

sity. She (for I take it for granted that "One of Them" is a she, and no clever "Masculine Thing") writes with great frankness. She tells us she is giving us her own opinions, yet notwithstanding her warning we think she has given us a fair idea of what the Varsity woman in general thinks of the Varsity man.

While admitting the great honesty and yet greater femininity of the letter, I beg, in the first place, to correct some wrong impressions on the part of the fair writer.

We must remember that co-education exists only in the Arts Faculty. For the honor of our Arts men let me state that "indulgence in wet dinners" is not, and never has been one of the vices of any considerable fraction of the Arts men. The same may be said of the "revolting features of the scraps." As for the possibility of the women raising the moral tone of the University, the idea is absurd. "One of Them" acknowledges that the intercourse between man and woman at Varsity is of the most superficial kind. And moral tone is far too weighty a matter to be imparted by the mere sight of women at lectures or receptions.

"One of Them's" remarks about marriage are singularly aside from the question. Whatever a "Co-ed's" views may be on the subject, let me assure her that the average man does not consider that one of a university's functions is to act as a matrimonial bureau.

At the same time no man at Varsity who calls himself a man, would be guilty of "looking down on" any Varsity woman who is driven to a man's college by a high-souled love of letters or the necessity of learning a profession. As for the woman who comes from any other motive, let her look for no pity. But let no woman of either class think that she has a claim to men's time in social intercourse. Social intercourse of the kind that is now most prevalent between men and women is the last thing for which one should make time at Varsity. It is to be contrasted rather than compared to the intercourse between man and man, and, I suppose, that between woman and woman. The first is in most cases superficial and tiresome: the second is full of unending riches of ideas and unselfish sentiment.

As to the right of women to higher education—I do not question it. I do not question the right of women to remain in University College, now that they have been admitted, until such time as proper opportunities for education may offer elsewhere. I do say, however, that women should never have been admitted to the Provincial University until the country could have provided a separate college suitable to their needs.

Amen, '05.

• • • Catullus XLU.

As Septimius held his Acme

In his arms caressingly,

'Save I love thee to perdition,

Acme mine,' quoth he;

'Save thro' all the years, I love thee,

All the years that are to be,

With an ever growing passion,

All consumedly;

Then may the green-eyed beast of Ind

Or Libya me defenceless find.

He pledged him thus, and love, from left and right,

Sneezed his approval of the lover's plight.

Acme then, her face upturning

To her sweet boy tenderly,

Raising lips of dainty ruby,

Kissed him ardently;

Kissing eyes with love-light burning,

'Septimillus, Acme's life,' quoth she,

Let us worship one god only,

Ever serve love's deity,

As truly as my passion yearns,

And fierce and yet more fiercely burns.

She pledged her thus, and love from left and right;

Sneezed her approval of the lover's plight.

Now their lives, in love, run lightly,

Blessed by Cupid's augury,

Each by each is cherished fondly,

Cherished tenderly:

To Septimius, dear is Acme,

Dearer than the world is she;

Constant Acme's joy is only

Her Septimius joy to be.

Have e'er two luckier mortals been?

Was e'er a happier passion seen?

Chas. Freeman

• • • Psyche

They wove quaint fables in the days of old,
When Reason borrowed Fancy's painted wings,
When Truth's pure river flowed o'er sands of gold,
And told in song its sweet and mystic things,
And such the sweet and solemn tale of her,
The pilgrim-heart to whom a dream was given.
That led her through the world Love's worship-

per,
To seek on Earth for him whose home was Heaven.

In the full city, by the haunted fount,
Through the dim grotto's tracery of spars,
Via the pine temples on the moonlit mount,
Where silence sits to listen to the stars,
In the deep glade where dwells the brooding dove,
The painted valley and the scented air,
She heard far echoes of the voice of love,
And found his footstep traces everywhere.

But nevertheless they met, since doubts and fears,

Those phantom shapes that haunt and slight the earth,

Had come 'twixt her, a child of sin and tears,

And that fair spirit of immortal birth;

Until her pining soul and weeping eyes,

Had learned to seek him only in the skies,

Till wings unto the weary soul were given,

And she became Love's Angel-bride in heaven.

—Sel.

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