

sale say about the beginning of each session, additional though limited funds might in this way accumulate wherewith to replenish and improve the reading-room both as regards furniture and periodicals. It is perhaps too much to expect any more assistance from the authorities than is already ungrudgingly accorded; for further improvements we must look to ourselves.

We have pleasure this month in inserting another sketch from the pen of Mr. J. C. Campbell, whose health, we are glad to learn, steadily improves under the influence of a Californian atmosphere. He is at present engaged in mission work in connection with the Rev. Mr. McKenzie's Church in San Francisco, and will in all probability remain there during the summer.

A feeble imitation of the famous anecdote told of Prof. Blackie, of Edinburgh, has been perpetrated in our own halls. One of the lecturers had occasion to post a paper on the noticeboard, stating that he would be "unable to meet his classes" for a week. Some anonymous wag came along, and scratched out not only the first, but the first two letters of the word "classes." That the joke did not lead to assassination is astonishing.

Mr. J. C. Smith, B.A., contributes an article to the January number of *Knox College Monthly*, which presents a graphic picture of an "Evening in the Literary and Metaphysical Society." As the description proceeds we discover many striking resemblances between the Knox College meetings and those of our own Philosophical and Literary Society—indeed, at certain points so strong is the resemblance that one would almost imagine the article to have been written in Montreal. There is the same occasional confused discussion among them as among us, as to the distinction between *receiving* and *adopting* a report, and the same inevitable cluster gathers at the head of the stairs after the meeting to re-handle the debate, when "some compliment the speakers; others differ with the decision, and others criticise the critic." Mr. Smith mentions as a somewhat modern subject for essay writing at Knox, "The Grievances of Freshmen." Here again we might hint at remote analogy were it not for the extreme delicacy of the subject. The Knox Society differs from ours, however, in two noticeable respects. In the first place, the roll is called at the *close* of the meeting and not at the beginning; while in the second place, the debates are decided according to the verdict of the chairman, and not by a vote of the entire meeting. With these exceptions the sketch is a pretty close portraiture of an ordinary debate of a Friday evening in Principal Macvicar's classroom.

THE CONVERSAZIONE.—Although a great deal of drudgery was entailed upon luckless committees and sub-committees appointed to prepare for the conversazione given by the P.L.S. on Friday, the 1st instant, yet one universal

endeavor was made to ensure an enjoyable evening. Nor was it made in vain.

Towards nine o'clock a lively buzz of conversation filled the hall, only to be hushed by the silvery voice of the chairman, Rev. J. S. Black, who announced that the time had come for the performance of the programme. The first number was an overture by the Sixth Fusiliers' Band, and was followed with a solo by Mr. Campbell, his piece being "The Creole Lover's Song." It was marred somewhat by the constant shuffling of feet in the hall, as well as by a subdued hum of voices. This annoying interruption was noticeable throughout the rendition of the various other items. The Students' Glee Club, under the direction of Mr. Becket, sang several times with much acceptance, all the parts doing credit to themselves and their trainer. Miss Featherstone displayed her vocal powers to advantage in spite of disturbing whispers from the audience; and Miss Coul's instrumental solo, likewise, showed an artistic mastery of the keys. In his song, "I fear no Foe," Professor McLaren did better than usual, his rendition evidencing thoughtful study and effectively interpreting the sentiment of the words. Miss McLaren played his accompaniment. At the close of the programme, in response to an invitation to inspect the buildings, the audience passed out of the brilliantly lighted room, and ere long a babbling stream of ladies and gentlemen was circulating through the halls and passages, flooding the lecture rooms and dormitories: persons here conversing with old acquaintances and making new ones—persons there admiring the comfortable quarters of the sedate seniors in the Morrice hall, or commiserating the humble juniors in the old building—now promenading the main corridor—now visiting the octagon library and marvelling at its many empty shelves or examining the relics of heathenism in the galleries—now passing down the broad staircase to the dining room to partake of refreshments—now ascending once more the darksome shaft that leads to the blissful realms of the Theo. Here, there, and everywhere the happy concourse flowed. Nowhere were any particularly careworn faces to be observed—nowhere perhaps but behind Mr. Joyce's groaning tables.

And now the last lingering guest has passed out into the surrounding darkness. The blaze of light subsides. One by one the escorts come straggling in. Place is made for them in the student circles congregated in the dormitories, and the great conversazione is discussed in all its aspects. A favorable verdict is over and over again pronounced, till in the wee sma' hours the gas is suddenly turned off at the meter, and a sleepy murmur comes floating down the corridor bidding all "Good night."

The *Presbyterian Record*, like the Phoenix, has risen from its ashes to shine with increased splendor, and, for one thing, the typography has certainly not degenerated