

For the next fifty-five minutes there follow a breathless scratch and scramble after that Professor, through a very wilderness of woe. Get down what the man says, in some way or other, you must. 'Tis in the *other* way one usually gets it. Often the bare phraseology is all one has to guide him. Then the difficulties become supreme; comparisons, hasty and numerous, are made with the neighbors. The Professor, speaking for the most part *ex tempore*, refers, now to the long desk in front, wealthy of all apparatus peculiar to the subject, and, now to the wall behind, where panels are festooned with numberless diagrams. In this way the ground that is covered is appalling. Perfect order obtains, and this, the cardinal recommendation of the Lecture system. Even the most careless recognize the complete seriousness of the occasion, and scribble as if their lives depended thereon.

A comprehensive digest of the one hundred lectures, which constitute a course in all the heavier subjects, is simply invaluable to the student. He here has a text-book all his own — usually intelligible only to himself — where no expurgation is requisite. He simply makes it a complete "transfer" upon his cerebral tissue, and is ready to the tune of first-class honors. Many of the men, who "pass with distinction," have never opened a text-book of other than their own making. Here, excellence of scholarship postulates, solely, a mastery of detail. The printed texts themselves are commonly unsatisfactory; cumbersome creations, that tell too much and soon become obsolete. The "Lectures" exercise to a nicety the process of exclusion; indicate to a hair's breadth the area of the examination. As further fact is elicited, or this hypothesis contraverted, readily and with convenience, room is found for the one, and place made for the other, within the sheaf of the Professor's "notes." These "notes" are rarely published. "The labor of book-making is great," is the plea; its result, the Professor well knows, will be the emptying of the back benches of his class-room,—a serious subtraction from the ranks of his "yellow boys."

Meanwhile, the "lecture" has been steadily in progress; the sonorous cadence of the old Scot, and the rapid ply of "Fountain" or "Stylograph." Any *lapsus lingue* on the part of the Professor is promptly followed by a unanimous shuffling of feet. Thus it is that the undergraduate fraternity expresses its dis-

satisfaction. The disturbance is iterated, till the error is dignifiedly corrected. Such manifestations are about the only sympathy ever established twixt "teacher" and "taught." The individuality of the "Chair" remains forever a sealed book to the "Benches." The "Benches" possess for the "Chair" a certain common personality,—they all own notebooks and can be "spun;" they mean only a certain measure of guineas.

But now as the hour grows well nigh exhausted the patience of many a break-jostler's scribe wears thin. First indication is a dropping fire of insulated kicks; soon singles become doubles; and presently, from behind the ambush of benches, a perfect fusillade is opened upon the "enemy." The "enemy," however, goes doggedly on; holds pertinaciously to his last minute. The conflict gets desperate; the issue hangs doubtful, till the clock steps in and decides it. The Professor relinquishes his hold, and under cover of the grateful intimation, "Gentlemen, you may leave your cards," makes his escape.

With a huge sigh of relief the tired arm is stretched, the crossed leg straightened. The "cards" are immediately forthcoming; they are about the last thing that the "boys" forget. "Cards are called," quite at the pleasure of the Professor, twenty-six times during the session. Each student is required to have to his credit a certain proportion of this number before his attendance is recognized. To be present on all the "card days," and only then, requires no little foresight and calculation.

And now the last desire of the multitude is to "get out." With cards between their teeth, and both elbows free, the impatient and vigorous attempt to stampede their more philosophic brethren. All petty animosity is forgotten; each strives only to annihilate the space-filling properties of the other. The aisles choke into swaying columns of compounded humanity. The benches lend their periodic backs, a sort of flying staircase. Rapidly the tributaries swell the main streams of exit. The portals groan with the growing strain. Borne along in the crush, one's own turn comes. At the door your card is clutched by the tenacious and long-suffering janitor. You have registered once more "A Class-time at Edinburgh."

WALTER W. CHIPMAN.