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A RHYME OF THE LUGGER "RUBY."

—
CALM.

Our lug hangs limp from gaff to boom ;
And though no breath of wind we feel,
There's just enough to move the boat ;
We steady on with even keel.

Listless I sit and think to steer,
The tiller wagging in my hand ;
The sheet goes idly switching through
The water, as I watch the land.

The others lie down half asleep
And on the dunnage take their doze ;
We rock upon the oily swell ;
Deeper the drowsy languor grows.

The sun is hot above our heads,
The planks are hot beneath our feet ;
The breathless sky is hot and blue,
The water dazzles with the heat.

MOVING.

There's a crisp blackness over there !
A spreading, creeping, ruffling streak !
It nears us fast, 'tis wind at last ;
I feel it cool against my cheek.

The freshening breeze has caught the lug,
The trailing sheet comes dripping in ;
And now I feel its welcome pull
That tells me work and sport begin.

She bends and buckles to the breeze,
Before the brisk beam wind she flies ;
And to the starboard gunwale rail,
To keep her trim, I quickly rise.

The weather-stay is taut and stiff,
The lee-stay there is hanging slack ;
Our one great sail is straining full,
The white torn water shows our track.

The joy of speed, the joy of toil,
The joy of danger near we feel ;
The very eddies speak of joy,
That hoarsely gurgle round our keel.

ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN.

A STORY WITHOUT A PURPOSE.

"Hello, Jim !"

"Yes, Uncle Tom?" and Jim softly closed the hall door, through which he had been endeavouring to noiselessly smuggle his toboggan. Indeed, it was an unforeseen collision between the latter and the door post that had first roused Uncle Tom to the fact that a steady and icy draught of air was establishing itself between the hall door and the parlour chimney, and passing uncomfortably near his bald head.

The old gentleman slowly surveyed the blanket suit and the moccasins of his nephew, who stationed himself in the parlor

door-way, standing first on one foot and then on the other in the manner common to youth when extremely uncertain as to the immediate future.

"Where are you off to in that garb, you young rascal?" was the enquiry which resulted from the inspection.

"Tobogganing, sir," answered Jim, with a bold face but sinking heart.

"Tobogganing, eh? Have you learnt your lessons, Jim?"

"Yes, sir. I learnt them all this afternoon," was the eager response, and Jim began to sidle towards the hall-door again, when he was brought to a stand by his aunt's taking up the cross-examination. She had been dozing over her knitting before the fire, but it seemed to Jim that her memory was preternaturally wide awake, when she said:

"Why Jim, you're not thinking of going tobogganing after staying home from school, and taking cough mixture every hour of the day?"

"You know, aunt, it says on the bottle that it will cure you in six hours, and it's ever so many more than that since I began to take it. Besides," he muttered to himself, "I wouldn't have taken it at all except that I wanted to go tobogganing, for I could have easily made my cold last over to-morrow."

"Please don't go, Jim," pleaded Aunt Sally; "I'll give you fifty cents if you will stay at home with your uncle and me."

Jim hastened to enter the fifty cents on the asset side of his mental cash-book, and then devoted his attention to giving an abrupt turn to the conversation, for he knew by many tantalizing experiences his uncle's incurable prejudice against bribery.

"Uncle Tom," said he, "did you ever toboggan?"

"Oh yes, my boy," answered the old gentleman, smiling mysteriously, "I have had a good many experiences on the hills. Did I never tell you about the last time I took a toboggan down?"

"No, do tell me about it," said Jim, sprawling down on the hearth rug with his chin rested on his folded arms, his neck bent back and his eyes fixed on his uncle's face, while his feet waved gracefully but negligently in the air.

Uncle Tom laid down his quaintly carved and richly coloured meerschaum pipe, folded his newspaper over his knee, and began:

"In my young days, as you may imagine, tobogganing was a different thing from what it is at present. Nobody had thought of these artificial slides, or if they had been thought of, nobody had ventured to introduce them, and so we used to go down the hills, rough or smooth, just as we found them. It seems to me those hills were like the life of a young fellow then; he had to take it, hard or soft, fast or slow, just as he best could. Sometimes he struck a stump and was upset and sometimes he arrived safe at the bottom. Nowadays, you boys have everything made safe and even for you and can run on without fear of a spill. I believe the old way was the best. It taught us to be men and take care of ourselves. However, I suppose you want to hear my story and not my moralizing upon it. To be a good tobogganer then meant something more than to have gone out three or four times, and to have somehow got down in safety. It meant to be able to handle your toboggan as a jockey handles a horse, to be able to turn it to this side or that with a motion of the body, to stick to it even though a bump or hollow should shoot it for twenty feet through the air, to be able to manage it kneeling and even standing. Your father and myself were considered two of the best tobogganers in town, and there was not a hill for many miles around that we