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RONDEAU.

When hearts were trumps, ah! then the game went well,
The god of chance inwove his witching spell,
With dexterous hand she dealt the cards to me
And in her blue bright eyes I seemed to see
The faint first ray of triumph rise and dwell.

'Twere easy task the issue to foretell:
Her silver speech came like a fairy bell
That rang out gentle tones of victory
When hearts were trumps.

She won the game: my hopes forever fell,
Her lightsome laughter was love's cruel knell.
That I had lost my heart it seemed that she
Saw not nor cared: love's fetters left her free,
But bound me in a fate time cannot quell,
When hearts were trumps.

GWYN ARAUN.

FROM MY BOARDING-HOUSE WINDOW.

II.

On the first afternoon after my return to town in the fall—I returned late in October, for I had been away taking a fortnight's duck-shooting—I sat for a long time in my favourite position at the window, puffing idly at my pipe, and thinking over the past year with all its disillusion and changes of purpose. I recalled how I had come up, just a year ago, firm in the belief that everything was to be learned from books, and that I would find at the University many kindred souls, fired with the same ambition for knowledge and the same determination to acquire it by honest hard labour, and then the sickening doubt and despair when I found that the majority of my fellow-students regarded this work as something trivial, but irksome, to be got up and forgotten again as quickly as possible. How soon I had succumbed and learned to take the same view! Why had I let the work, for which I had been so eager, lag on and accumulate till a hasty and unwholesome skimming was all that was possible, and why was it that I had so calmly accepted the news of the fact, which I had never intended should come to pass, that I had only obtained low second-class honours?

Lazily I drifted on. Detached scenes of my last year's life began to float through my brain. I recalled vividly the night I made my first speech in the Literary Society. The benches of whispering, smiling students, the stamping when I rose to speak, the way my mouth dried up so that I could hardly articulate, my confusion when some heartless sophomore called out: "Take a drink, Freshie. It's only water, it won't hurt you."

These images pass away and I am in the "Gods" at the Grand Opera House, singing and shouting with my fellow-students, when I am suddenly seized by the collar, and before I

realize what is happening, the constable has hustled me out into the corridors and left me to find my own way down to the street.

Again the scene changes, and I am in a room with a noisy assemblage of fellow undergraduates. Beer bottles, whiskey bottles, glasses full and empty, litter the table. A dense cloud of tobacco-smoke envelops everything and, together with the uproarious din, lends an air of confused unreality to the scene. Clinking of glasses, boisterous laughter, much talking mingled with oaths, no listeners. As I sit half-dazed, I hear some one call my name, a loud acclaim follows, and then a partial silence. The man next me motions me to rise, someone thrusts a glass of beer into my hand, and I find myself stammering forth some almost unintelligible words about the honour I feel it to be admitted to such company, and that though I have hitherto never tasted a drop of liquor, I intend to begin now; then I raise my first glass of beer to my lips. Though it seems very bitter to my unaccustomed palate, I gulp down the whole of it without wincing, and sit down amidst tremendous stamping and clapping. My tumbler is immediately replenished, and somehow I am very soon induced to empty it.

Some one across the room, whom in my dizzy and stupefied condition I do not quite recognize, beckons me to drink with him, and I am just raising my third glass to my lips, when suddenly, through all the tobacco and liquor fumes, rises the form of Miss Erle. She stands there distinct a moment, unconscious of the surroundings, with a smile on her lips, her eyes fixed on my face, and her golden hair glinting as if in the sunlight, then slowly the vision fades away—and I am back again with the revellers. I put down my glass scarcely tasted, and mutter a curse on the fellow at the piano who is beginning a ribald song. But the merry-making continues, and I take many more drinks before I stagger forth into the open air and reel home. That night I pass in a half-conscious doze, my bed seems to rock like a boat at sea, and I wake late in the morning with a splitting headache and a throat as parched as the sands of Sahara. I crawl out of bed and over to my washstand to get a drink from my water-pitcher.

Here my day-dream was interrupted by the opening of the door of the red house opposite. "That inevitable fellow" appeared on the threshold, accompanied by Miss Erle, who leaned for some time against the side of the door and finally bade him good-bye in a manner that gave me quite a start. As I watched his figure disappearing down the street, I reviewed all the past occasions on which I had seen them together, and was forced into the belief that they must be engaged. This belief was greatly strengthened in the course of a few days by the fact that his visits were much more frequent than before the vacation. He used to come, I think, nearly every second day and pretty often in the evening. So here I was, brought face to face with my own feelings towards Miss Erle. It had been all very well last year to drift along in a dreamy way,