

Another ineffectual dive under the bed, that is ineffectual as far as the sock goes, but quite effectual in removing half the skin from the victim's backbone, caused by a too hasty endeavour on his part to extricate himself. Just then a black-bearded form appears in the door-way, and in mellifluous accents remarks, "Are you going to chapel? The bell will stop in about two minutes, I'd hurry if I were you." This is too much, and a flying boot cuts short the visitor's kindly-meant warning. "Hang it all, I've got up for nothing; I can never dress in time." However, hope springs eternal in the human breast, and just then the missing sock turns up precisely where Smith remembers to have put it. Then follows the wild farce of dressing against time, concluding with the principal actor arriving at the chapel door buttoning his waistcoat, with his tie under his left ear, and a general half-boiled expression, tempered, however, by a look of mild triumph at having saved the chapel. Oh, these winter morning services: the dim religious light of the chapel, the scanty few, the general feeling of having been up all night, with all those other pleasant feelings which will at once occur to anyone who has had the misfortune to get up early on a dark winter's morning. However, it comes to an end, and the men troop out and exhibit themselves to their fellows who have been luxuriating in bed with an exulting triumph, coupled with boastful and fanciful remarks as to the beauty and healthfulness of early rising, with the added comfort that if the lazy ones do not rise they will get no breakfast, for there goes the bell, as the pealing echoes of that shrill abomination, in the hands of a porter, who thoroughly enjoys the exercise, ring through the corridors; and so down to breakfast.

"What's the matter with that cook? That's the second time this week the porridge has been burned," growls the man whose early rising has not sweetened his temper, and the old saw ancient food and cooks, rises up in his mind and finds expression, "Take the stuff away and bring me some steak." Anon, the steak appears, singed on the outside and red raw as to the interior, and with many comments on the iniquity of things in general, and college living in particular, the undergraduate proceeds to devour as much of the delicacy as will satisfy his hunger. When this is somewhat appeased, he looks round for fresh worlds to conquer, and spies a companion attentively perusing the *Globe*. Here is a grievance, "Hand over that paper, Robinson; here you've had it all breakfast. Hang it, man, don't be so greedy." Then there is a brisk battle of words between the speaker and Robinson, in the midst of which the dons rise as a signal for grace, and another breakfast is over. As we troop up the stairs we meet the lazy ones just descending, and we offer consoling remarks as to the utter impossibility of their finding anything to eat. Then to the reading room for half an hour before lectures. All the chairs taken; five men trying to read the

*Mail*, ditto the *Globe*, no chance here, and with much disgust Smith betakes himself to his sitting-room, which he finds cheerfully littered with the relics of the previous night's feast, and pervaded by a general air of stale tobacco and desolation. With many muttered resolves as to never having any men to a shine again, he proceeds in a half-hearted way to restore order, when his efforts are broken in on again by the hateful sound of the bell for lecture, just as the porter has brought in an interesting letter, which he wishes to conclude. "Where's my gown?" and Smith surveys the chaos in despair. No sign of the required article. "I say, Brown, have you seen my gown?" "Oh, yes, Spriggs had it last night." "Hang Spriggs, why can't he let things alone?" That individual's room is at the other end of the building, and it takes ten minutes to find the necessary article, and then Smith arrives in the lecture-room heated and irate, and is greeted by the professor with sarcastic remarks as to the apparent impossibility of some men ever being punctual. Then for three hours or more the lectures go on, and Smith's brain is in a whirl with endeavouring to distinguish the precise difference of meaning, when some unheard of Greek verb takes the dative, and when it takes the accusative, which pleasant employment he varies by endeavouring in an utterly hopeless manner to expand sine A + B, his failure to solve which problem is received by the professor with gloomy prognostications as to his fate in the fast approaching examinations. In such delightful occupations does his morning pass, and when at length the welcome hour of release arrives, Smith has finally decided the momentous question "Is life worth living?" emphatically in the negative.

Then comes dinner, a more cheerful meal, as Smith feels that work is over for the day. Not that it ought to be by any means. The horrid spectre of the approaching examination sits at the board with him, attended by the wretched sprite who whispers in his ear how many hundred lines of Demosthenes he has never looked at, and how his knowledge of statics is represented by a minus sign. He makes a brave resolve. (N.B.—for the 500th time that term.) He must work, and it is with a glow of virtuous indignation that he refuses the seductive invitation to take a walk. No such follies for him; one pipe, a magazine just for one little half hour, and then grind. But that particular magazine is most interesting; the one pipe develops into three, and then a friend puts his head into the reading room. "I say, Smith, let's go and call on the P—s." Pleasant visions of afternoon tea and pleasant company rise up, and alas for Smith's resolution! He goes, comforting himself with the thought that there is a whole evening before him, and that then he will make up for lost time.

The afternoon passes quickly and pleasantly enough, and Smith finds himself back in College just as the bell is ringing for evening chapel, at which there is a very full attendance of the men who try to persuade themselves