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THE MOURNING OF THE MARINERS.

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The sea-wave smites down at the tall crag's base,
Dashing far skyward flakes of snowy foam,
Far out from shore the heaving billows race,
Nor ever cease the ocean's path to roam ;
Wild is the wind, dim in the earth's great dome
The darkened sun, for that athwart his light
A mantle of malignant mist is thrown,
Hiding his welcome orb from mortal sight,
Too soon, alas ! descend the shades of densest night.

O, comrade, brother toiler, where the wave
Of hoary sea is surging evermore,
Where there is sound of strife, where waters rave
Against this battered peak of island shore,
With bitter tears, with saddened hearts and sore
We lay thee down to rest ; out on the main
The sea-gull sings thy requiem, the roar
Of rushing waters adds a hoarse refrain,—
But where is solace found for souls enslaved in pain ?

W. H. ALEXANDER, '99.

THE DIARY OF A BACHELOR.

I.—ON HIS LOVE AFFAIRS.

How well I remember the first time I fell in love ! She was my cousin, and had blue eyes and flaxen hair. We were both going home from church, and my mother and hers were leaning over the gate talking about a hat, and she was standing alone, and so was I, so I went up to her and said, "Who oo ? me Dodo." "Dottie," she said, and blushed. "Me luts oo Dottie," said I. We kissed good-bye with full parental approval, and I looked upon myself as married. They told me she cried when I went away next day, but I don't believe it. I haven't seen her since. Jerome says one *affaire de cœur* like that is the maximum ; maybe it is—for him—but he isn't me. I fell in love again at seven, and we eloped from a juvenile choir-practice, one Friday night, and got caught in a thunderstorm, and I've never been able to sing since. We wisely concluded we didn't know where we were going, so both went home, and I got strapped. I've had enough of elopements. Next time I elope I'm going to ask papa and marry in the regular way. I never wanted to see Adelia again after that memorable night. It had lasted a whole month, too, and cost me five cents a week for candies, and I only had ten. I always was a spendthrift, pa said. My diary contains no records of engagements for the next eight years, and so I think I must have been shy, for I never lost any time in coming to the point ; but after that comes a period of sensations. I was at a Collegiate and loved the janitor's daughter. I think it started because

she could get the key of the tennis closet when no one else could, and I always liked tennis. She had eyes that were afflicted with an unaccountable desire to gaze into one another's limpid depths and succeeded, to their mutual satisfaction, apparently, for they never seemed to look anywhere else. It lasted two weeks, and all would doubtless have been well only I forgot and let her see me walking with another woman—one of the teachers—and she said she hated fickle men and hit me with a broomstick on the head. I hated her after that.

When I was eighteen the pale, sweet face of a little gypsy maiden melted the quadruple growth of ice from off my heart, and brought me to her feet, but Papa Gypsy wasn't near as nice as Minnie Gypsy was, and he said I was a "fool of a boy." I wasn't. I know most men are boys when they are only eighteen, but I'm not most men—I'm me. I couldn't love a girl who had a relation with such a poor eye for a proper man, so I left. The manner of my leaving was somewhat hurried, to be sure, and there was a big, black dog in it somewhere, but that was the true reason why Minnie wasn't mine—very long.

And now the hardened man of forty-five, who pens these records for your delight, scarce can keep the tears from falling on the pages as he writes of the years that followed upon that last love of his youth—of the period of misfortune and of passion that was real. For I was only nineteen when I met her. Her beauty, her wit, her loftiness of soul and aspiration placed her far above me, yet from this pinnacle she deigned to stoop and love me. That summer passed in a blaze of glory to my eyes and hers, for we saw everything as one in all the abandon of a passion that was true and a devotion that was real. At the last we parted, and for me the glory of the year was gone, and ashes only of the summer's roses dwelt within my heart. Long letters kept the fires burning on the altars of our love for a year, and then, at last—my heart is breaking as I write of it—came a letter from her sister to tell me she was dead. She had been killed in the Alps, and my name fluttered on her lips in death. How coldly do I write of this, the crowning tragedy of life ! To feel again the pressure of her clinging fingers, to hear again the sweetness of her voice, to look again with mortal eyes upon the beauty of her features, to touch again her living lips with mine, what would I not dare and sacrifice ! All my hopes of future happiness I'd barter for an hour—but enough !—the pain is mine, and I alone can feel the bitterness of that living, hopeless death.

Since that day the Wings of Love have fluttered far from me, and I can only watch their transient gleams above the gloomy clouds that circle me around and hug to my empty heart the phantom Love that comes when eyes look into eyes they love not, and lying lips whisper of passion that they know not. Thus has it been for many creeping years with the writer of this exceedingly mournful record, and thus will it ever be until the gates of that great Nothing that lies beyond shall open once again, and all the story has been told.

The night grows cold and my head is drooping o'er the pen that writes, and darkness lies upon my soul ; and thus the tale is told.

C.