

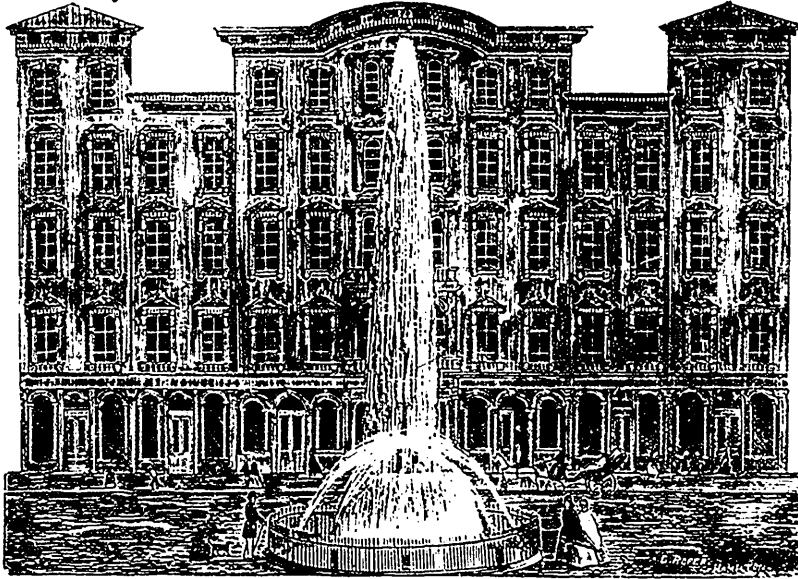
The illustration features the word 'THE' in a simple serif font above the word 'PORTFOLIO' in a larger, bold, blackletter-style font. The 'P' is particularly large and ornate, with a laurel wreath wrapped around its base. Above the word 'PORTFOLIO' is a horizontal line with a decorative flourish on the right end. On this line sits a small illustration of a lamp with a flame, resting on a book. Radiating lines emanate from the lamp, suggesting light or inspiration.

THE
PORTFOLIO

November, 1890

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— THE —

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"VITA SINE LITERIS MORS EST."

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Notes.

TO our readers, to the ever-increasing host of sister journals, to all those who in the past have felt some measure of interest in our welfare, we extend a hearty greeting. We have undertaken the work dropped from the hands of our companions, many of whom have left us for other scenes of action, and, fully occupied though we may be with regular school work, we are yet determined that not at our hands shall the old PORT. suffer neglect. What the school year upon which we have entered has in store for us, how little we know; but as the uncertainty of the future becomes the actual experience of the present, you will catch within these pages a glimpse of our college life, and will find here an expression of the thoughts and feelings of its participants. We would remind the college students that nowhere is division of labor more necessary to successful results than in the management

of such a journal as this. Let the PORTFOLIO be in truth a students' paper, in the benefits of which all should have an equal share, and to the excellence of which all have an equal pride in contributing. We ascribe the late appearance of this, our first issue, to the confusion inevitably attendant upon the first few weeks of a new term. School work has long ago settled into its accustomed routine, and we are hopefully looking forward to a successful year, as regards both our college course and the literary and financial well-being of our paper. The accounts at the end of June showed an entire removal of debt, so that we are able to begin a new period in the history of the PORTFOLIO quite free from any such encumbrance. To the Alumnae and to all those who have spent any considerable time here, and reaped some of the advantages to be gained, we make a special appeal. For the sake of the old college days, when you yourselves worked so zealously for the PORTFOLIO, show some kindly interest in our success. Any reminiscences of school life, any information concerning your present life and interests, will be most welcome. If at any time you are able to speak a word to the eliciting of a new subscription, rest assured that we will strive to merit, by the increased excellence of our paper, the efforts which you generously exert in our behalf.

ACCORDING to the time-honored custom, the two literary societies (senior and junior) have again inaugurated. The ground of division is that the senior society shall include undergraduates only, while specialists and those below the Freshman year, in what is called the academic course, shall constitute the junior society. The advisability of uniting the two societies is at present demanding our earnest attention. The senior society

has much the smaller membership, comprising, of course, the majority of the older girls. In a union of the two bodies it is probable that their example would stimulate the younger members to greater activity. In the existing state of affairs, neither society is large enough for efficient operation. To say nothing of the chilling effect of a few people in a large room, it is a difficult matter to provide full programs without trespassing on the time and good nature of the limited number of members. We are confident that the divided interest injures the prosperity of both societies. There is being put forth this year an earnest endeavor to give a more truly literary tone to our meetings, and we feel sure that the securing of this end would be greatly facilitated by the co-operation of the whole body of students. The junior society has always experienced more or less difficulty in arranging a suitable place for their meetings, the only room really convenient for an assembly of the kind being occupied by the senior society; but with ample room for a much larger body. In addition to these considerations there is the social effect of such an arrangement as now exists. If the division were based upon the ground of intellectual development or maturity, it would appear to be more just. Many of the specialists, who are constantly associated with the older girls, and would operate most successfully with them, feel somewhat estranged by being separated from their companions and meeting with those younger students, with whom they feel no common interest. Even if the junior society were composed of the younger students alone, and the senior society of those more advanced, there would still fail to be promoted that general unity which is so greatly to be desired. There have existed amongst us, almost unconsciously, in the past, certain divisions, and the same tendency is again apparent. The *esprit*

de corps in the college would, undoubtedly, be greatly increased if the interest of all were centered in one literary society. The benefit to be derived from such an institution, if properly conducted, has been repeatedly acknowledged. It is for us to determine in what way this benefit may be most successfully obtained. We are entirely convinced that a union of the two divisions is the one thing necessary.

☉NCE more we have entered upon the work of another year, after the enjoyment and rest of the summer vacation. We have been scattered far and wide: some have passed the weeks camping out among the beautiful lakes and wilds of Muskoka; some have tasted the pleasures of a few weeks among the Thousand Isles in the St Lawrence; others have journeyed to the far west; a privileged few have crossed the ocean and explored some of the wonders of the old world. However enjoyable may have been our different modes of spending the holidays, we are all ready to enter into this year's duties with a new zeal, and gather up for future use golden gems of knowledge. The year is open before us, let it be filled to overflowing with precious treasures gathered from study and research into the innumerable works of nature and art. Let the spirit of earnestness that seems to predominate among the girls continue through the year, that at the end there may be no vain regrets, no weary hours of cramming page after page of what should have been prepared months before. Fill up the golden hours as they pass with golden fruit.

Autumn.

Oh! what a glory does this world put on
 For him, who, with a fervent heart, goes forth
 Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks
 On duties well performed and days well spent!
 For him the wind, ay, and the yellow leaves,
 Shall have a voice, and give him eloquent teachings.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

Prize Essay.

LITERATURE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

“THERE is nothing more remarkable in the history of humanity, or less capable of reduction to rules than are the waves of literary impulse that sweep over a country.” They neither resemble each other nor do they move at regular intervals. One has no natural connection in the way of cause and effect or resemblance to another. The mind, the form and the meaning change from one generation to another so entirely that it seems a new thing—a separate creation.

Beginning at the close of the eighteenth century we will endeavor, in a brief way, to show the force of one of these waves which has brought with it not only new-created laws and a new code, but has changed the very atmosphere of literature and introduced purer morals and a higher soul.

The chief movement of the English speaking people at the close of the last century was one of re-action against the ideas which had predominated for many years. People were becoming weary of the Classic Age and were rising in rebellion against the arbitrary rules with which Pope and his followers had fettered literature. All agreed that literature, and especially poetry, was becoming altogether cold and lifeless, and, conforming to rules and proprieties, was being divorced from Nature. Turning from the artificial, forced sentiments and foreign imitations as unsatisfying to the heart, they resorted to the early native poetry, and the effect of this is soon made apparent in the imitations and forgeries of romances of chivalry and simple narrative ballads. Ballad poetry, it is said, has always had a strong hold on the imagination of the people, but in this period it did more than please them—it influenced poetic taste, and we can trace it in most poets of the age. Particularly we find it caused the birth of the historic poem

brought to such perfection by Scott. This style of poetry took the heart of the people by storm, recounting, as it did, in language possessing a simple majesty, the legends and tales dear to all, mingled with which are word pictures of surpassing beauty. It is doubtful if the works of Byron would have been welcomed with the enthusiasm they received had the way not been prepared by the historical poem, and even after Scott ceased writing poetry (in recognition of Byron's superior genius) his lustre remained undimmed, and his verses, though inferior to Byron's in true poetical genius, have always been cherished by the people for whom he showed so much sympathy.

The literature of this age was influenced to a remarkable degree by Germany, whose productions in literature, “bold, speculative and profound,” have gained ground both in England and America, and have everywhere left their impress on the thoughts of the people, and its influence shows itself in their works. While Germany was creating “freedom of thought” by its philosophy, France was also influencing in a like manner by the revolution which had swept over it, and which made itself felt even in England. These two great means of liberty of thought to the people, combined to produce the characteristics of those called by Taine, “The Romantic Poets.”

Never in English poetry has such passionate unrestraint been found as is predominant in this school. It is as if the soul of man, so long held in check by the shackles of conventionalism, had at last burst its chains and poured forth its feelings with a fervor almost over-powering in its intensity.

With this spontaneity we perceive the love of nature increasing till in some of the schools, especially Wordsworth, it becomes a vital principle. Subjects that concern mankind in general, which were considered in the prior age too mean and lowly to be used for the best poems, again form the theme of poetry. The language too became less refined, and less stress was laid on the perfection of execution—a contrast to last century. Simplicity of style and sentiment,

and an almost rugged versification was now the aim of the poets.

Byron and Wordsworth are the central figures of this period, and are surrounded by an almost innumerable host of lights scarcely less brilliant, and all possessing prominent characteristics, but we must be content to separate these two great ones who are similar yet so different. Byron, wrapped up in himself—essentially selfish, transcribing himself with all his gloomy sadness in his poems, yet in every word breathing an emotion that is overwhelming in its power. In his descriptions pre-eminent, showing in the nobleness of his descriptive lines one of his highest characteristics—sympathy with nature. Impulsive and loving, he has ministered to the appetite for poetry in warmth and force of passion which have made his poems immortal. Wordsworth, in his wide sympathy for man and plainness of sentiment and expression, is a contrast, but the two are united in their love of nature. In Wordsworth we find the influence of the lofty, elevated thoughts, clothed in simple words, yet none the less beautiful. He has probably spiritualized modern imaginative literature more than any other poet. Morley says of him.—“As yet, too little sensuous to be widely popular, but that popularity will extend in proportion as the general mind ascends to his mount of vision.” We have selected the following, as showing his love of nature as a passion and his rare spirituality :

“ For I have learned
To look on Nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth, but hearing oftentimes
The still sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh, nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts ; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling in the light of setting suns
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man
A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thoughts
And rolls through all things.”

This school, so admirable in its predominant features, was not without its

mistakes. When we consider the theory that brought it into existence we will cease to wonder at the absence of the Epic and Drama to which the judgment of many generations had assigned the palm of superiority among poetic forms. The truth is, no complex or extensive poem was ever composed without great help from the constructive faculty—which it was the object of this theory to undervalue. Great as were some of the poems produced, we cannot but think they are not so good as they might have been, owing to a lack of painstaking in construction.

Among other things that were mistakes of the school, inferior poets were not silenced, and in this age they were inferior poets of an inferior kind—men “gifted with a fatal faculty of rhyme,” and possessing minds teeming with trivial thoughts. Productions from such as these were soon so numerous that a poem of any excellence was lost in a shoal of works utterly worthless. It was not long ere this degraded the school and the divine afflatus ceased. The influences from the great productions of the age are lasting and, on the whole, beneficial. A taste for genuine feeling was created ; refined emotions existed, brightening daily life with images of beauty and grace. But in some, genuine feeling was degraded into sensuality, and monsters in whom “one virtue is linked with a thousand crimes” were held up to admiration, and dignity was conferred on vice. But beside these are seen beauty, loveliness, pity, faith and charity. So it is with the whole school, “in the fadeless gardens, flowers and weeds are commingled.”

American poetry has followed a pathway of its own, not occupying itself with classical subjects and studies, but writing graceful verses of an emotional, lyrical or descriptive kind, aroused by natural landscape and patriotism. Surrounded by the greatest beauties of nature, and breathing the atmosphere of freedom and prosperity, the poetic nature is moved to its greatest depth, and gives to the world poems of surpassing sweetness that cannot fail to touch the true cord in the heart. It has been said by some critic that “the American poets

are indisposed or unable to produce any sustained or important works, therefore, their poetry will not live," but that which appeals to the heart of man, will ever live to soothe and comfort. Longfellow, Bryant, Whittier, etc., though they may lack the philosophical thought of the older masters, yet they possess that which to mankind in general is far superior—sympathy with humanity, and simplicity.

We find in England, at the beginning of the Victorian age, that the sentiment of the Byronic school had been degraded into sentimentalism, and on its ruins have risen two distinct kinds of poetry. One may be said to still retain the chief characteristics of Wordsworth—an elevated style, yet simple and natural—speaking to the emotions of man in fervent strains, which all can understand and feel, and ever upholding the beauty of nature. The other resembles the poetry of the old schools, partakes of their classicism in a delicate, elevating way, which may be said to perpetuate the style of Keats. In the latter part of this age we have poets of both classes, while others almost combine them into one. In all writers, however, from the least of the minor poets to Tennyson—the greatest figure of the period, the refinements of the age are transferred to the poetry. It has ever been so—the literary productions partake of the social elements of the century. In this time of great social changes and improvements the difference in literature is very noticeable. Stedman says: "It is an age in poetry possessing elaborativeness of finish; perfection of form and structure; richness of diction and variety of metre. * * * The genius of the present is less creative than elective and refining; and requisite rather than imaginative; diffusive rather than powerful."

But in some of the poets of these later years are the characteristics of subtilty and penetration, exercising our thought but lacking in warmth and music. This is especially true of Browning. But on the other hand, his works show a remarkable knowledge of human character, and in the heroes and heroines of his poems we recog-

nize real life. In the following we find his great originality:

"But were it so, were man all mind, he gains
A station little enviable. From God
Down to the lowest spirit ministrant,
Intelligence exists which casts our minds
Into immeasurable shades. No! No!
Love, hope, fear, faith—these make humanity,
These are its sign, and note and character;
And these I have lost—gone, shut from me forever."

Tennyson is the central figure of this later period. Of him Arnold says: "From the first he has shown himself a born poet, an artist, a master of charm, a lover of form and color, a builder of imaginary castles, an ethical instructor." He is wanting in the freedom and variety of Shakespeare and Byron, but even though one feels a constraint and desires to break away from that which chains the emotions, yet one cannot but feel the soul elevated after reading the lofty, majestic, mournful lines of "In Memoriam."

"I falter where I firmly trod,
And falling with my weight of care
Upon the world's great altar stairs
That slope through darkness up to God.

"I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope
And gather dust and chaff, and call
To what I feel is Lord of all,
And faintly trust the larger hope."

His influence is wholesome and elevating as his aim has been pure and lofty. By weight of thought and poetic speech he has become a classic in his own day. Though taste may change in the coming generations, there will ever be for him a high and abiding place.

But ours is not an age for poets; they have been supplanted in the public favor, and, instead of turning to poetry, the minds of the young, middle aged and old, seek after philosophical and scientific thoughts and truths. No matter how beautiful or poetic the language may be, the sentiments are rejected, and it is discarded if not in harmony with reason.

Foreign influences and internal thought have combined to make this age prolific in prose, and of surpassing greatness. Many new departments have sprung up,

while those that formerly existed have been increased and perfected. Foremost as a means of education and general improvement stands the periodical. At the close of the eighteenth century the critical magazines and reviews had greatly increased in numbers, but at the present time they have become almost innumerable, as have also the daily papers. They are the greatest political organs, giving to the people the thoughts and actions of their representatives. Good and bad are both brought before the people, and are upheld or condemned. The movements of other nations are published, and thus sympathies are enlarged and thoughts widened, as people are no longer limited to the knowledge of affairs in their own narrow circles, but are also interested in that which occupies the attention of their brothers in other lands. They contain articles on all current topics, especially in science and philosophy. They are also the great organs for literary criticism, and all classes have the results of our greatest thinkers, published in the literary reviews. Owing to the limit of space they have introduced a brief, clear, concise style, often elegant and eloquent, but always positive and effective. It is the surest proof that the general mind is becoming more elevated and that the desire for knowledge is increasing, as shown by the growth of the periodical and daily papers. The increase of the former has greatly perfected the essay, and was in truth the instrument by which it was originated. Many writers of the essay attain almost to poetry in their grand and lofty style, and we would lose much that is attractive and valuable in our literature were the productions of the essayist left out of the account. Philosophy, science, art, religion—all come under their sway, and their influence on all has been unbounded. We do not find in the critical essayists the personal bitterness that so often predominated in the writers of former periods. With the enlightenments of this age has come a more profound and enlarged conception of the functions of a critic. This is seen to a superior degree in the works of Macaulay, Carlyle, Arnold, Ruskin and many others

hardly less known. They each possess their characteristics, and they differ in style, but in the works of each we find the innate refinement and elevation of thought, opulence of adornment and illustration. To deal with their peculiarities in the least—to try to write of the majesty of Macaulay, the profundity of Carlyle, the exactness of Arnold and Froude, or the sublimity and beauty of Ruskin—requires time and space unlimited, but they are and ever will be upheld as the greatest writers of English prose in its golden age.

In America, also, the essay is the great instrument of enlargement of thought, and in this branch of literature the writers have attained to great excellence. Thoreau, Hawthorne and the sublime Emerson need but be mentioned to prove its perfection.

As the drama was the great instrument of education and amusement in the Elizabethan era, so has the novel become in our own day. It is our drama, and to it the people turn for enlarged ideas of the manners and customs of the day and true pictures of life. During the early portion of last century this branch of literature was almost extinct and continued so until, in 1814, it acquired an unprecedented lustre by the masterpieces of Scott. The same influences that drew from him his historical poems brought to light the historical novel, written in a style, easy and graphic, full of grace and glowing with brightness, but never polished; always devoted to the elevation of truth and virtue—to the degradation of vice. We find in him one who looks at the broad general effect, devoting more time to his pictures than to the melody, and impressing all who read his works with the love and sympathy he has for his followers. The favorite of his age and read throughout the country, he still holds that position in the hearts of the people. In our own day, the pictorial novel is the most popular. It possesses characteristics of the historical and descriptive novels, but all the productions possess to a greater or less extent, the romance element. Lord Lytton is the most illustrious representative of this branch, and was a great power in his day. No one can read his "Last Days of Pompeii"

and "The Last of the Barons" and not be impressed with his rich thought and elevated fancy. But his works do not live with the people; they may please the cold polished scholar, but his lack of sympathy repels and his brilliancy has in it no warmth.

In George Eliot's works we have the philosophical novel; great thoughts, beautiful expressions and rare descriptives powers are possessed by this remarkable masculine woman. It would be wrong to say her works are popular—they are now for the scholar or student, but as the age increases in intelligence so will her popularity and influence increase.

In turning to other writers who have made the novel great in this period, we find characteristics remarkably different. Thackeray and Dickens—names familiar to every one—brought into existence the ethical or life-like novel, in which they depicted to perfection the life and customs of all grades of society, opening the eyes of the populace to the sham of fashionable life and picturing the wretchedness of the lower classes in such a way as to secure for them the long needed sympathy. Their influence for good has been unbounded and their names will ever be among the great ones. In America works of fiction exist in brilliant profusion or rather, in perilous abundance. We do not find here the elevating instructive novel that rose in England, but rather works of technical finish and excellence of form, lacking however in ardor, depth of feeling and depth of thought. Two writers by picturing the sufferings of the Indian and negro in the form of romance, have obtained favor and a lasting name, but Fennimore Cooper and Harriet Beecher Stowe, are popular because of their theme, not of their form. But one name must be mentioned—one who will ever hold his own among the master artists of the day. Hawthorne gives his pure noble thoughts to the public in English more simple and elegant than has ever been used. He has been compared to some beautiful planet whose rays of light are pure, brilliant and lasting.

Inferior writers are degrading the novel as they degraded the Byronic school. The

number of trashy novels published at the present day is beyond those that are elevating and pure, and the harm done society by this inferior literature is greater than is realized, but with the advancement of science and philosophy, this style will prove inadequate for the people and purer, higher works will be the result.

In this nineteenth century the department of history occupies a high place, and possesses unsurpassed excellence—so also do the branches of theology, philosophy, science, etc., and even a general study of their fields necessitates the study of a lifetime. The profusion of works of excellence marks this period as the greatest age of English prose.

"O! rich and various man, made of the dust of the earth and living for the moment! In the majestic past as a prophecy to the future, in thy ceaseless discontent with the present, in thine ascension of state, in thine unquenchable thirst for the infinite, we find the blazing evidence of thine own eternity!"

LENAH A. W. SUTCLIFFE.

A Trip on the Lakes.

WHAT country in this vast universe of ours can boast such a magnificent chain of unbroken water, as the Dominion of Canada! Our dream of years is about to be realized in a trip around its lakes.

We leave Hamilton at five in the evening to meet our vessel at Thorold, where we have but to ascend a small hill, to find ourselves on the banks of the Welland Canal. We see the lights of our propeller, as she comes slowly through the lock, and now we are on board. All night long the chains of the rudder rattle and clank together as the pilot guides the ship in its narrow course, and ever and anon the whistle blows to warn the lockmen of an approaching vessel.

On the following afternoon we are on Lake Eric's broad expanse. The wind is blowing fresh and clear, and as we inhale

the pure air we think what a blessing it would be, if but one draught were to blow through the hot workshops and close factories of our cities.

It is late next day when we enter the Detroit River, and towards evening we see the dazzling lights of the city of that name in the distance. The electric lights, erected high in the air, present to the eye a picture as of so many brilliant stars—a fitting introduction to so delightful a city—its charm resulting partly from its lovely situation, partly from its beautiful public buildings and many avenues of gorgeous residences, its clear, bright, fresh look, and general appearance of prosperity. We will draw a veil over Windsor, Detroit's Canadian neighbor, as it must shrink into utter insignificance by comparison. A few miles from Detroit, is Belle Isle, a pretty place, with its artificial canals and drives. Boats are passing to and from the island all the time. There, when the heat of the day is over, the weary ones resort, and tired though they may be make merry the hours that are theirs.

We are entering on Lake St. Clair. Two short hours will take us across this beautiful little lake, and the captain very much surprises us, by saying, that it can get up a most stubborn little storm. At the opening of the St. Clair River is a canal called, "The Flats," about a mile long and just wide enough for vessels to pass each other. Along each pier are rows of willows and at each end is a light-house. We are sailing along the river. On each side the shores are lined with the villas of the wealthy, elegant hotels, boat-houses and parks. Every turn of the steamer as she winds her sinuous way among the beautiful islands which dot the river, gives a new form to the scenery around us. On this river we pass a wreck. In the Spring of the year two vessels collided; the one owned by Phil Armour, the rich pork-packer of Chicago, went down. They are trying to raise her by means of pumps, and they must have been successful, for on our return trip there were no signs of her.

We have touched at Sarnia for provisions. The day has been intensely warm

and bright. Suddenly, clouds pass swiftly across the sky, a darkness as of night throws a mantle over the earth, the thunder rolls and tumbles through the sky and great flashes of lightning chase each other in quick succession, illuminating the dark and angry waters. The rain comes down in torrents. Glad we are that the boat is fastened firmly to the shore—but it is over now. The sun shines out again in all his kingly majesty. The vessel is gliding peacefully out into Lake Huron. But a few hours and we are abreast Saginaw Bay, figuratively called "The Sailor's Grave." The currents from the bay cross the waves of Huron, and in this trough many a crew has found a watery grave. An expression of sadness crosses the face of almost every sailor as he speaks of this dangerous spot, where so many of his brother mariners have found a last resting place.

We are a day and a night on Lake Huron, and dawn finds us at Detour, at the entrance of St. Mary's River. The stream is not navigable by night so every traveller has an opportunity to admire its scenery, which is picturesque beyond all description, with its delicate windings, its islands covered with exquisite green foliage, the huts of the Indians and at its head the far famed Sault St. Marie, or the "Soo" as it is often called. Of the town we heard an American on board say, it had "the raw new look of a Pennsylvania oil country or western mining town." It is, however, an old place. The houses and the inhabitants form strange contrasts. Here is a long row of rude wooden buildings, some with only canvas roofs, while opposite are imposing structures of red granite, and on the sidewalks half-breed Indians mingle with every variety of Celt and Saxon. On the American side, just above the town, is the wonderful "Soo" Canal, the grandest lock in the world. Nine vessels can lock there at one time. Beyond this canal are the foaming rapids into which the waters of old Superior are broken as they begin their rush to the sea. Over the rapids is a magnificent International Bridge, a triumph of engineering skill.

We are entering upon Superior, the

world's proudest lake, and as we stand upon the stern of our vessel and watch the land slowly receding from our view, and, turning, gaze upon the extent of water before us, and think that two suns will have risen before we can again set foot on *terra firma*,

"We look each one at his fellow
And no man speaks a word."

The night is clear and bright, and off to port the light on White Fish point sends us its cheering rays, and far to our star-board is Michipicoton Island, now only a purple strip on the horizon ; but, when we awake in the morning, we are abreast of the island, a bold mass of rock about one thousand feet high, where we can see the remains of an abandoned copper mine. And now all day long we are running through calm and sailless seas, beautiful as a dream.

We seem to be in

"A wild, weird clime
Out of space, out of time."

In a few hours the long blue line of Canadian headlands has drawn nearer, and we keep them in view all the rest of the day. There are many illusions in this region, and mountains which appear to be about four hundred feet high are in reality about fifteen hundred feet. Awful is the only word that expresses the wild, desolate grandeur of these north shores. There is nothing but a howling wilderness of giant piles of granite rocks, with here and there a few trees of stunted growth. A friend on board has been quoting all day "leagues on leagues, on leagues of desolation." Our port is Heron bay. It is a very narrow channel, the entrance to which is marked by two targets. High promontories of massive rock are on each side. To this point a branch runs down from the main line of the Canadian Pacific R'y, about two miles in length, and our coal is loaded into cars. We begin at once a series of delightful excursions on bay and mountain. What a treat to sit in a snug little boat and go in and out among these granite islands fragrant with spruce and birch. Up we climb that hoary mountain yonder, through bush and bramble, over ravines and up rock after rock, striving and struggling until, almost

fainting, we reach the top. Hold your breath and hear your heart-beats as the glorious scene spreads before you ; in front, the blue waters of Lake Superior, and behind, the far-reaching wilderness of granite mountains. Think of man penetrating this fearful solitude to cut a railroad through these iron mountains, almost every foot of which had to be blasted. Look away to the right and you see an immense bridge crossing a chasm. See! a train is going over it now ; watch it running head away from you, toward the lake and disappearing behind the intervening mountain, to reappear on the other side. But we must not tarry too long. We will name the mountain Victoria, partly after our sovereign and partly on account of our victory in gaining the sunn'it. We will sing the doxology and go down, down, down to our vessel below.

Life at Heron Bay is not all unalloyed pleasure, however ; there are black flies and mosquitoes here as well as picturesque scenery. The captain and the crew have some good mosquito yarns. Two tars, one yarn goes, were trying to see who could tell the best. One was a salt and the other a fresh water sailor. The salt water had said that the captain of their vessel one day saw a great black cloud coming up, and thinking they should have a squall, ordered all the sails to be taken in and everything made ready for a blow. But in a few moments they found that, instead of what they saw being a cloud, it was a great flock of mosquitoes that settled down on the vessel and ate everything on her, sails and rigging and running gear. Tar number two, replied : "Yes, that's so, mate ; I saw that same flock of mosquitoes afterwards at Niagara." "How do you know it was the same flock ?" exclaimed the first sailor. And the fresh water man got away ahead as he replied : "Why I knew they were the same because they all had on canvas overalls and tarred rope for suspenders." Our cargo is unloaded and it is time we were heading for Fort William to get our load of grain for Kingston. Sailing all day, towards evening we see the royal old mountain of Thunder Cape lying off to

starboard. It is a bold promontory, thirteen hundred feet high, stretching far into the lake and becoming more majestic every moment. We pass Pie Island and the "Sleeping Indian," and are within sight of Port Arthur, a few miles from which up the copper colored waters of the Kekabeka River we arrive at Fort William. It is evening and the sailors are to row us down this little river on the banks of which, nearly one hundred years ago, the Hudson Bay Company built the fort for purposes of trade with the Indians, in which transaction the latter were often sadly imposed upon by the civilized white man. They tell me there is a beautiful fall of water about twenty miles below the fort. We are loaded now. To-night our clearance papers come from Port Arthur. We head from here towards the east and begin our run across the lake homeward. Our genial party will soon break up and then "one last long sigh" to our summer trip and back to college life again.

ELOISE.

The Legend of Emperor Frederic Barbarossa.

IT was in the year 1190. The army of the Crusaders had successfully advanced to Seleucia in Asia Minor. What an immense multitude of soldiers and pilgrims are moving on through this famous peninsula! The former ready to fight for their Lord against the infidels, the latter wishing to kneel in fervent prayer at His sepulchre. A royal figure is the leader of this large body; it is a gallant form, clad in armour from head to foot, his helmet surmounted by the imperial crown of Germany, his coat of arms showing the colors of the illustrious house of Hohenstaufen. It is Frederic I, the hero, the minstrel, called "Barbarossa" by his Italian subjects on account of his long, dark red beard. The Crusaders had come to a river called Seleph. A narrow bridge allowing only a small number of soldiers to cross over at a time, the emperor, tired of waiting, urged his steed to leap into the dark, rippling water with the in-

tention of swimming to the opposite bank. But, alas! Frederic Barbarossa should never reach the land; drawn into a whirlpool with his horse, he was doomed to perish in those treacherous waters, far from his destination, farther still from his native country! His loyal Paladins vainly tried to find a trace of his corpse in the river, the jealous current had carried it in rapid course to the ocean wild and wide.

Long before the Crusaders, who were after this time headed by the valiant Duke of Austria, came back to their native countries, merchants and pilgrims had brought the mournful news from the Orient to the Occident. The funeral bells were tolling in Germany day and night; there was a wail all over the country, for the German people had lost their joy, their pride, the representative of all their national virtues, and they did not even have the mournful consolation of doing the funeral honors to the body of their beloved emperor. Frederic Barbarossa had conquered all the enemies who were harrassing his vast realm; he had been a protector of art and science, and, a poet himself, had encouraged all the great minstrels who flourished at his time. As a ruler he had been just—kind towards the weak and generous towards his enemies. He had raised Germany to the foremost rank among the European nations, and so it cannot appear wonderful that his people saw in him the personification of Germany's greatness and power. He had been taken away too suddenly from his loyal subjects, they could and would not realize that he was dead, and so the legend originated among his people, that Emperor Frederic had not died but that he was enchanted in the interior of Mount Kyffhauser in Thuringia, and would come back some time when the empire would be as powerful as it had been during his reign. He was supposed to sit in his subterranean chamber on an ivory throne in all his imperial splendour, spell-bound by a magic sleep, out of which he would awake once every century.

He is waited on by dwarfs, who, according to German mythology, were the guardians of treasures in the bowels of the earth. Whenever Barbarossa awakes, he sends out

one of the dwarfs to learn the political news of the empire, and he afterwards listens, sometimes approvingly, sometimes sighing heavily, to the report of his little servant.

It was in the year 1871; a great war had been ended, and in the old royal palace of the Bourbons in Versailles, there stood the martial figure of a noble Septuagenary, surrounded by his generals and minor officers who were crying unanimously "Hurrah for William the victorious, emperor of re-united Germany!"

Who was that noble monarch with his kind blue eyes and snowy hair and beard?

The annals of history say:

"William I, of the illustrious house of Hohenzollern."

But the people whispered:

"It was Frederic Barbarossa who had come out of the Kyffhauser to see the restored unity, glory and power of the German empire."

HEDWIG ALBARUS.

Locals.

'91

has

come

to stay.

Yi! Yi!! Yi!!!

XCI.—'91.

Glad to see you back.

Did you have a pleasant vacation?

Old students all back on time.

Senior vacation is over.

Have you wound Dick, Sue?

"We all love Jack." Why?

We all extend a hearty welcome to new students.

Why is a certain Toronto clergyman interested in the College this year? We advise him to "move on."

A good opening for a tailoress. Riding habits will be in demand, as there is a "pony" in the College.

The young lady who tries to carry a

whole loaf of bread in her pocket had better invest in a shopping-bag.

Miss Reesor spent a short time in the College on Saturday, seeing old friends. She is now teaching in the College of Music, Toronto.

Professor Paul Schmolck has been very successful in re-organizing the Choral Class. There is a large attendance this year, and doubtless a great deal of good work will be done.

We were all pleased to see the Doctor's jovial face again in the College halls after his prolonged absence at the General Conference in Montreal.

Quite a large class has been formed in stenography this term. Students find it a great convenience when taking notes on lectures.

Fraulein Albarus, our new language teacher, proves a very efficient addition to the faculty. She is an enthusiastic worker, and no doubt will inspire her pupils with a zeal equal to her own.

Among the strange faces this year is that of Mr. Paul Schmolck, our new musical director. Mr. Schmolck has the accent and manners of a foreigner, as indeed he is, having been but six years on this continent. He hails from Germany, so widely celebrated for its musical productions, and was for eight years a fellow-townsmen of Von Bülow, in Hanover. Of his merits as a teacher, time will give the most satisfactory evidence.

The visit of the Strauss Orchestra was an event long to be remembered by the people of Hamilton. No such body of musicians has visited the city before. Each person in the orchestra seemed to be master of his instrument. The young ladies of the college were permitted to attend and many availed themselves of the privilege.

On Friday evening a garden party was given by Mrs. Pratt in aid of the W. C. T. U. It was like everything undertaken by Mrs. Pratt, a great success. The students were all invited and it is needless to say had a charming time.

Senior Literary Society.

The elections for office, held several weeks ago, resulted as follows :

President, - - - S. PATTERSON.
Vice-President, - - M. BURNS.
Recording Sec., - - G. ROBINSON.
Corresponding Sec., - M. BOWES.
Treasurer, - - - L. CLARK.

Junior Literary Society.

The present officers of the Junior Society are :

President, - - - M. POOL.
Vice-President, - - B. SHAVER.
Secretary, - - - G. MCDUGALL.
Treasurer, - - - E. BOND.

The Fall Fair.

FRIDAY, the 26th of Sept., was a gala day in the college. It was our first holiday and we were to go to the exhibition. We called it alliteratively the Fall Fair. The weather was not all that could be desired, and we ate our breakfasts in fear and trembling lest the slow drizzle should become a steady downpour. But fate was propitious, the arrangements perfect, and with 9.30 came our special car. Half an hour later we were on the grounds, surrounded by scores of showmen, fakirs, pedlars and other "adroit pursuers of the small coins of our Canadian currency." On one side were booths and tents, and voluble showmen; on the other, flaring signs and pictures; Indians in war paint brandishing tomahawks; acrobats in pink tights, and Punch and Judy shows. The seductive smile of Morris, the Temple of Illusions' man, had its effect upon more than half of our numbers and we squandered our ten cents on an electric piano, a vision of "She" and another equally evanescent female.

The Crystal Palace is generally the centre of attraction and interest, the whole of the first floor being devoted to the art gallery

and ladies' fancy work. Here were portraits in oil; flower, fruit and landscape subjects; water-color sketches; pen and ink drawings; architectural designs; bas-reliefs; as well as paintings on cups and saucers, on vases and plaques, etc., etc. Most of the work had been done by amateurs. Some of it, technically, remarkably good; others showing but mediocre ability. Much of modern art work is valueless. Is it because nearly all of it is studio work, done at high pressure and in an artificial light instead of in the open air? Should an artist's light be tempered otherwise than by the clouds as they pass or the leaves as they move?

The east wing was wholly devoted to ladies' needle work. I remember a magnificent display of patchwork quilts—the patches of every material, size and color. I can't say I remember much else.

An instructive article on fairs should doubtless contain some reference to their chief feature—the agricultural exhibits. The show of cattle, I understand, was remarkably good. I heard flattering allusions to Durhams, Ayrshires, Jerseys and Holsteins. One son of the soil remarked in my hearing that he had seen some beautiful specimens of approaching pork and that farmers in the west were making great advances in that special branch of stock-raising. Among the sheep, I was informed, were Shropshires, Southdowns, Lincolns and Cotswolds. This may not be interesting to my readers but it must be educational—instructive.

Soon after 11 o'clock the rain ceased falling and the ring managers hastened to bring on their various attractions. The track was very soft, but the racing proved very interesting to an unexpectedly large crowd. The acrobatic, trapeze, dog performances and other shows were made to do service in furnishing entertainment during the afternoon.

I have said nothing of the grains and seeds, and roots; the show in the poultry building and the display of flowers and fruit extensive, most creditable, even magnificent are terms that have been used in describing them.

It was children's day at the fair and the

youngsters rushed about to the various parts of the show—the wild men of Borneo, the two-headed cannibals from Central Africa, and hundreds of them took more fun out of the antics of a dancing bear and Fralick's monkeys and raccoons than their elders did out of the specials of the show.

Personals.

WE are glad to learn that Mr. and Mrs. Lucas, who were so highly esteemed by the students, and whose loss is so keenly felt, are very comfortably situated in their new home in Utica. They are followed by the best wishes of all who were so intimately associated with them while here.

Miss Edna Sanford left the first of the month for London, England, where she intends continuing her studies.

Notwithstanding the eagerness with which we welcome the closing of our school days, the old college seems to exert a magnetic influence. Miss Janie Hobbs, unable to resist the power, returned this fall and has been spending a few weeks with Miss Marion Burns.

Miss Clara Dease, who received a gold medal and diploma last year, intends pursuing her musical studies in Boston next year. Judging from the ability which Clara showed while with us, we may surmise that the future has great things in store for her.

We are glad to have Miss Aleda Burns amongst us once more. The old girls still feel that she has not forgotten her school days and the old associations, though there is an added dignity in her manner since she has become a member of the faculty.

Miss Edith Robinson has returned to her home after a prolonged visit in Europe.

Miss Gertie Glasgow is studying in Boston.

Some of the girls were surprised to hear that Miss Lilian Young had followed the fashion of the times and "gone to Europe."

Miss Helen Quay, who received a di-

ploma last year, is attending the College of Music in Toronto.

Miss Lily Hadden is attending the University of Music and Languages in Utica.

Miss Marie Ewing, a student of '89, is pursuing her linguistic studies in Kansas City.

Alumna Notes.

FOR the past two winters the Alumnae Association has been taking up a course of reading, and answering questions sent for the Correspondent Classes of Queen Margaret College, Glasgow. It has been suggested that it would be interesting to members of this Society, not resident in Hamilton, to learn what those in the city are doing, and therefore the plan of study for the winter, the first set of questions in Robert Browning, and two or three specimen answers have been contributed to the PORTFOLIO.

Course of Reading for '90 and '91.

- OCTOBER.— Herbert Spencer.—"On Education."
Robert Browning.— "Fra Lippo Lippi," "Andrea del Sarto," "The Bishop orders his tomb," "Cleon."
- NOVEMBER.— Robert Browning.— "The Italian in England," "Abt Vogler," "Disaliter Visum," "Youth and Art," "Confessions," "How they brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix," "The Toccata of Galuppi's Love among the Ruins," "An Epistle."
- DECEMBER.— J. S. Mill.—"Liberty."
- JANUARY.— John Keats.—"Endymion," "Hyperion."
- FEBRUARY.— P. B. Shelley.—"Prometheus Unbound," "Adonais," "Demon of the World," and other short poems.
- MARCH.— Carlyle.—"Essay on Burns," some of Burns' Poems, "Sartor Resartus."

APRIL.— Carlyle.—“French Revolution,” Vol. I. “French Revolution,” Vol. II.

The following is the list of questions taken up at the last meeting, to which we append two of the answers then given.

ROBERT BROWNING.

1. State Fra Lippo Lippi's plea for naturalism in Art. Is it a complete view he gives of the question?

2. Lippo is conscious of his success; Andrea, though a better painter, of his failure. Illustrate and comment on the fact, and compare the two as men and artists.

3. Notice Browning's free and skilful treatment of the life and local color of that old Florentine world in the poem of Fra Lippo Lippi.

4. “This low-pulsed forthright craftsman's hand of mine.”—How does Andrea judge his own work as an artist? Notice the comparison of it with Raphael's.

5. What is the centre of interest in “Andrea del Sarto?” Mention some subordinate points of interest, showing their relation to the primary.

6. The Bishop of St. Praxed's sense of art, like his sense of religion, is of a purely sensuous kind, and tends to corrupt rather than strengthen his nature. Explain and illustrate.

7. What is the problem stated by Cleon, and how does he sum up on it? Is he right in absolutely opposing the life of the mind to “actually living.”

8. Comment on this form of dramatic monologue invented or developed by Browning, and show how it suits his powers as a poet. Does he appear to be expressing his own views in any of these poems.

9. The aim and limitations of painting.

10. Browning's use of the commonplace in speech and action.

11. Browning's obscurity.

12. The ethical teaching of Browning's poetry.

Browning.

6.—The Bishop of St. Praxed's sense of art, like his sense of religion, is of a purely sensuous kind, and tends to corrupt rather than to strengthen his nature. Explain and illustrate.

LET us consider then his “sense of religion.” His first utterance is “All is vanity.” Are we to infer from this that he, like the preacher of old, had learned this from experience in his younger days, or was this the conclusion of the meditations of a pious man—as became a bishop—from his observations of the world. A dying man, and a bishop at that, exclaims “All is vanity.” After this you would expect to hear his wise and saintly admonitions to his sons, or, as they are known to the world, nephews, not to regard the things of this life as the most important and to prepare for the hereafter. But on the contrary he proceeds to give directions for the building of a magnificent tomb to receive his remains—rather in direct contradiction, it would seem, to his previous declaration. He begins his address by stirring up all the old hatred, envy and jealousy in his heart towards his early rival in love and predecessor in office. Not a justifiable action in a Christian, much less in an overseer of souls. He says “the world's a dream,” but all his lifetime he has been trying to accumulate as much of this world's goods as possible, and after death to surround his body with the richest material earth affords. One minute he says “Peace, peace seems all,” and the next, he tells of the envy existing between Gandolf and himself. Again, “St. Praxed's ever was the church for peace,” and then he speaks of his contention with Gandolf for their final resting places in the church. Peace in one breath, I fought in the next. So we may safely put down inconsistency as one feature of his religion.

But he consoles himself that if Gandolf did cheat him out of the corner he desired so much to possess for himself, yet his part of the bargain was not so bad after all, for his niche is in a prominent and pleasant place.

And he must have the very best—peach-

blossom, marble—all. He directs the young men where to dig, with the hope of finding a piece of *lapis lazuli* as large as a Jew's head to place in his hands. His tomb must be more gorgeous than Gandolf's, for he wants him to envy his tomb as he had his wife. He has bequeathed them his beautiful villas with their baths and vineyards and gardens, and he pleads with them, as they love him, to make it of jasper. Then worldliness, inconsistency, pride, hypocrisy, love of luxury, of good Latin, hatred of his rival and predecessor, love of self, of grandeur and of display are some of the characteristics of his religion, and do they not all tend toward the material good of this world rather than to the treasure in heaven, to the sensuous rather than the spiritual?

Secondly, his sense of art. Says one, "The juxtaposition of the tripod; the symbol of Delphic wisdom; and the thyrsus the symbol of Bacchic revels, is a fit introduction to the general chaos of Christian and pagan art which follows: The spirit of the Renaissance is exactly typified by the conceit of making the mischievous Pan next neighbor to St. Praxed on the one hand and Moses on the other."

Ruskin says: "I know no other piece of Modern English prose or poetry in which there is so much told as in these lines of the Renaissance spirit." The Encyclopædia Britannica, in treating of the Renaissance, exactly suits the Bishop when it says: "Its religion is joyous, sensuous, dramatic and terrible, but in each and all of its many-sided manifestations, strictly human." Again: "The art of the Renaissance was an apocalypse of the beauty of the world and man in unaffected spontaneity, without side thoughts for piety or erudition (the Bishop again), inspired by pure delight in loveliness and harmony for their own sakes."

His religion is, of course, Roman Catholicism, which with its forms and rules of worship, its gorgeous ceremonials and gaudy images, tends to the sensuous, pleases and appeals to the senses instead of drawing out the spirit in true worship. So, if it be true that as a man's religion is,

so is he, then the Bishop's impure religion tinged the spirit of his art, and it became sensuous also. If his religion had been right he would have had aspirations after the pure, the holy, the divine, and he would have striven to express this in his art. But his art shows no indications of anything of this kind, because his religion is devoid of these qualities. His religion has already been spoken of, and we see that his art corresponded to it and was decidedly mundane and unchristian. It has been said that "the true glory of art is that in its creation there arise desires and aspirations never to be satisfied on earth, but generating new desires and new aspirations by which the spirit of man mounts to God himself." So then the glory of true art and of true religion is the same, to lead a man upward, and they are joined together, the one influencing the other.

If we accept the statement that anything which tends to sensualize rather than spiritualize our natures is painful and depraving, then we have no difficulty in agreeing with the question. So then the Bishop's sense of art, like his sense of religion, was of a purely sensuous kind, and doubtless did corrupt rather than strengthen his nature.

12.—The Ethical Teaching of Browning's Poetry.

BROWNING is the most intellectual and essentially Christian of poets. Religion is with him the all-in-all, but he believes in no particular form: formulations are at best only provisional, and at the worst lead to spiritual standstill. There is no poetry more charged with discursive thought than his, but at the same time, it is animated with the essence of Christianity—the Life of Christ. The streaming forth of power, will and love from the whole face of the visible universe delights his imagination. His works are filled with condensed thought, and he has the most wonderful capacity to conceive and express the subtlest complexities of the human mind. He possesses a profound knowledge of human nature, but it is not as the poet of nature, but as the poet of the human soul,

that Browning has achieved his best works. He deals with the "corrupt semblances, the hypocries, formalisms and fanaticisms of man's religious life." He accepts as primary facts the existence of God and the soul: the meaning of the latter and its relations to the former are the object of his research. By investigating human thoughts, ideas and passions, he tries to discover a connection between the visible events of the world and the unseen universe beyond. "The doctrine of individuality is the basis of his art, the core of his philosophy, the key to his religion."

Life is a school of probation, of moral discipline, in which man fits himself for a higher sphere, an education in love of truth and detestation of falsehood. Its end is spiritual progress. Perfect knowledge cannot be attained, but it is the attempt to make the best of ourselves as we really are, that constitutes real life. Every man falls short of his ideal; in this life we are blessed by our unsatisfied longings for impossible ideals, rather than by the realization of limited desires. The servant of God each day finds how hard it is to be a Christian. These very failures, the imperfection of man, are the secret of his greatness, the pledge of his future triumph. An acknowledged failure is a promise of future attainment. The faulty art of the old Florentines was a far higher

thing than the most perfect art of Greece, because it strove after a divine ideal.

Life is not the creature of circumstance. Its value and meaning is measured, not by success or achievement, but by the passion and sincerity with which it is lived. The conditions of this life must be accepted with all its limitations if we are to make full use of our opportunities here. If we attempt in this world to do the work of eternity, to gain infinite consciousness from finite powers, we fail. Life's purpose is the education of the soul; every stage of life has its fitting lessons. Pain is hard to bear, but it is the fount of gain. Obstacles are tests, whether we shall creep or climb; temptations are the tests whether we shall achieve the mastery. Trials come that they may be met and trampled under foot. Wherever there is love, Browning sees the figure of Christ in the midst. None of all our poets has had greater influence on the current contemporary thought. He has told us how we are to think of him now he is gone:

"Of one who never turned his back, but marched breast
forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed though right were worsted, wrong would
triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake."



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