

magnificent Convocation Hall, with its fretted woodwork roof and its beautiful historic window, gave us a concert-room that stirred the imagination with college memories, and might vie with any hall in Oxford or Cambridge, bar one.

This hall occupied the space which, in the new building, has been converted into lecture-rooms, professors' studies forming all that part of the east wing north of the entrance. In the east and west halls which are still preserved, on the first floor the Library and Museum were situated, and here the alcoves gave ideal nooks for youthful couples to linger in. Moreover, the Library had a remarkably handsome gallery, whence the boys referred to were wont to scrutinize the promenading couples, and whither the curious bookworm would repair to scan the volumes of the Benedictine fathers or the collection of Byzantine historians resting undisturbed in the calm retirement of their parchment covers. On the tables below were exhibited the rarer volumes of Audubon's "Birds of America," said to be worth \$3,000, the oldest book in the library, a Dante of the Fourteenth Century, the works of Queen Victoria with her autograph, and other interesting curios. Exhibitions of slides, less numerous but not less interesting than those which we may expect to see next Thursday, were also to be viewed in what is now the corridors, but was then the men's reading-room.

It is obvious that when University College was thus "self-contained" as a Scotchman would term it, much greater interest attached to the annual social gathering. Moreover, as an opportunity of viewing the gothic details of the building by the dim religious light of coal oil chandeliers and student lamps it drew all lovers of the beautiful in architecture. The connoisseurs in music also came, for the concert in the Hall was usually one of the best given during the season. This, too, was the one and only appearance of the University Glee Club, which, after a month's practice with Dr. (then Mr.) Torrington, furnished the *pieces de resistance* in each of the two parts into which the musical programme was divided. Col. Ponton's letter in the March number of our Monthly shows clearly enough how much good our students have accomplished as missionaries in the cause of University Extension. In the days when we were undergraduates together the reflex action of these glee club practices was the only æsthetic training in the musical department that the institution supplied. It was the limited accommodation of the Convocation Hall, not much larger than that of Wycliffe College, which made it necessary to divide the programme and thus half the guests were promenading while the other half listened to the concert. But perhaps the most striking difference between the now and the then was the existence at that time of a small body of University Volunteers, "K" Co. of the Queen's Own. This connected the institution with the local militia, and while it interested a very important class of the community in everything that concerned the college, this interest was specially apparent on the night of the *conversazione* when a number of the local officers added the gorgeousness of their uniforms to the kaleidoscopic procession through corridors and library and museum. The band of the regiment was stationed in the main entrance hall, the armoury of "K" Co. situated in the room which bears the arms of Professor (then Captain) VanderSmissem, was one of the choice exhibits, and the military decorations throughout the building gave evidence of the strong *esprit de corps* that existed among our student volunteers. Last in the list of these varied attractions, the *conversazione* was the only evening entertainment during the year when the building was all on view, and adapting the words of King Henry IV.:

"So our state,
Seldom but sumptuous showed like a feast,
And won by rareness such solemnity."
The college had not yet, "Carded its state,
Mingled its royalty,"
and "lost its princely privilege with vile participation." Let

my reader turn to that speech in 1 H. IV. III. ii. and find how much more of it might have been quoted with effect.

It was within my intent to tell somewhat of the intimate, the inner history of that *conversazione* of 1878, but this article has already transgressed its limit. Of the preparatory labor of the *Conversazione* Committee, consisting of the Executive of the Lit. Society, plus a number of additional members added for the occasion, of how some members were skilfully assigned to places where they could work physically at decorating, putting up cards of invitation and the like, how other more favored ones were given places on the Reception and Invitation Committee, and were able to see that their friends down town were duly remembered and looked after, of how the head man in modern languages was deputed to wait on Mons. Pernet and overcome his inevitably futile objections to favoring us just this once more with the Friar orders gray, of the preparatory labors of individual guests and of all the expectations and shadowy recollections connected therewith, of all these I say nothing. They must not be brought "into the light of common day."

But speaking for the graduates of that time and to the undergraduates of this generation, I would close with a passage that should find an echo in the heart of every student old and young, whether present or absent, at our next *conversazione*.

We in thought will join your throng,
Ye that pipe and ye that play,
Ye that through your hearts to-day
Feel the gladness of the May!
What thought the radiance which was once so bright
Be now forever taken from my sight,
In the primal sympathy,
Which having been must ever be;
We will give not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind.

DAVID R. KEYS, Class of '78.

THE BLUE PAPERS.

"THE blue papers are out," was all that was said, but it was enough. The milestones of the year are interesting landmarks. First, there is Thanksgiving. That comes so early that it is not worth while commencing work till it is past. So passes October. Then there is Christmas. Well, there are football games to be watched and receptions to be attended, and, after all, what one reads before Christmas is forgotten long before May, so it is really not worth while getting down to work until that post is past. The next milestone is Ash Wednesday. There is no decent excuse for not commencing work till the beginning of Lent. But the Undergraduate Union is warm and comfortable in the daytime, and there are a good many things on in the evenings, and, besides, everybody wants to clear off all his social engagements so that he can get down to business after Ash Wednesday. But Ash Wednesday probably sees the final games of hockey, and if the boys in the smoking-room do not decide who is to win, who can expect the players to decide it?

So the merry round proceeds till the blue papers appear. It is all off then. What well-intentioned friends have been jeered at for attempting what the most solemnly-vowed intentions of the previous spring have failed to effect, what heart-to-heart talks with members of the faculty have been unable to accomplish, this, the ominous blue paper, has brought to pass. Its psychological effects are worthy of close attention. To the Freshman it is a matter of curiosity. He takes one, and, in the quiet of his room, he reads it over twice. Then he surreptitiously takes another and sends it home, to show what formidable documents he has to handle. The sophomore takes one and carries it around in his outside pocket for some days, exchanging stories with his fellow-sophomores on what he thought when he first got a blue paper in his first year. The Junior, on the appearance of them, retires to his room, and is seen no more, except at lectures or an odd meal which he may steal enough time to take. The Senior takes it philosophically. He instantly thinks of the additional ten dollars degree fee, and this thought continues to occupy his mind to the exclusion of all other matters. The blue papers are again here. [ANYMAN.