

We now pause in front of Mervyns Tower, in which we can picture the unfortunate countess Amy Robsart, watching with sad eyes from her gloomy chamber, the din and revelry in the courtyard below. Determining to miss nothing, we commence the ascent by a narrow stone stairway cut in the thickness of the wall. The steps worn by many feet, twist round and round, a shaft of sunlight from the narrow loop hole, enabling us to stumble upwards; round and round we climb, till a cool breeze announces that the top has been reached. Into a gloomy little stone chamber we step, two narrow loopholes give light, and the walls are scratched and worn, a few steps more and we step out on to the grass grown turret, and stand there, nearly blown away by the wind. Below lie the crumbling vine-clad ruins, on either side stretch the beautiful woods and fields of Warwickshire, far in the distance we catch a glimpse of the "three tall spires" which mark the ancient town of Coventry and nearby the red roofs of little Kenilworth itself rise above the tree tops.

But time is flying, so we stumble down the steep stairs and penetrate even to the gloomy vaults beneath. They are dark still and damp, and a positively queer feeling creeps down ones back, as we look round at the heavy stone walls and grated doors, so with a rather lame excuse about bats, we emerge hurriedly into the sunlight above, much to the disgust of half a dozen peaceful sheep, who immediately move on.

The great banqueting hall, simply one mass of leafy green is quite the most beautiful of all the ruins, for the big windows with their delicate tracery are still well preserved, and the birds have built their nests there, while Queen Elizabeth's oriel window can be still seen in all its rich ornaments. The hall itself, though now carpeted in soft green grass, through which the daisies spring, is a magnificent old place nearly ninety feet long, to quote the guide book, and we wander slowly around stopping now and then to pick a flower as a memento of the old place. Remnants of the old moat, now a grassy ditch are still there, and we scramble down only to find a blase American tourist deeply immersed in the latest number of *Munsey*. It seems almost a sacrilege to bring anything quite so obviously modern into the sacred precincts of Kenilworth, but she reads on, quite oblivious of our scathing glances, and we climb up into what in olden days were the noble Leicesters own apartments. Like the rest it is all ivy, moss and crumbling stones.

The sun has now gone in and a cool breeze sprung up, trains too, have to be caught, so with a last look at the ruins, we stroll across the grassy court, down through the old fashioned garden, carefully kept by the venerable gate keeper, and so out beyond the walls on to the smooth shady road.

HELEN DRUMMOND.

Banquet by Men of '08 Arts.

THE best ever" was the unanimous conclusion of the boys, who are so fortunate as to belong to '08 Arts, as they wended their way homeward from what proved to be one of the most genuinely enjoyable and well-ordered banquets in which Queen's men have been privileged to participate.