

wander about the streets as he likes, when older people are sent to bed at curfew. He is not even compelled to go to mass. True, there are a few rules, but they are often as foolish as they are ineffective. Imagine the result of decreeing that all students below the grade of bachelors, must walk the streets two and two "to avoid scandal!" Of course the undergraduates are undeterred by such restrictions, and often break out wildly. Poaching, quarrelling and hard drinking, are the order of the day. Proclamations have to be issued against throwing water out of windows, against "horrible shoutings and noisy and unwonted song," against destroying trees, against burning crops, against beating the watch, against interfering with the hangman when practising his profession, whilst many a town and gown row ends in bloodshed and death.

As time goes on, however, the colleges begin to tighten their discipline, and by the fifteenth century the undergraduates have not nearly so much freedom. Fines are imposed on all offenders, and at Oxford we find a graduated scale from a farthing for not speaking Latin, to 6s. 8d. for assault "with

effusion of blood." (At Cambridge, to-day, the proctor relieves you of this latter amount for far less interesting experiments than effusion of blood). Intermediate offences are "tearing gowns on purpose"—a practice still dear to the English undergraduate—and throwing stones at a master, with an extra fine for successful aim.

But our space is limited, and we must take a hurried leave of our medieval friend. We have seen enough of him to realise that, in many ways, he bears a strong family likeness to the undergraduate of to-day. It is true that his education is often ill-conducted, and his manners not what they ought to be; but he is not always a rough barbarian. Often his intellectual enthusiasm has made him brave the trials of a journey over half of Europe, and if, when he has come to Paris, his teachers sometimes disappoint him, he learns in time that education may be largely independent of the subjects taught, and, after mixing with men of almost every rank and nation, he goes away—as history shows us—to occupy with marked success the highest posts in Church and State.

TRIUMPH.

They sing their Loves, these Poets, one by one
 In strains that stir the heart like generous wine;
 Then turn they—"Haste Apollo's youngest son,
 Sing thine!"

Sing mine! No need, one word says all, my Sweet,
 And that I launch upon the silence, fearless,
 And smile to hear the echoing dome repeat—
 "Peerless! Peerless!"

They gaze bewildered, then the dart betimes
 Home to their thrilled hearts strikes with all its might;
 "Crown him" they rapturous cry, "in truth he climbs
 Love's height! Love's height! Love's height!"

DAVID WILL. M. BURN.