

which were then set up for sale in the window of the dingy barber shop in Maiden Lane. During this earlier portion of his life, too, he fell deeply in love with a young lady to whom he became engaged; but his letters were intercepted, the lady married someone else, and Turner never cared for another.

Feeling the necessity for studying from nature herself, he now began touring through England, chiefly on foot, and continually sketching landscapes and cathedrals, first with photographic faithfulness, then with those marvellous branchings off into the realms of pure fancy which made his pictures not representations, but poems. Often a cathedral or a landscape but gave him a suggestion for a fairy architectural creation peopled with classic figures and ablaze with the sunlight of the south. On some of these excursions he was accompanied by his friend, Tom Girtin, who, had he lived, might have become a rival.

In 1779 Turner was made an Associate, and in 1802 a Member of the Royal Academy, and during the sixty years during which he was connected with it, he only missed exhibiting four times. In all, three hundred of his pictures were hung in the Academy. His energy and industry were prodigious. In the National Gallery to-day, in addition to his paintings, may be seen nineteen thousand sheets of his drawings, on some of which several subjects appear. Many of these sketches and much of his inspiration were due to trips on the continent, especially in Italy, where he found no stint of the light and transparency in air and water which appealed to him so strongly.

As money became more plentiful he removed to chambers of his own, taking his father with him. For twenty-seven years they lived together thus, the old man stretching the canvases, cooking the meals, and often, it is said, accepting tips from those to whom he showed the artist's paintings and who mistook him for a servant. Later he took a large house on Queen Anne street, and a villa at Twickenham, to which he often repaired, sometimes in company with Chantrey, the great sculptor, for a season's study or fishing.

During these years in Queen Anne street, he painted some of his greatest works, Trafalgar, Apollo and the Python, Dewy Morning, Somer Hill, Dido Building Carthage, and others. A strange feature of his life was the bitter rivalry which he set up against Claude Lorraine, who lived 175 years before Turner was born. In the National Gallery to-day two of Turner's works, Dido Building Carthage and Sun Rising Through a Vapor, are not in the Turner gallery. They hang immediately between two paintings by Claude, and were bequeathed to the nation by Turner only on condition that they should hang there in perpetuity to show his superiority over this, his rival.

Great as Turner is, however, there are those who still prefer to him the artist whom he thus strove to thrust beneath him.

Turner's greatest picture is, undisputedly, The Old Temeraire, typifying the passing of an era in naval warfare, as well as that of a famous warship. Thornbury has written of it, "As a picture it is the most glorious consummation of coloring ever painted by English fingers or seen by English eyes. In exquisite transparency it surpasses water colors; in strength it transcends oils. It is the noblest English poem founded on English scenery and English events ever thrown on canvas."

During the last ten years of his life Turner painted wildly, the products of a disordered imagination, and few of his pictures of this time are counted among his best. Though failing in health, he used often at this period to go off for weeks, leaving little clue as to where he might be found. In December, 1851, he went away thus, and his housekeeper becoming uneasy, searched for him, and at last found him in a humble cottage by the Thames, where he died a few days later. He was

buried in great state in St. Paul's Cathedral, as he had desired, by the side of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

By his will he left his unsold pictures to the nation, and the fortune which he had amassed, \$700,000, to building a Home for unsuccessful male artists. His relatives, however, broke the will, and this last wish was never realized.

Turner was one of the strangest anomalies that ever lived. He drank gin, often to excess; was penurious, filthy as to personal appearance and

amongst the pleasant happenings which were crowded into that memorable day at grand old Oxford were those which added two more links to the little chain of incidents which has been perpetually bringing into touch the land of my birth with the land of my adoption. First of all my welcome had come from a member of a well-known Ontario family, many members of which had been associated with the educational and social life of Canada, and who, by her marriage with a gentleman hold-

hold; but vivid as are its contrasts nothing can detract from its harmony as a whole, or so it seemed to me on that bright July day when the sun shone brightly and lighted up every nook and cranny of buildings which, many of them, were hoary with age.

With very little attempt at detail or description, I will now just take the jottings from my notebook of the spots I actually visited, accompanied by such of their illustrations as our indulgent editor can grant us space for.

I. The Tower of Oxford Castle in the turret of which is still seen the "Empress Maud's Doorway." This tower is all that practically remains of the old castle.

II. The front of Christ Church, with the "Tom" Tower, so called because it contains "Great Tom," a bell formerly belonging to Osney Abbey, recast in 1680, and weighing 18,000 pounds. Great Tom tolls a curfew of 101 strokes as a signal for the closing of college gates.

In the little tower to the left of our picture may be seen the window of the quarters occupied by the author of "Alice in Wonderland."

III. Amongst special points of interest in the High St. were the Church and Porch of St. Mary-the-Virgin, the latter being of picturesque Italian architecture. I was told that in the early autumn it formed a most charming picture when the whole south side of the church is literally "festooned with clinging foliage, all aglow with crimson."

On a marble slab in the floor of the chancel of this church is inscribed the fact that "in a vault of brick at the upper end of the choir" lies Amy Robsart, the ill-fated heroine of Sir Walter Scott's "Kenilworth"; her body had been conveyed to Oxford from Comnor Hall, some four miles distant, and there buried on Sunday, 22nd September, 1560, having lain in state at Gloucester Hall, now known as Worcester College. It was to the chancel of this church that Crammer, Ridley and Latimer were cited, on 14th April, 1554, for their celebrated doctrinal disputation with the learned doctors of Oxford and Cambridge.

IV. Magdalen College pronounced Maudlin, one of the most beautiful of the colleges of Oxford. The college buildings form four quadrangles, covering an area of twelve acres, whilst its grounds occupy nearly one hundred more. These include "the lawns and gardens, the shaded water walks beloved by Addison, where within a stone's throw of the High St. itself, deer are quietly browsing under huge elms, with their cawing rooks, as though the haunts of men were distant and forgotten."

In the south-east angle projects a carved and canopied stone pulpit, from which was formerly delivered a special sermon on St. John the Baptist's Day, to a congregation assembled in the quadrangle below, the ground of which had been strewn with rushes and grass, and the buildings decked with green boughs in commemoration of the preaching in the wilderness of John the Baptist. This custom fell into disuse as long ago as 1759, the annual university sermon being preached in the college chapel until 1896. Since then the open-air service was revived and it is to be hoped that interesting custom may not again be dropped.

H. A. B.

(To be continued.)

WHAT THE "BANNER" THINKS OF "CARMICHAEL."

"The story is told in the most unaffected way, and in the cleanest of good English. One of the chief charms of the book . . . is the deep and delicious freshness of woodland nature which abounds from beginning to end. The very smell of the forest, the bleat of a lost sheep in the summer thunder-storm, the rippling of water through deep clinging tangles of undergrowth, and the 'golden eagle,' a hawk 'with the sunlight on its wings,' all add to the sweet and refreshing nature of the story. The happy ending is not the least of its charms."—[Nashville, Tenn., Banner, U.S.]



Magdalen College, Cloister Quadrangle, Oxford.

the rooms in which he worked; yet his dreams were of the gods, and his fancy roaming in Elysian fields he has bequeathed to us in one of the most remarkable collections of pictures ever painted, and which proclaims him, perhaps for all time, as Britain's greatest landscape painter.

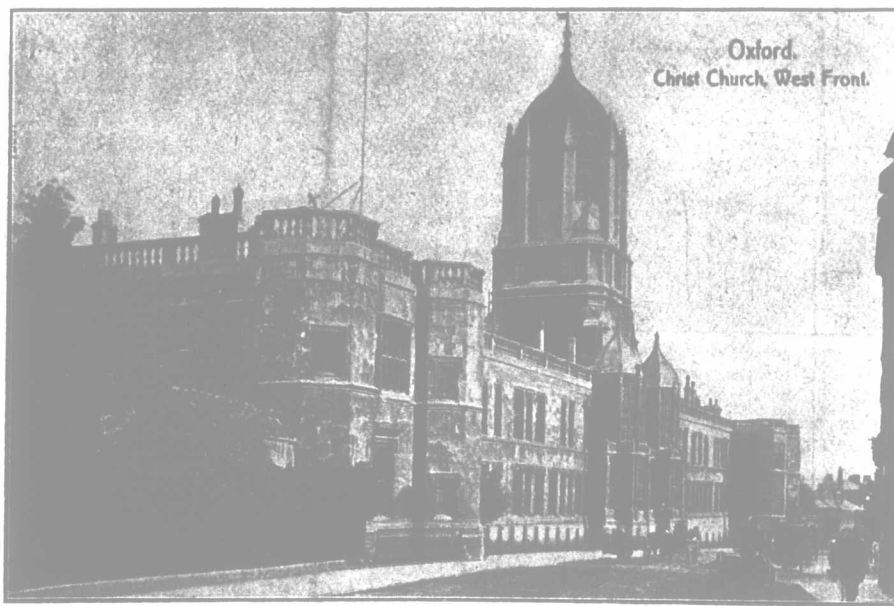
OUR ENGLISH LETTER. SOMETHING ABOUT OXFORD.

II.

At last I have been able to carry out a long-cherished wish, at least in part. I have seen something of Oxford, just enough to give me a more intelligent comprehension of its many beauties and a somewhat clearer understanding of why this ancient seat of learning should have

ing a high official position at the University, had many opportunities afforded her of manifesting the keen appreciation felt by a cultured Canadian lady of her exceptional environment, and secondly, through her introduction of myself as "also a Canadian," the receiving of two independent testimonies to the marked ability shown by two young Canadians, in no way connected with one another, and yet both bearing the same name and members of different colleges. "They will do credit not only to their University, but also to Canada."

The story of this wonderful place has been over and over again told by the pen of the historian, and by the brush of the painter, whilst to the writer of fiction it has been such



Christ Church, Oxford.

Where the cross is placed over the tower is the window of the apartments where lived the author of Alice in Wonderland.

had so marked an influence upon the history of the motherland.

True, I had but a bird's-eye view of it, for my visit, alas! had to be limited to hours, instead of days, but what I did see is imprinted upon my memory, emphasized by the excellent illustrations given me by the kind Canadian friend who now calls Oxford "home," and at whose invitation I had come.

MORE LINKS WITH CANADA.

Perhaps not the least pleasurable

an unending source of supply that it has become a little difficult for the mere superficial reader to separate the real from the unreal. There is nothing like "seeing" to ensure "believing," and perhaps of no spot in historical old England can this be more truly said than of Oxford. In itself it is a veritable fairyland, nature bravely holding her own in swift flowing river, greensward, and grand old trees in the very heart of the centers in which the intellect of man has sought to build its strong-