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WONDERLAND.

There are songs in the rivulet,
Voices unknown,
Murmuring melody
To me—*alone* ;

There are hymns in the mountain-pines
Swept by the breeze
That bloweth ever, from
Storm-tossed seas ;

There are spirits invisible
Thronging the air,
Whispering mystery
Everywhere.

And they tell of a wonderland
Near, yet so far,
Where the strange and the beautiful
Infinite are ;

They tell of a wonderland,
Bright and so fair,
That knows not our restlessness,
Knows not despair ;

Knows none unfortunate,
Knows none impure ;
Knows but a loveliness
That doth endure.

There is no weariness,
Peace dwelleth there,
Joy in that wonderland,
Strange and so fair.

ALU.

SOUVENIRS.

We are what we are independently of ourselves. We were not consulted as to whether we wished to be born in the old log house which lay sheltered by the pine-crowned hill. We did not choose that we should be fed on "cup" potatoes (why are there no more "cups"?) and good fat bacon, but we were, and never shall we eat oysters or lobsters with such relish as fresh pork. It is in our opinion a sort of ambrosia.

In the summer-time we ran barefooted among the berry bushes and spoiled our taste for oranges, pine-apples, and bananas by and spoiling our taste for raspberries and wild gooseberry. Even the diaphanous, sharp-tasting bug, which it was often our lot to encounter, has been invested by us with a sort of venerable halo.

How sweet, too, was the smell of the fresh-turned earth! No bouquet compares with it. Or the smell of the various woods as the chips fell from the chopper's axe! What is there in the city to be compared with it! In the city everything is spoiled, every sweet-smelling thing becomes malodorous. What a delightful perfume rises from the cedar tree when cut

in its native swamp, and what a pest it is after it has been for a while in the pavement of Toronto's streets!

Then, too, the books we read or heard read, how much better they seem to us than all else we have read since then. The jokes in the old-time Ayer's Almanac, which it was our particular joy to receive from the village druggist, early in December, are the very ones we use still to "point a moral, or adorn a tale;" none like them have been invented since. Occasionally we meet one of them now in print, and our thoughts go back with lightning speed to the old log-house, and the hearth with its maple back-log, by whose light we spelled out the jokes to a delighted household. Ah! that was gladness and appreciation of literary effort.

Then, there was another book, written by a certain tinker. Oh! it was an interesting book! We have read books since, full of wonderful adventures, but never have we felt such a thrill as in reading the account of the escape of Christian and his companion from the Castle of old Giant Despair. It was no allegory to us. It was solid fact. We thought not of its theological import, and only read the notes at the foot of the page, by that pious man Scott, as a sort of duty, when we were allowed the privilege of reading the book on Sundays. For it was not—strictly speaking—a Sunday book. It was only when we had well learned the six verses of the Psalm allotted for the day, and the four questions of the Shorter Catechism—with the proof-texts annexed thereto—that we were permitted to read about Doubting Castle and the Slough of Despond. But if we could not read about these there was another book which had even more wonderful stories in it and which we were not prevented from reading. How interesting it was to read about the boy whose father had made for him a tartan kilt, whose wicked brothers put him in a hole and sold him to the strange merchants passing by, but who afterwards became the chief man of a mighty kingdom. What a story was that of the strong man whose eyes were put out by the friends of his graceless wife! Can any piece of literature equal it in power! Our hearts thrill every time we read how he bowed himself and in his mighty strength pulled the house down on himself and his tormentors. Surely he was avenged for his two eyes. Or that other story of the bald-headed prophet and his master. How lonesome we felt as we came back with him after having seen his master carried away in the chariot of fire. Poor old soul, how often we wept with him and for him. The possession of the mantle and of the double portion of his master's spirit was no compensation.

Of a truth we did not read much of the Lamentations of Jeremiah nor of the Epistle to the Romans. If they had beauties we passed them by. We were not studying theology, but we did not say much about what we were studying for fear that selections might have been made which would be tedious. We preferred it to be understood that we were deeply serious, and if we felt at any time a pricking of conscience at practising deceit we felt that it was fully atoned for by the learning of the Psalms of David in metre—in that limping Scotch version—and of the Shorter Catechism, and on further reflection we think we were right.

So were we formed. We could not help it,—nobody could, so it appears. Our tastes may be low, our estimate of books perverted, and yet, feeling all this, we would not have it otherwise. We don't wish to lose a liking for pork and potatoes, we don't wish even to outgrow our love for the Bedford tinker or to cease to be interested in the story of Samson the mighty.

S.