

(Written for 'VARSITY).

ITALIAN WINTER.

(Horace: Ode IX. Bk. 1.)

I.

With winter white you see Soracte stand :—
 Beneath their load of snow
 The bushes' burdened branches break :—
 Over their beds of pebbly sand
 With slower glow.
 The chilled streams seek the frost-incrusted lake.

II.

Heap high on the hearth abundant fuel,—
 Thaw out the cold :
 From generous jars pour forth the grape-juice cool,
 Infusing youth the more itself is old.

III.

Let all things else be as the gods shall please ;
 For, when they once have hushed
 Winds that war with seething seas,
 No limbs of aged ash
 'Gainst ash-tree branches clash,—
 No cypress-branch by cypress branch is brushed.

IV.

Shun from to-morrow
 Trouble to borrow :
 To-day—by Fortune given—account clear gain :
 Nor—youth possessing—
 Youth's chief blessing,
 Love—nor the dance—disdain,
 Ere
 Gray hair
 Predict, to adolescent bloom,
 Much to be dreaded
 Bald-headed
 Doom.

V.

Seek shady parks, and lovers' walks,—enticed
 By whispers soft, and twilight—time of tryst ;—
 When tittering laugh, delighting,
 Betrays the lurking girl,
 To 'hide and seek' inciting
 In nook secluded,—whirl
 While plunging pulses,—seize
 The amatory token :—lips
 Pout to be kissed :—finger tips
 Pretendingly tenacious, only tempt you "squeeze."

* * * O. A. N.

One of our seniors tells us the following about himself. He was driving from a camp meeting to the village of Dunbar, Dundas Co., where he purposed calling on a party named Jordan. Imagining he had lost his way in the night, he inquired the road of a tipsy farmer who was returning home from town. But unfortunately our senior had confused the names Dunbar and Jordan, and consequently inquired the way to Jordan. Instead of answering the jolly yeoman said :—'Where—(hic)—are ye comin' fra'?' 'From the camp meeting, of course.' 'Fra' the caump-meetin' say 'e, weel, weel, an' ye dinna ken the wau to Jordan—mark ye (hic), ye hae one maur riv—!!!'

The Poet's Corner.

A SWEDISH STUDENT LEGEND.

Near the altar, in death, a young student lay sleeping,
 And the incense of flowers rose faint on the air,
 As the gloaming of evening came silently creeping,
 And enswathed in its shadows the dead, lying there.

Ah! ineffably sweet was the lip of that sleeper,
 Though unknown to us all but one short year ago,
 How we lov'd him—dear exile from shores where the reaper
 Blends his song with the echoes from San Angelo.

In the chancel we laid him, our custom in Sweden,
 And bedecked him with flora, more exquisite far

Than the roses which bloom in that garden of Eden,
 From whose thousand-fold fragrance springs India's attar.

In the bowl and the wine-cup we pledged our deep sorrow,
 As we gathered at night in Carl Weisselgren's room,
 And we lovingly spake of the one, whom the morrow
 would behold as he passed from the church to the tomb.

But the saddest of all was a pale-featured student,
 On whose shoulders, in curls, fell the long flaxen hair :
 Aye impulsive was Lundfren, and, oftentimes, imprudent,
 Yet the soul of affection and honor dwelt there.

As in accents all broken by passionate weeping,
 Whilst the pathos of sorrow bedew'd his young face,
 'Oh, Da Conti,' he murmured, 'I would I were sleeping
 In the Valley of Shadows, in thine honored place.

In the solemn death-watch, of the love that I bear thee,
 Ah! how earnest, indeed, was my heart-stricken prayer,
 I entreated of Heaven, in mercy, to spare thee,
 E'en though I, even I, should be sacrificed there.

'Ach in Himmel,' he cries like a weak-minded maiden,
 Spake the harsh voice of one, as he entered the room,
 'Not a heart ever beat, sirs, howe'er friendship laden,
 Would surrender one throb for the sepulchre's gloom.'

With a frown each one turned to confront the intruder,
 Fellow student, was he, yet not one of our band,
 'Twas Von Bartel, a German, in bearing far ruder
 Than the boar of the woods in his own native land.

'Is there one of you all, though this sighing and moaning,
 Who, to prove that affection is stronger than dread,
 Ere the echoes of midnight have ceased their intoning,
 Dare imprint but one kiss on the lips of the dead?'

'Is there one? Aye there's Lundfren, thou cynical scoffer,
 On whose forehead would mantle the hot blush of shame,
 Was there one, save thyself, but would willingly proffer
 The oblation of self, in affection's sweet name.

'When the dark dews of midnight are softly descending,
 Ere the blush of the Orient each mountain crest tips,
 By the corpse of Da Conti my form will be bending
 As I kiss the cold features of death, with my lips.'

Hark, the midnight booms out. On the face of him sleeping
 At the Altar of Death, is a dim halo shed
 By the candle that stands, like a sentinel, keeping
 Watch and ward, through the night, by the side of the dead.

In the shadowy aisles, 'neath the carved stones are sleeping
 The Lion of the North, and his Queen, Elenore,
 And (sad emblems of Sweden's long vigil of weeping)
 The heroes who bled in the Thirty Years' War.

From the gloom of the nave glides a figure, advancing,
 With the chill wave of fear on his brow, and his heart ;
 God! how keenly that start, and his timorous glancing,
 Mark the soul that is pierced by pale horror's fell dart.

All alone near the dead, and with footsteps that falter,
 Whilst the gloom of the shadows their grim terrors lend,
 By an effort he reaches the foot of the altar,
 And there gazes on him that in life was his friend.

With a gasp of repugnance, he bends low, and stopping,
 Leaves a kiss on the lips and the cold ashen cheek,
 As a power from behind grasps his mantle, and drooping,
 Riddarholmen* re-echoes his blood-curling shriek.

For a moment he writhes in the throes of convulsion,
 Oh, the agonized wail of that sad parting moan,
 As the soul from the body, in sudden expulsion,
 Wings its flight in dismay to the regions unknown.

And the maidens who gathered in awe-stricken wonder
 By the light flashing sunlight of morning-tide, said