

tion wearing cap and gown. But we were greatly impressed with the strength of the student life when in two or three days the whole town took on a brighter and busier appearance; the tradesman displays his best wares, and perceptibly brightens with the coming of the students.

Undergraduates are compelled to wear cap and gown the greater part of the time, so that they seem to come in and possess the place. The quaint old streets present a strange and interesting spectacle in the early part of an evening when at times they walk leisurely about, in long gowns, short gowns, in the trim new mortar board of the freshman and the broken, much-abused looking mortar board of the men who have been there several terms—withal orderly, business-like, in fact, gentlemen.

We fully appreciated the privilege of having friends whose hospitality afforded us opportunities for meeting the persons whose fame in the world of science made it the greatest pleasure, as well as profit, to become acquainted with; but unique and long to be remembered visits were those paid to the Fellows whose rooms in the Colleges were their homes. At one time a meal with them and a tour of inspection through the buildings, with all the attractions pointed out to us; on other occasions, afternoon tea in the rooms and, best of all, an hour in the Fellows' garden. Visitors are only admitted there through courtesy of a Don, and upon entering the secluded retreat you feel that a bit of paradise still remains. All is perfectly kept; magnificent trees, plants of the rarest and most beautiful kinds, with a lawn like velvet, on which are laid out tennis courts, croquet grounds and bowling greens. Vine-covered summer houses and seats placed here and there complete the most perfect resting place I could imagine. There, shut off from sight or sound of the outside world, the Don goes to be alone if he so wishes. With apparent pride did they draw our attention to peculiar attractions, which might have passed unnoticed by us in admiring the garden, amongst them the great ages of old oak trees, bound and chained together that they may the longer offer shade, the number of feathered songsters and the quality of their singing, which find in the luxuriant foliage an unmolested and happy retreat.

Reluctantly we turned our steps toward the gateway. It