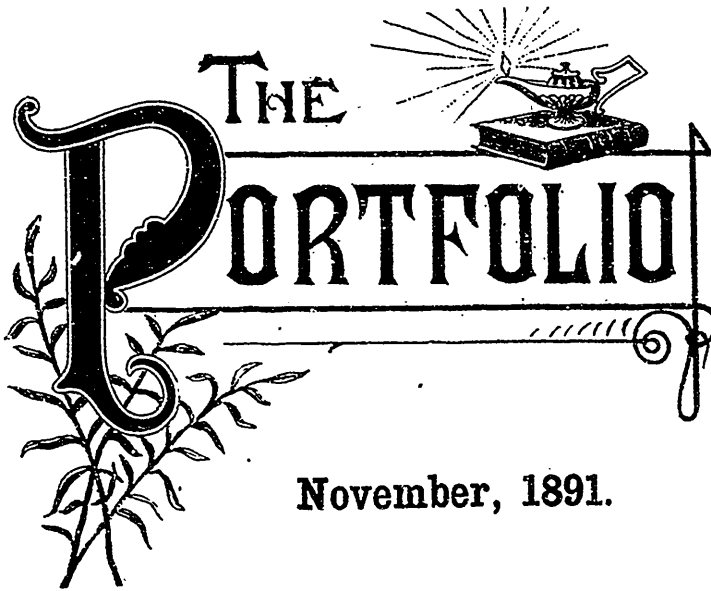


George Y. Barnes

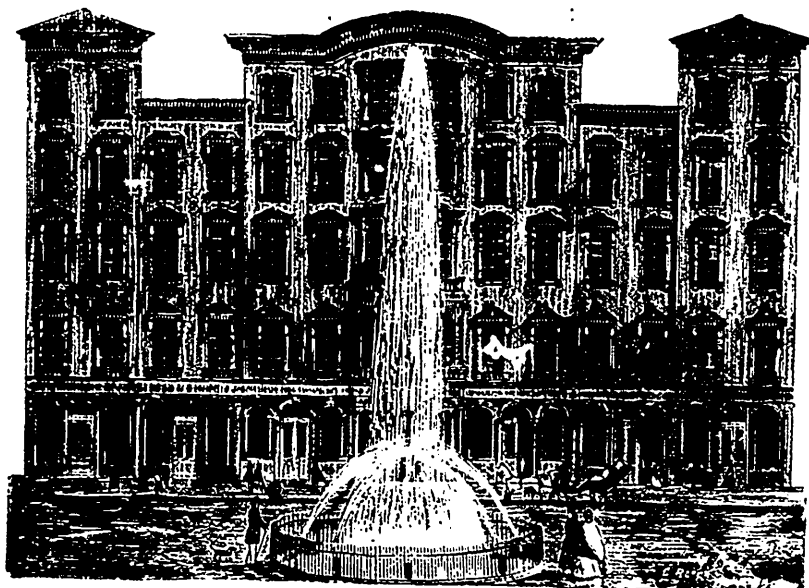


The **PORTFOLIO**

November, 1891.

CONTENTS.

Notes.	Farewell Address of a Senior.
Music.	College Cullings.
Correspondence.	Locals.
Poetry.	Exchanges.



THE
Wesleyan Ladies' College
~ ~ AND CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC. ~ ~

First Term begins September 1st.
Second " " November 10th.

HAMILTON, ONTARIO.

Third Term begins February 2nd.
Fourth " " April 22nd.

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 three hundred. The regular teaching force is five Professors and eleven Lady Teachers. Course for graduation in Literature, Music and Art, after examinations by outside examiners. The Music Director is an honor Bachelor of Music, and will prepare his pupils for that Degree. His assistants have had European instruction and experience in Leipsic, Paris, &c. 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, A. BURNS, S.T.P., L.L.D.

PORTFOLIO ADVERTISEMENTS

PIANOS.

STEINWAY. HAINES. CHICKERING. EVERETT, (Boston.)

AND THE CELEBRATED

"NORDHEIMER & PIANO."

We also have in stock a number of Pianos that have been in use, and will be sold very cheap on easy terms.

ESTEY & CO'S ORGANS.

. . . AND SECOND-HAND ORGANS OF VARIOUS MAKES AND STYLES.

A. & S. NORDHEIMER, 86 JAMES ST. NORTH, HAMILTON.

ALSO TORONTO, MONTREAL, OTTAWA and LONDON.

W. E. Sanford Manuf'g Co.,

LIMITED.

Clothing Manufacturers.

88, 90, 92, 94, 96, 98 King St. East,

HAMILTON, ONT

36 Wellington St. West,

TORONTO, ONT.

Princess Street, WINNIPEG, MAN.

THE PORTFOLIO

"VITA SINE LITERIT MORS EST."

VOL. XII.

HAMILTON, ONT., NOVEMBER, 1891.

No. 1.

The Portfolio.

Published monthly in the interests of the Wesleyan Ladies' College, Hamilton, Ont., its students, Alumnae and friends.

EDITOR-IN CHIEF. - MARY CAMERON.
ASSISTANT EDITOR, - JESSIE WATSON.
LITERARY EDITOR, - LOUISE CLARK.
EXCHANGE EDITORS, { ELEANORE MOORE.
 { MAUD BRENNAN.
LOCAL EDITORS, - { EDITH BOND,
 { BELLE FAIRFIELD.
BUSINESS MANAGERS, { WINNIE BLACK.
 { LOUIE DECEW.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION,

Per Annum, One Dollar; Single Copies, 15 Cents

Address all Communication to "THE PORTFOLIO,"
Hamilton, Ontario.

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

Notes.

ANOTHER year has folded itself into the mists and shadows of an irrevocable past; another class of seniors has passed from our college halls, and a new staff of Portfolio officers have the honor of extending a hearty greeting to you all. It is with no slight degree of nervousness we must confess, that we take up the pen dropped from the hands of our former companions. From the Editors of the Journals we see lying on our Reading Room tables, (among which many a pleasant and profitable hour is spent), we would solicit an indulgent criticism of all the little school girlisms inevitably associated with the columns of our paper.

When we are egotistical judge us harshly; stamp out such an unpardonable fault before our characters are moulded past recalling, and when we are old, stiff and feeble, and reaping the benefits of your just censure, we will be grateful to you. From the Alumnae and former students we invite correspondence. We are always deeply interested in anything that absorbs your attention. For the sake of the old college days, when you were, where we are now, show some kindly interest in our success, and we will be filled with gratitude to you, and who knows, perhaps some day we may do so much for you in return.

LIKE many a good old custom, the celebration of Halloween is gradually dying out in our age and country. The superstitions and obligations, the planks and gayety which marked the feast in former times are not seen to-day. For some reasons this may not be regretted, for such actions, when not limited by law may go beyond the tastes of some individuals and having no authority but past customs may give rise to abuses. Halloween at College is not a marked event of the year with us, it means but a little deviation from study and more time into which to crowd as much fun as possible; when it is over, some are glad it comes but once a year, while others would have it occur much oftener if it were in their power. This time "Toffee Pulls" were not the order of the evening, but innocent jokes which rendered amusement at the time and called forth no censure from the victim.

The only feature which we hope custom has not established is the manner

Note well Reading Matter at foot of Pages.

of rendering the dispersing song. From which, if we may judge, it would not be difficult to conclude how thoroughly the evenings diversion was appreciated.

THREE or four columns in the Toronto Globe a few weeks ago spoke of a meeting held in that city at which the wisest heads in Ontario met to discuss the subject of University Extension. We would applaud the movement to the very echo, and in so doing, we would remind our Toronto friends, that the Hamilton Ladies' College has enjoyed a series of lectures for the past two years from some of the ablest College Graduates: we did not dignify them by the name of University Extension, but what else were they! We have listened to masterly addresses from such men as Professor Clark, Professor Reynar, Professor Cappon, on such subjects as "Robert Browning," "Carlyle and the French Revolution," "Carlyle and Sartor Resartus." then have not we enjoyed all the benefits and privileges of University Extension? And we sincerely hope that those who have followed our example will derive as much gratification from an afternoon with such men as those who were mentioned before, as we have so lately enjoyed.

THE attention of those who are staying the noble art of music is called to the unusually exceptional opportunities that are afforded them to become proficient in the highest forms of music, harmony, counterpoint, etc., and also to study for the degree of Bachelor of Music conferred by Trinity College, Toronto.

No pupil should be content with being able to play, no matter how brilliantly, piano music. There is a realm of music more enchanting than mere piano playing—the wonderland of composition. To possess a thorough knowledge of the

higher forms of music; to be able to harmonize correctly and to have the faculty of embodying one's thoughts in Sweetly-Sounding music are gifts that should be sought and cultivated by all the pupils who are studying the piano.

Pupils seeking to become qualified as Bachelors of Music will be obliged to get three years' course of study as follows:

FIRST EXAMINATION OF MUSIC.

HARMONY—Richter's Manual of Harmony.
Lott's Catechism on Harmony.
Ouseley's Harmony.

SECOND EXAMINATION IN MUSIC.

HARMONY—Ouseley's Harmony.
COUNTERPOINT, CANON AND FUGUE.—
J. Higg's Primer of Fugue.
Cherubini's Counterpoint & Fugue.
Ouseley's Counterpoint.

FINAL EXAMINATION IN MUSIC.

HARMONY, COUNTERPOINT, CANON AND FUGUE.
HISTORY OF MUSIC—Hullah's Lectures on Modern History of Music.
Ritter's History of Music.
Havkin's History of Music
(For reference.)

FORM IN COMPOSITION—Pauer's Primer of Musical Forms.
Ouseley's Form in Music

USE OF INSTRUMENTS—

Prouit's Primer of Instrumentation.
Berlioz's Orchestration.—(For reference.)

Analysis of the full score of some selected work

1592 { Mendelssohn's Overture to inclusive.
Reg. Blas.

The director would strongly advise the pupils to undertake the examinations as a delightful and profitable study.

Music.

"Friendship's balmy words may feign,
Love's are even more false than they;
Oh! 'tis only music's strain,
Can sweetly soothe and not betray."

So sings the poet, with how much truth and verity it is impossible for me, with my

limited experience of life, to say. If however, his statement is correct, and friendship shares with love the bad distinction of pre-eminent hostility to the peace and comfort of mankind, while music, and music alone is the great delight, the solace and comfort of life, it is time we were disenchanted of a thousand illusions injurious to our peace of mind, and the claims of music upon the respect and admiration of mankind, were fearlessly set forward.

Music, to the ancients, was an enigma defying all solution. In the din and clang of these imperfect musical instruments, it was impossible even for untutored races to find any gratification for the ear. Architecture, Painting and Sculpture rose gradually to perfection; Music remained a subject of dark and confused speculation. The music of the Greeks was but poetry sung, and the melody was sacrificed for the sake of the musical intonation. The Romans borrowed their music from the Etruscans and Greeks and had both stringed instruments and wind instruments. In speaking of the music of the ancients, we generally invest it with the legendary lore of a mystic past, which our poets have clothed with such weird interest. Milton in his *L'Allegro*, immortalizes the ancient Lydian mode of music.

“And ever against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs.”

Who can define music? Who can present to us in words that intangible substance which Bach and Beethoven, Mendelssohn and Mozart, wove into their series of brilliant musical pictures, colored with every passion, every emotion of the soul? Wagner defines it as the inarticulate speech of the heart, which cannot be compressed into words, because infinite. The passions of the heart, too deep for verbal expression, find utterance in the spiritual world of music, and to some, music is a purely spiritual world. Dr. Johnson, says: “Music is the only sensual pleasure without vice. In this respect it is superior to poetry, but in this respect alone; for no one would place music above poetry, although both portray the *beautiful* in life. Music and poetry claim relationship, for is not music the spirit of poetry expressed in the language

of sound and have not our greatest musicians found food in Literature for soul-inspiring themes. The spirit of poetry is grasped and its sublime imagery translated into a language, which has infinite power over every human heart. Every emotion is deepened, every passion intensified as a succession of tone pictures leave their indelible impress on the soul. Who will doubt the power of music? “Congreve declares that music hath charms to soothe the savage breast; to softer rocks and bend the knotted oaks.” Shakespeare has written a good deal about the iniquity of the man who hath no music in him and the inferential excellence of the man who has. How far these distinguished gentlemen are correct in their estimate of its power I am unable to say.”

A sceptical Englishman inquires:—“If music hath charms to soothe the savage breast how comes it that so many ferocious crimes are committed in the very lanes and alleys where the organ grinders are grinding and the brass band braying nearly all day long.

If music hath charms to soften rocks, how comes it that the rocks in Scotland where the bag-pipes are eternally droning are still as hard as adamant? How comes it that the oaks in Greenwich Park where the people are constantly singing, are still as knotty as in Browning's poetry, and if a man who is not moved with concord of sweet sounds is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils, how comes it that so many of the excellent of the earth cannot sing “Old Hundredth” or distinguish between “Ye Banks and Braes” and “Yankee Doodle” if their lives depended on it.

In Hellenic Mythology we have an illustration, potent as picturesque of the dominion of music over natures, the most rugged and rancorous, in the surrender of Eurydice by the powers of darkness who were unable to resist the melodies of Orpheus.

Dryden, in his ode to *St. Cecilia's Day*, represents Timotheus by his fine playing, throwing the soul of the great Alexander into a perfect tumult of feeling, and then swaying him from one passion to its oppos-

FIRST-CLASS GOODS AT LOW PRICES AT McILWRAITH & TREGENZA'S.

ite. Alexander is seated on his throne in the palace of Persephals, to his right his Thais, before him his great chieftains.

"Timothus placed on high, amid the tuneful choir,
With flying fingers touched the lyre,
And heavenly joys inspired."

At the stirring sounds the King is troubled, his cheeks are glowing, his battles return to his memory. He defies, Heaven and earth
Then

"Softly sweet in Lydian measure,
How he soothed his soul to pleasure,
War, he sang is toil and trouble,
Honor's but an empty bubble.
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still and still destroying.
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O think it worth enjoying;
Lovely Thais sits beside thee
Take the good the God's provide thee."

Suddenly Timotheus touches the lyre again. A louder and yet louder strain which rouses him like a rattling peal.

"Thus long ago,
Ere heating bellows ceased to blow,
While organs were yet mute,
Timotheus by his breathing lyre
Could swell the soul to rage,
Or kindle soft desire."

Shakespeare recognizes the fact that music has cured insanity. He makes Richard II in prison say while listening to music,

"For music mads me,
Let it sound no more,
For though it hath helped mad men to their wits,
In me, it seems, it will make wise men mad
Yet blessings on his heart that gives it me,
For 'tis a sign of love, and love for Richard
Is a strange brooch in this all hating world."

Music is a recognized power in the world, as a refining, elevating influence, as an art capable of awakening the dormant faculties of man, and kindling into a flame that spark of goodness, and virtue, which under the depressing influence of sin and hardship, has long been only a mouldering ember.

Music is a link in that chain of love which binds frail mortality to the immortal life beyond. It is the key which opens the portals of an ideal world. A world of life and beauty, where the ravages of sin and

sorrow are unknown and love reigns supreme.

In this cultured age the effects of music on the refined nature is not to produce wild gesticulations and outward signs of emotion, but rather to act as the vibrations of a magic lyre, sweeping the soft and violent passions of the soul and intensifying the calm expression of the interior emotions.

Music has power to bind all nations with the ties of common brotherhood. Enter a concert hall in the old world where all nationalities are assembled to hear discoursed intoxicating strains of music. The music reaches the ears of all, but something more than the delicate mechanism of the ear is needed, namely a refined and cultivated soul

Watch the myriad expressions on a sea of faces. Some show indifference, others wrapt attention, a few drink inspiring draughts from music's well of fancy. All give us the impression that man's chief end is pleasure. A wonderful gathering it may be, but we miss the social ease, the feeling of unity which prevails in assemblies where the people are of one nation and one tongue. Suddenly the orchestra strikes the opening chords of "Home, Sweet Home," observe the change: Oh! for an artist to catch the varied expression of a thousand faces. A wave of pleasure sweeps over the audience, a responsive chord in each heart is touched and as the familiar plaintive melody echoes and re-echoes through the hall, each man feels that his neighbor is his brother, bound to him by the sacred ties of home.

What other art is such a companion to man, following him through shadows and sunshine, through sickness and health. The aged pilgrim winding his weary way down life's troubled path is cheered by some old familiar strain, which long ago, he sang in the old home. Immediately he is carried back to childhood's happy days. He hears his mother's voice singing the lullabys which soothed his childish ear. The solemn tones of the old church bell call him to worship, and in the villiage church he listens to the sweet tender melodies of the organ over whose keys his youthful fingers had delighted to wander. The sluice gates of memory are opened, long forgotten

scence are vividly portrayed. The thoughts of misspent years and neglected opportunities cast a pall over his heart. But this effect is soon softened by scenes of a brighter summer nature. Who can long endure such memories? But has not music fulfilled a mission, if in a few short moments it can bring before us the experience of a life time.

Correspondence.

MY DEAR GIRLS,

When I made the rash promise of writing to you all my experiences about my trip and life in the Malay Peninsular, I little knew what I was undertaking. Life out here is so vastly different and the experiences so novel to one after our hum-drum Canadian school life. I must begin by writing a little each week; I presume Amy told you how well all my friends turned out at the Union Station, at Toronto, to say good-bye and send me off with the very pleasing impression of possessing so many kind friends who wished me a happy voyage and safe return. I can't deny feeling a little "blue" just at first, but excitement soon took my thoughts away, and in four hours time we reached Owen Sound, where we were to take the Lake Steamer; she was ready and as soon as we got on board we were steaming out from the wharf. I found several on board, and soon got settled, and oh, girls to my horror on looking for my purse and tickets discovered they had been carried off by my brother who had come with me that far, and left the steamer in a hurry, of course there was nothing to be done except tell the Captain and ask his advice; he was most kind, and said it could be arranged all right by telegram on reaching Port Arthur, so as you will know, I never trouble trouble till trouble troubles me. I made myself quite comfortable and happy in a long chair and rug and enjoyed the scenery.

We had lovely weather in Lake Huron and the C. P. R. steamers are all one could wish for. We reached Sault Ste. Marie the next day about noon, and were fortunate to get through the lock without delay; on again through Lake Superior, which to me is even more picturesque than Huron. Port Arthur was reached about 12 o'clock, and after having dinner at a very nice little hotel here, and saying good-bye to my new friends, we again found ourselves rattling off in the train towards Winnipeg. It is needless to say anything in favor of the comfort of the sleeping cars or the civility of the C.P.R. officials, that fact is too well-known all over the world already. I had quite sufficient of Winnipeg in a few days visit there, not being at all prepossessed with the place; it is a most disappointing town when one has seen "Main St." one has seen all in its favor, however there was the regret of saying good-bye to more kind friends. The trip through the prairies is not interesting but even it is enlivened by a short stop at Regina, Portage La Prairie and Calgary, and this monotony is soon broken by waking up one morning to find oneself flying through the Rockies. How shall I describe this scenery, words seem so inadequate to tell the grandeur; it is by far the grandest I've seen in my trip. I was fortunate enough to get a permit to travel on the engine through the best part; the horse shoe tunnel is a most wonderful piece of engineering one could imagine. The prettiest part of the Rockies is, in my idea from Banff to the Glacier, the latter is my favorite place, and my present hope is to spend a month or so there again some day. We got to Vancouver before we had time to weary one another with our society, and were soon comfortably settled in the C. P. R. Hotel, where we spent three very pleasant days. Vancouver is still very new, but one can hardly believe so few years ago it was a wilderness, it has grown so rapidly. The morning after our arrival we went

MILLINERY AND MANTLES, Second to None, at McILWRAITH & TREGENZA'S

to the wharf and on board our steamer for crossing the Pacific, "The Empress of India," she is a magnificent vessel, and one is immediately struck by the civility and kindness shown by the Captain and Officers. I need hardly tell you after inspecting my cabin and the luxury we were to have for the next three weeks my spirits rapidly rose, and even home sickness which I felt on reading my mail that day vanished a little. The Empress of India sailed from Vancouver on July 29th and we were on board an hour or so before noon, and almost before one could realize it we were steaming out from the wharf; so promptly and in order is every duty executed on this ship, we had soon looked our last on Vancouver and were steaming rapidly towards Victoria, which lovely place we reached about 10 p. m., and there dropped our Pilot and the few farewell letters which had been scribbled to send off with him. I was disappointed as it was night when we passed through the Juan de Fuca Straits, and on awaking next morning Canada was slowly disappearing from our sight, and one could not help a feeling of sadness at the fact. However Capt. Marshall and his gallant officers are not the sort to allow one to feel like that long, and as we had a particularly nice set of passengers, most of us quite decided to enjoy our trip; we very soon began to amuse ourselves, some with cricket, some music, tennis, a few flirtations and some even (in that calm ocean) retired overwhelmed with Mal de mer; we made very good runs each day, and *our* one regret seemed to be that the trip could not last months instead of weeks. We had several very good musicians on board and managed to get up two good concerts, the latter was a grand success, and very satisfactory, (as not having collected as much as we wished at the Sunday Service in aid of the Sailor's Home at Hong Kong, a few of us girls wrote out and painted programmes, and sold them, and actually made \$75 by them) I have no room to tell you of the jolly little teas the Capt. and Officers gave us in their cabins, nor of the dances on deck, one very good one the skipper gave, he had all one side of the deck completely awned in and

beautifully decorated; the floors were made very good with some packages of corn flour and even the weather was kind to us, as we had a glorious calm night, and all felt sorry when the time came to sing "Auld Lang Syne." We had not one rough day the whole way across, but it was bitterly cold, and four or five days very foggy, and the decks almost deserted, however, we had nothing to grumble about as the ship was heated by steam, and the library and saloon are most comfortable; on awaking; on our 12th day out one felt a decided change in the temperature, and on coming on deck it felt delightfully warm, even without one's furs; our last day was a very pleasant one, and most of us felt keen regrets that in a few hours time we were to say good-bye and perhaps look on each other for the last time; however I must not be growing sentimental. As we neared Japan dozens of small native fishing boats (San-pans) came under our notice, and before we dropped anchor, Assthan, $\frac{1}{4}$ of a mile from Yokohama, we were surrounded by about 6 deep of these boats full of Japs selling curios, most of which are really rubbish, but to our eyes were odd, and seemed more that worth the few cents they asked for them. The harbor at Yokohama is very pretty, the city is slightly built above the sea and one is struck with the neatness and cleanliness everywhere. There are ships of all nations around us, both merchant men and men of war, and it is quiet interesting to study the different nationalities to which they belong. As soon as breakfast was over, we landed, being fortunate enough to get taken off on the hotel launches, as just at first one feels they are about going ashore in the Sanpan, though they really are wonderfully safe and kept perfectly clean; on reaching the jetty you are assailed by dozens of Kickshaw men, (these are the owners of a sort of small carriage, something like a miniature buggy,) who want you to take their vehicle, and when you have at last succumbed to the most importunate and are safely sitting in comfort, with your several friends in similar ones, and told in what direction you wish them to go, you start off in a line one behind the other, feeling rather ridiculous but very pleased at everything; of course we spent hours in the curio shops, and went back to the hotel, (the "Grand,"

a very good one on the Bluff, overlooking the harbor) with our purses considerable lighter. The next morning early we started for Tokio, the capital where the Mikado lives. After half an hour by train we reached there and found lots to interest us. We only spent a short time there that day, as I was lucky enough to have friends who had got me an invitation to the Mikado's Garden Party coming off the next day. This was a grand affair; it is given always when the chrysanthemms are in full bloom, and certainly the display of them there was very magnificent, but I must say I didn't think any eastern flower comes up to some of our own lovely ones. Oh! girls, you'd have been amused, if you could only see the absurd figures some of the Japanese ladies and men make of themselves, the men in Kimonas (the native dress) and billycock hats, and the women (who are often very pretty indeed in their native dress which is picturesque and becoming,) disfiguring themselves by appearing in the latest Persians fashions. Well, I must get on with my travels, (I can't resist the temptation to have a short gossip with you occasionally,) after 5 or 6 days in and about Yokohama which I spent in trying to learn something of the people and customs; I came away with the idea that they were a most agreeable nation they are very clean, good tempered and seem to look on the bright side of life always, answering one with a laugh, of course I only saw their best side, others who know them better tell me they are very disappointing and treacherous. I hope this is a mistake. We left Yokohama on our 7th day, (having dropped most of our passengers and picked up several new ones,) and reached Kobe two days later. This is another very pretty place, and here I went over several shops and saw the women making those pretty bamboo and bead curtains. We also drove out in Rickshaw to a pretty little waterfall and had tiffin (luncheon) at a dear little restaurant out there, returning to the steamer that night, as we were leaving at 2 a. m. When we woke up next morning we found ourselves in the Inland sea, on our way to Nagasaki, I had heard so much of this sea that I'm afraid I was a little disappointed, though undoubtedly it comes next to the Rockies in grandeur. One travels through hundreds of small islands

and rocks covered with moss; at times you almost hold your breath, the steamer seems so close to some of them, and then by the wonderfully clever navigation of the Pilot, you seem to glide past them. One place is so very dangerous and we were going through it at night that all the forward lights had to be extinguished so no false shadow could mislead the navigator. We reached Nagasaki at about 9 a. m. on a glorious moonlight night. Luckily for us there was some grand church festival going on and all the temples which are built very high upon the hills were beautifully illuminated by Japanese lanterns, so the place presented a gala appearance, and in my idea is the prettiest place in Japan, the harbor is almost enclosed by lovely Islands and moss covered rocks. We landed early next morning and spent our day in Rickshaws sight seeing, after a long visit to the bazaar where we bought no end of curios at a very small price. We invested in a lot of Japanese sweets here too, they are mostly fruits and candies. Then we went to the "Bronze House Temple," one has to ascend about 200 stone steps to get to it, but you feel quite repaid on arriving there by the lovely view which greets you on all sides, the whole temple is surrounded by large camilla trees, but unfortunately we arrived just as they had finished blooming. The temple was interesting, and it seems so odd to look into a sort of enormous cage to see the gold and painted idol which they worship: this figure is almost covered with tiny balls of paper, on which are prayers; these are rolled up and wet and thrown in and nearly always cling to the figure, presenting a very funny picture on it. Before our return to the steamer we visited the best curio shop I saw in Japan, here they had some lovely taxuma and the old lacca, which has become so rare. We steamed out of Nagasaki harbor about 10 p. m., and proceeded to Shanghai which place we reached in two days, the Empress is too large to go up the Yaugt-si Kiang river, so she anchored at Woosung just at its mouth and the tender came and took us up. We had a very pleasant day as this is a very lively place, with any amount of Europeans and good buildings; we drove about to see the sights, invested largely in some exquisite brocades which are sold at an absurdly low price

McILWRAITH & TREGENZA ARE NOTED FOR STYLISH DRESS GOODS.

here, and listen to the band which is not at all a bad one, and then returned to the steamer, as we were to sail for Hong Kong at 8 p. m., and once more we steamed off and after 3 more pleasant days reached Hong Kong where I was met by a friend, said au revoir to the many new friends I had made and whom I hoped to see again, as we'd all probably meet at the Hong Kong Hotel, a very good one, quite close to the Wharf. Now dear girls, as I have reached so far on my journey, I think I'll stop for to-day, as writing so much at one time in this climate tires one. Good-bye, please do not judge too harshly if my letters are not as interesting as they ought to be. I shall write again next week, with love to you all.

Your very sincere friend,

LENORA.

Autumn Reverie.

I stood in the woods one morning,
And gazed at the gorgeous trees,
Singed with the bright nuts of autumn,
And swayed to and fro in the breeze.

The sun, in her zenith of glory,
Streamed down with her rays of light,
The birds were all singing so gayly,
Inspired by the halo bright.

I picked up the leaf of a maple,
All shining, and sparkling, with dew,
Every shade from a golden yellow,
To a rich deep crimson hue.

The emblem of our fair Canada,
That fair, and princely dower,
That shines a gem in Britain's crown,
That grand old crown of power.

My heart was filled with noblest pride,
As I gazed on this woodland stage,
Could any grander scene be found
In any time or age.

* * * *

Two week have gone—in that same spot.
My feet again have strayed,
And now the trees are stripped and bare,
This change the frost has made.

But is there not a lingering charm,
To the lover of nature still,
In the trees, with their charming rusticism
On mountain, plain and hill.

And the lesson we learn, what is it?
Our lives are blooming now,
But a few short years, nay even days,
And to death's stern call, we'll bow.

Oh! ought we not to live then,
With ever this aim in view,
To serve our God, with loving zeal
In all we say and do.

ADELE.

Farewell address of a Senior

How apt we are when our Junior examinations are over, to consider all knowledge worth knowing in our possession. What are we to do? The lower branches of education are things of the past. Science to us, is no longer a stranger, while Shakespeare and Milton, Goldsmith and Byron, are old friends. We stand on this seemingly high pinnacle viewing the closing year, as the time in which to add the few rungs to the ladder upon which we are destined to mount to fame.

But how great our dismay, when in the first few weeks of our Senior career we realize what is yet to be learned in Metaphysics and Science, Language and Literature, and we awake to our ignorance.

We now stand humbly in awe of our instructors, and, as they introduce to us the abc's of life, we feel our illiteracy and the amount of application which is necessary to make us worthy of even the name of students.

We are now in an appropriate frame of mind for the study of the inmost workings of that most mysterious of all nature's productions, the human soul.

In our Study of Philosophy our trouble begins with "Mind and Matter," but all materialistic misgivings are forever laid at rest by unanswerable objections to any theory tending to resolve man's higher nature into mere matter. Being conscious of the possession of memory and knowing that each part of the body undergoes a complete change every seven years, we could not make the mind a part of the body which

passes away. The man of seven years ago has ceased to exist so far as his physical nature is concerned. The physical man of to-day was not seven years ago. How then can he remember that which happened before he began to be? There must be something in him which exists without change, the mind, the soul, his very self.

If man be denied a higher organism he is robbed of liberty—the greatest blessing of mankind—he cannot control his bodily actions and the brain is in all cases governed by the laws which govern the body. Freedom of choice, all law and government are at an end. The question arises—could one be punished when he had no alternative but to follow the course he did? Will any man admit that he has not the power to act as he wills? The soul's own consciousness assures it of this power and of its own identity.

This subject settled to our satisfaction, we are involved in a still more profound mystery. If the soul be immaterial how does it communicate with the material? Various impossible theories are proposed—one of a plastic medium, another a German theory, by which it was supposed that for every spirit, a corresponding body was created, which would act in all its movements in perfect harmony with the spirit within, though each were equally acquainted with the actions of the other. We come to the celebrated controversy between the Idealists and the Realists. Locke declares that the Ego has no direct knowledge of anything exterior to itself, that it obtains its knowledge of the outer world from the impression of sense. How these impressions are communicated to the soul he does not explain, neither does he interpret how the soul knows the representation to be true, beside it is contradictory to that instinctive knowledge we have of direct communication with the outer world. In the consciousness we have of our own existence we know also the world in which we exist, or rather, in knowing that we ourselves, the world, and God the Creator exist, if our consciousness be not a lie, we know this existence to be real and true—we may not know how it is, but that it is, we know.

Our weary minds find rest from these perplexing problems in the lighter, though by no means less important questions of Political Economy. Some of you may dispute the right of woman to investigate in the political world—we will not discuss this here, for in a day when the Universities of the world are being opened to our sex, and societies for the discussion of political questions are organized for women, what reason can there be for excluding us from any field of knowledge? In our serious moods we question the adaptability of the ideal question of Free Trade to the requirements of the men of the nineteenth century. Argument after argument we attempt in support of our position, only to be confronted by others equally convincing, and so discomfited and for the time being discouraged; we maintain an undecided neutrality.

With old and young, with learned and unlearned, topics which should be of general interest are the Bible and evidences of Christianity. The child upholds the teaching of its youth, until she is able to use her own mind. She finds arguments in support of her preconceived ideas, which are perhaps laughable, but even these feeble attempts aid her when she has the opportunity of really investigating the subject; such an opportunity is given the senior who under able leadership is much astonished to find the amount of history—and connected history, too—which can be found in the Bible, a book which we have previously considered an *olla podrida* of precepts and examples. A book for the spiritual guidance of mankind, rather than a chronological history of the Jewish race. Again, we need never more be at a loss to answer any arguments against the authority of Christianity. Once establish the supernatural character of religion and no one will doubt its divine origin. Mr. Paley has endeavored and we think successfully to prove the reality of miracles in connection with Christianity, by means of the historic argument. It seems to us his reasoning is incontrovertible, he brings forward fact after fact that cannot be gainsayed, and quotes from men who were even contemporaries of the first propagators of our religion.

Geology is of peculiar interest to us, be-

SILKS, SATINS and VELVETS, LARGEST STOCK—McILWRAITH & TREGENZA

cause it involves so much of that which we glean in our every days experience. Who could imagine that the little rain drops forms an enduring monument for ages, and that our footprints, ages hence, may be of inestimable value to Theologists, that the river and brooks which flow so lazily through hill and dale, through meadows and woods, are constantly acting their part in the wearing away of continents and in the building up of the sea. Old rocks which to the indifferent eyes seem but the commonest and most uninteresting of stones, receives now a new attention and a living interest.

Our study of the languages has taught us that England is not the only country which possesses a literature. A careful reading of Schiller has revealed to us the beauties of German poetry. In the political comedy of Scribe's "Bertrand et Raton," we get an idea of the French drama in the original and from the "Odes of Horace" we form some conception of the noble tongue of Cicero and the Cæsars. But even though we would award all due honor to foreign we cannot but recognize the wonderful charm of England's genus.

In the junior year special attention is directed to the authors, rather than to their productions. Their lives and the influences which surrounded them and moulded their characters interests us more than ever in the works they created, but in the senior year we devote our attention particularly to the works themselves. No longer do we depend on the criticisms of others, but form our own opinions of the merits and demerits of the gems of English Literature. We begin with Chaucer and his inimitable "Canterbury Tales," what an interest we take in the beautiful story of "Palamon and Arcite," from the first our sympathies are enlisted for the two prisoners and their love, the charming Emilie.

In the "Fairie Queen" we find the flow of words more smooth and rythmical, but the interest is scarcely as well maintained, one tires of the continuous struggles of the "Red Cross Knight" and longs to have virtue rewarded. Some say that Chaucer and Spenser should not be read, and it is true

that many passages would be better did they not exist, but should we permit the grossness of the age to detract from the real beauties of the poem?

Shakespeare comes a few years later Spenser, but in the few years the language had undergone a considerable change and had become the language of our English Bible. The drama in which we were most particularly interested was "Hamlet," generally considered his masterpiece. As we read how can we help feeling—yes knowing—that the author must have been a man of gigantic intellect and wonderful learning, even though all traditions are to the contrary. What wisdom we find, great philosophical truths coming from the hero, could one who was not an earnest thinker utter such? With what life has England's idol portrayed the different character! It seems to us that the King is the embodiment of all that is dastardly and wicked, true to nature, yet with what force is the noble character of Hamlet brought out in comparison. Shakespeare is claimed as a poet of the world, and rightly, inasmuch as he has written for all climes and ages. But is he not as truly an English poet as Goethe is a German, or Dante an Italian, and what German would consent to be robbed of the credit of such a genius?

As a specimen of prose literature we read from the versatile Macaulay, the pride of the English nation—the boast of the nineteenth century—a man who was perhaps in his different style as great as Shakespeare. For how greatly had the tastes of the people altered! In the time of Queen Bess, the drama was in the height of its glory. Its splendor, however, died away almost as rapidly as it rose. With Shakespeare the drama attained its greatest success upon his death, the decline was rapid.

The present century has developed a taste for periodicals and reviews. The age is too matter of fact to produce such a work as Paradise lost. Yet poetry has not been entirely neglected; our own Poet Laureate, Lord Tennyson, has won immortal fame; his "Idylls" are unrivalled, while "In Memoriam" is dear to every heart. America determined to be outstripped by no other

nation, has also aided in the production of the nineteenth century literature. Long-fellow is as well-known and as dearly beloved as Tennyson. The works of Washington Irving, the glory of the American nation are adored by his countrymen, and are much honored and admired by foreign countries, their fame having spread even to foreign languages. James Whitcombe Riley, the sweet Indiana lyricist is just entering upon his fame, but the future has great things in store for him. Yet after all what can we know of literature or indeed of any field of study? Contrary to the feeling we entertained upon entering the year's work, we cannot but realize that although we may be said to have graduated, it is graduation from the kindergarten of life, may we in all things remember the advice and teachings of our worthy preceptor. Our message to all is contained in the words, thanks and good-bye. The best wish we can leave behind for you who follow in our footsteps is that you may take the same pleasure and enjoyment from your senior classes as has been the experience of class ninety-one.

E. M. K

College Gullings.

Ye—aw—pa—yaws!!

Nothing happens here.

"Hands down, young ladies."

Who is "It." (?) The new dog.

Who painted this? oh, Mary, its a chromo

"A girls memory is generally no longer than her nose"!!

Who is in love with the "Musical Bachelor?" A man.

We hope that one of our young ladies will be more careful about making her exit in the future.

IN THE RAVINE.

What was it that screamed for assistance?

Who was it ran to her aid?

Who thought she had lost her existence!

Who ne'er for his trouble was paid?

What attraction is there in the music room, that the girls are always grouped around the keyhole?

We are greatly pleased to see that our Literary Society have started out with such good intentions, and we feel confident that with the combined efforts of all and under the government of our worthy President, great progress will be made.

The seniors are looking forward with high anticipations to the enjoyment of two blissful hours in the study of stones, rocks and gravel, with Professor Arthur.

There are more students names registered on this years College Roll Book, than ever before.

We hope that "le jeune homme", who so faithfully practices "Delsarte" within the privacy of his own appartement, and who has taken his training into his own hands, will make great progress. We trust that he may not despair, but plod steadfastly on in his weary toil, and take consolation from the old proverb, "Rome was not built in a day."

Fossils.

Some splendid specimens have been added to the collection in our museum, through the kindness of Colonel Grant, illustrative of that branch of Geology called Palaeanthology.

We extend a hearty welcome to Miss Grant who has returned to continue her Senior year with us. Since leaving the college she has made an extended tour on the continent, spending some twelve months in Paris, where she continued her study of French.

We regret that Miss Bowes, who was one of our number last year, is unable to continue her work with us. Before leaving she successfully completed her Junior year as well as keeping up the work for a Second Class Certificate. At present she is attending a training institute, in preparation for teaching after Christmas. We, especially

the Senior Class miss you, but feel assured you will have success in your new field of labor.

As we seniors sit in our class room every morning drinking in from the depths of our principal's prolific mind, the knowledge gleaned from a varied and extensive study of almost every subject and held there by a marvellous retentive faculty, I ask each day that my soul may be made grand enough to assimilate even some of his wonderful thoughts, and wise enough to appreciate in its fullest sense the peculiar advantages of such close intercourse with so great a mind.

"There yet be souls that tower
As landmarks to mankind."

A SENIOR.

We were reading the other day,

"Ah me, the women free from faults
Have beds beneath the willow."

This is hard. If the author of it were a lover, who in an agony of despair, while stooping over the grave of his loved one, had thus exclaimed, we could understand and perhaps forgive him; but if not, we can only accept his statement on the authority of those fond and interesting aunts and cousins, who come to spend the winter with us, and who amuse us every day with a detailed account of our latest imperfections.

Tennyson has the same idea beautifully expressed in two different ways:—

"The sorrows crown of sorrow is remembering
happier things."

"Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Rise to the heart and gather to the eyes,
In thinking of the days that are no more."

We ascribe the late appearance of this the first issue of our paper to the confusion inevitably attendant on the first few weeks of a new term. School work has long ago settled into its accustomed regularity, and we are pleased to mark an increased earnestness on the part of most of our students which in great part we would ascribe to the faculty who are worthy of the highest commendation.

McILWRAITH & TREGENZA, FOR DRESS AND MANTLE MAKING.

Some of our young ladies were present at a concert given by the Symphony Club in our city, recently. The privilege of enjoying anything that will elevate the ideal in our natures, is always encouraged here.

Exchanges.

Taken direct from news from Queen's College, Kingston. "We will exchange *gladly* with the Portfolio. Will send back numbers. Love to all the girls."

* *

We are glad to meet again within the precincts of our reading room a great number of our former acquaintances, many of which deserve special notice. One of these is the "Earlamite," a neat and compact little journal, which contains several interesting articles.

* *

The "English Universities" in its last issue affords instruction and pleasure to the reader.

* *

We are sorry to learn that the exchange editor of the Marietta College, Ohio, has become "Tired! Tired!! Tired!!!" when vacation has ended so recently.

* *

We disapprove of the amount of space in many of our journals, allotted to local matters, which prove interesting but to few.

Probably this is owing to the reluctance of the students to contribute to the first issues. But it is quite natural. We from experience know how difficult it is to apply our minds to anything deep, such as essay writing, &c., after spending two or three months of blissful freedom.

* *

We fear the Exchange editor in this periodical possesses a wrong conception of the duties governing one in his position. His idea seems to be that only the weaker points should be noted, while not an encouraging word is spoken. We think that a just and reasonable criticism should be given, one containing commendation as well as censure.

JOHN F. SHEA,

OF THE AMERICAN

Boot & Shoe House,

47 KING ST. EAST,

Respectfully announces to the readers of the Portfolio, that his stock of American Boots and Shoes, Slippers and Rubbers is now complete, while carrying a full line of Canadian Goods, we make a specialty of American Fine and Medium Class Goods, and undoubtedly carry the largest and most complete stock of American Boots, Slippers and Rubbers in Hamilton. A full line of the Goodyear Glove Rubbers always on hand. Go to headquarters always for American Goods.

JOHN F. SHEA,

American Boot & Shoe House

≡FANCY WORK≡

All kinds of materials for Ladie's Fancy Work Latest Designs and made up at reasonable prices.

A large assortment of Silverware for Wedding Presents, Etc., at

John Moodie & Sons,
16 KING STREET WEST.

F. CLARINGBOWL, JEWELLER.

197 King Street East.

Watch & Jewellery Repairing

Receives Special Attention.

A. MURRAY & CO.

DIRECT IMPORTERS OF

Silks, Dress Goods,

MANTLES, MILLINERY

AND

General Dry Goods.

*ALL GOODS FIRST-CLASS AND ALL
AT THE LOWEST CASH PRICES.*

BONNETS, HATS, MANTLES AND DRESSES,
Made to Order in the Best of Style.

KING ST. EAST, HAMILTON.

A Panic IN THE Book Trade

We are now offering all kinds of School Books at 20 per cent. from list price.

Full line of Stationery always on hand.

Best Cream Envelopes 5c. per package.

24 sheets Cream or White Note Paper 5c.

All our New Books are now in, 20 cases in all. The Pansy, Elsie, Mildred and Bessie series, we have every book, comprising all the new ones, our price 20c. each. Come and look through them.

Bibles and Prayer Books, you will find one of the finest assortments in the city, and at such prices you will be astonished. No one should be without one when you can buy them so cheap at

WOOD'S FAIR,

66 & 68 King St. West, Hamilton, Ont.

HIGH CLASS PHOTOGRAPHY.

COCHRAN,

Cor. King and Mary Streets, Hamilton, Ont.,

HAS RECEIVED THE FOLLOWING HIGH AWARDS:

\$50.00 the highest prize for best work at the Photographic Convention of Canada, held at Toronto, 1890.

Diploma of Honor & Gold Medal at Jamaica Exposition 1891

Gold Medal at the Photographic Convention of Canada, 1891

YOU ARE INVITED TO CALL. SPECIAL RATES TO STUDENTS.

G. S. COCHRAN, Photographer.

McKAY BROTHERS

LEADING HOUSE FOR

Millinery, ✦ Mantles,

DRESS GOODS, HOSIERY GLOVES, ETC.

Special Attention Given to our

CARPET - DEPARTMENT

*which contains all the Latest Novelties
in Brussels, Wilton, Tapestry
and Ingrain Carpets.*

CURTAINS IN ALL THE NEWEST STYLES.

McKAY BROTHERS,

55 & 57 King St. East, Hamilton, Ont.

DR. SINCLAIR,
DENTIST.

25 KING ST. EAST, HAMILTON,

Opposite the Fountain.

LAZIER & MONCK,

Barristers, Attorneys, Solicitors, &c

42 JAMES STREET NORTH,

S. F. LAZIER, Q. C. - HAMILTON, ONT.
J. F. MONCK,

WILLIAM STEWART

- - Architect, - -

Heating and Ventilating Engineer and Prac-
tical Superintendent.

Provident & Loan Building, King & Hughson Sts

FINE CONFECTIONERY



AND LUNCH ROOMS.

P. GROSSMAN'S SONS

DEALERS IN

SHEET - MUSIC,

Music Books and Music Instruments.

65 James Street North, Hamilton, Ont.

Novellos', Ditson's and Boosey's Editions of Octavo Secular and Sacred Music.

Sole Agent for the Celebrated "Besson's Prototype" Band Instruments.

A. R. Kerr & Co.

THE LEADING

**MILLINERS, MANTLES
AND DRESSMAKERS OF THE CITY.**

One trial sufficient to secure your trade.

31 & 33 King St. East, Hamilton.

J. D. CLIMIE

30 & 32 King Street West,

*Is the only dealer in the City who keeps a full
assortment of American Goods in*

**Boots, Slippers
and Rubbers.**

*Sole Agent in the City for the Celebrated
Goodyear Glove Rubbers. These are the
best Rubbers manufactured in the United States*

J. D. CLIMIE,

30 & 32 King St. West, Hamilton.

PRATT & WATKINS,

IMPORTERS

Dry Goods, Millinery, Silks, Gloves,

HOSIERY, ETC.

16 & 18 JAMES ST. NORTH, HAMILTON.

A. Hamilton & Co., WHOLESALE
& RETAIL **Druggists**

DEALERS IN

Artists' Materials, Paints & Oils, Perfumery, Toilet Articles, & a large assortment of **Druggists
Sundries.**

CORNER KING AND JAMES STREETS, HAMILTON.

PORTFOLIO ADVERTISEMENTS.

IF YOU REQUIRE
++ CHEAP ++ GOODS ++
GO TO THE
RIGHT HOUSE
Cor. King & Hughson Sts., Hamilton.

ESTABLISHED 1861.

THOMAS LEES
WATCHMAKER,
Jeweller and Optician

IMPORTER OF
Watches, Diamonds, Clocks, Silverware
JEWELRY, SPECTACLES, ETC.

Repairing and Engraving Promptly Attended to
5 JAMES ST. NORTH, HAMILTON.

CHARLES ST. CONSERVATORIES
And 48 King Street West, Hamilton, Ontario.

F. G. FOSTER,
FLORIST, ETC.

Fine Decorative Plants and Cut Roses our Specialty.
TELEPHONE 625.

ESTABLISHED 1857.
E. W. BATEMAN,
Baker - and - Confectioner.
Pastry and Cakes of every description . . .
PATENT SANDWICH BREAD. . . . Made to Order.
305 King St. East, Hamilton.
TELEPHONE 969.

The E. & C. GURNEY Co., Ltd.
MANUFACTURERS OF
STOVES, RANGES, HOLLOW-WARE
*Hot-Air Furnaces, Registers Hot Water Boilers,
Hot Water and Steam Radiators.*

HAMILTON TORONTO MONTREAL WINNIPEG

JOHN A. CLARK,
Chemist and Druggist.

71 KING STREET EAST,
(OPPOSITE THE POST OFFICE.)