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WAITING FOR STRENGTH.

To wait until the arm were muscled firm and strong
Ere blow were struck against an ever-vengeful foe;
Who, tho' he watchful be to trip, and wound, and wrong,
Yet has no power o'er us but that which we bestow,
Were direst folly:
But that 'tis done, who does not know?

We daily yield our strength, enfeebling each his life;
Fierce foemen spring to life from virtues that expire,
The heedless thought, the word, the deed which makes for strife,
Takes virtue from our hearts, and casts us in the mire
Of deep despondency.
That this is true, who needs inquire?

Thus ever we equip our foes, within, without,
With darts to hurl at purpose true and power to harm,
Yet weaker weaklings they, if bravely looking out
To God, we fight as though there were no other arm
To help or save.

And God, He fights the fight and weaves the palm.

E. C. ACHESON.

A TRAGEDY IN PROFILE.

I.

In the afternoons, from May to September, you will observe, if your affairs chance to carry you, now and again, along any of the many paths which cross the Queen's Park, that there is an unfailling similarity in the character of the loiterers under the shade and amid the pleasant greenness in that wide breathing space of the citizens,—the children are always there, and the silent, placid old people, the noisy men in argumentative middle life, the loafers, the trim nurses wheeling their charges, and smiling back saucily at the advances of the cumbrous Irish policemen. Among the most regular of those to be seen in the Park during the past summer was an old man, who would sit alone on the bench under an elm on a small grassy summit. As he sat bending forward, with his hands crossed on the top of a stout stick, one would be likely to remember him by his prominent, clear-cut nose, and by his long hair. The soft felt hat, which he wore pulled well down over his eyes, took from his appearance indeed a fine and venerable dignity, that never failed to impress the beholder when the old man took the hat between his hands, as he did often when talking eagerly and earnestly; for the rest, his clothes were always carefully brushed, but of a forgotten fashion. When quiet, he looked the common park disputant, whose insanely distorted ideas on religion and the whole social order are blown about under the trees where knots of worthless, pipe-smoking young fellows gather round to applaud the vehement debaters. But he was not of these. His talk, though accompanied often by the most voluble gestures, was, for the most part, singularly gentle and unworldly. "I come here almost every day," he said to two young men who had fallen into talk with him. "There are weather-beaten trees here that I have known since I was a boy,—battered old Bohemians like myself now. And they always know me and recognize me, and have a wise, large-hearted word for me." The old man's manner of

speech was entirely unaffected, despite its literary, theatrical qualities. The old scraps of fantastic unreality that lingered in his talk did not seem inconsequent in the sad, dreaming weather, with autumn's innumerable flecks of crimson and tarnished tinsel in all the foliage of the trees. "There are beautiful sunsets now," he went on. "I go out behind the University to watch them. Ah, and you, too, have the art-soul! I was thinking last night, as I stood gazing on the ebb of that ineffable tide of colour, like a sea of chords flooding from some great organ,—I was thinking that the far-off crimson gloom was grand, silent march music,—for all inspired music throbs with deep pulses of colour! A sunset is music,—and yet not music."

"Like Wagner's,—eh?" one of the young men said.

"Music and colour," the old man continued musingly. "But I don't know. I just dream. I suppose I shall understand all these things before long now,—before long now. Each of you is a young man," he broke out suddenly, twisting his hat between his hands. "A young man! and autumn comes to you with a maiden's rare and ten beauty,—with lustrous brown eyes glowing and brightening out of space, under the airy looseness of dark, wind-tossed hair,—ah, youth, youth!"

The other young man essayed to fill the silence that followed. "You seem to know Nature's woods quite intimately and—Thoreauley," he said.

The old man replaced his hat on his head, and pulled it over his eyes. "I have known this place forty years—more than forty years. Long ago we used to come up here—it was all trees about the ravines then, only the old Medical School was there," and he put out his arm in the direction of Moss Hall.

"I see they are going to pull the old place down," one of the young men remarked.

"They will do that?" with a sudden gaze at the gloomy building. "Ah! 'tis well,"—this in the gasping, dramatic manner into which he always fell sooner or later. For he lived still in the old days when he was one of the stock company in Toronto, and when Moss Hall, a medical school then, was the scene of the story which he told that September afternoon.

A cold wind that blew from the east with the growing darkness gathered in strength as the short-lived winter day drew to a close. (It was thus the old man made a beginning of his narration, with a deal of impressiveness in his voice and manner.) There was but little snow on the frozen ground; along the wild, unkempt wagon-road running north from Queen street out into the dreariness of the country beyond the town, small frozen puddles in the cart-ruts caught dull gleams from the gray, cold sky that bent down to the dark, massed trees filling all the prospect to northward; low in the west was a chill yellow light behind the stems of the lines of shivering maples. The winter sun that day had scarcely melted the ends of the icicles hanging from the eaves of the low medical school set amid the pines at the edge of the lonely ravine; and now the freezing night-wind rocked the bare trees, and the cold was every minute more bitter and piercing.

The townspeople of those days were not without a share in their children's dread and horror of the dark building in the woods behind the town. The children in their summer rambles would barely venture within sight of the gloomy,