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A SONG.

The world is old, and suns have set
For ages o'er the hills of time,
We listen for the ushering chime
Of golden days that come not yet.

Time rolls the centuries along,
Their separate place the seasons fill,
But age can never tire or still
The soaring voice of noble song.

The world is old, and poets sing
The same sweet strains their fathers taught,
We never weary of the thought :
"The heart is young, and Love is king."

The world is old ; 'tis time we learned
Wise lessons from the fruitful past ;
Lest Love, dethroned, adrift be cast,
And sweet to bitterness be turned.

F. W. P.

MAJOR SINCLAIR'S ROMANCE.

"A long time ago? why I should think it was—'57 or '58, or thereabouts, just after I had settled my wife and child near St. Catharines. Anyway we had a jolly party; there were Smith—no, not Smith, he had gone to the Indies—but Captain Heber and Hartly Winshope, the Lawyer Rossley—Ross we called him—and myself. Oh, we were the lively chaps!"

"Whereabouts did we hunt? We took it all in; every stream, lake and marsh from Peterboro' to Coboconk. Changed now? Yes, indeed, there's a change. The place was wild enough then, and many a bear and deer, besides smaller game, we made to bite the dust with a taste of good powder thrown in. Burnt River—yes, I remember—dark, gloomy sort of stream, with cedar and spruce, and that growing thick to the water's edge. An incident happened there that became doubly fixed on my memory from the way in which its curious thread of romantic interest seemed to run in and out my life while in Canada. Let you hear about it? Well, I can do that, too, if you care to listen. Hand the tobacco, will you? Thanks, now, Charteris, fill up, yourself."

Here the Major leaned forward in his comfortable arm-chair, and packed down the contents of his meerchaum, alternately, with his first finger and thumb. Taking hold of the tongs he next extracted from its nest, away among the glowing embers of the grate-fire, a red-hot coal, and placing the same to the ebony-coloured pipe, was soon furiously puffing forth voluminous fumes of blue smoke, which staggered and rolled along a foot or two, and then in many a strange fantastic shape, curled slowly upward toward the ceiling, subduing, as it passed, the colours of each globe on the gasolier hung overhead. With well-acted nonchalance, for I liked equally the vim the Major put into his stories and the Major's tobacco, I filled and lit my own modest little briar-root, and settling both feet comfortably on the fender, was ready by the time he had replaced the tongs in the stand.

"Well, we had not seen a deer for a day or two, Charteris," began the Major, thoughtfully, looking straight

before him over his pipe into the fire, "and though it happened a dark, threatening evening and thoughts of approaching bed-time were urging us campwards, the far-off view of a fine large buck browsing off the patches of white moss, so abundant thereabouts, at once sent us all on our knees and hands crawling to leeward of the game. Winshope, the best deer-stalker I think I ever saw, led the way through the scattered clumps of scrubby spruce and pitch pine, and in a very short time we would have come within range, when owing to the shifting of the faint breeze that scarcely sufficed to stir the needles on the tallest shaggy pine, the 'long-nosed beastie' unluckily got scent and ran straight for the river, which, a short hundred yards away, meandered and twisted towards Cameron's Lake. The four of us, rushing for the canoes, were afloat and paddling briskly down the river after the deer, which during the momentary flashes of lightning loomed up indistinctly against the low brush down the river. On we flew past the first bend, the noise of the paddles causing the herons, startled from their nests among the reeds, to stretch their broad wings in upward flight. Half-way to the next turn we first missed the dark object ahead. The deer, either by swimming ashore or by doubling up the river, to all appearances had given us the slip. Yet no!—on the side opposite to where last seen, and within easy distance, a flash revealed something well up in the water. Quick as the lightning itself flew my gun to the shoulder and bang went as good a charge of No. 10 shot as ever rammed into gun-barrel. At the same instant a loon away in the distant darkness sent forth its 'weird note,' the noise, carried down on the rising wind, echoing loudly through the trees on either side of the river and sounding to me at least strangely human. In a minute we were near the floating object, when Winshope, in the bow, bending eagerly forward to catch a better view as we came along side, suddenly started back and gasped out in a horror-stricken tone that thrilled my very heart, 'My God, it's a man!'

"Winshope was right. For the fugitive deer we had mistaken one of our own fellow-creatures; a small round hole over the right temple indicated where the shot from my gun had entered. The body was towed ashore, and as on the preceding day we had all acknowledged ourselves eager for a return to civilization, it was agreed to bury the corpse before we retired that night, and next morning to strike tents for home. The ensuing scene made a lasting impression upon me; the lightning blazing incessantly brought into prominence each leaf, branch and twig of the forest trees, that spectre-like sighed and moaned about us; only once did I turn towards the dead man, and then but a swift glance, for despite the well-meant reasoning and protestations of the other three, the promptings of my own conscience blamed me for his death.

"Winshope and the Captain dug the narrow grave close under a large mountain ash; then beneath its berry-covered branches Ross, in his deep, manly voice, read the burial service, and I speak the truth when I say that never in all my life heard I so impressive or so solemn a committal of human clay into the keeping of the Ruler of 'the Land of the Hereafter.'

"Three days after, the four of us parted company at Peterboro'; and by rail, alone, I continued my way home with the same dread apprehension hanging over me. Often would I even shut my eyes in the attempt to blot out the remembrance, but in vain,—it was only to have additional