

of what inestimable value this feature is in an Oxford education.

The social side of Oxford life is, however, claimed to be of almost as great importance in giving culture and breadth of mind as the strictly literary side of the institution. Just as in any other part of England the men do not go up and speak to each other without an introduction, but that once given they are very friendly, and the custom prevails among them of asking one another in to afternoon teas. Each man keeps everything necessary for this in his own room, and not only makes the tea himself but waits upon his guests, bringing biscuits and other similar dainties out of his little storehouse. After their cup of tea or two they all draw their chairs more closely around the fireplace, and then in the twilight before the blazing fire they sit and talk of the Boer war, or of the inevitable conflict with Russia, or when France will force them to teach her manners, or of the feeling in the United States towards England, or they ask you about Canada and how the French and English get along together; but the favorite topic is socialism or some form of it, such as old age pensions. It is wonderful how interesting these talks are, and yet it is not a wonder either that they are valued so highly especially when you remember that in such occasions you meet not only English and Scotch but also Swiss, French, Germans, Americans, Australians, Hindoos and even an occasional Ethiopian.

I should like to go on and tell of the famous debating society where still a young Cecil and an Asquith are among its best speakers, or I should like to tell of the college sports and particularly of the boating and the May races when Oxford is full of life and color. Some might like to hear of quaint old practises still kept up, or of the strange Oxford slang terms such as Maggus' Memugger for Martyrs' Memorial, but though all these and many other things have to be left

untold, yet I hope I have said sufficient to show that a year at Oxford is among the most pleasant of treats that anyone can either have had or look forward to.

L. CAESAR.

PORT HOPE.

In Legislative Halls.

The opening of a new session of the Dominion Parliament at Ottawa seldom has a more appreciative gallery audience than that which witnessed the pseudo-session held in the Assembly Hall on Friday, Nov. 16th. When the Speaker, Sir Daniel Webster, attended by the formidable sergeant-at-arms and the Clerk of the House entered and proceeded to the dais, the members took their places "on the floor of the House," and assumed that look of semi logical apprehension of the affairs of state that is becoming to members of Parliament.

The speaker with befitting pomposity opened the session. The Speech from the Throne was read by Lieut. Wilson, aide-de-camp to Her Majesty's representative in these fair domains. The drafting of a reply to the speech was moved in due course by Mr. Amoss, member for Tenortown, who waxed eloquent over his grandfather's apple trees and things. He was ably seconded by the member from the Back Woods, Mr. Wade, whose maiden effort shed much lustre over the rear government benches. Mr. McKay, opposition leader, made a spirited attack on the methods and plans of the government, whereat the Prime Minister rose to the rescue of his crumbling policy, and poured forth such torrents of eloquence that the opposition siege-engines were swept ignominiously back. A fiery altercation arose between the opposing leaders, and it required the soothing application of some Latin authorities from the Speaker's chair to quell the rising storm.

Messrs. Lewis and Sprott discussed