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EVENING STAR.

The East is rosy, prophesying dawn ;
Like golden fleece the wind-strewn cloudlets are.
The West is barriered with a golden bar ;
But soon the glory from the cloud is gone,
From all the sky the golden is withdrawn
To make one quiv'ring drop—the Evening Star.

Thus into one all beauties of the earth
Do concentrate by subtle alchemy ;
I gaze on lake and river, flower and tree,
Of golden sun how well I know the worth,
But all their glories fading bring to birth
One evening star—the face and eyes of thee.

WILHELM.

SIX HOURS IN CAMBRIDGE.

I.

In the two past weeks we had been trying to live for three months in London and the strain had been more or less severe, according to the respective amounts of sleep which we had been able to catch. Although I was quite tired out on the last Friday night, I was fain to avail myself of R—'s kindness and to pay him, at Cambridge, the visit which he had asked. Having made up my mind, then, and having found that my train would leave King's Cross very early on the morrow, I bethought me that, if I would breakfast, I must pay tribute to the haughty gentleman who so often in the morning had kept me waiting long for my grill and coffee when I would have gone elsewhere. Such tribute having been paid, I came away and left the gentleman. In the middle watches of the night, one of his minions waked me, saying, "Six o'clock, sir." Having suffered keen grief from the aggrieved air of the haughty gentleman downstairs and having been put in his debt still more by his having found me a hansom, I, in the lowest of spirits, left the hotel. But the sunlight in the streets, already alive for another noisy day, and on the church spires and house tops cheered me again and, as my train burrowed its way out from the great city into the open, the chill of the gentleman's hauteur left me and I was myself again.

Two hours later I reached Cambridge. On the platform R— waited for me, his face alight with open joy at the sight of one from his old college home.

"But I say, old man," he said, "as he took note of my attire, I should have told you not to wear a pot hat. Few of the fellows do it up here, you know. And that's an awfully tall stick you are carrying, too."

I answered modestly that the people in Piccadilly had seemed to think that my cane was a thing to be admired.

"Well, never mind," said R—, as I handed my ticket to the guard at the gate, "it can't be helped now."

He himself was dressed with characteristic neatness, so I was not abashed by my own magnificence.

II.

Scorning the tram which crawled up the long road from the station, we walked together, glad in the bright spring sunshine. Soon, from R—'s conversation, I learned that he was the same whole-hearted fellow who had left Toronto University a year before, a little changed, perhaps, in habits of speech and even in manners of thought, but not more so than would have been strictly consistent with an honest desire to adapt his uncorrupted Canadian characteristics to circumstances of an older growth than those in which he had lived at home.

When we had left the long road and the open country, as it were, and had come to the town, and when already I breathed an air which seemed to be stuffy with the dust of ages, I remarked that there were few students in the little old streets.

"Oh, yes," said R—, "I should have told you. Most of the fellows are still down, you know."

I did not understand.

"Well, you know," R—explained, "the Easter vacation of three weeks is just drawing to a close and most of the fellows are still down at their homes. Those who are here don't come out until the afternoon, generally. You will see them then."

III.

We went into a museum whose stone colonnades fronted on what seemed to be the main street. The paintings on the walls were not without charm for me, but R— was most anxious that I should see a collection of Turners, the pride of the place. In the National Gallery I had seen the greater Turners and had been impressed duly, and now I was quite resigned to a sight of more of those quaint little water colours which show so much to the artist and so little to the man who has seen more of Plaster of Paris than of Parian Marble. But R— had reduced to a science the exposition of the brilliancy of the gems in the little collection, taken so carefully from its cabinet by the curator, and I was enlightened further and grateful accordingly.

IV.

In and among the old college buildings I could have passed a lifetime. Great or small; covering all their ground, or standing in the middle of wide courts; simple in design or architecturally gorgeous; shrouded in clinging ivy or showing bold fronts of bare stone, they were all beautiful. Whether each block remained as hard as the living rock from which it had been hewn, or the hand of kindly time had softened the lines cut by the old sculptors, the buildings were like an artist's dream. In halls and corridors whose ceilings and wainscots age had painted black and where hung portraits of learned professors of the olden time; in stately chapels on