

A SONG.

Of Love my song is not,—and would ye why ?
 My soul o'erflows with joy.
 'Tis good to live, only to live !
 And loving, I must droop, and drooping, die.

For once, in days ago, I dreamed a dream.
 'Twas Springtime e'en as now ;
 But youth's dear season joyless grew,
 And earth, and sky, to mock me all did seem.

Avaunt ye, then, all sentiments of love !
 For I would live away.
 Sweet happiness dwell ever nigh,
 And peace divine attend me, spotless dove.
 FUFANUN 'OI.

IAN MACLAREN TO COLLEGE MEN.

If one desires to understand life of the best kind he must trace it away from the great cities, over the monotonous plains to the solitudes of the everlasting hills. There will he find the spring whence life began, and will understand in what manner man believes, hopes, suffers, and works. The stream from that spring may flow in many directions ; it may cut through many rocky obstacles, but to the end it will carry some of its original freshness and color.

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There is such a thing as sight. There is such a thing as vision. Without vision man cannot believe, hope, endure, or rejoice. Sight gives to man one world, where everything is discouraging. It gives to man the huge misery that encompasses him on every side. It is no use to say that you can see anything else. But vision reveals to man the progress of the human race, the things that are unseen and eternal. It is this vision that enables man to live, to go out into the light of God, believing in his fellow men and in society. Without it he believes in no one and nothing. He is discouraged and disheartened.

It does not follow that the visible world serves no purpose. If man believes in the unseen he must adjust his life to the seen. He gets the unseen through the seen, which becomes his servant and prepares him for the world to come. The world is like a scaffold built around the unseen to keep it hidden from sight. We live in a mist which encompasses us, and through the rare vents in it, we catch glimpses of the unseen. We must have moments of vision and believe in the unseen. When storm-tossed on the sea, no preaching will convince a man that land is at sight. He must climb the mast himself and, looking over the mist, catch a glimpse of the shore. He can't stay there long, but he will come down with new hope and new courage and belief with which to continue the battle.

THE ROWING CLUB.

A meeting of the Varsity crew was held on Friday, last week, and they elected Thrift Burnside, captain for '98. The prospects of the organization were never brighter than now, and the club is going to repeat its performance of last year at Detroit.

If possible the club intends getting up an "Eight," and should this be done it would bring still more prestige to "Old Varsity." Every one should go in for this delightful summer sport, and all who intend doing so should hand in their names at once to Captain Burnside or to any member of the executive.

TWO REMOTE PROBLEMS.

One of the most interesting lectures delivered around Varsity for a long time was that given last Friday afternoon by Dr. Kirschmann, lecturer in philosophy, to the Philosophical Society. His subject was "The Two most Remote Problems of Natural Philosophy." These, the Doctor explained, were the end of the world and life on other planets. In his own humorous and attractive way Dr. Kirschmann dealt with all the different theories that have been advanced upon these two subjects and showed that for the most part they were very unwarrantable. The many illustrations adduced by the Doctor were of a very entertaining and instructive character. In closing his lecture he expressed his conviction that, concerning the problem of life on other planets, we have only the word of scripture: "In my Father's house are many mansions," and with respect to the other problem of the end of the world, we have that other passage from Holy Writ: "Of that day and that hour knoweth no man."

ES WAR EIN ALTER KÖNIG.

An old old king once was there,
 Heavy his heart and gray his head,
 This old old king in his sadness
 A young wife did he wed.

There was a pretty page-boy,
 Blond was his head and gay his mien ;
 The silken train he carried
 Of the fair young queen.

Knowst thou that old old ballad ?
 It sounds so sweet, it sounds so sad ;
 They could do naught but die then,
 Too great was the love they had.

—KERRY.

AN EXPLANATION.

The late appearance of THE VARSITY this week requires an explanation. It was our first intention to issue the paper in its usual size. But we had on hand a wealth of matter such as seldom falls to the good fortune of a college editor. We did not wish to deprive our readers of this boon, and accordingly, after obtaining the generous approval of our Business Manager, we decided to add four pages to the paper for this week.

This delayed publication somewhat, but we trust our readers will pardon us in consideration of the better measure provided for them. This explanation may account also for any repetitions or other incongruities that may strike the eye of the critical reader.

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