

Oct 1888

The Portfolio.

CONTENTS.

Beauties of English Literature.	Faults.
Commonsense the Herald of Progress.	Resignation.
Vacation.	A Miracle.
Editorials.	Trust.
Locals.	Study of Modern Languages.
Personals.	Charity.
Exchanges.	God still the same.

THE PORTFOLIO.

"VITA SINE LITERIS MORS EST."

VOL. IX.

HAMILTON, ONTARIO.

No.



THE

WESLEYAN LADIES' COLLEGE

First Term begins September 2nd.
Second " " November 10th.

HAMILTON, ONTARIO.

Third Term begins February 2nd.
Fourth " " April 13th.

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HAMILTON, ONTARIO, OCTOBER, 1888.

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Beauties of English Literature



Pretty deer is dear to me,
A hare with downy hair.
A hart I love with all my heart,
But barely bear a bear.

'Tis plain that no one takes a plane
To have a pair of pears,
Although a rake may take a rake
To tear away the tares.

Robertson is not Robert's son,
Nor did he rob Burn's son,
Yet Robert's sun is Robin's sun
And everybody's sun.

Beer often brings a bier to man,
Coughing a coffin brings;
And too much ale will make us ail
As well as other things.

Quails do not quail before the storm,
A bough will bow before it;
We cannot rein the rain at all—
No earthly power reigns o'er it.

The dyer dyes a while, then dies—
To dye he's always trying;
Until upon his dying bed
He thinks no more of dyeing.

'Tis meet that man should mete out meat
To feed one's future son;
The fair should fare on love alone,
Else one can not be won.

The springs shoot forth each spring and
shoots
Shoot forward one and all;
Though summer kills the flowers, it
leaves
The leaves to fall in Fall.

I would a story here commence,
But you might think it stale;
So we'll suppose that we have reached
The tail end of our tale.

Commonsense,

THE HERALD OF PROGRESS.

FAR away in the depths of a
forest resound the echoes of a
wood-chopper at work. He
has left his wife and children in the Old
World to rear a home in the New. The
thought of soon having them with him,
spurs him on to fresh activity. Every
day when the sun has reached the top of
his journey, the perspiring toiler sits in
the shade on a moss-covered log, eats his
frugal meal and sports with the birds and
squirrels. Thus he goes on, and in a very
short time a log hut rests on the green
bank beside a laughing stream. A con-
tented wife and children come and fill it
with joy, and the backwoodsman is su-
preinely happy. Cities are leagues away
and they must depend on their own re-
sources to supply the growing wants.
The berry-patch, the little brook, and the

fertile soil must assist them. The old sheep cheerfully yields up her mantle, and cunning snares hold many unwilling captives. With the wisdom that would shame a statesman, that family of boys and girls is clothed and fed. Years after, when the old farmer and his wife sit around the fire-place, they look with pride on their accomplished daughters and their sons just returned with honors from college. The fact that ruled that household is stamped on the minds and characters of the younger generation. Like the down of a thistle strewn by the autumn wind, the commonsense practised in that little home in the forest, has spread far and wide.

With the lamp of truth in our hand let us search for this jewel in our country's transactions during the past decade. The rays of light that illuminate the past show nothing so interesting as that which affects us now. Does this gem sparkle with unwonted brilliancy in election times? Does it reflect all the colors of the rain-bow in the laws of our country?

Our election customs are the curse of the country. When a man gets hungry for fodder in the public crib, no bolts and bars will keep him out. The ballot-box is tampered with, characters are ruined, and blood is shed, when he wishes to sacrifice himself for his country. Newspapers, instead of chiming out the sweet song of liberty, dance attendance on either party and flood the country with the virtues of the one and the vices of the other. Public movements for good are held in check for fear the ruling party may become unpopular, and must step down and out. Every few years commonsense hides her head with shame, while this election-custom, this hydra-headed monster, this argus-eyed creature, stalks through the land, peering into factories and knocking at church doors. Surely it can say with the Psalmist, "I am fearfully and wonderfully made."

Then the strikes that deform society are only the bugle-sounds, calling men to arms to break down the walls of peace. Trenches are thrown up, fortifications are built, to protect every man against his neighbor. Turn where you will, the

bayonet of "combine" is presented to you; from the "Sugar Combine" to the women at the wash-tub. All people must sign the Act of Conformity or be boycotted, all must pronounce the "Shibboleth" or be slain. Commonsense has taken leave of everybody but the drunkards, who will never combine against the brandy-bottle.

Another blot on our country's escutcheon, is the drinking custom. Whether the Crook's Act, the Dunkin Act, or the Scott Act have failed or not in suppressing it, our young people are becoming dangerously familiar with King Alcohol. Will we have half-drunken men to fill our legislative halls, to occupy our pulpits, to protect our homes? Like the grain of mustard-seed, it will grow and spread, until all the fowls of the air lodge in its branches. Like distant rumblings in a thunder-storm, the Mosaic Law warned the people, and all through Bible History the rumblings became louder, till with a deatening clap came from the Saviour's lips "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

Under the surface of public actions, is a mighty current carrying all kinds of debris to the ocean. Whirling along, comes the romantic people whose ideal life is found in some novel, whose jelly-bag minds are tossed by every wind and doctrine. Then like great bowlders come the dynamite throwers, who would rectify society at one blow. Like bats and moles, the light of commonsense hurts their eyes. They prefer to bury their talents and complain of the unequal distribution of property. They long to spend their neighbor's wealth, but he must first earn it, before they condescend to "have all things in common." O! that with the laugh of Cervantes, we might laugh these evils out of existence.

But there is another side to this picture, and with glad hearts we turn to it. The progress of the past ten years has marched to the music of commonsense. Knowledge has advanced with gigantic strides. Every morning the school-bell rings myriads of the coming men and women to their tasks. Constant improvements are made in the educational

system, while in rural districts, every hill-top is crowned by a school-house. Then, too, the wonderful inventions and discoveries in science take away our breath as they fly past our view. The soul of Roger Bacon has clothed itself in our Edison; the gallant Sir Walter Raleigh lives in the adventurous Stanley. All men walk in green pastures of happiness and sniff the perfumed air of flowering prosperity.

That the universities have thrown open their doors to women, meets the approval of thinking people. Many are taking advantage of it, and bear off the "blushing honors that fall thick and fast around them." Nor will the home duties be neglected, but a pleasant glow of life will reflect from their awakened minds on everything around them. The next generation will reap a rich harvest through the training of gifted mothers.

Fresh in our memories is the Women's Congress held in Washington. Speeches delivered in characteristic style, held thousands spell-bound. These Deborahs are banding themselves to save their country. With the wisdom of Portia they wrest from the Shylock saloon-keepers, "the pound of flesh." With the courage of Queen Esther they brave the tyrant legislators and demand redress against the wicked Haman of Licensed Liquor Law. May Washington never boast of being the only city which has seen its Women's Congress.

Hand in hand with the other reforms comes the Moral Reform Movement. Our cities stand greatly in need of it, and may many years be added to those Mayors who fight so valiantly for it. Sin with all its filthiness keeps pace with the strides of civilization. Like the centipede, it plants its prison wherever it steps. Like the banyan tree, its roots spring into a thousand other trees. A thousand times the effort to uproot it, if left to the next generation to do what we should do.

A sign of progress is the absence of religious dissensions. Men do not spend time in trying to distinguish between the "south and the south west side of a hair." People's religious convictions are re-

spected and every one worships under his own vine and fig-tree. The Shekinah rests over the camp, and across the Jordan we see the Promised Land. The Plagues of Egypt are only memories; the Passage of the Red Sea, and the Wandering in the wilderness are events of the past. We are waiting to be led forward. How thankful we feel that the old sores that grew irritated whenever looked at, are now healed, that the thorns that scratched everybody are broken off, and that the rose of Christianity blooms in all her freshness and beauty.

Another sign of progress is the arrangements that are being made to bring about a marriage between Canada and the United States, called Commercial Union. There are no natural barriers between the countries and each has much to recommend them. Canada is a little cold and shy, but "she looketh well to the ways of her household and eateth not the bread of idleness." Her talents only want cultivation and some day she will dazzle the world. Uncle Sam is very brisk and has good business talents. Nothing pleases him so well as to find out something new. He interferes but little in the politics of the Old World and never shows a disposition to fight. The match on both sides is very desirable and there is no reasonable pretext to prevent it. The joining of two such households would unite forces, and business would be carried on in much better style. Uncle Sam left home when quite young and feels very independent; while Canada like most dutiful daughters, does not ask mother England's advice. In the near future we hear a voice proclaiming the banns of marriage between Canada and the United States. What therefore God hath joined together, let no man put asunder.

It is a pity that such amicable relations cannot exist everywhere. It is a greater pity that millions must depend on the will of the Boulangers and the Bismarcks; that the whim of a woman, or the hatred of a man can control the destinies of so many. Look at the attitudes of the nations and say that a Peace Congress is not necessary. In an open

valley the Russian bear prowls in search of food and the German wolf licks his fangs for some poor lamb. Yonder comes the British lion. The Russian bear and the German wolf attack him. On the top of a cliff sits the American eagle, wisely keeping out of harm's way, while around the ledge of rock, snarls the French wild-cat, scarcely refraining itself from springing on the combatants. The Canadian beaver quietly builds his dam in the pond near by, laying up his winter's store. The Spanish fox and the Austrian blood-hound are silent spectators. What shrieks fill the air! What thunderings that shake the earth! At last the Russian bear crawls away into the hollow trunk of a tree, and the German wolf goes howling to his forest. The British lion stalks off the field, bleeding from his wounds, but a victor.

This does not concern us much where only animals are concerned; but human flesh and blood is sacrificed everytime to satisfy the ambition of a few men in each nation. Must rivers of blood run in torrents and widows' and orphans' tears flow to satiate the earth-born desire of a few? No, the Herald of Progress has sounded his bugle and these dissensions must step out of the way. Nearly nineteen hundred years have rolled by since the angels sang "peace and good will to all men." What the Judean shepherds heard with such joy will be ours yet to hear. It whispers in every breeze; it murmurs in every brook, it gladdens every heart, and runs as a sweet accompaniment to all our acts.

✦ Vacation. ✦

WITH the sound comes a thrill of pleasurable anticipation, mingled with regret at the prospect of parting from class-mates with whom we have shared study hours.

A touch of sadness lingering around our farewells, the light and shadow woven in the thread of human existence. Pausing for a moment in the old Halls, the past year flits before us laden with fragrant reminiscences of those who are

stepping into the arena of life, whose sympathy has cheered the hours of toil, winning for themselves a niche in the memory, and a link in the chain of friendship that will not soon be forgotten.

During that time lessons were learned and knowledge gained that will doubtless prove a powerful incentive to higher attainment. Our experiences of vacation are somewhat varied.

Sunny days by the sea, the Sun rising like a ball of fire over the vast heaving waste of waters, penetrates the recesses of the rock and floods, cliff and beach with light, revealing the treasures of the sea, here lies a mass of sea-weed, a little farther on shells, of pink and white of wondrous beauty of form and coloring, tossed on the shore by Old Neptune in some fit of remorse at the wreck of human life committed to his care, so ruthlessly sacrificed at the shrine of wind and wave, for which he tried to make atonement.

For some of us the pleasures of camp life varied by boating and exploring expeditions, the excitement of tennis and the scientific warfare of croquet. Hours passed with the unwritten music of nature, till the rippling of the waves on the pebbles of the beach, the distant sound of murmuring waterfall, interspersed with the trill of some feathered songster, exerts a spell which we are loath to break.

"The softly warbled song
Comes from the pleasant woods, and
colored wings
Glance quick in the bright Sun, that
moves along
The forest openings.
Inverted in the side,
Stand the grey rocks, and trembling
shadows throw
And the fair trees look over side by
side,
And see themselves below."

Singing under the shadows of sombre pines, through which the wind sighs a mournful requiem over the graves of the departed Indian warriors till our fancy peoples the forest with the stalwart form of the Indian, crouched in ambush or in pursuit of his game.

Years roll on, the camp fire is kindled and the pipe of peace is handed around the sparkling blaze; with the slowly dying embers of the camp fire, chief after chief passes to the "happy hunting grounds," leaving his wigwam and birch canoe to the "pale face" the legends of the tribe dying with the last member.

For others long botanical expeditions examining the many forms of plant life found in the forest of our native land, from the fern to the tiny wild forget-me-not, growing by some sparkling stream.

"Wondrous truths, and manifold as wondrous,

God hath written in these stars above;
But not less in the bright flowerets
under us

Stands the revelation of his love.

Bright and glorious is that revelation,
Written all over this great world of
ours;

Making evident our own creation

In these stars of earth these golden
flowers.

In all places then and in all seasons,
Flowers expand their light and soul-
like wings,

Teaching us, by most persuasive rea-
sons,

How akin they are to human things.

And with child-like credulous affec-
tion

We behold their under buds expand;
Emblems of our own great resurrec-
tion

Emblems of the bright and better
land."

Excursions and picnics, camping and boating, ramblings by sea, forest and stream, have been exchanged for the coming of Latin grammars and the general routine of College life. The last book has been extricated from the surrounding papers and debris, recalling hazy remembrances of Examination time and one by one we join the group around the blazing autumn fire with the resolve to pursue our studies with all the greater zest for having spent a pleasant vacation knowing that the motive power usually gauges the success in life.

One in speaking of high attainment says, "Great motives have great lives."

✦ Editorials. ✦

WE call upon the many friends of the Portfolio to sympathize with us in our sad bereavement of having lost our Business Manager and Corresponding Secretary. These capital young ladies having left us, their work falls on the hands of the already over-worked editors. These poor damsels ask their friends and patrons to be lenient, as they think of the editors who from morning till night "write, write, write, with fingers weary and worn." It is with much fear and trembling that we for the first time attempt this, to us gigantic task, of editing the Portfolio, and our only prayer is that we may prove equal to the occasion.

College again! Once more we are back within the old college walls where so many hours of sadness and of gladness have been spent. Our first emotions are those of sadness that so many of our old and loved associates are absent; but in place of the old familiar faces are new ones, which we hope will soon reconcile us to our loss. It is with great pleasure too, we return to our loved Alma Mater, which has been a good home to many of us for several years, and it is with the best resolutions that we settle down for another year's hard work. True, we have made the same firm resolutions each year on our arrival, and alas! all too soon they were broken and forgotten, but this year is to be a glorious exception, we are to persevere, work on, till we reach a higher state of perfection than ever before. If during the year, we grow weary and are tempted to fall behind, one thought of the cherished projects planned at the beginning of the year, will make us take fresh courage to push on to fully realize those designs.

To the new comers in our midst, the "Old Girls" extend a warm and hearty greeting. Our sympathies are with you, for by past and sad experience we fully realize the trials and tribulations of the "New Girl." Not one of us in our first

year escaped those strange and lonely feelings so well known to the Irish men. Like you, we have vainly endeavored to hide the tears that would creep into our eyes at the very thought of home. We console you however by telling you that although you may have homesickness in the most severe form, it is seldom a lingering disease, and your thoughts will grow brighter and more cheerful as soon as you are well started in the College work, notwithstanding your frame of mind at present, which impressed us as corresponding with Crabbe's description of school-girls:

"Here the fond girl, whose days are sad and few,
Since dear Mamma pronounced the last adieu,
Looks to the road and fondly thinks she hears
The carriage wheels and struggles with her tears;
All yet is new, the miss's great and small
Madam herself, and teachers odious all;
From laughter, pity, nay command, she turns
But melts in softness or in anger burns
Nausiates with food, and wonders who can sleep
On such mean beds, where she can only weep
She scorns condolence, but to all she hates,
Slowly at length her mind accommodates
Then looks on bondage with the same concern
As others felt, and finds that she must learn
As others learned—the common lot to share
To search for comfort and submit to care."

2:30 P. M.

Quietness reigned throughout the college, except the occasional drum of a piano or note warbled in the distance. Most of the girls were earnestly bending over their books when suddenly a summons came from Dr. Burns to descend to the parlor. What an unusual sight was there presented—four Hindoos, in native costume, barefooted and sitting flat upon the floor. After being introduced by Colonel Dowdle, who told us they had been brought under the banner of the Salvation Army in India, they sang several touching hymns in Hindoostanee. Mnsa Bhei, the most prominent, spoke English with great fluency in an address seldom equalled by a white man. He pictured with burning zeal and thrilling eloquence the benighted state of the 250 millions of his countrymen, their yearning after a real God and their willingness to make any sacrifice for such a God. He said

the inconsistent and dissipated lives of the British soldiers in his own country, were a great barrier to the progress of Christian morality there. A Hindoo lady of the higher caste also spoke in gentle and earnest tones, of the great need of missionaries in her native country. The others who could only say a few words of English, sang most amusing strains, while they beat an accompaniment on a long-shaped drum. Vivid interest was portrayed on the faces of all, as to hear a Hindoo preacher exhort a Christian audience is by no means a common sight.

The Senior Literary Society was reorganized on September 8, in the College drawing room. The following officers for the new year were elected.

President—Minnie VanZandt.
Vice-President—Emily Couler.
Secretary—May Edwards.
Treasurer—Emma Smith.

The first meeting of the Junior Society was called on September 21st., and the following officers were elected:

President—Ida Rupert.
Vice-President—Ada Burgess.
Secretary—Maggie Speers.
Treasurer—Annie Simmons.

This society promises to be a greater success than usual, as the young ladies are all entering into the work with much enthusiasm. We hope they may continue in their good work, and furnish us many open-meetings during the year.

→ Socials. ←

General topic—How fresh the college looks!

Girls that are so fond of fancy-work never fancy work.

We would like to remind all young ladies having in their possession library-books, they had better return them or we will think they are all taking book-keeping this term.

We wish to thank all our friends who so kindly remembered the college girls in fruit season.

Inquiring student, "What is Zoology?"
W. L. Teacher, "A little book red on the outside."

It is difficult for a teacher to give a student a piece of her mind without destroying the peace of both minds.

The worst thing about a handsome lady—some other fellow's arm.

Young ladies take the advice of your Principal and do not "decorate the walls of the college with your paws."

She—"Do you suppose Bacon really did write Hamlet?"

He—"Not a doubt of it! You see the egotistic kind of a name he gave the play proves his authorship."

Through the kindness of Dr. Burns, the young ladies were allowed the pleasant privilege of listening to the Hindoo Salvationists in the College parlors.

Seven and one things we should like to know.

1—Who is the goody-goody girl of the school?

2—What is the attraction on this side for our American cousins?

3—Who will continue faithful for the Port, or will slink for the sake of the medals?

4—What in the world makes the new girls fairly race down to the dining room?—Hunger.

5—The solution of the following problem:
Miss A has an iron poker, Miss B has a broom, Miss C has a position on the table
It is required to know how to kill that dreadful mouse without shaking the chandelier in the room below?

6—Why the college girls are kept in church until the gas is turned out?

7—Why the young ladies cannot go to the exhibition before breakfast instead of before dinner?

8—Where all the college girls obtained their Yucatan?

What the college girls saw at the Fair.

Teacher everywhere they looked,

Teacher every step they took,

Teacher everywhere they went,

Teacher found in every tent.

Teacher here, and teacher there,

Teacher, teacher, everywhere

One would think that the old days of parchment rolls had returned to see the Japanese letter that one of our young ladies

received this morning, which measured over ten yards in length.

Imagine the spirits of the young ladies falling forty degrees below zero and then congealing, when, after wearing out two feet of carpet below the mirror, breaking half a dozen pipe stems curling their hair, while making an elaborate toilet to captivate the new professor (in whom is found youth, beauty and amiability of disposition so happily combined,) they suddenly discover that he already has,

"A guardian angel, o'er his life presiding,

Doubling his pleasures, and his cares dividing."

✦ Personals. ✦

The old girls had the pleasure of seeing for a few brief moments last week, two of their loved associates of by-gone days in the persons of Miss Grace Menzie, of Niagara Falls, and Miss Madge Brown, of Toronto. They were warmly welcomed by both students and teachers during their brief visit to their Alma Mater. The visit will not soon be forgotten by the two young ladies who were fortunate enough to accompany them on a drive, and something still more substantial, through the kindness of one of their party. We hope they will revisit Hamilton in the near future.

On the 12th of September, Miss Maud Ferris and Mr. H. J. Snelgrove were united in the holy bonds of matrimony. Many of our students will remember Miss Ferris, and will join with us in extending the heartiest congratulations.

Mrs. J. G. Keagey, of Rochester, spent a few days with her daughters last week.

Miss Ida Rupert will spend next Sunday in Toronto with Miss Lena Sutcliff, her former room-mate. The Seniors miss Miss Sutcliff from their class very much, but wish her all success in her new studies at Toronto.

Miss A. Reesor, who for several years has been in the musical department of our college, has resigned her position here and is now in Toronto. Miss Reesor was held in the highest esteem as a friend

and teacher, and will be sadly missed by all, especially by her musical friends to whom she was always a great inspiration.

It is with the greatest of pleasure that we welcome the following new teachers to our Faculty. Miss Meisor, who comes to us from Burlington, Vermont, teaches French and German. Miss Burkholder, of Hamilton, a last year's graduate of the W. L. College, fills the place left vacant by Miss Bean. Miss Aleda Burns, an honor graduate of class 87, is in the place formerly occupied by Miss A. Clark. Miss Sauerman, who has lately completed her musical education at the Leipsic Conservatory in Germany, takes Miss Reesor's place in the musical department. It was with great sorrow we learned that our well loved Professor, Mr. Hamilton, would not return this year, as he was a general favorite here. His place is taken by Mr. McLaughlin, an honor graduate of Victoria College.

The College benefactor. Senator Sanford, has returned from Europe, where he has spent the summer months with his family, and we welcome him heartily, as he again appears in our midst. Some act of kindness, to relieve the monotony of college life is always being received from him, the source whence came the beautiful tube roses, which the students on several days have found at their plates at dinner. Mr. Sanford is kind to us in so many ways that we would miss him very much if we did not have him with us.

As the financial matters connected with the PORTFOLIO are in anything but an encouraging position, we look to the Alumnæ to give us their hearty support this year, and we think it the duty of every student to subscribe for their College paper.

"Great thoughts are mariners of the mind,
With strong white sails unfurled;
Words are the vessels that we find
To bear them round the world."

"All discord is harmony not understood
And partial evil, universal good."

+ Exchanges. +

It is with the greatest of pleasure that we once more seat ourselves before the exchanges that have reached us this new year. To many this seems to be a hard and disagreeable task, but to us it is one of the most enjoyable features of the PORTFOLIO work, and we regret that lack of time alone prevents us from a careful reading and criticism of each one of the college journals.

The first to put in an appearance this term is the *Acamedian*, of Washington Academy. This paper is not well supplied with literary work, the September number containing only one article worthy of mention, that is "Retrograde Motion."

The *College Message*, from Mo., is a good paper, containing some very good literary articles, among which is an essay on "Scholasticisms." The exchange column has room for much improvement however. The young ladies of the PORTFOLIO, humbly thank our "gallant brothers" for even condescending to greet us in this new year. We like to see self respect in others, but when one becomes completely overcome with the sense of his own superiority (?) as the exchange editor of the *Message* seems to be, we are forced to draw the line.

The *Bible College Exponent* is an ever welcome exchange with us. Every thing about the paper is good, and we fail to find any thing about the journal to criticise.

Once more the *Niagara Index* greets us with good literary matter, especially the editorials, but "The bad penny always turns up" and we realize the truth of that old saying the minute we turn to the exchange column, which as usual is filled with slang. Will that boy never reform?

In the *Dartmouth* we find very little reading matter of interest to outsiders. This copy contains only one literary article, and that is a simple little story, "Only Another." Give us a good essay the next time.

"Moral Training," in the Notre Dame *Scholastic* is a very sensible article. We also enjoyed "The Ride to Shoshone Falls." An exchange column would be a grand improvement to that paper.

✧ Faults. ✧

"Just as you are pleased at finding faults, you are displeased at finding perfections."—*Larater*.

"Every man has a bag hanging before him, in which he puts his neighbor's faults, and another behind him, in which he stows his own."—*Shakespeare*.

"Bad men excuse their faults, good men will leave them."—*Johnson*.

✧ Resignation. ✧

"It seems such a woful waste
Of precious talent and time,
To be lying here day after day,
Just in my life's best prime.—
With such a weight on my breast,
And such a mist in my brain,
That I little or nothing know
Save that living is only pain,—
When I might be doing some work,
Or saying some helpful word,
To hasten Thy kingdom on—
But thou knowest best, O Lord !

Thy purpose will not fail
Because of my idleness,—
The stars in their courses fight
For the cause which thou dost bless,—
The angels move at thy word
Swifter than light of sun,—
And the patient soul works best
When it prays, 'Thy will be done.'
It may be that never again
I shall march, with the plough or the
sword ;
It may be— No matter. Amen ;
For thou knowest best, O Lord !"

"It is not the thing we do, Dear
But the thing that is left undone
That gives a bit of heartache
At the setting of the sun."

✧ A Miracle. ✧

BY M. F. BUTTS.

It was a miracle. My scanty store,
So scorned by my desire, became enough.
My shadowed path was on a sudden flushed
With sunrise. In the searching light I saw
That I was blessed who thought myself
accursed.

My blinded eyes became like eagles' eyes,
And on far heights celestial things descried.
Mine ears thrilled sensitive to harmony,
That erst were deaf And yet more mar-
velous.

My heart, that shuts its gates upon the world,
And starved within its fortress, roofed and
walled,
Now joyed in dew from heaven. And its
fruits,
So fostered from above, were free to all.
How can I but believe in miracles ?

✧ Trust. ✧

"I trust thee, O Father ; thy word cannot fail ;
But storms are about me ; the night-winds
prevail ;
I'm alone in the darkness ;—oh, lead to the
way
Where I may cast anchor and wait for the
day !

"I sure must find harbor ; or may it not be
The tempest shall drive to a safe open sea,—
The winds proving friendly to pilot the way—
Where I may cast anchor and wait for the
day ?

"Black clouds are above me ! O God, what a
sight
The lightnings reveal in their flash of clear
light !
Rocks all around me ! Oh, where is the way ?
Right here I'll cast anchor, and wait for the
day.

"I trust in God's word, in his love, in his
might ;
He sees in the darkness as well as the light.
Not a rock in the sea but he knows its lay ;
I'm anchored in safety, and wait for the
day."

"Faith is likened to an anchor because of
its holding power."

Study of Modern Languages.

WHAT the study of modern languages is a necessary part of a liberal education, is a proposition which few intelligent persons will at this day dispute.

The records of thought and knowledge are many-tongued.

Familiarity with languages liberalizes the mind in the same way as travel.

The Emperor Charles V. once said that to learn a new language was to acquire a new soul.

The person who is familiar only with the writings of his native tongue is in danger of supposing that manners and customs, tastes and habits of thought, which belong only to his own age and country, are inseparable from the nature of man. He finds that opinions which he had thought to be universal, and feelings which he had supposed instinctive, have been unknown to millions. He thus loses that Chinese cast of mind, that contempt for everything outside of his own narrow circle which was a foe to all self-knowledge and to all self-improvement.

Then the study of languages is a means of great intellectual culture for it gives us ability to think, presents ideas in condensed form and develops and strengthens many important faculties.

It is also true that one's knowledge of English is made more broad and accurate by an understanding of any tongue that has contributed to its development.

We are not blind to the fact, that the acquisition of any language is a 'big job,' but even if we fall short of acquiring it with any degree of perfection, yet we will find even a slight knowledge of languages is of great practical and educational value.

In travelling through a country, if we are altogether ignorant of its native language we may as well go through it with our eyes shut or stay at home as far as getting an insight into the tastes, interests and aspirations of the people.

Englishmen, French and Germans deem a knowledge of modern languages not only useful but even vital to their

worldly success. There is hardly a commercial house of any note that does not sell goods to Germany, France, Sweden or Russia; hence, every such house must have employees to conduct their correspondence, and a knowledge of foreign tongues is, therefore, one of the best recommendations with which a young man seeking a clerkship can be armed. In our large cities, there are so many foreigners too who cannot speak English.

† Charity. †

ARTHUR SYMONS.

A beggar died last night, his soul
Went up to God, and said :
" I come uncalled ; forgive it, Lord ;
I died for want of bread."
Then answered him the Lord of heaven :
" Son, how can this thing be ?
Are not My saints on earth ? and they
Had surely succored thee."
" Thy saints, O Lord," the beggar said,
" Live holy lives of prayer ;
How shall they know of such as we ?
We perish unaware."
" They strive to save our wicked souls,
And fit them for the sky ;
Meanwhile, not having bread to eat,
(Forgive !) our bodies die "
Then the Lord God spake out of heaven
In wrath and angry pain :
" O men, for whom My Son hath died,
My son hath lived in vain !"

† God Still the Same. †

[BY ARCHBISHOP FRENCH.]

Not Thou from us, O Lord, but we
Withdraw ourselves from Thee.
When we are dark and dead,
And Thou art covered with a cloud,
Hanging before Thee like a shroud,
So that our prayer can find no way,
O teach us that we do not say,
" Where is Thy brightness fled ?"
But that we search and try,
What in ourselves has wrought this blame,
For 'Thou remainest still the same ;
But earth's own vapors earth may fill
With darkness and thick clouds, while still
The sun is in the sky.

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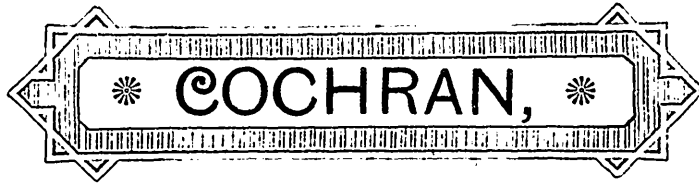
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