

STUDENTS Can Save Money by buying their Text Books and College Supplies from THE PUBLISHERS' SYNDICATE, Limited—the biggest Book Store in Canada.

THE VARSITY

A Weekly Journal of Literature, University Thoughts and Events.

VOL. XX.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, FEBRUARY 5, 1901.

No. 16.

UNDERGRADUATE VERSE.

"QUATTUOR ANNI IN SCHOLA ACTI."

Pande Heliconæ, Musa !
Mihi cane Cassi acta,
Qui hanc scholam olim cupit,
Et tum venit, vidit, vicit.

Primum tremens *novus homo*
Utebatur nullo bono ;
Sese libris exercebat,
Laborabat et studebat.

Et deinde *Sophomorus*,
Alto capite, elatus,
Novus homines admonens,
Nova dignitate gaudens.

Tum incedens dignus *Junior*,
Sophomoro longe gravior,
Iens in receptiones,
Cenas, conversaciones.

Et postrenio *Senior* clarus,
Appellatus "rea patronus
Finem consecutus tandem
Esse " *Bachelori*us *Artium*."

NOTA BENE.—Ille ego qui gratum opus agricolis cano.—Virgil
Aen I.

REV. ILO, '02.

BENEATH THE SURFACE.

I.

The withered leaves blow not, but rustling, turning,
Behold through branches bare the dark'ning sky
Whither have flown the winds, and the clouds fleet by
In scattered ranks to greet the gentle burning
Of night's wan rising torch ; till proud clouds spurning
The earth so far beneath, roll bastions dark,
And momentarily cast in gloom the park,
The gate-way broad, those grey old walls of learning.
A figure at the gate, a tall thin youth,
Now upward gazing on that structure grim,
His soul is filled with future fears forsooth,
When lo ! grows sudden bright the tower so dim ;
Base terrors flee, his heart cries "forward, on,"
And life begins, the inward struggle won.

II.

O'er kopje, rock and veldt the night wind blows
With sultry breath ; in darkness, all ; the sky
Black, broken, low'ring, fain would hov'ring lie
Upon the heavy hills ; not one star throws
A glimmering ray to cheer the hearts of those,
From marching, weary—Halt ! with bated breath
The small detachment stands, awaiting death
Or victory ; before them lurk the foes.

The tall commander points, the men now spy
A fort all black—an inadvertent light !
"Forward," cries the chief "to win or die" ;
With spirits eager unto death they fight,
To groans, to moans, the clashing swords reply,
Till blood on khaki suits doth "triumph" write.

III.

A winter's night, and clear, keen zephyrs telling
Of star-jewelled skies, a crystal canopy
O'er city's park where, walking, one may see
A stately grey-haired form, that brave breast swelling,
And thoughts of yore the present quick dispelling,
As he beholds in grandeur pure and white
His Alma Mater rear her head of might,
The hopes and fears of years within him welling.
The tower in brightness—ah ! 'tis but a day,
I hither came, I saw, I conquered fear,
And yes, at thy feet humbly fame I lay
For battle won in Afric's darkness drear ;
Whence, whence comes this—"First, conquer self," I hear,
"Then other men to thee will homage pay."

RAMMOC.

SONNET FOR THE NEW YEAR.

Black night enveloped land and restless sea ;
Storm clouds above ; beneath, the sullen waves
Tossed by mad blasts from out Æolian caves,
Ocean and æther mingling in mad glee ;
And black despair within my bosom reigned,
And clouds of doubt and waves of passionate grief
For days ill spent, for deeds of shame,—relief
Was none ; but still remained,
When lo ! from out the gloom I seemed to see
A figure gliding ; in his hand a scroll ;
And words like balm fell on my wondering ear ;
"I hold the scroll of days that are to be,
If canst not change what has been, O sad soul,
Make clean thy record in the glad New Year !"

—W., '03.

VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

Blind, blind, the eyes that will not see !
And deaf the ears that hearken not !
Through darkest night there shines some light,
Faint gleams of which mankind has caught.

Through all life's discord, sinking deep
Within the wearied souls of men,
There sounds at times, cathedral chimes,
Whose bellman stands beyond our ken.

There breathes across the trackless night
A voice that men and angels know,
That having heard, each soul is stirred
To feel the rush of Freedom's flow.

—XOUTH.