

THE VARSITY

A Weekly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Events

VOL. XXI.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, DECEMBER 18, 1901.

No. 10



RETROSPECT.

(Varsity Residence—1892).

Home to the low grey cloister, laughing, glad,
How often once we wandered when the dusk
Was falling cold along the wintry streets !
How often, light of heart, in merrier days
Home, home we thronged along the twilight path,
Calling with comrade voices through the dark,
Across the quiet snow where glimmered warm
The welcome lights, the old dark-raftered Hall !
Where woke and died the solemn evening bells,
Home through a wintry country then we went
With hearts that knew not once the twilight touch,
And eyes that turned not back to other days ;
Wistful at times, but happy in our youth ;
Happy in new-found faiths, and hopes not lost ;
Happy in Her that stood a home for us ;
Happy in days that held us comrades all ;
Caring so little for the weight of life,
Saddened so seldom with the dust of dreams !

But where are now those comrade calling voices ?
Where are they now, the friends we held so close ?
The dreams we held so dear ? Into the world
They went ; and nevermore shall come to me
A friend so good, a dream so gold again !
Into the world they went, and fell away,
Ay, paled and fell and drifted, as the leaves
That idly sweep the Park so altered now,
The alien Campus, and the changed Ravine !

Yet dream on vanished dream, and friend on friend,
They still abide with me, for through the years
Of clamor, through the fever and the dust,

At times how all the old fond faces throng,
At times how all the comrade voices call !
And like the withered roses that were worn
By one that is no more, they lure me back
To that lost youth, whose golden days are sad,
In that they know not once how gold they are !

—ARTHUR J. STRINGER.



ARTHUR J. STRINGER.