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## LIFE IN AN OXFORD COLLEGE.

THE day begins suddenly in an Oxford College. The grey walls and towers thrust themselves boldly out of the darkness. The chapel bell awakens clamorously to join the chorus of bells ringing out from all the "dreaming spires" of this "sweet city." The men, with their gowns thrown hastily about them, rush to make one of the six chapels necessary each week. Meanwhile the kitchens, which, as Lamb says, "might have cooked for Chaucer," have sent forth the breakfasts to the several rooms. There the men alone, or more often in pleasant social intercourse with a few friends—the Oxford social breakfast is not yet a decadent institution—fortify themselves against the day's work.

The morning is generally a round of lectures and tutorial classes. At the end of every hour the city streets are flooded with the students, all in cap and gown, hurrying to the different college halls where lectures are delivered. Hasten one must, through street and lane, for from St. Johns to Magdalen is a far cry. The lectures are rarely very inspiring. One prefers to yield to the spirit of place. Those grand old halls, with their lofty ceilings and their walls adorned with rich oak panelling, on which hang portraits of distinguished sons of the college, make the mind wander. A stray sunbeam steals through the stained-glass windows, and playing upon some painting, dimmed with age, makes the face it touches live again. The lecturer's voice itself seems to come out of the distance with a message from the past. The tutorial classes permit of no such dreaming. The small group of men—often three or four—whom the tutor takes, together meet him in his room. One reads an essay and the others criticize it; the tutor sums up the argument, corrects both readers and critics, and develops the whole subject. Undoubtedly these classes, which bring the men into close personal contact with the tutor, whose mastery of the subject enables him to bring out the weaknesses of each, and whose aim is to encourage original thought and expression, are, with the residence system, the essential and most praiseworthy features of Oxford life.

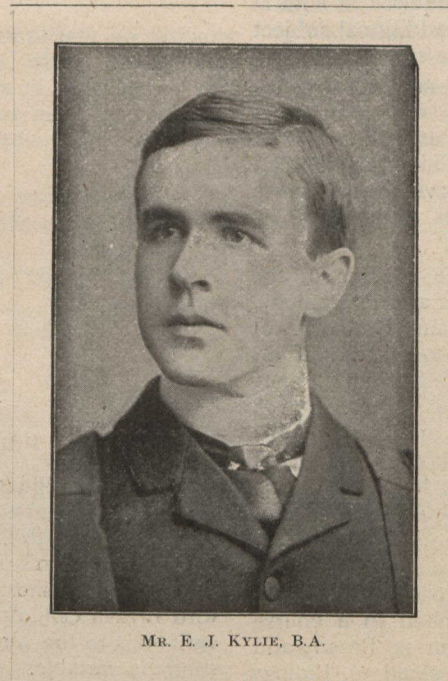
The men who have read in their own rooms during the morning join their busier fellows after lunch in the same search for sport. The beautiful playing fields ring with the shouts of contestants at football, or hockey, or lacrosse. Grass hockey resembles the Canadian game in some degree, and has attained great popularity here. Lacrosse has been but lately introduced; though more dignified journals speak of it as "aerial hockey," and less dignified as "a cross between bad hockey and an egg-

and-spoon-race," yet it has been prospering, and an inter-varsity match this term will secure its position. All winter the river is alive with row-boats of all varieties, from the "tub," in which freshmen are taught, to the light racing-shell. Every college has its eight in preparation for the winter races, called the Torpids, and amid the throng the stately Varsity boat swings down "the glass of fashion and the world of form" for all beholders.

Whether on field or river, everyone takes his afternoon exercise and gains zest for a pleasant social tea. The men gather around cheery hearth fires and discuss all the college news, venturing now and then upon university topics or upon broader subjects of conversation, and maintaining always the extremely critical view point of the Oxford undergraduate.

The hour between tea and seven o'clock dinner is, by general consent, sacred to study. At seven the chapel

bell again rings out, conveying a more welcome summons than it did in the early morning; the men, in gowns, gather into the hall and seat themselves on the benches beside the long tables. At Balliol, on Sunday evening, when the waiter approaches the high table, each undergraduate grasps his knife and fork and belabours the table lustily until a wondrous din arises. The old members of the college, out of their portraits on the walls, seem to smile benignantly upon the younger generations. The meal passes quickly, with bright talk and raillery, and again the men gather in their rooms for coffee. If it is Thursday evening, some will hurry to the Union to hear the debate, and, sitting on the floor of the house, to act as



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