

THE VARSITY

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Editorial Comments.



THE VARSITY is even as a lamp. For many years it shed abroad its beneficent light without interruption, but a few years ago there came a break, during which we were in literary darkness. To Mr. W. L. McLay in particular and the broad minds of the members of the

Literary and Scientific Society in general, we owe the renewal of its kindly beams. The flame then rekindled was lovingly fostered last year by Messrs. McLean and Knox who ably edited an acceptable paper.

Thanks then to the great hearts who have gone before, there is no question as to whether the lamp shall burn through the present year. The benefits of such a light need no enumeration in these columns, for a college paper is now an established feature of our life. The only question that remains touches the quality of the light that shall be given, and this question can be answered only by the undergraduates. The staff are able to keep the chimney bright, the wick trimmed, the burner polished and the lamp clean generally, but the oil must come from the undergraduates. If this flows in abundantly we shall see the happy gleam coming from a lamp well trimmed and well filled, but if the oil cometh not, the careful trimming and housewifely care will be all in vain.

We appeal then to you whose paper this is to give it your heartiest support, furnishing it liberally alike with the oil of subscription and the oil of literary contribution, both equally essential to its utility and success. If you are not thus unstinted in your support THE VARSITY lamp must puff and flicker in a manner painful to behold. Better than this would it be that there were no lamp at all. But if you do as we have suggested, you will bless both yourselves who give and your fellows who receive; and as the result of your efforts you will have the satisfaction of seeing your lamp diffusing its effulgent rays, gladdening and profiting all who come within its beams.

The class of '92 has gone and left us to our sorrow. We have looked in vain through our list of metaphors. If we say they ripened and are gone we should be guilty of an agricultural paradox, for they were not plucked, and we are very delicate about our reputation as friends of the honest tiller of the soil. If we do not say they were ripe, we must say they were green, and the first year men would charge us with plagiarism. We are reduced accordingly to the formula expressed in our first equation.

They were respected and honored by all of us, especially by those of us who were apologetic freshmen when they were oracular sophomores. Among them some of us had warm friends. Some of their hearts had beaten in close

unison with ours in the ardent glow of affection, some in the ardent glow of the hustlings, and still other some in the ardent glow of the hustings. One of them had given us kind advice, one had gone our bail, one had lent us a lead pencil and one had asked us round to her house, wherefore mayhap we loved them more. Some of them were great when they matriculated, more were great when they graduated. Some were on the rugby team.

Whither they have gone we cannot tell. Some are following fellowships abroad and others are following closer fellowships at home, to the dismay of the sandpapers. Some are becoming limbs of the law, and others—we have their word for it—are full grown trees therein. Some are rising journalists, and others are at the School of Pedagogy and sleep till nine o'clock. Some are learning to heal the body and others to heal the soul. For all of them it augurs well, but for one in particular who is an honest man and has become a carpenter.

It is pleasing indeed to note the number of our old students who are taking post graduate courses of study; more pleasing is it to see the success and recognition which they are winning on every side. And yet it is not so much in individual success and recognition that we rejoice as in what is betokened thereby—a love of learning for learning's sake, the inspiring influence of our revered halls, and the equality, if not the superiority, of Canadian intellect. All this is encouraging and tends to give us a helpful confidence in our national ability and institutions.

THE SHIP OF NIGHT.

Out from a bank of cloudy gold
The moon sailed forth on the summer sky;
Like a boundless ocean before her rolled
Was the azure canopy,
Where star-ships myriad sails unfold,
A glittering galaxy.
By Nature guided, a pilot true,
Her course she holds toward the cloud-capt west,
All night to furrow the hazy blue,
Till she drifts at morn thro' the gates of rest.

And ever along her onward way,
The golden shallope of heaven's King,
Beauty supernal and ecstasy
Scattereth widely on everything;
Tins'ling the lake where the wavelets play,
And the vale where the cowslips spring;
And earth, from the drouth of the dusty day,
Rises to greet the ship of night,
All laden'd with flowers of poesy,
And dreams of supreme delight.

A. L. McNAB, '94.