

of my mother, waiting on the sidewalk, eager to embrace her much-loved, but long-absent son. Springing to the ground, I felt myself locked in her fond embrace. That was a moment of exquisite enjoyment, both to me and to my mother. Though deeply moved, she maintained a calm dignity of manner. In a few moments, she was showing the way, with the agility of a young woman, leading a new-found grand-child in each hand, to her residence, which was close at hand. Very soon we were all seated round the well-loaded board, the happiest family party in the world.

Though it afforded me and my family great pleasure to visit scenes round Woodstock and Bladen, which had been familiar to me in my boyhood, yet, as the description would only prove tedious to the reader, it is omitted. A brief account of our visit to Oxford, so celebrated for its university and colleges, may not be uninteresting.

Oxford contains nineteen colleges and five halls. Of these, we visited only Christ Church and Lincoln colleges. Christ Church is the largest college in Oxford. We were forcibly struck with the magnificence of the octagonal tower, which is over the principal gateway. It has a dome top, and is ornamented in the Gothic style, from designs by that renowned architect, Sir Christopher Wren. It is also remarkable as containing the celebrated bell, known by the familiar name of "Great Tom," and weighing