

in turn wait upon them in Hall during their meals.

Corporal punishment by the head monitor is by no means an uncommon occurrence; I remember having enjoyed the sensation seven times in one quarter. Almost every offence against the rules of the house is thus punished, more or less severely. Any disturbance in the cubicles after the lights have been extinguished for the night almost always ends fatally.

During the summer nights when the excessive heat shuts out all ideas of sleep from our minds, a water-fight with the upper dormitory was often suggested. Besides the delight of drenching somebody with water, a keen sense of danger, from the fear of being caught, gave additional zest to the amusement. There were always six or seven volunteers ready for the expedition. H——l, a tall clumsy baby of about fifteen years of age, invariably figured among the number, and endeavoured to impress upon us the necessity of doing everything quietly and in order; we *must* come down the stairs quietly, and we must *not* bang our cubicle doors. And in plain contradiction to his advice, H——l was always the most excited, and in consequence made the most noise. A sheet thrown loosely over the body was all we wore; a jug full of water was all we carried. We leave our cubicles and meet in the passage running down the dormitory; "Go up quietly, throw your water on somebody or on his bed, and return as quietly as you went up; are you all ready, come then, don't speak!"

Like so many cats we creep up the stairs, we must not alarm the upper dormitory, we each stand in front of a cubicle and together pour the contents of our jugs on the inmate. Shouts of laughter, shrieks of "cave," a rush from those drenched to be avenged, all help to turn the retreat into wild confusion, and helter skelter

we tear down the stairs to reach our respective cubicles, if possible, in safety. Maybe we do; the monitors are at the other end of the house! For a few minutes we listen breathless, and clutch at every sound, eager to ascertain the result of the stampede. "Listen! who is that coming up the stairs?" "No one!" "Yes, I am almost certain I heard some one! Stop!" We listen again, but all is quiet; we are unwilling to leave well alone and determine upon a second sally. We are again in the passage, and again we promise not to make such a noise as the last time. "Listen! there is some one there!" "No! Come." We are on the stairs, H——l turns round to beckon us on, an exclamation escapes him, we also turn round and see a *monitor*! I had not been mistaken then, some one *had* come up the stairs! N——n aroused by the noise, had crept up and hidden himself behind a study door, expecting another sortie from the dormitory. He also had not been mistaken. We started on seeing him, but said nothing. N——n smiled at our awkwardness; we caught the smile and laughed right out. For a few moments none of us spoke. "Each with a jug of water, eh? You may return to your cubicles, I will see you all to-morrow at nine o'clock." We went back to the dormitory, H——l slammed his door; a melancholy voice from the other end of the room exclaims, "I knew that's how it would end." Little P—— is much amused (he was not one of the number), and twits H——l's disgust.

"Never mind, H——l, it's all right, by the bye, though, you were promised a good thrashing the next time you were caught; that was only last week, I wonder how many you'll get? About fifteen, I suppose! that little lot won't hurt you."

"Oh, you shut up P——, or I'll lick you."