

MR. RHODES AND GREATER OXFORD

THE wind of public opinion, whether blowing in these islands or across the world at large, is an airy thing from which gales and sudden changes are to be expected; but it seldom veers so swiftly and so completely as it has done in these few days since the death of Cecil Rhodes. A month ago his name was one of sinister, or, at least, of doubtful import: to the Continent of Europe he was one of the two villains of a great tragedy, to the American an unusually dangerous millionaire, to the pro-Boer a horrible city nightmare, a kind of Gog to Mr. Chamberlain's Magog; even among his own countrymen the more thoughtful remembered unhappily that he had forgotten his great responsibilities as a minister when he countenanced a raid upon a neighbouring State; even the dispassionate student of character found him a sombre and incomplete outline, a huge note of interrogation: few were left beside the Jingo stockbroker to defend him wholeheartedly. And now that the sheet has been drawn away and the colossal statue is there before us, it is probably the materialist and the mere financier who least admire it, while the rest of the crowd is confessedly moved at the first sight of a great conception so high above the level of the marketplace.

We do not believe that this change in feeling is only a