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IN THE GREY OF THE MORNING.

In the still, grey hour that for dawn awaits,
Restless and sleepless I sit and think,
While vanish the street lamps, blink by blink,
And footfalls echo within the gates.

A haze veils the city, and far afield,
Folding the lake in its mantle dim;
Only here and there with an outline dim,
Familiar landmarks are faint revealed.

Save a lambent streak in the eastern bend
Of the cold grey sky, there is nought to show
That by and by 'twill be all aglow,—
Light, colour, warmth,—no stint, no end.

And I think of what last night you said
As we sat discussing man's future state;
While outside, unheeded, the moon rose late,
And planets declined and set o'erhead.

You had cast off the swaddling clothes of creeds,
You had swum through shallows, nay deeps, of doubt;
Through mazes of thoughts you had wandered out
Only to feel more the spirit's needs.

Only to see, with a hope forlorn,
Amid the dimness, around, above;
Great outlines of Justice and Truth and Love
Loom large in the grey of the coming morn;

To watch the old lamps go blinking out,
That had served full well in the passing night,
E'en the first far ray of a greater light
Bid quench their gleam by the hand of doubt;

To hear the cry, "'Tis a glow from Hell,
This dawn you welcome,—let be! let be!
The old light sufficeth for you and for me,
So we eat, drink, sleep,—be content—'tis well."

Only to stand now, divested quite
Of prejudice, ready to follow Truth,
Where'er she beckons, *sans* fear, *sans* ruth,
With eyes turned toward the growing light.

Well,—I, too, dream under those grey skies
Of a brighter sun, a more heavenly blue,
And I think I shall see them, some day, with you,
But not, ah, not, with these mortal eyes!

J. K. L.

THE LITERARY SOCIETY AND POLITICS.

The Literary Society is, or ought to be, the practical element in the University life. It has been stated before, and cannot be too often repeated, that student life is infinitely higher in its aims than mere book-reading. The book-worm is an abstract entity, who, in the end lands up with short sight and a pair of premature spectacles on his nose. True it is, that books contain the literature of all past civilization, and as geology is the history of the progressive part of the earth, so literature is the history of the progressive part of the human race. A country without a literature is without a history. When Jacques Cartier sailed up the beautiful

and mighty St. Lawrence, he found a race of Indians upon its fertile banks. Over three centuries have elapsed and their vast dominion has shrunk to a few Indian reserves. The heroic struggle of Pontiac could not check the European immigration that flowed over their country, irresistibly cruel, slowly sure. Their wigwams, their calumets, their tomahawks, their arrows, are to be seen only in the museums; their strings of wampum beads are a literature too feeble to transmit their history. Their existence is becoming a tradition, and very soon nothing will be left to mark the land they once owned, but the beautiful names of some of our Canadian cities. It is a matter of satisfaction to know that a great province and the centre of that great province bear the Indian names of Ontario and Toronto; also, that our great Confederation and its capital were called by the musical names of Canada and Ottawa. It is at the same time a matter of regret that our two oldest and most historic cities, Quebec and Montreal have renounced the beautiful and characteristic names of Stadacona and Hochelaga. In our great North-west many new cities will spring up in the course of time, and nothing could be more appropriate and characteristic than that these should have Indian names. It was a great mistake that our vast continent was not called Columbia, and it will be great neglect if we repeat old European names when so many beautiful Indian names are within our reach. Within the last centuries and in our own country, the Indians have ruled and vanished, leaving behind them nothing but traditions and a melancholy fate, which shall live only as an inspiration to a Canadian school of poetry. Thus, then, the ultimate power and life and immortality of a nation lie in its literature. If it possesses no literature the tides of true life have never risen to its shores. We read books because they contain vanished life, not for the books themselves. We observe the life around us and so reproduce it in literature which shall interpret our age to our posterity as truly and surely as the literature we read reproduces the lost life of the past to us. We read the past to understand the present, we read the present to understand the future. The two great expressions of national life are literature and oratory. A decided want of these shows a decided want of national thought and feeling. There is no reason, unless apathy and little interest in their country, why Canadian students should not direct their pens to the reproduction of the life, manners, and the scenes of nature around them; no reason why, in their endeavours to cultivate the art of speaking, they should discuss the affairs and destiny of every other nation under the sun but their own. It is vain to think of keeping one's own house in order by attending to the houses of others. The fact is, to attend to one's own business seems to be one of the most difficult tasks of human nature. If subjects are wanted for discussion, surely *none* can be more interesting, instructive and beneficial than those of one's own country. To speak on an uninteresting subject is to lose one of the main elements of oratory, to speak on subjects void of instruction or practical benefit is to waste time. Who thinks of stirring the emotions of men by dwelling on inanimate thoughts? The majority of mankind can never be reached by abstractions, but by thoughts and feelings which are common to them and to all time. One of the greatest of these national ideas is patriotism; without this there can be little oratory. All the greatest oratory of the past has emanated from this source and only lives for us because it is the expression of a great and lasting sentiment of the human race. And perhaps the noblest oratorical efforts are called forth in that period of youth and vigour when the nation, animated by a vigorous spirit of sacrifice, is building up a great destiny. The most melancholy oratory is that of national decline, when the nation has forgotten its earlier inspiration of citizenship and is lost in selfish-