

As I write, a little water-color sketch of Clare Bridge hangs before me and I sit once more on the banks of the Cam trying to catch a little of the beauty of the scene to carry away to far-off Canada.

From Clare we went to Trinity, the largest of all the colleges, and noted for its beautiful avenue of limes to the river.

It is not so old as some of the others, dating back only to Henry VIII, and parts of it are much more modern.

Among the many famous men associated with Trinity, Macauley comes first to my mind. There is a statue of him and also one of Francis Bacon. In the chapel I was struck by a memorial window to George Herbert. For his sake alone one could love Cambridge.

Chief among my memories is King's Chapel. The exceeding beauty of it was not even marred by the unsightly scaffolding that covered one side. They were repairing it. They always are repairing it, I believe, as the stone unfortunately is very soft and crumbly.

Of the architecture I will not speak, for fear of arousing the wrath of "one who knows," but I believe it is Perpendicular Gothic. The interior is even finer than the exterior.

I remember being impressed with the pendent keystones in the beautifully vaulted roof and my horror at being told they weighed over a ton. It made one feel unsafe to walk beneath them. I must not forget the music at King's Chapel. It is very fine, as the choir is composed of a school of boys who are educated free and chosen on account of their voices.

"Tell it not in Gath," but instead of going to vespers, as we intended, we canoed on the Cam.

From King's we went to Queen's, so called because it was founded by the rival Red rose and White queens—Margaret of Anjou and Elizabeth Woodville.

Erasmus took up his residence at Queen's and also Newton. The latter, I was told, built the queer little wooden bridge over the Cam and put

it together with "nary a nail," but some inquisitive later-comers wishing to find out how it was done took it ail to pieces and alas! could not put it together again, at least not without nails. I wish some one would tell me if this tale is true. I have never seen it in any book on Cambridge.

From thence we passed on to St. John's, very quaint and old. It was founded by Margaret, mother of Henry VII., and a very ugly old woman she must have been to judge from her portraits. St. John's is celebrated for its mathematics, and I was quite proud of a cousin who had just graduated. He was not a senior wrangler, but something not far off, I forget just what. The bridge at St. John's is very odd. It is called the "Bridge of Sighs," and is a copy of the real one. It is covered in and the narrow Gothic windows are all barred.

"Come along to Pot-house," our show-man said, "you must see it," for we were getting very hungry and foot-sore.

Inquiry elicited the fact that Pot-house is Peterhouse. It has the distinction of being the very oldest of the colleges, having been founded by a Bishop of Ely in 1257 (I have had to verify my dates from my diary). We were shown into a student's room, where the great oak beams in the ceiling were 600 years old. Just think of it ye McGill men! An ordinary, every-day undergraduate living in rooms nearly as old as the Magna Charta!

The chapel at Peterhouse is noteworthy on account of the beautiful windows by Burne-Jones.

There are indescribably lovely, painted, not stained, consequently not disfigured by iron moldings.

The gardens at Peterhouse are particularly pretty and they pride themselves on their deer. We tried to coax them to us but they were shy and only came in response to the call of our guide. And that reminds me of a little shock I had respecting this same guide.

He met us as we entered Peter house, a most gentlemanly man, large, fair, imposing, light