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A SUMMER HAUNT REVISITED.

Where wave on wave thy icy billows roll
To break upon the rocky, frozen shore,
Once when I knew thee, reigned a peaceful soul,
And all the lake was like a golden floor.

Soft zephyr's kisses lingered o'er thy tide,
And gliding swallows swept along thy face,
As who would come, when sea-Nymphs, coaxing, cried,
To seek of trancing voice the source and place.

The moon coquetting with the changeful deep,
The stars that laughed to see themselves below,
The night-jar singing on the mountain steep,
Were with thee when I knew thee long ago.

The moon is cold, the stars their glory veil,
The night-bird chants beneath a southern moon,
Thy beauty is the beauty of the gale
And all thy music set to martial tune.

Alas, those days when all the earth was bright!
Those nights when Love and Passion reigned
supreme!

Now dismal is the world, and Heaven's light
No more can conjure to a happy dream.

MERVYN.

ON THE EAST STAIR.

The class of something-or-other gave a reception the other Friday. They omitted to send me an official invitation, but, knowing the slight was unintentional, I decided not to take offence at it, and went all the same. I arrived late, and the committee fell on my neck (this is a metaphor) and kissed me (ditto, unfortunately), for there were more girls than men. Miss Tenyss was there—"Flo"—you know her—Modern Language girl with violet eyes—flirts in the Library between 10 and 11; the girl young Kiddster was so gone on last year that he failed on the exam. Well, as I said, she was there, violet eyes, smile attachment, and all; and, although her programme was full, I got a promenade. I had a fearful job explaining to the other fellow afterwards;—unfortunately he was a senior, fortunately he was a Philosophy man.

"Oh, dear!" said Miss Tenyss, with a little, nervous clutch at my arm, "this is Mr. Ricketts's number, and here he comes straight at us! What—"

"It's much cooler on the stairs," I observed, and we went out, while the orchestra started up the Couchee-Couchee in B minor. The Poet and one of the lady councillors were sitting on the stairs too—they informed us that they were looking after the refreshments.

Miss Tenyss sat down upon the fifth step (and the skirt of my gown) with a little sigh. "Jack," she said (we have been acquainted for at least six months), "who was that girl that you had at the match on Saturday?" The sigh and the question, taken together, were tragic. I was a trifle alarmed.

"Really," I said, "I didn't steal this promenade with

you for the sake of discussing other girls. It's not fair—I can't appreciate them properly when I'm with you."

Miss Tenyss did not smile; the Poet, three stairs below, did. What is more, he stole the compliment bodily, and when I used it on the First Vice-President, a little later in the evening, she accused me of plagiarism.

The violet eyes turned on mine, very seriously, and the lashes quivered a little. Miss Tenyss has a marvelous control over the facial muscles; oh, well, I don't know—she may have been sincere. I looked at the edge of the bottom stair. "Jack," said the owner of the eyes, "who was she?"

"The orchestra is very good to-night," I remarked, absently. "Wouldn't you like to dance? There's no one out here to see us."

"She was rather a pretty girl, I thought," went on the voice. "Did you notice how excited she got when Butcher made that tremendous run?"

"Yes, by Jove," I said, as enthusiastically as I could without losing sight of the stair, "that was a great run. It was the best piece of play I have seen this season. But you should have seen the poor wretch after the game, he was as limp as a dish-rag."

"Was he? Poor man! She's evidently an enthusiast on football. I believe she—"

I made one more herculean effort to turn the conversation. "Talking about football," I enquired, tentatively, "are you going to the Ladies' Glee Club concert? I think its going to be good."

"Yes, of course," said Miss Tenyss. "She dresses well too. I liked that hat she had on."

I suppose that "rattled" me. "Yes," I began, incautiously, "Miss Waine is a—." There was a little, sharp "Ah!" of triumph, and the violet eyes dropped at last. "Perhaps you think that was accidental," I said, nettled. "It wasn't, I assure you. I meant to tell you, anyhow."

It was Flo's move, conversationally, and she took the time limit to consider it. The Poet and the Councillor arose and left us,—possibly to see about the refreshments. "Why she's a freshette!" was her remark at last. "Well?" I murmured. There were some incoherent observations, among which I distinguished "*that* red-haired thing," and "little flirt." Now Miss Waine's hair is not red, it is red-gold; and as for the second accusation—it is too common to count. Then Miss Tenyss laid her hand on my knee. "Pass me that programme," she said. I passed it; from which you may judge how she said it. It was a perfectly innocent little list, anyhow.

"Oh!" she cried, "eight, nine, ten,—"

"That's all right," I said; "I'm going to take her in to supper—that always takes three numbers—with me, at any rate. Won't you come too—I can look after both of you?" And I reached out and took possession of Miss Tenyss's programme. She was so absorbed in mine that she did not notice.

"I think you are awfully unkind, Jack," she murmured, "you haven't taken me anywhere for ages, and here you are lugging this little freshette around to everything that comes along. And everybody will be noticing