

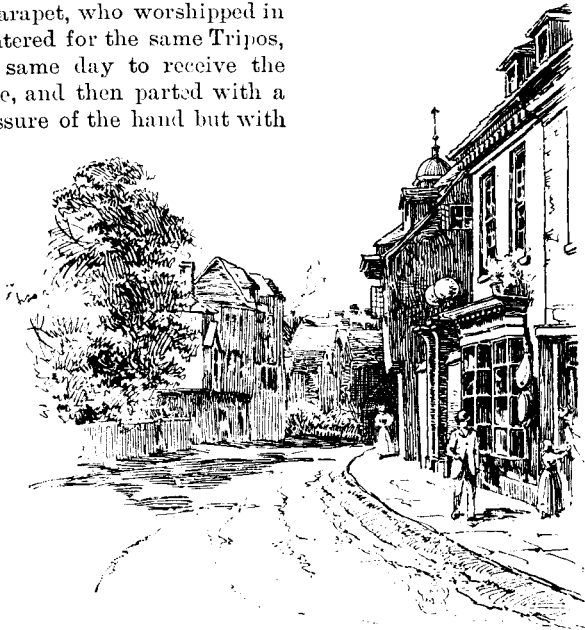
friends make as loud as the first in order to conceal their disappointment that he is not Senior.

If there was room one might run on and tell of the Degree day and the "Wooden Spoon," and the cheers for the women students who are bracketed with high wranglers (there was once one whose place was "above the Senior Wrangler"); of Proctors and Bulldogs; of the social life of the place, its breakfasts and bump-suppers, its debates, even its dances; of the relations between undergraduates, of the kindly welcome the Freshman gets, such that many a man looks back upon his "Freshman's year" as the best time he ever had; of the river (by courtesy so called), with its "bumping races," which must be seen to be imagined, and which can be seen only at Cambridge or Oxford in all the wide world. Memories of these and of a hundred other things spring up, but may not, for lack of space, be written down; memories, too, of the friends with whom all these delights were once shared, who talked and laughed across the same table in Hall, who sat side by side in the lecture room, who rowed in the same boat, who walked arm-in-arm up and down the courts, and leaned together on the bridge's parapet, who worshipped in one chapel, entered for the same Tripos, knelt on the same day to receive the coveted degree, and then parted with a lingering pressure of the hand but with

few words, and now are scattered all the world over—some in India, civil servants, merchants; some in Australia, some in the army, some at the Bar, some in the school-room, some fighting poverty and sin in squalid slums, some in quiet country rectories, some sleeping the last long sleep, while some are still to be found "beside the reverend walls, in which of old" they "wore the gown," doing for younger men what was done for them a dozen years ago and more handing on the undying torch, kindled into ever fresh flame, and pouring afresh the sacred chalice: *hinc lucem et pocula sacra*.

Rooted in the middle ages, but flourishing in these later days, belonging to an old order which nevertheless "changeth, yielding place to new," secure in their practical autonomy, caring nought for party politics, having no fear of any Education Department before their eyes, going on forever while ministries come and go, the English Universities are becoming more and more truly national, more and more closely woven into the fabric of English life, more and more faithful to their splendid ideal, fulfilling more and more completely their great vocation.

E. A. Welch.



A CAMBRIDGE BY-WAY.