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LIFE'S SORROW.

Know ye Life's Sorrow? Have ye ever loved
And not been loved again?—
Praised, blest the woman's heart that scorned thee,
Worshipped!—all in vain?
Know ye Life's Sorrow?

But know ye Life's Sorrow? Have ye ever striven
And pressed a *hopeless* end?
Sought Love from a heart that gave thee Kindness
Only! Found—a *friend*?
Know ye Life's Sorrow?

A. H. R., '02.

AN EIGHT-DAY ATLANTIC STORM.

On October 26th, on board the R. M. S. Monterey, we steamed out of the harbor of Montreal at daybreak, and for three glorious days we sailed on down that noble St. Lawrence and up through the gulf of the same name. On Sunday morning, just as the sun was rising, we passed the last point of land, the north-east point of the Island of Anticosti, where the ill-fated Scotsman went ashore. The captain pointed out the spot where the wreck occurred, and I shuddered as I thought of Dr. Kirschmann, Mr. Abbott and the rest of her passengers, who were saved, clambering over those bleak inhospitable rocks, in the bitter cold and storm, to reach the light-house that looked almost like a speck in the far distance. But just then we hove in sight of a monster iceberg, and the wreck and the rock were forgotten. What a magnificent sight one of these immense masses is as it comes drifting majestically onward, draped in pure white, like a magic isle, floating slowly down from the fairy land of the Aurora Borealis and fading at the kiss of the sun. When we lost sight of this one we were well out into the great Atlantic, and nothing was to be seen but the vast "waste of waters," and I could fully appreciate the feelings which Coleridge makes the Ancient Mariner express so beautifully,

"The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free,
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea."

Though we were not the first to enter the broad Atlantic, yet it was my first introduction to it, and though the captain told me that the part we had just passed was called "the graveyard of the Atlantic," we might well have been the first to sail out into it, so far as any trace of man's presence was to be seen.

But our fair breeze did not last long. Scarcely had we passed out from the shelter of the land when a south-west wind, the prevailing North Atlantic storm wind, began to blow, and the sailors began to get things into shape for a "sou'-wester," as they called it.

All day Sunday it kept getting more and more windy, and the sea began to show signs of the work of the winds, becoming choppy and restless, and by Monday night the

sea had been lashed into a fury, and the waves ran so high that ever and anon a big one would rush along beneath us and our boat would pitch and roll unmercifully.

That night about midnight I was awakened by an immense rush of water which almost washed me out of my berth. Our port had been left open and an enormous sea had broken over the ship, washing in through every opening, and I had received what seemed to me like two or three pails full in this unceremonious manner. Water is good, but large quantities of it, at a very low temperature, applied to the back of your neck, and mixed up with your dreams, is not particularly desirable, and as I danced around on the cold wet floor of my stateroom, and heard the swish-swash of the water which still remained on the deck, the roar of the waves and the mournful howl of the wind, if I could have taken liberties with a certain fine old poem, its first lines would have read thus:

"Backward, turn backward, O time in your flight,
Put me on land again just for to-night."

Next morning the wind had abated somewhat, and the barometer was rising. It is wonderful what respect you come to have for a barometer at sea. I used to pass it by contemptuously as more or less of a humbug, but now I always feel like taking off my hat whenever I pass a barometer. How we did study its fine open countenance, and with what delight that little dark pointer slowly slid down, down, 30, 29, 28:40, until on Wednesday it had reached 28:30, and a man who told me he had crossed the ocean two hundred and forty times, said, "If it goes any lower we may expect anything." But it kept right on going down, and I knew we were in for "anything." As the storm grew worse, ever and anon I would go down and have a look at the barometer, and I always caught someone else there gazing intently at it and looking glum and disappointed or bright and hopeful, according as the pointer went up or down. For seven days, almost, it kept oscillating between 29 and 28, now up, now down, and I often wished I could get in behind it somehow and make that provoking pointer move up more quickly.

Thursday morning the storm was at its height, the big waves pitched and tossed us about like a bit of cork, the wind howled through the riggings like a pack of hungry wolves, and ever and anon a monster wave would strike us amidships and the ship would shiver from stem to stern. I went out on the upper deck, and for a time, holding on to a railing, I stood watching the war of the elements. It was magnificent. After a little you enter into the spirit of the thing. It is a race between the ship and the monsters of the sea, and the prize is your life and that of your fellow passengers. Those giant masses that come madly racing onward over the wild wastes of the deep become living beings, with their white crested heads craned forward in the eagerness of pursuit and their bodies held well in, ready for the final spring. Yonder is a giant, head and shoulders above his fellows, rushing with fell intent, straight down upon the devoted ship, that looks like a pigmy beside him. How you thrill with delight when the gallant ship rises to meet him, crushes him under foot, and for a moment stands poised victorious on his foam crested head, the screw out of water and revolving in tri-