

Christ's College, Mr. C. S. Calverley, who will be long remembered as the author of two volumes of poems, entitled 'Verses and Translations,' and 'Fly-Leaves,' as well as of a verse translation of Theocritus.

I will conclude by quoting the following item, which concerns one of Toronto's most prominent residents. It is from the Oxford Letter in the *Cambridge Review* for this week: 'The Professorship has not been filled up yet, but a rumour has got afloat, which may be taken for what it is worth, that Mr. Gladstone is going to try and induce Mr. Goldwin Smith to return to England, and to resume the same post that he formerly held.'

Yours very truly,

Cambridge, Feb. 27th, 1884.

T. C. S. M.

DEAR 'VARSITY,—The past week has been so very quiet that I am afraid there is not much news to give you. With the exception of several football matches, which did not excite much interest, there has been little to vary the monotony except the annual sports of St. Catherines, Sydney, and Cavendish Colleges, which came off on Wednesday, Friday and Monday last. The weather was fine and the different events were fairly well contested. Most of the Colleges have their sports in the Michaelmas term, but as the men are rather surfeited with amusements at that time of year some of them wisely wait until the monotony of the Lent time makes their sports more acceptable.

The University crew is still undecided, and the coaches seem quite unable to make up their minds as to the respective merits of several of the trial men. Yesterday a new man was introduced, but as yet it remains to be seen whether he will be retained or not. The crew practise on the river at Ely every day, but while these changes continue they cannot of course do their work very satisfactorily.

The Lent races are to be rowed next week and there seems every prospect of the racing being better this year than usual. To-day and during the remainder of the week there are preliminary races to decide what new boats shall get 'on the river.' There are two vacant places to be filled and nine crews to compete for them.

The members of the Selwyn College Musical Society gave a most successful concert in the Guildhall last Saturday. These concerts are known as the 'University Penny Popular Concerts,' and at last Saturday's entertainment the chairman gave an account of their institution. They had their origin in Oxford, where one of the Colleges decided to give a popular concert. 'When they got to the Town Hall,' said the chairman, 'there they found their audience assembled, which consisted of one old woman who was warming herself at the fire. Notwithstanding that they all got on the platform and gave that old lady a better concert than she had ever heard in her life before.' The result was that before long the difficulty was, not to find an audience to fill the room, but to find a room that would hold the audience. Cambridge soon followed suit with equal success, but without having such adverse circumstances to contend against at the beginning.

Yours very truly,

Cambridge, Feb. 20th, 1884.

T. C. S. M.

### ROSSETTI'S JENNY.

"Vengeance of Jenny's case! Fie on her! Never name her, child!"

The world widens in sympathy as it grows older. Humanity of to-day does not mean the same as humanity of the days of ancient Greece and Rome. The play of human interest is far greater now than then, and consequently the range of poetry has become much more extensive. An illustration of this is Rossetti's Jenny.

Lazy, laughing, languid Jenny,  
Fond of a kiss and fond of a guinea,  
Whose eyes are as blue as skies, whose hair  
Is countless gold incomparable.

The poet had accompanied her home from a dancing-garden, and there, tired out, she had thrown herself at his feet and with her head upon his knee, had fallen asleep. The poem is a reverie. It is a bold subject, but the nobility of the writer stood the test. He has infused an infinite pity far removed from puritanism, for the frail lost girl.

For all your wealth of loosened hair,  
Your silk ungirdled and unlac'd,  
And warm sweets open to the waist,  
All golden in the lamplight's gleam.

What are you? Only

A cipher of man's changeless sum  
Of lust, past, present, and to come.

There she is asleep,

So young and soft and tired; so fair,  
With chin thus nestled in your hair,  
Mouth quiet, eyelids almost blue,  
As if some sky of dreams shone through!

She sleeps just as another woman sleeps and the thought comes of the unfathomable mysteries that surround our life, of what is

Enough to throw one's thoughts in heaps  
Of doubt and horror,—what to say  
Or think,—this awful secret sway,  
The potter's power over the clay!  
Of the same lump (it has been said)  
For honor and dishonor made,  
Two sister vessels.

How little of man's relation to woman and to God do we really know! How soon we come to the barrier that bounds our narrow sphere! How much we must leave to Him who sees "with larger, other eyes than ours, to make allowance for us all!"

Shall no man hold his pride forewarn'd,  
Till in the end, the Day of Days,  
At Judgment, one of his own race,  
As frail and lost as you, shall rise—  
His daughter, with his mother's eyes?

Yet there is no attempt to overlook the ruin into which her life has fallen, only the sad deep consciousness of the part man has played. The face that, painted by the hand of a Raphael, might stand through ages

For preachings of what God can do,  
Will become blotted and defiled. Poor shameful Jenny!

How atone,  
Great God, for this which man has done?  
And for the body and soul which by  
Man's pitiless doom must now comply  
With life-long hell, what lullaby  
Of sweet forgetful second birth  
Remains? All dark. No sign on earth  
What increase of God's rest endows  
The many mansions of his house.

Then the morning steals upon them, the one sitting, the other still asleep, dreaming herself among all

The acknowledged belle  
Apparelled beyond parallel.

And the poet, placing cushions under her head and gold coins in her hair, departs. Noble is the close of the poem.

Jenny, my love rang true! for still  
Love at first sight is vague, until  
That tinkling makes him audible.  
And must I mock you to the last,  
Ashamed of my own shame,—aghast  
Because some thoughts not born amiss  
Rose at a poor fair face like this?  
Well, of such thoughts as much I know:  
In my life, as in hers, they show,  
By a far gleam which I may near,  
A dark path I can strive to clear.

—F. H. SYKES.

### APATHY.

The word is not used now so much in its literal sense as metaphorically; for it is not applied to those who are heartless and unfeeling so much as to men who want energy, or neglect to show it when they should. Such beings make us think of some mass of animal matter so nerveless that it scarcely responds to any stimulus: some zoophyte, some jelly-fish, whose whole occupation is absorbing food which comes to it, and floating on the waves.

Apathy is the great enemy of reform, far worse than open opposition, for that stimulates to energy men who but for it might be weak and indifferent. It is to be feared the more because it is a negative, just as it is not a fierce enemy but faint-hearted soldiers that a general fears. History shows us how almost any-