

"So he did, more than a year back ; but when he was converted, he felt drawn to his native place ; so he come back, and burning are his words. He was a bit wild in the old days, and none too good to his mother, pore body ; but now she's so took up with he, that you'd think there never was anyone like he in the wide world."

"I remember," said Patty. "I remember all about him now. Well, good-bye, Mrs. Blake ; wear your shawl, and don't stay indoors too much with that dreadful verse."

Patty turned on her heel ; the village lay behind her. She quickly reached the shelter

of the trees along the shady path which led back to the Red Lodge.

"Be sure thy sin will find thee out," she muttered. She stood still ; there was no one to see her. She took a handkerchief out of her pocket and wiped the dew from her forehead. She remembered that it was this same verse painted on the sign-post which had given her such a shock on the night when she and Margot had returned to the Red Lodge. She knew that it must also be the work of Joshua Day. Joshua Day ! So he was back again. She remembered him perfectly—he was the other witness to the false will.

END OF CHAPTER THE TWENTY-EIGHTH.



BOATING ON THE CAM.

BY A CAMBRIDGE RESIDENT.



BOATING on the Cam.

There is something in these words that stirs the pulse of the old oarsman, resting now upon his oars, and gliding through life at the "easy."

The old days come back to him—the old boating days when he stroked his college boat—and the faces of the friends of his youth ; and he hears again, across the years, the measured beat of the racing oars, and the shouts and tumult of the river.

The Londoner is struck at his first sight of a University crew, swinging by in its paddle on the Thames, by the vision of splendid manhood. The magnificent physique of the crew strike him, perhaps, at first, more than their long swinging stroke that seems to lift the boat out of the water.

He may not have thought very much about University training before ; but here is a specimen of what discipline, patience, enthusiasm, and, above all, unselfishness and patriotism can do to develop the strength and powers of endurance of those lusty sons of *Alma Mater*.

The crew of the Cambridge eight may be said to represent the flower of the University. It has been selected with much care and judgment from the crews of the boats on the river, and they in turn have been chosen from among the best oars of their respective colleges. There has been a great deal of sifting going on from first to last ; and the eight picked

men who row at Putney in such splendid style are the representatives of that high standard of oarsmanship that is the traditional boast of Cambridge.

Looking beyond the successes of the Cambridge crews on the river, the self-discipline and training are not without more lasting results in the serious business of after-life.

"No pain, no gain," may be the motto of the Cambridge oar, and he who would succeed on the river must be prepared to suffer many discomforts, to endure hardships cheerfully, and to voluntarily practise self-denial. He must also learn to submit to discipline, and keep a brave, undaunted face in adverse circumstances.

Not a bad lesson for the battle of life.

The Cambridge Freshman begins the serious work of "training," in its widest sense, in his first term, directly he comes up.

His first view of the Cam and its boat-houses lying along the river bank is a sight he will never forget.

Prominent among them is the Goldie boat-house (the boat-house of the University crew), with the light-blue flag proudly waving above it ; and the Jesus boat-house inscribed with the proud legend, "1875-1885," telling of the years it maintained its place at the head of the river against all comers.

One after another, along the right bank of the river, are the boat-houses of the various colleges, with the yards full of men in their many-coloured blazers, with tubs and eights lying about in picturesque confusion.

The river is generally crowded with craft in the afternoons during term. There is always some "tubbing" going on; while now and then a practising eight swings by, threading its way through the press of boats, and the grinds, or ferries, which ply across the river.

It is in the October term that the oarsman's course really begins. The Freshmen who have joined their college boat-club, and have put their names down on the "tubbing" list,

"plough," the University "trials" row by. Doubtless, the sight of the light-blue oars flashing past fires his imagination with visions of the future glories awaiting him.

Meanwhile, the daily row to Baitsbite and back soon brings out his capabilities as an oar, if he has any, and attracts the notice of the boat captain.

By this time he gets into the boating "set" of his college, and after "Hall" is fired by



A WORD OF ADVICE FROM THE COACH.

(From a photograph by Stearn & Co., Cambridge.)

are standing about the yards in their new boating flannels and blazers, waiting for their turn to be tubbed. The clumps of bright new blazers, a different colour in each of the yards, form a distinctive feature of the scene.

Tubbing on the Cam consists of taking the men, two at a time, in a gig pair, or "tub," and giving them special instruction before going out in the eight.

After a week or two of regular "tubbing," the "Fresher" is generally knocked into shape enough to take his place in one of the college eights.

Now the work of boating really commences, and he explores for the first time the lower reaches of the Cam; and watches, as they "easy" down the long reach, or in the

the glowing accounts of famous races, and the deeds of the heroes of the river.

Our novice has caught the "boating fever," and if he has got pluck or ambition, he makes up his mind not to be daunted by difficulties, to submit to discipline, to endure discomfiture, and to voluntarily cut himself off from many pleasant indulgences in order that he may attain the goal of his ambition—a place in his college eight.

By-and-by, the college trials are made up, and he gets his reward. Coming out of lecture some morning, he finds on the college screens a list of the crews that have been selected, and he sees his own name among them, and the place he occupies in the boat.



A TRAINING RUN IN THE BACKS BEFORE BREAKFAST, 7.30 A.M.
 (From a photograph by Stearn & Co., Cambridge.)

Each of the trial boats will have an old oar or two to steady the new hands, and a May boatman is coaching.

The May boatmen are old practical hands who have rowed in the May races.

The next three weeks are full of anxiety to the new oar. All is not so easy as it first seemed, and the coach "rags" him, sometimes very severely. But it all comes to an end at last, and the boat turns out to be "pretty fair." The day of the race comes at length, and all the men are gathered round their boats by eleven o'clock.

The boat-captain, a 'Varsity oar, is there on his horse; and with all the coaches are a few college men to run beside them on the tow-path.

The journey down to Baitbite is done in short, sharp paddles, with a few racing starts.

A short rest is given at the "Bite," as the crew stroll about the bank. Then the order is given to "tumble in!" The blazers and sweaters are given to the "charlies" (the college boatmen), and the men "tumble" into their boats and take up their position ready to start.

On the Cam there is not room for boats to race level; they race one behind another, beginning and finishing at posts placed at equal distances apart.

To the crew eager to be off there is a

trying period of waiting while the coxes get their boats into position, and the boat-captain stands up in his stirrups waiting to give the start.

It comes at last.

"Are you ready? are you ready? Row!"

With a quick simultaneous dash, all the oars are in the water at once, and the boat leaps forward.

"Well started, you men!" is the shout from the bank; and the crew settle down for the race.

Up through the Post Reach they race, with the shouts of the coaches on the bank.

"You're gaining! Well rowed—stroke! Keep it long!"

A sharp spurt down the gut, and a long swing round "Grassy," the most difficult corner over the course, where many a cox. has come to grief, and many a good race has been won or lost.

Down the "Plough" reach, round Ditton—the great show paddock where the visitors gather in the May races—and a game struggle down the long reach.

"Now, you men, pitch it up!" shouts the coach. "Quicken up a bit. Stroke!"

The men gamely respond, and the boat makes up some ground lost round the sharp corners.

It is a close race all the way home. The boat-captain is now riding on the tow-path alongside.

"Fifty yards more!" he shouts. "Come along, stroke!" And with a roar of voices from the men on the bank, he brings his boat home, winner by a length.

Our Freshman has won his first triumph on the Cam.

Next term—Lent term, as it is called—sees our Freshman rowing four in the Lent boat; going across Midsummer Common regularly every afternoon on his way to the College boat-house.

He has now begun training in earnest. The crew breakfast together in each other's rooms at an early hour, after a sharp ten minutes' run in the "Backs."

The excitement of the race near at hand gives zest to the talk, and a keen point to all the boating news, which is eagerly discussed. Then the separation for lectures, etc., followed by a paddle to Baitsbite and back in the afternoon; and a glorious sluice down after in the boat-house; and last, but not least, the Classic "Boating Hall."

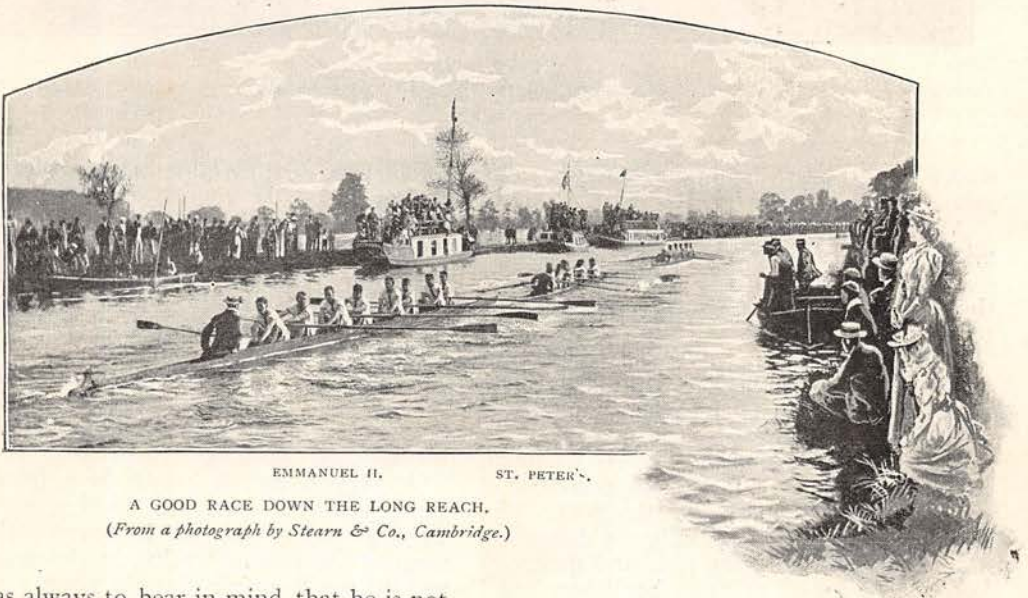
Smoking is strictly prohibited during training, and late hours. No excesses of any kind are allowed. If a man will not train loyally, he must give up his place in the boat.

Eight-oared races on the Cam are bumping races. The Lent races are rowed towards the end of February, on fixed seats. Every college in the University is represented by at least one boat, many of the larger colleges putting on two or three. There are, therefore, generally thirty-one boats racing.

They row in two divisions, the second division rowing first, and the first division, the race of the day, an hour afterwards.

The races occupy four days, and the interest and excitement are kept up without flagging the whole of the time. On the day of the races, the banks on either side the Cam swarm with enthusiastic admirers, arrayed in the blazers of their respective colleges, armed with rattles, and bells, and fog-horns, and every variety of hideous sound-producing instrument, encouraging the boats. At Post Reach, the starting-point, the firing of a miniature cannon (with the deafening roar on the bank) is the signal that the boats have started.

There is a rush of men on the bank; a shouting of coaches; the long, continuous roar of the crowd; the boats, one after another, slipping by; some bumping, some being bumped, and some rowing over, *i.e.* escaping a bump, and keeping their places. The bump supper crowns the last evening



EMMANUEL II. ST. PETER'S.
A GOOD RACE DOWN THE LONG REACH.
(From a photograph by Stearn & Co., Cambridge.)

SIDNEY.

He has always to bear in mind that he is not rowing for his own pleasure, but to maintain the reputation of his college.

After Hall, the boats' crews separate to one another's rooms until ten o'clock, and then off to bed.

The Lent races come and go like a dream.

of the races; amid its toasts and rejoicings all the rigour of a month's training is forgotten.

If our Freshman has distinguished himself in the "Lents," he will have attracted the



DITTON CORNER IN THE MAY RACES.
 (From a photograph by Stearn & Co., Cambridge.)

notice of the boat-captain, and may be considered a safe man for the May boat.

All the glory of Cambridge boating culminates in the May races.

There is not much time allowed between the winning or losing of one contest before preparing for the next.

In a few days a May "slider" goes out, and our Freshman is on his promotion; but now the company is much more select—only three of the Lent boat are now rowing. The rest of the crew is made up of old May boatmen, and a "seat" is kept for the captain, who is rowing at present in the 'Varsity boat. The Freshman is now initiated into the difficulties or pleasures of a sliding-seat, and generally feels very awkward at first; but "bow" and "three," two old hands, give him friendly tips, and with the help of the coach on the bank, he makes long strides in his watermanship.

These are the last few days of the University crew on the home waters before they appear on the Thames and put on their final polish for the race of the year.

The practising eights watch them swing by as they paddle the course, and our Freshman dreams of the time when he may possibly be one of the crew, and the vision of the Light Blue cap flits before his enraptured eyes.

In the May term the crew go into regular training for the famous May races, which, by the bye, are always rowed in June.

Boating men generally prefer the cool of the day to the afternoon, so they usually go out late during the summer term, and return home in the gloaming.

A very beautiful, ever-to-be-remembered time, paddling back in the sweet June evenings, when the air is heavy with the scent of the new-mown hay in the meadows, and the sun is setting over the river.

The training and practising for the May races are pretty much the same as for the Lents.

There is more excitement, perhaps, at the time, when the actual event comes off, as so many visitors are attracted to Cambridge for the "May week," as it is called, and most

of the men have friends "up." On the night of the races Ditton Corner, a meadow from which a fine view of the race can be had, is crowded with a brilliant throng, and every part of the river, except the course, which is kept clear for the rowing, is covered with boats.

It is one of the great never-to-be-forgotten sights of Cambridge—a sight only to be seen in a University town. The eager partisans streaming along the tow-path in their motley blazers; the deafening cheers of the crowds on the bank, and, amidst the confused roar and tumult, the boats slipping by.

A more intoxicating scene of excitement and enthusiasm it is impossible to imagine. It is something to remember.

Whether our Freshman was bumped or made a bump, he came out of the conflict with credit to himself and his college. He has won his standing on the river.

"Two rowed well," said the captain, talking over the race with the secretary of the boat club afterwards. "He'll make a good oar—ought to get his Blue."

The captain took his degree and went "down," having rowed for Cambridge twice; and October saw a new captain, and found our Freshman a second year man, and secretary of the boats.

Every October sees a new beginning of rowing. The same work goes on year after year. Freshmen come up to be tubbed, and gradually form the metal to carry on the

boating traditions, and uphold the honour of their college and University. The centre of attraction this term are the University trials.

"The trial eights" form the material from which the University crew is made up to do battle once more for the Light Blues against the Dark.

Our Freshman, who is now secretary and the most promising oar in his college, is tried, and given a place in the University trial.

The race comes off at Ely near the end of term, and our hero distinguishes himself so much as to be tried in the 'Varsity boat. He has climbed the ladder, step by step, by steady perseverance and dogged determination, aided by a powerful frame and plenty of pluck.

The next term sees him rowing "two" regularly, as the 'Varsity "boat" practises on the Cam, and the crew gradually settle down in their places.

We will leave him here. We have traced his course up through all the grades of Cambridge boating, until he has won the proudest position on the river—a place in the University boat.

He has proved himself in many a hard-fought race on the Cam, and we know he will not disgrace us when he rows on the Thames. So we shake his honest hand, and get a grip in return which we still feel after his broad shoulders have disappeared into the train which is to convey him to what we will hope is to be the scene of his future triumph.



VILLAGE POLITICIANS.

BY LILLIAS WASSERMANN, AUTHOR OF "THE DAFFODILS," ETC.



VERY night, when the labours of the day were over in the village, and folks stood about in each other's gardens, telling harmless, unnecessary lies about the size of the cabbages and beans they had grown, Tommy Benson and Jacob Dodds quarrelled over politics.

Their cottages adjoined; and whilst Tommy's little hammer went tap-tapping, as he cobbled the old shoes of the villagers, the sound was frequently drowned by that of the mightier blows resounding from the anvil of Jacob's smithy.

There were times when the recognition of

this irritated the cobbler, because it filled him with a sense of his own comparative smallness and feebleness. But then again, as he was wont to impress upon his wife, Sarah, brute force was vastly inferior to force of intellect, which ruled the world.

From all which it may be inferred that the evening bickerings, while both men enjoyed them more than anything else, did not fail to leave some tinge of bitterness behind.

Sarah, Tommy's wife and Jacob's sister, was a meek woman; but, like most meek people, there was in her disposition a spice of quiet obstinacy. She was fond to foolishness of her husband, although the cobbler did not look the sort of person to inspire a romantic attachment in a tall, good-looking woman such as Sarah; he being small, bandy-legged, with a bald, knobby forehead and a long