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THE PORTFOLIO.

Vita Sine Literis Mors Est.

VOL. 7.

HAMILTON, SEPTEMBER, 1886.

No. 1.



THE Wesleyan Ladies' College,

FIRST TERM BEGINS SEP. 2ND.
SECOND " " NOV. 10TH.

HAMILTON, ONTARIO.

THIRD TERM BEGINS FEB. 2ND.
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THE PORTFOLIO.

Vita Sine Literis Mortis Est.

VOL. 7.

HAMILTON, ONTARIO, SEPTEMBER, 1886.

No. 1

DAY DREAMS.

BY GRACE DENIO LITCHFIELD.

Oh! sweet are the dreams that darkness brings,
The fragrant roses that slumber flings
Into the garden of night!
But sweeter far are the dreams that day
Drops all along life's weary way,
Like dew-drops on the buds of May,
To bless our waking sight.

O, beautiful, beautiful dreams that fall
Like tender moonlight over all
The dreary wastes of life!
As if an angel went before
And gilded all the landscape o'er
With the shadow of Heaven, where of yore
Was only pain and strife.
O, beautiful dreams that spring like flowers
Out of the seeds of life's dark hours,
Watered with tears of pain!
Flowers that bloom amid deserts' sands,
Too frail to transplant to brighter lands,
Too fair to be gathered by mortal hands,
Too sweet to lose again.

O, beautiful, beautiful waking dreams,
That flow like forest-hidden streams,
By the foot-worn road of day!
Streams that go singing for love's own sake,
Streams that their sweetest music make
Out of the very stones that break
The smoothness of their way.

O, exquisite dreams that softly show
Through the gray spun veil of earthly woe!
Like a star in twilight skies,
Too far to make their own, so near
It tempts our grasp, that pure and clear
On nights' dark cheek lies like a tear
Wept from an angel's eyes.

O, dreams that rest on the life of youth
Like bubbles that rise in the well of truth
From the somber depths below!
Bubbles that catch each ray of the sun,
And mirror them upwards one by one,
Till all the well, so cold, so dun,
Gleams with a borrowed glow.

O, stars that vanish; O, flowers that fade,
O, streams that are lost in a woodland shade;
O, bubbles that break with a kiss;
O, dreams that from the buried roots
Of secret sorrows, like green shoots,
Grow toward the light, yet bear no fruits.
Are ye less fair for this?

What though ye are but dreams, but dreams?
Ah! brighter our lives e'en for transient gleams
Of hopes that ne'er may be ours.
Then pray for a dreamless sleep if ye will,
For a slumber no visions have power to thrill;
But, oh! thank God that he gives us still
The dreams of our waking hours!

THE INFLUENCE OF GREECE ON THE LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ARTS OF THE PRE- SENT AGE.

M. E. MCDONAGH.

Man is distinguished from all other creatures in the world, not only by the superior endowment of mind he possesses, but for the capacity to be constantly advancing to perfection in thought and knowledge. He has also the power of preserving and using the achievements of past generations, in Literature, Science and Art, for the culture and civilization of the present. When the science of letters passed from Asia to Europe, more than eight hundred years before Christ, it found a congenial home in Greece. Hellas, as it was called, was situated in the midst of the most prosperous and progressive of ancient nations. It was settled by a brave and intellectual European nationality. The race soon spread themselves over the Egean Islands, into Italy, Sicily and Asia Minor. They were for a long time the leading sailors and commercial colonists. Stimulated, no doubt, by the great nations around them, 900 B. C., they were remarkable for their enlightenment. Cousin says:—"The sea is the great highway of Commerce; and Commerce is the greatest channel of ideas, the medium through which the knowledge acquired by one country is given to another." Greek philosophy thus became, at its first appearance, a philosophy of nature. As early as the seventh century Athens was recognised as the school of Greece, a little later as the school of the world, which latter position she held almost down to our own times. It was about this time that the great names, Thales, Heroclitus, Diogenes and Anaxemenes, which are found at the head of mental activity, are to be placed. In Greece, philosophy, poetry, eloquence and the fine arts were extensively cultivated,

The civilization of this nation, at this time, represents the youth of humanity. The result of this culture was carried to other lands by the conquests of Alexander and subsequently by conquering Romans. The Poets, Architects, Sculptors, Historians and Philosophers of Greece were then, as they still are, the guides and models of men of thought and taste in all cultivated nations. Their influence on the present culture of Europe is so obvious, all purer taste is so manifestly of Greek origin, that an intimate acquaintance with the authors of our civilization is or can be a matter of absolute indifference to no one who would mark the progress of man, or who has any sense for the unfolding of his noblest powers. Has not literature in its most flourishing periods, kindled its torch at the "altars of antiquity?" And does not every nation, when it fancies in the intoxication of self-esteem, that it can dispense with the great leaders, fall into mediocrity? Greece is still in a peculiar sense the teacher of the world. She excels all, for she did what can never be done again, she made a great and varied literature without a teacher, so comprehensive in its thought, so liberal in its spirit and so finely polished in its style that many eminent scholars maintain that no literary education deserves to be called complete unless it includes familiarity with Greek classical literature. The classical age of Greece, and the one from which our literary efforts receive their stimulus dates from 900 B. C. to date of Homer 322 B. C. The names of those who have gained an entrance into the world's great literary pantheon are limited to the small number of sixteen. Consider how choice the products covered by the designation classic; how priceless the pure selected grain. More than eighty-five generations of men have passed from the cradle to the grave—of making books there has been no time. The public libraries of Europe and the United States alone, at the present time, contain more than sixteen million volumes, and out of all this vast flow of mental activity, the world to-day holds but about fifty small volumes, which critical judges stamp with the pre-eminent title of distinctly classical literature. The term classical as used here holds the older and truer signification denoting the highest and choicest productions of Greek literature which have come along

the highways of thirty centuries to kindle the admiration and delight of every enlightened age and people. We have, contained in these fifty small volumes,

"The books, the arts, the academies,
That show, contain, and nourish all the world."

Behold the marvel, all else is changed, we cannot even find the sites of these wonderful productions, but the art of Homer, the sweet strains which the bard over thirty centuries ago poured into the delighted ears of ancient Greece; the wonderful and majestic power of Demosthenes' oratory, the lyrics of Pindar, the morality of Socrates, the philosophy of Plato, in fact the garnered riches of Greece have come down to us through all these centuries to the scholar of whatsoever condition of outward life, nothing is required but the studious and earnest endeavour. It is enough to refer to the inexhaustible affluence of these treasures to justify the course of our ancestors in considering the writers of classical antiquity as the best source from which intellectual culture for the young could be drawn. They found possibly, as we do, more than one author who quickens the mind both by the copiousness of his materials, and his skilful arrangement of them. We have in this small collection of volumes, art which aims at expression, thought which aims at knowledge, each in the most perfect form which man has yet contrived to set forth. We moderns are but the literary children of the Greeks. It was from these productions that *Chaucer* and *Shakespeare* drank, that Milton "Mewed his mighty youth and kindled his undazzled eyes." Here *Addison* caught the liquid smoothness of his prose, here *Burke* fed his philosophical spirit. Here *Pitt* and *Fox* were trained too wield the thunder-bolts of their great oratory. It is a truth, beyond dispute, that no pre-eminent English writer can be equally appreciated by those who have not the knowledge of Greek, as those who have. The classical writings have the effect of conducting to the complete discipline of the mind, strengthening the memory, cultivating the judgment, and stirring the aspirations till they

"Shall burn unquenchably,
Until the eternal doom shall be."

These works are universally considered rich treasure houses for the antiquarian, the

statesman and the scholar. Classical allusions are the warp and woof of all polite literature of the present day. Terms of art explicable only in the life and customs of Greece, fill every literary work which commands the praise and study of the reading world. Perhaps over no part of literature have the Greeks wielded so wide an influence as in that of *mental philosophy*. A writer has said "It is interesting to note that even in abstract thinking, there is nothing new under the sun." *Heroclitus* held, *vo* thousand years before *Hegel*, that contradictory propositions may be consistent; and *Parmenides*, a few years later, that "All is one," and "Thought and being are identical." *Socrates* was a patron of the inductive method, a system which Francis Bacon no more originated than he did the other laws of thought; *Plato* enumerated the laws of sufficient reason, universally attributed to *Leibnitz*; the ontology of *Plato*, covered with the moss of ages, still remains one of the most perfect systems in existence. *Aristotle* numbers amongst his followers, *John Stuart Mill* and *Grote*. The cosmogony of *Lucretus*, and the automata of *Descartes*, are essentially the same problem; and *Sir William Hamilton* exhibited an insatiable desire to show that the philosophers of antiquity either consciously or unconsciously held the same opinions as himself on all the debatable questions in philosophy.

Thousands of volumes have been written, all having their starting point in the systems of thought, worked out by the ancient Greeks. It is remarked by the greatest critics that in their most striking features, the theories of the ancients have been reproduced in modern literature. Large numbers of men, so important has been the need of correct translations of the Greek fragments, have spent their lives in tracing out the true and original copies. In *Plato's* translations alone, there are over forty editions, nearly as many translations, three lexicons, besides criticisms too numerous to trace. This shows that even on the thoughts and ideas of one man, an wonderful inductive philosophy to which all the advances of science are due, in its most improved form, rising by inductions from phenomena to their causes and then descending by deductions from those causes to

immense pressure of time and thought has been brought to bear. We ask, where indeed, could be found a compensation for the great literary world, moulded as it has been the last four hundred years in its highest relations, were it possible suddenly to snap asunder the threads that bind it to antiquity?

Again, in the study of NATURAL SCIENCE, we find that the broadest fundamental culture is necessary. The master-minds in this study must take a broad and extensive range of both ancient and modern thought, in order to find out the relation existing between the two, and to see to what extent modern thought has been influenced by the antique. All that has been done in the fundamentals to the time of Roger Bacon had been done by the Greeks. The broadest science of Arabia was nothing but Greek science translated, and was mainly the channel through which Greek ideas were introduced into Europe. In this way, our age, long ago employed in the sciences, all the essential ideas of the Ancients we understand, not simply what they knew, but in many respects infinitely more. The materials which they left have not only been collected, but in many ways enlarged. The knowledge which was with them a child has gradually grown into a mature and nearly perfect form. It is to these wonderful people we owe the masterly works, which are being and have been written on this subject.

From the original writings of *Aristotle* sprang the first bud of science. He became, through the influence of Alexander the Great, the head of the scientific commission which accompanied the Macedonian army in the conquest of Asia. After Alexandria was built it became the centre of a powerful scientific school; astronomy, anatomy, mechanics and mathematics were cultivated with great success; the city contained dissecting rooms, botanical gardens, menageries and an observatory. Thousands came from all the known world to imbibe these truths. Here, as well as over the whole territory of science, the most gratifying activity prevailed. In this school scholars were instructed in the science of zoology, which *Aristotle* is said, by competent judges, to have created as the real instigator of the inductive procedure in search for truth. To him also belongs the honor of giving to the world the

wonderful inductive philosophy to which all the advances of science are due, in its most improved form, rising by inductions from phenomena to their causes, and then descending by deductions from those causes to the detail of phenomena. His master-mind clearly saw, long before *Newton*, the fallacy of some of the ideas of motion, and it is from this wonderful man we get our knowledge of the importance of the study of nature, as he agreed that the general principles must be reached by induction from special facts and studied out by the technical rules of logic.

It was in the city of Alexandria that *Euclid* worked out his great problems, destined to challenge contradiction from the whole human race. After more than twenty-two centuries they still stand models of accuracy as well as standards of exact demonstration. The day will never come when these propositions will be denied. He also wrote on optics, discussing the hypotheses of rays, issuing from the eye to an object. In the philosophy of *Pythagoras* we find a resemblance to chemistry in the number being invariably connected with the name of the thing of whatsoever description it may be, fully carrying out a line in Pope's Essay:—

"We think in numbers, for the numbers come."

Lucretius, in his time, anticipated many of the generalizations of the best scientific thinkers. He, like modern astronomers, believed that the solar system was once a fiery dust, which became condensed into suns and planets. *La Place* says: "In an observation, made by the Greeks, of a summer solstice, in 432 B. C., we have, for the first time, a combined system of observation, made with instruments for measurement of angles, and calculated by trigonometrical methods." It is quite safe to say that astronomy then took the form which subsequent ages have only perfected.

Archimedes, born in Syracuse, 287 B. C., was eminent as a geometer and mechanic. He discovered the ratio between the circumference and diameter of a circle, the method of ascertaining specific gravity, besides inventing the endless screw, concave mirror, and catapult for throwing large stones. It would take too long to enumerate the great names which head the study of science, sufficient be it, that we owe to these never-tiring thinkers, the invention of the lever,

the sun-dial, perspective drawing, suction pump, water wheel, and the grist mill. We will find as a matter of experience, if we know the best that has been written, thought or uttered in the world, we shall find that the sentiments of men who lived perhaps long ago, who had the most limited natural knowledge, and who had the most erroneous conceptions about many important matters:—that have not only the power of refreshing and delighting us, but have also the ability of fortifying, elevating, quickening, and suggesting to the extent of wonderfully helping us to relate the results of modern science to our need for beauty.

A comprehensive history of the last phase of the subject under discussion, viz.: "The influence of Greece on the art of the present age," would include a record of all the endeavors which man has made through the ages to bring the world of sense in subordination to that of spirit, or to make the real a true reflection of the ideal. There are few things better fitted to produce mental clearness and skill than the study of art, especially Greek art—with its clear appeal to the reason of things and its foundation of principles laid deep in nature. It is unnecessary to say that the art of Greece, penetrating through life as it did, not only favored, but to a certain degree demanded the multiplication of its works. When the deeper fountains of imagination and creative power were dried up, their influence, nevertheless, still continued centuries after its extinction. After the age of Alexander the Great, creative art made no further progress, but the impulse given in better times worked on, the tradition of excellence remained,—external respect for art was still propagated,—adroitness in art was ever increasing, and, as the fountains of new creations were exhausted, the works of earlier times were imitated. Hence we perceive in so many later works the peculiar beauty of antiquity. In poetry, painting and sculpture alike, Greek art has been regarded as pre-eminent. The clearness, the truth of composition and the simple beauty of form, have rendered the models of this people unchangeable and eternal. The sense of harmony which dwelt in the souls of *Phidias* and *Sophocles* is now but the echo of what it once was, and still—modern minds are trying to reproduce to themselves the absolute grace

and severity of these echoes, to charm and awe us as we listen "at the closed doors of that temple of harmony." In dramatic art Goethe's "*Iphigene*" is generally quoted as the great model and instance of modern antique. It is pronounced by some critics a greater poem, possibly, but a less complete work of art from a Grecian standpoint than either of the two plays with which it bears comparison: Schiller's "*Bride of Messina*," and Milton's "*Samson Agonistes*." In Schiller's "*Bride of Messina*" he adopts, with few variations, Greek tragic method. He keeps well in sight the fundamentals of Greek tragedy, and yet nowhere imitates directly. In Milton's tragedy the happy adaptation of Greek method and Greek sentiment to a Hebrew subject produces the effect of art without a painful sense of imitation. The same in *Paradise Lost*. There is hardly a line that is not echoed from some recollection of Greek, Latin or Italian poetry; and yet it is all his own. Browning's "*Batansion*" is beautiful for its melody and the echo of Greek thought which sound through its pages. Keates, like Morris, penetrated with the power of Greek beauty if he has to use his own words, "in too late a day touched the beautiful mythology of Greece," he has not also "dulled its brightness."

The success of modern art to reproduce the Greek spirit is more observable in painting than elsewhere. Whether this spirit has really been caught by our painters more than our poets—whatever may be the cause—there are modern works which remind us of Greek art in their perfection, without a painful sense of their having been copied. The majority of the most successful modern classical painters are of the English school. *Wates*, *Leighton*, *Poynter*, and *Moore*, all nearly approximate in some degree, the Greek models. But it is to a Danish artist, of this century, named *Bertel Thorwalsden*, that the honor of having penetrated further than all the foregoing masters into the spirit and beauty of classical art. He created with an inexhaustible fertility of imagination and noble feelings for form, an array of works which are a noble appreciation of Greek spirit. In his celebrated Frieze of the Triumph of Alexander, the genuine Lucretian relief style is revived in its perfect purity and severity. The past has been to these painters, as well as numerous others,

not a source of fruitless mourning, but of encouragement and success. The art of modern Europe is a direct off-shoot from that of Greece. The technical methods of painting and the general ideas of creating the subject are still those which were handed down from the days of Free Hellas.

Four centuries B. C. Greece gave the world examples of architectural beauty and symmetry which no succeeding nation has ever approximated. In sculpture she did the same, and art has ever since been judged as to its excellence or its defects by its correspondence with or its departure from the immortal originals of *Phidas*, *Scopas* and *Praxiteles*. It was from the unearthing of old Greek sculpture, out of the debris of ruined temples and palaces, that *Michael Angelo* and *Raphael* derived the inspiration which was the means of the rejuvenation of art. Nicola Pisano, the founder of modern sculpture, is supposed to have been influenced by his study of the remains of sculpture to be seen at Pisa, his home. He found in the chaste grace and purity of these antique conceptions, an imperishable charm which appealed to every human sentiment, and which secured for all his productions conceived in a similar spirit—the warm interest of those who delight to refresh themselves with the simple beauty that belongs to the true manifestation of nature. This idealistic style of Greece, realized as it is in the present and endowed with new activity, becomes forever the most precious possession of modern sculpture. The Greeks made monuments of art, not from motives of display or of gain, but being incited by an unselfish love of beauty which they delighted in, they built nobly and for eternity, works they wrought, even the least, every fragile vase or cup remain so many ages, models of pure taste.

"Oh attic shape! fair attitude—with brede
Of marble men and maidens overwrought;
With forest branches and the trodden weed;
Thou silent form dost tease us out of thought,
As doth eternity; cold pastoral;
When old age shall this generation waste,
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou says:—
'Beauty is truth; truth, beauty!—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.'"

"MANN PROPRIO."

?

This may seem a peculiar subject for one to choose to write upon, but why it should be so we know not. In the first place it expresses very accurately the state of our feelings when we were trying to decide which of the thronging multitudes of themes which were lying all around us would be best to select. From among so many how could we choose one? And we became in our indecision metaphorically speaking an interrogation point. Then again it appeared best to write on something useful, and what is of more use than this self same mark of punctuation? There is certainly nothing strikingly beautiful or remarkably graceful in its form. It seems a very common place object indeed, but without it or something to take its place what could we do? If we had only the power of expressing our thoughts and ideas in the one form as statements, how monotonous it would be! But it is not our intention to treat of this subject in regard to its grammatical nature. If we did it would probably prove far more monotonous than the expression of ideas without the privilege of using the form of a query. We will spare the feelings of those who are compelled to read this production and will not turn it into a treatise on Rhetoric. Our purpose is to consider the analogy between man and this subject.

And what is each member of the human race but an enlarged and extended interrogation point? No man will ever amount to anything who is not very desirous of adding to his store of knowledge. When we come into this world we are the possessors of five senses and a few primary ideas or intuitions. Without development these would not lead to any startling results, but they are developed to a certain extent by our surroundings, thus slightly enlarging our fund of information. Of course during the first years of our lives our education depends mostly on those around us, but beyond a certain point we cannot be compelled to go; and if our own desire for knowledge does not lead us on, we come to a stand-still and dwindle into comparative nothingness.

But the principles of curiosity are possessed by all, at least in a certain degree and lead us on in our researches after information. All children wish to know the why

and the wherefore of everything they see around them, and who is there that has not been puzzled by the queries of some of these precocious interrogators?

One of our intuitions being the law of causality it is hard to accept facts without knowing of the causes which produce the noticed effects; but still we are often compelled to admit that we can not explain certain events. We know that these things take place, and in what manner, and that there must be some explanation which would account for them, but what this is we do not and cannot know. Man's knowledge is limited no matter in what direction we turn. As Sir Wm. Hamilton aptly puts it, "All human knowledge lies between two extremes, the unknown and the unknowable."

But the human race is very ambitious and inclined to have great confidence in its own power, so will not accept the statement of others, but each one for himself endeavors to question his way through the mists which seem to surround us on all sides. We are never satisfied but are always endeavoring to make the dividing line between the known and the unknown still farther away. It is hard for the conceited human race to admit that there are heights and depths which not even its brightest lights have ever been able to fathom. But we never give up completely, in spite of all difficulties we still keep on questioning and find it very hard to realize that

"There are films over nature everywhere
To soothe and refresh our sight,
For mortal eyes were not made to bear
The dazzle of shadeless light."

Because so much has been revealed to our feeble understandings we feel ill-treated when we are not capable of comprehending everything. The universal law of dissatisfaction, "the more you get the more you want," comes into play. We rise on our minute accumulation of knowledge, superior certainly to that of other mortals; and endeavor by standing on tip-toe, to gaze into the far away distance and seize all things in our grasp. There are vast fields for discovery in any direction we care to turn and when we have pursued some one subject to its limits, do we find any feeling of satisfaction as regards the knowledge

acquired? On the contrary do we not feel overcome by a sense of extreme weariness on viewing the vast extent of the untrodden paths yet lying before us which we may never hope to tread? We may prosecute our enquiries indefatigably, our queries may be ceaseless; but at last those who have gone farthest in the race standing on their pinnacle of glory, which may seem lofty to us below, can only tell us of the still greater heights which lie beyond.

"In paths superior what advantage lies?
Tell (for you can) what is it to be wise?
'Tis but to know how little can be known,
To see all others faults, and feel our own!"

In the realm of Philosophy particularly there are many things we can not comprehend, and in all ages men have worried themselves trying to find new theories and explanations for these facts which seem to lie far beyond our sphere.

In morals we talk and trouble about the Resurrection, wondering whether our earthly bodies will be resurrected, or only our spirits. And if the former, how can it be possible for each of those who have been buried in an indiscriminate heap, as in the case of a plague, or on a battle field, to assume their earthly form? It might certainly be hard for us with our earthly powers to arrange such things, and of course we can not imagine that another being should be able to improve on our management.

Again the subject of predestination troubles us greatly, and we are almost unwilling to believe that the explanation of what seems so strange lies altogether beyond our reach. We want to know all about these matters ourselves and seem afraid to trust them to the guidance of One who is infinitely beyond us, and who is surely able to arrange all things in a manner far superior to any we could propose. But we must not sermonize and so will leave the moral question as Tenyson does:

"Behold, we know not anything;
I can but trust that good shall fall
At least—far off—at least, to all,
And every winter change to spring.
So runs my dream: but what am I?
An infant crying in the night;
An infant crying for the light,
And with no language but a cry."

But it is not in the philosophical line alone that we have questionings. Although there is not the same total uncertainty manifested

in other realms. There have always been great questions of the day for people to discuss, and there probably always will be. Lately we have been deeply interested in the Labor Question and Home Rule. The Knights of Labor and the Irish have been discussed by all, and many different conclusions regarding them and their respective rights have been reached. No sooner is one thing settled than something else springs up involving questioning; and so we go on in our narrow sphere, making life one great question until at the end we are only capable of saying,—

"The world is somewhat it goes on somehow,
But what is the meaning of *then* and *now*?
I feel there is something; but how and what?
I know there is somewhat: but what and why?
I cannot tell if that somewhat be I.
Why the life goes out when the blood is spilt?
What the life is? Where the soul may lie?
Who will riddle me the how and the what?
Who will riddle me the what and the why?"

MYRA E. STAFFORD.

The Portfolio.

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Editorials.

THE old remark that the holidays were far too short, was heard quite as often this year as on any other first of September. Everyone had enjoyed herself so much that

it was with reluctance that good-bye was said to Muskoka, Mackinac Island, Grimsby, the Thousand Isles, or the other summer resorts. Our opening day dawned bright and fair. Morning, afternoon, and evening trains brought the returning students; but it was Friday before our number was complete, and the eight resident and four day pupils which comprise our graduating class were listening to our respected principal's learned dissertations on Biblical History and English literature; on mental philosophy and moral science.

We are afraid from the disparaging remarks already heard, that Class '87 will never be distinguished as the "dignified seniors." Even college caps and gowns fail to inspire respect on the part of precocious juniors. We hope to prove before the year is ended the truth that "mind is measure of the man."

Every year brings its changes, none more surely than this. It seems as if some were missing who ought to be here. No newcomers can ever take the place of the loved friends of Class '86. Friendship is not with us here to-day and gone to-morrow, the perfume and suppliance of a moment.

Our college life this year presents a few new features: more than half our number taking French and German, Greek or Latin, as a preliminary to obtaining the higher degree; one of the seniors sufficiently well prepared to graduate after a single year's study; a resident professor takes charge of our science department; and a new preceptress insists "Parlez Francais," madamoiselle. "Ave et Vale" is our covenant of life.

"Hail! and farewell! Such is the fleet condition
Of earthly intercourse; we meet to part.
Joy perisheth in rapture of fruition.
Hail! and farewell!

SOME one has justly remarked that half the battle of a student's life is over when he has learned how to study. In the beginning of the school year may we not profitably give some attention to this fact? Do not some of us go through most of our school life without having learned how to employ our time to the best advantage? Do we not often spend time and effort without attaining to the full results at which we aimed? Do we not fail even after a conscientious effort to succeed?

Let us consider a few of the essentials to success in student life. If it is true that the path to future success lies through present duty, there is not much likelihood that we will succeed at something that we would like to do by and by if we are not ready to do as well as we can that which we ought to do just now. As students, nothing must be allowed to interfere with the performance of present duty. Having mapped out the work for our study hours, let us faithfully prepare one Logic at the hour set aside for Logic; Natural Philosophy and Trigonometry at the time devoted to them.

Our moods must not influence us in our work. Because we do not feel like working at a particular subject is no just reason why we ought not to do so. The peculiar gain of our school training is that we get into the way of study at certain hours, because we must do it whether we are in the mood for it or not. There is a gain in all regular work that we will lose if irregular.

Concentration is equally an essential. The last home letter, the long looked for box, the latest gossip must not intrude upon thoughts of moral science. Chemical experiments are not more clearly understood for an intermingling of chitter-chatter.

Interest in our work is all important. Our hearts must be in that which is to succeed. The work itself may not be attractive. All of us are not sufficiently intellectual to

find our chief delight in conjugating verbs and solving mathematical problems, but all of us want the result that comes from this preliminary toil. To do this work of preparation will require much faith and courage and patience. Let us all try to exercise these this year.

A meeting of the Senior Literary Society was called on Wednesday, Sept. 8th, for the purpose of electing the officers for the ensuing year. The results of the ballot are as follows:

- PRESIDENT,.....Miss C. Shore.
- VICE-PRESIDENT,.....Miss E. Robinson.
- SECRETARY,.....Miss E. Leary.
- TREASURER,.....Miss E. Aikins.

Owing to sickness in the house of Miss Lewis she was not able to return and take up her position as editress-in-chief of the PORTFOLIO. Miss Burns, the first assistant editress, was appointed to fill her place. The papers for the reading-room and other business matters were attended to.

Both seniors and juniors seem to have entered heartily into the work this year. We hope to hear of the organization of the Junior Society before long.

College Items.

GREETING.

DON'T forget to take the "PORT."

PROFESSOR—Please explain the next experiment. Student—Oh! It takes two or three days.

TO FRESHMAN—"Do you know if that girl is a Junior?" Freshman—"No, they call her a soft—something; I don't know what." She meant a Sophomore.

GIRLS! We hope you noticed that those wee little bantum chickens have grown some.

THE reading-room has assumed an unwonted air of neatness. We wonder how long it will last.

WE welcome into our faculty Prof. Parker, of Nova Scotia, Mlle. Chambers—the successor of Mlle. Pollens, Miss Bean, of Bright, valedictorian of class '85.

WE have been delighted during the month with the sweet music of the guitar which is played by Miss Lafferty and also Miss Ewart. We hope to hear from these ladies often during the year, both in the Societies and elsewhere.

WE are sorry to miss the pleasant face of Prof. Harrison; his kind and earnest talks will not soon be forgotten, but will long be remembered by us. We hope he will be as successful in his new position as he has been in former ones.

ONE of our number is looking forward with great pleasure to the time when the frost king will rule, she has never yet seen the ground mantled with snow.

WE hope that last year's exchanges will again appear in our sanctum.

WE are pleased to note the improvements going on in various parts of the city. The building opposite the college has undergone its full share of renovation. The old verandahs have been removed and a fresh coat of paint has been added, making what was heretofore an eye-sore, a pleasure to behold.

GIRLS having shopping to do will find it to their interest to patronize those who advertise in the PORT.

DON'T forget to take the "PORT."

MISS LIZZIE HURDON, of class '86, has spent a most enjoyable summer in the southern part of England. She will remain there during the winter and will then visit Germany and Russia.

ONE of the most noticeable changes in the college is the absence of Miss Dyer, who spent three years with us as a student, graduating in the summer of '84, with the honor of validictorian. In the fall of the same year she accepted a situation as teacher in the college, and for two years her untiring interest in her classes has made her a general favorite, and her pleasant face and genial manner are missed by all.

SURELY all will avail themselves of the opportunity of becoming conversant with the news of the day by enrolling their names as members of the reading-room, where several of the prominent dailies and weeklies are to be found.

ALL have been spending their spare moments of this term on the balcony.

THE piano in the drawing-room is in great demand. The sweet voices of the girls may be heard every evening singing college and other songs.

DON'T forget to take the "PORT."

Stealings.

Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widening with the process of the suns.—*Tennyson.*

You must learn to deal with odd and even in life, as well as in figures.

It's easy finding reasons why other folks should be patient.

"One soweth and another reapeth," is a verity that applies to evil as well as good.

There are answers which in turning away wrath, only send it to the other end of the room.

One's self-satisfaction is an untaxed kind of property, which it is very unpleasant to find depreciated.

All nature is but art, unknown to thee ;
All chance, direction, which thou canst not see ;
All discord, harmony not understood ;
All partial evil, universal good.—*Essay on Man.*

Who does the best his circumstance allows,
Does well, acts nobly ; angels could no more.—*Young.*

Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies :—
Hold you here, root and all, in my hand.
Little flower—but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all.
I should know what God and man is.—*Tennyson.*

The night has a thousand eyes, the day but one,
But the light of the whole world dies with the setting sun
The mind has a thousand eyes, the heart but one,
But the light of the whole world dies when the love is done.

Life painted a dream with tints of grey,
"For the world is sad," said he ;
But love looked over his shoulder—"nay,
Give up the trust to me."

Love painted the dream with colors bright,
"Tis a joyous world," said she ;
"If only thy brushes be used aright,
Nothing need dreary be."

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