

whose tiled floors the noonday sunlight played through old stained glass; in an odd little Temple Church, modelled on the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem, and whither some old crusader, whose name I most unwillingly have forgotten, used to ride from London to worship of a Sabbath morning, I drank deep of the draught of ages, until the time of day told me that I must put it from me.

In common with most of his fellows, R— had read Ruskin's strictures on the architecture of the old buildings and seemed inclined to put faith in that dictator's views of Taste and Art, so long as they were not directed towards his darling Cambridge.

V.

Having crossed the Quad of King's College, where R— is studying, we came to the stream and one of the handsome little bridges which have given a name to the great university town. There is an avenue of stately limes, of which all the world has read, and in whose tall tops, bare of leaves at that season, large colonies of aristocratic but loud-mouthed rooks, which have been there since the morn of creation, have nests like big piles of sticks. On the magnificence of the trees and the astonishing pedigree of the birds, R— spoke at some length, and then led me off to the rolling greens where the young men of the colleges engage in the sports of the field.

Having viewed the greens and paid a flying visit to the handsome quarters of the Students' Union, where government of the students, by the students and for the students would seem to be the result of a higher state of civilization than that in which we had lived at Toronto, we went to R—'s chambers for luncheon.

VI.

R—'s chambers were on the first floor of an odd old house on one of the side streets and within three minutes of his college. Kindly memory had helped him to furnish them in a style akin to that which prevails in Residence at Toronto. He had fallen short, however, of the mark at which, in that latter abode of great men, rankest disorder becomes high art. He informed me that most of the men at Cambridge lived in similar chambers. Some of them showed a taste for the most gorgeous furniture, but such men were often members of The Fast Set.

He volunteered information as to the significance of that term in Cambridge and left me to discover if it had the same significance in Toronto. He said that The Fast Set in Cambridge did not necessarily waste its substance in riotous living, nor did it eat great dinners and late suppers, nor keep long hours. Generally it sought an early couch. But it was arrayed splendidly, lived in magnificent apartments, drove blooded horses tandem, if it could escape the observation of the Dons, and spent gold freely. Two of R—'s friends had dinner with us and considerably showed no interest in a colonial, from whom the rude air of his native wilds had not been blown away yet. After their meal, they charged their pipes with strong English tobacco, deftly handling little nickle instruments in which, on a single pivot, were hung appliances for all those things which your true lover of the pipe does to his bowl with his knife and callous finger tip before lighting.

R— found occasion to regret that he had not brought with him from Canada a full store of Missouri Meerschaum, because nobody at Cambridge ever had seen a corncob pipe and it went without saying that there was no other pipe like it.

VII.

It was not without awe that I approached the river, when, after he had finished his pipe and his friends had taken their

leave, I accepted his invitation to go down and see the Boats. I was to see the river which was famed throughout the wide world for the making of giant scullers; the river on which those giants had gathered strength for struggles with giants as great as themselves on strange waters. Casting to the winds all truths that I might have had from reading, I was ready to see a mighty stream, on which great ships sailed.

But when we had reached the bank my dreams fled away. On those green waters never sailed ship of greater build than that famed Bugaboo which the College Song Book sings. This bank was crested by a towpath, well trodden. The other was distant only so far as one wall of Convocation Hall, at Toronto, is distant from the other. On it, in a row, stood the boat-houses, of pleasingly varied shapes, a shape for each college. Towards it moved a barge of no shape at all, propelled by no visible means, but carrying three or four young men, who seemed to be bent on crossing the stream. The farther bank was alive with other young men, clad in a thousand colours. They were getting into or out of boats, which held one, two, or eight oarsmen. On the stream many other boats moved about, coming up and going down, fast and slowly. An eight-oared crew dashed away, a noisy young man on a quiet old horse coaching them from the towpath.

"This is a fairly good day," said R—, "when you consider that very few of the fellows are up yet. Then, too, the college races are over now, and the supremacy of the river is decided for this year. I suppose you know how that is done?"

I remembered.

The reach from lock to lock is, say, a mile and a quarter long. Obviously, two crews cannot row abreast, when the wash from the oars of one leaves the blades and sweeps the banks in the same moment. So the crews are started in a row at the upper lock and are distant from each other only a few yards. In the race, the crews, which are overtaken, or bumped, must fall out. Thus the contest is narrowed down. At the end of it, the crew which has not been bumped is supreme.

"Before the Bumping Races had been finished," said R—, in continuation, "the river used to be crowded with boats. Motion was almost impossible at times. Let me give you an idea. At the lower lock, at the end of an afternoon, I have seen as many as eight hundred men in boats. That would mean eight hundred crews, you know."

But I was not reconciled. It was almost absurd to imagine that the great Cam was a stream which could flow easily through Convocation Hall and never rise higher than the dais of three feet.

VIII.

"But who are these?" I asked R— when we found ourselves again in the streets of the town.

By this time the students were abroad for the sports of the field and were walking through the streets in flaming blazers, jerseys and flannels. In the western sky at sunset never shone so many, so bright, and so strange colours as those in which the young men were arrayed. The young men themselves were all unconscious that there was anything notable in their picturesque parade in the public highways. For centuries the town had been theirs and their fathers' and the townspeople had been sojourners, tolerated because of their usefulness. There was no attempt at assisting their scant clothes. The young man who showed his hard and shapely muscles through a red and blue jersey and white flannel bags felt as secure from observation as would the young man in Toronto who modestly had covered his football suit with trousers and a long ulster.