

Trinity.



HAT dreadful tales I had heard of the hazing and misery that a poor freshman has to undergo at Trinity. How by night his sleep is disturbed by the cruel practical jokes of his grave and reverend seniors, how by day he is denied any comfort by the unreasonable demands of those who have been fortunate enough to live through their freshman year.

But there was one great consolation for all my fear, and that was the homelike appearance of Trinity. Its lovely drive, overshadowed with trees, its venerable stone front with the many turrets, its old-fashioned windows, all seemed to welcome me to its halls. Once inside, the appearance of welcome was doubly increased, and I had not been long in Trinity before I saw that all the unpleasing stories of Trinity, that I had heard were completely without foundation, and that the best of good will existed between the men, for upon entering Trinity a boy becomes a man.

Naturally, the first thing I did when I entered the building was to make myself known to the Dean. Later on in the day I chose my room, and here I might say a word concerning the men's quarters.

As is well known, Trinity residence is the finest University residence in Canada. Take away this and you have destroyed nearly the whole charm of university life. The rooms of course, play a large part in residence life, and some of the rooms in Trinity are furnished very comfortably. The rooms in the eastern wing (built in 1894) are perhaps the most comfortable in the College, but those in the west wing are most sought after because they command a full view of the Campus. In this wing, too, the rooms are provided with "oaks," and a man cannot be disturbed when he has his "oak sported"—that is, closed.

The next part of the College that I became acquainted with was the dining-hall, which, of course, is a very important place. The men are seated in respect of seniority. On the dais is the "High Table" where the Dons meet twice a day, they taking their tea in their own "Common Room." There are four other tables at which the "grads," third-year men, second-year men and freshmen dine. The men are all obliged to wear their gowns "in Hall," except for tea, and then all are exempt from this rule except the

freshmen. Many is the time I have rushed down to Hall, only to be reminded that I had to return to my room and don my gown.

But I was still to see the finest spot in Trinity, I mean the chapel. We can safely claim to have the most beautiful chapel in Canada. The first things I noticed were the magnificent brass lectern and the Episcopal chair, which have been lately presented to the College, but the stalls of the Provost and the Senior Professor are fine pieces of carved oak. All the men are compelled to attend sixty per cent. of the chapels held in the Term. On week-days the men are compelled to wear their gowns in chapel, and on Sundays and festivals they wear surplices.

I have not yet mentioned the Convocation Hall. Its panelled wainscot, the chancellor's throne, the soft tints of the brick, the stone courses, the richly carved roof and the great north window are a fair imitation of the perpendicular order of architecture. Around the walls hang oil portraits of Bishop Strachan, Dr. Hodder (the first Dean of the Medical faculty), and the first provost, and one is soon to be added of the present chancellor, who this year completes his twentieth year of office. Of all places in College, the Convocation Hall has, perhaps, more memories for a man than any other. Here it is that he first sits down, sad of heart, before the green baize table with a pile of blank paper before him, a pencil in his hand, and the ticking of the clock warning him that time is flying, and before long he will hear the order to stop writing. In this Hall, too, after his three year's Arts course, he receives his degree, that is if he has had the good fortune to keep his terms and pass the required number of examinations.

The library is where the old chapel used to be. At the south end is the stained glass window, where the chancel was. On the right of the window are the Robinson arms, Sir John Beverly Robinson having been the first chancellor, and on the left are the College arms, composed of Bishop Strachan's arms and those of the Diocese of Toronto. The library contains about thirteen thousand volumes, amongst which are some very rare and valuable books. But the real beauty of the library is the magnificent woodwork of the many alcoves.

Now you have heard enough of the building, so I shall tell you a little about our College life.

Of course Athletics play a large part here as everywhere. We have a gymnasium, an