

what is wanted. It is surely greatly to be deplored that Canadians are forced to look to foreign countries for their advanced educational work, when it is easily within the power of the old-established and wealthy universities of the Mother Country to offer them equal or greater advantage, and until Canada is herself able to take up the work (and the failure of the course lately instituted in one of our own universities would seem to indicate that the time is not yet ripe for such a step) it is to be hoped that Oxford and Cambridge will do what seems to be their duty in these days of closer imperial relations and institute the needed courses. The institution of such courses of study would undoubtedly involve a great deal of change and trouble, and change in anything connected with such conservative bodies as Oxford and Cambridge means considerable time, but it is still sincerely to be hoped that in the not very distant future steps may be taken in this direction.

AT THE EIGHTS.

The last night of the Eights had come and all the world of Oxford was streaming to the river. There is no prettier sight on earth than the Isis in Eights' week. The stream was crowded with boats—all sorts of boats—from the family ark, warranted not to capsize under any circumstances, to the dainty punt and still more dainty "Canader," fitted up with a complete crew of two and a dog. A band was playing on the 'Varsity barge, from the mast of which floated a long line of College flags arranged in the order of starting. All along the Christ Church meadows, from the Cherwell to Salter's green boathouse which marks the limit of the course, lay the College barges, decked out with their flags and filled with the fair sisters and cousins of countless undergrads. The dresses of these charming visitors would require the pen of "On Dit" or "Chit-Chat" to do justice; with them, as Byron says, "I won't stay puzzling;" their beauty, of course, is still more indescribable. In short, it would be difficult to say which gave the more pleasure, the freshness of their complexions or the naiveness of their remarks.

I had succeeded in getting good places on the Magdalen barge for my cousin Phyllis and her friend Miss Mortimer. The latter was an old acquaintance of my cousin's,—they had been at school together in Toronto, when Phyllis was living in Canada with my uncle,—and now with her mother she was paying a first visit to England. I forget the name of the place where they lived, but I remember that it ended in —ville, though I fear the termination is too common in that part of the world to afford much information. Phyllis and I had spent the whole morning showing them round the colleges and endeavouring to satisfy their curiosity about everything they saw. I was already quite worn out with the unwonted labour of explanation, and I groaned inwardly as Miss Mortimer once more turned her battery of questions upon me. Her conversation was like a gymnastic display, the manner in which she leapt from subject to subject reminding one of nothing so much as the "business" of the lady rider at the circus, who takes hoop after hoop in her marvellous career. Phyllis had prudently engaged herself in a discussion with Lister as to the merits of the various crews and so placed herself out of range, while I bore alone the fire of Miss Mortimer's artillery. "What is that for?" asked the latter as a gun was fired down in the direction of Ifley. "That," I explained, "means there are only five minutes more before the start; another gun goes at the minute and a third when the races begin. You see," I continued, in answer to another question, "the boats start one behind the other, with an interval of two boats lengths between, and their object is to touch or 'bump' the boat in front." "What happens then?" "On the next night the bumper and the bumped change places. The aim

of every boat is to get as high on the river as possible before the end of the week." "Phyllis tells me," she said, "that you hope to go 'head of the river,' 'that means to become the top boat, I suppose." My cousin's interest in the race was due to the fact that she had a brother rowing in the Magdalen eight. "Yes," I replied, "we hope to pull it off to-night. We have been after Brasenose every night, but so far they have escaped us, and this is our last chance." "How is the order settled at the beginning of the week?" "That is determined by the final order of the previous year." "I think I understand now, it's rather like the caucus race in 'Alice in Wonderland.' By the way," she continued—and I saw that she was about to take another hoop—"is it true that those stories of Alice were really told here on the river?" "Yes," I replied, following her dizzy flight, "this is Wonderland, look around you." "And Mr. Carroll is a professor of Christ Church College, is he not?" "Yes," I answered, "he's a Don at the House," and, my evil genius tempting me, I added, "Christ Church, that is, we don't call it a college." "But why?" she said, with a bewildered look, "it is a college, isn't it?" "Yes, but it is also a cathedral; we went over it this morning, you remember." "But," she persisted, "how can it be both a college and a cathedral?" "On the same principle," I replied, "as Mr. Dodgson and Lewis Carroll, are combined in the same person." "What subjects does Mr. Carroll lecture on?" she next asked. "Lewis Carroll," I answered, "doesn't lecture at all—except by accident occasionally, in 'Sylvie and Bruno' for example,—but Mr. Dodgson lectures on mathematics, and has written several books on the subject." "The sort of thing he writes in the 'Srk,' I suppose, 'two added to one, if that could but be done.'" "Not at all," I said, "that is Lewis Carroll, you mustn't confuse the two. Mr. Dodgson works out the odds on Hiawatha as favourite for the 'Derby,' and writes on the Calculus and that sort of thing. Sometimes the two collaborate; at present, for example, they are engaged on a new edition of Euclid for the use of Dons." "For the use of Dons?" "Yes," I replied, "members of Congregation, or the Hebdomadal Council, or some such benighted body. They find it very useful." "And is it amusing?" "Sometimes; he has only got to Proposition one at present. He hasn't been able to get any further owing to the opposition raised against the third postulate." "What was that?" "Let it be granted that anyone may speak at any length on any subject at any distance from that subject." "It certainly does seem rather a doubtful thing to grant," she remarked, smiling. "It was for some time," I answered, "but now it is an accepted principle." "Is that so?" This remark made me smile. I had heard it many times in the course of the day. At first I took it for scepticism, but I had discovered by this that it was a formula and not a question. At this moment Miss Phyllis condescended to join again in our conversation, and brought us back to the subject of the day, from which her companion's acrobatic feats had far removed us.

"Don't you think it horrid of B.N.C. to stay head so long," she asked? "Beastly mean," I conceded. "Why, they've been head five nights now," continued Miss Phyllis in a plaintive tone. "I do think they might let us go up a bit. Ours is a better boat, too—we gain on them every night." "Better mention it to the B.N.C. stroke," I said, "hint that you'll keep him a dance to-morrow if he lets us catch him." At this moment our attention was diverted by the sound of the minute gun. "Another minute," I said, "they're pushing out now." Our eyes are straining to the unseen stretch of towpath which lies behind the willows. Bang! goes the gun for the start, and a low swelling murmur succeeds the silence of excited waiting. The shouts of the men running with the boats reach us, softened by the distance. "We shall see them in a moment—here they come!" A cloud of dust