

enter the village-hall of Oxford, you find scattered here and there, often with beautiful gardens or parks behind them and one great park all along the east of them, twenty-five colleges, some of them very large and none of them small. These are of every age, some like Merton, dating back even to the reign of Henry III., their exteriors which were once smooth white stone now all dark and crumbling with age; others like Keble are fresh and bright and modern and, for that very reason, are despised.

Of each college a peculiar feature is its chapel. This is often remarkably beautiful and interesting with its great organ and splendid choir of rich, well-trained male voices, its costly and wonderful windows, and its great reredos composed of figures of apostles, bishops and kings rising row above row until they reach the arch above. Each student is obliged to attend chapel so many times a week at eight o'clock in the morning (think of that these cold winter mornings), and his name is called to see if he is there. This is of course one of the many great trials that Oxford men claim they have to bear.

Another interesting thing about each college is its great dining hall with the walls covered with portraits of its famous scholars and patrons—a Henry V., an Elizabeth, a Wolsey, a Dr. Johnson, a Newman, a Matthew Arnold, a Ruskin or a Gladstone. Such places suggest very forcibly to one how rich Oxford is in associations with the past, and how sacred, we may say, are its precincts.

One turns unwillingly away from such a theme as this brings up to the mind, but I must now refer to some things in connection with the three thousand students that yearly throng the college halls. Each undergraduate in Oxford is required to wear cap and gown not only to all lectures and university sermons on Sunday but also on the street after dark. To enforce this rule two proctors are ap-

pointed each term, and each of these has a number of assistants commonly termed "bull dogs" to help him in running down naughty youths who persist in forgetting that cap and gown. Nearly every man has his story to tell of how he fooled the prog (proctor), or how he was caught and had to pay his fine.

Each night at exactly five minutes past nine, Old Tom, the great bell on Christ Church College tower, tolls out one hundred and one strokes and every college gate is closed and no one may go out, but those who are out are allowed to come in as late as twelve o'clock, paying, however, a fine if their entrance is after half past ten. If they do not get in before twelve, it is a very serious offence, and the guilty one has to appear next day before the head of the college, when unless his excuse is a good one he is fined and warned that next time he will be expelled. These rules are strict yet they are approved of by the men themselves for the most part.

Though what I have been describing are things very unlike what we find in our own universities yet there are two other points in which one feels more clearly the difference between Oxford and Canadian universities. These are first, the system of tuition, second, the importance attached to the social side of college life. Remember this refers to men only, not ladies.

As for tuition, instead of its being all given by lectures as with us, each student on entering the college is at once assigned to some don, called his tutor, who directs him in all his reading, tells him what lectures to attend, sets him two essays a week to write and bring to him, and then goes over these with him alone and thus comes to know his pupil intimately. As even the greatest of Oxford scholars, men sometimes of sixty years of age and known all over the literary world, do not think it beneath their dignity to act as tutors one can easily see