

## WHAT MAKES BEAUTY?

By WILLIAM LUFF.

WHAT makes the sea look beautiful?  
The sunshine dancing on the waves  
In silver slippers, child,  
And gilding every sail that braves  
The waste and watery wild;  
This makes the sea look beautiful.  
And God's pure sunlight on life's sea  
Will make it beautiful to thee.

What makes the hills look beautiful?  
The sunshine lighting up the mist  
And crowning every brow,  
Till streamlets glow like amethyst  
As to the vale they flow;  
This makes the hills look beautiful.  
And God's pure sunlight on life's hills  
Will melt their snows to crystal rills.

What will make Heaven so beautiful?  
The sunlight of the Saviour's face.  
Could He withdraw His light,  
Beauty would leave the holy place  
And day be turned to night.  
He makes the Heaven so beautiful.  
Lord, give to us Thy beams below,  
That we may here Thy beauty show.

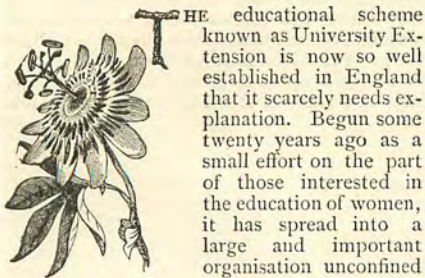
What makes a face look beautiful?  
The rosy sunrays dancing light,  
With halo bright and fair,  
Chasing the sorrows of the night,  
Gilding the clouds of care;  
This makes a face look beautiful.  
And so a common face grows fair,  
If but God's sunshine glances there.

What makes a home look beautiful?  
The playful sunbeams that will fly  
Through every open pane;  
These to a humble hearth supply  
A joy wealth cannot gain,  
And make a home look beautiful.  
So a poor cot, if God be there,  
Will in His radiant light grow fair.



## THE SUMMER MEETING AT OXFORD.

By AN EXTENSION STUDENT.



THE educational scheme known as University Extension is now so well established in England that it scarcely needs explanation. Begun some twenty years ago as a small effort on the part of those interested in the education of women, it has spread into a large and important organisation unconfined by sex, age, or rank.

Its main object is, as is now widely known, to perform that ancient feat handed down to us in Eastern lore, to bring Mahomet to the mountain, since the mountain cannot come to Mahomet. It is neither more nor less than a bold scheme to carry the teaching and influence of our great universities into the furthest corners of the country.

The rapid growth of the movement may be seen from the fact that whereas in 1886 7 sixty-seven courses of lectures were delivered in fifty towns, in 1888-9 eighty-two courses were delivered in one hundred and nine towns, while the number of students has risen from 9,908 to 14,351. These courses consist of lectures on history, literature, art, natural science, and political economy, and are especially intended for two classes of the community—

ladies and working men. Professional men and others are not by any means unrepresented, but from the nature of things it is these two classes especially that need the extension scheme, and it is a matter of great satisfaction to the delegates that already some 3,000 working men have joined their ranks.

The lectures are followed by weekly exercises, the exercises by an examination, conducted, not by the lecturer, but by an independent member of the university, and the examination by a further scholarship competition for those who have obtained an honour certificate. The whole system is well planned and well carried out. To obtain university instruction during six months at the cost of ten shillings is surely one of the triumphs of the nineteenth century!

But the authorities are willing to go a step further. In Oxford (and probably Cambridge will soon follow suit) the doors of the university are thrown open to those students who are able to take advantage of the offer, and a short course of study is provided in those classic surroundings so long inaccessible to them. The summer meeting of the extension scheme has met with some ridicule. It is true that the weaker sex at present predominate, and the idea of ladies playing at university residence, going to tennis and boating parties with notebooks in hand to give a colour to their proceedings, has excited much mirth and a good deal of criticism. A visitor to Oxford during

August might find some ground for his remarks. The streets are certainly filled with ladies in light summer dresses, who throng in and out of the lecture-rooms with a cheerful gaiety that perhaps does not accord well with the idea of serious study. But after all this is only a surface view. Work, sober and steady work, is being carried on; but the students are the guests of the university authorities, and it would be a poor return for the kindness showered upon them if they went about their way with sad and solemn faces. If all those students who live at a distance could realise what is provided, both socially and intellectually, for the visitors to the summer meeting, the application for tickets next year would be not one, but fourteen thousand! Some slight account of these advantages may be interesting here, for there are few people in the present day who have not heard of the scheme, and felt some curiosity to know what is actually said and done.

First and foremost of the pleasant elements of the summer meeting is the distinct impression imparted to the students that they have a right in Oxford; as the vice-chancellor said in his welcoming address, "The university looks upon you as its children." The extension scheme is no pretence of university education; its students are looked upon as really possessing a name and place in the great foundation that is not ashamed to own them.

They are made to feel that they are not only welcome guests, but "children of the house," and this of itself would be enough to ensure their enjoyment. Another source of both pleasure and profit is the contact with highly-cultivated intellects. Solitary study, and study under skilled guidance, are both alike invaluable; but there is something inspiring and stimulating in coming face to face with the great masters of thought, that produces an unequalled effect upon the mind. It is much to read the books of such men as Professor Max Müller, Mr. Henry Morley, Professor Gardiner, and Professor Sidgwick, but it is infinitely more to hear their living voices, and to listen to their teaching as it falls from their own lips.

The day of visitors to the summer meeting is divided between study and pleasure, or rather between study and recreation, for to most of the students at any rate the course of study is the greatest pleasure of all. The first lecture begins at a quarter-past ten, and for some time previously troops of students may be seen emerging from their lodgings (lists of which may be obtained from the secretaries, who are ready to recommend reasonable and suitable accommodation), and making their way towards the examination schools. No one who has not seen these buildings can form an adequate idea of their beauty; the marble staircases, tessellated pavements, and spacious lecture-rooms, with their fittings of carved oak, are one of the sights of Oxford, and it needs only to be said that they are worthy of the university to which they belong. Attendants placed on the staircases announce to the students the names of the lecturers who are to lecture in north, east, and south writing schools respectively. Shakespeare's "whining school-boy, creeping like a snail to school," was certainly not an Oxford extension student, for there could be no more inapt description of the expressions on the faces of the audience waiting for the arrival of their lecturer than "heavy looks," while the round of applause that greets his entrance testifies to the pleasure experienced when school hours begin. The only trouble that fills the student's breast is that old difficulty so simply but so well expressed in the words—

"How happy could I be with either!"

for when two lectures of equal interest are going forward, one would gladly be in two places at once. The first lecture ends at a quarter-past eleven and the second begins at half-past, just leaving time for a change from one school to another, for pencils to be sharpened, and a new page of the note-books turned over before work begins again. The second

lecture ends at half-past twelve, after which the students pour out of the schools, and there is a general rush to the reception-room. This last is a very favourite resort. The indefatigable secretaries have secured the debating hall of the Union Club for the use of their visitors; and there, surrounded by the portraits of past Oxford debaters of world-wide fame, one feels on classic ground. Papers cover the tables, stationery can be always procured, notices of future arrangements are to be seen, and the roll-book of visitors to the summer meeting lies on the desk.

After luncheon we are offered instruction in a lighter shape, various members of the university having offered, with great kindness, to escort parties over the colleges and other objects of interest. Thus the professor of geology takes a geological excursion party out with him, and a librarian of the Bodleian conducts visitors over the famous library. There is usually only one afternoon lecture, at half-past five, and when such names as those of Professor Max Müller and Professor Herkomer are mentioned, it is needless to add that tennis, boating, or excursions are alike powerless to diminish the audiences. The evening brings meetings and social gatherings, when speakers on various subjects address the audiences. The Marquis of Ripon, Sir Henry Roscoe, Mrs. Fawcett, Mr. Lewis Morris, Sir Robert Ball, and Professor Stuart were among the number; but perhaps of all the speeches the one that will live longest in the memories of those who heard it is the account which was given by Miss Octavia Hill of her work in London. The sight in itself was a remarkable one, the great hall thronged to overflowing with students and members of the university, all listening with breathless interest to the burning words of religion and philanthropy which fell from the lips of the lady who stood at the professor's desk. The sight alone was a lesson, and formed an illustration to the closing words of her address—"All you who are drinking in knowledge, look at the degraded multitudes around you, and think upon their unlikeness to you! Unlike? Ah, yes, and yet how like. *How* like you will learn to know as you learn more and more of them and of their lives; for in heart and soul we are all alike, each one of us made in the likeness of God, however far we may have fallen from it; and those men and women alone are fulfilling their true office in the world who are striving with all the powers they possess to raise mankind to the standard it has lost—to bring the whole world back to the one great Father of us all."

Noble words! Words which no doubt will

bear fruit in many a life when the Oxford summer meeting is a thing of the past, and which were enforced by the head master of Clifton College in the sermon preached in the university church. "Sell all thou hast and give to the poor." At first sight the words have nothing to do with study; and yet as the preacher dwelt upon them he showed plainly how they warn us against the besetting sin of students; a cold and barren selfishness in the pursuit of knowledge will defeat its own ends. He that loses his life alone possesses it; he that gives freely of his most precious treasure alone secures a treasure that passes not away.

Based on such principles as these, the University Extension movement must go on to an assured success. It fills a gap in many lives that but for its aid would be obliged to struggle on alone. We cannot all leave our homes, even if we have the desire, and relinquish the nearer duties of life for university advantages, but "all things come to him who waits." As the secretary reminded us, "The self-sacrifice of a desired study is often a nobler education than the study itself, and the names of the highest cultivation are to be found not only in examination lists, but in the hidden records of forgotten lives." It is to such as these that the Extension scheme comes as a peculiar blessing. There are men and women among its ranks toiling for their bread, weaving in factories, and digging in mines, and others again who are so surrounded by household duties that they have but a few minutes every day for study. It is to these that it comes as a stimulus, a refreshment, a glimpse into those regions of knowledge that were once irrevocably closed to them, a link with the higher education of our land that seemed for ever out of their reach.

The glory of England lies in its old traditions; the hope of the future of England lies in the modification of those old traditions by new conditions. It is not destruction that we need, but development. The ancient universities of our land have been exclusive, but, to their praise be it spoken, when a universal cry for knowledge went up from the people, they were the first to acknowledge the full signification of their name, and fling open their gates, that all might share in their riches. It is no new scheme that is revolutionising the education of the present day—it is the natural evolution of those grand old organisations that have made our country what it is. *Aut Caesar aut nullus* was a saying of the ancients, but we, with a more thankful spirit for the good provided for us, will say—If I cannot give myself up to a college career, I will at least be a member of the University Extension.

## READING THE BIBLE.



IN the course of the last few years I have asked a considerable number of girls to tell me openly and honestly how much enjoyment and instruction they derive from reading the Bible. In a large number of cases

the reply I received was that it was felt to be little better than an irksome duty; that they knew the chapter quite well before; they could almost say it by heart; there was nothing fresh in it. Others, whose experience had been a trifle less unsatisfactory than this, answered that though sometimes the

Bible is full of help and comfort, at other times there seems nothing applicable to their circumstances, and they turn over the leaves hoping to light on something that will be just what they want, and then give it up, feeling that theirs are not the kind of troubles or joys for which the Bible offers consolation and sympathy.

Finding how frequent were these complaints, uttered always hesitatingly and regretfully, I tried to find out how it came about that while to so many the reading of God's Word is a real delight, and a well whence they draw an unending supply of happiness, for others it seems to contain no brightness, and no special message of love; and thinking that some of the readers of this paper may feel the same

difficulties, I have written down the result of my inquiries.

In the first place, then, one cause betrayed itself in the answer to the question, "When do you read?" The replies were various. "Whenever I have time," "Just when I feel inclined," "Sometimes in the morning, sometimes at night." In almost every case where the reading was not enjoyed, I found that it was not done regularly. "But what possible difference can it make," I fancy I hear some one say, "whether I read in the morning or the afternoon?"

Not the slightest difference, so long as you do it regularly; but things that are left to be done at any time are very frequently not done at all. The convenient moment never comes; all sorts of distractions and "cares of this