

Realizing that the performance was degenerating into a farce, unworthy of Victoria, the entire undergraduate body had taken the matter in hand, and had transformed the "Bob" into the form of an amateur theatrical. In the spring of each year a prize was offered for the best play, to be presented by the middle of the next September. The committee having the performance in charge then decided as to which effort was the most suitable for their purposes, selected the performers from among those of the students who were known to have the best histrionic ability, and had everything ready to commence practice by the first of October. Semi-weekly rehearsals were then held during October, in conjunction with the orchestra and choruses, and the performance itself was given about the first of November. It had now become a dramatic production, recognized by all competent critics as being one of the best amateur events of the year.

But audience and performers had now departed. Whimsically, I began to look about me and take note of the new features of the college—the new residence, just completed; the assembly hall, in which the performance had been given. . . . .

Crash! A heavy box had fallen from a twentieth-century dray upon the pavement beneath. The sunlight was doing its best to penetrate the closed shutters. With the eager gladness of one arisen from the dead, I bounded to the window, sprung the blind to the top, threw open the casement, and, leaning out, welcomed again to my heart the life and interests of 1908 A.D.

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PAST AND PRESENT.

The years a golden halo weave  
 Around long vanished forms;  
 And in their path a peace now leave,  
 Where once were angry storms.

The distant charm will soon gain ground  
 To claim these ripening years,  
 To brave a joy where pain is found  
 And sweeten all these tears.

Forget the present pain until  
 A fuller music roll  
 Down all the years and, growing, fill  
 One grand harmonious whole.

—A. L. B., '10.