


Ontario Normal College Monthly

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The Reception.

UR Literary Society, bent upon raising to consciousness the social side of its nature, shouted together in no uncertain way for a College "At-Home." An able-bodied committee held fatiguing meetings, to decide what refreshments would be best for the society's digestion and purse. The function was fixed for the evening of Friday, Oct. 28th. On that day Normal pulses beat abnormally fast in the glow of anticipation.

Scarcely a member of the class was missing when, shortly after the hour of eight, the guests were received in the wide and brightly-lighted assembly hall of the Collegiate Institute. Introductions were handed out as thick as manna; the buzz of conversation grew louder and louder, while the dainty promenade cards were rapidly filling with autographs all more or less illegible, but none the less valuable for that.

Right in the middle of the rush were the stalwart Principal and Vice-Principal, a number of members of the Collegiate staff, and other friends of the institution. They all attracted a natural non-voluntary attention. We regretted missing the well-known features of our singing and hygiene lecturers.

Presently, above the din of conversation, arose that mysterious and mournful sound known as "tuning up," and a wave of emotion swept over the assembled company at this intimation that the orchestra was about to scare up the promenade. A brilliant line ran circle round the hall, "tremendous, certain, slow," in its regular revolvings like the elliptic career of Mother Earth in space.

The mind gradually eliminated its redintegrations of practical lessons and attendant "criticisms," and its

presentiments of Christmas. The ages seemed to roll back to those days in the rosy dawn of youth ere the "infant mind" had ever grasped or grappled with the question of methods—days of primitive innocence ere man to expiate his sins began to study psychology and tremble before that terrible "VAGUE WHOLE," days of supreme but still unconscious happiness. As Time smoothed out a wrinkle or two from his own sear countenance, so our faces, changed beneath the gas-light, seemed bright, and innocent of that haggard care which drops a stony curtain over the physiognomy, what time the teacher-in-training descends the steps of the amphitheatre and rushes on his fate in some distant classroom.

The circle of promenaders grew less as the evening advanced. The refreshment room was not forgotten. Quiet corners, none too numerous, were kept unquiet by those who preferred not "the madding crowd." Some lost their partners. Some lost themselves. Achilles was once more discovered lurking among the maidens just as the gathering broke up.

Happy hours are brief. All too quickly the fourteen numbers on the programme are over; the orchestra strikes up "God Save the Queen"; the guests depart; the hall is left cold and dark and silent, and nothing remains of the evening's frolic—nothing except a host of memories that linger in the mind, memories in which strains of gay music mingle with the hum of voices; a faint fragrance of flowers, groups of happy faces, and bursts of merry laughter. Wherever this class of Normal College students may wander, far or near, they must long bear with them many happy memories of this, their first "At-Home" in the fall of '98.—DINO.