

the night before. J— and I have breakfast and lunch together, our rooms being opposite. He is a Scholar; that is he holds a scholarship, whereas I am only a Commoner. An Oxford college scholarship is usually worth about £80 a year for four years, and is thus not to be sneezed at. They are given by special examination. Next in honour come the exhibitioners, who get £70 a year for the same time. After them come those with nothing, the commoners. Selwood, the scout of our staircase, on which are seven students, is quite a character. He has been longer in Balliol than any other official, and many are the stories which he can and does tell. He arranges the rooms (bedroom and sitter) twice a day, lays the meals, lights the fires, in short does everything save black the boots and run the messages, for which tasks there are separate officials. He is active, good-humored, polite, and *mirabile dictu*, honest. Indeed, we are very proud of him and consider him by far the best scout in college. He has of course a very keen eye to his own interest, and is quite willing to turn an honest penny, but the penny must be an honest one. In this he differs greatly from the average Oxford "scout" or Cambridge "bedmaker," whose pilferings are apt to be extensive. Selwood's politeness is marvellous. I shall not soon forget the morning that, coming suddenly out of my bedroom, I struck him a sharp knock on the small of his back with the door knob. He turned round with tears in his eyes and exclaimed: "Yes, sir; thank you, sir."

As we are at breakfast H— comes in, full of excitement, to know whether we have heard of the latest "rag" at B.N.C. A rag, it may be explained, is the Oxford term for any form of disturbance, from teasing or a mild practical joke up to a free fight. It appears that at Brasenose college, known as B.N.C., a fresher had recently had the bad taste not only to practice but to preach total abstinence. The former might have been passed over as an amiable eccentricity, but the latter was too much for such a college as B.N.C., and last night the unfortunate advocate of temperance had been seized, carried to the middle of the Quadrangle, stripped, and flicked with wet towels until he atoned for his misdeeds by drinking a quart of beer. We are just finishing breakfast when C— appears. He is in distress because R—, our college chaplain, has invited him to breakfast on Monday, and he does not know how to refuse. Strange as it may seem, "brekkers" or "lunches" with the Dons are not regarded as pleasant. C—'s predicament leads to a story from J—, which will perhaps bear repetition.

"Last term," he says, "Porteous went to brekker with R—, who, as you know, is a great old bachelor. It was the first fine day for a fortnight, and R— naturally hit upon the weather as a suitable topic of

conversation. 'What a lovely day this is, Mr. Porteous. Is it not nice to have a little sun?' Poor old Porteous, too nervous to know what the man was talking about, but catching at the last words, jumped up, seized R— by the hand and shook it vigorously, exclaiming: 'Indeed, sir, I congratulate you. I hope that Mrs. R— is doing well.'"

Breakfast over, J— settles down to study till twelve, when he has a lecture in "stinks," *i.e.* chemistry. It is now almost ten o'clock, so H— and I, who have "classical lekkers" until twelve, adjourn thereto. When these are over we arrange for a game of "fug socker" in the afternoon, and return to our rooms. Most of us who have not lekkers put in this hour at odds and ends. Letters are written, or the daily papers read in the junior common room. This is the students' reading room, smoking room, and club. Breakfast or lunch may be had by members at a moderate price. There is one in every college, managed by the students themselves, and open to all undergraduates, for a fee of about thirty-five shillings per annum. To-day I go to the college library, where about fifteen thousand volumes are at the convenience of every student, and taking the most comfortable easy chair I can find, read for an hour at the subject I have chosen for my weekly essay. This task is compulsory on every Balliol student during the first two years of his course, no matter what his subject of study. Each week two subjects are appointed by the master, and the student writes on which ever of the two he prefers. Those chosen for this week are: (a) Discuss Carlyle's view of modern philanthropy, as found in the Latter-Day Pamphlets; or (b) liberty and equality, are these two ideas consistent one with the other. These essays are read by the student to his tutor every Saturday, for work goes on Saturday as on other week-days. The effect of this essay system, peculiar to Balliol and one or two other colleges, is good, especially because it forces students of science and mathematics to cultivate an acquaintance with English literature and philosophy, which is too often lacking in their Canadian brethren.

Next comes lunch, held in my rooms, after which eight of us adjourn to fug socker. This is simply soccer (Oxonian for association football) played with a small football, in a covered stone court, in size about twenty-five yards by ten, with very high stone sidewalls and ceiling. Four play on each side, and there is naturally a great deal of canonading off the sides, as in hockey. The goals are of course much narrower than in regular soccer, being only four feet wide. The game is fast and exciting and much played in Oxford. After an hour at this we return home at a jog-trot, in order not to catch a chill, and change. Then comes study until