

to me the two windows of the room occupied by the poet Shelley, who was expelled from the college at the age of seventeen for publishing a small treatise, "The Necessity of Atheism."

On entering the little chapel of University College I was startled by seeing on a marble tablet my own surname, to which was prefixed the unfamiliar praenomen,—Nathan. When I discovered that the letters (S. T. P.) appended to the name meant,—Professor of Sacred Theology, and learned from the Latin inscription on the stone slab that the departed had been *magister vigilantissimus* (a most zealous teacher) in the college for more than forty-three years, I could see no urgent reasons for claiming relationship with one who was probably no nearer of kin than thousands of the sons and daughters of Adam who possess such familiar names as Jones and Brown and Smith.

CAMBRIDGE.

Late in the afternoon of August 8th I found myself in Cambridge at "The Bull," a well equipped hotel right among the colleges. The hotel was almost empty and the city was very quiet. In term time 3,000 undergraduates throng the colleges and streets, but in the month of August the place goes to sleep and dreams. Very few gownsmen are to be seen, and the trades-folk, in the absence of their usual customers, are not strikingly active.

Cambridge has a population about equal to that of Oxford (40,000). The history of Cambridge, like that