

known and unforeseen. In its place stood the old University, the old pile of gray limestone blackened by the storms of years. As I pass let me remark how often that word "old" is applied to objects to indicate disrespect, and wrongly used, because to age, if for no other reason than age itself, respect undoubtedly belongs. The old buildings, then, were still standing—the east wing which was the special domain of the "theologians," the central containing the gymnasium, library and recreation halls; the west, containing the Academic Hall, wherein undeveloped Irvings "strutted their little time upon the stage." Speaking of the east wing, how many of the students of those and previous days will forget the great bell which hung at the corner of the verandah? Not one, I warrant, for its clarion call was the warning that play was over, and few will forget that. How we hated it then, in an impersonal way! And how we almost love it now! For its great tongue is silent—it went with the other things we remember in the fire of December, 1903. Next to the east wing and joining it to the central wing was the University Chapel. I can remember now every detail of its beautiful interior, unequalled in the city. To it, morning and evening came the students, taught that there is more than play and more than work in this world of ours and that their first and last thought should be the care of that soul for the loss of which it is vain to gain the whole world. The chapel, of course, is gone, but who shall measure the peace and happiness and high resolves it inspired in those who in earnestness and faith worshipped before its altars.

The west wing as I have said contained the Academic Hall, where, on the very evening preceding the fire the students held revelry with their friends. Even today I can hear as a dim echo in the halls of memory the plaudits that rang through pit and balcony as the curtain went down for the last time. Ah yes, the last time, for ten hours later the farce of the night before had been turned to tragedy, and a pile of ruined masonry laboring under tons of water frozen into fantastic shapes, was all that remained of the Academic Hall.

Not a stone of the old buildings left; not a single stone. For four years I saw them every day—and I never sat in a class in the new building. That is why, though graduating two years later, I call myself of a graduate of the old University. And that is why the new building, beautiful as it is, can never hold for me the charms of the old. For the ghosts of memory will not walk in the corridors of the new: they, too, must have perished in the flames of the old. And a spirit of that kind cannot be