

## A FEW IMPRESSIONS OF OXFORD

By *H. T. Logan, B.A.*

It is exceedingly difficult for one who has so recently come out from under the spell and the glamour of Oxford to speak of that beautiful city of music and dreams in terms which would appeal to the casual, busy reader. If comparatives and superlatives had never been invented I'm inclined to think there would be far more truth spoken in our every day conversation, but for some reason or other one can scarcely recall any feature of Oxford and its manifold life and describe it to one's self in the positive degree. The High street—the most perfect Gothic street in Europe; its gloomy gray old buildings stretching in a low crescent on either side from stolid Carfax Tower to Magdalen bridge, run through all the easily-distinguished periods of Gothic architecture. The Bodleian?—the meeting place of scores of eminent scholars of every nation who come to consult its dusty tomes in every department of human research. The music of Oxford?—who can listen to evensong in the chapel of New College or of Magdalen with feelings other than of rapture? The quietness of the evening hour, the subdued light that falls through figured glass upon the white-surpliced choir, the angelic (if roguish) faces of the boy-singers and their pure clear-ringing voices that echo back from every corner of the vaulted chapel—all these seem to the devout listener to combine with the organ-pipes in suggesting the music of another world. I don't know what sort of music will be heard in heaven, but my unmusical ear will be thoroughly pleased if the angels sing even half so sweetly as the seraph choir of Magdalen. And then there is the river with its long, winding reaches to the 'stripling Thames at Bablockhythe'; or if you like you may search out some cool shaded nook on the Cherwell, and lie on your back in your punt and think, or just lie on your back for its own sake, if you're feeling too tired to think. Whether your energy takes you to the upper river, or your slackness to the more luxuriating Cher, if you have any sense of beauty at all you will return to describe the impression on your senses with no mere common-place epithets. You will ask yourself 'Is there any spot in the whole wide world where nature and man