

$x^2 - a^2 + 2abx + b^2x^2$
 $c^2 + 2ab + b^2$
 $a^2x - a^4 + 2a^3bx + a^2b^2x^2 + 2ab^3x - a^3b^2 + 4a^2b^2 + 2ab^3x^2$
 10-3



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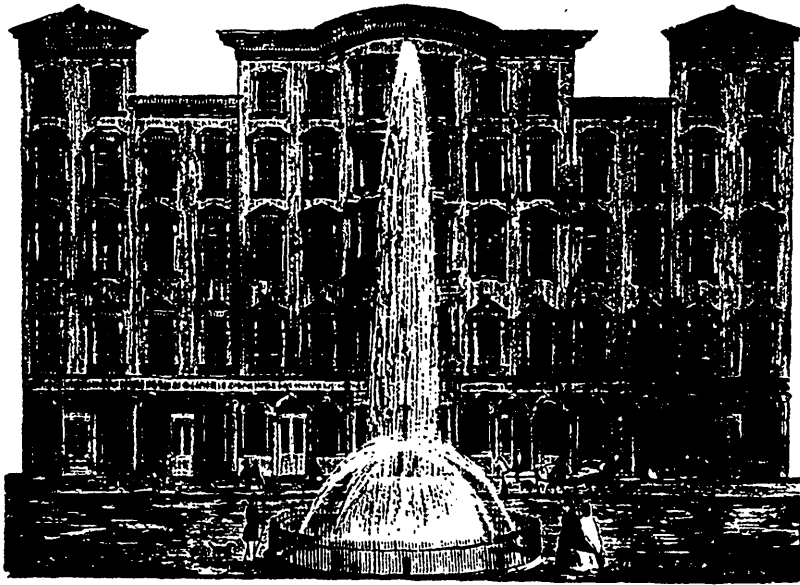
THE PORTFOLIO.

"VITA SINE LITERIS MORS EST."

VOL. X.

HAMILTON, ONTARIO.

No.



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THE PORTFOLIO.

"VITA SINE LITERIS MORS EST."

VOL. X.

HAMILTON, ONTARIO. NOVEMBER, 1889.

No. 3

+ A Life Lesson. +

HERE! little girl; don't cry!
They have broken your doll, I know;
And your tea-set blue,
And your play-house, too,
Are things of the long ago;
But childish troubles will soon pass by.
There! little girl; don't cry!

There! little girl; don't cry!
They have broken your slate, I know;
And the glad, wild ways
Of your school girl days
Are things of the long ago;
But life and love will soon come by.

There! little girl; don't cry!
They have broken your heart, I know,
And the rainbow gleams
Of your youthful dreams
Are things of the long ago;
But heaven holds all for which you sigh.
There! little girl; don't cry!

James Whitcomb Riley.

The Influence of Shakespeare UPON ENGLISH LITERATURE.

(Prize Essay.)

DO not justly estimate Shakespeare's influence upon English literature is like estimating the influence which a spring shower exerts upon the thirsty fields. The rain gives to the slowly growing verdure a strength, a richness of tone and a development it never possessed before, but unless we can understand the wonderful processes taking place in stem, leaf and bud, we can never know all the magic which the rain is working. So it is with Shakespeare's influence. He regenerated English literature and made it what it never was before, but the full effect of his work can neither

be measured nor appreciated, for our human eyes cannot see the strange and beautiful process by which the product of one man's mind may travel down the ages, multiplying itself a thousand fold, lodging in many hearts and influencing many lives. The genius and power of his mind have gone out to other minds and his thoughts have become theirs.

Shakespeare's widest influence upon literature is that which he exerts indirectly by influencing the language, thought and morals of the world in general. Books do not spring up spontaneously. If the impress of Shakespeare's genius is upon them, it was put there by impressing the mind of the writer. All scholars of modern times have studied Shakespeare; words and expressions originated by him have become current throughout English speaking nations; and our writers coming from the ranks of both the scholarly and the ignorant, transfer to their books that which they have gained from the Prince of Poets. So it necessarily follows that the influence which he has exerted upon society, he has exerted upon literature. His ideas on social, moral and intellectual subjects, and his modes of expressing them are instilled into all modern literature until there has scarcely been a volume given to the world since his time that does not in some degree bear the impress of his thought.

Perhaps that department he most directly influenced, is the English drama. He wholly transformed it. While his plays are still taken as models of strong, graceful English, wit, pathos and dramatic power, all other dramas of his time and prior to it are no longer of any interest except to the antiquary. What is conceded to have been the first drama of any permanent merit, was written after the best of Shakespeare's plays were

published. Inspiring the formality and narrow limits which imitators of classic drama had laid down, he raised a new standard. He disregarded all rules and trusting to his genius and the judgment which a passionate love of the work, gave him, succeeded in bringing the romantic drama to a perfection it is not likely to surpass.

Another direction in which his influence is just as strongly, although not as directly felt, is the novel. There is no department of modern literature that has had more positive influence in moral and social questions. A skillfully written novel is a power for good or evil, and English novelists owe their first and best lessons in the truthful and dramatic portrayal of human experience, to Shakespeare. He was the first to show the romance which exists in every life, both high and low. It is not impossible that much of the dramatic power and portrayal of human nature which through every page of Adam Bede or David Copperfield could be traced back to Shakespeare. Thought travels from age to age. It is the story of the arrow and the oak.

Philosophers find in Shakespeare's works a rich storehouse which has never yet been exhausted. He was so far beyond his time that theories advanced by him and ignored by his own generation, have been studied by modern writers who deemed the task worthy of their best thought. His skill in reading character and in divining the motives of men's actions, has been of inestimable value in the researches of modern times.

Shakespeare's influence has been like the ripples, which, starting from one point, gradually widen until they wash a hundred shores. It is felt in every department of literature.

Since Shakespeare's true position has been recognized by his countrymen, the writings devoted to criticism and analysis of his various works form, in themselves, an extensive part of English literature. If the poet and his plays had never existed what a large and valuable literary

collection we should have missed! How many critical essays and works of different kinds have been devoted to Hamlet, alone! Pope, Theobald, Sir Thomas Hanmer, Warburton, Capell, Stevens, Malone and Dr. Johnson, with many others of recent times, have written upon Shakespeare, his character, style and works.

But Shakespeare's greatest influence is in the addition made to English literature by the works themselves. They stand in pure, strong, simple English, in depth of thought, sweetness of expression only second to the Bible. They are textbooks from which humanity may learn. Where else do we find the love of nature and of man so shown? He speaks of the flowers as if he loved them; his ear was alike tuned to hear the sounds of nature and the laugh or sob of his fellow-man and finally permeating the whole is a reverence for nature's God and the Creator of man. There is a divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them as we will.

Although Shakespeare has faults as a writer and we know so little of him as a man that we dare not exalt him as such, we can still think of him with love and thankfulness for the wonderful legacy he has left us. In his works we see reflected all the different phases of human nature and his characters are the traits of humanity personified. Hamlet with his melancholy philosophy, Portia with her wit and wisdom, noble, true-hearted Brutus, are all characters to be studied and which cannot fail to have an effect upon the mind and life of the reader.

Finally, Shakespeare gave to English literature a standard. Excellence is always comparative. Men measure their achievements by some model, either real or ideal. One man succeeds in climbing high above his fellows, another strives to equal or excel him, others emulate his example and soar on, thus is the level of the whole raised. This is progress and its first element is a high standard, which was Shakespeare's gift to English literature.

It is impossible for us to understand how one mind could have accomplished so much especially if the man was what history seems to show, but, whether rough working man or polished courtier, he succeeded in reaching heights no other has yet attained. Standing far above and beyond all others, he has drawn literature toward his sublime height.

"NEVA."

+ Sayings of George Eliot. +

"Iteration, like fiction, is likely to generate heat instead of progress."

"Animals are such agreeable friends—they ask no questions, they pass no criticism."

"I'm not 'denyin' that women are foolish: God Almighty made 'em to match the men."

"When people's feelings have got a deadly wound, they can't be cured with favors."

"Men might well seek for purifying rites; even pious deeds need washing."

"It is curious what patches of hardness and tenderness lie side by side in men's dispositions."

"If you trust a man, let him be a bachelor—let him be a bachelor."

"A feeling of revenge is not worth much that you should care to keep it."

"It is generally a feminine eye that first detects the moral deficiencies hidden under the dear deceit of beauty."

"A man's mind—what there is of it—has always the advantage of being masculine,—as the smallest birch-tree is of a higher kind than the most soaring palm,—and even his ignorance is of a sounder quality."

+ Anglo Saxon Literature. +

THE literature of a country bears a great resemblance to its history, and the most successful period of government is generally most prolific in great writers. This is applicable to England, for if we compare her earliest days with the present time, we shall soon see the difference in literature as well as in manners and customs.

The Anglo-Saxon literature comprises two distinct classes of writers—those who wrote in Anglo-Saxon and those who wrote in Latin—In the former class King Alfred was the most eminent, although most of his works (of which the principal were "Rede's History of the Anglo-Saxon Church" and "Boethius on the Consolation of Philosophy,") were either altogether or in part translations from Latin. In translating them he was obliged to omit all niceties of style and classical allusions, for he had to suit them to the people for whom he was writing.

The source whence we draw most of what we know of Anglo-Saxon literature was the "Saxon Chronicle," which was compiled in the Monasteries. It is valuable, first as a history and second for having been written by men who lived among the scenes they described. The peculiar features of this period are the alliteration and want of rhyme, and also that the only attempt at metre is that two risings and fallings of the voice are necessary for each perfect line. In the old manuscripts the lines are written continuously, being only separated by a point. Very few of the authors are known, for the literature was spread by the minstrels who went from house to house singing the praises of dead heroes to their living descendants.

Two long poems, "Caldmon's Paraphrase" and the "Romance of Beowulf," are the principal ones which have been handed down to us. Caldman, who died the end of the seventh century, was a cow-herder of Whitby, but supposing he had been inspired by Heaven he became a monk and devoted his life to the composition of religious poetry. The "Paraphrase" contains, besides many other subjects, an account of the Creation and Fall, and it is from this similarity of subject that Milton has been accused of plagiarism. Beowulf is an anonymous story in verse of six thousand lines. It contains the adventures of a great hero who overcomes many dangers but is slain while attacking the monster, Grendel.

One of the few authors who handed down his name with his works is Alfric,

commonly called "The Grammarian." He wrote a Latin Glossary and book of conversation, but his "Eighty Homilies" is his greatest work.

The other Anglo-Saxon works still extant are "The Battle of Finsborough," "Traveller's Song," "Judith" and "Athelstane's Song of Victory."

Most of the Anglo-Saxons wrote in Latin, for as the Romans had conquered England Latin became the language of the higher classes. Monks were the chief writers, so of course the writings were on theology. Bede is best known to us. He lived in the Monastery of Wearmouth and wrote thirty-nine works chiefly theological, including his "History of the Anglo-Saxon Church," from which we learn all we know of this people and their Church.

Finally we come to Dunstan, who was more celebrated for his learning than his writings, which are theological. He was a favorite at Court and was made Archbishop of Canterbury. From this time till his death, the year 844, he was in reality the ruler of England. After he died the Anglo-Saxon literature sank in the darkness of the middle ages.

+Men to the front.+

† BEG to be allowed to make, through the columns of your paper, an appeal. I appeal to the invisible host of mighty dead who spent their lives in quest of truth and in defence of right. I appeal to my fellow-men and boys no matter in what clime they dwell or by what faith they worship. I appeal to the male-child yet unborn. I appeal to you one and all to rise and stand in the defence of sacred rights. I ask you not to strive to regain what you have lost, nor to demand and exact what injustice basely kept from you, but to protect what is still left to lose, to allow no longer an encroachment on these rights, more insidious, more steady and more sure than

the Jesuit aggression. "Do not be guilty of judging the world by your own individual standard and thus saying "I have all the rights I want," but be content to give to those in want *their* rights by grandly using yours" What is this encroachment? It is the encroachment of woman. You may not see the danger, but I do, and one or two more do. You must think as we do, you must fight. "Yours not to question why; yours but to do and die." Alas! that they should want their rights. Can nothing short of all things satisfy their cupidity? Where is their boasted pity that they should take from us slaves the last appearance of freedom? Had they not from the beginning the sole sway in the centre of influence—the home? Did they not there mould us to what shape they would? Have we not and will we not always endure any hardship, or undertake any work for their approval? So bound are we, that our noble Anthony's will at any time sacrifice their dominions, ambitions and life for the smile of a wanton Cleopatra. Our desire is to support them and to surround them with luxury. For them we have contended with the hostile outside world, our hands soiled and our brains weary. Their sceptre has ever been supreme in the realm of elegance, beauty and harmony, and it is only by associating with them in this capacity that we men are aught but boorish. The treasury is theirs; we are the pensioners. Woman is the centre round which swings things terrestrial, her dominion is the world and her sway well-nigh absolute. Yet is she content. When directly or indirectly she has all things, she would yet thrust out us from what little we seem to have. She would be man and woman too. And, most incomprehensible of all, she does it under the cry of "Woman's Rights." Let us not be deceived, let us, seeing the plot in all its ghastly proportions vow on the altar of eternal equity to frustrate it and be avenged. "Arise, ye Goths, and glut your ire." You ask why this outburst of strong feeling? It is the long-pent up rivers of fear and righteous

indignation bursting all barriers. Its occasion was an essay in your last issue on "Women to the Front." When we saw the evidences of the same spirit, when we heard the same hypocritical cry of "Womens' Rights," our blood boiled, and rushing on we tore the occasion limb from limb. We present to you a few of the lifeless fragments:

"Yet still we hear the question, 'But why should the daughters prophesy?'" A conclusive answer to this has been given by Mr. J. F. Willing:

"It is said that women are too weak. Weak in what? In physical endurance? Every woman who stands at the head of a family has endured enough to kill a half-dozen men." We might answer this by saying that every man who stands at the head of a hundred-acre farm, every Darwin, every Kant has endured enough to kill a half-dozen women. What does this convince us of? Why that it is the natural order for a woman to stand at the head of a family and a man at the head of the other departments. It would also be great economy in labor to have one woman and one man doing what six men and six women would have to do in a reversed order of things.

"In voice? You can hear the soprano as far again as the bass." This is apt, and proves conclusively that woman is fitted to take and should take all the leading parts—in a quartette. We do not, however, see why the writer should lay stress on this for we men have never denied it, or attempted to deprive woman of the place. We are all homage when a woman sings, when, as a lady poet expresses it, divine harmony drops forth "like linked pearls of sweetness from her palpitating throat."

"In will? It has passed into a proverb, "When a woman wills she will and you may depend on it?" Let us finish the proverb, "and when she wont she wont and there's an end on it." Is this creature, whom an ungarbled quotation represents as so unconsciousable, fitted to take the reins of power and avoiding the false drive on to the goal of the true?

"In reason? Any candid man will tell you that when he has toiled up the stairs of his argument he finds a woman at the top. * * * * Her rapid reasoning has watched the conclusion far ahead of him with his more clumsy methods." Not to belie the high opinion expressed of us in the word "candid" we feel bound to say that we have not yet climbed sufficiently high on this particular set of stairs to know whether her statement would or would not be our conclusion. Coming down to a point of expression we would suggest that the meaning would be more clear if the words "more clumsy" were left out, the last then reading "with his methods"

"Weak in scholarship? How does it happen that the women bear off so many of the prizes of our colleges and universities?" A faculty for making 75 per cent. on examinations is not executive ability nor originating and constructive power—In like fragments lay the whole. We need present no more. But to show that we have not misrepresented the case nor woman's attitude toward man, we would like to make the following quotations: "Good men * * * * are trying to get us into the government that we may be tried by our *peers*." "But we must be up and doing if we expect the co-operation and fealty of men in politics," *i. e.*, women must do something more if they expect the men to lend them a hand in governing the nations and to be faithful to them.

"Then they have the best chance of success, for God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the mighty." Here at last, my down-trodden fellow-man, we may draw some comfort and encouragement. One woman is as strong as six men, therefore we men are weak, therefore we have the best chance of success. We suppose our author has added this last sentence to prevent absolute despair, but why she should wish to dispel the gloom which had settled around us by this assurance of success, we cannot see—another pair of stairs we have not climbed. Had the

word inconsistency not been prescribed under the new regime, we would say it was an example of charming feminine inconsistency.

The sight of our destruction has appeased us. Our momentary frenzy has passed, and we are ourselves again.

Womens' rights are whatever women are best fitted for. It is hard at times to tell what we are best fitted for, but by no means the least trustworthy method is to consult our ambitions and ideals. Tell me what a man's ambitions and ideals are and I will tell you what his capabilities are. If this be true, can we not find out what woman's true sphere is by finding out the ideals of true women. We will not attempt to settle the question, but would like each woman to settle her true sphere for herself. Is it not your ambition to be the wife of a true, strong man, and a devoted mother? As a wife, to feel that there is an equal dependent on you, that you are as much superior to him in some things as he is to you in others and that for full development you are both necessary to each other, that it is his to supply the material and yours to transform it into comfort or luxury. As a mother, to have characters to mould and lives to shape. As both, to see your influence circling out and onward. Yet not confined to your own home but helping and helped by others, to see other circles of influence starting toward infinity. Or is it your ideal to pore over legal terms in musty offices and to expound theology from lofty pulpits. Whatever may be your ideal strive toward it, for it is your true sphere. Accidents may happen in this iconoclastic world and you may have to earn your living, but strive on. Be true women, knowing that pure and exalted womanhood is as necessary to the world and as noble as the right solution of the more manly problems of statesmanship.

"The artist is he who strives to perfect his work,—the artizan strives to get through it."

"It is not what, but how we do that determines our character."

† Obituary. †

With feelings of the deepest sadness and regret we chronicle the death of Mrs. Evans, the mother of a member of our staff.

We realize that Hamilton has lost one of its most most devout Christians. A beautiful life has closed,—a life of unassuming self-denial for the sake of others,—a life whose influence cannot cease. The outgoings of her hopeful, sunny nature will be embalmed in many a soul and furnish its most precious memories.

"She rests from her labors and her works do follow her." Her last journey was a message of mercy. Caring for the orphaned with a tenderness known only to noble souls, she was struck down in the midst of her activity and bade cease from her labors.

In behalf of the college we extend to the sorrowing family our heartfelt sympathy.

At a meeting of Class '91 the following resolutions were adopted on the death of Mrs. S. J. Evans:—

Whereas, Our Heavenly Father has in his all wise providence taken from this life the mother of our friend and class-mate, Ch. Lute Evans, and

Whereas, we desire in some fitting way to express our fellow feeling for our class-mate in her bereavement, be it

Resolved, that we, the members of Class '91 of the Wesleyan Ladies' College, extend our sincere sympathy to our class-mate in this, her sad hour of bereavement.

SUSAN PATTERSON, '91,
NELLIE TAYLOR, '91,
ESTHER KEAGEY, '91.

+ The Portfolio. +

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

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+ Editorials. +

QUR Thanksgiving has just passed and our minds are called to its origin. It is in the heart of man to be thankful for the bounties of the Creator, and this has been shown in all ages.

The Feast of the Passover was instituted by Moses as far back as 1491, B. C. It commemorated the incidents in connection with the Exodus of the Israelites from Egypt. On this occasion their prayers and thanksgivings had reference to their delivery from bondage.

Since that time many nations have had a day set aside for praise and thanks. In our own day there is an inclination on the part of some to make it a feast day and they forget its true nature.

STRIKES among the laboring men have become of such common occurrence that we rarely read a paper that does not contain accounts of them, but we were greatly amused at finding an article headed, "School

Childrens' Strike," in a late English journal. The younger boarders were greatly excited over the "news" and we believe, if there was a larger number of them, they would follow the example of their cousins, though they cannot complain here of the use of the cane, a barbarous custom, which the civilization of the 19th century should long ago have banished from the public schools. The petition against parsing is new and seems to have been met with much sympathy. We confess our ignorance as to the usefulness of this *branch of learning* and would indeed be grateful if any one would kindly enlighten us. Some have said it is excellent as a mental discipline, but surely there are many substitutes that have also other recommendations. Of all studies none to our knowledge has less to be said in favor of it, trying as it does, the patience and temper of the young children and with no good results.

We are waiting with interest the outcome of this novel strike, and sincerely trust that good may come of it.

THE idea that girls go through college to pass the time and with no plans for the future is almost universal. Why do people so think? Are we responsible for that thought? Perhaps we, unlike the student of former years, have not made our plans for the future, but this is no reason why they should be of the impression that we do not work. Still they think it and we may admit that it is the case with some.

There is no room in this beautiful world of ours for anyone who is preparing to dream life away, and there is no reason for anyone spending an hour that is not in the end productive. 'Tis true we cannot work all the time, but if we "Work while we work" our play will but produce strength for future use. It was not intended that we should be barbarians all our days. We have everything around us to inspire us to make ourselves nobler and better and it is natural for women to keep to the top. God made all things round us in nature beautiful and why not carry out His design. The birds with their varied plumage, the trees with their

tints that no artist can paint, the canopy over our heads with its million candles—do not these inspire us to work on towards perfection. Some may say "It is not necessary for a *lady* to work." If so, there is no room for ladies in this life. It is not necessary for all to do manual labor. Some prefer to use the brain, but it takes both the toiler and the thinker to make a world. One plans and the other executes, so that each is dependent on the other. What could the superintendent of a railroad do were it not for the brakemen, the firemen and the engineers, and what could any of them do were it not for the capital and planning of their superintendents. No matter how humble may be our position in life there would be some work for us.

"We shape ourselves the joy or fear
Of which the coming life is made,
And fill our future's atmosphere
With sunshine or with shade."

+Senior Literary Society.+

HERE was an unusual undercurrent of excitement in our last Society owing to the fact that our first debate was to be given. The subject, "Resolved that a miser is of more benefit to his country than a spendthrift," was rather inappropriate for the first attempt, as it required so much thought concerning *points*, but the debaters are to be congratulated on their manner of dealing with the somewhat difficult subject.

Now that we have discovered this talent of our Society we expect to derive much pleasure from the debates, and hope they will often form a prominent feature of our programme.

We might express regret that we have not more elocutionists among our number. With but one notable exception, this most pleasing of accomplishments seems to be utterly disregarded by the students. When a college possesses such advantages for the perfection of this study as does

ours, it seems incredible that there are so few who avail themselves of the opportunity.

+Junior Literary Society.+

THE interest of the members in this Society is increasing and the work is progressing favorably. Last week the question box was the feature of the meeting. It was the centre of both information and amusement. We hope to see the box passed round again.

Readings and instrumental music are still foremost in the exercises.

We enjoy them, but would like to see a greater variety in the programme. We have heard the remark passed that this Society is this year in a more flourishing condition than ever before.

SEC'Y.

+Personals.+

Mrs. Sanford left for England last Monday.

Miss Marion Clark has returned to the college until after Christmas

Miss Minnie Van Zandt, '89, is continuing her study of French and German preparatory to going abroad.

Class '90 were sorry to lose Miss Violet Grant, '90, but hope she will have a pleasant time in Paris and not forget her friends in the W. L. C.

Miss Carrie Hillyard, an art graduate of '88, is pursuing the study for which she showed so much talent while here, under the direction of Prof. Martin, in Toronto.

Mrs. Roseborough entertained several of the college girls on Saturday evening last. It was an unexpected pleasure which they fully appreciated.

On our return from the holidays we learned that we had lost two of our teachers, Misses Bate and Serois. Since September we have become strongly attached to them, and we regret that they are not returning.

Miss Coulter, '89, and Miss Hobbs, were sent as delegates from our college to the convention of the Inter-Collegiate Missionary Alliance, held in Toronto. Miss Coulter read a paper entitled, "Gospel Temperance Missions in Large Cities." They returned with increased enthusiasm and a glowing account of the kind hospitality of Torontonians.

+Socials.+

"Sunshine."

"Sweet potatoes."

"I aint had any fruit cake!"

"Well girls! is the toboggan-slide in good repair.

What a most scrumptuous picture.

Freshman: in art—"How do you shade? Just put it on?"

"Weary, so weary of living," sighed a maiden of sixteen summers.

"Better light the lamp, Grace, before we go down to tea."

Girls! have you found out who your two first-class friends are?

Feathers float in vacuum, do whisks?

"No rest for the Wicked," murmured a gentle maiden as she violently hurled a mouse from off her bed at midnight's solemn hour.

The librarians elected by the S. L. S. deserve great praise for the systematic manner in which the library is kept this year.

The juniors have their gowns, it will not be long before the stiffness wears off and they will not look like walking broomsticks.

Senior (thoughtfully) looking at the hand of a friend—"Did you ever have your hand read by a phrenologist?"

Junior—"What does S. C. stand for?"

Senior—"Cæsar's Commentaries"

"Suppers" were in order for those who remained in the college during the Thanksgiving holidays.

The debate in the Senior Society proved very exciting, and was enjoyed by all.

"More debates!"

On entering the library one morning recently, we found a young lady with bowed head, apparently drinking from the fountains of philosophy, but on closer investigation we found this sentimental maiden devouring Moore's "First Kiss of Love."

During Prof. McLaughlin's summer vacation he collected many rare specimens, which he has added to his already large collection, to the delight of the geological students.

"Fresh fish for the juniors."

The juniors having fallen in love—with zoology, spent two hours in the laboratory last week.

Miss C.—"I will never be jealous of any one unless they are more beautiful than I, or take away any of my beaus."

Miss G.—"Well! you certainly will never be jealous of anyone then."

Seated in the Collegiate, one day "Not thousand years ago," a quartette sat meditating over the follies of youth, and contemplating the best method to abstain from their frivolities, they decided not to *chew gum*.

"Happy thought."

We suggest the re-organization of last year's Anti-door-slam Society. Its members might be few at first, but probably would increase.

In an argument the other day, between a junior and a specialist—the junior *declared* that Tennyson wrote, "Maude Muller." While the specialist *insisted* that Longfellow was its author. The climax was reached when a senior exclaimed, "I *know* Maude Muller wrote Whittier."

We especially request the readers of the PORTFOLIO to patronize our Advertisers and mention that their advertisements were seen in our "PORT."

A few copies each month will be left at John B. Gay's Bookstore, opposite the college.

+Exchanges.+

THE "*Elite Journal*" though a very fine paper might still "aim at improvement," especially in the column headed "Locals." Is it that the editor is not capable of distinguishing between locals and personals. We are very much impressed by the scarcity of literature as we devour its contents.

THE "*Owl*" in the first number this year has a column entitled, "As Others See Us." It is made up of extracts from many of the different exchanges, sounding its praise. Knowing this, we might announce that the title is very suggestive of the staff. With so many testimonials how could we help but class it with the unsurpassed.

ON behalf of the "*Portfolio*" staff, we the exchange editors, express our heartiest thanks for the "gallantry" of the "*Western Maryland College Monthly*." To think that we through so honorary a medium should be criticized so partially is a fact scarcely to be realized, but "rash youth desist ere 'tis too late," or we will not hold ourselves responsible for ensuing consequences. In your nature stands pre-eminent, sycophancy as one of your qualifications, and though this invincible trait may be expelled by the "hand of time," in the meantime we ask you as a favor to bestow your "gallantry" upon those more deserving of it. Through our sisterly request we hope you do not consider we merit the deprivation of your powerful influence, for in such a misfortune would our sorrow be unconsolable.

OH pretty little "*Sunbeam*" why smilest thou through thy veil of prosperity at our witnessing thy non-appearance? There is in our existence a yawning gulf which only thou canst fill, wilt thou refuse to appease our craving? If our lack of efficiency predominate we must then claim as our portion, "blighted

and blasted hopes." The happiness of our future lies with thee.

TO us the "*Notre Dame Scholastic*" still "plods its weary way." In glancing over its pages the reader would undoubtedly criticize most favorably the essay on Julius Cæsar. Though this exchange has not been mentioned by us before this year, it has not been through neglect on our part as might be supposed, but limited space in the exchange column.

IN the "*College Message*" we find a most interesting essay entitled, "Literature and its Scope." How strongly do we uphold its opinions in regard to the injurious effect produced by the novels of the present time, which are dignified by the term "literature." To think how the rising generation, for the sake of drinking in the empty pleasures of a still more empty novel, will forget anything and everything. Not that this is applicable to all who indulge in this pastime, for in this as in everything else, good taste may be displayed—what is the result of this indulgence? Let time answer so important a question.

+Complaint and Reproof.+

I.

How seldom, friend! a good great man inherits
Honor or wealth, with all his worth and pains!
It sounds like stories from the land of spirits,
If any man obtain that which he merits,
Or any merit that which he obtains.

II.

For shame, dear friend! renounce this canting
strain!
What wouldst thou have a good great man
obtain?
Place—titles—salary—a gilded chain—
Or throne of corses which his sword hath slain—
Greatness and goodness are not means but ends!
Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The good great man?—three treasures,—love,
and light,
And calm thoughts, regular as infant's breath;—
And three firm friends more sure than day and
night,—
Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death.

—Coleridge.

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