

beagling, cycling, walking, all claim their devotees and nearly every man does something. Indeed, the Oxford air and the English temperament both demand it. Soon after four they begin to return and after 4.30 nearly every one is back and ready for "tea." I can hear you all laugh, so did I, but I have come to enjoy it very much, and really when lunch is so light and dinner so late it is a real necessity. Tea is pre-eminently the social meal of the day. You scarcely ever take it alone but generally with four or five of your friends. At 5.30 you are supposed to go and thus get in one and a half hours' reading before hall, but generally the conversation has just begun to get interesting and you may stay on until it is almost time to go in to hall. Athletics and politics are the great subjects, because the Oxford man has an excessive fear of talking shop. "Hall" is rather a disappointment to the average "fresher" his first couple of terms. Before he goes up he thinks of it as rather a jolly social time when the whole college is gathered together. He finds it at first, however, as an Engländer described it to me, a "mournful function," when each one races the man next and gets through four courses in from twelve to twenty minutes. However, as he gets over his first stiffness things begin to brighten up and he begins to enjoy things more. The most interesting thing, I think, about dinner is the practice of "scoucing." If you quote or talk shop or use strong language, anyone who hears may write it down and send it to the senior scholar at the table, who allows it or disallows it as he pleases. If it is allowed then you have to stand the table a quart mug of ale or lemonade. You have first drink yourself and

are allowed as much as you can take in a single draught. Any man who floors the scouce, *i.e.*, drinks it all, is naturally considered to have done himself great honor. After dinner you may read if you wish, but quite likely there is some college debating society or the Union to go to and after that coffee with someone, and so the day is over, and from the point of view of the Canadian student practically wasted. I shall try and say later on why I think that this is not the case.

As I have said before, athletics occupy a much larger place in the undergraduate's day than with us at home. Almost every man goes in for athletics of some kind. Rowing is, of course, the most typical thing at Oxford. As soon as the Michaelmas or autumn term begins the officers of the boat club in each college rout out such of the freshers as look likely and are willing to become slaves of the oar. Down they are marched to the college barge and "tubbing" begins. This means being taken out by twos in small boats called tubs and instructed in the noble art by those who have rowed in the college eight. The instruction that one gets on the river is on a far different level from that imparted in the lecture room. There you may listen or not as you please. On the river, however, if your attention flags half a minute you are severely reprimanded, and if the offence is repeated you are abused in unmeasured terms. I heard one of the dons say that he would gladly believe that the instruction he had to give was regarded as half so important or half so earnestly listened to as that on the water path. There are supposed to be seventy odd faults and they seem to come in cycles. When you have, as you think, mastered one thing and gone