

THE VARSITY.

TO A WATER LILY.

Lily is growing so stately and slender
Up from the glen where the dark waters lie ;
Dost thou fear the shadowy silence beneath thee ?
Canst thou read all the future with face to the sky ?
Ah, Lily white Lily ! we gladly enwreath thee
Emblem of truth that never shall die.

The night breeze is lingering with death-sighs about thee
Alone ! 'neath the stars he has sought for thine eye,
Thy fragrance subdued by the pall that broods o'er thee,
Shall never be borne by the Zephyr on high,
Ah breeze, sighing breeze ! thou too hast a story
Sad to mankind that for truth some must die.

Afar in the east the red token of morrow
Proclaims that the Sun God rides over the lea
Thy petals will ope at the touch of the morning
Thy dew-drops will glisten like gems from the sea
Then flower, fair white flower ! the wave-lets adorning
Emblem of truth that soon shall be free.

—MATHESIS.

LONDONDERRY.

To be told, on going to bed, that we would be roused the next morning at six, that breakfast would follow, and that everything must be ready to be transferred to the tender immediately after, is welcome enough, even if somewhat disturbing news after the monotony of a sea voyage. Then the next morning, after rising and getting breakfast, eaten for some reason or other without interest and in a hurry, we rushed on deck hoping to see the sun glittering on the dewy hills of Ireland. But our arrival on deck only showed that the ship was surrounded by a fog more wetting than a rain, and instead of that "fine, bold coast" of which we hear so much, we could only catch an occasional glimpse of some misty headland.

Still, though we could make out but little in the distance, there was great activity close by among the sailors ; ropes were being hauled about, the deck hands were making the gangway ready, and the baggage of those passengers leaving the steamer at Moville was being stacked in a convenient place. And all this time the ship was moving quietly along, and every minute or two the ordinary noises of shipboard would be drowned out in the hoarse roar of the foghorn.

Suddenly there is a weak little toot, and out of the mist appears the tender. After a little manœuvring, she ranges up alongside. While we are saying farewell to our fellow-passengers—we have already done so probably half-a-dozen times on false alarms, but nobody thinks about that—the gangway has been laid, the mails and baggage carried over, and now it is our turn to go. The moment we set foot on the tender, the ropes are cast off, and in a minute the great liner is lost in the fog.

The thump and shake of the little tender might warn us that we were on a craft that was not intended for a journey any great distance from shore, and so it proved. The mist began to blow off, and very soon land was quite plain on the right and then on the left ; we had in fact entered Lough Foyle. The banks of the lough kept steadily encroaching, so that the lough, with the river entering it at the upper end, would not be badly represented by a funnel flattened out. As the shores approached us we could see the fields stretching back to where the hills met the sky. And the fields certainly were green—a brilliant green—the green of an early springtime ; and this particular morning was in June, in fact it was Jubilee Day. Yet there did not seem to be anything supernatural

about the greenness, for surely if any country were drenched with rain and mist, as Ireland seems to be, its fields would probably produce an equally good shade.

After a while we passed a place where the banks came close together, and the look-out told me that it was just there that the Jacobites laid the boom in the famous siege of Derry in 1689. The fog had almost cleared off by this time, and we were able to make out spires in the distance. These turned out to belong to the city of Derry.

Soon after we entered the harbor, and, as the tender rounded up to the dock, I noticed a crowd of porters standing on the wharf and trying to get the attention of the passengers. They kept gesticulating wildly, and pointing to numbers, which seemed to be license-tags, on their breasts. No sooner was the gangway in position than these men rushed on board and began fighting amongst themselves for the baggage. I remember two fellows in particular who, at different ends of a trunk, each grabbed the handle which was beside him. They rushed off ashore with it. I thought they must be partners, but as soon as they set foot on land they commenced to pull in opposite directions. They each began to shout that it was their "fare." The swearing grew louder, and the tugging and wrenching more violent. Every moment I expected to see the unfortunate trunk, which was squeaking and straining ominously, give way. Suddenly the two let the trunk fall with a crash, and devoted all their time to each other. Things were just getting interesting when a big constable sauntered up, stepped forward and, seizing each of the worthies by the collar of his coat, he jerked them apart, and sent them spinning in different directions.

But notwithstanding such little interruptions as these, our luggage was soon landed and put through the custom house. When we came out on the streets we were reminded that it was Jubilee Day, for the streets were hung with bunting, the shops were closed, and the people, who appeared to be dressed in their Sunday best, were strolling about in an aimless kind of way. One of their favorite walks seemed to be round the walls, and to a stranger, anyhow, there are many interesting things about the walls, most of them of course recalling the great siege of 1688. At one point there stands a monument to Col. Walker, one of the most gallant defenders of the city. Further on lies "Old Meg," a veteran gun, which still occupies a position of honor on one of the bastions. Then there is a cathedral in Derry, where many of the founders of the town in the time of the plantation were buried.

It seems at present to be rather a sleepy old place, and I dare say that if the transatlantic mails were not landed here it would be even more sleepy than it is now. Its trade has no doubt suffered, too, from the vicinity of Belfast, which, like so many cities, has grown at the expense of the neighboring country.

Later in the day the sun, which in the earlier morning had driven off the fog, was in his turn subdued, and the weather settled down for a serious rainfall, which seemed, so far at least as a stranger could judge, to have no intention of stopping. We were for this reason only too glad to get an afternoon train for Belfast, our journey's end, yet sorry at the same time to leave the lingering town with a history for what is said to be the most "American" city in Europe.

W. A. R. KERR.

"To choose to-day, and day by day, the very best that you know, is the sole secret of success and happiness. This is not a dry precept but a cold hard fact. It is worth \$1,000 a month to you if you know how to act upon it. It is not a truth of the books, nor of the preachers, nor of John the Baptist, nor of Plato nor Emerson ; but it is true right here on the campus for you to-day."—David Starr Jordan.