

it the scrimmage. Under the skilful management of our friends we felt perfectly safe, and thoroughly enjoyed the exciting undertaking. Everybody seemed to carry a bright colored sunshade, and the appearance of the river as we looked back upon the long vista of boats was an animated picture which makes description seem impossible.

A picnic up the river to Byron's Pool, a distance of three miles, on a lovely June afternoon, left the memory of the beautiful, peaceful life of rural England vividly impressed upon our minds. There the little stream becomes almost a brook. It was oftentimes so narrow that we had difficulty in rowing beneath the leafy arches, and trees of pink and white May in full bloom which trailed their fragrant branches in the water on either side. The ivy covers the banks with its beautiful drapery, and the meadows sloping away with villages here and there marked by the parish church and white cottages with thatched roofs, aroused the greatest admiration on our part. When being hurried over the country by train we had often looked longingly at just such a spot and wished that we might have the pleasure of being there. Byron's Pool was reached. It was there the poet was said to go to bathe in the rushing water caused by a dam at a bend in the river. A portage and a row of another mile brought us to our friend's favorite grove for having tea. Then the leisurely row home again when the light was fading completed a day of never-to-be-forgotten pleasure, which was among the last of those spent in England.

ELEANOR P. MCKAY.

*Toronto, April, 1898.*