

# THE VARSITY

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

VOL. IX.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, DEC. 8, 1888.

No. 6.

## CANOE SONG.

AIR : *Over the sea to Skye.*

Daylight is gone,  
Night cometh on,  
Trailing its robe of shade ;  
As thro' the tide,  
Swiftly we glide,  
Bending the ashen blade.

### CHORUS.

Voices keep time  
Hark to our rhyme,  
Echoed from cliff and tree ;  
While our canoe  
Holds its course true  
Over the darkling sea

Sunlight is dead,  
Stars overhead,  
Stars in the liquid deep ;  
Now the moon-ray  
A silvery way  
Hath tracked for our boat to keep.

Tides swiftly flow,  
Murmuring low,  
Eddy past reef and bar.  
Paddles dip fast,  
Headlands are passed,  
Dim lights are twinkling far.

Sleep, lady fair :  
On your tossed hair  
Softly the moonlight streams ;  
Rippling along,  
Hushed is my song,  
Smile upon me in your dreams.

W. H. B.

## AN IDYL OF GARDEN BEACH.

It was at Garden Beach, a fashionable summer resort and in the long lazy month of August. The St. Lawrence, resplendent, silvery, even polished, had caught the fashionable air too, could one venture to say it. Mrs. Eggleston is seated within the scope of a great elm—Garden Beach rather plumes itself on its elms—with what ladies call their work in her lap. Near her, but partially concealed by the bole of the elm, Miss Beaumont is languidly turning the leaves of the newest attrac-

tion, and finds Miss Ellice an agreeable interruption. The murmur of voices gradually recalls Mrs. Eggleston from her day-dream.

Miss B.—“It is very good of you to say so, but I am afraid *student* is too ambitious a title for me. I am rather fond of reading, that is all. It is so pleasant in the open air, I love to bring my volume out with me. But, dear me! I am not near through it yet. One has so little time.”

Miss E.—“Yes, *we* have so many things to do it is quite impossible to find time for a quiet hour over a book. May I see?—Oh!—‘Tolstoi—My Religion.’ It must be perfectly delightful! Mr. Jopling speaks so highly of it.”

Miss B.—“I know (*then with fine irrelevance*) and isn't Mr. Jopling nice? It is such a comfort to meet a clergyman who is so earnest and sympathetic. You feel he understands you. I am sure one cannot be too grateful for the privilege of talking with him. I find so much that needs explanation and he has such beautiful thoughts on all subjects. I feel that I catch something of his own noble enthusiasm when I am with him.”

Miss E.—“And his manner is so distinguished. The way he wears his glass is *very* becoming. There is a something about him that makes me think he must have a history. Do you know him?”

Miss B.—“Well, of course I have heard something. There is quite a romantic passage in his life I believe.”

Miss E. (*plaintively*)—“You might have told me, Clara!”

Miss B.—“This is a great secret, mind. Of course you know that he was curate at Woodlawn before coming here to take charge of The Church of The Occultation? Some thoughtful young men there felt his influence and they formed together a Celibate Union. They chose him for their Spiritual Director, and he was called Father by the others and they confessed to him. They found an old stone house where they lived by themselves, each in his own chamber—*cells*, I think they were called. It sounds a little curious, but I suppose it is correct enough. And they had an Altar and a Ritual and were awfully religious; and (*her voice sinking to a deep whisper*) I was told that by the side of his lectern hung a real scourge!”

Miss E.—“How perfectly awful!”

Miss B.—“Isn't it?”

MRS. EGGLESTON.—“Remarkably silly, I should say!”

Miss E. (*demurely*)—“Perhaps there isn't much difference.”

Miss B.—“Why, Mrs. Eggleston! I had quite forgotten you were there, you were so quiet. Why did you let me run on so? You must think we are dreadful gossips.”

MRS. E.—“Oh! you young ladies are too learned for me to