

# THE VARSITY

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## IN THE LIFE TO COME.

How shall I know you in heaven, my dear one,  
Know that you care for me there?  
Shall the soul find its own, or wander alone  
In those vague regions of air?

For now when my empty hand longs for your hand,  
And my lips for the touch of your breath,  
Peace, lips and hand, is my soul's command,  
For your longings end with death.

And when my heart quickens with your heart's love,  
And my brain with the thoughts you gave,  
Peace, heart and brain, comes the mandate again,  
For your tumult ends in the grave.

And when, by that every day miracle,  
Two hearts become one heart,  
Two lives one life, two strivings one strife,  
It is only "till death do them part."

But the soul dies not. Oh, of all the joys  
That eye hath not seen, nor heart known,  
God grant but this, above all other bliss,  
That the soul may find its own.

A. ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

## THREE TO ONE.

I.

*Mr. Murchison to Mr. Walters.*

"Here I am, like a chip on the boundless ocean, adrift in this backwoods wilderness of your blessed Ontario. I possess enough of that comfortable commodity known as *amour propre* to presume my hurried departure from Toronto for parts unknown somewhat surprised you. I hardly know, myself, what carried me away—perhaps the yawning vacancy in my pocket-book and what you told me of your lady-friend's plan of cheap country-visiting, had something to do with it, together with a strong recollection of Miss Emily's delicately-sprung *congé*.

"P—, itself, where I am staying, is a very queer little village, owing its birth long ago to the attempt of some capitalist to secure personal profit. It would, however, be safe to infer that the consummation 'which he looked for never came,' as the final construction of the Northern Railway, three or four miles to the westward of the trial line, effectually put an end to the financier's scheme and left, at the intersection of a side and concession-road, a picturesque cluster of a dozen or so frame houses and a ditto-built hotel, in point of size twenty years ahead of its requirements, and as regards architectural style at least on the same number out of date. This inn, Walters, is one for which your artistic eye would delight to focus itself—slanting roofs, queer old projecting gables with superfluously ornamented eave-troughs, some three or four tiled with neat green blinds and an imposing entrance of wooden Doric pillars serve to set off whatever weather-

stained wall attempts to obtrude from behind the Virginia creeper climbing ambitiously everywhere. The general effect certainly is quite romantic—for existence in this country, I mean—and a windlass-mounted well, to which is attached a veritable 'old oaken bucket,' stationed between a pair of enormous willows, would not detract from its beauty were a picture to be taken. But enough—I can't monopolize all my space in the description of the vicinity, interesting as it may be, for as a matter of fact, (you needn't mention it just yet to Emily) a great part of my attention since arrival has been bestowed on a young village maiden 'fair as fair can be,' whose laughter is so merry and chime-like as to force me into wishing that Hermes' wand could transform her into 'a wave o' th' sea' that she 'might ever do nothing but that.'

"I met her yesterday down by the ruins of an old mill. My country education, though brief, has been to some purpose; I knew enough to answer the somewhat astonished glance she gave me with a hearty 'good morning'—a piece of disinterested courtesy she, in turn, acknowledged by a remarkably dainty little bow. Of course I had to aid her over the rotting piles of timber strewn about, when she told me, half-apologetically, she had been taking a short cut through the bush and was, actually, stopping at the hotel. Now I know you won't find fault with me when I confess to my heart's perturbation on the walk home. I think even your reserved nature, Walters, would have responded to the necessities of the occasion, had you been in my place; and then the prospective delights of a few weeks' companionship with such a fair, blue-eyed creature contrasted so favourably with the dreary fit of the dumps lately afflicting me. Oh, yes! I think, old friend, my case is quite excusable, and as a mere matter of form I may state she must be well fixed, for I know enough of Dame Fashion's trade-marks to perceive my rustic charmer dresses well up to city styles.

"All of which goes to prove, Walters, that I intend joining the ranks of the odd million young fellows who have found out, that

———'When far from the lips we love,  
We have but to make love to the lips we are near,'

to make ourselves happy, especially as the owner of the lips distant, in my case, has made up her mind to quarrel—but remember, mention it not in Gath."

II.

*The Same to the Same.*

"This date finds me still in the same place. Your advice, anent 'letting country maidens alone,' comes a trifle late. I'm sure she likes me an' I, withal, has such an interesting way of expressing curiosity about my city life and acquaintances that—begad—I feel not at all certain of myself.

"I have had several jaunts in her company in the woods hereabouts; although she always insists on being back at the hotel unnecessarily early before tea-time. I forgot in my last to mention she is accompanied by Mrs. Synthe, a nice old lady of sixty-five or thereabouts. There is something not quite ordinary about their relationship, too, for although I have been here now a whole week, Rose—that's the pretty name of the pretty young lady—has not, since the first couple of days, been