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CONCHA TRITONIS.

Oft the many-twinking seas,
Sparkling in the glorious sun,
Rippling, dallying with the breeze,
Seem as though they might not frown.
But they hear rude Triton's conch,
Calling them to tempest shock :
Then good ships and timbers staunch
Sink and shiver in the wrack.

So that man who hath not heard
Whispered call from Paphian shrine,
When his careless heart is stirred
By the summons low, divine,
Leaps at last to purpose strong,
Finds new earnest nerve his arm,
Plays no more, forgets his song,
Gains his quest or deadly harm.

BENI HASSAN.

"MY FRIEND JULIUS SCHMIDT."

The Christmas number of THE VARSITY came to our home in Montreal, and, of course, like all its admiring readers, everyone was anxious for a glance at its columns. Meg, our sixteen year old pet—torment rather—took it from the hands of the postman, and with the usual disregard of that age for the claims of elder sisters, insisted on being the first to enjoy its contents. The rest of us waited with what patience we could muster, consoled by the reflection that only the lighter portions had charms for our refractory junior, and consequently we would not have long to wait. The calm effected by this comforting thought was soon broken in upon by the exclamation in the high-pitched voice of excited girlhood. "Why, girls, here is something about Julius Schmidt!" Our interest in THE VARSITY became intensified, and after a moderate amount of coaxing, Meg graciously consented to read the article in question for the benefit of us all. It was listened to with lively appreciation, for we had reminiscences of Julius Schmidt, too. We were spending the summer at Cacouna, and so was he—contrary to his usual custom, we found out. That he was a man, certainly not made after the same pattern as most men, was agreed upon by all. Not the least peculiar of his ideas were those on taking summer holidays. He was at Cacouna only because hard work had nearly broken down his constitution, and the doctor had told him he must leave the city or die. Between two evils he chose the least.

One day, gazing at the crowds of people going to and from the latter, he said, "What an idle, aimless way of spending a third of the year!"

"Do you believe in all work and no play, Mr. Schmidt?" asked Meg, whose pertness is seldom in check by anything or anyone.

"No," the tone of the answer was almost a growl, "but work and holidays should go together. No one who has not done his share of work in the world should presume to take

holidays. Not half of those people you see here have done sufficient work in the year to deserve the holiday they never fail to give themselves. City people, most of them. And they never think of the thousands, that after freezing all winter, are compelled to suffocate all summer, without a breath of pure air or a glimpse of non-contaminated sunshine."

He was not staying at the hotel, but Meg, whose inquisitiveness all our authority failed to restrain sometimes, discovered that he was boarding with a needy widow on one of the back streets, and, for what ordinary people would consider very poor accommodations, paying the same as would have procured him the best elsewhere.

As to his ideas about women, we were not long in coming to the conclusion that, although he had an enthusiastic admiration for our sex in the ideal, woman as a living, breathing fact, was regarded by him with a feeling that did not rise far above the good-natured, half-contemptuous toleration accorded to the lower animals; though he was ever willing that they should sit at his feet and improve their limited understandings by means of the pearls of wisdom that fell from his lips.

Of course we all admired him—nay more, worshipped him, as a bright particular star, set far apart from all others. Grace, who liked to have gentlemen particularly attentive to her small wants, was inclined to complain if he did not always save her the trouble of stooping to pick up her fan; but when all the rest of us overwhelmed her with his manifold perfections, and represented to her how prejudicial to true greatness it would be to condescend to such trifles, she was forced to acquiesce.

Christmas and New Year passed, and carnival time came with its influx of visitors from the west. These brought with them the truly astounding news that Julius Schmidt was married. After all his protestations of liking too many women ever to give his heart to one! The surprise was too great for words; we sat in mute helplessness; only Meg as usual had her say.

"I wonder," she said, meditatively, "if he will allow her to go away for the summer, or if he will make her put up with the city during the dog-days, simply because we can't send all the denizens of the back streets to the seaside. I suppose the poor girl's own feelings and opinions won't receive consideration at all. They must give way before the 'iron rigor of his logic.' That is always the way with your lofty characters." And after a few minutes, for Meg has a turn for rhyming that we have sedulously but vainly tried to suppress, she gave utterance to the following lines:—

"Julius 'would never marry.'
Yet he worshipped his ideal;
He loved an abstract woman;
But what about the real?"

Oh Julius, why deceive us
With your love for the ideal?
When it is quite apparent
That it must have been the real."

Ida, the really clever one of the family, says there is a sameness about the two stanzas which is very objectionable, but Meg is a young poet; moreover, her recent acquaintance with one of the metaphysical men at McGill, accounts, I fancy, for the inclination to ring the changes on the words "ideal" and "real."

RACHEL.