

Stout party: 'Well, Pat, how's trade?' Grave-digger:
'Poorly, surr, entirely; shure, we haven't buried a livin' sowl
this three weeks.'

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(Written for 'Varsity.)

HORACE: SEC. XXV., BK. I.

TO LYDIA.

Less loud, and nearer now the rappings are
Of wanton ones at windows left ajar;—
Male serenading youth your slumbers mar
Not like they did:—

Your door, that ever, on oily hinges free,
Pushed inward, yielded swift and silently,
Adheres to the threshold tight:—Than formerly
Less frequent bid.

You, drowsy,—'Waken:—'voices whining 'Why,
'My Lydia, sleep the live-long night, while I
'Your loyal lover, languish here and die
Shut out from you?'

No longer young, you will your years bewail,
When bacchanlains at your wrinkles rail;—
You, skulking in lone lanes, shall winds assail
Black as e'er blew;—

While hot within your cankered carcase rage,
Such eager itchings wanton war to wage
As madden breeding-mares:—through palsied age
Vile lechery lasts:—

Living too long shall you, with cause, complain
How—fresh young blondes and young brunettes can gain
Vigor's embrace,—to touse you all disdain
Save wintry blasts!
O. A. N.

Toronto, Oct. 24th, '83.

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Vir—a man; gin—a trap; virgin—a man-trap.—*Ex.*

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He was a dude of the extreme kind. He couldn't have been more so. His overcoat was short, his undercoat long, his collar high, his trousers so tight that it would seem he must have greased his legs to get into them, his shoes pointed. As he entered the reading room at the hotel everybody looked at him, and a smile went round. There was a brindle dog in the room at the time. As the dude paused at the news stand the dog went up to him, sniffed of him, looked up at him once and walked away with drooping tail and an air of intense disgust. The disgust probably arose from the fact that the dude wasn't the person the dog was looking for, but the animal's whole appearance seemed to say: 'This lets me out. I can't stand that thing!' And the crowd howled with laughter.

Poet's Corner.

BY THE SEA.

I stand by the side of the sea,
Looking far out in the night,
When the waves are tossing in pain,
And the stars have stolen from sight.

I think of another sea.
Silent, and lone, and drear,
Whose waves are the changing moments
Of a never-ending year.

A sea in silence lying
By a lone and sand-blown shore,

Where the shadowy forms of the dead
Wander for evermore.

Forms that are sad and weary,
Lone-wandering with their pain,
Longing to catch through the darkness
Earth's far-off strains again.

And *she*, with her tear-filled eyes,
Beckons me out through the night,
With her in the flower-fields to wander
Forever in sweet delight.

And a mist comes up from the sea,
Floating on wings of grey,
And the shore with its shadowy forms
Fades in my tears away.

—FREE LANCE.

February 20th.

Communications.

AT LAST!

To the Editor of the 'VARSITY.

Mr. Gibson (Hamilton), has given notice that he will move the following resolution in the Local Legislature before the end of the present session:—

'That inasmuch as the Senate of the Provincial University have for several years admitted women to the University Examinations and class-lists, and inasmuch as a considerable number of women have availed themselves of the privilege but labor under the disadvantage of not having access to any institution which affords tuition necessary in the higher years of the course; in the opinion of this House provision should be made for the admission of women to University College.'

This resolution is to receive the strong support of Mr. Harcourt and probably that of the Minister of Education, and several prominent members both of the Government and of the Opposition. If this motion is carried—and there seems scarcely any doubt that it will be carried—it will be virtually a vote of censure on the President of University College. And he has deserved it. The intolerance, the blind prejudice and pre-determined obstinacy which has characterized the President's action on this question, find their only parallel in the character of his unlamented predecessor Bishop Strachan. It is an exceedingly pertinent question just now, whether it is a wise policy of the Government to appoint such persons to the Presidency of the Provincial College. The man chosen to fill this, the first office in the first educational institution in our country, should be a man of broad and liberal views. He should not be behind the age but rather in advance of it in all that tends to the elevation of the race. But Dr. Wilson seems to be altogether out of accord with the enlightened spirit of his time. He has little sympathy with the Present, and the Future is nothing to him. The Past is his idol and he sacrifices Canadian women to it. But Mr. Gibson is an Idol-Breaker, and short work will he make of the pseudo-divinity.

The President might yet save a remnant of the dignity due to his position, if he would anticipate the action of the Legislature by immediately announcing for the future a policy more consonant with justice and common sense. But we do not believe he will do it. There are persons who having once adopted a course of action, without perhaps any definite reason for so doing, will yet persist in it in the face of sure defeat, and at the same time wilfully close their eyes against evidence which should convince them that the course they have adopted is absurd and irrational. Such men are fortified against conviction. They do not want to be convinced. We hope the President of University College is not of this character, but we fear that he is. When those men are defeated, as sooner or later they always are, they invariably regard themselves as martyrs to a principle. But they are not. They are the victims of their own obstinacy. They are obstructionists of the cause of humanity and blocks before the wheels of the world's progress.