

spoke of the political situation of affairs in China and in Europe; and, although it is near Thanksgiving, said something about doing away with Turkey. The silver question was touched upon, and, finally, the change of our own Canadian Government. Miss Kirkwood, '98, favored the audience with a vocal solo, but, being shy, did not bring another piece, and could not respond to the encore.

A debate on the interesting and important subject: "Resolved, That University Education does unfit a woman for domestic life." The affirmative was upheld by Misses Rumball and Northway, '98; the negative by '97's able representatives, Misses Hill and Eastwood. The subject was ably discussed by both sides, but the decision favoured the negative by two points. '97 undoubtedly had the arguments, while '98 the eloquence, both speaking from experience.

The Society approved of the decision and went home assured that domestic felicity awaited those who claim this University as their *Alma Mater*.

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Corresponding Secretary.

### GLIMPSES OF OXFORD.

#### No. I.

Not long ago, when Principal Grant was casting about him for something suitably disagreeable to say of his old-time enemy, Prof. Goldwin Smith, the most opprobrious charge he could bring against that gentlemanly scholar was his being a graduate of a university, one of whose professors (the late Master of Balliol) was in the habit of continually confounding Newfoundland with Canada. With any sermon on the narrow-mindedness of Oxford, which the Principal of Queen's may wish to preach on this text, we have nothing whatever to do. Yet, in passing, it would not be out of place to remember that Prof. Jowett is not Oxford, any more than Principal Grant is Canada. Because the late Professor of Greek at that university found "The Merry Wives of Windsor" his favorite among Shakespeare's comedies, because he detested Carlyle and abominated Browning, and once cried for a stone-bow to hit our own American Lowell in the eye, we must not conclude that Oxford would always walk humbly and meekly in the erratic footsteps of its erratic Master.

Still, it is sadly true that we know each too little of the other. In my own extremely narrow and limited experience, I remember being asked by an Oxford professor if I used an Esquimaux dog-sleigh in making my way down to the coast before sailing for England. And when I protested, in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, against the order of things which permitted of an Oxford lecturer in Geography asking me if I got along nicely on English beef and mutton after living so long on frozen seal meat, I was answered that it was understood I came from Canada! On the other hand, I have heard an American clergyman feelingly lament the atrociousness of hunting down truant and disorderly undergraduates with "bull-dogs" (which is simply the Oxford slang-name for a corps of private detectives in the employment of the Proctor); I have seen a well-known and reputable Canadian newspaper speak of "Oxford College"; and the errors which even that clever young American, Richard Harding Davis, fell into when he wrote his sketches of Oxford, are still joked over and enjoyed by facetious Oxford dons.

So, if it is true, as the Principal of Queen's somewhat hotly protests, that Oxford in its narrowness of mind knows nothing about us, it is equally true that we know little about Oxford. This is unfortunate, and doubly unfortunate for us. For, although the mighty London may stand to-day as the head of England, Oxford must still be called its heart. And if we have never made our way into that inner, unchanging heart of England, and of all that

is truly English, the loss is indeed ours. "I was educated," said the good Bishop Lowth, "in the University of Oxford. I enjoyed all the advantages, both public and private, which that famous seat of learning so largely affords. I spent many years in that illustrious society in a well-regulated course of useful discipline and studies, and in the agreeable and improving converse of gentlemen and of scholars; in a society where emulation without envy, ambition without jealousy, contention without animosity, incited industry and awakened genius; where a liberal pursuit of knowledge, and a genuine freedom of thought, were raised, encouraged, and pushed forward, by example, by commendation, and by authority. I breathed the same atmosphere that the Hookers, the Chillingworths, and the Lockes had breathed before; whose benevolence and humanity were as extensive as their vast genius and comprehensive knowledge."

I wonder if it is really possible to put into words that intangible, evanescent impression which steals over one when he first finds himself within the walls of Oxford?

Let us imagine you stand somewhere near the old coach entrance of the London Road—on Magdalen Bridge, for instance, that graceful mass of stonework which spans the twin streams of the Cherwell. Before you stands the stately old tower of Magdalen College. Beyond this you catch an enchanting glimpse of "the stream-like windings of that glorious street," the High. And but for the incongruous modernity of electric lights, and the rather old-fashioned tram-cars crawling lazily along it, High Street can have changed but little since Wordsworth himself walked down its meandering length. Perhaps nowhere in Europe, much less in America, will you see such an alluringly picturesque array of architectural curiosities and diversities and incongruities. Here you will find quaint old-fashioned Elizabethan gables huddling together; there the more imposing and more sombre college towers and walls; here again some ruinous, old, massive stone pile cheek by jowl with some quaint, diamond-windowed *relique* of mediæval days, or some tottering remnant of the early Renaissance; there the huge and hideously magnificent new Examination Schools; and here the newly-restored spire of St. Mary's, the Church of the Martyrs, with the porch where Cromwell's soldiers (good Puritans that they were) mutilated the figure of the Virgin over the doorway. "For stately beauty that same broad curve of colleges, enhanced by many a spire and dome, and relieved by a background of rich foliage, is absolutely without parallel." If the old City Church of St. Martin's, at Carfax, the juncture of High Street and Cornmarket, appears absurdly low and flat to you, the jarring feature must be excused because the walls and tower of the Church were lowered at the command of Edward III., since the citizens of Oxford were wont to gall and annoy the students from them with arrows and stones.

If it is late in an autumn afternoon—one of those rarely beautiful English afternoons of early November—that you stand on Magdalen Bridge, and if you look a little more to the south, across the winding Cherwell and over the lawns and trees of the Botanic Gardens, you will see, above touches of golden foliage, the distant spire of Christ Church, and Merton College, and "Old Tom" Tower. And, as you gaze across the strange autumnal English air, and watch the hazy, rose-colored twilight settle down on dreaming tower and spire and tree, there will surely come to you a touch of that undying charm of Oxford, which so many have known but so few have been able to express. "It is despair," said Hawthorne, "to see such a place and ever to leave it; for it would take a lifetime, and more than one, to comprehend and enjoy it satisfactorily."

And, if you cross over Magdalen Bridge, and pass down through the Gardens (once a Jewish burying ground), with their many and strange array of shrub and flower and exotic,