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DREAMS.

By my table I sit musing,
And the clock ticks slow and low;
And beneath the mellow lamplight
Warm my scattered papers glow.
And the green shade softly darkens,
Walls and ceiling of the room;
And in shadowy outline glimmers,
Dim my bookcase through the gloom.
And at random roves my fancy,
Calls to mind forgotten days;
Through my past's dim, faded pictures,
Memory's golden search-light plays.
And one scene grows clear before me,
Long on it my eyes I feast;
And some mystic charm breathes through it,
Like the glamor of the East.
At a lady's feet I'm sitting,
On the beach beside the sea;
And the white clouds piled in masses,
Far above, move silently.
And the shimmering haze of summer,
Quivers over wave and sand;
And the glassy swells, unbroken,
Listlessly creep toward the land.
And the lady reads from Heine;
Blooms the Golden World anew,
Fleets the careless time, unheeded,
Life and Love again are true.
And that langorous scene's enchantment,
Far from city, stress and strain,
Steals narcotic through my senses,
Soothes my weary, jaded brain.
And once more forgotten feelings,
Crowd upon my heart it seems;—
Ah! the clock clangs out the hour,
And I'm wakened from my dreams!

W. A. R. KERR.

MOCK PARLIAMENT, FRIDAY NIGHT.

The first meeting of the Literary Society will take place Friday night, when the Mock Parliament will be repeated, with the Hon. J. H. F. Fisher as Prime Minister, and Alexander McDougall as leader of Her Majesty's Loyal Opposition. A good time is promised, and a large crowd should be on hand to watch, enjoy and criticize their speeches and deliberations.

JEROME K. JEROME.

It is altogether likely that the acquaintance of a great many of the readers of VARSITY with Jerome K. Jerome and his writings goes little farther than the name alone. I think I can safely make that statement, especially with reference to the ladies, for they do not constitute a very large part of Jerome's *clientele*. His treatment of his subject appeals more to men from the mere fact that his view-point is always that of a man, which is necessarily essentially different from and usually out of sympathy with that of a woman. He is above all a humorist, and his outlook might be stated somewhat in this fashion: "We are all hopeless scoundrels, so let us be kind and gentle to one another." Perhaps he is most fittingly described as the possessor of a vein of shrewd fun.



JEROME K. JEROME.

Jerome is quite a recent writer, his career as an author extending over a period of only some twelve or thirteen years. His success in the world of letters has been rather ephemeral. He was immensely popular at first among a certain class of readers, but for the last five years or so not much has been heard of him. However, his new book "Second thoughts of an