

# The Portfolio.

*Vita Sine Literis Mors Est.*

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## TRUST ON.

Tired? Yes, sometimes dearie,  
But not as I once would be,  
When my heart seemed always weary  
With its burden of care to bear.

My life, like a lengthened sorrow,  
Dragged slowly on each day,  
And bitterly asked I each morrow  
"Can'st *thou* not bring rest to me?"

E'en Hope, that once with her singing  
Made music all day long,  
And kept my heart walls ringing  
With the echoes of her song.—

Now sat her lone watch keeping;  
From lip flowed forth no lay,  
Her blue eyes dimmed with weeping,  
And the ceaseless waiting long.

But once in the dark of midnight  
I bent on my knees alone,  
And there came to me a whisper  
In a low, sweet, soothing tone.

Nearer it came, and nearer,  
Dying, then almost gone;  
Then in swelling voice, yet clearer,  
Said, "Loving heart, trust on."

Then groping in wonder and gladness,  
I clasped the warm hand of Faith,  
And no more doth my heart beat in sadness,  
But in loving faith trusts on.

## AN "OLD SONG" SET TO AN "OLD TUNE."

THE extent to which people are controlled by that remarkable personage Society, affords ample cause for reflection to all, and may serve, on the present occasion, as a theme for the "old tune" which we drum into the ears of the readers of the PORTFOLIO this month. If, after perusal, the more enlightened of its patrons should insinuate that our "old song" displays a strong disposition to grumble, we trust, at least, that the more credulous will agree with us that there are times when even grumbling becomes a necessity, as every well-regulated fault-finder will admit, in

order to attain legitimate and desirable ends. Then there is also the gratifying conviction on the part of the complainer that he is in some measure a reformer of abuses and misuses, which ought to stimulate every grumbler to faithfully and heroically perform his or her duty.

As a matter of course when we express ourselves adversely to society and its customs, our remarks, necessarily, are chiefly directed against prevalent tendencies in the way of dress, in which we are indulging to an extent which is but the forerunner of ruin to the majority.

We frequently hear it asserted that we are a practical people, and no doubt we are, but nevertheless we are very easily induced to indulge in frivolities and absurdities of which "practical" people should be heartily ashamed. We might enumerate dozens of instances relative to the thralldom in which sensible people are held by the despot Fashion, but unfortunately the PORTFOLIO, like all first-class periodicals, is hampered "for want of space," consequently we will limit our remarks to one or two extraordinary phases of the customs pertaining to "good society."

We do not remember of ever hearing of a person who successfully combated the prevalent idea that woman, generally speaking, displays a decided tendency to adorn herself, and that if she cannot accomplish that herculean feat in one way she will do it in another. Before and since the days of the maliciously ironical Swift, our unhappy sex has been, and justly so, the target for bitter sarcasm in reference to frivolity and absurdity in dress. Of course there was a time a century or two ago when the sterner sex quite surpassed us in the most monstrous extravagance, but a reformation came about, and now the cavalier gentleman of olden times would scarcely dare appear in our streets. But where are *we* in the matter

of reform in dress? We deride the fantastic costumes donned by our grandmothers and great-grandmothers, and then heartily unite in endeavoring to introduce either those or more absurd styles at the present time. We condemn and marvel at the prices they paid for a gown, a head-dress, or a trinket, and then deliberately turn round and expend ten times as much on our own dress, for there never was a time when fashion was more clamorous for silk and satin, velvet and laces, and, worst of all, conspicuous and costly jewellery, than the present, and it requires an amount of fortitude which few possess to break away from the trammels which society constantly imposes upon them. We would greatly like to enlarge upon this point, but that would necessitate another verse being added to our "old song," which that "want of space" before alluded to positively forbids, so we hasten towards a conclusion, which brings us to the discussion of a recent event in Canadian society which ought to rouse every right thinking man and woman to reflection—nay, to action.

It is a matter of regret, and ought to furnish material for thought on the part of even the frivolously inclined, that when the Marquis of Lorne and Princess Louise arrived on Canadian soil that we could find no more elevating way by which to celebrate their coming than the inevitable ball, which simply means that people are invited to assemble in a 70 x 90 room to caper and frisk over the floor till morning dawns, and the greater the display of frivolity in the line of fashionable dress, the greater is considered the success of the entertainment, and yet we are a "practical" people—nay, we pride ourselves on being an intellectual people. But humiliating as it is to be ruled as by a rod of iron by the despot Fashion, it is a far greater humiliation to our colonial pride to be subjected to a code of rules in reference to the very cut of the dresses to be worn at the ball given by us to our distinguished guests. We don't profess to be an authority on such momentous matters, but our barbarian idea of etiquette suggests that in good society the guests do not dictate to the hostess, nor *vice versa*, regarding matters of dress, etc. There was a feeling of disapproval on the part of the majority, but few were courageous enough to do more than express disapproval in word, none dare express it in

action, judging from the number of half-dressed ladies who graced the ball with their presence. The solicitude manifested for the welfare of the invalid was rather amusing. Fearful that the zeal of the latter to appear costumed in the manner which the quintessence of good breeding declares to be absolutely necessary in order to show a proper degree of respect might overbalance the judgment of the weakly one, an amendment is added to the first order, "graciously" allowing all such to appear in a dress "cut square" in the neck. Then, as if suspicious that our "strong-minded" Canadian girls might take an unfair advantage of such an unprecedented permission, the proviso was made that this could only be done by obtaining a certificate from a medical man!!! Our indignation rises to a point known as "boiling" just here. Are we mere children to be thus ordered to wear this or wear that? "But you know," the cringing *devotee* of fashion hastens to explain, "they were accustomed to that style in their own land," etc. It seems to us that true politeness ought to have enabled them to have endured the trying ordeal of receiving ladies whose necks and arms were covered, and that the good breeding which renders it necessary to appear oblivious to things which often appear strange might have been brought to bear on that occasion as well as others. To say nothing of health, which is only a minor consideration with fashionable people, how very unbecoming is the low-necked, short-sleeved dress to the majority who possess necks of a length which might well excite envy in the breast of a crane, while the most lively imagination fails to discover why it should be regarded as so *very respectful* to appear with the neck and arms *uncovered*, but so *very disrespectful* to appear with the hands *not covered*. In fact the whole matter appears so utterly frivolous as to be unworthy the notice of sensible people, were it not, unfortunately, a fact that it is probably on account of that class winking at, and indulging in, such undignified recreations that these evils spread so rapidly. We have only to refer to the inability of nine-tenths of those who countenance and participate in fashionable follies such as we have mentioned to *afford* it, to be understood, but unquestionably the very "flower of the land" is being drawn into the vortex

of fashion, and by their influence are ruining others as well as themselves. Undoubtedly, it requires no small amount of fortitude to essay to swim against the mighty tide, but "Rome wasn't built in a day." Let those who are determined that they will not yield to the offensive innovations which are still being introduced in our midst stand bravely by their colors, and if the Governor-General and the Princess Louise honor our city by their presence this year, let them show their respect by appearing at the reception entirely dressed, or their disapproval of any other mode by remaining at home. Let not those who glory in their "strong-mindedness," esteem it an easy matter to combat custom in any quarter, high or low. We are so accustomed to yield allegiance first to one fiat, then to another, that before we are aware of it the strongholds are taken, and we become just what we most heartily despise—*devotees* of fashion.

#### EASTER.

THE name given to this festival, celebrated by Christians in commemoration of the resurrection of our Saviour, is derived from the German *Pascha*, meaning the pass-over. It received its Teutonic name from a festival held in honor of Ostara, the goddess of morning, which was celebrated at the same time. The Anglo-Saxon name of April was *Estormonath*, and in Germany it is still called *Ostermonath*; in it also we can trace the word *Easter*. The correct time for the celebration of this festival has occasioned a great deal of controversy; in the second century a dispute regarding it arose between the Eastern and Western Churches; the former held it on the 14th day of the first Jewish month, considering it equivalent to the Jewish Passover, and the latter on the Sunday following the 14th, regarding it as the commemoration of the resurrection of Christ. The Council of Nice (325 A. D.,) decided in favor of the Eastern Church, branding the custom of the Western with the name of "quartadeciman heresy."

At the time of the introduction of the Gregorian Calendar, the question was debated whether a fixed day after the 21st of March should not be appointed on which to hold this festival, but in deference to the

ancient customs it was concluded to determine it by the moon. In the present century, the established rule is that Easter be held the first Sunday after the Pascal full moon, which happens upon or after the 21st March; if the full moon first appears on a Sunday, Easter week would be the one following. Being the most ancient and important of the movable feasts, it determines all the others. The manner of celebrating Easter day has changed considerably. In ancient times it was called the "Sunday of Joy;" slaves were then released, the rite of baptism administered, and alms distributed among the poor; indeed, so excessive were their demonstrations of joy, that at times it amounted to a tumult. In Germany it continued to be celebrated, down to the beginning of the present century, by the kindling of bonfires and various rites, and to those observances that could not be expelled from the church, there was given a christian significance. The most characteristic Easter rite, and the one most widely diffused, is the use of eggs. They are usually stained of various colors and given as presents or amulets, and games are played by sticking them together. In the moorlands of Scotland the young people think it fine sport to go out before breakfast on Easter morning hunting for wild fowls' eggs, and it is considered lucky to find them. The Jews used eggs in the "Feast of Passover," and it was a custom for the Persians when they celebrated the festival of the solar year in March, to present each other with colored eggs. From the Christian standpoint the "Feast of Eggs" has been usually considered emblematic of the resurrection and of the future life. The Catholics are most faithful in observance of this, as in fact of all festivals, their churches are appropriately decorated and imposing ceremonies held.

" And here, amid the slowly dropping rain,  
We keep our Easter feast, with hearts whose care  
Mark the high cadence of each lofty strain,  
Each thankful prayer.

" But not a shadow dims your joyance sweet,  
No baffled hope or memory darkly clad;  
You lay your whiteness at the Lord's dear feet,  
And all are glad."

THE first Cree types were cut by a missionary out of bullets, and the printing done on deer skin.

## ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

IN our proposed plan of sketching the lives of those poetesses about whose brows the immortal bay boughs have been wreathed, we feel that to Elizabeth Barrett Browning, the sweet metaphysical songstress of our own generation, ought one of the foremost places be given. At an early age she became conscious of her ability as a writer, and gave her first article, an "Essay on Mind," to the public. This was shortly followed by a volume of poems "Prometheus Bound," which although admired now, met with little success on its appearance, and the authoress herself characterized it as an "early failure." The "Seraphim" is a lyric drama, and in its scope is given for her bold imagination and the wonderful power she possessed of embodying her emotion in her writing. The effect of the spectacle of the Cross upon the angels is described in forcible style, deeply tinged with the metaphysical of her nature. She indulges deeply in speculation, and has most original ways of viewing things. The drama of "Exile" is written somewhat after the style of the "Seraphim," but it cannot be said to be a successful work. The sweeter and more tender side of her nature is revealed in shorter poems, such as "Isobel's Dream," "My Dove," and "He giveth His Beloved Sleep."

We cannot regret the illness, which quieted for a time her active duties, and gave opportunity for thought, which, deepened by the silent companionship of the poets and philosophers of ancient Greece, has come down to us with a beauty thrilling our hearts as we read. "Aurora Leigh" is considered her most beautiful poem, and truly the wonderful charm of her writing is irresistible in this. While the studious mind was framing and the fair fingers tracing the lovely design of "Lady Geraldine's Courtship," we wonder if the idea ever presented itself to the dreamer's heart, that the greatest event of her life would come through the simple medium of verse. As a gentleman, Robert Browning came of course to acknowledge the compliment paid him so delicately in the poem by Miss Barrett. Their acquaintance ripened into mutual esteem and love and resulted in their marriage in 1846.

Mr. and Mrs. Browning decided upon Florence as their residence, and in this city was composed her "Casa Guidi Windows," a poem giving the political and social aspects of Italy, a country to which Mrs. Browning was deeply attached.

To know and appreciate this poetess we must be conversant with all her works from "Prometheus Bound" to "The North and the South." The flowers of eighteen summers have bloomed over the grave of this logical poetess, who combined so charmingly the distinct characteristics of the masculine understanding and the feminine heart. Very few have shown themselves so capable of considering and treating the deep problems which have engaged the attention of the most practical minds as has Elizabeth Barrett Browning. The crowning glory is that this stern work has left the refined heart un sullied and not detracted one iota from the sweet purity of noble womanhood.

## CLIPPINGS.

"ABOUT the greatest tail-bearer I know of," said the farmer's boy, "is our old peacock."

AN old lady seeing a sign over the door of an umbrella shop, "Umbrellas recovered," went in and told the shopman that she would like to have him recover for her the one that was stolen from her the week previous.

A MODEL ESSAY.—When young Aime Maillard was at college the professor of rhetoric gave the class as a subject, "A Eulogy of Indolence."

On the given day the compositions were handed in, and the professor, after casting his eye over the papers, remarked:

"M. Maillard, where is your essay? I don't see it among these."

"Didn't I hand it to you? I beg your pardon," said the student, and passed up a neatly folded package of manuscript.

The professor opened it, turned over the pages, got very red, and exclaimed:

"Sirrah, this is a miserable joke. This paper is a blank—not a word in eulogy of indolence anywhere on it!"

"O, I thought the highest eulogy of indolence I could give," replied the student, "would be not to write anything."

## THE PORTFOLIO.

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THE modern autograph album, that annoyance of city, and particularly college life, seems to be exciting condemnation in the columns of some of the college papers. Moderation in all things is desirable, and more especially so in the business of autograph hunting. If kept within the bounds of common sense there would be no need to complain of it, but the extent to which it is now carried is not only ludicrous but harassing. When first introduced its immediate and widespread popularity led us to fancy that, like other manias, it would soon die out; but still it lives, and each year numbers are added to the ranks of its supporters. The original intention of the album owners, so far as we can judge, was to collect for insertion in their books the autographs of people of repute; their next idea was to keep the books as records of the names of friends living at a distance, whom they did not wish to forget, and with whom it would have been unnecessary and irksome to correspond, an interchange of signatures especially adapted to the wants of school and college acquaintances; but now their object seems to be to get as much original poetry as they can, failing that to get as many signatures

as they can, whether of people they do or do not know it matters not, and, summing it all up, to accumulate by any and by every means an extensive collection of *trash*. Had the uses of the books never gone beyond the original intentions, there would now be no need for fault-finding, but they did, and as a result the autograph album has become a butt and a byword among us. One writer has compared them to mosquitos—like them they are formidable only when in swarms, but terribly so then. We heard of a case where a benighted traveller, lost in a swamp, was well nigh devoured by the vicious little insects. Singly they are quite as merciless, though far from formidable. The insects are not so gaudily apparelled as the books, and are only troublesome during the warm weather, whereas the albums assail us both winter and summer; we meet them at every turn and corner, and once having broken through the protecting net of writing nothing but our names, or worse still, having once committed ourselves to "something original," our only consolation lies in the hope that at some future date the ban of fashion may mitigate our woes. Then the amount of "original" nonsense, unlawfully termed poetry, which we find in them, is simply a disgrace to this enlightened age; or a writer pointedly puts it, "uninspired poetry, as has been oftentimes remarked, is one of the most obnoxious evils of the time." But this part of our subject has been exhaustively treated of already. As a remedy for this growing evil we would suggest the making of a rule—that the albums be limited to the holding of that only for which they were intended, namely, autographs.

" For modes of government let fools contest,  
That which is best administered is best."

POPE was a very wise man, we all know that, and the more we read of his works the more are we impressed with the fact. But surely, in this case, he must have been wise only as to his own "day and generation," for could we now-a-days thus classify all contestants for particular modes of government, many an undisputed title to a fair share of that valuable article "wisdom" would be destroyed. From this, then, we should judge that in the time of the poet the "modes of government" were much alike,

or were so equitable that none but the foolish would consider either one worthy a contest. Then, in those days, not the modes but the men, the administrators, must have been in fault. Very likely they were men who made a living out of the government, who, under pretence of promoting the welfare of the country, sought their own interests and the interests of a few friends, whose friendships were exceedingly "profitable," so to speak, who were always trying to replenish the treasury, whether the means employed were justifiable or not. It could not have been otherwise; such a statement as the one with which we opened was never made of times like the present, when all legislators are single-minded, "honorable men," whose administration is in keeping with their character and the precepts of the party to which they belong. Here we pause a moment to remark in this a proof in favor of the much-discussed theory that the world is growing better, that national morality is on the increase, and that the arts and sciences are not alone in their pilgrimage toward perfection. It is not of the men that we can complain, but only the slight extremes to which they sometimes carry their party measures. The party now in power has awakened to the alarming possibility of our markets being overcrowded with foreign wares, so it establishes a system of "Protection," and in raising the tariff guards our home produce and increases the government finances. Of all things a country's manufactures ought to be sustained, no matter at what a sacrifice to the farmers and tradesmen, and the poor,—oh well, the manufacturers will employ as many of them as they can, and doubtless will give in princely style towards the erection of almshouses for the rest. The manufacturers, the pride, the glory of our country, will find at last their proper level, and if the country is already overstocked with their productions they can send their goods abroad, and Canada will win the name and fame of being one of the great manufacturing dominions of the globe. Of course "pride must bear pain," and in order to bring about this consummation, our purses must bear a little pinching; we will, perhaps, be obliged to acknowledge that Dio Lewis is right, that two meals a day are all that are really necessary to health; that cold water is far better for the nerves

than tea, and that sweetmeats, in fact sugar in all forms, is undesirable. Were it a matter of self-sacrifice,

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead"

who would not be willing, nay glad, to lay down life itself on the altar of his country? If then such small self-abnegations as these are for the country's good let us, sustained by the sweet sense of "duty done," meekly bow beneath the "protecting" yoke of the terrible tariff.

OUR last meeting of the Literary Society was unusually interesting. The musical programme and the readings were well rendered. An essay on "The best means of promoting the interests of a society" was read by Miss McCulloch. In speaking of different exercises which might profitably be engaged in, Miss McCulloch suggested "Politics," which she thought ought to receive more attention than the ladies were in the habit of giving. This provoked a lively discussion among the members, some asserting that politics ought to have no part in a Literary Society; others upholding that a great part of the literature of to-day treated of this subject and that we, therefore, should be conversant with this matter. It was finally agreed upon to indulge in this exercise occasionally. A debate in which all the members of the Society participated was another agreeable feature. The subject under discussion was "Whether the influence of the public press on the society of to-day be good or evil." The press was limited to newspapers and periodicals. The contest was carried on in a spirited manner, but at the conclusion a tie was declared by the judges. In a discussion where newspapers are alone considered, the question may be narrowed down to this: Which papers have the widest circulation, those of a moral or immoral character? Noticing the preponderance of the latter and the small amount of attention the reading public pay to the former, we cannot but come to the conclusion that the influence is decidedly for evil.

FOR some time the want of another society has been felt in the College. The members of our Literary Society being students of the third and fourth years necessarily excludes those who are among us for but a

short time, as well as the students of the first and second years; these lose the opportunities afforded by such institutions for literary improvement. Not long ago Dr. Burns, having with his usual energy roused an interest in the project, called a meeting and proceeded to organize a second society. The officers were elected with the following result:

<i>President,</i>	-	-	-	MISS DUNCAN
<i>Vice-President,</i>	-	-	-	MISS HARVEY
<i>Secretary,</i>	-	-	-	MISS T. CLERK
<i>Treasurer,</i>	-	-	-	MISS B. SMITH
<i>Critic,</i>	-	-	-	MISS D. BRYSON
<i>Chaplain,</i>	-	-	-	MISS COCHRANE

Already several meetings have been held, and the energy and spirit displayed by both officers and members in the work promises well for its success. We congratulate our sister society upon its happy organization, and offer our best wishes for its future.

LUNATICA, March 1st, 1879.

MY DEAR LUNACIA,—Terrestrial beings cannot estimate my delight upon receiving your last letter, accompanied by a copy of the PORTFOLIO. I am deeply grateful for the specimen of your paper, which contains so many weighty articles my post-messenger was nearly over-powered. So intensely practical are all the essays, so full of wit and wisdom, and then the story!—what a thrill went round my host of courtiers as I read it aloud to them. No doubt the journal has already had a marked effect on the political economy of your globe, and who can say what revolutions it may not produce up here if you send us any more copies?

Do you really think it strange that, in the past dark ages, no one thought of setting apart a family of monkeys that their development might be watched? Can you wonder at this lack of enterprise, in your country at least, which has for years past been bowed under such a load of oppression? What time have your men had for scientific pursuits? Would it have been to their interest, think you, to assist in the development of new species of men when they find that there are already too many in every branch of business? But now that brighter days have dawned on your land, now that the blighting influence of free trade is expelled from your

borders, there will be work for the million. What matters it if you do not get the necessities of life so good or so cheap as formerly? You will have the satisfaction of knowing that they are largely produced by your own countrymen, and that unheard of wealth is flowing into the public coffers. It is the urgent duty of those far-seeing statesmen who are now at the head of affairs at once to commence this work of assisting evolution. It will be far easier than they think to transform some of those wild men of the forest into gentlemanly members for their party. Then your grand stanza will read,—

"There was an ape in the days that were earlier,  
Years passed on and his brain grew whirlier;  
One-sided views gave his morals a twist,  
Then he was a man and a protectionist."

The condition of society in the early ages of your planet was indeed a contrast to the civilization and refinement of to-day. In the constant struggle for existence the strong oppressed the weak, who, in their turn, tyrannized over their still feebler brethren; different indeed to the present generation, who are so eager to help a weak brother, and place a neighbor's interests ever before their own. As the work of evolution proceeded, strange ideas took root. Families who were four generations removed from the original apes, would hardly associate with those of a little later standing, while they looked with scorn upon the many whose grandparents roamed the primeval forests. Such was the origin of social distinctions which have been felt more or less ever since. Even your country is slightly affected by them in spite of your appreciation of genuine merit.

Quite early in the age of man, female colleges were erected, but it was long before they arrived at the perfection of the present day. Instead of employing their time in hard study, or writing articles for the PORTFOLIO, the students in those times, with a noble generosity worthy of a better cause, expended their energies in trying to improve the minds of the youth out-doors. This was done by voluminous correspondence, but still more effectually by numerous gyrations performed at the windows of their academies—strange gesticulations inherited, no doubt, from their quadrumanous forefathers.

Much as I would like to continue this profitable and interesting correspondence, my sisters, cousins and aunts decidedly object. They even threaten to rival my epistolary efforts, which would so injure your home manufactures as to necessitate the imposition of some grievous duty upon our effusions. Therefore, with due regard to the good of your nation as well as the peace of my own, I must now say—Farewell. Perhaps I may at some time visit your globe, when I shall undoubtedly call on you, but in the meantime

I remain,

Yours despairingly,

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

### CONCERNING HOUSEHOLDS.

"THE stately homes of England,  
How beautiful they stand,  
Amidst their tall ancestral trees  
O'er all the pleasant land."

How vividly these lines bring up the ideal picture of an aristocratic English home—a castle uniting the picturesqueness of early times with the more refined taste of a later day, standing in the midst of noble and extensive grounds. Smooth lawns with clumps, and groves of grand old trees, mimic lakes and rippling brooklets, rare and fragrant flowers, fountains whose waters gush from basins held by graceful nymphs or laughing cherubs, with statues here and there gleaming through the dark foliage. The interior of the spacious mansion we expect to find in perfect harmony with its surroundings. No loud colors in the furnishing, but soft delicate tints, such an interior as that of Vivian Place, so beautifully described in Tennyson's "Princess"—

And me that morning Walter showed the house,  
Greek, set with busts; from vases in the hall  
Flowers of all heavens, and lovelier than their names,  
Grew side by side, and on the pavement lay  
Carved stones of the Abbey-ruin in the park,  
And on the tables every clime and age  
Jumbled together; toys in lava fans  
Of sandal, amber ancient rosaries,  
Laborious ancient ivory sphere in sphere,  
And battle clubs, and higher on the walls,  
Betwixt the monstrous horns of elk and deer,  
His own forefathers' arms and armor hung."

Never were outward circumstances, habits of life, and perfection of education more favorable to harmonious and happy domestic life than at the present time. Comparing

the habits and surroundings of "noble dames of ancient story" with those of the women of the present day, we may see how at this time more than at any other "free, fair, blessed homes" should everywhere be found. Beginning with feudal times, what do we find? Huge castles built of stone, five stories high, containing dungeons, garrisons, store-rooms, and home in one building. The home proper consisted of the living-room—a spacious hall containing only a long table, surrounded by rude benches, and sleeping apartments furnished with rough beds and coarse coverlets. In homes such as these did Norman ladies pass their lives. They took a substantial meal at about nine in the morning, and almost immediately afterwards set out with their lords for the tournaments. They rode to the field and took their places upon a raised gallery, and here in their silken kirtles and long-sleeved robes they sat and waved encouragement to the knights in the lists below. They were all enthusiasm, regardless of the greatest peril to the combatants, and with flashing eyes and cheeks burning with excitement, they would urge the knights "On, on to victory."

When the combat was over, and the conqueror has chosen and crowned his queen, the company repaired to the castles for supper, and in the long hall they assembled to take the evening meal, master and serf separated only by the time-honored salt-cellar, an oval silver dish reaching usually across the table. The master sat at the head of the table, and near him the ladies, wearing veils to screen them from the too bold glances of strangers who might be at the board. Where was the opportunity here for refined domestic life? Here, where the ladies spent their time almost altogether in the open air, glad, we have no doubt, to escape from their gloomy prison-like houses. Their evenings were spent in needle-work, in which they were wonderfully proficient. We read of the scarves which they embroidered and bound about the arms of their cavaliers. Was it not Elaine who worked for the shield of Sir Lancelot—

"A case of silk, and braided thereupon  
All the devices blazoned on the shield  
In their own tinct, and added of her wit  
A border fantasy of branch and flower  
And yellow-throated nestling in the nest?"



With the decline of feudalism came more refinement, which showed itself even in architecture. Windows, hitherto of a kind of transparent stone, were now made of glass, roofs were tiled instead of thatched, and furniture began to be improved. Notwithstanding, however, the changes in their homes, the ladies still neglected them for out-door amusements. They went with their lords to the tournament and chase, taking the greatest delight in these sports. There was little opportunity for intellectual culture, for books were an almost proscribed luxury, a copy of the Bible costing at that time about forty pounds. Those were not the days in which ladies lounged upon their couches and devoured a novel before dinner, and a popular magazine before going out to make their afternoon calls.

After the long Wars of the Roses, general improvement began to be noticeable. The huge stone castles were exchanged for manor-houses of carved and painted wood, but these were imperfectly built, and to exclude the draughts which swept through the rooms, tapestry hangings came into use.

With the accession of the Tudors a mighty stride was made. The extravagant style of living seen in the days of good Queen Bess has never since been equalled. Elizabeth had little beauty of her own, so, like a sensible woman, strove to heighten what charms she had by making her surroundings beautiful. We read of long banqueting-rooms hung in blue velvet and silver, and ebony chairs with plump cushions and embroidered footstools. Drawing-rooms hung in tapestry woven in imitation of classic scenes, oriental cushions, and easy couches in place of chairs, and scattered all about the room harps and embroidery-frames which betrayed the feminine accomplishments of the day. But in spite of the inviting luxuriousness of their homes, the ladies had not yet learned the true comforts of domestic life. They still spent their time, or at least a great part of it, at the chase or tournament, the latter of which amusements had fallen far below the standard of chivalric times, and sometimes scenes were enacted which were unfit for the eyes of courtly dames. They rode to the chase fearlessly, and took unqualified delight in almost all the pleasures which are now left to the sterner sex.

The coarseness of manner which would naturally be the issue of such habits was modified by the refinement resulting from the deep study of literature, especially the classics, which was the fashion in the days of Elizabeth. Gradually women began to recognize their duties, though, as is usually the case in such changes, they now went to the other extreme, and dropped all their accomplishments for the commonest work of the household. In the time of the Stuarts the accomplishments of the ladies consisted in brewing wine and baking pastry. Only in our own times do we find the happy medium. And now that it is found, and the comforts and happiness of quiet domestic life are beginning to be recognized, dire hints are cast out that woman is soon to be called upon to leave her home and spend her days in canvassing and voting. Let us be thankful that nothing so unnatural has yet come to pass, and sincerely hope that the privilege of remaining in peace in her own home may be the one ever accorded to her.

C.

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## THE WAY WITH THE WORLD.

SUSPIRIA.

"Take them, O grave! and let them lie,  
Folded upon thy narrow shelves,  
As garments by the soul laid by,  
And sacred only to ourselves."

SADLY and silently on that November afternoon the funeral passed through Cambridge on its way to the lovely city of the dead—Mount Auburn. Sadly and silently it came through the arched gateway and past the chapel, where, with their white garments draped about them, stood the fathers of American liberty. Slowly it continued its journey past the grim bronze guardians, past the gloomy gray vaults, down to the spot chosen for the resting place of Gerald Humphreys, till he shall hear the glad summons "Come ye blessed children of my Father, receive the kingdom prepared for you from the beginning of the world." With weary heart and pallid face, yet with tearless eye, the wife approached the grave. The wind sighed as it passed by her and she caught the sigh, but drew her mantle more closely around her, nor knew Nature's sympathy; the bells tolled their pity, but she heeded them not; the trees murmured a

requiem, but she heard it not. As the clods fell on the coffin the words of the beautiful liturgy reached her ear, but her heart failed to comprehend their meaning, and the lines about the mouth only grew firmer, while the face took to itself a more stony pallor. As the voice of the minister ceased, the friends turned from the grave wondering why she, whom he had loved more than them all, could feel his death so little, for "she did not shed a tear," said one. But He who knew her best knew that as the bell tolled its burden of sorrow, her every feeling was "bewailing and toiling within like a funeral bell." Silently she returned to her now desolate home, and heaven alone heard the mournful cry, "O God, my heart is broken! my heart is broken! O for death, for rest!" But the time for tears is not yet, for voices say "mamma," and childish wants must be met. Perhaps it is better so, God knows. Perhaps there is comfort and rest in activity alone, and though she wearily feels there is work for her to do, the children are calling her from her selfish sorrow to show her that there is yet something left to live for, and it may be that there is yet happiness in store, though their father's place be vacant. It may be that the father shall live again in the son, and the wise Controller of destinies shall, by the hand of the children, bring her "out of darkness into light," for He alone can tell the blackness of that darkness, the fear and the sorrow; the aching of heart; the restless, unsatisfied longing; the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish.

"Mamma," and the voices sound impatient, "we haven't seen you to-day, won't you tell us the story about the boy that said, 'My head?'" and the little faces looked so troubled that she could not resist, and, taking the baby in her arms, while Willie leaned on her knee, she repeated that story which has touched so many a mother's heart. "And now my children must go to bed," but the baby pleaded "Sing 'Jesus Loves Me,' mamma?" Could she sing that of all hymns, for was it true? No, it could not be. It was no loving hand that had loosed the silver cord and borne away the thing she had loved best; no loving hand that had orphaned her babes, and left her own heart crushed and bleeding, and she would have said, "I cannot sing to-night, baby," but the little head nestled on her

shoulder, and the little eyes looked into hers so trustingly that she could not, and yielding to the request, sang that hymn that lulls to sleep so many little ones. Then the prayers had to be said before the good-night was exchanged, and mamma must repeat them as usual. Never before had the task seemed difficult. "Our Father which art in heaven"—what did that mean? She could not feel that the petition was hers. "Thy will be done." No, she could not say that, but the baby even remembered it to-night, and both the children thought mamma had forgotten her prayers, as Willie said, "because papa had gone away, and was not there to teach her to say them."

Soon the little tongues were still, and the little eyes closed for the night, but the mother could not sleep. Hour after hour she sadly communed with her bereavement. At last, from force of habit, she opened the Bible that lay in its accustomed place on the table—Gerald's Bible. Mechanically she turned the leaves. It was full of marked passages, and one underscored with red caught and detained her eye, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." "Rest!" What did it mean? Was there rest for her? "Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me. . . . And ye shall find rest unto your souls." Surely her soul needed rest. But learn of Him who had thus grievously afflicted her? and she turned once more to the window. Through the darkness one star was shining faintly but surely, and as the clouds rolled away it shone out in all its strength and clearness, seeming to repeat, "I will give you rest." And as the moon rose above the horizon, in her quiet beauty she whispered, "I will give you rest." Again she turned the sacred pages, and this time the message was "I, even I, am he that comforteth you." "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." Yes, that was what she wanted, and from the depths of despair burst the petition, "Lord, teach me." Long and bitter was the struggle, but as the morning sun crept in at the casement, it fell upon a mourner who had been comforted, a heavy-laden one who had found rest.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TO-DAY we have just returned from a call on the "Autocrat of the Breakfast-table"—Oliver Wendell Holmes. Any one less like an autocrat it would be impossible to imagine. No autocrat should be less than six feet high, and if he is seven feet all the better. But the Autocrat of the Breakfast-table is barely five feet three—spare, buckish, and gray-headed. We had to wait a few minutes for his return, as his servant said he was gone to a funeral. He soon came in and joined us in his beautiful library, quite out of breath. For a man who had just come from a funeral, I thought he was in a very jovial mood; for he began talking away at a great rate, and begged us to excuse the exuberance of his spirits, as, although a funeral was the last scene he had witnessed, he had just heard of the betrothal of a young friend of his to the very man he had always wanted her to marry, and it had given him more delight than he knew how to contain. His dark eyes twinkled with pleasure, and he kept us with him while he talked about people, and races, and writers, in the most fascinating style. He wrote his name and his age (sixty-nine) in the book tendered him for his autograph, and made a most superfluous apology for enriching the page with the following appended verse:

"The mossy marbles rest  
On the lips that he has prest  
In their bloom;  
And the names he loved to hear  
Have been carved for many a year  
On the tomb."

"How do you spell 'pressed,'" he asked me smiling, as he paused in his writing, pen in hand. "Oh! I should spell it 'PRESSED'; but *you*, being a poet and an autocrat, should spell it '*prest*,' or however you please. But there will be a *spell* about it to me, however you write it." And so he chatted us to the doorstep, declaring that if he had not to give a lecture to his students (he is professor of physiology) in three-quarters of an hour, he would not let us go; that if we had not a lady with us he would not come downstairs, but leave us to let ourselves out; but that he could not resist the pleasure of following a lady to the door himself, and that it would be a pleasure to him to see us again. I thought this is rather a contrast to what we have heard of laureates elsewhere, who fly from the face of man and are even jealous of showing their poetical back to those who would keep them *in memoriam!*—ARTHUR MURSELL, in "*Christian World.*"

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