

Feb 1888



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THE PORTFOLIO.

VITA SINE LITERIS MORS EST.

VOL. 8

HAMILTON, ONTARIO, FEBRUARY 29TH, 1888.

No 6.



THE

WESLEYAN LADIES' COLLEGE

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Second " " November 10th. | Fourth " " April 13th.

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✻ The Portfolio. ✻

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

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF, Fannie Merrill.
ASSOCIATE EDITORS, { May Marter.
Nettie Burkholder.
Carrie Colden.
BUSINESS MANAGER, { Alex. McInnes.
Louise Lister.
CORRESPONDING SECRETARY, Georgie Martin.

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

✻ Editorials. ✻

✻ I T may not be out of place for me to say something with regard to the Senior Literary Society. At the commencement of the scholastic year, we felt anxious for fear that it would not prove as interesting as it formerly had, on account of the small number of members; but time has shown us that what cannot be made up in quantity may be made up in quality. The Society has developed some fine debaters and good essay writers, not to mention the musical talents of others. The usual diffidence noticed in young lady debaters is not seen here. In looking over some old PORTFOLIOS, a description was found of the manner in which the young ladies then debated; but whether it was a caricature or not, it showed pretty accurately the ridiculous attempts some had made.

A few stick-in-the-mud people think debating is not for girls; that it causes them to acquire too much of an independent air. Experience shows that this is not the case, and the "searching up" that is necessary brings a store of knowledge to the mind not likely to be found in ordinary reading. The essays are of a high character and indicate a good deal of original thought. It would be impossible to describe the delightful music that is rendered—anyone who is acquainted with Prof. Ambrose may. Only the main features of the Society have been mentioned; and when the year ends, our chief regret will be that we cannot assemble every Saturday afternoon in the little drawing-room to enjoy the intellectual feast.

It was with great delight that we heard the glad news that Mr. Hiraiwa, a Japanese Methodist minister, would spend a week in Hamilton. Twice our Principal allowed us to attend and many were the useful little scraps we gathered from the two addresses. If Mr. Hiraiwa is a type of the average Japanese physically, they are not the equals of the good old Saxon race, although mentally they may be. He wore the native costume and one very odd thing we noticed about it, viz: that of wearing the family crest on his right scapula. Mr. Hiraiwa spoke of the condition of women in his country and the means employed to improve it. By introducing the dance some had thought this would end would be accomplished, Mr. Hiraiwa added: "I do not know what it may do for Canadian women but it proved a degrading rather than uplifting influence in Japan." One could not but form a favorable opinion of the "land of the rising sun" after hearing Mr. Hiraiwa, for his is the patriots' boast that "his first, best country, ever is at home." Mr. McDonald also made a strong appeal on

behalf of the foreign missions. Mr. Huntingdon, who stood alone in representing the work of the Methodist Church at home, certainly has the largest amount of our sympathy. We fully realize the truth of the saying "charity begins at home."

We are pleased to hear that the Junior Literary Society has been re-organized with the following officers:—

President, Evelyn Phippen.
Vice-President, Carrie Hillyard.
Secretary, Ada Merrill.
Treasurer, Evelyn Boyle.

This Society contains by far the larger number of students, not less than fifty, and if a success can be made of a society, this surely will have a fair trial. With the present officers we feel confident of its success. Already we feel effects of the businesslike qualities possessed by this august body, for the *Spectator* now finds its way daily to the Reading-room. But Ev., remember to control your feeling and appear insensible to criticisms.

On Friday evening, February 10th, we met for the first time this year, the friends of our College. The hostesses of the evening were Miss Marter, President of the S. L. Society, and Miss Merrill, Editress of the PORTFOLIO. Every person seemed to enter with great enthusiasm into the evening's enjoyment. Enlivening music, and how could it be otherwise with the band of the Thirteenth in attendance, helped not a little to render the passing hours delightful; for they did pass, and all too early the young ladies were forced to use their privilege of excusing themselves. We were pleased above all to meet so many who had seen more of life than ourselves, and if we covet one thing more than another, it is to make our *Conversazione* interesting to persons advanced in years as well as to those who are beginning to taste life's pleasures. February 10th is now only present in our memories, but with our Principal's permission we would not object to welcoming our friends again, old and new, about Easter time.

+ Physical Culture +

* THE highest good of the soul is connected with the highest good of the body. Mind and body are mutually dependent. We cannot secure the development of the one at the expense of the other. Then let us, girls, while endeavoring to improve the minds, not forget that the body is the medium through which we communicate with the outward world. We have been impressed by the fact, that some of our best students fail to make a harmonious use of the external organs by which the inspiration of the soul is made manifest. Others, less gifted, make a most pleasant and agreeable impression. How often do we see girls suffer from special defects, as bad gait, drooping shoulders, malposition of the head, languid attitude, &c.—defects which painfully disturb the total effect.

Lord Bacon, in speaking of the welfare of the body, says: "The human organization is so delicate and so varied, like a musical instrument of complicated and exquisite workmanship, it easily loses its harmony."

The ancient Greeks paid the same attention to physical as to mental training. Their monuments in art, science and language, which have come down to us, are worthy of our highest admiration. A beneficent Creator has framed us according to his own idea. Why not cultivate a taste for the study of the wonderful mechanism of the body—how to perfect and develop it, How many go floundering along through life, practically shorn of half their power because they neglect the cultivation of the body.

It is to be deeply regretted that so little attention is given to the tone of the voice. How often do we hear resounding through our venerable halls, the piercing scream of terror, the whine of peevishness or the nasal twang, which is so unbecoming in ladies.

With regard to our mirth, let us remember Goldsmith's couplet:—

"The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind."

+ Tennyson. +

✱ LORD ALFRED TENNYSON, England's laureate poet, is a man who scarcely ever appears in the fashionable drawing-rooms or even the streets of the great metropolis. His life is spent, almost entirely, either at his residence in Haslemere or in the pleasant homestead on the Isle of Wight, which has long since become famous. He made a trial of London life a few years ago. He rented a house in a fashionable quarter, entertained and allowed himself to be entertained, and was the center of an admiring group. But he would not change his costume—always appearing in the picturesque, wide-awake and poetic cloak, with his hair flowing over his shoulders. Soon tiring of the giddy whirl of society, he forsook it for his country home, so much better suited to his tastes; and he declared that London would never be visited by him again unless it was unavoidable.

In his den at Haslemere, at the top of the house, he sits wrapt in meditation or indulging in poetical fancies, but, what slightly mars the effects of these musings, he must always have a pipe in his mouth and a huge tobacco jar by his side. In appearance he is tall, slightly bent by the more than threescore winters which have passed over his head, leaving their frost also on his hair and beard. Carlyle describes him at forty as "one of the finest looking men in the world, a great shock of rusty dark hair, bright laughing hazel eyes, massive aquiline face—most massive yet most delicate of sallow-brown complexion, almost Indian looking." He cares nought what the world says regarding his personal appearance. His every day dress is a suit of badly fitting gray clothes, loose turned down collar and a cravat carelessly tied.

His friendships are few and he is not anxious to make new acquaintances. His manners seem almost rude to a stranger, but by his most intimate friends this brusqueness is not noticed. He does not think as Pope did, that "The proper

study of mankind is man," for his secluded life has made him particularly sensitive to the criticisms of the world. His sorrow at the death of his bosom friend, Arthur Hallam, which occurred when Tennyson was quite a young man, was deep and lasting. To turn his attention from his recent bereavement he began to compose verses in memory of his dead companion, and at last brought forth that wonderful production "In Memoriam,"

Thackeray's daughter says of his reading the poem "Maud:" "One can hardly describe it—it is a sort of mystical incantation, a chant in which every note rises and falls, and reverberates again. A few years ago, while cruising with Mr. Gladstone in Sir Donald Currie's steamer, he was requested by the Princess of Wales and her sister, the Empress of Russia, who had boarded the ship at Copenhagen, to read to them "Enoch Arden." Complying with pleasure to their wish, he was heartily thanked and the next day received a letter expressing their pleasure and admiration.

Though cold and indifferent to the world in general, to his wife and children he is tenderly devoted. His wife has been an invalid for many years, so cannot, as she used to long ago, accompany him in his morning walks or sit by his side while he studies or writes. It is said that it was on his eldest son's account that he accepted the title of Lord Tennyson. It may be the means of his receiving more attention from the world than he would as plain Mr. Tennyson, for his talents can never raise him to his father's position.

The poet's productions of the last ten years have been very much inferior to his earlier poems. The "Jubilee Ode," written during the last year, is a composition not to be compared even to the Ode on the "Death of the Duke of Wellington;" and this ranks far beneath his "Locksley Hall," and the "Princess." But we must not expect too much from him who for half a century has been pouring forth rare gems of song, which will, no doubt, delight the future generation.

On the whole, Tennyson's life has been happy and prosperous; his old age calm

and serene. Not, like Milton, shut out from gazing upon the beauties of nature, as he still preserves his sight almost unimpaired. And he has "realized that which more than two thousand years ago, the latin Poet Horace declared to be the highest bliss for the declining years of the Muses—the boon of passing his days in a world peopled by the images of his fancy and made musical by the notes of his lyre."—*Marjorie*.

Literature: Examination.

449 -1350.

"With eyes that are aching from light,
And exams. coming the next day,
A student sat burning the midnight oil,
Who groans at each step of the way.

"Alfred—Beowulf—Brut.

In the Norman and Saxon reign,
And Manning and Bacon and Peter Lombard,
All muddle my scholarly brain."

1350 -1450.

"Work—Work—Work.

Here's the earliest English time,
And Wycliffe who did such great work for the kirk:
And Chaucer the "Father of Rhyme."
The barbarous works of old Gower,
Are weighing like lead on my breast:
His Latin works written with power.
And I don't care a fig for the rest."

1450 -1550.

"Work! work! work!

The Revival of Learning, I see
The invention of printing, the founding of schools.
Oh, what are such matters to me!
Hawes and Ascham and More,
More and Ascham and Hawes,
'Til over their writings I fall asleep,
And not without adequate cause."

1558 -1625.

Oh, men of Elizabeth's reign!

Oh, men of a frivolous age!

Who spent your lives in the lifting up
Of the then degraded stage.
You wrote with an elegant pen,
Of thoughts and themes of knowledge,
To spoil and torture the innocent minds,
In the Hamilton Ladies' College.

"But why should I talk of plays
Of the Spenser-Shakespearean time,
When novels and books of most thrilling romance,
Can truly be bought for a dime.
The saying of Bacon is true, —
That all of our "Knowledge is Power;"
But what does it profit a school girl to know
What Bacon could teach in an hour."

1623 -1700

"Work—Work—Work.

We will leave the Augustan Age.
The "Civil War Era" now comes to our hand,
The Fantastical School seems the rage;
The wisdom of Usher; the Essays of Locke,
On man and his riches and pelf;
And Milton, the author of "Paradise Lost,"
And I doubt if he'll find it himself."

1700 -1800

"Work—Work—Work.

From weary nine to nine,
I must learn up the "Eighteenth Century,"
'Til I know it line by line.
Now what shall be said of the rest—
"De mortuis nil nisi bonum?"
We'll try to pass over the errors they made,
For fear all the world should disown 'em."

1800.

"The craze for spontaneous verse,
That the "Modern Times" environ;
The poets who climbed to the height una voce,
Were Shelly and Southey and Byron
Among the prosaical works,
It seems we have Ruskin and Hall,
Then Carlyle, Macaulay, Dickens and Scott—
Its the easiest era of all."

FINALE—

"With intellect cloudy and dull,
With faculties shaken and dumb,
A senior sat in a senior's garb,
Chewing a fragment of gum.

Play—Play—Play.

For to study I make no endeavor;
And I laugh as I fling the old volume away,
"I've done with Tom Arnold forever."

THOU ART THE TRUTH.

It fortifies my soul to know
That, though I perish, Truth is so,
That, howsoe'er I stray and range,
Whate'er I do, Thou dost not change.

I steadier step when I recall
That, if I slip, Thou dost not fall.

The father of English Poetry.

* THOSE who have done the most to make their names immortal, have left their lives wrapt in mystery. Homer's history cannot be settled:—

"Seven cities claimed the birth of Homer dead,
Through which the living Homer begged his bread."

Shakespeare's own writings have been attributed to another and his very existence has even been denied. Of Chaucer we know so little that we are forced to leave history and look for internal evidence in his works. He is contemporary with Gower, Wycliffe and Longland. The date of his birth is not known, but we are certain he died in 1400. Possessing great prudence and wisdom, he was employed by Edward III in important diplomatic missions. It is probable that he met Petrarch, on one of his missions to Italy. Chaucer's life was quite chequered; from basking in the sunshine of the king's smile, he was reduced to extreme poverty; but we feel certain that his last days were free from these troubles.

Chaucer laid the foundation of English poetry, but he had very little material to work upon. The language was in an unsettled state, and the fund of knowledge, of ideas, and of images requisite, were not in existence. It was only Chaucer's transcendent genius that could make a work enduring, written in that language, which the English then spoke. In the fifteenth century the people seemed to wake up and a reaction took place. The art of printing opened the gates of knowledge and the nation marched in.

Chaucer had sympathies as large as the nature of man, a soul that could not endure a dead form, and an intellect which arranged the human beings around him according to their qualities—by what they were, rather than by what they were called. He felt as Burns did, that

"The rank is but the guinea stamp;
The man's the gowd for a' that."

And thus, in that wonderful gallery of portraits, the prologue to the "Canterbury Tales," we have the existing aspects

and classes of English society described with a broad and impartial hand. We have the high and the low, the rich and the poor; but the high are not inordinately high and the low are not debased. The cement of religion binds together the whole social fabric, causing the common sympathies of its members to predominate above the grounds of estrangement. Chaucer, like Shakespeare, borrowed most of his stores from the various collections which he found; and the scenes generally, are laid in foreign lands.

"The Canterbury Tales" belong to the last period of Chaucer's life, when his judgement and insight into character, developed by a long and wisely-used experience, were at their height, while his imagination gave no signs of growing dim. Thirty-two persons are going in company as pilgrims to Canterbury; but the Tabard, the Inn in Southwark is the guide of the expedition. They are each to tell two tales going and coming, except the host who is to be judge of those which the other pilgrims tell. But Chaucer only completed twenty-four tales. However, these would have established the fame of any person.

The first in order and importance, is the Prologue, in which we have laid before us the general plan, and the several characters of the whole work. After this brief introduction, the poet gives the tales as the persons were supposed to relate them; and as he says, not refining them, but showing the characteristics of each.

Chaucer's English is quite easily read and not many words are obsolete. The great addition made to the language by the Norman French, confused the grammatical forms. Chaucer made use of these new forms and words and gave them a home in the English tongue, although critics maintain that he only used those spoken by the people generally. The poetry is iambic pentameter written in rhyming couplets. The spelling would drive any modern school-master crazy. One word will be spelled in two or three different forms on one page; the possessive "his" used for "its"; verbs, like

the German, ending in "en"; the imperative mood ending in "eth"; and the frequent running of two words into one, are a few of the peculiarities of Chaucer's poetry.

His knowledge is extensive and shows that philosophy formed a part of his study :

"Or if his wityng streyeth nevere a deel,
But by necessite condecionel."

Old proverbs as :—"To maken vertu of necessite," and, "Mordre wilout," date to Chaucer's time. His wit sparkles through his poetry.

"And when that he wel drunken hadde the wyn,
Then wolde he speke no word but Latyn.
A fewe termes hadde he, two or thre,
That he hadde lerned out of some decree."

But his tendency was always to end with some prayer to the Deity :—

"Now, Goode God, if that it be thy wille,
As saith my lord, so make us all goode men,
Bringe us to his heighe blisse. Amen.

It is easy to detect the belief in astrology and the destinies influenced by the stars. Many references are made to the classical mythology and the plots are woven with it as a texture. In reading Chaucer, we are lead to believe that the world has not advanced much, as his ideas and aspirations are the same as ours.—*Gladys.*

+ Epigrams. +

PRIEST AND PARISHIONER.

"My child, if you labor for hire you'll be mamish :
A woman unsexed is not loved, only feared.
It's wrong to change nature, her outer marks banish".
"Then father, pray why do you shave off your beard?"

TWO EQUATIONS.

"My dear, one plus nought equals one —one is man.
Nought, w man alone, change the terms if you can.
Not changing the sum for humanity's one."
"One-half plus one-half equals one ; is it done?"

A CASTLE IN SPAIN.

"Young woman, you ought to be home at your cooking,
"Twould give you employment enough everyday."
"My home is a castle in Spain, I am looking
For someone to show me ; do you know the way?
—Margaret B. Harvey.

A Plea for "CASTLES IN THE AIR."

Amid the myriad troubles that meet us day by day,
Who would not from the conflict a moment turn away,
And in a far off fairy land, where men no burdens bear,
Forget awhile our tears and toil in "Castles in the air.?"

When many a bright hued prospect fades fast beyond our view,

And hopes which neared fruition prove shadowy and untrue :

May we not in that dreamland, beyond all clouds and care,

Behold our paradise restored in "Castles in the air.?"

O, there are lonely chambers in every home and heart—
And in life's song of sorrow each one must bear a part.
But hark ! what mystic melodies soon hush the voice of care,

As parted hands are clasped once more in "Castles in the air.?"

Then never grow discouraged, though fortune favors not,
And we pursue life's pilgrimage unnoticed or forgot ;
We have an hour of victory and lustrous laurels wear—
For all are kings and conquerors in "Castles in the air."
—Jacob Gough.

+ Work. +

* **W**ORK, work, work ! Yes,
I know girls, it often seems to you that this one word is drummed into your ears morning, noon and night ; but we all meet it, for you will acknowledge how careless and discouraged we grow over lessons that are seemingly impossible for even our brilliant intellects to grasp.

Work, work, work !

With heads that are aching pain,
And eyes that are smarting with trying to read,
The algebra studied in vain.

This is the pathetic picture that most of you try to call us ; but in reality we doubt if a very large majority of the girls (juniors excepted) ever will injure their health by over-study or too much work in any line. But girls, you are here for study not for fun, and you seem very often to forget this important fact. We will soon have finished our course of study here and how gratifying it will be to look back to our final examinations and congratulate ourselves on having done so much better than any one else.

This really is possible though it may seem quite a stretch of the imagination to one class which is constantly reminded of its inferiority to all the preceding classes.

Of course we do not advocate rising before six o'clock to study or so loosing yourself in your books as to be nothing but a book-worm.

"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the best of men."

Observe how the little rhyme says, "now and then."

Encourage each other in your studies. You can do more than you dream of by showing a little sympathy and interest in some one beside yourself. If you hear "music in the air" directly over your head at six o'clock on Saturday morning, which is the only one in the week when you are at liberty to enjoy an extra hour's slumber, why should you dash cold water over your musical friend by threatening to annihilate her, when she has only become so enthusiastic over her "new piece" as to sacrifice her friend's comfort in order to practise an extra hour. It is a praiseworthy act and should be considered as such by you. Don't use harsh terms concerning the Glee Club, in a fit of jealousy, at not being among the chosen few who dispense sweet music free to all—they certainly manage to make themselves heard without your voice.

To a true student, one who is thirsting for knowledge, constant plodding and overturning every obstacle is only a pleasure, knowing that the brightest achievements will be the final results. Learn to think, learn to act, and, last but not least, learn to talk.

"Thoughts shut up want air,
And spoil like vales unopened to the sun."

"Thoughts" here does not mean the kind sometimes ventilated here in school, for we must confess that some which we have heard recently might better have never been aired. Why, where you are taught to hold converse with the distinguished poets of all ages; where you are taught to attain to a broader sweep of thought, can you not show some reasonable improvement in your conversational powers.

Practise talking, it will do you good for

"Speech ventilates our intellectual fire,
Speech burnishes our mental magazine,
Brightens for ornament, and whets for use."

Do your best in everything. Study, work till the end, then if you fail, remember what George Eliot so truly says:—"Failure after long perseverance is much grander than never to have a striving good enough to be called a failure."—*Penny*.

+ Items. +

* THESE are put in especially for one of our city subscribers who has the bad taste to always look first in that part of the "PORT" where these are stowed. Anything any other person wants?"

A Junior wants to know the difference between venous and ethereal blood. Answers received until June the 1st.

"Miss Teacher, may I poke the fire?"
"No, Miss S—, there is nothing to poke."

"I know a person who would contribute if you wished." It did our hearts good to hear this, but the *contributions* are not forthcoming,

Chancing to pass a room in which the seniors were holding an animated discussion on the Reception, to be given on the 10th, a young lady dropped in, and, when it was finally decided that no refreshments would be served, she exclaimed "What! have no eatables, then the men won't come."

It's leap year—many realized this fact on Friday evening, the 10th.

SPECIAL.—We invite our city readers of the "PORT," to an Open Meeting of the Senior Literary Society, Friday evening, March 16th. The debate will be handled by four of our best debaters. We hope to see many who take an interest in the College, present. *No Collection*.

They thought themselves well posted: In the last meeting of the Junior Literary Society, a debate formed part of the program and three members were appointed judges. The debate finished, our three judges left the room and after a consultation of two minutes, a decision was given. How very proper our friends are becoming?

We thank Mrs. Lazier for kind remembrance of the seniors. It was indeed a pleasant evening we spent at her home on the 17th.

"Morder wil out, that se we day by day." We were surprised to see this was as old as Chaucer.

The question, who wrote the Morte d' Arthur from which Spencer drew so largely in his description of Prince Arthur, was asked in the English Literature class, without a moment's hesitation came the reply, "Tennyson."

Geology has begun and we can now enter the sacred (to the rats) precincts of the museum.

Prof.—Miss L—, can you tell me anything about Calcareous Rock?

Student.—They are—What? (turning to the one who was prompting her.)

Prof.—(after the laughter had subsided) Now Miss L—, don't lend yourself as a mouth-piece to Miss M—.

Rumors of an oyster supper to be given by the J. L. Society, are floating around. Don't keep us in suspense long, girls.

Teacher.—"O, wait a minute Miss D—, we want to know by what authority you do that?" Clever disciple of Euclid.—"By the 1st Apostle."

These two lines occur in Chaucer:

"This reeve sat upon a ful good stot,
That was al pomely gray, and highte Scot."

This couplet was translated by a student as follows:

"This reeve sat upon a full good horse,
That was all dapple grey and Highland Scot."

"Alas, the Reception is over!" is the piteous cry heard resounding through the halls of the "Angel Factory."

Every day we hear complaints about the absence of the "Mail," "Spectator," and other papers in the reading-room. We wish it to be distinctly understood that removing papers from this room is contrary to our rules. Some few really wish to read the daily news and in the future a fine of twenty-five cents will be required by the person in whose possession any paper is found, unless by permission of the librarian.

We sympathize with our schoolmate, Miss Nora Smith, who has so lately suffered the loss of her sister.

Returning Good for Evil.

✻ THIS sublime virtue finds nowhere a grander expression than in those maxims of the Gospel:

"You have been told that it was said: Thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate thy enemy: But I say unto you: Love your enemies; do good to those that hate you, and pray for those that despitefully use you and persecute you." Christ studded the Mosaic Law with pearls of precepts and diamonds of instruction. He burnished out the corners, which the bigoted Jews would have liked to overlook. He held up the mirror of the Law before them and showed them their petty jealousies and conceits.

Christ taught that "we should do unto others as we would that they should do unto us." We wish to be respected—we must respect others. We want to receive good—we, ourselves, must do good to others. We want to enter heaven—it will be a lonesome place if we do not help others to get there: Our duty, then is to do good to others, not because we expect them to return it; but to do good, even if we expect evil in return. This is hard, because it is contrary to our natures. A French proverb says:—"Drive away nature and it gallops back again."

Moses, a man possessing wonderful talents as a military leader, led three millions of slaves out of Egypt into Canaan. These slaves were far more ignorant than the American slaves were; but in time they might have formed a kingdom with Moses as king. Moses rejected all personal honors and spent his life in redeeming his countrymen from bondage. He was ill paid for his self-denial by the constant murmurings and mutinies; and yet, prayed that his

name might be blotted out of the book, if God would only forgive them.

A touching piece of family history comes to our notice in the life of Joseph. The simple tale of his forgiveness and noble conduct towards his brothers, seizes hold of the best of our natures and inspires us to do likewise. Numerous instances in the Bible might be cited, where this noble virtue was exercised; but the last and greatest of all was made by the One who yielded up the ghost on the cross.

Civilization has always been brought about by this principle. The missionary leaves a home, holding everything dear to him, and endures privation, attendant on such an enterprise—to raise mankind to the knowledge of Christ. Probably he is imprisoned or loses his life; but an example is left, or some words are dropped, that prove the effort was not in vain. Those looking for an example of female heroism, would find all they need in the lives of the three Mrs. Judsons, who endured the most cruel tortures in order to carry the Gospel to India.

No permanent good to humanity has been known to exist long, when self was the person most benefited. The greatest self-sacrifice brings the greatest good to our fellow-creatures. People who live for themselves, are like parasites, which get their living from the trees on which they rest. These people think only of themselves,—how they can best enjoy themselves and secure the most of this world's goods for themselves. The liquor-seller thinks little of anyone but himself; the drunkard cares for no one but himself. The capitalist, as a general thing, does not think of his workmen, and this is the cause of so much dissatisfaction. Are we to expect good from these? Is the world to receive the most good from those who put self-interest first? Past experience has taught us that distillers, tobacco manufacturers and opium traders, are not those who put the Bible in every cottage, or send the Gospel to the heathen countries. Who then look after the religious instruction for the masses? We must not expect the rich alone, or the poor alone, to do it; but the one who puts self out of sight.

Gladstone, in endeavoring to settle the Irish question, is trying to overcome evil with good. The removal of the effects of the bad government which has been exercised over that down-trodden, beautiful country, has engaged the mind of the Grand Old Man. He feels greater satisfaction in elevating those helpless people than in being knighted by the Queen. Why must such characters as John Wycliffe, Martin Luther, John Knox, and in our own times, Florence Nightingale, Gladstone and Dr.

McGlynn, shine out as stars among the people? Is it because they have burst the bands of selfishness that binds us to earth and have been imbued with the spirit of the Messiah, who brought peace to all men?

England raises eighty-one millions of pounds, sterling, for taxes every year. Every year, sixty millions of pounds of these taxes is spent for war purposes, and twenty-one millions is laid out for public works and public instruction. This sixty millions used for war purposes, if devoted to spreading the Gospel and civilizing the world, would bring every man to a knowledge of the Bible before this century closes. The War Department thinks that evil will be overcome by evil—by showing hostility to hostility; but let them sow the seeds of peace and the country will not need to be protected.

The world is not to be conquered by returning good for good, but good for evil. Suppose the farmer cultivates the same piece of ground every year; when would the unploughed millions of acres be tilled? Suppose that we ran in the same grooves our forefathers made; when would railroads, telegraphs and steamboats come into use? The pioneer and inventor launch out to overcome the difficulty, and the result is inestimable comfort. New discoveries must be made on the same principle. Chemistry, geology and astronomy will unfold their secrets to the patient scientist. A future Edison will tell us how to warm ourselves by one-half the amount of coal and live on one-third of the food that it takes to sustain us now.

Let us sum up the reward of those who devote their lives to scientific research and to elevate mankind. We find it in the natural sanction and the inward sanction.

The natural sanction is the natural results accruing from a life of useful endeavors. We are kept from evil pursuits by occupying the time in doing good. Our good-will towards others brings good-will to us.

The inward sanction is more to be desired, as it is the approbation of the conscience. None but those who have tried it can tell the sweet joy we feel when we have made some one feel glad that they have met us. I would count it a great privilege if I could witness the death of the great missionary, Bishop Taylor. Thousands of Africans rejoice to-day because of this self-denying man. It seems to me that the angels would be so eager to carry him home, that he would enter heaven as Enoch or Elijah did, and we pray that his mantle might fall on us. "It is not in the lists," says Plutarch, "that the victors in our sacred games are crowned, it is after they have run the course."—*Fern.*

+ Exchanges. +

✻ A good article on "Dissipation in Reading" is given in the *Western Maryland College Monthly*. From the many good points in it we choose the following;

"How many of our boys and girls, even of those who are pursuing courses in our highest schools, know much of general literature, outside the anthologies prescribed by their teachers, and provided for in the curriculum of their colleges? Are not Milton, Dante and Wordsworth, names, with nimbus of glory, indeed, but merely names, to numbers of our best-educated people? The rapid, sketchy, superficial way of reading, which is common, has made solid scholarly attainment far rarer than it should be in a land of general intelligence."

"The Ideal Student" receives attention in the *North-West College Chronicle*. We have always had in mind an "Ideal Student," but never saw one. Let us mention some of the requirements which the writer of the essay gives, and all will come to the conclusion that no such person lives in 1888. "He has regular habits, is obedient, economical, thorough, prompt, sociable, courteous, beneficent, religious, and has a due portion of good common sense."

The *Willmington Collegian* is a very attractive Journal. An editorial on "Memory" voices the cry of the age—that the memory is failing. As a reason for this, it says that the habit of skimming over the daily and weekly papers, reading a little here about one thing and a little there about another thing, is a rapid way of destroying the memory. Numerous Memory Classes are being formed throughout America and Canada, and it remains to be seen whether these will be effectual in recruiting that failing faculty.

If the exchange editor of the *High School Bulletin* would read an article carefully before passing an opinion upon it, he would perhaps make fewer mistakes. There is something besides "praise" in "What our Neighbors say of Us," and anyone who will take trouble to look may find it.

As we peruse the pages of the January number of that interesting exchange, *The Manitoba Journal* we find our attention drawn particularly to an article entitled "Sorrows of Genius," in which the writer gives many illustrations to show that "genius and sorrow are to as synonymous terms." After reading the essay one becomes almost discouraged, and, were it not for the few closing remarks in which the prosperity of genius in the Victorian age is referred to, would decide that it might be better to allow our genius to remain uncultivated. It is a clever article, however, and one which we enjoy reading. "Loyalty to God and Temporal Prosperity," could be read with benefit by anyone and its advice followed with profit,

In the *College Index* we find a good essay on "Aesthetic Element in Education." The writer says that the practical alone is not sufficient in education. A man who could demonstrate the most difficult mathematical problem and yet look upon Raphael's Madonna as a common photograph, is deficient in some of the qualities which go to make up a perfect education. Although this is a very practical world in which we live, we must sometimes rise above the common place and flee to the Ideal world. "Whatever elevates, inspires, refreshes any human soul is useful to that soul." The paper is, on the whole very good and one of our most welcome exchanges.

+ Gems. +

"Sweet! in the land to come, we'll feed on flowers;

Droop not my child, a happy place there is.
Know you it not? (all pain and sorrow shut out.)

Where men may mix with angels. You and I
Will wander there with garlands on our brows
And talk in music. We will shed no tears—
Save those of joy, nor sigh unless for love.
Look up, and straight grow happy."

"He, who has helped thee hitherto,
Will help thee all the journey through.
Did ever trouble yet befall
And he refuse to hear thy call?
And has he not the promise passed
That thou shalt overcome at last?"

DR. SINCLAIR, 

† Dentist, †

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