

those dear old walls witnessed? Could walls and dead things speak they might tell weird stories!

College life is like any other life—sunshine one day and shadow the next. Like the world we live in, now blazing in golden sunlight, by and by shrouded in clouds and darkness, with the red lightning flashing through the air. But the lives of students within those dear Etonian walls were, excepting the shadows, very happy lives. We knew that the time rolled away by the white pall, by the wee daisy, by the golden fields, and by the falling leaves!

O, how we persecuted our Greek professor—dear old fellow! I suppose we all regret it now. He was an old man, but as young in mind and as kindly in heart as the day that he accepted the honored chair. How we thought we deceived him one night, when the strains of martial music were wafted across the river from the great Terrace on the other side, “forbidden ground for juniors.” When we stole away, as silently as the Arabs, down the long, dusky street, and over the great bridge, almost the first man we met on the opposite side was the professor. Every hat was doffed in a moment, but we were most undeniably caught *this* time, and we knew by the nervous twitching of his lips that a storm was brewing. We watched him away until his commanding form was lost among the piers of the bridge.

If you were never at Eton you do not know what Windsor is like. It is a picture as sweet and dreamy as some grand landscape that you sometimes see on canvas. Just across from Eton, with the Thames creeping along between them, upon a lovely eminence that slopes down to the river's bank. Upon the summit of the hill stands the lovely old Windsor castle, like some giant proud of his might. From the castle down to the water stretches a grand terrace nearly 1,000 feet long, and this was our “forbidden” Eden, for it really was

beautiful and lovely enough for a school-boy's Eden.

The storm came in the morning, after prayers. We were ordered into the professor's room; our forlorn visages must have made a mournful picture.

“Gentlemen,” said he “you disobeyed my orders last evening; can you explain your conduct?” Silence was the only explanation.

“It grieves me,” he said, his voice softening, “to inflict punishment on you, but you know to-morrow is a holiday, and you must remain in your rooms!”

O, misery of miseries! we had been dreaming of that day for weeks, and had reared wonderful airy castles, and here they were all ruthlessly shattered and destroyed. If you do not know what an English regatta is, you do not know what a grand treat we missed. O, it is very, very hard sometimes to mingle life's bitter with sweet.

So our life went on with its joys and griefs, but the saddest day of all came, by and by—the last one among our dear old associates, for on the morrow two of us were to bid farewell to our dear Etonian home!

The night before we watched the lingering sunrays cast their golden clouds of light over the Thames, and, creeping up the summit, enrobe the stately old town on the hill. The colossal columns of Guildhall seemed to be changed into great pillars of gold. We knew Guildhall almost as well as our book-strewn rooms, and loved to linger and admire some of the great pictures that decorated its walls.

But the sunlight on the river deepened, and we went to our old aquatic friend for his boat for our last ride. *That* was a ride—in and out among a labyrinth of pleasure boats, and sometimes the fragment of a blithe song would echo above the dipping of the oars. As we pulled the boat on the strand, long after the moon had risen,