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THE SPECTRE OF THE ROSE.

(From the French of Theophile Gautier.)

Open half your lids so close
Kissed by visions virginal,
I am the spectre of the rose
That last night graced you at the ball.
You received me pearly yet
From the garden's silver dew,
And amid the starry fete
All the night I clung to you.

O! you who robbed me of my breath,
Behold my rosy ghost is sped,
From the farther side of death,
Here to dance beside your bed.
Let not fear your mind control,
I demand no sacrifice;
This light perfume is my soul
Fresh from the flowers' paradise.

Enviably was my fate,
For I had your breast for tomb;
More than one had passed life's gate
To have gained so fair a doom;
And on the marble as I lay,
A poet wrote with reverent kiss:
Here lies a rose, and from this day
Kings will envy death like this.

FREDERIC DAVIDSON.

AUNT DOROTHY.

AUNT DOROTHY, or as we "youngsters," most of whom are all now grown-up, still love to call her, "Dodo," is one of those sweet-faced, energetic, strong-willed women we all read about, but whom it is our misfortune rarely to meet.

Ever since I can remember, bright black eyes and glossy white hair have always been associated with my thoughts of "Dodo." Those wonderful eyes, though now lacking the brilliancy which must have been their special characteristic in the days gone by, still retain an extraordinary keenness of sight. In fact, it is one of our few family boasts that Auntie, at the ripe age of seventy-seven, is able to read fine print as readily with her naked eye as some of the rest of us can with the aid of spectacles. As for the hair, I remember asking mother one day, when I was a child, "if the angels had hair like Aunt Dodo's?" The same wave is there yet, the same glossiness; though in those days its whiteness had more of the pure tinge of snow about it, and its masses, now, alas! sadly diminished, instead of being worn in a loose coil on the neck, as now, were piled high on her head.

There is just one other point that seemed to distinguish Auntie from all the rest of her family. She was lame. Once, years ago, I remember, as I watched Auntie come haltingly and slowly along an icy sidewalk, the thought suddenly struck me that possibly Auntie had not always been lame. Her slight limp seemed such a part of herself that I had never given it a thought. So I turned and spoke the thoughts in my mind to mother, who happened to be standing near me at the time, with

her eyes following the same direction as mine. I shall never forget the sudden, deepening expression of seriousness which came over mother's face at the question, and the film which, for a moment, seemed to dim the brightness of her tender blue eyes. "No," she gently answered, "no, dearie, Auntie was not always lame, nor her hair always white; but don't ask questions, that's mother's good little girl." Child as I was, I instinctively felt that I had inadvertently touched a tender and perhaps painful chord, and I as instinctively, thereafter, avoided mentioning the subject.

That is years ago; and when I recall the scene now, I involuntarily smile, to think with what awe and reverence I was wont, after that, to regard Aunt "Dodo," and how painstakingly I tried to show that her white hair and her limp were not arousing a forbidden curiosity within me. Looking back now, through the vista of years, I can readily understand that it was not, perhaps, owing entirely to the painfulness of the recital that all explanations were withheld from me at that time, but because mother, with wise forethought, had feared that I, misunderstanding a story which was beyond my years, might, by some thoughtless remark, wound a sensitiveness which she knew, despite all outward appearances to the contrary, was still keenly alive on the subject. And I, as children sometimes do, having once become thoroughly possessed of the idea that to speak of this unexplained matter was forbidden ground, still felt a reverent reluctance to ask questions even when childhood days were over. Thus it happened, that it was not till the