

winds at the head of a black steel-clad army : sometimes it was the sail of a king's galley on a distant sea, and again the rounded, gleaming snow-crest of the highest Hymalay. And ever among the beauties of women, the strength of heroes, the deeds that live, the words that burn, the gorgeous colors of beasts of prey, mountain wastes, ivory cities, and lonely forests floated and swayed that rare white rose leaf, while its scent lay heavy on the air.

Last of all, the fairest of the women slaves came to him on the wide divan. She took his head upon her lap and shut his eyes to sleeping with her white, soft hands, so gently that the Porter could not know it was the magic white rose leaf settling at last and falling there in coolness, perfume and unending rest. And darkness was over all.

At early morning he was at the eastern entrance of the Bazaar, waiting until some merchant should give him work to do. But none of those who hired him knew what things he had seen and lived through since the day before.

Varsity, Jan. 30th, 1885.

BOHEMIEN.

FOR THE CLASS OF '94.

When the autumn's gentle fingers touch the flowers and the leaves,
When the faithful farmer gathers in the ripened golden sheaves,

When the sunshine grows more chary and the hazy vapors rise,
Then like birds that nature summons to the warmer southern skies,

Hie the happy-hearted students, whom THE VARSITY recalls,
To receive again sweet nurture 'neath her academic walls.

And they come, for divers reasons, with ambitions great and small,
Some to ponder metaphysics, some to weigh—the winning ball.

Some to learn the laws of being and forget the laws of health,
Some to spend their only shilling on the theory of wealth.

But if any be unrivalled in pursuit of sport and lore,
They belong, I ween, O comrades, to the class of ninety-four.

And since Bacchus reigns no longer, we will not approach his shrine,
But will pledge ourselves in nectar more inspiriting than wine.

'Tis a cup as pure and vital as the air of heav'n above,
We will quaff it now together, 'tis the cup of fellow-love.

Life is lying still before us, and to each is given scope
For achievement, yea, fulfilment of the highest man can hope.

Arts there are to be developed, revolutions to be wrought,
Sciences that must be fathomed, heights that must be scaled by thought.

Even as the old explorers, careless of old world decrees,
Shed their light throughout the chaos, searched the dim waste of the seas,

Let us swing our lantern, knowledge, to the masthead of our bark,
Let our labor be as theirs was, to irradiate the dark.

Statesmen die upon the rostrum that their fame may there be sealed,
Soldiers seek their death and glory on the blood-stained battle-field.

But the scholar leaves to others, when he sinks to rest at length,
All his conquest in their wisdom, all his prowess in their strength.

May our trophy be the laurel, may its power aye increase ;
May we gain our highest honor in the storied halls of peace.

EVELYN DURAND.

PROFESSOR ALEXANDER ON POETRY.

With a new reverence for life, and a new enthusiasm for its possibilities, the highest feelings which a lecturer can arouse, the auditors filed out of University Hall on Saturday afternoon.

Professor Alexander delivered his critique of poetry in his usual sympathetic and comprehensive manner. Without defining what is almost indefinable, he passed on to the consideration of the earliest development of poetry, which is song, and its fundamental characteristic: the expression of strong emotion in metrical language. Like every art it has a technique, a method of execution, which, however varied in different languages—based as it is, in Greek and Latin on *time*, in English on *accent*—has ever the same object, the production of rhythm. But however perfect the mechanical ingenuity in the arrangement of metre, if the essence, the motive—emotion—be lacking, we

have merely verse ; and, on the other hand, no impassioned or imaginative writing, if it have not rhythmical form, can be properly termed poetry.

The distinctive aim of prose is information, the distinctive aim of poetry is feeling ; in the skill of the historian and novelist, the former may stir our deepest sentiment, but if with clearness and unity of purpose it only inform our intellect, it may be still true and excellent work, whereas when poetry does not penetrate beyond the intellect to what we term the heart of man, it has no excellence, and when it does, it manifests a higher inspiration than any other human art. The excitement of motion is its essential object, rhythm is its essential form ; and these two, the body and the soul of poetry, the greatest poets inseparably join. Sometimes we find one neglected, sometimes the other, and Professor Alexander illustrated this by reading a stanza from Swinburne in which sensuous beauty, the charm of measured sound, predominates :—

O garment not golden, but gilded,
O garden where all men may dwell,
O tower not of ivory but builded
By hands that reach heaven from hell ;
O mystical rose of the mire,
O house not of gold but of gain,
O house of unquenchable fire,
Our Lady of Pain !

Pope and the poets of his school exemplify the effect produced by mere fitness of term and felicity of language applied to subjects not in themselves poetic, and, however much the workmanship may be admired, no responsive feeling is aroused, and it is recognized, like that in which the pleasure comes from purely sensuous sources, to be poetry of the lowest order.

The field of the poet is as broad and full as life itself. He may roam through time and space, moving us by the experience of others, or he may simply turn within and make us feel his own emotion, as does the aged Tennyson in those last sweet and powerful lines, "Crossing the Bar."

He not only describes to us a beautiful landscape, he makes us ourselves perceive it, and hence his language is picturesque rather than scientific, concrete rather than abstract. The dramatic poet to win our entire sympathy carefully eliminates from a scene all that would distract our attention and produce incongruous images, thus Shakespeare places his young lovers, Romeo and Juliet, under the warm Italian sky, in the silvery sheen of the moon and the silence and beauty of night. Art, while faithful to the spirit, does not photograph the actual. It presents its object surrounded by an atmosphere harmonious and ideal.

Again, the poet is a "Revealer," quickening our sight, unveiling a world. It is impossible to estimate the influence of the one man, Wordsworth. He taught the people to see in life, in nature, in themselves—not the handiwork of God—but God Itself. He showed them beauty and noble sentiment, in the little meadow flower, in the smoky streets of the city, in the careworn workman ; condensing in rhythmic words the sum and total of human experience. Joy and sorrow, hope, and love, and death—all these are the themes of poetry ; and in the few verses of "The Lost Leader," Browning gathers the tragedy of a life. To his thoughtful and loving exposition of poetry, Professor Alexander added a peculiar charm, in rendering the several quotations, and we felt that he spoke with authority, as one possessing himself the nature of the poet.

A TREAT FOR POOR CHILDREN.

It is the custom every Christmas in Toronto to give a large number of children a Christmas treat. This year it will be taken in hand by the Children's Aid Society, who will feed some 1,500 little ones. This, of course, can't be done without money. It will require over \$200. Mayor Clarke is now receiving cash contributions towards defraying the expense. All moneys should be addressed to him at his office, City Hall.