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THE OLD BOYS.

Don't you remember, Tom
The "long long ago,"
When we two were boys, Tom ;
Hair was not like snow,
Cheeks were plump and russet then,
Hearts brimful of light,
Step was more elastic
Than it is to-night.

How the years are racing, Tom !
How one's friends depart !
How our darling idols
Are pluck'd out from the heart ;
The hopes we cherished once, Tom,
The loves we'd freely vow,
Scarcely any form part
Of our history now.

Little Maggie Morton,
She was only yours,
Dont you mind a-courting
Her, across the moors ?
Gentle, bashful Maggie,
Quiet as a nun,
I could never understand
How her heart you won.

Peggy May was mine, Tom,
Could the Gods enlow
Maiden with more glorious eyes,
With more noble brow ?
Heaven was on earth then,
Heart-ease at her feet ;
I shall know her darling face
When in Heaven we meet.

The master is dead, Tom,
The school-house tumbled down,
Peggy's once-white cottage,
Is now a musty brown ;
She and Mag lie yonder,
'Neath the willows sigh,
And the breezes echo
Our mournful lullaby.

Here are you and I, Tom,
All of all the boys,
Talking of past sorrows
Chatting of old joys,
Both of us knew trouble Tom,
Both of us lost love,
We'll keep friends and one day meet
Feg and Mag above.

W. G. B.

OXFORD IN THE VACATION.

" Like a rich gem, in circling gold enshrined,
Where Isis' waters wind
Along the sweetest shore
That ever felt fair Culture's hands,
Or Spring's embroidered mantle wore,
Lo ! where majestic Oxford stands."

I drove into the classic city on the Isis, last September, just as the great bell "Tom of Oxford" in the entrance tower of Christ Church College was tolling its curfew. Its gownsmen were absent enjoying their vacation ; its Colleges were deserted and in a sense dismal. Nothing remained to recall the personality of the students, but thousands of names pencilled and carved on walls, on desks and doors,—no where more lavishly than in the octagonal chamber of the Sheldonian Theatre, where a wag has added the motto "*Nomine stultorum ubique locorum.*" But Oxford is unique, and may be said to be never more imposing than when empty.

It scarcely needed the recollection that here King Alfred and Canute had lived, that here Ridley, Latimer and Cranmer had suffered martyrdom ; that Oxford had been the garden of many of England's noblest, as well as narrowest minds, to inspire one's thought and feeling. Its natural situation and surroundings, its rich meadows and poetic stream, its magnificent approach, and its ancient history, never weary the stroller. Yet for the nonce these charms seem eclipsed in admiration of its splendid academic architecture : domes, towers and turrets rising to the sky in rich profusion ; and venerable structures of every style of architecture, captivating the eye, and crumbling, mellow and time-honored into outward signs of decay.

I had rather a dusty drive to Oxford, and espying a Turkish Bath I ventured to indulge in a *siesta* and a scrub, with bright reminiscences of the cleanliness and comfort of our Montreal Hammam. Travelling in England