

Neat booklets called up the memory of other days—examination days; and as any essay was in order, for the next few hours silence reigned supreme, except for the continued scratching of pens, and long-drawn sighs. But how different was the scene in the afternoon. Then all was animation and brightness, which is always the case at the Freshmen's reception.

The Reception Committee received the guests most graciously, at the entrance to the Hall. The crowd inside made it rather difficult for the guests to see and let be seen who had taken to heart the motto that the students of the First Year have adopted: "Not to know me argues yourself unknown."

After "marching Newgate fashion" for an hour, those who could, found seats, while the others stood, and listened to a most pleasing programme rendered by capable artists. The platform was very pretty, all decorated with College colors and the green of palms. The Ladies' Reading-room was everything that could be desired as Tea-room, where the tinkling sound of dishes mingled with the music of gay young voices. For the delightful success of their reception, the Committee of the class '02, are to be heartily congratulated.

On Tuesday last a goodly number assembled to listen to a most interesting address from Mrs. Knight, returned missionary from China. Those who were fortunate enough to be present listened with interest to the bright and practical remarks on missionary life in China. Mrs. Knight presented first the difficulties and discouragements, and then the encouraging progress and successes.

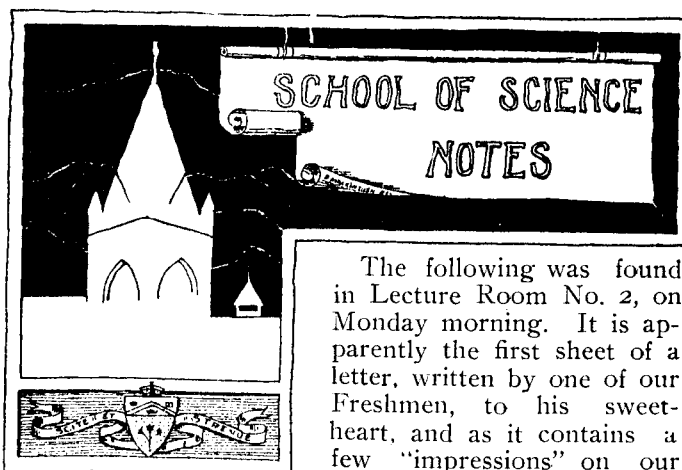
The Society was further favored with a well-rendered vocal solo by Miss McConnell.

The meeting for the next week was announced to take place on Thursday, instead of Tuesday, as usual, when Rev. Dr. Potts will address a joint meeting of the Y.W.C.A. and Y.M.C.A.

ACTA VICTORIANA.

The Christmas number of *Acta Victoriana* promises to surpass anything hitherto attempted by a Canadian College journal, and, judging from the list of contributors, it will fully equal the Christmas number of any other Canadian magazine. Some of its special features will be: A Review of Canadian Literature for the Year, by Professor L. E. Horning, Ph.D. Articles on Art, Literature, Fiction, Travel, Education, etc., by Dr. Kirschman, Prof. Goldwin Smith, Prof. Reynolds, Rev. Professor Wm. Clark, Jean Blewett, R. H. Johnston, J. W. L. Forster, Sanford Evans, Hon. G. W. Ross, etc.; Unpublished Poems from J. W. Bengough, Charles G. D. Roberts, W. Wilfred Campbell, D. C. Scott, John Reade, Bernard McEvoy, Hon. David Mills, Helen Merrill, Ethelwyn Wetherald, Theodore Rand, etc.; Replies to Questions of Great Interest by several prominent Canadians. The number will also be profusely illustrated throughout.

The editors are to be congratulated on the success which is attending their efforts to bring out an ideal number dealing with Canadian literature. Single copies will be worth twenty-five cents, and may be obtained from any of the city newsdealers, after the 15th inst.



ing, we hope we may be pardoned for publishing it in full:

Toronto, Dec. 11th, '98.

— McCaul St.

My darling Fanny:

This is Sunday afternoon, and I thought I would write to you just to brighten myself up a little. The School held its Annual Dinner at Harry Webbs' on Friday evening, and, as a consequence, I haven't been feeling very well ever since. When the affair was first spoken of I hadn't the least intention of going, but later events showed clearly that resistance was useless. A fellow named Shanks, from the Third Year, came around and told me, in glowing terms, how I could meet Lord Minto, "Prof." Graham and other celebrities, and what an advantage it would be to be on the right side of these chaps. This, with special reference to the "Prof." I didn't invest. Then Van Every, the Librarian, came around, and wanted to sell me a ticket. "What! Not going? Now, say, hang it all, you've got to go. You'll be plucked in the Spring if you don't." That set me thinking, and I was in good shape for the next man that came along; it happened to be "Billy" Carter. "Billy" is a very tall chap, and his appearance has been greatly accentuated during the last week by an abnormally long face (for which, it is said, the Senior Year is responsible). He made a very pathetic appeal, and told me how they had guaranteed so many, and now the Committee were afraid they were going to be in the hole. The tears came to my eyes; it made me feel just like when Crossley and Hunter were out at home two years ago. I tell you, "Billy" would make an elegant foreign missionary to send out to the South Sea Islands. The outcome was that I bought the ticket. As Willie was wafted away, he mentally strummed his guitar and sang about the joy in the Committee over one single sinner.

Well, I got down to Webb's just as they were sitting down to the spread, and as most of the places were already filled, I had to sit down at a table with a lot of Second and Third Year men. It was almost the noisiest meal I ever ate. They gave the School yell and "None but the righteous" (I'll show you at Christmas how they do that). Every minute I expected to see Prof. Galbraith get up and say: "Now, gentlemen, I haven't been able to eat for five minutes, with this noise going on, etc.," but he just sat there and seemed to enjoy it all.