gift with which they could send them forth to their splendid task than that of preparing them to improve the ancient civilisation of the East by all the knowledge which the civilisation and the culture of our English Universities could afford. . . . This was a point of great interest, not so much in the political as in the intellectual history of this country. They were standing where two great streams of intellectual tradition were beginning to meet, and the Institute which they had founded that day was the indication that they were meeting, and would tend to make the combination more complete. What the results of that day might be, who could say? When they compared the increase of culture and civilisation of England, strengthened by the power of a dominant empire—when they compared it with the civilisation of India, which had barely maintained itself, they were accustomed to think that the influence must be all on one side. But the intellectual force which across so many centuries of political depression and political subjugation had yet maintained itself alive was not a power to be despised. It might be that they too had their lessons to learn: that they too had modifications in their intellectual traditions to undergo."

In this speech there comes out the mind of a man whose political interests were mainly of an almost world-wide nature, but to whom, if domestic politics were admitted to any share in his affections, they would be those of the University whose son and whose ruler he was proud to be. In 1887 Lord Salisbury was again at Oxford, but this time not in connection with the University, for on November 23 of that year the National Union of Conservative Associations met in that city, and he, then for the first time Prime Minister, received upwards of 500 congratulatory addresses, and made a great speech to a mass meeting in the Corn Exchange.

Yet again Lord Salisbury proved his affection for Oxford and all connected with her by coming down in 1893 and receiving "purses" for the Radcliffe Infirmary.

Altogether the record of his connection with City and University is a singularly happy one. It is hardly necessary to state that he was presented some years ago with the honorary degree of D.C.L., but it is interesting to record that Christ Church added to the lustre of its fame in 1894 by adding to the roll of its honorary students the name of the Marquis of Salisbury.

The Garden in Winter

By E. Kay Robinson

THERE are intervals in the best regulated winter when the abnormal mildness of the season brings out the florists' catalogues, prematurely blazing with all the colours which make a July garden gorgeous. And man, who was once a wild animal and the slave of the seasons, feels the first breath of untimely warmth stirring his pulses with the joy of life. He throws off his overcoat, and is ready at a moment's notice to "dance with the daffodils," though many weary weeks of winter in spring must follow a spring in winter, with blizzards searching out loopholes in the lambing yards, and snow often piling over the crocuses.

Still, from the beginning of the year the days get longer and the nights shorter; the oak's twigs are all nobbly with swollen buds, and the trails of honeysuckles in sheltered nooks are tufted with the green leaves of spring. You cannot help noticing these things as the unusually balmy air tempts you to potter round the garden, picking up slabs of the sodden gravel with your boot-heels, and marking how prematurely high some of the green spikes of the early tulips have thrust themselves through the mould. Gardening books tell you that these should be protected by an inch or two of earth: but it seems a silly, mud-pie sort of game to play on a mild, moist winter morning, and at heart

you sympathise with the tulips' precocity. You feel as spring-like as they look; and so you go indoors and study the seed-catalogue.

For, if yours is a garden of the ordinary type, which the gardener is allowed to "do up" in autumn, the impression left upon your mind by your winter inspection is that there is "nothing in it," nothing, that is to say, but bare brown mould, in squares and circles and crescents and parallelograms, bordered with gravel and edged with box.

The small nettle

It is a damp diagram of a garden: and between its naked lines you can let your fancy play freely upon the chords of harmonious colour with which those silent brown patches shall be eloquent to all beholders in summer.

There is another kind of garden, much affected by ladies who are too artistic and soulful to brush their hair tidily, which has been allowed to run wild at its own sweet will in summer, because its mistress likes a natural tangle of rambling things around her path. To such the bindweed is a thing of joy. It is "lush" and "lissom," and its trailing bines are "jewelled with pale moonflowers." She would not "disturb" the violets for worlds, but likes to see them meandering through the box-edging and clothing the bare gravel with gracious greenery. But the "sweet will" of plants that run wild is to murder each other. The struggle for existence that we see daily raging round us in the animal world is one long armistice compared to the cruel strife of plants. Pull away a handful of the yellow withered strands of bindweed, and in shrivelled stump and dwindled shoot you will recognise the sad relics of once charming plants, the treasures of the garden; while, under cover of the bindweed, mats of coarse grass and clumps of deadnettle, tangled with chickweed and tufted with dandelion, have smothered all flower life.

Move aside some of the velvet greenery of the masses of violet plants with your hand, and you will find that it has become a stronghold for weeds too, while many choice plants have been swallowed up and destroyed. It is also a stronghold for snails and slugs and woodlice and caterpillars, which wander abroad at night and devastate the country, devouring in their season nine-tenths of the late, sparse, and undersized flowers which such violet "beds" produce, compared with the plentiful, large and early blooms which one tenth of the plants, properly tended, will give you.

No, believe me, there is no poetry in a garden which is allowed to run wild. It is all grim murder and oppression, degeneration and the triumph of the worst over the best. And in winter such a garden shows the seamy side of sin. Wicked luxuriance, that flourished like a green bay tree in summer, lies a tangled and matted wreck upon the ground, or trails like aggravating wisps of wind-blown straw upon the bushes. Presently you will have to appeal to the judicial authority of the gardener to curb this vegetable Hooliganism; and after scratching his head only once the gardener will pass the capital sentence: "It'll have to be dug up." And the last state of that garden is for a long time thereafter worse than the first.

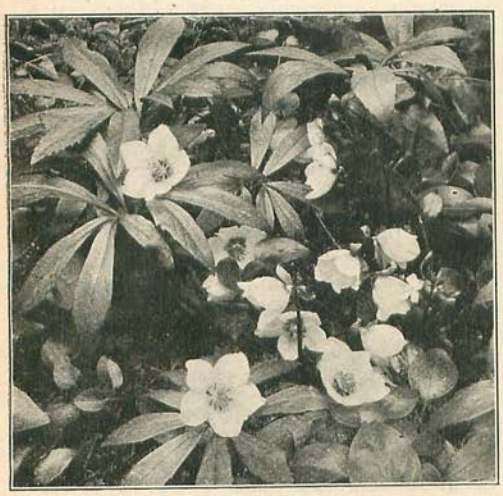
And if murder will out even among vegetables what an extraordinary assortment of "other things" the eradication of the rampant criminals reveals! Mouldy tennis-balls there are of course; but who would have thought that that "Three-Blue" croquet ball could have been hidden all these months in the violet bed? The slugs have eaten off all the varnish: but they evidently did not like the paint. And here is an old jam-pot full of snails—how did *that* get there?—and a lead soldier with a damp white encrustation upon his legs, and a rusty corkscrew. Yes, and that thing in four pieces which the gardener is flapping against the handle of his spade to shake out the slugs and earwigs, is your tobacco pouch, covered with reindeer skin and silver monogramed, that you put in one of the forks of one of the trees in May and could never find again. There will be quite a museum of relics of "things not seen in summer" collected on the path before the gardener finishes his job; and "My! it *is* a job!" he says.

Even if your winter garden belongs to neither of these types of horrid examples—the mud-pattern work of the hireling gardener or the rubbish-heap style of the soulful amateur—this is the time of year to make painful mistakes. Any one can remember where he put five hundred tulip bulbs in a geometric pattern; but if you have disposed your bulbs according to your own ideas of harmony in colour and design, you can only just remember where everything is by its juxtaposition to something else; and when both are underground together, where are they? You generally find out where they are when a triangular bare patch has tempted you to take advantage of a fine mild day to "put something in it"—you can shift anything in winter—and the first stroke of the trowel bisects a clump of promising bulbs, or shears off the plump growing point of a scented pæony. Accidents will happen, however; for the only way to guard against them is to convert your flower-beds into miniature cemeteries with rows of labels, or to have no bare patches that amount to eyesores in your borders in winter, and this no gardener achieves.

Very few, indeed, attempt anything of the kind; because a master is generally satisfied with his garden and his gardener, if he hears visitors ejaculate "Beautiful!" and "Splendid!" in summer. In winter the hothouse, greenhouse and conservatory give him all that his household wants of flowers, and he has no need to go pottering about a wet garden looking for January primroses. Our forefathers thought otherwise. For them the garden was a pleasaunce for all seasons. So they had walled gardens to keep out the winter winds, pleached alleys and trimmed hedges of evergreen, between which all kinds of favourite plants made a brave show in the worst of weathers. And most of these belonged to the class that is least popular nowadays; namely, biennials, or plants which come up from seed in one year, remain green through the winter, and flower in the following year. The wallflower and the foxglove are perhaps the "commonest" of these common plants: but I doubt if there is any garden too fine to be improved even by these at blooming time, while in winter they make all the difference between a live garden and a dead one. With these and the large class of perennial plants which, like carnations, retain their foliage in winter; with evergreens green and golden; and with red-barked willows and dogwoods, you may have a winter garden which is gracious and comfortable to look upon in December, and yet be starred with glory of bulb-flowers in spring and blaze with annuals and bedding plants in summer. All that you need are the eye of art, the hand of love and the wisdom of experience to enjoy a garden that is, almost literally, always at its best; but, alas! few of us know enough to be gardeners until we are ninety.

Yet, as you never get to know people well if you only see them in dress clothes, so you never become properly familiar and friendly with your garden unless you cultivate its acquaintance in undress. You need not, unless you like, invade its privacy when it wears a nightgown of snow or is in a shower-bath of winter rain; though even than you may discover new features of your garden. If you had not plodded round under an umbrella, who would have told you what a comfortable smoking-room the green-

house makes for the gardener and his friends in wet weather; and but for the snow how would you have known where the hole in the wire netting admits the long-loping hare to

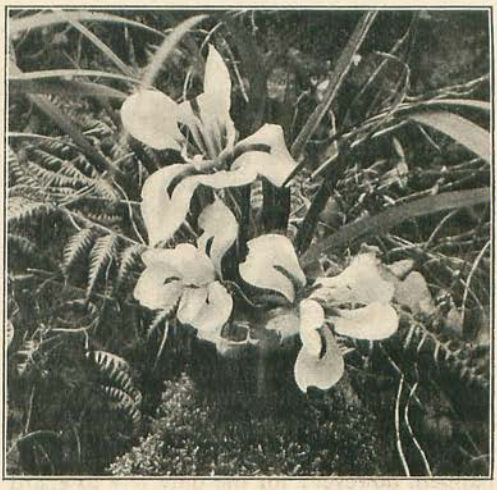


"The purest flower that blows"

your carnations, or what path through the shrubberries is followed in the evenings by the friends who come to visit the cook? But these things, perhaps, are not horticulture, any more than the assemblage of birds to their free breakfast of scraps on the lawn, though the birds, if you encourage them with discretion—which does not mean flinging out bread crumbs to collect all the sparrows of the neighbourhood—are one of the best features of a well kept winter garden.

And for flowers? Well, no one who wants to have a winter garden next year must neglect to put down some good strong clumps of Christmas Roses, the purest flower that blows. Other winter blooming hellebores are quaint and picturesque; and the lovely Japanese "winter sweet" is as hardy as holly and as fragrant as tuberose. The winter jasmine embroiders the walls with gold, and there is no day in the year where in sheltered corners you may not find some sort of roses or the flame of the Japanese quince. Of berries, crimson and scarlet, yellow and white, you have large choice and you can, if you like, medicate them against the birds. But most people who love a garden in the right way love the birds too, and tolerate even the abnormal appetite of the sparrow for the greenstuff of choice plants which ought to flower in spring. The blackbird also is a shrewd thing among the early primroses, while the starling will tug little plants out of the ground for the pleasure, apparently, of seeing what their roots are like.

But this, again, is not horticulture, nor even conducive to the enjoyment of your garden in winter. Rather do you look for it in the golden carpet of the winter aconite, spread under the trees in mid-January, with tufts of white snowdrops between, and large full blooms of Russian violets in favourite corners. Blizzards may come, but still you will find primroses tiptoeing out of the snow—it was from under the wind-driven snow that flowers were gathered in Norfolk villages last year for wreaths for the Queen's funeral—and knee-deep irises waving their flags aloft. The honeysuckle in the porch breaks into leaf and the larches gleam yellow in the early February sunshine. The blue "glory of the snow" dots the borders, and presently the yellow crocus breaks into a fringe of flame. But this is as the lighting of the first candle on the Christ-



Irises, the Garden's New Year's gift

mas tree. After the crocus all the glories of the bulbs flash out in quick succession: and before we quite know what has happened the winter garden is aflame with spring.