

and time have so successfully combined their powers to satisfy the mind and heart?’

And religion? Yes, when one thinks of it, Oxford is the religious heart of England. From her or from her sons has been sent forth again and again new spiritual vitality to feed and strengthen the languishing religious life of the whole country. Her ‘dreaming spires’ are proverbial. Every college has its chapel and chaplains. Every Sunday morning during term Mansfield College boasts a well-attended service for all ‘non-conformist’ members of the University, while in the Parish Church of St. Mary’s is preached weekly a sermon for all members of the university by some prominent Anglican divine. A glance at the list of members of the university today will reveal the names of a number of men who are the bulwarks of theological thought the world over. Driver and Sanday are household words in ministerial circles.

But the beautiful things of Oxford and its holy and sacred places are not, I think, for the ordinary undergraduate, the outstanding features of the time spent up there. Men studying history or those specially interested in architecture or antiquities will seek out the beauty spots of Oxford, but among the general body of students these but serve as a rather dim, unexamined background for a continuous series of ‘brekkers’, ‘foster-squashes’, tea-parties and smokers, interrupted by a weekly tutorial interrogation point. For were it not for the fact that at least one essay a week, in your own subject of study, by a wisely (?) rigorous tutor—who also inflicts upon you a college exam. (colleceer) at the end of term—it would be almost impossible to keep from losing one’s self in the social life of your college. The ordinary Oxford day is a curious but delightful mixture of play and work. Breakfast is commonly a social meal. Entertaining at this time of the day is convenient, both for the giver and the receiver. The host has the privilege, on the score of lectures, of turning his guests out when he wishes; if he be at all industrious he will allow no one to remain after 10 o’clock. The lucky guest, too, who sits down to a fat fish and egg breakfast which some one else pays for, can make his invitation an opportunity for taking a longer nap than usual and arriving well after nine for an 8.30 breakfast. He always has the plausible excuse ready that he never dreamed anyone else would turn up before nine, he had waited till the very last minute writing an es-