

The Portfolio.

Vita Sine Literis Mors Est.

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BEYOND.

ONE eventide I stood beside the gliding stream,
Low purling songs of sweet content among
The reedy banks and slender bushes tall,
And in my hand a twining silken cord
Fast to a tiny boat that idly lay
In calm repose, soft rocking at my feet ;
And in that bark I tenderly had laid
A heart bound round with breathéd hopes and prayers.
I stood and dreamed of sunny days to come—
Days lying off so far, so far beyond,
That only sometimes in my dreams there came
A glimpse—a sweet, short glimpse—
And when my eyes still further would be blessed,
It seemed as though a spirit's shadow hand
Did veil my eyes, and 'twixt that land and me
Drew down a film of radiant mysticism ;
And then, though clouds of earth thought float between,
I know it lieth there—beyond ! beyond !
And when my boat some day shall sail away,
I on the shore shall slowly follow on,
Still holding in my hand the strong, pure, silken cord,
Till when the sea, white curling at my feet,
Shall tell me that I need no longer stray,
But with my bark, and all that it doth bear,
Sail swiftly to my glorious dream-land on.

My boat is gone !

'Twas years ago, and just on this same shore
I, with my thoughts and treasures, was alone ;
The day, like some fair eastern princess robed
In all her garb of glorious majesty,
Passed slowly through the golden gates ajar,
But e'er they closed the tender, grey-robed form
Of evening softly through the portals came,
And paused awhile in thought 'twixt earth and heaven,
Then calmly floated to the waiting world.
The nodding flow'rets lifted faces glad
To meet the offered kiss of her good-night.
Then, heavy with the dew from her sweet lips,
Droop slowly down to soft and dreamless sleep ;
The ocean's roar, borne to me on the wind,
Like hoarse-voiced monks at evening vespers seemed,
And sweetly chimed the brooklet's silver tone
Like gentle pleadings of a holy nun ;
The stars were slowly lighted one by one,
And, like the ears of fluttering angels, seemed
Soft laid against the azure floor above
To catch each sound of evening prayer and praise.
As there I stood, the swift, belated wing
Of whip-poor-will rough frightened from its rest
A tiny breeze that nestled in among
The grasses bending o'er the water's edge ;
Half waked it started, trembling in its fear,
Across the brook, rough pushing as it lay
My slumbering bark adown the rippling stream :
The cord so softly slid from out my hand

I missed it not—till when I wished to sleep
And bent for one more look ere I should say
"Good-night!" to what there fondly lay,
I turned, I gazed, as in a dream—'twas gone !
And now I wander to the ocean's shore alone,
And know that when again my vision comes
It, too, will come and carry me—Beyond !

ART IN THE HOME.

THE craving appetite of man may be satisfied by food, the burning thirst by water. The mind's aspirations are nurtured by every simple act or familiar scene, by deeper works of science, by subtler forms of literature. Provision is also made for the great soul-longings; there is no spiritual necessity which has not its correspondent satisfaction, there is no spiritual desire which may not be fulfilled. The objective thus answers to the subjective—the world without to the world within. Yet, in moments of excitement, when some greater power calls us out of ourselves, when Nature is presented in her most appalling forms, or Art in its wonderful perfection; when a mind of greater degree plays upon our own, *then* it is that we long for something, we know not what—a desire comes over us for which there seems to be no provision: we are *hungry*, but there is no food; *thirsty*, but there is no water. We have caught, it may be, an instant's view of something higher, nobler, than we have known; and what there is of high and noble within us, though half-buried, perhaps, with ignorance and selfishness, yet aroused into sympathy by that moment's view, *cries out* in its passionate desire to throw off its load and soar upwards. What we have seen was but half seen, we long for brighter light; yet, dazzled and bewildered, that we had was almost more than we could bear. The glimpse is momentary, but its memory remains, and Imagination, with its varied tints, embodying as it may the half-caught vision, presents to us a model, the copy of which may ennoble our entire lives.

Every one has some idea of the beautiful, even though the standard of taste be low, and *such* feelings are the long steps of the ladder which raises that standard to a loftier height; placing the pure and beautiful on their proper eminence, while the unlovely and deformed are covered and concealed.

That an ungainly house, however commodious, is not readily chosen as a residence; that a room without pictures seems barely furnished to the accustomed eye; that a home without music is a lonely, silent place—these facts prove the intimate connection existing between the Fine Arts and Domestic Life. Their relation is not that of a river running through the land, and diverging neither to right nor left from its allotted course, but it is like a thread of silk which one has woven into material of a coarser kind, not in one direction, but in all, softening and enriching the whole fabric.

The effects of Art upon the mind of man can be estimated only to a limited degree. All may see, however, how greatly it helps to make the home attractive, and thus reacts upon the mind. Amusement and instruction are two of man's mental requirements which, if not found in the home circle, will be sought elsewhere; refining, beautifying influences must pervade the Domestic Life, if the nature is to be beautified and refined. These, then, being the requirements of the mind, how far does Art promote or retard their fulfillment?

It would be idle to deny the good effects of music in a home; none can doubt that it meets a want of the human mind, not only where the sonatas of Beethoven and Mozart are appreciated, not alone where the finest musicians are to be found—but *everywhere*, where there are "young hearts, hot and restless," answering to the wild passion of its tones; *everywhere* where its soothing, quiet strains fall upon old hearts "subdued and slow." It may be that this feeling is more universal than it is generally deemed by musical connoisseurs. Passages which will excite in the cultivated a fever of admiration, may pass unnoticed by the crowd, whose hearts, *nevertheless*, will ache under a plainer tune, or quiver at the crash of simpler chords. Altogether apart, however, from this sympathy, there is a charm in the rhythm which runs through music; its regular emphasis; its steady rise and fall of

tone. Children, on hearing it, sway themselves to and fro, irresistibly accommodating their motions to its beat; men and women, too, feel the same impulse, and though the usages of society may forbid any outward manifestation, the effort necessary to preserve perfect composure goes far to prove that the pleasure and excitement it produces are universal.

In homes of average refinement vocal music is more highly appreciated than instrumental. The thought that is embodied in the latter is but dimly perceived, and frequently confuses rather than pleases; but in a song, that thought interpreted, given in words which are used in every day's experience, is easily grasped, and becomes a source of unmixed pleasure. Little songs! simple little songs, set to a simpler tune, now gay and joyful, running over with the sweet pathos of love; now full of woe, telling of the broken heart, filling the listener with the pleasing pain we feel when it is "only the sorrow of others casts its shadow over us." What a wonderful power have those little songs! How they are called for over and over again; listened to with unwearied pleasure; applauded with unabated zeal. Sometimes an old, quivering voice will join in with the young, fresh tones, contrasting so sadly, yet so sweetly; sometimes, to please an old man's fancy, the songs of fifty years ago are sung by the children of the present, testifying to the power of music upon the aged; testifying also to its power of association, for in the songs one has heard in youth are wrapped up all the feelings, the memories, of early life.

Have not these melodies a power for good in a home? The lowliest may find pleasure in them, the simplest may love and understand. How much more must this be the case where the grander music, the finished performer, the richer voice, appeal to the more cultivated taste, the more refined sympathy?

This pleasure is not for the listener alone; it belongs equally to the performer. As Kingsley has it, "Music is like mercy, it blesseth him that gives and him that takes." To him who has an innate consciousness of his own power, who, though devoid of conceit, feels *that* within him which *cannot* be denied, there is an intoxication of enjoyment in the power of creating harmonious

sounds: that pure enjoyment which all artists—be they singers, painters, poets—understand, and they only—the delight in mere creation, quite distinct from any sympathy or admiration of others, and oh! how far removed from any mere vanity or love of praise.

More indirectly, but none the less surely, is the home made attractive by the beauty that appeals to the eye. Nothing adds so greatly to the appearance of a house as the pictures which decorate its walls; they relieve the otherwise blank surface, as clouds which, in their varied hue, break the monotony of a summer sky; they people the room with ideal scenes and faces. Drawing the mind beyond the narrow walls, they fix it upon some lofty eminence, or rouse it with a glimpse into some unexplored region, or startle it with the sight of half-revealed glory.

If, from our windows, we behold the hill and dale of a luxuriant country, how greatly we prize the view! Yet no number of windows could give us the variety afforded by a few pictures. On one side we may have the deer, which Landseer delights to paint, thrown out by the snowy mountains of Greenland, and by the still, frosty lake; and immediately opposite the soft beauty and varied coloring of Autumn, or the bold lights and shades of summer at noonday. *There* may hang the sweet face of some Evangelist, whose sorrowful eyes follow us round, and haunt us with their "constant anguish of patience." And again, the fitful light of a watch-fire may break upon us, and all the weird appendages of a gipsy encampment: the wagons in the distance; the tired horses tied to a neighboring tree; the grim faces of the fireside group; lean, prowling dogs; sleeping forms of little children;—these all open to our view a world as new to us as it is sadly familiar to many a prodigal in a far country. Thus unknown faces become our close, home friends; foreign scenes are woven into our little lives; the room is longer than it looks, wider than it seems.

Indirectly, Art exerts a much wider, though less marked, influence. The medium of this influence is the æsthetic faculty which it cultivates, the keen sense of what is right and proper in so far as the eye is concerned. The Domestic Life is *woman's* sphere. Through her hands must flow in upon the

home those refining, beautifying influences which, acting upon the inmates, shall, through them, react upon future generations. Yet, in the past, a woman has never stood side by side with Michael Angelo, nor rivalled the great Beethoven. Should we then be justified in saying, that as all the indirect influence of the Fine Arts must come in upon the home through her instrumentality, that as she has seldom hitherto risen to eminence in the practice of the Fine Arts, therefore their influence upon the Domestic Life has been over-rated? Should we be justified in saying that, apart from the pictures which adorn the walls, apart from the music which enlivens its silence, a home owes nothing to Art? *Certainly not*, for acknowledging the fact that woman has as yet occupied a very secondary position in her practice of the Arts, and without waiting to inquire into her prospect for future years, it need by no means be inferred that she is not capable of admiring and producing the beautiful. The artistic taste of an average woman rises high above that of an average man; and we find more of the *higher* feminine qualities in the artist in proportion as his genius is greater or less, which qualities, though including all that is delicate and sensitive, by no means render a man effeminate. The artist *woman* makes the home her canvas, the domestic circle her key-board, and brings forth beauty of sight and sound by her well-directed touches. In the words of Mrs. Stowe, "Is not that a species of high Art by which a house, in itself cold and barren, becomes in every part warm and inviting, glowing with suggestions, alive with human tastes and personalities?" In such a house one involuntarily lingers, reluctant to leave; it has a charm about it which the beholder feels, but does not stay to define, which will attract him by some mesmeric influence when he is surrounded by other scenes. A home of this high, artistic type is, next to Nature, the best unwritten book; its illuminated pages are full of beautiful thoughts and ideas, under which the mind expands and is enriched as a flower under the soft, spring showers. Every elegant trifle has a lesson to teach in its perfection of beauty, every frail ornament is finished with the seal of a master hand. Unlike the delicate snow-flower, which dissolves under the slightest

breath of the beholder, the attentive observer sees in it beauties which a casual glance would never discover—beauties of form and of color.

It is not every home, however, that can boast of such perfection of Art; the bare outline may be there, but seldom is it developed into the perfect harmony of a masterpiece; dull pencil marks remain where the canvas should figure forth the living colors of Nature. But he who studies what is high, elevates all he touches; he who copies what is great, ennobles the meanest toil; and a love for the beautiful, a rational appreciation of the Fine Arts, cannot fail to raise the home life to a more elevated position.

The rude hieroglyphics of the ancients are thrown into great darkness by the paintings of to-day; the uncertain tones of the Æolian harp, formed by the mermaid's tresses, are buried in the gush of grander music with which the present world is full. The Domestic Life of the existing era stands high above the cruel, despotic monarchies which men once called home. But the fullness of time has not yet come; the *beau-ideal* at which *we* aim will one day have an actual existence; *our* brightest visions will sometime be realized.

A QUAKER'S LETTER TO HIS WATCHMAKER.

The following we find in the *Montreal Witness*:

"I herewith send thee my pocket-watch, which standeth in need of thy friendly correction. The last time it was at thy friendly school it was in no way reformed, nor in the least benefitted thereby, for I perceive by the index of his mind that he is a liar, and the truth is not in him; that his pulse is sometimes slow, which betokens not an even temper. At other times it waxeth sluggish, notwithstanding I frequently urge him when he should be on his duty, as thou knowest his hand denoteth. I find him slumbering, or, as the variety of human reason phrases it, I caught him napping. Examine him, therefore, and prove him, I beseech thee, thoroughly, that thou mayest, being well acquainted with his inward frame and disposition, draw him from the error of his

way, and show him the path wherein he should go. It grieves me to think, and when I ponder therein I am verily of the opinion that his body is foul, and that the whole mass is corrupted. Cleanse him, therefore, with thy charming physic, from all pollution, that the may vibrate and circulate according to the truth. I will place him for a few days under thy care, and pay for his board as thou requirest. I entreat thee, friend John, to demean thyself on this occasion with judgment, according to the gift which is in thee, and prove thyself a workman; and when thou layest thy correcting hand upon him, let it be without passion, lest thou shouldst drive him to destruction. Do thou regulate his motion by the light that ruleth the day, and when thou findest him converted from the error of his ways, and move conformable to the above-mentioned rules, then thou send him home with a just bill of the charges drawn out in the spirit of moderation, and it shall be sent thee in the root of all evil."

ANONYMOUS letters do not *Burn* as well as desired.

DURING the last month the school routine has been pleasantly diversified by the passing through the city of several celebrities, Mrs. Scott-Siddons and the Rev. Arthur Mursell.

WE regret that want of space necessitates the omission of the account of our late skating entertainment. However, we expect to have another shortly, and will then try to satisfy those of our readers who were not present as to our mode of enjoyment within the "formidable brick walls."

AN Alumnae Conversazione was held in the College the last week of the holidays, but, owing to counter attractions in the city, was not so well attended as under other circumstances it would have been. There was a short musical programme. Miss Lister and Miss Reesor, two pianists of whose proficiency the College has good reason to be proud, each favored the assembled friends with a piano solo. We know of no building so admirably suitable for an occasion of the kind. The spacious drawing-room, parlors and promenade ground are, in themselves, an attraction.

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

WE are grateful for the kind reception that has everywhere greeted our paper, and for the friendly criticism and honest encouragement given us by those whose opinions we prize. Sensible of that wherein we have come short, we shall make it our earnest endeavor to profit by advice so generously given.

Some have complained that the paper is placed at too high a price. Our only reply is that the expenses of publication are so great that we cannot, at least this session, alter the terms of subscription. Surprise also has been expressed at the non-appearance of advertisements in our first issue. We think that a moment's reflection would have answered the query; we did not feel justified in asking people to advertise in a paper they had never seen, and of whose merits and circulation they were ignorant. We hope the presence of advertisements in this number will gratify all curiosity on the subject.

At present our list of exchanges is not extended enough to permit of a column being devoted to their criticism. This, however, will not long continue to be the case, as we would like to acknowledge the prompt response of some to our advances in this direction.

Owing to the relaxation of holiday times, and the delays attendant upon the re-opening of school, we have not been able to give our January number to the public in as good season as we had intended, but we trust our readers will accept this explanation.

WITHIN the last five weeks two of America's master minds have gone from our midst.

Each year the Alumnae of our College provide the opportunity of listening to different celebrated orators. The school year 1877-8 was marked by the presence of the distinguished lecturers Bayard Taylor and the Rev. Ira T. Bidwell.

Strange it is that the icy hand of Death should be laid on these two, upon whose words we hung so short a time ago. Mr. Bidwell was present at the closing exercises of the year, and delivered a lecture on the "Old Log School-house."

Bayard Taylor visited us shortly after the Christmas vacation. His lecture, delivered in Mechanics' Hall, was on the subject, "Ancient Egypt." His life is a grand evidence of the power of the mind and will to overcome every difficulty in the path determined upon in life. A farmer's son, he entered a printing office, and while there, by patient perseverance, acquired a splendid education. Possessing a desire to travel, he worked his passage across the Atlantic, and on foot made the tour of Europe. He afterward traversed large portions of Asia Minor and Africa. In 1862-3 he was Secretary of Legation at Petersburg. About a year before his death he was sent as U. S. Consul to Berlin. He has written much in prose and verse. Most of his prose works are descriptive of his travels.

SINCE the beginning of the new session our skating rink has been in full operation.

Though pronounced by some to be the best in the city, we have had no opportunity of verifying the statement: this much we can say, that although breezes have sometimes disturbed the flooding, and lumps sometimes risen, the rink has been a source of very great enjoyment to all—teachers, scholars, and the few city friends who have occasionally found their way within the walls.

Many a one who never before mounted the unstable steel has been encouraged by example and precept to try, and it speaks well for their perseverance that a complete failure has not as yet been reported.

Delightful recreation hours have been spent upon the ice, and the only alloy is the thought that ere long the sun will rob us of our pleasure.

The skating has already proved an inspiration to our College "laureate." We think that her spirited skating song will speak best for itself—

See them go!
Some in row,
Some in merry twos and threes.
Voices ringing,
Laughter ringing
On the frosty evening breeze.

See the rosy,
Bright and cosy
Flving, flitting figures pass;
Pretty dresses,
Floating tresses—
All a whirling, twirling mass.

Checks are tingling,
Bells are jingling,
Eyes are flashing in the light;
Skates are tinkling,
Stars are twinkling
In the deep blue dome of night

Some are cutting
Corners jutting—
Waltzing "outside edge" and "vine;"
Graceful gliding,
Slipping, sliding,
Up and down the joyous line.

'Midst the falling,
Tumbling, calling,
Constellations strange arise,
Which no eyeing,
Peering, spying,
E'er can find within the skies.

BOTHERSOME PEOPLE.

THE term *bothersome*, though perhaps not to be found in the dictionary, is one whose use is authorized by almost universal acceptance, for its exact shade of meaning is not expressed by any other word in our language. It generously covers a multitude of petty, unintentional faults with the garb of excusableness, by reminding us that all have likewise sinned. To be bothersome is the inevitable lot of humanity; it has been so, and will be so while time endures; Adam and Eve before the fall were the only exceptions to this rule. Yet consider the influence on society, on the world, were the failing eradicated wholly: patience and endurance would languish for lack of employment; fortitude would grow weak from inactivity, and much valuable energy would be lost, while the great calamities of life would overwhelm, simply because the mind had not been trained in the school of everyday trials. Among the bothersome people,

we do not include those who find pleasure in adding to an already lengthy list of such misdeeds; who take a delight in teasing and worrying others; and as for being the first to tell bad news, they positively relish it, watching the writhings of their victims with evident gusto.

From infancy to old age we are liable to errors of the kind: increasing years bring wisdom and watchfulness, and help us to avoid like occurrences.

Probably the most laughably bothersome period of life is that of childhood, from the time when we used to make raids upon people's hair, noses, and in fact every projecting object within reach; when we wailed by the hour for a forbidden toy and would not be comforted; or went on voyages of discovery, not resting till we had ransacked the bureau drawers and dissected the family photograph album, the musical box or mother's new bonnet. What a queer fashion we had of putting everything into our mouths, and thereby swallowing such things as beads, buttons, tacks, and caterpillars. How often did we treacherously gain admittance to the kitchen, and when there worry poor cook to death by putting salt in her preserves, and cold water in her kettle, or by slyly tasting the savory dishes when her back was turned.

Then came the period of school life, when every faculty was on the alert for fun, and the all-engrossing thought was of the means by which lessons could be recited without study; when the school-teacher's life was made a burden by reason of our never-ending exploits and experiments; when everything that was heard was stored up for repetition, and given out boldly without regard to time, place, or circumstances.

One would suppose that after childhood and youth are passed there would be no more such mistakes: it is true the offences are not so glaring, but they nevertheless occur. There are always people in this world who seem to have no particular occupation, but rather a general oversight of the occupations and domestic relations of their neighbors, friends, and even acquaintances; their sympathies, whether real or affected, are unlimited, and as for knowledge, they would be quite equal to the functions of the city directory or daily newspaper; they drop down upon you at the most unseasonable hour of the day, and exult in being the first

to bring you the newest gossip or the latest scandal, and stay on and on, keeping you in mental hot water till evaporation would be positive relief.

Then there are troublesome servants; hosts of agents, each determined to force his wares upon you; tiresome gentlemen who, coming in of an evening, do not know when to leave, and remain rooted to the spot till midnight, despite your yawns, wearied eyes, comments on the weather, and glances at the clock.

Though, in most cases, children are the causes of trouble to their elders, the situations are sometimes reversed. Who would not hate to be continually teased with such questions as "How old was Methuselah?" "Who discovered America?" "What do two and two make?" We heard of one nervous little boy who was nearly frightened into fits one day, when bungling old Parson P., with a voice like thunder, asked him, "Who made the world in six days and rested on the seventh?" "I did," screamed the child, bursting into tears, "but—I'll—never—do so—any more!" v.

LUNATICA, Jan. 1st, 1879.

MY DEAR MISS L.,—

BY the last lightning express from your planet I received, along with a number of sighs and sentimentalisms, a really modest and sensible letter from you. It was translated for me by one of my numerous cloud attendants who frequently visit your globe. She is now inditing my reply, which you will receive in the next snow storm.

I am naturally much interested in the inhabitants of the globe, which has been for so many ages revolving around me. It amuses me vastly to see your puny little men turning their telescopes towards my great domain, trying to fathom some of its mysteries. Doubtless you think this orb remains motionless in space, but that is a mistake, for I always manage to keep the side on which my capital is situated turned towards the earth. I could describe some queer scenes I have witnessed on your globe, but you seem more interested in things up here. I suppose you never travelled far from the earth in all your life, poor child, so it is no wonder you aspire to nobler and higher things.

Of course I was in existence long before the earth, and my reason for having such an appendage is obvious. It was so insufferably hot up here that I found it necessary to have a screen to keep off the direct rays of the sun. The earth answers the purpose very well, and we now have a delightful change of seasons, the greatest heat occurring only once a month.

You have at last come to the right quarter to inquire concerning the object of the human race. Why, my dear young lady, it was evolved especially for the amusement and edification of the denizens of this orb. Accustomed as you are to sham theatres, frivolous novels, and flimsy poetry, you can have no idea of the grand panorama, living poems and romances, not to mention sound moral examples, displayed for our benefit. You would take a different view of life if you were up here for awhile.

What exaggerated ideas you people have of your own importance, and what strange notions some of your brilliant geniuses promulgate. For instance, I hear that it is commonly reported among you that I was elevated to this sphere of action for gathering sticks on Sunday. Please to inform any deluded mortals who hold this idea that the women of my household have, from time immemorial, superintended the accumulation of firewood, and relieved me of this and of all other disagreeable duties.

There are, however, a few of your fellow-inhabitants (and may I take the liberty of classing you among them?) who, being endowed with lunar wisdom, are the saving of the race. Most of them are kept in close confinement, but a few utterly unappreciated unfortunates are still allowed to roam at large.

These I have inspired with many ennobling ideas. You have, doubtless, noticed the vast strides in moral and intellectual progress the world has taken since these learned scientists discovered the origin of man, but you never imagined whence they derived those lofty theories. They are chosen followers of mine, and it was I who told them all about it.

I have another class of especial favorites upon the earth, namely, those enlightened beings who are trying to elevate your sex to positions worthy of your gigantic intellect.

If some of your cynics could only pay me

a visit, they would be convinced of the feasibility of the system they are trying to nip in the bud. To be explicit, I am the only representative of the masculine gender on this sphere. I suppose you think that is the reason the moon is usually considered a dreary waste, but I find it very comfortable. It is really astonishing with what talent the women manage the whole affairs of the nation. There are no men to create contentions and jealousies, to crush them with iron-handed tyrannies, and frown down all their little attempts at legislation. Far from the chilling blasts of an unsympathetic world such as yours, their natures expand and blossom in the sunshine of my smiles.

I cannot but marvel when a young lady of your evident study and research asks such a simple question as, "What is the origin of language?" Have you not read in the gospel according to Darwin, how the chatterings of the monkey blended with those of the human infant, scarcely any difference being yet discernible? Some of the uncivilized nations of your earth still use this, which is undoubtedly the oldest language you possess. Some of your forefathers, through various impediments in their speech, were unable to pronounce certain words, and so formed new ones instead. Thus the different languages were evolved, and you can see for yourself how the process is still going on. The budding intellects of the nineteenth century cannot find words in the old Saxon adequate to express their wonderful ideas. They are, therefore, continually inventing new phrases, which are marvels of eloquence and euphony. Parents and instructors try to check this practice. They seldom think they are retarding the great development of language.

You cannot regret your inability to visit me more than I do. I once thought of building an air-line from my principal globe to my satellite, but, on consideration, I thought we would be immediately overrun with your male creatures, and I prefer being *the man in the moon* for all time to come.

My express messenger is thundering the alarm, which means she wants to be off. Hoping to hear from you again,

I remain,

Your distant but devoted admirer,

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

ADELAIDE PROCTOR.

When Charles Dickens, in 1853, was editing his weekly paper *Household Words*, his attention was attracted by a short poem offered by a person writing under the *nom de plume* of "Miss Berwick." In style and sentiment this poem differed so materially from all other contributions that Dickens, quite charmed, accepted it, and intimated to Miss Berwick that he would be pleased to consider her a regular contributor. This Miss Berwick agreed to become, and wrote regularly for a year. All this time Mr. Dickens had been in ignorance as to her real name, and not till after a year did he learn that Miss Berwick was Adelaide Anne Proctor, daughter of his most intimate friend Walter Proctor, better known to the literary world as Barry Cornwall. Miss Proctor was born in Bedford Square, London, on the 30th of October, 1825, and at a very early age evinced the greatest love for poetry, and when only five years of age had her favorite poems, which her mother used to copy into a small book, which was Adelaide's constant companion. In all her branches of study, Miss Proctor displayed great aptness and proficiency—excelling in music and painting. She was thoroughly conversant with the French, German and Italian languages, but one of her peculiarities was, to lose all interest in any study as soon as it was thoroughly mastered. Her course of reading was wide and varied, and well adapted for mental improvement. Some verses by her had appeared some years before 1853, in the *Book of Beauty*, the *Cornhill Magazine*, and *Good Words*, but, with these exceptions, her first published writings appeared in *Household Words*, and till then her family knew nothing of her literary talents or her aspirations as an authoress. She was a most zealous and devout member of the Catholic Church, and in its aid her pen was most frequently employed. Her labors, both literary and charitable, were most arduous, and when remonstrated with for her untiring efforts, she would answer, "There is no time for dreaming, I must work," and work she did, until no longer able from ill-health. In reading Adelaide Proctor's poems, the first impression one receives, is that she must have been a person of great melancholy. Charles Dickens tells us this

was not the case, as she was exceedingly cheerful and even vivacious. But her constant intercourse with those in the humbler walks of life gave her an insight into their mental and physical sufferings, and so deeply did all the chords of her tender nature vibrate in sympathy with her suffering fellow-creatures, that probably to this may be the cause of her sometimes sombre tone be laid. A knowledge of all the phases of the human heart is hers, and most truly and wonderfully does she describe its workings. But the careless happiness and buoyancy is not so often depicted as that deeper joy coming from a chastened heart possessing "that peace that passeth all understanding." Miss Proctor is, no doubt, a lover of Nature, but this is not so manifest in her works as her desire to teach what lies beyond this life, whose incompleteness she does not mourn, only strives to show how its joys are immeasurably less than those to come. It appears as though some disappointment must have occurred at some passage in her life, for in her poems, "A Warning," "A Woman's Question," and "A Parting," such a pathos and feeling is visible which seems only possible to be described by one who had lost and suffered. In everything she wrote her great beauty of soul and character shone brightly through, and it is to be regretted that her death in 1864, brought to a close a life that already had blossomed forth so beautifully.

LIFE AND DEATH.

There are many technical terms applied to the word *life*; but its original signification is animated existence, or simply spirit. Poets have written, bards have sung, "there is beauty all around," and "music everywhere." How much more truly can we say, "there is life everywhere." When the infant first becomes cognizant of things about him, and his mind begins to expand, and his intellect is being cultivated for the edification of his own soul, he finds that numberless animated objects have been in the world before him. If we ramble in the deeply shaded groves, or through the almost midnight darkness of the denser forest, we find life there in the millions of creeping and flying insects; while the feathery warblers swell their tiny throats with merry song, as if to challenge us to a brighter life than theirs.

View the battle-field, when contending armies are doing their utmost; surely life is there. The scene is changed: view the same field again when the rival armies, or at least the remnants of them, are gone; hundreds lie before us whose brave hearts thrilled with the thought of victory but a few short hours before—now all is still: truly we are in the midst of death, but this only proves to us that life must have been here to have caused so great a ruin. Let us visit the silent graveyard: though we are in the precincts of the dead, the memorial tablets tell us that such have lived. Could we dive into the fathomless depths of the ocean, even there we should find life in myriads of minute coral insects which, unseen by man, are slowly but surely building the reefs which contribute such wealth to some of our nations. Explore, with me, the almost hidden caverns of the mountains, whose gloom was never cheered by a single ray of sunshine, there the toil-loving lichens and sombre bats put our self-assertion to the blush by proving that we are not the first living objects to enter even the caves.

Our best lexicographers define life as being a series of changes in our muscular development. Strange! it is so changeless and yet ever changing; just as the globe, upon which we live, moves through space, so are we moving on through the space of time, our pulses continually beating the funeral march to the grave. And now we cannot weep a tear that has not been wept, nor resist a temptation which has not been resisted by our forefathers; the same disappointments, struggles, pleasures, and pains with which we are buffeting, have been undergone with similar results in the far away vistas of the past; the same stars that shone on Judah's plain, are shining on our College to-night; the same sun that illuminated the pinnacle of Mount Sinai, or rolled along the banks of Egyptian Niger, shines just as brightly, in this nineteenth century, on our Canadian homes.

Individual life has many phases. With some it floats along on the gauzy wings of affluence, while with others it is spent, as it were, on the Alpine regions, in a struggle with grim poverty; and again, with many the warp and woof of life is woven very evenly. "Life is real; life is earnest." It is all very well for a butterfly to idle her life

away sunning her gaudy wings on a flower stalk, or for a sloth to sluggishly dream on the bough of some forest tree, because that is what butterflies and sloths were created for; but for us mortals—moulded in the image of our God, and endowed with minds and never-dying souls—life is too precious, by far too precious, to be thus misspent. The difficulties of life, like the fabled monster that haunted the neighborhood of classic Thebes, track our footsteps, and confront us at every turn; but it is our privilege to so live in this world that, at the end of life, we can say with Christ, "I have overcome the world."

Metaphorically speaking, the body is the prison, and life the jailor of the soul, and though there may be delays and reprieves, Death will surely issue his summons; then our souls will be the partners of life, and our bodies the victims of death.

But death is not annihilation; it is but a dissolution of parts. True, our bodies die and return to the dust, but not one particle passes out of existence. Let dissolution come when it will, it cannot terrify the Christian. When death first came into the world, it did not strike sinful Adam, nor yet Cain, the hypocrite; but Abel, the innocent and righteous son and brother, was its first victim; therefore the first soul that met death triumphed, and the first that left earth went to heaven. Accidents, evil passions, and natural causes are hurrying through the world, producing death on every hand. Under the so-called natural death there are five principal classifications, named from the peculiarities of the disease causing dissolution, viz.: scmatic, molecular, necroemia, comatic, and asthenic. Death has a deep meaning and many issues; none of us have seen both sides of it, and, we believe, there are very few who delight to think of it. Chilo, one of the seven wise men of Greece, had the motto "Consider the end," engraved on the walls of the Delphian Temple. Consider the end—consider death, for we are sure of its coming some time. Surely infidelity and atheism must eventually fall before the ever recurring proofs we have of life and death. To-day we may be conquerors, to-morrow we may be conquered; a Bruce may eclipse a Wellington. Napoleon conquered nearly all Europe, but was himself conquered soon after; but a Christian's conquest of death

is absolute and indisputable. The power of death is infinite to us, but limited to God; and what but Deity itself is more than a match for death? Speak of wealth, ambition, eloquence, love and life, death takes pre-eminence. Think of our Alexanders and Cæsars, our Livingstones and Wesleys, the power of wisdom, nations, kings, legislators, orators, and warriors, none of these dared measure arms with the King of Terrors:

All the myriads of human beings, irrational animals, and animated existence of the past, have been swept away by the irresistible arm; and what Death has done in the past and is doing in the present, he will undoubtedly do in the future. There is something grandly solemn in death wherever it occurs. Yet no one weeps when school is closed, and long absent children return home for good; no, all is gladness and rejoicing. So when the school of life is closed and our eternal vacation is begun, there will be rejoicing if death has been preceded by a righteous life. As others have lived and died, so we are living, and so we shall have to die. But what we call life is but a preparation for death, and death is but a passport into eternal life. L.

THE GOVERNESS.

(Continued.)

Persuasion would do no good even. His self-respect would not allow him to continue to plead his cause. The most satisfaction he gained was a promise to know the "why" of his rejection, at no very distant date, and with this Mr. Ballenger was obliged to be content. Next morning Miss Hilton asked for a private interview with Mrs. Morton, and announced her wish to resign her situation, stating at the same time her intention of not teaching in future. There was nothing could be done to make her change her determination, and, amid the regrets of all, Miss Hilton left L—. It was not until nearly six months afterwards, when Tom was getting tired of thinking about "Hope deferred," &c., that one morning a note in the well-known chirography of "The Governess" was brought to him. With trembling fingers he opened it and read the terse, but to him satisfactory lines: "If Mr. Ballenger is still desirous of hearing a story that was

promised him by a young lady a few months ago, Miss Hilton will be at No. 90 Euclid Avenue, Thursday evening." You may be sure it took but a very few minutes to answer the note in the affirmative, and the next day at as early an hour as etiquette would permit, our hero might have been seen wending his way along the Avenue, eyeing each house sharply, as he searched for No. 90. At one of the handsomest of the stately mansions he stopped, and before venturing to mount the steps, fumbled in his pocket for the note to see if he was not mistaken in the address, but no, it was all right, and with a heart by no means as light as might have been expected under the circumstances, in a few minutes he found himself in an elegant reception room. Left alone, he glanced around, noting the evidences of wealth lavishly displayed on all sides; but a sound breaks on his ear, a door opens, and Marie Hilton enters the room, dressed, not in the plain blue merino and linen collar of "the governess," but in a manner becoming her surroundings, and lovelier a thousand times than ever before. There is a slight flush on her cheek, still she advances directly to Mr. Ballenger, and, holding out her hand, "Mr. Ballenger I promised to tell you a story, and now I wish to do it. No doubt you are astonished to see me here, surrounded by everything money can purchase, and

seemingly by everything that can in this world make life desirable, whilst you have known me merely as the governess, working for my livelihood, with no thought of anything more. After all, the story is not a great one. When I was thirteen years of age my father died, leaving me heiress to a considerable amount. My uncle was my guardian, and for four years I was happy as a school girl. At the age of seventeen, as a young lady of good birth, education and wealth, I must take my place in society. For a time I enjoyed it thoroughly, but soon I found that Miss Hilton would not have quite so much attention, if it were not that her large rent-roll would be an agreeable addition to almost every one of the purses of her gentlemen friends. It was then that I determined to leave my home and go out into the world and strive to win friends for myself, knowing that these, however few they might be, would be of the truest and best. This is the cause of my change of position, and believe me, Mr. Ballenger, I am well pleased with the success of my plan, satisfied that it has gained me, at least, one true friend, in yourself." After some time, Mr. Ballenger succeeded in making Marie understand that friendship would not do. We suppose it did not take very long, for the other day we received a newspaper containing a notice of their marriage. L.

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