

say! Somewhere between breakfast and lunch there normally intervene a couple or three lecture hours. After lunch, which is ordinarily of a very simple bread-and-water variety, everyone changes to go on the river to row, or to the college athletic field to play whatsoever his favorite game may be; or if he be of the modern scholar-gipsy type, he will go off to the Cowley or Radley golf course or for a solitary row on the upper river. One thing is certain that no sane undergraduate will be found in his rooms between the hours of 2 and 4. The question 'What do you do?' one soon discovers to be synonymous with 'What is your favorite pastime?' And here, in this fact that all have some sort of pastime, is something we would do well to copy in our university life. We seem to be too afraid of making fools of ourselves. At any rate we will watch a game or practice for hours, but comparatively few Canadian university men actually take active part in sports. In Oxford everyone plays the game. No one is a mere 'rooter'; and he does it because he feels it to be a manly thing, not necessarily to win a game at all costs, but to play it, to understand its technique from the inside, to learn to do things with others. And this spirit, too, leads to something else; it cultivates an exceedingly praiseworthy respect for authority, subordination to the team's captain. His word is law; no one would think of questioning it. The whole thought of the rowing man, therefore, is to 'row his guts out', to sacrifice self completely in the interests of the whole crew—a lesson which many a 'Varsity Blue has lived to put into practice in the foreign field as a civil servant in India or the Levant, or in some exacting post of public service at home. The lessons of life are not all to be learned by the aid of a murky student's lamp.

After sports comes tea, usually shared with one or two intimate friends; and after that a pause of varying length, depending upon the 'staying' quality of your friends, till the dinner hour at seven. Some few men known as 'swatters' have been found working between five and seven; others known as 'slackers' sleeping; each enjoying his own kind of pleasure. Most of us are inclined to think the slacker has the better time of it. The evening is the period of the day when the spirit of industry spreads itself abroad. Even the most devout worldling will endeavor on the eve of his tutorial appointment to fit together a spare and disconnected somewhat, with which to test the Christian qualities of his tutor in the morning.