

"P. S.—We had such a delightful sermon yesterday from dear Mr. Potter, "on the Jew's society."

"Ten A.M. ! why it's ten now," said Gray, taking out his watch, "they'll soon be here." And sure enough, just as he spoke, a cab drove into the College quadrangle.—"I'll tell you what we'll do, Jack ; we'll lock up Field in his bedroom, and you and I will sit in the sitting room and sport the oak against the old lady."

This plan was immediately acted on.—Field's bedroom was locked, and the key secured in Gray's pocket, and the outer door between the sitting room and the common staircase being closed, Messrs. Gray and Longfield having uncorked a bottle of Field's bitter beer, lit their pipes and awaited in silence the movements of the enemy. They were not long in suspense. The cab stopped at the door of No. 6, and the cabman wheeling it around as an artillery-man does his gun, discharged therefrom an elder and a younger lady.

Some difference of opinion appeared to arise between the elder lady and the cabman, in which however, the latter was evidently worsted, and drove grumbling out of the square.

Presently they heard steps ascending the staircase, and then came a knock—a second knock—a series of knocks at the outer door, but with no result.—Jack Longfield and his friends smoked their pipes in silence.

"Do you know, Jack," said Gray—"I wish we could manage to let cousin Lydia in without the old woman."

Here a growl and a wrench at the bed-room door, warned Gray that the subject was not an agreeable one to the patient.

"Hush," said Longfield. "Be quiet there or you will spoil everything." But, by Jove, Gray, the old lady is a clever one. You saw how she finished off the "cabby."

Indeed, I think it's just as well for ourselves that we've got the oak between us and her. But what can she be doing now ? Has she sat down on the stairs outside ?

"She is apparently trying to pick the lock with her parasol," replied Gray.

The door however, was opened, and preceded by Mrs. Weeks, who had happened to visit the rooms in the course of her ministrations, the two ladies entered the room.

"Are these Mr. James Field's rooms," said the elder, as she looked with no little horror on the display of beer bottles and tobacco-pipes before her. "These chambers," said Gray, with a bow of mock reverence, "are the unworthy residence of that excellent young man. He is at present absent with his tutor—a very worthy person, who preaches capital sermons about the Jews society."

But the old lady saw in a moment that she was being "chaffed."

"I do not come to my son's rooms to be insulted by his profligate companions. Drinking and smoking at this hour of the day ! Lyddy my love, open that window. And now, young gentlemen, you'll understand that we wish to be alone."