

Once these exams. are over they are of little use to a person. That is to say the matter a person studies for them is of little use on the finals. Honour Mods. (Classics) are the only exception possibly to this. The Modern Language Prelims. are some use too. Like many other things, this Scripture exam. called "Divuers" is a relic of the past and will I presume be still in force in Oxford A. D. 2012. "Mods," Greek, gate-bills, horse-trams and—I almost forget them, vivas—are also institutions hallowed by custom and ancient usage.

Talking about ancient customs, I might say that a "viva" (viva voce) is a necessary part of every exam. A week or two after the written part, men come trooping back from all corners of the three kingdoms to be "vivad" for anywhere from two to thirty minutes. This is a survival of the mediaeval custom. I suppose, of a public defence of a thesis by those supplicating for theological degrees. Anyway the viva voce takes place, is generally disliked and useless, unless a man is "on the line." If he has passed or "plowed," a viva is of absolutely no use. Vivas on the finals are attended by anxious and loving parents and friends who accompany the family hopeful to a trial before a bench of examiners on the qui vive to see a man make all kinds of ridiculous statements. No doubt vivas will also be taking place in A. D. 2012.

Before one tries his finals then, he must pass a Prelim., unless exempted by Senior Standing, and before trying a prelim., it is necessary to have passed "smalls" or Responsions, or some exam. considered as equivalent thereto. Such is the general procedure. There is also something else that everyone passes through, the result of a rather quaint ceremony—matriculation before the Vice Chancellor.

This generally takes place during the first or second week one is up. After having given the college his pedigree and supplied the university with sufficient data to trace his family in case of necessity, the "Fresher," having decked himself in cap and gown and wearing a dark suit, white shirt, and collar and tie of the same immaculate hue, marches to the Divinity Schools accompanied by his classmates. Here the Vice-Chancellor—that person who is the uncrowned, unless you consider his Doctor's hat a crown, King of Oxford—enters, preceded by his beadle bearing the mace. A nice little speech in Latin that would make even Cicero blush—for the real Oxford Latin is more than Ciceronic, it is, well it's Oxonian—starts the proceedings. Each