

Though Power should make from land to land
The name of Britain trebly great
Though every channel of the state
Should almost choke with golden sand—

Yet waft me from the harbour-mouth,
Wild wind ! I seek a warmer sky,
And I will see before I die
The palms and temples of the South."

H. M.

(Continued.)

Eights' Week at Oxford.

The final day of the week's races had come, and hundreds of people left London, as I did, by the Express from Paddington, to see the momentous question decided as to who should hold the coveted position of head of the river for the coming year.

During luncheon I was initiated into the mysteries of Oxford boat-racing by my hosts, University College men, whose slender appetites shamed my tourist one, until I learned they were in training to "run with" their boat and join the wild and howling multitude, which I afterwards saw following the different crews to encourage them by their shouts. Magdalen had the day before "bumped" Brasenose, and attained first place. Would they keep it in to-day's race?

The system of boat-racing in vogue on the Thames where the narrow body of water does not allow two boats to row abreast is both unique and puzzling to a stranger.

The twenty-three college crews which took part were divided twelve in each race—Merton leading one and bringing up the rear in the other. At Iffley Lock, the starting point, the boats are ranged in line, at equal distances one behind the other. The course is about a mile to Folly Bridge, the finishing point, and the object of each crew is to overtake and with their boat "bump" the stern of the boat ahead, which then, in the list of college crews kept, goes down one place, the crew which "bumped" them stepping up.

Hurriedly finishing our coffee and cigarettes, as my friends had to get into running costume, we hastened through the broad and beautiful walks of Christ Church Meadows, shaded by great spreading elm-trees to the banks of the classic Isis.

The scene was one of gaiety and beauty hardly surpassed by that of Henley Regatta. On the Oxfordshire side of the river, which is rather wider here than I expected, were moored to the bank the "barges," large, flat-bottomed boats which belong to the different colleges, and serve on ordinary occasions as floating club-houses.

For the "Eights," they are very gaily decorated with the colors of their college, and numerous flags; below are bands of music to enliven the periods of waiting, and their upper decks are crowded with on-lookers, the friends and relations of the men of that particular college.

The river is a constant scene of animation, shells fully manned awaiting the summons to the starting point, boys in scant apparel poling boat-loads of spectators from one bank to the other, while dogs, and

occasionally men, entertain and amuse us by their aquatic feats.

One must enjoy to the full the model surroundings and charming views of the fresh May landscape, for the race itself is rather disappointing. Little of it can be seen owing to the curves of the river and the barges moored above and below us; but when the procession of boats passes our barge, a great shout is raised, for the crew in blue and gold has "bumped" Merton, and "Unio" is up a place.

Now all is over. *Le roi est mort. Vive le roi!* and amid loud hurrahs and deafening sounds of "the rattle," Magdalen is hailed as Head of the River.

H. I. B.

All Italia.

Ricordo con dolor quel giorno affitto,
Oh rimembranze triste e tristi guai !
Quando inconscio, da te m'allontanai
Paese caro a me, me derelitto !

Etal qual Pirro, quando fu sconfitto,
Indegno del baglior d'Itali rai ;
Vergognoso io piansi e sospirai,
Quantunque mi partii col core invito.

L'onde furiose mi portaron via
Da te, Napoli bella ! lembo del cielo !
Da te giardino caro, O Italia mia !
Nel Canada, dove il perpetuo gelo
Diaccia il mio core ; nè, meno di pria,
Vederti sempre ed ammirarti anelo.

GIROLAMO INTERNOSCIA.

Montreal, 15 November, 1892.

The Absent Student to his Love.

O joy of my heart, O delight of my eyes,
The gracious, the lovely, the queenly, the wise,
The pride of the land, the renowned among men,
How I long to return to thee, darling, again !

A glorious course thou hast ordered for me,
To my hopes thou hast offered a lofty degree,
Thou hast opened the treasures of time to my ken ;
How I long to return to thee, darling, again !

Each morning beheld me ascend to thy shrine,
Each evening returned and attested me thine ;
As the eagle his nest, as the lion his den,
I have sought thine abode and will seek it again.

You have mansions palatial, profusion of wealth,
You reside in a quarter that's good for the health ;
Tho' you numbered your suitors one thousand and ten,
You favored my suit, I will suit you again.

I swore to observe you, and meant it, I think ;
I swore it on paper and signed it in ink :
You have asked me next week to a *supp*, darling, then
I'll return to my dear Alma Mater again.

CAP'N GOWN.

Varsity Match.

On Wednesday evening, November 9th, the University team, accompanied by their faithful manager, J. L. Walker, Med. '93, and two solitary but irrepressible admirers, left the Bonaventure Depot for Toronto in