

myself and children—a home for a day, and yet one around which will ever rest a halo.

It was a particular delight for us to see the four distinct seasons of an English year. Moody though it may have been, it was charming, and I can quite appreciate the love that an Englishman has for the natural beauties of his country. After spending the summer in different parts of England and Scotland two years before, we came home thinking it was never warm in Great Britain, just comfortable. When we reached Cambridge this year it was still cool. A fire was lighted in our sitting-room grate before tea was brought in on the evening of our arrival; the next morning found the temperature at about eighty, and the heat almost unendurable. Then we missed our bracing Canadian air. The days were hot and damp though there was no rain for weeks. The pretty lawns at the Backs and in the courts were dry and parched. September was simply glorious. It rained only at night, which I always insisted it did in Canada, when, in the later autumn, one would wonder whether enough rain did not fall in those days of drizzle to keep the grass green for years. October is proverbially rainy in Cambridgeshire, and freshmen are cheered by mud and rain when they come up about the fifteenth of that month.

November, ah! chill, damp, sunless November. It was told us beforehand that all the sunshine must be in the heart in that trying month. The blinds were often drawn at three o'clock to shut out the grey gloom, but the cheer inside, with the brightly burning grates and opportunity for steady, quiet reading on the part of a member of our household, fully compensated for the absence of the sun. A lecture on the sun by Sir Robert Ball was a delightful treat in those days. We felt so grateful to the eminent lecturer for having shown us more of the centre of light in one evening than we had enjoyed for weeks before.

December brought almost wintry weather; twenty-four hours of snow, and some frost. But the warmth of Christmas cheer made it very bright, and we felt to be among so charming a people at such a season a privilege indeed. Memory's storehouse will ever retain its vivid recollections of the unbounded kindness shown us by friends whom we had not known a Christmas before.