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SPRING.

"This is the gold of October,
But where is the green of May?"
In the woodland, songless and sober,
I pondered a pensive lay.

And the day was dead at sunset,
And the faint-streaked sky was chill.
The golden flaming banners
Were fallen from every hill.

* * * *

At dawn to-day a rider came,
Carolling merry lays,
Adown Spring's footpaths through the fields,
Adown the woodland ways,—

A belted, green-clad, singing boy,
With yellow floating hair,
With plume, and scarf, and pennoned lance,
Upon a brave destrere.

All the world was domed with blue
Over the singing child;
And a wild bird filled and thrilled the morn,
Singing sweet and mild.

And far across the level lands.
White rain in sunlit showers
Flashed in among the tender trees,
And brimmed the wild field-flowers.

But the blue-domed sky o'erhead, the vaulted
range
Of streaming cloud-scarves, hath put on a
change
Undreamed of e'er before, most wonderful,—
A roof with beams and carvings rich and
strange.

Above the sky-rim where the deep tints fall
Deeper,—see windows blazoned over all!
The knots of early crocuses and tulips
Are sweet girl undergraduates in the Hall.

And where the hill was, with its seven trees,
Sit the Examiners, in gowned ease,
On the dais in the Hall of Convocation.
A voice is lifted up, "More paper, please!"

The rustlings of the morn—my senses swim—
Now are the scratchings of pens with frenzied
vim,
And the yellow-haired rider, heralding the
spring,
Ah, Gods! he is grown aged,—he is McKim!

W. J. H.

A MONOLOGUE.

SCENE.—*Rouen, the painted salon of the Maison d'Or; within the arch of the huge-throated chimney is a low table with glasses and a flask of Burgundy; two travellers are outstaying a storm; the younger is moody, his companion—an old courtier—rallies him. Senex loquitur.*

You are a cheerful comrade! Here we have been since sundown, and you answer me in monosyllables. Come, you have been silent long enough! Your toast?—A long night and dreamless sleep! (*Setting down his wine untasted.*) So, at five-and-twenty we are quite tired of life? Rather a reflection on our elders; but let that pass. Of hale body and easy in place and fortune? Strange that you can have exhausted thus early all of varied hap that the world affords! The weather? Well, yes; it is dirty weather, and the town has no business to look so slatternly, even in such rain. How it pours! Soaking into every cranny, and gathering up in muddy rills the dust that flies the besom of that good housewife, the wind. What a surge of wind and rain that—sweeping by into the night! The old tavern stands it bravely; the gable still trembles—whoever built it did honest work in his day. It has taken five generations of loungers to impart their gloss to those clumsy settles. Set down in the road books as a favourite house of call, and reason enough! The bouquet of this wine is delicious—eh? Pardon my enthusiasm. Of course there is much in the world that should be otherwise; and though the remedy is past our skill, we loathe the dull herd who feed and are content. Once, as I remember, we walked beneath the star-strewn vault and wondered at the beauty, as of fine seed pearls, that made lustrous the robe of night. Patiently have they shone since the birth of time expecting the golden age. Man then may afford to wait and to hope! But dare man hope? you would say, thinking of your Philosophy. For many wise men have done things in general the honour of proving them this or that, yet what two ever thread the maze alike?—Let me tell you a little incident of my own student days.

In the sombre lecture hall attached to one of our universities sat one who was just entering on early manhood. The great carven beams and dark woodwork, as of a temple, suited the gloom of his thoughts. From the rostrum a gray old professor, in square cap and gown, was expounding the limits of human reason. Before the logic of that serene old man the systems of bygone sages one by one tumbled into ruin. No echo in that bare chamber lent volume to his thin, impassive voice. The occasional turning of a leaf, or harsh stroke of pens, was in melancholy keeping with that spoken record of futile striving to win a glimpse of the coy goddess who will not lift her veil.—Our student was given over to sad musings. Where so many had been deceived how be sure that there was aught to attain? Man, lured by a false show of knowledge, was stumbling blindfold on his way, the sport of destiny. Through the high arched casement he could see the sunshine glancing as in mirth. In his troubled mood it seemed bitter mockery. When all at once he marked the song of some curiously cut spout or gargoyle; for so had memories of bird loves and of nestings prompted him to strain his untaught throat in melody. Hegel and Schopenhauer were forgotten, and in very weariness of soul the student gave ear to the thrush as to the clearer and wiser teacher.—There is a glint of starlight—the storm is breaking! Come, your toast!

W. H. H.

The Poet, by way of beginning, dwelleth upon the memory of an unfinished poem on the Autumn woodlands;

And setteth himself then to devise, after the manner of poets, a rare and dainty conceit; viz., of the coming of Spring.

Whereby all the world is made glad. But

Having quoted Aristotle's, his Ethics, for a space of time to indite these rhymes, the Poet is straight way appalled by a most horrible Vision.