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GOLDEN ROD.

As I went walking towards the west
I met a maiden ; on her breast
Were spread ripe sprays of golden rod,
With its glad measure they did nod.

The sky was gray and gray the sea,
Bright as the sun she shone on me,
And dazzled by her youthful grace,
I scarce could look upon her face.

A tam-o'-shanter she did wear
Upon a wreath of yellow hair,
Her eyes were like forget-me-nots,
Aglow with love and tender thoughts.

I said the fay will pass me by,
Nor stop for such a one as I,
She stopped ; she broke my idle dreams,
Her voice was like the sound of streams.

She had been wandering in the hills,
Had caught the laughter of their rills,
An angel bright by nature lent
To scatter smiles where'er she went.

I watched her vanish up the street,
I heard the music of her feet,
Her low melodious adieu,
Leng after she was lost to view.

Long time 'twill be ere I forget
That face untouched by one regret ;
No fairer form hath Art designed
She seemed so beautiful, so kind.

Ah, hapless one ! that golden flower
Shall fill with bloom another's bower ;
That sunbeam that upon thee shone
Shall gleam for others when thou'rt gone !

PHILLIPS STEWART.

THE HIGHER EDUCATION AGAIN.

And of the learners you will not find that one is like another ; but they differ among themselves.

Plato.

I.

The long grey front of University College, with its endless, intricate beauties of detail in carved stone, was softened in the mellow afternoon sunlight, when Miss Sadie Turner ap-

peared on the threshold and moved to the head of the stone steps, where she stood a moment looking out across the lawn. There was a languid interest in the gaze of her brown eyes, lustrous under the airy looseness of her overhanging hair. Her dress, which was in admirable accord with her brunette colouring of dusky red and white, was not obviously academic in character or suggestive of attendance at lectures ; it was suited, rather, to some pretty effects of pose and gesture. In her daintily-gloved hand she held a very charming little manuscript note-book, in mou e coloured, flexible leather, with red edges. It was a book she carried a great deal with that costume.

She looked up and down the carriage drive with unsatisfied eyes ; and seeming to see no one,—though a score of undergraduates were fitfully knocking a football about the lawn,—she undid her attitude, and disappeared again through the doorway. The two huge blindworms in stone, on either side the steps, looked suddenly desolate and unhappy in the sunshine.

Miss Turner's loveliness went slowly down the corridor to the ladies' common room. It seemed to her that there was an unusual quiet about the college that afternoon. She glanced into the Society reading-room as she passed, and two freshmen, who were turning over periodicals, paused to look up. The afternoon was certainly at a standstill.

"Why, Annie!" she exclaimed, as the door of the ladies' room closed behind her. She went to the side of a slim, large-eyed girl, with fair hair, who was sitting alone before the fire in the grate, in an attitude which pictured her grieving mood. "Is it headache, dear?"

"Oh, not very bad," replied the drooping figure before the fire ; and as her gaze fell, her long eye-lash swept the curve of her pale cheek again. "Just enough to keep my mind occupied, I suppose."

"You shouldn't stay in here before the fire on a day like this. The idea!—it's suffocating in this room!"

"I have my honour German lecture at three," said the sufferer.

"Well, I'd like to see myself, I'm sure, going to an honour German lecture with a headache. You will not be so conscientious about lectures when you get out of your first year. I'm going to sit down now and visit, and I think I shall forbid you to go. Why, Annie Easton, you'll get paler and thinner till—gracious, I'd be a perfect fright if I carried on as you do! You'll get yourself into an illness, just because—"

"Oh, it will go away," protested Miss Easton, pressing her handkerchief to her forehead, and then sitting up resolutely. "This is merely one of the burdens a girl has to struggle under to get what comes so easy to a man. Why were we made so wretchedly weak? I think contempt is all our sex