

the few, whom I knew as undergraduates and followed until in time they returned to the staff and are now nearer to me than before, the great majority have passed out into the wider world, where they soon put off their youth and put on a new man whom unhappily I rarely recognise. Within, the face of the real University does not greatly change. Save for the staff it is always young; and young people who come from similar homes are astonishingly like one another. The staff changes its complexion, laboratories get out of date, buildings become shabby, the grounds lose their spaciousness as new erections are massed, now here, now there; but the stream of young life flows as clear as ever, and as inexhaustible, renewing each autumn the vigour of this old place and promising it an almost secular vitality. To withdraw from these quickening influences may, I fear, be for me to lose a healthful air which has hitherto been an elixir against oncoming age.

Those will always remain young to me whose faces I remember from before the War. For several years on Sunday afternoons I talked to groups of undergraduates, gathered in different fraternity houses, on things that lie deep down in my own heart. Those young fellows were all much alike, and nowhere have I ever had more sympathetic response to what I tried to say. The names of many of them are now on our Soldiers' Memorial, but on the background of my memory their faces rest like the human forms into which delicate clouds take shape against a blue sky. And I recall so many others of those days, mere boys and girls, whom I used to meet often in