

half-past four, succeeded by afternoon tea, a great Oxford institution. Everybody takes it. We make our own tea and coffee, for every fire-place is provided with hob and kettle, and eat biscuits and cake. I am rather proud of my tea, and have in to-day half a dozen friends. We sit over our tea and biscuits like a lot of old women, and pass a very enjoyable hour. Afternoon teas have, to a great extent, driven out the old wine parties, and the Oxford of to-day is a far more temperate place than it was in the days of Mr. Verdant Green. We are not perfect. The amount drunk is probably greater than that consumed at any Canadian university, but the old excess has, to a great extent, died out, and the difference in climatic conditions renders what is taken far less harmful than a like amount would be in Canada. From half-past five until seven I work fiercely to finish a piece of Greek prose for my tutor. Then comes dinner in hall. In all the colleges dinner is taken together by all students who do not remove their names from the list which lies in the porter's lodge. In Balliol we assemble everyday in the large college hall, to the number of about one hundred and fifty. A very good bill of fare is presented and we order *a la carte*, though in some colleges a fixed price is charged. There is a separate table for each year, and sitting at a wrong table is punished by the infliction of a "sconce." On a raised platform at one end of the room, the Dons dine at what is known as High Table. Some amusement is caused to-night at our table by the "sconcing" of T—, a teetotaler. A sconce is a fine of a quart of beer inflicted on any one at the table who swears, quotes a foreign language, talks "shop," or in any other way contravenes college etiquette. In case the accused declares his innocence, he may appeal to the senior student at the table, and from him to the high table, whose decision is final. The beer is for the benefit of the table, but the provider is given first pull, and if he can drain the quart without drawing breath, his accuser is likewise sconced. This is termed "flooring his sconce," and is commoner than one would imagine. To-night, however, the quart tankard, of solid silver some two hundred years old, goes round until not a drop is left. Hall over, I adjourn to take coffee with C—, but at eight o'clock leave him to go to my tutor. The Oxford and Cambridge tutorial system is briefly this. On entering college the student is apportioned to a private tutor, whose duty it is to prescribe to him what lectures he shall take, to give him advice on all matters connected with his studies, and to provide such private instruction as he considers the student in need of. In the case of classical students this usually takes the form of prose and verse composition. It is a system with many advantages, especially because it brings the student into inti-

mate connection with the mature mind of the tutor. If, as is often the case, the tutor is at once a first-rate classical scholar, a good English stylist, and a cultured gentleman, this close union is a great boon to the student. To-night I have to submit a piece of Greek composition and one of Greek sight translation. He is fairly well-pleased, though he does tell me that "your Greek is far too much like English, and your English far too much like Greek." Returning to my rooms I do nothing until nine, when H— comes over, and we work steadily until the clock strikes twelve. By this time we are rather tired, and disinclined for more work, so we cross over to J—'s rooms, to find him in much the same condition. As our stair has rather unjustly got the name of being one of the noisiest in Balliol, we decide to uphold its reputation by going to the rooms of the unfortunate T—, congratulating him on his sconce, and "ragging" him a little. He has gone to bed, but has foolishly neglected to "sport his oak," *i.e.* to lock the outer door of his rooms, which is invariably made of heavy oak. We enter and in the passage stumble over a long rope. H—, "stung with the splendour of a sudden thought," seizes the rope, steals cautiously into the "bedder" of the sleeping T—, and attaches the rope to the bed-clothes. There is a frantic tug, a yell, and then three forms go leaping down the stairs, dragging after them a pile of bed-clothes which collect the dust at every bound. But T—'s misery is but begun. He incautiously follows the clothes to see what has become of them. In an instant J— has leaped up the stairs and slammed T—'s oak shut. T—, after being shoved out into the Quad. and kept there for a few minutes shivering in his very scanty apparel, is allowed to enter and given his bed-clothes. He goes up stairs with them, but in a moment returns, beseeching us to let him into his room. We naturally answer that we cannot if we would, and that if he comes out of his room leaving his key inside he must take the consequences. T— threatens, implores, and finally weeps, but to no effect. Three courses are open to him, all equally disastrous. If he ventures across the two Quads. that intervene between us and the porter's lodge, he will find that individual in bed, and will be fined five shillings for disturbing him after twelve o'clock.; besides undergoing the risk of meeting seniors in the Quads. who would naturally make it most unpleasant for any fresher found in such a condition at such a time. All the others on the stair-case are seniors, and if he ventures to arouse them at this hour the results will probably be serious; as for us we flatly refuse to have anything to do with him. He finally adopts the third alternative, and rolling himself in his blankets, lies down on the floor outside his room, where his scout finds him next morning in a very cold and rheumatic condition. As for us we go quietly to our beds, and sleep the sleep of the just until morning.

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