

"All in the hot and copper sky,
The bloody sun at noon
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the moon."

And what a color effect we have in Shakespeare's "Anthony and Cleopatra":

"The barge she sat in, like a burnished throne,
Burnt on the water. The prow was beaten gold,
Purple the sails, and so perfumed that
The winds were love-sick with them."

And, again, what a tribute to Art has Keats made in his "Ode to the Grecian Urn." Instances could be multiplied almost without end, but time and space must make these few suffice.

In conclusion just a few words. Some day some of you may have a desire to surround yourself with beautiful objects. To do this it is not necessary to become millionaires. Nearly anyone can afford a \$10 bill for a picture, and first-class engravings of reliable works of art can be obtained for that price. Of course it is not necessary to stop there; keep it until you can afford a good original and then, even if you have to give it away to make room for others, certainly it will have repaid the original outlay with pleasure and profit.

Learn to form your own opinions with regard to matters of taste by reading the most appreciative essays on the subject and following up by an examination and study of the works described, remembering always that in criticism there is no such thing as authority; that the materials and size have nothing to do with the making of a work of art. A pencil drawing of a daisy can become of greater value than a Transfiguration done in "oil on an acre of canvas."

Do not enquire too deeply into the methods employed. There are no mysteries in Art, and really all you are interested in are results.

I know of no better formula for

your guidance in matters of taste than Keat's immortal couplet:

"Beauty is truth—truth, beauty;—that
is all
Ye know on earth and all ye need to know."

College Notes.

THE ANNUAL CONVERSAZIONE.

Whether anticipation exceeds realization universally, is a fit subject for lovers of debate, but so far as the annual conversazione of the Ontario Normal College and the H. C. I. on the evening of April 27, is concerned, everyone will admit that realization was all that could be desired, notwithstanding the pleasurable anticipation of the event. Such a general feeling of satisfaction as resulted from the management of our conversat is wholly due to the excellence of the work and endeavors of the joint committees, in the desire to make a return to the people of Hamilton for kindness shown us as students.

The College presented an imposing appearance. Lights gleamed a welcome from every window. Inside, the Assembly Hall was beautiful in the blaze of light and color. The walls were draped with Union Jacks and bunting of purple and gold, and red and black,—the colors of the two institutions. The platform edged with palms, the ceiling festooned with red white and blue, the polished floor, above all, the happy, expectant throng, combined to make an unusually pretty sight. In the gymnasium the colored incandescent lights, and flags and bunting, transformed the bare walls into an ideal refreshment room. Here caterer Patterson of the Royal Hotel served a dainty supper, and added not a little to the success of the evening.

The important feature, of course, of the whole function was the dancing programme with its accompanying music. This was preceded by a short but appreciable programme of vocal