# THE VARSITY

## A Weekly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Events.

Vol. IX.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, FEB. 9, 1889.

No. 11.

#### TO THEE.

What other subject needs my humble muse

Than thee whose image cheers me ev'ry hour?

Bright glances from thy light blue eyes infuse
The tardy blood about my heart with power
To write to thee and set my uncouth verse
To witching music from thy liquid voice.

I'll shrine thy image in my heart, disperse
All other shapes and forms howe'er so choice,
And in my study, lighted by thine eyes,
I'll fashion odes and sonnets to thy praise,
Which, as devouring time fast onward flies,
May live to give thy name to future days;
But, hold! such lofty theme suits not my lowly muse;
And so, fair girl, my impudence you must excuse.

MENDORE.

### A WINTER EVENING WALK.

Just before sunset, after a day of close work in my study, I walk out into the streets to give free play to my cramped bodily energies and to bring rest to my wearied mind. It is midwinter; the snow lies thick on the ground, and the merry jingle of sleigh-bells has replaced the usual rumbling of carriage and cart-wheels. Even the street-cars, which still refuse to exchange wheels for runners, except in the busiest places have their harsh roar softened by the padded carpet that covers the track. The air is keen but not stingingjust cold enough to be thoroughly bracing. I walk rapidly toward the busier streets, watching the faces and forms of those I meet, and noting with passing interest the various types of manhood and womanhood there exhibited. Old and young, stout and slender, handsome and ugly, they jostle on at such a pace as each can command; for all alike seem to have caught the infection of briskness from the pure invigorating air. Everything that lay foul or tainted with decay in neglected back yards and narrow alleys is now sealed by the frost and hidden under the fresh, unstained snow; and the wind that blows down the street to-night and kisses the blush into many a fair cheek on its way comes into the heart of the great city as fresh and pure as, far out, it sweeps over lonely hills or sifts among the sombre pines and naked maples of the woods. Every breath one draws is a draught of exhilarating wine, which sends the life-tide bounding through one's whole being and makes all worry and weariness fade away like the shadows of a dream.

Yonder in the stream of passers-by comes a woman whose cheeks, although now suffused with the rich glow of exercise, were perhaps all day pale with confinement to her room, and close application to her work. See, she has unwarily stepped where some children have made a sliding-place on the sidewalk; her foot slips, but by a sudden movement, more ener-

getic than graceful, she recovers her balance; and, as she passes on, you see her trying in vain to repress the good-humoured smile that plays round her lips and dances in her eyes at the thought of the awkward figure she has cut. If, a few hours earlier, while breathing the vitiated air of a close room, she had been subjected to some petty annoyance, I am not sure but the angry flush and the impatient word would have been as hard to repress as are the smile and the bright look now. But under the magic influence of this air it is impossible to see any but the bright and amusing side of things.

Night has come on unnoticed before I reach the most crowded part of the city—the intersection of two thorough-fares, and the tender twilight has given way to the hard staring glitter of electric lamps in the shop-windows and in the street. Here the excitement of my walk is at its highest. The rapidly-moving sleighs gliding in every direction with their well-robed occupants; the crowds of people on the side-walk thronging this way and that; the voices of teamsters, the jingle of bells, the roar of cars, the shouts of newsboys,—all this shifting scene, the confusion of sound and motion under the unreal electric glare lifts me into that peculiar condition described recently by Tennyson: I almost lose the consciousness of my personality and seem to become fused into the chaos surging round me.

But I walk on, less rapidly now, leaving gradually the stir and rush behind and finally turn westward into a quiet street leading towards home. The light from the few gas lamps here is so faint that I catch sight of the evening star shining calmly down on all this turmoil, emblem of a higher, brighter existence than most of us get any glimpse of while we walk in the glare of our own nearer yet infinitely feebler lights.

T. W. S.

#### WORDSWORTHIANA.

Under the title of "The Complete Poetical Works of William Wordsworth,"\* Messrs. McMillan & Co. published in December last, the latest and what may be considered an authorized edition of the poet's works. The name of the editor does not appear anywhere in the volume, yet it is very evident that some one, vested with authority from Wordsworth's representatives, has accomplished what many have long desired to see.

Mr. Edward Dowden, in a late number of the Academy, has taken this unknown editor to task for "a serious wrong done to Wordsworth, a serious wrong done to Wordsworth's readers," and again for "the disrespect shown throughout the volume from first to last to Wordsworth's judgment, the entire disregard shown to Wordsworth's wishes." It would be presumption to ignore the opinion of one so capable of knowing and appreciating the benefits to be arrived from an edition which would show that arrangement of the poems

<sup>\*</sup> London: MacMillan & Co.; Toronto: D. S. McAinsh.