

yet the newly arrived student instinctively feels a little of the reverence which we pay to antiquity. The very crooked streets, the massive buildings of the various colleges impress him with a sense of their distinctive nature, their difference from anything to which he has been accustomed. They are of the old world.

At first our new student rather puts on a little "side," feels somewhat of a superiority over ordinary carnal beings by virtue of the superior intellect, which he feels he has shown, in winning the £300 of the South African benefactor. But he receives a rather rude bump when he finds that the languid curiosity which this new species of animal had excited among the Oxford undergraduates, on its first appearance among the colleges, has long since died away, and that the Rhodes scholar has become a matter of course. He "comes up," and "goes down" like all other Oxonians, he wins a prize perhaps, or gets ploughed in "Pass Mods," and in neither performance does he win either more distinction or more ignominy than does the ordinary Oxford man. Among his own people, and in his own country, his successes are proclaimed from the house tops, in Oxford he is only one of many. In fact in some circles of the student body the Rhodes man is rather a subject of pity. "£300 a year! By Jove old man, you must have to jolly well scrape to get through to say nothing of the vacs." "Poor as a Rhodes Scholar" is becoming an Oxford proverb. This view of the matter is apt to daze to some extent the new arrived self-conscious scholar, and when he finds that his benefactor, his "patron," Rhodes himself, wandered from college to college when a prospective student, vainly seeking admittance, and was at last only admitted to Oriel as a very great favor, —for Rhodes was a very indifferent scholar, —his pride has gone completely. Humility of spirit has taken possession of him.

However, the strangeness of his surroundings soon loses its novelty, stone walls begin to have a very familiar appearance, college quadrangles and chapels become a matter of course, and soon the "fresher" from across the water throws off the garb of civilization to don the conventional dress of the Oxford undergrad—Norfolk jacket, sonorous vest, and trousers called by the singularly appropriate name of "bags"—grafts upon his limited vocabulary a few sprigs of choice college slang, and buds out as a typical Oxonian, a Canadian or American no longer, at least to a casual observer.