

We now come to Loch Lomond, "the Queen of Scottish Lakes," upon whose shores heroes fought, by whose bonnie banks lovers wooed and of whose beauty and charm poets delight to sing. A victory was gained over the Colquhouns of Luss in this vicinity by Rob Roy MacGregor, the gallant "hielan" outlaw. On the east side of the Loch may be seen the mighty Ben Lomond, by whose sides the clouds of the morning have lingered to obscure our vision and hide its stately head. On that side also is the unassuming little waterfall the scene of Wordsworth's "Highland Girl:"

And these gray rocks this household lawn ;
 These trees a veil just half withdrawn ;
 This fall of water that doth make
 A murmur near the silent lake ;
 This little bay, a quiet road
 That holds in shelter thy abode —
 In truth together do ye seem
 Like something fashioned in a dream.

About forty miles north of Craigendoran we come to what may be termed the watershed of Scotland. It is over a thousand feet in height and the streams make their way either for the Atlantic or German Ocean. No one who travelled this road can forget the horse-shoe loop at Auch. A fast run down a moderate incline by the mountain side brings us over the first part of the loop, the train takes a sudden swing to the left and as we remark upon the pleasantness of the sensation and adjust ourselves in the seat, she thunders over an elevated viaduct and before we have time to take a right look at the beautiful valley beneath she again swings to the left going now in the opposite direction of the minute before, but a graceful sweep around the foot of Ben Doran brings us into the proper course again! Ben Doran is a stately peak about which Ossian wrote more than one ode, and Duncan Ban MacIntyre also sang of its charms in no inharmonious notes.

The scenery now takes a sudden and decided change. Instead of winding over curves, running thro' glens or by the hill sides we launch out upon Rannoch Moor, the great table land of Scotland. Seventy miles long by twenty broad is the extent of this moor. Before the whistle of the steam engine awoke the surrounding hills, its solitude was broken only by the scream of the eagle and the whirr of the black-cock. Scolloped hills, rising in the distant horizon, constitute the back ground to this dark and dreary waste, while rocks, bogs and heather figure in the foreground, with moorfowls and gnarled representatives of the ancient Caledonian Forest as the only relief to the monotony, or the only variety added to the sublime simplicity of a lonely moor.

There is no need of stations in this part so the train goes at a very fast rate, rocking its way over the moor, for it is impossible to get very firm foundation for a road. But notwithstanding its solitude, a moor has a peculiar fascination, and before we are aware of it, the barren moorland is exchanged for a country of rugged grandeur. As we approach the end of Loch Ossian, we obtain a glorious sight of those mountains with whose euphonic names we had been familiarized thro' the stories and songs of our gaelic fathers. Ben Breach is to the west, Ben Nevis with the peaks of Lochaber in front and to the south are Aonadh Beag, Aonadh Mor, Bennein Mor, Bennein Beig and Sgorro Bhan! Ben Nevis (4,406) is the highest mountain in the British Isles and on its summit is a permanent observatory, completed eight years ago and equipped with various self-recording instruments. Observations are made every hour as to barometric pressure, temperature, humidity and rainfall, and are immediately reported in London and other places. As Fort William, tho' a beautifully situated little town on Loch Linnhe, the ancient seat of the Camerons, is not so much the attraction in this part as Ben Nevis to which tourists immediately proceed by coach this article may not be inaptly ended by quoting Keats' meditative and noble sonnet on that mountain:

Read me a lesson, muse and speak it loud
 Upon the top of Nevis blind in mist!
 I look into a chasm and a shroud
 Vaporous doth hide them—just so much I wist
 Mankind doth know of hell; I look o'erhead
 And there is sullen mist, even so much
 Mankind can tell of Heaven; mist is spread
 Before the earth, beneath me,—even such
 Even so vague is man's sight of himself!
 Here are the craggy stones beneath my feet,—
 Thus much I know that, a poor witless elf,
 I tread on them,—that all my eye doth meet
 Is mist and crag, not only on this height,
 But in the world of thought and mental might!

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THE COLONIAL AT OXFORD.

I have in former numbers of the JOURNAL endeavoured to depict, however imperfectly, certain aspects of Oxford life, but letters which I have received and questions which have been put to me have led me to think that a more general article might not be wholly uninteresting to any who may think of visiting either of the great English universities. I shall therefore try to give in outline a short account of the courses of study which may be pursued at Oxford, of the expenses which life there entails, and of the type of character which the university tends to stamp upon its students.