

Pages Missing

The Portfolio.

Vita Sine Literis Mors Est

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No. 3.

WEEPING.

Who wildly weeps in ruth,
Wrong, where he looked for truth,
Hides not the tears that fall like rain,
His grief in passion steeping,
Rejoices in the pain,
The angry pain of weeping.

Weep on thy bended knee;
Weep, for the time shall be
The sore, sad heart would hide its tears,
The night of slumber robbing,
When he who wakens hears
The heavy stifled sobbing.

For youth alone are tears;
When youth is lost in years
The tearless weeper sits apart.
Oh! weary, weary yearning,
The weeping of the heart
When eyes are dry and burning.

LIBERTY.

THE love of liberty, one of the truly ennobling passions, was bestowed upon man at the Creation. Since then, far from diminishing, it has rather increased in strength; and present generations reap the benefit of its influence upon the past. Earliest records tell of martyrdoms in the great cause, and all history is tinged by the crimson tide of its sacrifices. Only a short time ago different parts of Europe, and our neighbor the American Republic, were engaged in struggles for greater freedom. It is surprising to reflect that but few have attained the self-government, in which the working classes may have a voice, that constitutes true national liberty.

One of the many reasons for this contrariety of facts is, that untutored minds often fail to realize in what real freedom consists, and are led on to riot and rebellion by envious schemers who seek to level the barriers of right and reason, trample on law and religion, and establish the divine right of man to do just as he pleases. Such are the free-thinkers and socialists of our day, whose per-

nicious systems have poisoned the moral atmosphere of Europe, and have already found their way across the Atlantic. Because, forsooth, they are not willing to work for themselves, they instigate the laboring classes to rebel against the inequalities of fortune, and to remedy such defects by holding it proper and lawful to take from the rich man that he hath and divide it among those that have not. Like the French at the close of the last century, they shriek their war-cry—“*Liberte, Egalite, Fraternite*,” and know not, poor deluded wretches, that they are bound by a more galling bondage—the slavery of discontent.

English-speaking countries have in their government the truest idea of civil and religious liberty. To trace the reason would be difficult, but the events which brought about this condition, and the almost insuperable obstacles attendant, are well known. The signing of the Magna Charta, that first declaration of British love of liberty, was forced from King John; monarchical despotism was only done away with through civil war, and the Reform Bill was passed after years of work and patient waiting. Compare our freedom of speech with that of France: here we may speak out that which we believe to be right, there the press is hampered by government restrictions. We heard of a French journal that kept an editor for the special purpose of fighting duels and going to prison. In Germany socialist troubles have been the cause of limiting even the number of friends allowable at a dinner party. Why, it reminds us of the times of the Cæsars, when a man's head was never safe until it was off his shoulders.

Religious liberty, though it has met with fully as much opposition, is more universal than national liberty. Its promoters, unlike many an advocate of national liberty, were untainted by motives of self-aggrandizement. Perhaps if all revolutions had been blessed

with leaders like Luther, Wycliffe, Huss, and the Puritan Fathers, freedom would long ere this have circled the globe. For instance, Napoleon Buonaparte, after gorging his country with blood under pretence of establishing the Republic, calmly seized the imperial sceptre and swayed it with as much tyranny as did the Cæsars of old.

There is a mental and moral liberty, without which all other is comparatively useless, surpassing in value the mere outward or physical freedom of action. Lowell says of it—

They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

But it can be taken in a wider sense. Human nature without education, without discipline, and without training in the school of self-control, is but a sorry specimen of moral liberty. How few ever reach the perfection of self-government. With some the ruling passion is a love of pleasure; before this shrine they cast their all, and not till too late, when sunk in a morass of sin, do they discover that the mocking goddess is a veritable will o' the wisp, and that life with its precious possibilities is theirs no longer. Some are slaves to their appetites, and some are subject to the desire for gold. Others set up for themselves a grim taskmaster, and place in his hands the knotted lash—"What will people think?" then from one year's end to another they submit to the torture of this all powerful goad; not an act of their existence but is arraigned before the awe-inspiring judge, and scourged until free from anything which Mrs. Grundy might not approve. In all such cases man is what he makes himself, if he has lost his moral liberty it is fairly his own fault; he has been endowed with the power of distinguishing between right and wrong, and with mind and will to keep him in the right, then he alone is responsible when he yields to the thralldom of sin.

E.

EDUCATION.

It has been said, and very truly, that if we cannot acquire an education in Canada it is our own fault. But we would not

limit the statement to Canada; we would say "anywhere." History and the lives of literary men give us numberless instances of people who, contending with fearful odds, have persevered and succeeded in getting a liberal education. If we create in youth a taste for literature, the pleasure it bestows takes the place of those grosser amusements which lead astray the unthinking. A good education cannot, like money and friends, take wings to itself and fly away, and if only sought for the true joy it gives amply repays the seeker.

An illiterate person must of necessity be narrow-minded, because he has neither the desire nor the opportunity to cultivate a wider range of thought, and prejudiced because he has not the capability of looking at any side of a question but his own. Education is either true or false; in other words it is either thorough or superficial. Those whose aim at school is to get through the course of study and merely learn enough to prevent them from appearing idiotic, generally become frivolous butterflies or lazy drones, and if in after times they happen to be thrown upon their own resources for support, nothing remains for them but to take up the situation of an inferior; having wasted the time given them for mental improvement, they can never rise to an honorable and remunerative position.

We sometimes exclaim with impatience when wearied by the monotonous routine of school life, and for the moment wish it were not necessary. The thought should not be of present toil but of future benefit; excellencies are unattainable except as the reward of labor, and one should cheerfully accept the truth of the proverb—there is no royal road to learning. Some people are possessed of the idea that in addition to a smattering of grammar, spelling and arithmetic, a few months at college is all that is needed to complete and polish a person's education. Such students come to the building, enter the very lowest classes, and after scrambling about among the juniors for a term or so, take their leave just as they are beginning to stand upon their feet; they depart fully satisfied that the mere assertion "I have been to college" is sufficient to bear them successfully through life. To such the advice given to a young man who had in some inexplicable way got through a

college course would be most applicable, it was that he should at all times carry his diploma in his pocket, or otherwise people would never believe that he had received one.

It is quite unnecessary, where the student has by close and steady application made the most of his or her time and talents, to require a continual oral advertisement of how and where they acquired this knowledge, for the stamp of a cultivated intellect can never be erased.

SHOULD THE TRUTH ALWAYS BE SPOKEN ?

"WHY, what a question!" I fancy I hear some one exclaim. "Should the truth always be spoken? How absurd to entertain the idea for an instant, that anyone short of a down-right heathen would doubt it!" Stop, my friend, not so fast, let us see if you also cannot be classed among the "down-right heathen." Do you remember yesterday when a friend called to borrow an umbrella, and murmured something about "sorry to trouble you," you declared it was "no trouble at all," you were "only too delighted to oblige," when in your heart you bade farewell to that umbrella, and groaned inwardly at the thought of rising prices, and the borrowing propensities of mankind. Then that letter from your country cousin came, asking if it would be any trouble to match some blue print. Will you ever forget the tramp you had to every dry goods store in town; how roll after roll was handed down for your inspection, light blue, dark blue, all the intervening shades of blue, but none to match, till your head reeled, and you thought the world itself must be turning into blue calico. All the same you wrote in answer that it was not the slightest inconvenience, you were "so sorry that you could not find what was wanted," but the sigh of relief when the letter was posted belied your words. Perhaps Aunt Betsey asks you to find her spectacles, and off you go, up stairs and down stairs, searching in every nook and corner until you are weary, and then discover them perched on the top of her own head. Turning to you she says, "It is too bad you had all that work for nothing," and you answer, "Oh no, it did not tire me at all." Such equivocations, to call them by a mild name, are of daily occurrence, and

society passes them over as a mere matter of politeness. The custom of saying "not at home" when not disposed to "receive," or when disagreeable friends come to call, is a very common one. The excuse given for it is that "not at home to strangers" is meant. Very well then, if it is meant why is it not said? The impression conveyed and intended to be conveyed is, that the person called upon is not within the house. You drop in upon a friend and stay for dinner; the bill of fare consists of corn beef and cabbage, your abhorrence, nevertheless when an apology is made you declare them to be your favorite dishes, and in support of your statement perhaps have to undergo the misery of a second helping.

The desire to please, and excite surprise in others, is very strong in children. Its continued gratification makes them untruthful, and this if not promptly checked becomes a habit; the habit clings in later life, and they develop into creatures of that great class of "slippery people," who never commit themselves by direct wrong-doing, but are continually shifting the boundaries of right and equity to suit their own actions.

Many doctors make a practice of never telling their patients of danger even though they may be at death's door. Too much cannot be said in condemnation of this holding back of the truth. If a physician refrains from telling a patient for fear of injurious effects, the relations or friends at least should be warned.

At the present time the question, "Are all men liars?" is being agitated, and, alas, seems to be proved in the affirmative. Has society come to such a pass that some of its most prominent members try to prove its utter falsity! From what does all this spring, and how is it that the world at large stands today charged with so great a crime? Many would think it impossible to be at the same time perfectly polite and truthful. It certainly is difficult but not impossible. There are many cases where simply refraining from speech would be no breach of manners, and would save us from falling into this error. Again, were we more particular in the use of adjectives, less profuse in thanks, less given to flattery, and less fearful of what the world might think, this fault would be greatly remedied.

ONE LEARNS BY FAILURES.

What great, glorious creatures we think ourselves as we strut forth into the world with the airs of a grand duke or duchess, the bump of self-conceit abnormally developed and ourselves puffed up with the idea that our great knowledge and understanding are going to place us at once on the highest pinnacle in the temple of fame, and make us the shrine before which grace, beauty and intellect will bow.

Failures we never think of; we know others have gone out with hopes and aspirations as high as our own, but the hopes have been blighted and the aspirations never attained, and if their efforts have been crowned by success the road traversed has been steep and rugged, and the end has been reached only through heartaches and weary bleeding feet. "But think of the failures!" one says, and we answer "What if there have been?" we do not expect to encounter difficulties; the way before us seems clear and smooth, our whole path has been marked out by us, no hindrances appear, and what is to prevent the most brilliant success. But at the first failure we awake to find ourselves only human, and to see the world in its true light.

The hardest lesson we have to learn is to know ourselves, and this we learn only by experience, which does not serve in every case, and has been said to have been "like the sternlights of a ship, which light the path she has passed over, but not that which she is about to traverse." In early life the bitterest feelings are those when we begin to realize that our friendships and loves are failures. But if we look at disappointment as a lesson, we will soon find that the sting is no longer there, and disappointment at the first is often worth a dozen successes. What had been the glory of Robert Bruce had he stopped at the first failure? And had all the great men for ages done so, we to-day would have had no Stephenson, Faraday, Watt, Edison, Tennyson, and many others. They did not ascend the ladder of fame without a backward step, and think you they owe not now their greatness to former failures? There is one comfort,—a small one, true,—that all alike have suffered and been disappointed, the subject as well as his sovereign, who perhaps like Alexander

weeps because there are no more worlds to conquer.

CLIPPINGS.

IN a Latin class the other day one of the bright (?) students, when asked for the principal parts of the verb "to burn," promptly replied "burno, burnere, singi, schorchum."

AT a *Musical* one evening lately, two ladies were discussing the merits of a lady pianist who had just been performing. One of them remarked, "I think she plays wholly without expression." "That is so," remarked the other, "but what a fine *executioner* she is."

THE following we clip from the "Queen's College Journal":

Anent the recent reprehensible practical joke played on our Mathematical Professor, an irrepressible senior suggested to "Let X stand for the person who perpetrated it."

THE King of Portugal lately complimented General Grant by sending him a copy of his Portuguese version of "Hamlet." It is said that the General applied the vocabularies and phrase lists of the best popular "Methods" in Portuguese to "Hamlet's" soliloquy, with the following result: "To be or not to be that. It is the question whether it is better to endure the slings and arrows of outrageous wealth, or receive into your arms the troubled ocean, and against him the opposing end. To expire; to go to bed no more; and if by a siesta we talk, we finish; the disease of heart and thousand natural sheafs that meat is air, is a religiously hoped consummation. To expire, to slumber perhaps; yes, to be sure, to dream something is the friction, because in that slumber of death what dream arrive when we have cut this mortal rope, must give us feet.—*Montreal Witness*.

"It is a most extraordinary thing," said a friend one day to Robertson, the dramatist, "that old W—— talked for half an hour to me, the other day, and I couldn't understand a word he said." "How's that?" enquired Robertson. "Well, all his teeth are gone, you know, so that he only mumbles. I assure you it was all Greek to me." "Greek? nonsense. If the man has lost all his teeth, he was probably talking Gum-Arabic."

What is it in this opening which so delights us? It is the absence of a long and tiresome introduction. This talented author does not weary the readers by a long treatise on the geology of the surrounding country, or a highly original disquisition on the almost unknown subject of the weather. A less vigorous writer might have begun thus: "The pale moon and the bright stars were shedding their beautiful light on the earth below," etc., which might perhaps be good if the moon was ever anything but pale, the stars anything but bright, and the earth anywhere but below. In this poem we stand as it were before a curtain; all at once the curtain rises, and we look upon a scene of surpassing beauty and interest.

Behold this venerable lady, who has seen better days; her husband dead, her children gone, her dog, sole remnant of departed days, standing before her cupboard and gazing with mournful eyes at its empty shelves! Oh, it is truly pathetic! A life history is contained in the words, "Old Mother Hubbard." Once surrounded by her children, now she is old and forsaken, and without a crust or bone to give to her dog. A good house-wife is never without at least a few coppers to provide for her wants, and so it is in Mother Hubbard's case, for we read in the next verse—

"She went to the baker's
To buy him some bread,
When she came back
Poor doggy was dead!"

We were just bemoaning their common want, but how trivial it appears when compared with this sorrow! Old Mother Hubbard is returning from the baker's; her basket hangs upon her arm; she quickens her steps upon nearing the house, for she sees not her dog bounding to meet her; a pre-sentiment of coming evil oppresses her; she opens the door, stretched on the floor lies—
Let us draw a curtain over such woe!

Turning aside from the meaning of the stanza, let us examine the construction. Notice how in the third line, "When she came back," the abruptness with which it is introduced. A conjunction might be inserted at the beginning of the line, making it read thus, "And when she came back," but how feeble compared to the original! There is a kind of gasp, as it were, in the original—

"She went to the baker's
To buy him some bread,

(Gasp.)

When she came back
Poor doggy was dead."

All this effect is lost by the insertion of a simple conjunction. Notice also the musical flow of the verse, it is as if put together by Music's own hand.

But while we linger, the history is going on, increasing in interest as it proceeds.

"She went to the undertaker's
To buy him a coffin,
When she came back
Her dog was laughing."

How strongly Old Mother Hubbard's self-control is brought out by this event! She must have possessed a finely cultivated mind to thus control herself under most trying circumstances. It has been and is said that the Grecian women had much more philosophical minds than women of the present age, hence why can it not be concluded that Old Mother Hubbard belonged to that nation of philosophers, for according to this belief she has by far too fine a mind for the degeneracy of more modern times?

Like its mistress, this dog was doubtless a most wonderful animal. His accomplishments were numerous and varied. We are told in other parts of the poem that he could *stand on his head, could smoke, play the flute, dance a jig, read the news*, and, most wonderful of all, as showing his industry, *he could spin*. Can any modern dog display a like list of accomplishments? Echo answers—
Can he? According to the Darwinian theory of progression and development, this dog must have lived at that period of the world's history when pollywogs were developing into men, and he had nearly developed into a man.

Much more could and should be said concerning this immortal poem, but time forbids. Let us turn to the concluding verse, which, by the way, is in our estimation the finest one of all. The author seems to have concentrated his efforts to produce a brilliant finale—

"The dame made a curtsy,
The dog made a bow,
The dame said 'your servant,'
The dog said 'bow-wow.'"

These are the only words that they are made to speak throughout the whole course of the poem, and therefore are proportionally precious. Should anyone be so presumptuous as to question the authenticity or popularity of this history and poem combined, we would simply refer such a one to the world-renowned melodies of Mother Hubbard's forty-second cousin, Mother Goose, whose position in the literary world has long since been established.

HAMILTON, Feb. 1st, 1879.

"*The Man in the Moon.*"

DEAR SIR,—One morning after a very heavy snow-storm I awoke to find your reply to my letter on my window-sill. I am deeply sensible of the honor conferred by your notice of my humble self among so many aspirants to your Majesty's favor; your condescension in answering my questions so promptly has done away with any misgivings I had as to the impertinence of familiarly addressing you. The information contained in your reply was so startling and so unquestionable, coming from one of your age and authority, that I lost no time in taking measures for its appearance in our last Society Paper; and as your Majesty graciously expressed an interest in the paper, I took the liberty of forwarding you a copy. I was anxious that our mistake about the moon revolving around the earth should be corrected as soon as possible; there will be so many theories to alter and opinions to change on the subject, that the sooner it is done the better. But there was one thing especially for which I want to thank you—for some time it has been with me a subject of much thought—and is this, that man originally sprang from monkeys. Many times when my faith in the declarations of scientists was almost fixed and sure, I was troubled by this question—Why is it that a family of monkeys is not set apart and consecrated to science in order that from age to age their development might be watched? Of course, if long ago they evolved in the same way, with the assistance of a little education and society they would do so now. However, all my doubts have been removed by your statement, and I can now without hesitation accept the fact so beautifully embodied in the following stanza—

"There was an ape in the days that were earlier;
Centuries passed and his hair grew curlier;
Centuries more gave a thumb to his wrist;
Then he was a man and a Positivist."

Now that I have been satisfied regarding the orb which you inhabit, I am impressed with a desire to learn more about this world of ours, and a remark in your letter has emboldened me to again throw myself upon your benevolent disposition for more light. I would very much like to know what was the condition of society in the early days of this planet, and does it compare favorably or otherwise with that of the present day. It is getting rather late in the season for a snow-storm, but if you have such a material as oil-skin in your kingdom your next epistle may come down uninjured with the rain.

Believe me, as ever,

Your humble friend,

LUNACIA.

The following, an abstract of the lecture on "Creeds" delivered by Dr. Burns in Centenary Church last month, is taken from the *Spectator*:

As an animal, man was an innovation against which the rest of the animal creation might reasonably object, for he was given the power of reason, which to them was denied. But if he possesses the power of thought he also possesses the weighty responsibilities that power carries with it. If we enjoy the luxury of thinking we must pay the royalty. But alas, it is a sad commentary on our age that men think too much as their fathers thought before them; they strangle an original thought at its inception. Because a man thinks, he lives; when he ceases to think, he ceases to live. A few centuries ago the human mind was entombed in darkness, but the glorious light of the Reformation broke the bonds that bound the human intellect. Truth and God are always on the same side. Some people say many of the tenets of the present day rest upon faith and not upon reason. Neither your creed nor mine contain anything contrary to reason; if they did we would be cowards to believe in anything which we suspect. The Christian religion is based on the supremacy of reason. The only dark spots on Christianity are where reason has been restrained. The destroying hand of the iconoclast has hardly yet cleared away

the errors of the middle ages. The fact that a dozen different camps of theology exist, each acknowledging the others contain enough fundamental truth to insure the salvation of true believers, affords *prima facie* evidence that there should be only one individual and Catholic Church. Against these primal truths the world may throw its scepticism, but it will be but as the mist against the rock. Investigation is to Christianity as fire is to gold—a refining and purifying power. The numerous troubles that beset the church of Christ arise from our creed-making propensities; we must have the how and the why and the wherefore of everything. It is on the radii of tenets that battles are fought; as regards the central truths we are a unity. It is always refreshing to turn to the teachings of the great teacher Himself, which shine with as broad a light to-day as they did 1800 years ago. They are based on reason, and if in all the realms of nature there are laws of method, they will be found in Christianity alone, and for that reason. The Reformation did much to unshackle the church, but a full century passed before the world commenced to comprehend the powers of Christianity. It is a curious fact that Christianity is the only system that refuses to change with the changing years. Science changes,—has varied its theories several times within the last fifty years,—but Christianity is steadfast. Groups of gentlemen have lately been revising the Scriptures, and searching for the most primitive forms of Christianity, feeling that the nearer they came to them the nearer they would be to truth. The idea that some people have that Christianity is changing has arisen from the fact that for the last 300 years men have been lopping off the excrescences that have attached themselves to it. Systems that depend for success on the illiteracy of the masses may sit in sackcloth and ashes, for no power may keep from the people the knowledge of their power and of their privileges. The spirit of our day is peculiarly suited to the spirit of our religion. Hitherto the image of the Creator has been veiled by creed-makers—the day is coming when we shall see Him as He is.

A vote of thanks was tendered to Dr. Burns at the close of the lecture, and presented in suitable terms by the chairman.

LECTURES vs. TEXT BOOKS.

(Yale Courant.)

Can a student acquire as much knowledge from a lecture as he can from a text book? This is a question which we have revolved in our minds of late, and have come to the conclusion that he cannot. There are certainly some subjects which can be treated better, and be more clearly understood, when delivered in a discourse than when read from a dry text-book. Many of the books now on abtruse subjects are difficult to understand, and when one hears these subjects discussed by an instructor who can frame these ideas in simple language, he, of course, will get a much better idea of them. An instructor, however, must have the talent to express himself clearly, and make himself understood in order to produce the least result. We have in our mind several professors who, when they deliver their lectures, rattle on so, and speak their ideas so fast that the student cannot begin to put in his note-book all he hears, and consequently misses many of the important and prominent ideas. There is another disadvantage in the lecture, namely, the listener, of course, cannot put down the lecturer's remarks *verbatim*. The principal ideas, and those bearing directly on the subject, are the ones which it is necessary for him to note, and it is the minority who have the power of expressing these ideas in a proper manner. If we look over a note-book we will find many ideas jotted down that are unimportant, and not at all essential to the subject. Whereas, if the student has a text-book before him, he can study out the meaning conveyed, and get the true gist of it, though he has to employ much of his time in doing so.

A student wants a clear head and plenty of time to understand and appreciate a study, at least most of us do. One ought not to be bothered with the trouble of putting down notes and endeavoring to understand at the same time. It is altogether too much to ask of any ordinary individual. It is well enough for the instructor to give his views and explanations on certain points to the class, after they have studied them up, and endeavored to understand them, but to try to go through a whole course on the lecture principle, seems to us too great a feat for almost any man, no matter how good a student he may be.

DOORS.

The subject needs no explanation. Doors are as ancient as they are numerous, and as well known as they are ancient. From the North American Indian who pushes aside the curtain of deer-skin to enter his wigwam, to the Arabic potentate who turns the golden key in silver lock at the door of his seraglio, all are well acquainted with their uses and appearances.

A subject so common and so well known would seem neither to excite nor require any great attention, yet as there is scarcely any object in the world, of mind or of matter, that is not capable of teaching some lesson, it may be expected that even doors may in some measure merit examination.

Worcester gives as a definition "an entrance or passage way." Figuratively it may mean any subject which leads naturally to the consideration of another. This definition and explanation are therefore the "doors" of the essay, having passed through which you are ready to examine the principal structure.

The modern door, made of wood and swung upon hinges, painted or varnished, plain or grained, is a very commonplace thing, and of little interest to any save the carpenter. But surely this cannot be said of all "doors." Mæratius tells of an arch built over the Via-Salla, beneath which were doors by a single glance at which the stranger coming to Rome could tell the state of the Republic, for this was the famous gate of Janus, a mighty index truly and of dreadful import, for the rest or disquiet of Rome often involved the peace of the then known world. Science is the magic key whose mere touch opens wide the portals of the storehouse in which God has sealed up his wonders. With this key the doors of the rocks fly open at our approach. Guided by the smallest twig or limb of an insect, we hold on our way back into the ages. With a fern-leaf for finger-post, we wander in fancy through the gigantic forest marches of the carboniferous era. Or, if we turn our steps to the sea-side, science is here also the "open sesame" at whose sound the doors of the mighty deep receive us with a welcome. Though the steamboat and diving bell have shattered our dreams of mermaid and sea-serpent, they have

given realities scarcely less wonderful. We now no longer in poetic fancy but in prosaic reality visit King Neptune at his court, and make acquaintance with his subjects, as varied and as beautiful as the children of Vesta; and mariners' tales of foreign lands rival the voyages of Sinbad the Sailor.

Those were memorable gates which in the Spring of 1815 opened in the Island of Elba. The turning of that key in the lock was the signal for the hasty gathering of troops, the shouts of men and the cheers of women throughout all France and England—for he who came forth was Napoleon Bonaparte, and the result was Waterloo.

Many are the dreadful doors of earth. What traveller, "standing on the bridge at midnight," can look without a shudder down the staircase, now, thank God, green and slimy with disuse, which led to the dungeons of the "Bridge of Sighs." So, too, at the Castle of Chillon, which Byron has rendered famous. The very sight of the loathsome cell where he, the last of six noble brothers, dragged out his weary days unable to move beyond the length of his chain, makes us shiver and turn pale, although both these doors have lost their horror, and we now enter only from choice.

In the book of Joshua we read: "And the Lord spake unto Joshua, saying, Speak to the Children of Israel, saying, appoint out for you cities of refuge." Every one knows their office and their typical meaning.

"The poor neglected virtuous man
Who long the storms of life has braved,
Sinks down at last, dejected, wan,
Of every earthly hope bereaved,
Yet still has he one hope that's sure,
On which his weary soul reposes,
Tho' spurned from every earthly door,
The door of Heaven never closes."

LITERARY ITEMS.

"*La Pitié Suprême*," is the title of a poem which, it is said, Victor Hugo will shortly publish.

Jules Verne is reported to have visited Spencer, Mass., lately, and registered at the Massasoit Hotel, and he said he had recently come from Montreal, and was travelling quietly through the country. His identity was at first questioned, but the signature on the hotel register was found to correspond with that of the novelist in his published works.

THE WAY WITH THE WORLD.

BY LENA LYNN.

THE clocks in the city chimed the hour of midnight, and like a death knell each stroke fell on the ear of the anxious watcher by the bedside of Gerald Humphreys. The sound died away on the still air, and nothing was heard in the room save the ticking of a watch as it counted the seconds that remained of a proud man's life.

"Nellie,"—and the woman bent over the prostrate form,—“Nellie, I am dying! O, my timid darling, how can you meet the storm when I am gone? Bring my babies to kiss me, and raise me just a little. God bless and shield you when I cannot!”

The exertion was too much. A spasm of pain, a sharp struggle, and the wife was a widow, the children were fatherless. Who can describe the anguish of that hour? We reverently draw the curtain, and leave her in her anguish of soul with a sympathizing Jesus.

Orphaned by the Civil War, Ellen Temple had at thirteen years of age entered a New England boarding school for young ladies, where for five years she lived, beloved by both teachers and pupils, and especially by her intimate companion and

friend, Annie Humphreys. During a visit to Annie one Thanksgiving season she first met Gerald.

The child of Puritan parents, and for five years accustomed to the restrictions of a Puritan school, it was not strange that the gay and handsome young man was soon raised to a hero in her imagination and enthroned in her affections. Nor can we wonder that the gentle and lovely girl won her way to his heart, requiring him to pay her the most exalted compliment man can render to woman, to ask her to become his wife. And, though the world wondered why the son of one of Boston's proudest families chose a portionless bride, Ellen Temple became Ellen Humphreys.

Five short years had passed since then, short because they overflowed with happiness, and children's merry laughter sounded through the broad halls of their home, and though Willie in the pride of his four summers thought himself a man “most as big as papa” by the side of little two year old Annie, the father still called them his babies. But alas! for the frailty of human joy. Why is the strength taken and the weakness left? “O my timid darling, how can you meet the storm when I am gone?”

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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