

## BY SLUGGISH CAM.

The name awakens innumerable memories of dear old Cambridge not the American Cambridge although that has memories too (perhaps to be written of another time) entwined with "fair Harvard" and clustering round a solemn "theolog" and later two jolly, hard working students.

No a far older, far more famous Cambridge, a Cambridge that boasts of men like Mil on Bacon, Newton, Macauley and many more.

It was the end of July and we were still in London.

The season was over and the Park growing daily more and more deserted, but before we joined the stream my kind hosts decided I must see Cambridge.

The son of the house was an "undergrad" and very enthusiastic as to the beauties of his University.

I have always had a preference for Oxford (a preference not unconnected with Church History) and at the time—I had not then seen Oxford—imagined it to be infinitely more beautiful than Cambridge.

Now that I have visited both I cannot decide which I like better. Cambridge I saw under more favourable circumstances, a perfect summer day: while at Oxford it poured with that dreadful persistency only to be found in England or Scotland. We decided to go the following day, the first of August it was, and my first remark on awaking was

"Is it fine?"

The little maid stepped softly to the window and looked through the curtains "a little cloudy, Miss." "Oh," I thought "a horrid wet day." But the clouds turned out more obliging than clouds in London generally are, and after a miniature shower departed leaving the sun to filter through the golden, summer haze that made the smoky old city a dream of beauty, and Hyde Park with its glassy serpentine and stately trees a veritable garden. We breakfasted early and

found by that invaluable A. B. C. that a train left at 9 a.m., and hurried to the nearest underground.

But the beauty of the morning tempted us to extravagance.

We hailed a hansom.

Several dashed towards us and as we climbed into the first we heard one of the disappointed ones say "many are called but few are chosen."

Did you ever hear about the man who was going out to dinner and—, but I must not start hansom tales or we will never get to Cambridge.

I am ashamed to say that I do not know much about the scenery between London or Cambridge.

Our jolly little party of three others, with the chaperone were to follow later, had the carriage to ourselves and the hour and a half passed very quickly. Before we knew it we were tumbled out at Cambridge.

My first impression was that it was quite a town. I had expected almost nothing but colleges, and that we drove a long way before we came to anything worth looking at.

Arriving at Clare College we were warmly greeted by two youths in black and yellow blazers and escorted through Clare "quad" to beautiful gardens on the river.

Being vacation there were very few men about. We were fortunate in having three or four friends attending summer lectures.

Poor fellows! How glad they looked to see us. I fancy summer "vac" must be rather slow.

Clare has a beautiful little bridge, the most beautiful of them all I think. Three arches and the curved top ornamented with great stone balls, ten there are, five on either side.

Strangers are always asked to count these balls, and upon saying "ten" are told they are wrong.

The catch lies in the fact that one of them has a great slice taken out of it—suggestive of an immense apple-dumpling after a hungry boy has helped himself.