

bright, alert eyes and the constant interest of his expression. His voice was high-pitched and lacking in musical quality, so much so that some it irritated. In fact, his one prominent defect was his total lack of appreciation of music. He frankly declared that to him music was the most disagreeable of noises, and I well remember one Lent term when there had been an unusual succession of deaths of Masters of Colleges and other university dignitaries and in accordance with custom the Dead March in Saul had been rolled out on the organ Sunday after Sunday at morning service, all standing: coming out of the Chapel he asked innocently why "God save the Queen" was being so often performed that term. He was even in a worse plight than the man who knew only two tunes, one of which was "God save the Queen" and the other wasn't, for here, owing to this college habit, he could not be sure about his one standby.

For long years the Society at Christ's had been a united body, and the Fellows' table been characterized by a high-level of conversational topic, if not of conversation. With Robertson Smith's advent, it became the most attractive in Cambridge. What memorable nights those were! After dinner in hall such of us as were not called off to homes or meetings, proceeded to the Combination Room, or Common Room, and as a party of eight or so—save on Saturday nights when the number might be increased—sat around the flawless old mahogany, the Senior Fellow presiding, drank the toast of the Queen, and then the talk began. At first it might be desultory, until something was broached that interested Robertson Smith. And then the flood-gates were opened. It might be upon anything—save, as I have said, music. He was equally familiar with and exact in his knowledge of the modern novel and the Book of Job: with art, art criticism, manufacturing technique, and the bouquet of Chateau wines. I will admit that, in duty bound, as an Edinburgh man, he was surer in his knowledge of Bordeaux vintages than of the different years and characters of port wines, although of the latter his judgement was eminently sound, a matter all the