

tweeds, straw hat with college colours, showed us everything and explained everything in the most kind and condescending manner—"a don" I thought and then as we were leaving one of our party tipped him. He touched his hat and murmured "thank you sir." We passed through Pembroke. I wanted to see it chiefly because a friend of mine had been there. Also because a reputed ancestor, Bishop Ridley, was once master of the college.

By this time we were too tired to see any more. Our one thought was "lunch" but alas! our chaperone had not yet arrived and what were we to do?

Two girls and three men and we were to lunch with one of the three in his rooms in Clare.

So we all went and sat on Clare Bridge and bemoaned our fate until, joyful sight, we saw the rest of our party approaching. They had missed their train and had had to wait until the next one. A very jolly lunch we had in a cosy room with an immense fire-place and tiny windows looking out over the "backs." Oh those Cambridge "backs!" Can anything be more beautiful! The stately old buildings with their masses of ivy, the wonderful lawns, smooth as a billiard table, the pretty little cam, listlessly flowing under the many and varied bridges, the towering elms and graceful willows—oh, for the pen of a Ruskin to make it as beautiful as the reality.

It was so tempting that after lunch we wended our way to a boat house and ordered two canoes and a row-boat.

"Two Canadians" they told the man, and I wondered what it meant but understood when I was cosily settled in a craft that might have hailed from Peterborough.

We paddled lazily up and down that absurd little river. Very pretty and picturesque it was but oh, so small and I hate to have to say it very

dirty. It made me a little nervous about upsetting for one wondered how one would ever get clean again. Thus we idled away our precious time I grieve to say, until we were roused by the other canoe coming to summon us to tea. One of the men had insisted on our visiting his rooms and although it seemed but a short time since lunch we had to go. He was a musical genius I remember, and had a beautiful piano, but in spite of many persuasions would not play to us. He was too intent in making the tea. Such a delicious cup of tea it was too! It never had a better. Tea making is, I fear, an unknown art at our university. But wait until we have our "residences" then the men will be having "teas" galore and making their own tea too!

After tea we strolled aimlessly around. I was then I tried to sketch, with borrowed paints, and one of our number amused himself sailing a tin box down the cam and was caught in the act by his "coach," a most melancholy man.

But the best of the day from an Englishman's point of view, was before us, dinner. Such a handsome youth, son of Sir Somebody-or-other (I must not tell you his real name) had stipulated that we were to dine with him. Such a sumptuous repast, as the papers say, it was. The table very prettily decorated with yellow, and menus to match, I have mine still with my name and the date Aug. 18th 1894 on the outside.

We had to leave, however, before it was over greatly to our host's grief and after hurried but tender farewells were rushed back to town. As the train steamed out of the station the rain that had kept off all day came down in torrents and we seemed to feel that it was weeping with us because our day in dear old Cambridge had come to an end.

E. T. T.

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