your Patronage Respectfully Solicited.

J. D. CLIMIE

28 KING ST. EAST.

A. MURRAY & CO.

KING STREET,

—Direct Importers of—

Silks, Dress - Goods

MILLINERY, MANTLES,

—AND EVERY DESCRIPTION OF DRY GOODS.—

A. MURRAY & CO. Import First-Class Goods Only, and sell them for cash at Wholesale Prices.

—ORDERS FOR—

Millinery, Mantles or Dresses

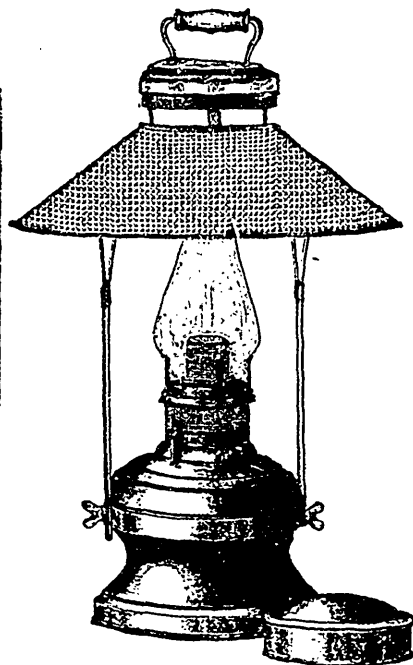
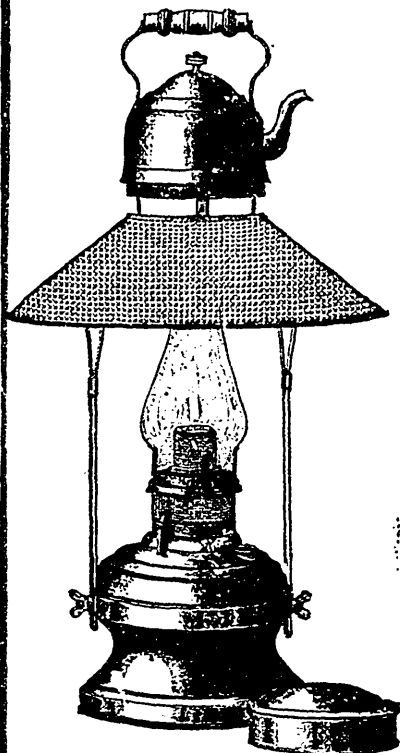
PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO,

W. S. BURN.

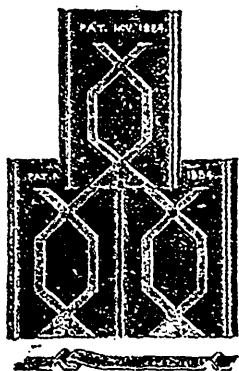
W. W. ROBINSON.

ADJUSTABLE Lamp Stand and Shade

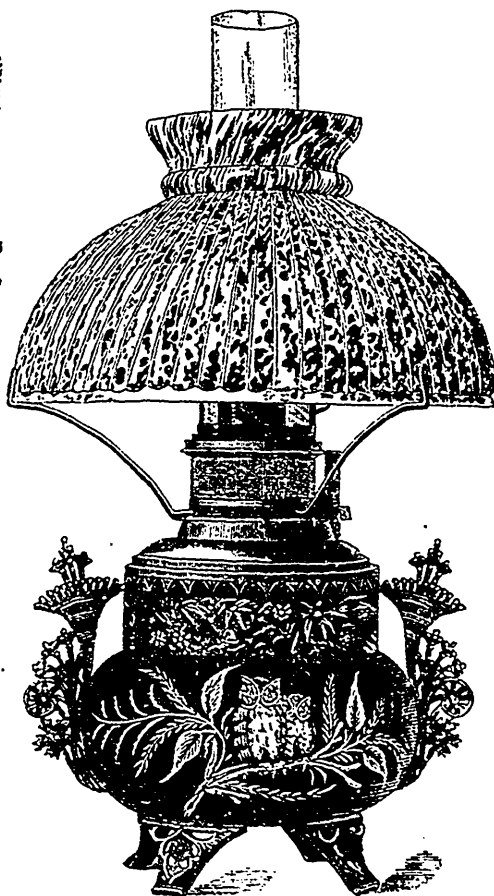
Suitable for all Styles of Font Lamps
and Many Purposes.



"REGAN" Pat. Metal Shingle.



Painted. Ornamental. Weather
Proof. Fire Proof. Ever-
lasting. Cheap.



Light Equal to Sixty Candle Power or Two
Ordinary Gas Jets. Flame Perfectly
Steady. Chimneys Unbreakable by
Heat or Cold. In Plain and
Handsome Styles.

COOKES' Window Lock.



Holds Upper and Lower Sash
at any desired Point.

The BURN & ROBINSON Mfg. Co., Hamilton, Ont.

MANUFACTURERS OF THE FAMOUS ROCHESTER LAMPS, AND OTHER SPECIALTIES.