



THE
PORTFOLIO



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Mrs. Baker

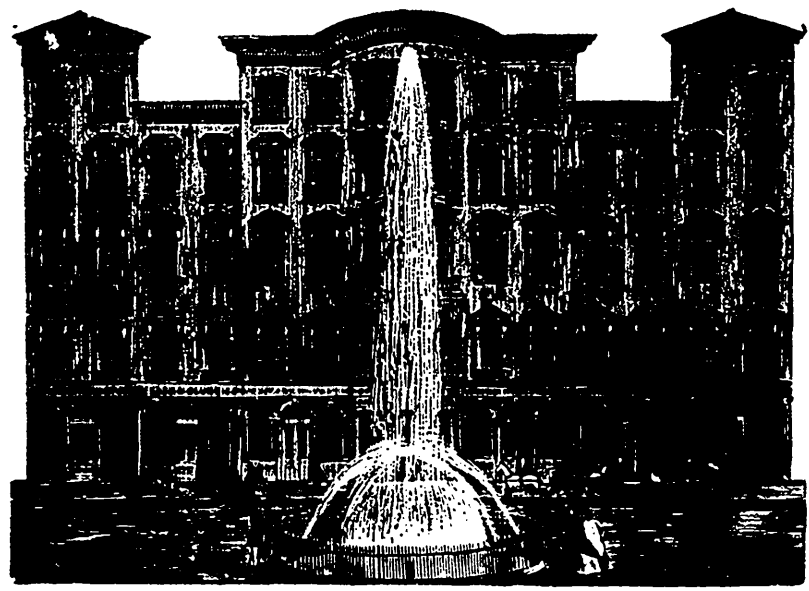
THE PORTFOLIO.

"VITA SINE LITERIS MORS EST."

VOL. X.

HAMILTON, ONTARIO.

No.



THE

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HAMILTON, ONTARIO. DECEMBER, 1889.

No. 4

✧ Christmas Tide. ✧

WHEN the merry Spring-time weaves
Its peeping bloom and dewy leaves :
When the Primrose opes its eye,
And the young moth flutters by ;
When the plaintive turtle-dove
Pours its notes of peace and love ;
And the clear sun flings its glory bright and wide .
Yet, yet my soul will own
More joy in Winter's frown
And wake with w. rmer flush at Christmas tide.
The Summer beams may shine
On the rich and curling vine,
And the noon tide rays light up
The tulip's dazzling cup :
But the pearly mistletoe
And the holly berries' glow
Are not even by the boasted rose outvied ;
For the happy hearts beneath
The green and coral wreath
Love the garlands that are twined at Christmas tide.
Let the autumn days produce
Yellow corn and purple juice,
And Nature's feast be spread
In the fruitage ripe and red :
'Tis grateful to behold
Gushing grapes and fields of gold
When cheeks are browned and red lips deeper dyed :
But give, oh ! give to me
The Winter's night of glee,
The mirth and plenty seen at Christmas tide.
The northern gust may howl,
The roaring storm cloud scowl,
King Frost may make a slave
Of the river's rapid wave,
The snow drift choke the path,
Or the hail-shower spend its wrath,
But the sternest blast right bravely is defied,
While limbs and spirits bound
To the merry minstrel sound,
And social wood-fires blazed at Christmas tide.
The song, the laugh, the shout,
Shall mock the storm without ;
And sparkling wine foam rise
'Neath still more sparkling eyes ;
The forms that rarely meet,

Then hand to hand shall greet,
And soul pledge soul that deeds too long divide :
Mirth, Friendship, Love and Light,
Shall crown the Winter night,
And every glad voice welcome Christmas tide.

But while joy's echo falls
In gay and plenteous halls
Let the poor and lowly share
The warmth, the sports, the fare ;
For the one of humble lot
Must not shiver in his cot,
But claim a bounteous meed from Wealth and Pride :
Shed kindly blessings round,
Till no aching heart be found ;
And then all hail a merry Christmas tide.

✧ Gifted American Women. ✧

AMONG those who have contributed to the sun-loving public of America no author has attained greater popularity than Marietta Holley, better known by her nom de plume, Josiah Allen's Wife. She is described as having "a graceful figure, a well poised and nobly proportioned head, a calm intellectual face, with soul-lit eyes, that seem to look beyond you—beyond the horizon—into other worlds."

Miss Holley is very domestic in her tastes, having spent the greater part of her life at her old home in Adams, Jefferson Co., New York.

Her sentiments regarding home life appear in the following: "It does seem pitiful don't it, to think how sort o' homeless the Americans are a gettin'." Though her forte is authorship, she is also an ardent devotee at the shrine of music and art. Her literary tastes gaining the ascendancy she gracefully yielded to her fate, giving to the great American world of literature, "Samantha at the Centennial," "Sweet Cicely" and Samantha at Saratoga."

Miss Holley unites the noble qualities which go to make up a true woman. She possesses a strong personal magnetism, binding her to her numerous host of readers.

Beneath those firm principles on which Samantha is always taking her "stand," we find rugged, noble sentiment, sparkling wit and great originality. An ardent advocate of "woman's rights," she is sympathetic and benevolent in the highest degree.

Many a young aspirant to literary fame, wandering over the thorns and shards of a literary life has found in her a tried and true friend

When she becomes absorbed in her theme, the American dialect is forgotten. One flash of thought succeeds another. She soars into the sublime and clothes her thoughts in language of great beauty. It is exquisite thought expressed in exquisite words.

Underlying the sparkling fun and humor appears the author's earnest, enthusiastic spirit, full of deep and noble purpose, differing in this respect from other humorists. She is gifted with remarkably clear insight, enabling her to wield her pen with telling effect. It must have been with shrinking that she entered upon this new field of labor. Combining great strength of character and patience, she has excelled in her own peculiar line of literature.

Her vein is not always humorous, between the lines we read deep feeling and catch a glimpse of the graver side of her nature.

One author writes—"She is a woman of profound religious feeling and she has told me how, frequently, in moments of despondency or perplexity, so inevitable to those in her trying fields of labor, she has been revived and composed by one of the sweet old chapters with its promises and consolations."

Her books have a widespread circulation. She has struck the chords of the human heart and they vibrate from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

ROSE Terry Cooke entered by right of wealth and culture, the most refined society in Connecticut.

Owing to a reverse of fortune Rose Terry began to teach at the age of sixteen. She was thus eminently fitted by her residence among and contact with the people of New England, to depict their habits and customs. She describes their mode of life in terse language and with homely pointed truth.

She awoke early to find herself famous. Many of her short poems and sketches appeared in the leading magazines before she was twenty, and from that time Rose Terry Cooke has been a shining light in her own field of literature. Representations of New England life gave wide scope to her genius and she has exposed the bigotry and narrowness of Puritanic thought. The religious disputes which took place in "Somebody's Neighbors" and the "Deakon's Week," were read with interest, while "Mrs. Flint's Married Experience" and "Freedom Wheeler's Controversy," were warmly greeted and met with great success.

One author pays the following tribute to her—"Our Rose with all her beauty of literary form, wealth of artistic coloring and exquisite fragrance of sentiment has not failed to present many a thorn to the sides of careless and self-righteous sinners."

Rose Terry Cooke has produced some two hundred poems, touching and tender, giving a glimpse of the author's own inner self. She is regarded as a poet of high order.

THE name of Francis E. Willard has become a household word. She is the presiding genius of woman's mission work. Hers is a somewhat eventful life. Possessed of great ability she entered the Women's College in Evanston, Ill. Graduating with honors she was appointed to its professorship of Natural Science. On her return from a tour in Europe she had the honor of being the first woman elected to the Presidency of a College.

It would seem that Francis E. Willard's mission lay along the plane of education.

There's "A destiny that shapes our ends
Rough hew them as we will."

Her life has been a noble one. Declining comfort, wealth and high social rank, she accepted poverty and privation. Stepping into the ranks of the temperance workers she has thrown her whole soul into the Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

Nor was this enough, Miss Willard allied herself with the White Cross Movement and advocated Woman's Suffrage. She has addressed large audiences in every State in the Union. One who has heard her lectures and addresses says: "As a speaker I think Miss Willard is without a peer among women, with much of Edward Everett in her language, there is more of Wendell Phillips in her manner of delivery. As an organizer Miss Willard has no equal among women."

ONE of the leading daily papers recently announced that Uncle Tom's Cabin has been surpassed in circulation by Ben Hur. Few of us who read this charming, thrilling book, attribute a measure of its wonderful success to the right source.

Mrs. Lew Wallace is described as one of the most fascinating, hospitable women of America. Gifted herself in an eminent degree, she supported and encouraged Gen. Wallace in his literary toil. She has also wielded the pen with grace and skill, as seen in "The Storied Sea" and "Repose in Egypt."

Mrs Wallace "possesses great strength of character, rare sincerity and common sense." Her criticism of Ben Hur is worthy of note, "I think the strongest parts of it are the conversations of Belthazar the Egyptian." Most readers usually agree as to the merits of the Chariot Race."

These are but a few of the gifted women of America.

HARRIET Beecher-Stowe wrote Uncle Tom's Cabin. A nation of slaves received their freedom soon after.

MARGARET E. Sangster, Augusta Evans Wilson, Grace Greenwood, Mary J. Holmes, Julia Ward Howe, are well-known names in American literature. Louisa M. Alcott has written Little Women; Mrs. Burnett, Little Lord Fauntleroy.

These and many others of our American women have shewn that the avenues of thought are wide. Woman's possibilities are extending. She has surmounted manifold difficulties. For centuries she who would seek a higher plane of thought must endure at the least, well-bred scorn. But times are changed. The bands have been broken and the fetters burst asunder. The gates of thought flung open wide.

Chime out, O joyful bells;
All worldly discords drown;
Yield up your green, O trees;
To make a Christmas crown;
Give up your best, O earth,
Make warm, O human heart,
That He who comes this day
May never more depart.

+ Clippings. +

"We cannot all be masters,
Nor all masters cannot be truly followed."

"Fire that is closest kept burns most of all."

"Prosperity's the very bond of love."

"For friendship of itself an holy tie
Is made more sacred by adversity."

"Of all the grief that harass the distress'd
Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest,
Fate never wounds more deep a generous heart
Than when a blockhead's insult points a dart."

"This mournful truth is everywhere confess'd,
Slow rises worth by poverty depress'd."

"Shall I give up the friend I have valued and tried
If he kneel not before the same altar with me?"

"The love of praise, how 'ere concealed by art
Reigns more or less and glows in every heart."

"Only a fool could measure his satisfaction by what
the world thinks of it."

"Whatever you may be sure of, be sure at least of this, that you are dreadfully like other people. Human nature has a much greater genius for sameness than for originality."

"Positiveness is a most absurd fable; if you are in the right it lessens your triumph, if you are in the wrong it adds shame to your defeat."

"It is with our judgments as our watches,
None are just alike, yet each believes his own."

"I cannot spare the luxury of believing
That all things beautiful are what they seem."

"Full oft have letters caused the writers
To curse the day they were inditers."

"Immodest words admit of no defence,
For want of decency is want of sense."

"A little learning is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring;
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again."


"Multiplying wishes is a curse,
That keeps the mind perpetually awake."

"The generous heart
Should scorn a pique-axe that gives others pain."

"A common pity does not love express;
Pity is love when gown into excess."

"How empty learning, and how vain is art,
But as it mends the life, and guides the heart."

Does War Pay?

ONG the many questions which have been brought up in our Political Economy Class, the one bearing on war and the standing army has, perhaps aroused the most interest. The majority of our class-mates are of the opinion that war is not right, and taking a financial view, it is a loss, even to the victor. Leaving the ethical standpoint for another time, we wish to speak of the financial, and give a few reasons why we believe that *war pays*.

Taking the French and German war of 1870 as an example, we will prove that it was by no means a bad investment for the victor. Out of the 100,000 Germans who crossed the frontier but 40,000 met death; 10,000 from disease, the most of whom would probably have departed this life as certainly in peace as in war. If we compare the percentage of loss with that

of some of our great commercial undertakings, there will be little difference. Scarce anything has been undertaken without a loss of 3 per cent., and in India there is a far greater annual loss among those who are obliged to bear the heat of the day in the execution of public works.

Also in the construction of the Suez and Panama canals, the loss of life has been appalling. Does the result compensate for the loss? Who can compare the death of the man who falls fighting in what he believes to be a noble cause, to the death of a man in solitude, a victim of fever in a swamp or jungle?

The exact amount of money expended in the late war is not known, but it is probable that the war indemnity exacted from France more than covered the expense. Then consider how much war increased the value of property and the stimulus it gave to trade. The estates in the Rhine valley twenty years ago could hardly find purchasers, they lay too near the frontier, and history shows that for over two centuries a generation could not live without seeing the roof of their homes burned once, or even twice. As soon as war was at an end and doubt vanished, the enceintes of old fortresses were thrown down and natural development was allowed its course. The facilities for railways have been increased and are still going forward; the navigation of the river has been improved. Frankfurt, previously a small town, now boasts of the largest railway station in the world. Along the valley prices in land have been doubled, and had it not been for over speculation after the war the aspect of things would be even more prosperous, but as it is, even the most go-ahead counties in England can show nothing to compete with it.

This is only one example of many, but does it not answer the question, "Does war pay?"

"The noblest lesson taught by life
To every great heroic soul,
Who seeks to conquer in the strife
Is, self-control."

Women to the Front.

“PEG 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 the mighty men of old, the product of whose minds has travelled down the ages, lodging in many hearts and influencing many lives.

I appeal to the testimony of the greatest, the wisest, the noblest, the purest-hearted of all ages, to settle this impending problem, “The Naturalization of Woman.” Would that I could echo with the combined force of all the universe: “Arise ye women who are at ease in Zion, hear my voice ye careless daughters!”

“I appeal to you one and all to rise and stand in the defence of sacred rights.”

“I ask you to strive to regain what injustice has basely exacted and demanded from you,”—an injustice fitted to make angels weep. “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 ‘Men to the Front.’ Listen to this—“the most unkindest cut of all”—against her whose fragile form but dauntless spirit has withstood the “slings and arrows of outrageous fortune.” * * *

“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? * * *

For them we have contended with the hostile outside world, our hands soiled and our brains weary. * * * Woman is the centre round which swings things terrestrial, her dominion is the world and her sway well-nigh absolute. Yet is she content? No! She would be man and woman too, etc.”

Were wilder words ever spoken, or more vain imagination ever permitted! The essayist is a poet indeed, but writes

that kind of poetry that will not withstand the logic of stern fact.

We emphatically deny the statement that woman is endeavoring to obtain what does not properly belong to her. With justice she bravely cries out for a reform in the denaturalizing methods of a civilization that expects woman to be only the shadow and attendant image of her lord, owing him a thoughtless obedience and supported altogether in her weakness by the pre-eminence of his fortitude. We dislike that burlesque phrase, “Woman’s Rights,” but we do believe in the right of woman.

We believe in the civil and political equality of the sexes, and that a ballot in the hands of women is her right for protection and would prove a powerful ally for the abolition of the liquor traffic, the execution of the law, the promotion of reform in civil affairs and the removal of corruption in public life. We know that in every instance the women would vote for home and fireside, for freeing the community from those demoralizing influences and temptations from which every good woman would deliver those of her own household.

Man’s work for his own home is, as has been said, to secure its maintenance, progress and defence; the woman’s to secure its order, comfort and loveliness. Expand both these functions. What a man is at his own gate, defending it, if need be, against insult and spoil, but in a more devoted measure, he is to be at the gate of his country, leaving his home, if need be, to do his more incumbent work there. In like manner, what the woman is to be within her gates, as the centre of order, the balm of distress, and the mirror of beauty; that she is also to be without her gates, where order is more difficult, distress more imminent, loveliness more rare.

Hear the testimony of Shakespeare respecting the position and character of women in human life. He represents them as infallibly faithful and wise counsellors—incorruptibly just and pure examples—strong always to sanctify, even when they cannot save.

Receive the witness of Sir Walter Scott, who gives to woman endless varieties of grace, tenderness and intellectual power, an inevitable sense of dignity and justice; a fearless, instant and untiring self-sacrifice to even the appearance of duty, much more to its real claims. Take the graver and deeper testimony of the great Italians and Greeks. You know the plan of Dante's great poem. So we could multiply witness upon witness of this kind if space permitted. We would take Chaucer, and show you why he wrote a Legend of Good Women, but no Legend of Good Men. We would take Spenser and show you how all his fairy knights are sometimes deceived and sometimes vanquished; but the soul of Una is never darkened, and the spear of Britomart is never broken. Nay, we could go back into the teaching of the most ancient times and show you why that great Egyptian people, wisest then of nations, gave to their Spirit of Wisdom the form of a woman. But the ideal women of these great poets and men of the world is, according to the common idea prevailing, wholly undesirable. The woman, modern times say is not to guide. The man is always to be the wiser; he is to be the thinker, the ruler, the superior in knowledge and discretion, as in power. Are all these great men mistaken, or are we? O ye lords of creation make up your minds on this important question.

Are Shakespeare, Dante and Homer, merely dressing dolls for us; or, worse than dolls, unnatural visions, the realization of which, were it possible, would bring anarchy into all households and ruin into all affections? Nay, if you could suppose this, take lastly the evidence of facts, given by the human heart itself. In all Christian ages which have been remarkable for their purity or progress, there has been absolute yielding of obedient devotion by the lover to his mistress. If we think it right in the lover and mistress, why not in the husband and wife.

Woman is becoming what God meant her to be—the companion and counsellor,

not the encumbrance and toy of man. In an age of force, woman's greatest grace was to cling; in this age of peace she doesn't cling much, but is every bit as tender and sweet as if she did. She has strength and individuality, a gentle seriousness; there is more of the sisterly, less of the siren; more of the duchess, and less of the doll. The world has never yet known half the amplitude of character and life to which men will attain when they and women live in the same world. It doth not yet appear what they shall be.

Senior Literary Society.

OUR Society is fortunate in possessing an excellent critic; one who does not fear to say what she thinks and yet is just. This office, which for some time past has been regarded as a mere duty, is now the centre of interest and all look forward to hearing how their efforts are appreciated; with but few exceptions the result is satisfactory, for reproof and censure, when required, are given in such a gentle manner that they accomplish their object of reform without producing any of the bitter feelings which are usually prevalent between the criticised and the critic.

A little falling off of interest in our Society is pardoned at this time, when the Christmas examinations are approaching and the students find it difficult to give as much attention to the meetings as when the examinations were but a black cloud in the future. The holidays will give us time to recover, and when we return, it will be with renewed energy that we will take our part, and we predict even a brighter record than the past weeks have given.

On the coming Friday, the Societies will unite for the purpose of electing the staff of the Portfolio and officers of the Societies for the winter terms, so that all will be in readiness to take their positions at the commencement of the New Year.

✦ The Portfolio. ✦

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

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF,	- - -	Carrie Keagey, '90.
ASSOCIATE EDITORS,	- - -	{ Lenah Sutcliffe, '90. May Shaw, '90.
EXCHANGE EDITORS,	- - -	{ Nellie Taylor, '91. Helen Quay, '91.
LOCAL EDITOR,	- - -	Lillian Young, '91.
BUSINESS MANAGER,	- - -	{ May Shaw, '90. Charlotte Evans, '91.

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PER ANNUM, ONE DOLLAR. SINGLE COPIES 10 CENTS.

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The Portfolio, - Hamilton, Ontario.

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

✦ Editorials. ✦

The Portfolio extends to its readers the season's greeting.

THE reading of Milton's Ode on the Morning of Christ's Nativity, would be an appropriate and profitable way of spending a part of Christmas day. Many people have adopted it as a custom. Though Milton was but twenty-one when he wrote this poem, it is as fine a lyric as is to be found in any language.

MESSRS. Crossley and Hunter held a very interesting and impressive meeting in the college Sunday afternoon, but owing to another meeting at four o'clock the time was limited. On Monday evening a large division attended church to hear the sermon on "The Parlor Dance." We admire the evangelists for their method of treating the subject. We have often before been

disappointed in sermons on that subject, because the minister was apparently afraid to bring forth his views.

THE lecture on Mrs. Browning's poems, given in Convocation Hall by Prof. Reynar, of Victoria University, was both interesting and instructive. It was, of course, most interesting to the members of the Alumnae, who had spent over a month studying the poems.

The lecturer opened his discourse with a definition of a poet and a nice distinction between a poet and a rhymester. After dwelling for a short time on the different kinds of poetry he proceeded to the poems of the "Daughter of Shakespeare." Dr. Reynar showed that her subjects were unhappily chosen, as well as the style in which they were written, although the grand and elevated expressions of thought contained in her poems could not but enrich our entire nature.

The next lecture will be given by Dr. Workman, on "John Molfangson Goethe."

EVERY person spends more or less time looking for happiness, and yet how few seek to find it in themselves. Writers of every age have endeavored to show that pleasure is in us, not in the objects offered for our amusement. We allow the small things of life to oppress and vex us, because things do not adjust themselves to our particular fancy we make ourselves and those around us miserable. We allow our feelings to lead us as they will—some days we are bright and joyous, again sad and morose. If we would practice more self-control we would find much that is amusing in life, commonly made by us a real trouble.

PUNCTUALITY is the prevailing element in this Seminary of knowledge. The old, old story has been given to us by universal tradition, of girls jumping involuntarily from their downy nests at the melancholy hour of six a. m., with the paralyzing thought weighing upon their youthful hearts of those ancient bells.

Again, who has ever known our dignified procession to blur its reputation by coming late to church? From time immemorial it has been seen to approach with hasty step and graceful gait, even before the sexton had time to unlock the door or light the gas. Then it remains until after each ancient dame has enjoyed her weekly conversation and the sexton, tired of yawning, lingers until that formidable division—"Remote, unfriendly, melancholy and slow"—passes without the gates of the synagogue.

THE study of the Bible is perhaps the most wonderful and still the most neglected in our school. A large percentage of the young people of our country do not know the first thing about the book they pretend to prize most highly. We have known some who would not open their Bibles to read in church, because they could not find the place without referring to the index. Others, perhaps Biblical teachers, who if they were asked who wrote the book of Job, would hunt all through commentaries and then blush and stammer that they could not find it. It sometimes requires as much knowledge to say "I do not know," as to give any other answer.

We do not think of studying the Bible as we do other histories. No—we do not treat it with the same respect. Perhaps we read a dozen verses in the morning and a dozen more in the evening and think it doing well, but we never think of reading consecutive verses and connecting one chapter with another, as we would have to do in order to understand other books.

We attempt to teach a Sunday School lesson when we do not know, even the occasion on which the chapter was written, and by a simple question would have our own faith shaken. Few are so fortunate as we in this temple of learning, who have the advantages of Dr. Burn's lectures, in which, by reference to the Book itself he so easily smoothes the rough places.

We are glad to see such a number of students appreciating this privilege.

ATTENTION is repeatedly called to the negro, and many are the theories as to the way in which he should be treated. It seems indeed strange that there should be such a bitter personal repugnance to the black man by those people whose efforts obtained the abolition of slavery in the United States.

The negro is patient, affectionate and very good-natured, he causes no disturbance in social life, leaves us entirely to ourselves, and yet he is subjected to social indignities that have no parallel. In railway cars, steamboats, hotels and theatres, he is treated as if he were tainted with leprosy. The least profitable and most menial trades are all that are allowed him, thus giving him but little chance of becoming rich; but even when this happens, hotels are closed to him. Saddest of all is the attitude of the Church which is the common meeting place for all—except the poor negro.

The race has lived with us from the beginning of our history; there have been no conflicts or animosities, leaving incradicable scars upon the nation's feelings, and there are no bitter memories such as disfigure the annals of alien races. In Europe they are treated differently—they live at the best hotels and enjoy all the privileges of the white man. It is somewhat of a mystery why our American cousins are so long learning the lesson given them by European example.

TO succeed, both as teachers and pupils, it is necessary that sympathy should exist between them.

Teachers should possess enough preception of character to know how to deal with the different members of their classes, no two of whom probably require the same treatment. Reproof and complaint may urge some students on to renewed effort, while on others it has the effect of discouraging them to such an extent that their sensitive natures cannot recover from the shock. It is a blunted nature that will endure severe upbraiding for both wrong and right actions, without being disheartened. When one feels that they have done their utmost to acquire

some difficult task and receive no word of approval or encouragement, it is human nature to feel like giving up in despair. Sometimes instructors forget that *their* knowledge was not obtained in a few years, and they should not expect their pupils to jump across the chasm for which they had to build a bridge. In some cases it may be their youthful period is so far in the past that they cannot recall the time when they too, struggled to mount the lowest round of the ladder which does not end.

The name of teacher is closely allied to patience, and if this is not so they cannot hope to instill into the minds of the different characters around them those gems of truth and wisdom which they find so valuable. But how often the students err:—They do not realize how the patience of their teachers is tried, nor how their more developed minds shrink from the mistakes committed by those they are endeavoring to instruct. When indifference and inattention are apparent, there is little wonder that they cannot suppress the feelings that such conduct of the pupils cause.

Where sympathy exists, each will consult the feelings of the other and will prove a mutual benefit.

"CRITICS are born not made," some one has said. We doubt this statement, and our reason for doubting is the fact that a college girl who is not a critic is unknown. It is not probable that they are all endowed with the gift of criticism, but owing to their surroundings they unconsciously become experts in the art of pulling to pieces the characters, manners and speech of their fellow-students, as a rule utterly disregarding all that is good and lovable, and magnifying all their questionable qualities until they assume a gigantic size.

A short time since in speaking of a comrade who takes no part in the energetic pursuits of our life, some one unkindly remarked, "She can do nothing but dream." The critic must indeed have tasted but slightly of the fruits of imagination, if she could affirm that those

currents of the human soul are known only to them who are unfortunate in possessing weak minds—minds not strong enough to grasp facts, but instead of taking this world as it is, with its cares and troubles, shut themselves up in themselves and build the world they would like to live in.

Ah, they are happy people who can thus escape from this hollow, selfish world, and in one of their own building, whose beauty and harmony is a foretaste of heaven, wander with chosen companions. For there are many lonely ones in this busy globe who long for the companionship of kindred spirits; this is denied them here, then who can blame them if they search in "Castles in the air" for the pleasure they do not find in real life?

"Seasons there are when such a heart, inspired by sweet imaginings can plume its wings," and soaring free and unfettered among the sweet paths of fancy, will drink rich draughts of bliss from those thoughts which are not of this world, but have ethereal birth. Their influence does not unfit us for the reality, but they cheer the heart and nerve it to deeds of truest worth.

THE manner in which Sunday is spent is one of the most marked points of difference between countries. This fact is so well-known that we need hardly prove it, but let us speak of some of the various ways in which the Lord's Day is passed.

We find that the French particularly follow pleasure. In France Sunday is a holiday rather than a day of rest, but whether pleasure or rest it is voluntary. If a man wants to work he does so, and no "Lord's Day observer" says a word. If he wishes to enjoy himself, there are other pleasure-seekers and many ways in which he can obtain enjoyment. None of his native companions are Pharisees, and he cares nothing for the opinion of strangers. However, as a dutiful son of the Church, he must first hear mass; that performed, each is his own keeper, and pleasure does no spiritual damage.

You glance at Scotland—what a change! Instead of the short varied mass with candles, choir, and many colored garments and shifting acts of devotion, here is the long monotony of the bare and unadorned kirk. Long service, dealing with abstract doctrines, occupy the time which the Romish Church fills with brightness and variety. All pleasure and natural light-heartedness is crushed on the Lord's Day in cold Scotland, and with long faces and desponding mien the people betake themselves to their joyless services. While the French amuse themselves the Scotch virtually do penance by dullness, which they confound with godliness.

We find the English Sunday without the levity of the French or the dullness of the Scotch; the people are not always at church, nor yet at the Fair—they do not indulge in dancing, yet approve of walking. They are sober not sad, grave but not austere. In the country it is a day of rest but not of gloom, while in towns the stores are closed but people go about, and can escape from the stifling courts of the city to the bright green fields and lanes of the country.

We do not envy the extravagant gaiety of the French, nor the sour discipline of the Scotch. We prefer our golden mean—more dignity than the one, more rationality than the other.

+ Socials. +

Merry Christmas,
and
Happy New Year!

"Coffee Pot."

"Sweet Pet."

Great was the drop there from.

"Who composed Hiller's Studies?"

Is waterproof a non-conductor?

Maudie you remind me of a valentine
(one cent).

Why is a certain *Harmony Class* so interesting this term?

Professor—"Who wrote Rip Van Winkle?"

Senior—"Wilkie Collins."

A junior says:—Sir Isaac Newton invented the law of gravitation.

M.—"Did you ever eat a prairie chicken?"

H.—"Oh! you mean a clam."

Who stole the cheese, that lay on the table, that stood in the room, where the girls paint?

Junior—"What is 'speak' in German?"

Senior—"Parle."

Girls! on your next *reception day* complete your toilet before appearing.

"Some days must be dark and dreary."

So say the *Advanced Latin Students* when Latin prose is the order of the day.

In the division recently the "Fairie Queene" was heard relating "her dream" to her companion. "Why!" she remarked, "did you ever hear of such an indecorous tale, I must have been in the Seventh Heaven."

"Do you know where Helen is?"

"Yes: she is in the library making *chaos* out of *confusion*."

Junior (speaking of intelligence being so deeply imprinted on faces)—"You see it in the pictures of Wellington and all those old Greeks."

One of the students speaking to a German scholar,—said she thought the girls were too familiar, calling Made-moiselle by her first name, Fraulein.

1st young lady (holding her side)—Oh! dear!

2nd Y. L.—"What the matter?"

3rd Y. L.—"She's got the plenrisky."

2nd Y. L.—"In her throat?"

Prof. in Zoology Class—"Classify the cud-chewing animals."

Bright student—"Cows."

Quite a sensation was created one afternoon recently, when an ex-graduate was noticed looking on a *book* with a gentleman. (Latin).

In an argument concerning the "lovable ability" of a certain "*young gentleman*," one of the students remarked that he

made a "*perfect idiot*" of himself. "Well what of that," responded another, "all the girls enjoyed it."

Girls! when your grates are emptied be careful where the *ashes* are thrown, for was it not only the other day that a young lady made her appearance in a *public gathering* with her hat most profusely decorated with this "delicate powder."

Young ladies commenting on the beauties of nature—"You never can tell where the sun sets here, it is a peculiarity of Hamilton." "That's a fact," said another, "You never can get near enough the horizon"

A WARNING.—When young ladies are driven to the resource of "Laird's Bloom of Youth," they should get as far from the public highway as possible.

The climax of vanity was reached when a young lady spent two afternoons before a looking-glass—painting her picture.

†Personals.†

Miss Jessamine Jones, who took the gold medal in mathematics in '89, has an excellent position as teacher of that subject in Iowa.

We are glad to hear that Miss Emma Smith, '90, has recovered from her serious illness.

It delights us to hear from Cobourg that Miss Nettie Burkholder, '89, who is taking full honor work there, is greatly pleased with the University and the Cobourg people.

Mrs. Pratt, president of the Alumnae, entertained several of the young ladies last Saturday evening. It is not necessary to say how much the girls enjoyed themselves, when Mrs. Pratt was the hostess.

Miss Gibson, of Ottawa, has been spending a few days with her sister at the college this week.

We see by the papers that Dr. Burns has been delighting a Toronto audience.

The college girls resent these frequent departures to lecture in other cities, *they* would like the pleasure of hearing him in Hamilton.

Miss Emma Graham, '86, after an extended vacation resumed her studies, and has been very successful in obtaining a first-class certificate.

The Misses L. Miller, E. Parrish and N. McCormick, have been guests at the college of late. It is always a pleasure to welcome the old girls.

We have heard with the deepest regret of the death of the Rev. Dr. Williams, who was one of the most highly esteemed and widely known ministers of our church. His death following so closely that of his daughter, Mrs. Boice, has called forth expressions of deepest sympathy for the sorrowing family.

†Christmas.†

Oh blessed day, which givest the eternal lie
To self and sense, and all the brute within!
Oh! come to us, amid this war of life;
To hall and hovel, come; to all who toil
In senate, shop or study; and to those
Who, Sundered by the wastes of half a world,
Ill-warmed and sorely tempted, ever face
Nature's brute powers, and men unmann'd to brutes,
Come to them, blest and blessing, Christmas Day—
Tell them once more the tale of Bethlehem,
The kneeling shepherds and the Babe Divine,
And keep them men indeed, fair Christmas Day.

—Charles Kingsley.

†The Aim of Life.†

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart throbs—he most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.
And he whose heart beats quickest lives the longest:
Lives in one hour more than in years do some
Whose fat blood sleeps as it slips 'long their veins.
Life is but a means unto an end: that end,
Beginning, mean, and end to all things,—God!
The dead, have all the glory of the world.

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