

to have the very greatest confidence in himself. Among the questions asked him was this one :

"What does '*μικρος*' \* mean?"

The boy thought for some time, fixing his eyes, first on the ground, then on the ceiling, then somewhere else, but it appeared to "stump" him.

"Come," said the master, by way of helping him a little, "it is a very easy word, you have read a little Greek have you not?"

"Yes, sir," he answered, "but forget what this word means."

"Well," answered the master, "it means what you are."

A bright thought at once seemed to strike him, and with a smile we all caught, he answered "Ah, *I know* what you mean, you want me to say foolish, but" he added, with great emphasis, "*I shant!*"

The examination over, we were told we might return to our respective houses and do whatever we pleased. I returned to my house, and unpacked my trunk, with the assistance of "Mary Anne," who shewed me where my things were to be put; and gave me many useful hints. Mary Anne was quite an institution, she was matron, housemaid, parlour-maid, and I know not what else besides; she was a strong, red-faced woman, with a temper easily and often aroused by the boys, but she could well take care of herself; woe to the boy whom she caught in her clutches, when in a passion!

By the time my trunk was unpacked it was nearly tea-time. I went downstairs into the long-room, where we had our meals, and prepared our work, etc., and sat down by the fire. Presently two old boys came in, "Hilloa," they exclaimed, "who have we here, a new smug? What's your name?" but before I could answer, my chair was pulled from under me, and

I found myself rolling on the floor. Remembering my resolution to take everything in good part, I got up and resumed my seat, laughing. "Oh, you like it, do you? Well, you can go down again," and, for the second time, I was landed upon the floor. "Your name is B——, is it? Well, don't be festive." I was now told to give a full account of myself, my form, age, where I lived, where I had been at school, etc., etc. It is the rule for a new boy to furnish at once any information concerning himself that may be required, but by no means may he ask any in return.

"By Jove! this fellow is festive, he is actually going to sit down to tea without leave."

"Don't you know that you must ask my leave before you do that?"

I replied that I did not know it, and that I should not do it again, whereupon I was immediately told to "cock up,"—I was shewn how—and I received such a kick. In "cocking up," you bend over, with your back facing the boy who is to administer the punishment, and with your hands resting upon your knees, just within convenient reach of his foot.

Prayers were read at nine o'clock, after which we went up to our bedrooms. I had been placed in a room with two other boys, both much older than myself. One of them subsequently became my fag-master, the other died that quarter.

I got into bed as quickly as possible, thankful that the day was over. I began to think over all that had happened, and to wonder what sort of fellows my two companions were who meanwhile were talking over their holidays.

Presently I was told to sing a song, and to be sharp about it. All orders must be sharply obeyed, or else a "cocking up." A hair brush, whizzing by my head, reminded me that I was not sharp enough, so I quickly

\* *μικρος* = small.