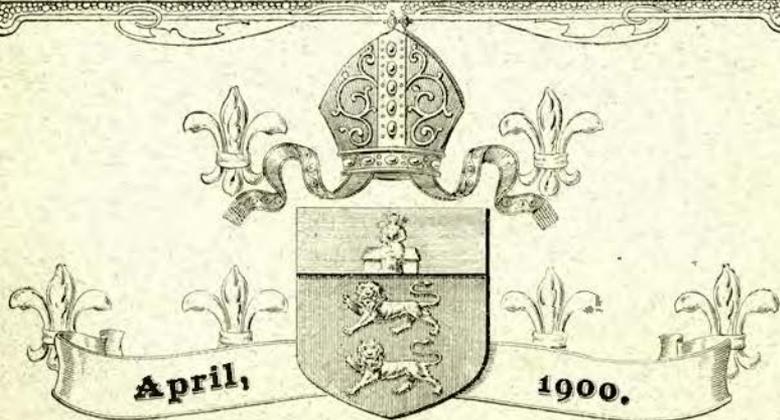
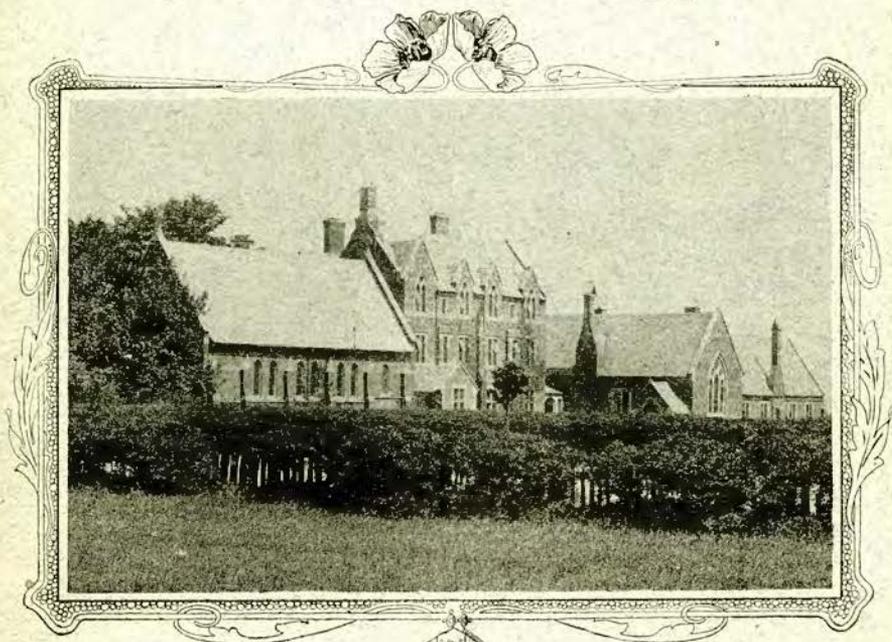
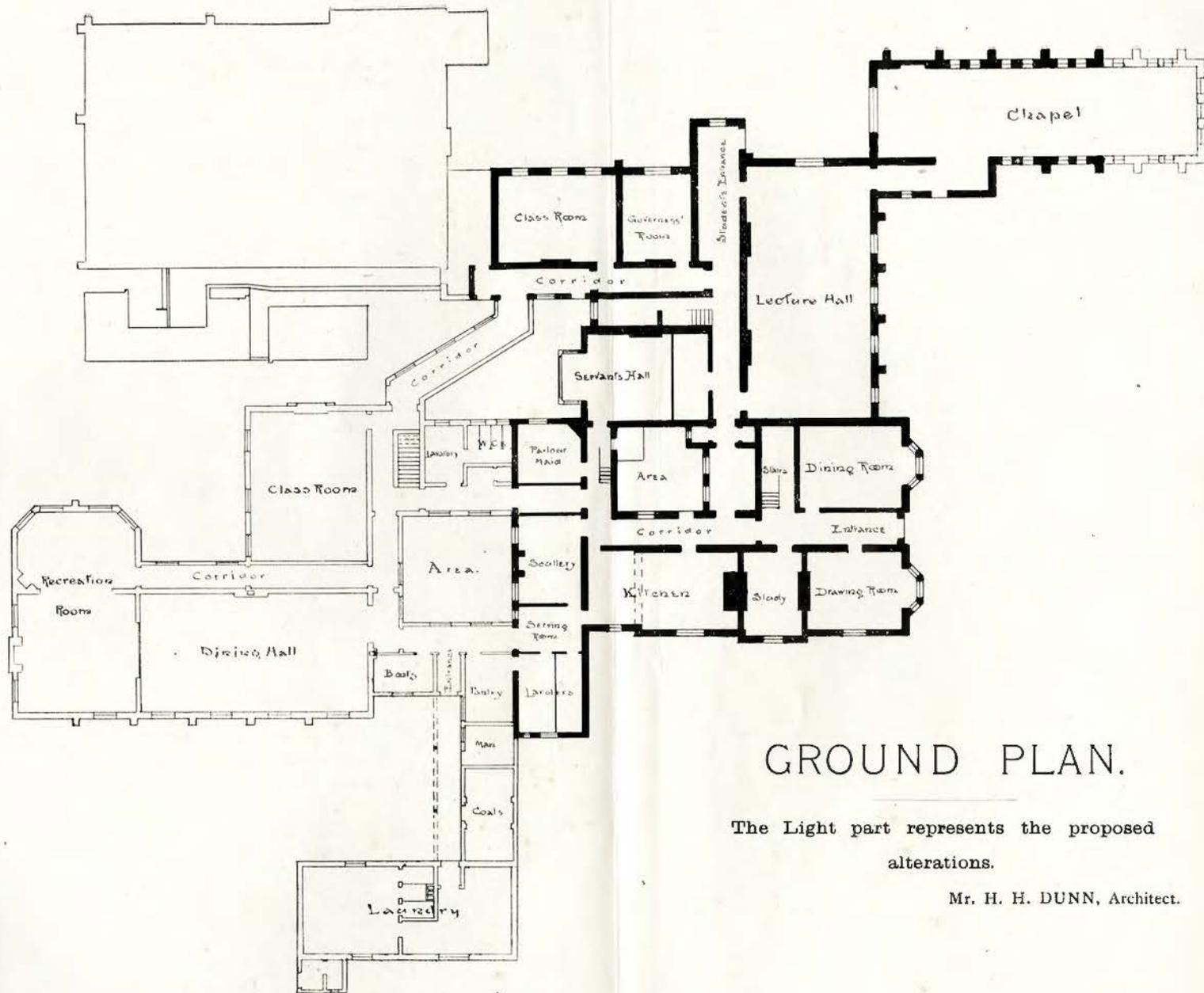


LINCOLN  
Diocesan Training College  
MAGAZINE





## GROUND PLAN.

The Light part represents the proposed alterations.

Mr. H. H. DUNN, Architect.

## THE COLLEGE ASSOCIATION.

*Aim of Association:—*

To be a means of binding past Students to one another, and to the College.

*Its constitution is as follows:—*

Members, comprising Students trained in the College, Ex-Officio Members, The President (the Principal), and the College Staff.

## RULES OF MEMBERSHIP.

1.—Members of the Association shall receive the Holy Communion at least once a month.

2.—They shall use the College prayer said daily in Chapel.

3.—They shall endeavour, as far as circumstances permit, by some voluntary service to the Church, to recognise their responsibilities as Church-trained Teachers.

4.—They shall pay a yearly subscription of 2/6, 1/- of which will be given to the Church Schoolmasters' and Schoolmistresses' Benevolent Institution.

Members receive the College Magazine free of charge, and are entitled to wear the College Association Badge. The Card of Membership and the Badge, 3/1, or 8/3 (in silver gilt), including postage, can be obtained from the Secretary, Miss Elwell.

*The subscription to be forwarded to the Secretary, Training College, Lincoln, each year BEFORE December 1st.*

## MEMBERS.

- 1862 Annie J. Morrison  
 1864 Elizabeth Lowndes (Mrs. Edwards)  
 1867 Sarah Ann Wright (Mrs. Dawber), Louisa Hamm  
 1868 Rebecca Haynes (Mrs. Hemsley)  
 1870 Annie Elizabeth Whitworth (Mrs. Hutchinson)  
 1871 Sarah Pearson, Alice Kent (Mrs. Howe)  
 1872 Elizabeth Brummitt  
 1873 Sarah Elizabeth Sutcliffe (Mrs. Watson); Elizabeth Watson  
 (Mrs. Dixon); Sarah Thorpe (Mrs. Shelton); Margaret  
 Elwell  
 1874 Annie Georgina Selvage, Martha Ann Greaves, Clara  
 Brummitt  
 1875 Elizabeth Satchell (Mrs. Williams); Fanny Barton (Mrs.  
 Milner)

- 1876 Annie Harrington (Mrs. C. J. Robbins); Elsie Robb (Mrs. A. Logsdail)
- 1877 Hannah Bell
- 1878 Ellen Wilson (Mrs. Hoades)
- 1879 Selina Dix. Alice Whiteley
- 1880 Maude Etchells (A.T.S.)
- 1881 Mary Williamson.
- 1882 Mary Turner, Jessie Bourne, Amy Sophia Beddoe
- 1884 Essie Ruth Conway
- 1885 Eunice B. Turner
- 1886 Annie Glover
- 1887 Hannah Thomason, Frances Elwell
- 1888 Jane Martin, Frances Wells, Rosa Preston, Emma Johnson (Mrs. Hamer)
- 1889 Emma Wilkinson, Jessie Hutchinson
- 1890 Charlotte Watson, Florence Aughtie
- 1891 Mary Bell. Gertrude Whattam, Laura A. A. Wilkinson
- 1892 Albina Elston, Agnes Radford, Kathleen Huddleston, Carrie Poole, Agnes Short
- 1893 Gertrude Radford, May Kent, Elizabeth Robinson, Edith Martin, Sarah E. Clubb
- 1894 Ada Aughtie, Emma F. Whattam, Sarah Calver
- 1895 Frances Crombie, Millie Vernon, Alice Greening, Frances Bishell
- 1896 Mary Wileman, Annie Meadows, Annie Harvey, Amy Swift, Ethelen King, Kathleen Aviss, Rosa Hill.
- 1897 Kate Whattam, Edith Hales, Eleanor Walker, Jessie Betson, May Charlton, Mary Footitt, Annie Taylor, Marian Trevitt, Lucy Bignell, Ada Preston.
- 1898 Alice Falkinder, Gertrude Kenning, Marianne Thomson, Minnie Sells, Alice Upton, Ethel Craft, Carrie Moreton, Margaret Harrison, Harriett M. Coales, Jane Eggleston, Minnie Rimmington, Alice Dunbar, Ada Rimmington, Norah Murray. Eveline Schröder, Susannah Sargisson, Rose Naylor, Winifred Brown, Emily Ayres, Gertrude Hemsley, Gertrude Hodgson
- 1899.—Ada Brown, Lucy Maud Marrows, Bertha Wilding, Florence Howard, Margaret Hamilton Smith, Annie Amelia Harrison, Mary Ellen Lamming, Augusta Tanner, Margaret A. Glenn, Susannah Dewis, Priscilla Johnson, Helen M. Simons, Elizabeth Taylor, Lily A. Mottram, Ethel Rose Stapleton, Annie King, Marian S. Grundy, Ada Louisa Davis, Alethea Hildred, Edith Hillyer, Gertrude Tall, Mary E. Simmonds, Emily Wales, Mildred Vaughan, Gertrude Goulding, Ada Johnson, Alice Child, Gertrude Stallibrass, Edith Mary Hibbitt, Grace Harlock

## EDITORIAL.

In issuing this the eleventh number of our College Magazine we have first to mention the change which has taken place in the Sub-Editorship, an office of the utmost importance, since, as is usual with the "Subs," by far the greater part of the work falls upon the Sub-Editor, and the success of the Magazine to no small extent depends upon her exertions and care. This was emphatically the case in regard to our late Sub-Editor, Miss Helen S. Waddington, whose work was so well known to and so heartily appreciated by all who have been interested in the Magazine, and whose general work for the good of the College was so gracefully spoken of in a special minute drawn up and passed by the Committee of Management. Miss Waddington was certainly indefatigable, and threw herself heart and soul into the work so as to ensure its being a success, as indeed she did into everything else connected with the College, and notably into the College games, and the great interest which has been taken in them during the last few years is in a considerable measure due to her influence and work. And this was not merely confined to these matters which, important as they are, are after all to be classed among the less important duties, but in all her intercourse with the Governesses and the Students and the servants there was always the same quiet, earnest desire to do as much good as she possibly could without the least wish or thought of gaining any credit for it. We feel quite sure that all the Staff and Past and Present Students join with us in sincerely wishing her all success and happiness in the very important work over which she has been placed at S. Peter's Orphanage in the Isle of Thanet.

But to return to the Magazine—not only was her work for it so thorough, but she left everything in such order and so well arranged that her successor has already found her work materially lightened. Still, the Sub-Editorship is a very responsible post even in our little world, and means a good deal of purely voluntary work, and the College is most fortunate in having such an excellent successor to Miss Waddington as Miss Elwell, whose hand in some of the Articles and Notes will be at once recognised and heartily welcomed by former Students. And not only as Sub-Editor of our Magazine do we recognise the great value of Miss Elwell's services, but in very many of those duties which Miss Elwell has taken up in Miss Waddington's place. We are very glad that in making the change Miss Elwell still retains the teaching of music, indeed we do not know what would become of our high standard of excellence in music without her; at the same time we welcome and have already learned to appreciate the services of Miss E. C. Gill, a former Student of Salisbury Training College, who has taken over a part of Miss Elwell's work.

In this issue of the Magazine no doubt a new feature will be noticed and one that is much to be commended, and that is that

many more of the Articles and Notes than usual have been written by the present Students, as shewing both their own interest in all that concerns College life and their desire to help in making the Magazine a success. Our Sub-Editor is certainly to be congratulated on this evidence of her personal influence and her judgment. Perhaps a few words may be required by the "Coming Event" which is already beginning to cast its shadow over us. It will be seen from the List of Donations to the Chapel Enlargement Fund that we are gradually getting together a fair amount, but £500 is a large sum to collect, perhaps much too large for us, and though many of our present Students have been doing their best and doing it right well, yet we fear we see a Bazaar at the College looming in the near distance.

The arrangements for the enlargement of the College are progressing well, and, no doubt in the course of next month a beginning will be made, and probably September 1901 will see our numbers doubled and our College no longer one of the smaller Colleges. We only hope that this will not in any way detract from the Home-life which has hitherto been one of the most pleasing features in the life of Lincoln Training College, and that the high tone and character which our late revered Principal so thoroughly succeeded in imparting to it will be fully maintained.

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#### ENLARGEMENT OF THE TRAINING COLLEGE.

"There is no more striking witness to the reality of the life and energy of our work than the activity of Training College extension in every direction. We are all building or going to build; we are all meditating increased numbers or improved accommodation, or both; and when we venture to remind the outside public that such efforts are possible only through private enterprise, that we have no rates to dip into, or public grants to fall back upon for our bricks and mortar, we are justified, I think, in claiming from our critics no small measure of friendly sympathy and encouragement.

And if we turn from the outside to the inside of our Colleges—from the problems of building to the work and life, from the bricks and mortar to the living stones—we have reason to speak hopefully, if humbly, of the present and the future. We have been accused at various times, and from various quarters, and not, perhaps, without show of reason or proof, of "narrowness;" we have been told that the Elementary Teacher is born into and lives in a groove, and that is the cause of, as it serves very well as the cause for, attacks upon his (must I also add her?) reputed character and habits as narrow and self-centred. We are further told, with regard to our own share in the Elementary Teacher's education, that all we do is to assist in wedging the Students more tightly into the groove, and in engraving more permanently the character and

habits referred to as the type. For my own part, I admit to a great extent—I think we all must—the truth of the charge against elementary work as regards narrowness, which is at present almost inevitable because the workers have been cribbed, cabined, and confined by circumstances over which others had entire control, but I repudiate the charge that our Training Colleges foster and develop it. I would rather ask, and with confidence, how much more narrow and typical would not the teacher be without the training in work and life which he enjoys with us? We may have room yet for vast improvements—no living institution is ever perfect—we may have great opportunities and possibilities before us, which I earnestly hope we shall not miss; but my own short five years' experience proves to me, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that the real value of our work lies not least in its anti-narrowness, and that in throwing together our Students from all parts of the country for the mutual exchange of varied experiences, for the breaking down of isolation, for the rubbing off of rough edges, for the destruction of aërial castles to be replaced by more substantial structures, we are doing them and their pupils great service. . . . The Pupil Teacher whose work has been in a country village—ten or fifteen miles from any railway—will be all the better for rubbing shoulders with the Pupil Teacher from the Metropolis or provincial town who has had every advantage of centre and library and laboratory one hundred yards from his door; the Pupil Teacher from the Metropolis has not a little to learn from the patience and application of the Pupil Teacher from the country village, who, by sheer grit and grind, has won his way to his Queen's Scholarship. Both in the Training College will gain some sense of proportion; to both it is our privilege to give some idea as to what education means, and some idea of a beyond in the pursuit of it."

The foregoing remarks are taken from an excellent paper read before the Training College Association by Rev. H. Wesley Dennis, Principal of St. John's College, Battersea, to whose courtesy we are indebted for permission to use them in our Magazine. They put the general desirability of enlargement and advantages of College training admirably, and now, the most interesting question to us is—What progress are we making in the enlargement and improvement of our own College? Well—the scheme is now no longer a project "in the air." The architect's plans are ready, and have been forwarded to the Education Department for approval; upon receiving this, tenders will be asked for, the builder selected and operations commenced, beginning with the new Laundry. By the kindness of the architect, Mr. H. H. Dunn, A.R.I.B.A., we are able to give the ground plan of the new buildings. The part in which Staff and Students are specially interested is the enlargement of the Chapel, for it is that for which we have promised to do our best to provide the funds. Five hundred pounds sounds a formidable sum, and we can only hope to raise it if *all* Lincoln

Students will unite in doing their utmost. It is so often urged that "there are so many things to give to," and it is perfectly true. There are many demands everywhere made on those people who are known to be willing to help good works forward. We are sure, however, that Lincoln Students will not place this particular good work last on their list, but will feel that their old College has strong claims on their kindly help in this matter. The work, an absolutely necessary one, is being undertaken to provide many additional advantages for the Students themselves, and through them, to lift educational ideas and methods to a higher level. Outside friends, especially in Lincoln and Lincolnshire, are helping most generously, and more than £4,000 has been already subscribed, but it is not fair to ask outsiders to do quite all the work for us, since it is chiefly ourselves and our friends who will reap the benefits of it.

One word as to the fear which has been expressed by some Old Students, that with the increased numbers, Lincoln College should lose the "home" character which has always been one of its distinguishing features. This fear will, we trust, prove groundless. To realise a danger is to forestall it, and we have a firm conviction that the traditions of Lincoln friendliness, alike of Students with Students, and Staff with Students, will be too strong for even a hundred Students and an enlarged Staff to break down.

We have much pleasure in publishing our first Subscription List.

## SUBSCRIPTIONS.

	£	s	d
Rev. A. W. Carver ... ..	0	5	0
Miss E. Craft ... ..	0	5	0
Rev. Canon Wanstall ... ..	0	10	0
Rev. Canon Wharton ... ..	1	1	0
Miss Whiting ... ..	0	5	0
Mr. Illman ... ..	0	5	0
Rev. Canon Rowe ... ..	5	5	0
Mrs. Rowe ... ..	2	2	0
Miss M. A. Sugden ... ..	0	5	0
Miss E. Webb ... ..	0	2	6
Mrs. Giles ( <i>Little Bytham</i> ) ... ..	5	0	0
Miss L. Pettifer... ..	0	10	0
Miss M. Buttery... ..	0	10	0
Miss Body ... ..	1	0	0
Miss A. Parker ... ..	0	5	0
Miss E. C. Gill ... ..	1	0	0
Miss K. Huddleston ... ..	2	2	0
Miss Jessie Hutchinson ... ..	1	0	0
Mrs. Turner (Miss Marian Brittain) ... ..	1	1	0
Mrs. Watson (Miss Sarah Sutcliffe) ... ..	1	0	0
Miss Travis ... ..	0	2	6
Mrs. Hoades (Miss Helen Wilson) ... ..	0	10	0

ENLARGEMENT OF THE TRAINING COLLEGE.

	£	s	d
Miss Hannah Bell ... ..	2	0	0
Miss Annie Bell ( <i>Carlisle</i> ) ... ..	0	10	0
Miss Nevile ... ..	1	1	0
Rev. Charles Hoskins .. ..	1	0	0
Mrs. Hardy (Miss Sophia Hall) ... ..	1	1	0
Miss Leech ... ..	0	10	0
Miss Edith Hibbitt ... ..	0	2	6
Miss Martha Tilston ... ..	0	10	0
Miss Georgina Selvage (First Subscription) ...	1	0	0
"          "          (Second in 1901) ...			
Miss Annie Glover ... ..	0	10	0
Mrs. Jerman (Miss E. Hancock) ... ..	0	5	0
Mrs. Wynter (Miss Alice Wareing) ... ..	2	2	0
Miss Mary Bell ... ..	0	2	6
Mr. C. Brook ... ..	1	1	0
Miss Alice Williamson .. ..	1	0	0
Miss S. Sargisson ... ..	0	10	0
Misses Gertrude, Emma, and Kate Whattam ...	1	0	0
Mr. E. Rose ... ..	0	10	0
Miss Ada Sykes... ..	0	10	0
Mr. T. Morrison ( <i>Howth</i> ) ... ..	1	1	0
Rev. Dr. Nolloth ( <i>Beverley</i> ) ... ..	0	10	0
Dr. G. M. Lowe ... ..	2	2	0
Mr. W. H. Brown ... ..	1	0	0
Miss Rosa Preston ... ..	1	0	0
Mr. W. Gadsby ... ..	1	1	0
Mr. H. Watson ... ..	1	1	0
Mr. Ashley ... ..	1	1	0
Miss Norton ... ..	2	0	0
Mr. J. M. Collingham ... ..	1	1	0
Mr. E. Dunkerton ... ..	1	1	0
Miss G. Radford ... ..	0	10	6
Miss F. Angbtie... ..	1	1	0
Miss S. Pearson... ..	1	0	0
Miss Elwell ... ..	5	5	0
Miss A. Mackridge ... ..	1	0	0
Miss M. Turner... ..	2	2	0
Mrs. Ashley ( <i>Limefield</i> ) ... ..	1	0	0

COLLECTING CARDS.

	£	s	d		£	s	d
Miss A. Mackintosh ..	2	0	0	Miss A. Hornsey*	2	0	0
Miss E. Nightingarl ...	1	18	6	Miss G. Billett ...	0	8	6
Miss A. Shirley*	0	8	0	Miss F. Randle ...	0	8	6
Miss E. Waite ...	0	10	0	Miss M. Libby ...	0	8	6
Miss A. Bird*	0	5	0	Miss E. Bimrose ...	0	4	6
Miss R. Knowlson*	0	16	6	Miss L. France ...	1	9	0
Miss G. Walker*	0	9	0	Miss C. Cameron ...	0	8	6
Miss L. Roberts*	0	8	6	Miss C. Hughes ...	1	12	6

	£	s	d		£	s	d
Miss B. Boulton*	...	0	18	6	Miss M. Bannister	...	0 12 0
Miss M. Clayton	...	0	10	0	Miss M. Dent	...	0 16 6
Miss A. Nield	...	1	5	6	Miss A. Langford	...	0 9 0
Miss Jessie Wilson	...	0	11	0	Miss E. Piper*	...	0 13 10
Miss A. Smeeton*	...	0	2	0	Miss D. Jenner	...	1 11 0
Miss J. Drake*	...	0	1	0	Miss Grace Hemsley*	...	1 12 6
Miss E. Drake	...	0	1	0	Miss F. Scarlett*	...	0 5 0
Miss E. March	...	0	10	6	Miss G. Radford	...	0 19 6
Miss K. Chapple	...	1	8	1	Miss Ada Sykes	...	0 10 0
Miss E. Cheshire*	...	0	2	6	Miss A. Hill ...	...	0 17 0
Miss M. Cooper	...	0	11	6	Miss E. Walker	...	0 14 0
Miss I. Peet ...	...	0	12	6	Miss A. Tanner	...	0 7 6

The \* indicates a *First* Subscription.

### PAST STUDENTS, 1882 and 1883.

Left in 1882.	Married Name.	Last known Address.
bEmma Bartram...	Mrs. Clark	... Royal Female Orphan Asylum, Beddington, Croydon
abAmy Sophia Beddoe		Bishopstone, Lewes
bJessie Eliza Bourne		Milton Crescent, Church Rd., South Yardley, Birmingham
Emily Louisa Brown		
abSusannah Brown		Miss Cookson's School, Lincoln
aAnnie Buckley, Died		
aMargaret Chaloner		3, Devon Street, Bolton
aMary Clarke	... Mrs. Chaffer	... 77, Ryan St., West Bowling; Bradford
Ellen Eno,	Died	
Ann Elizabeth Hall	Mrs. W. Smalley	Brook Villa, Dunston, Lincoln
Clara Hunt ...	... Mrs. Warner	... British Schools, Boston
Ann Elizabeth Jowett	Mrs. Watson	... Draycott House, Eckington, Sheffield
aSarah Jane Schollar		
Annie Amelia Sykes, Died		
Alice Thompson ...		School House, Hepworth, Diss
Annie Emily Thorpe	Mrs. Rayner ?...	

Mary Elizabeth Tipler, Died

*abc*Mary Turner ... Training College, Lincoln

Annie Waudby

Rosa Whittaker ... 154, Cromwell St., Notting-  
Hill, London, W.

Left in 1883. Married Name. Last known Address.

*a*Martha J. Barraclough Mrs. Vales 71, West Parade, Lincoln

*a*Edith Beecroft . Mrs. Parker ... Educational Depôt, Wheeler-  
gate, Nottingham

*a*Florence Mary Mrs. Halstead ... Lostock Brow, Ulneswatton,  
Dobson Leyland, Preston

Rachel Gertrude Gibbons

*a*Elizabeth Hancock Mrs. Jerman .. The Bungalow, Exeter

*a*Frances Helena Chargrave House, Shurding-  
Haskoll ton, Cheltenham

Martha Kelly

*ab*Anna M. Kimbell Mrs. Wilson ... 16. Howe Street, Higher  
Broughton, Manchester

Eleanor Amy Lines

*b*Hannah]Naylor ... Station Road, Washington,  
R. S. O., Co. Durham

Flora Rollinson ... Mrs. Jeans ... 100, High Street, Plumstead

Ellen Letitia Southern, Died 1893

*b*Alice Spencer ... Crookesmoor Board School,  
Sheffield

*ac*Emily Staples ... Mrs. Swindle- 21, Plymouth Street, Lower  
hurst Broughton, Manchester

*ab*Elizabeth Boyd Mrs. Baldwin ... 105, Elliscombe Road,  
Thorpe Charlton, S.E.

Ada F. L. Turton Mrs. A. H. Clarendon Street,  
Crosland Nottingham

Elizabeth Wigg

Kate Wilkins

*ab*Ellen Wilson . 565, Pitsmoor Road, Sheffield

*a*.—Came or hoped to be present at the Re-union in 1889.

*b*.—Takes the Magazine.

*c*.—Chapel Warden.

The Editor thanks all those who kindly sent additions or corrections to these names.

## LETTER FROM COREA.

The following letter from Miss Lucy NEVILLE, written specially for our Magazine will, we feel sure, be read with interest. Miss Nevile is the daughter of Canon Nevile, a familiar name to old Lincoln students, one of the earliest members of our Committee, and one of Canon Nelson's oldest friends in this diocese. The friendly relations of the Nevile family with the College have gone on uninterruptedly from the earliest times until now, and we have had many kindly proofs of their warm interest in all that concerns us:—

St. Peter's Mission House, Seoul, Corea, Feb. 30th, 1899.

My dear Mr. Rowe,

Do you remember saying that perhaps some day I should find time to send the Training College an account of Corea? I have never forgotten, and will now try to do so, though if it is scrappy and badly written, you will forgive it, as I have not time to write it all at once or to take much pains about it.

We were delighted with the entrance to Chemulpo harbour; for some hours before we arrived we threaded our way through islands and rocks. It is a dangerous place in bad weather, but we had a glorious morning, a fresh cold wind blowing, which made us run about the tiny deck of the little steamer, and we were very glad of the presence of some children going to Seoul from Shanghai for their Christmas Holidays, to get up a game of ticky touch-wood. The sea was a lovely colour, the hills standing out clear against a bright blue, cloudless sky, such as we have day after day in Corea in the winter, till one longs to see a cloud again. The ship had to remain some way out, owing to the mud of which the harbour is full (but we did not see the mud at first when we arrived as it was high tide).

Our party was met by Mr. Trollope, who looked after us splendidly; we had nothing more to do, so he took us to a friend's house, where two of us remained for the night, the other two going to a Japanese inn. Our heavy luggage was sent up the river in a steamer, and what we wanted with us was tied on to ponies' backs, the next morning, and sent on behind our chairs. We got lots of fun out of our night at the inn. Mr. Trollope had shown us where the Mission buildings were the night before, about ten minutes' walk from the Hotel, so as I wished to see the little church I slipped out of the Hotel in the morning and tried to find it, and nearly losing my way and being afraid of not being able to find the Hotel again, began to realise the awkwardness of not being able to speak the language; but after a little hunt I found it, went back for breakfast, and soon we were ready to start. Such a cavalcade! four ladies, each with a chair and six bearers (Corean men with white clothes and top-knot; four carried at the same time, and two walked by the side to take turns), Mr. Trollope, who came half way, and Mr. Harding, who was coming up to Seoul, and then followed three ponies laden with our boxes. Such loads the ponies could take. They have a wooden frame work fitted on their backs, and on this two cabin boxes, two other smaller boxes, and one or two hand-bags or such like things would form one load. Those they carried up the twenty-six miles with just a short rest at the half-way house, where we stopped for some refreshment at a Japanese inn. We had to eat what they called "omelets" and "chicken beef-steaks." We all said the omelets were as substantial and satisfying as beef-steaks, and in spite of having walked nearly half the way could not manage a chicken-steak on the top. Here Mr. Trollope left us, and Mr. Turner took us on. The whole way along the country was so beautiful, but quite bare, as it was the winter time. The road consisted of more or less even tracks along which bullocks went, and ponies, carrying large loads, sometimes of fir branches for firewood, sometimes Coreans or Chinamen on their way to or from Seoul, and all their worldly goods including provisions, alive or

dead (I saw a small ham on one, a live chicken on another), were all strapped up together, and their owner sitting in the middle on the top, and the wretched little pony jogging along. At one place there is such a scramble up a steep hill, and then you go straight down on the other side, and from the top there is such a lovely view, looking back to Chemulpo and forward to Seoul. All round the Korean cities are built walls which go up and down hill, and you enter by four gates, N. S. E. and W. The houses are all low, built of wooden pillars placed at intervals of 8 ft. square, so that your rooms are, if small, 8 ft. square, if big, 8 ft. by 16 ft. The walls are made of rope twisted in and out and then mud plastered over. The doors and windows are of wooden laths papered over and fastened by an iron ring slipping over a staple. There is not much difference between the doors and windows; you go in and out of both, so that the houses seem rather like a rabbit warren. One often takes short cuts right out of one window out of doors and in at another window. The houses are mostly built round three sides of a square with an open piece in the centre and the houses one room broad, so it is often the quickest way to go out of doors from one part of the house to another. The different Mission buildings are all detached and dotted about in different parts of the compound so we get lots of running about out of doors. It makes it tiresome in the rainy season, as whenever you go out it is a case of goloshes and waterproofs. The roofs of a Korean house are tiled if it belongs to a well-to-do person, thatched if to a poor man. The houses vary much in tidiness and cleanliness, just as in English homes. Some are beautifully tidy, and you never hesitate when invited in, to sit down on the polished oil-paper floor. In others it requires an effort not to show you would rather not. I have been in several houses now, going with one of the sisters, both here and at Kang-hoa. As a rule you enter into a sort of open room or *maron*, with a beautiful dark wooden floor. Here the family chiefly sit and have their meals. The houses are so built that this room should catch all the sun possible, so even in the winter it is largely used. Generally on each side of this and divided by sliding doors (just wooden framework papered over) are two rooms. There is little furniture; at one end you see Korean boxes of dark wood, often with brass ornaments and hinges, but except for these the room is empty; here the family sit by day, and mats are spread at night on which they lie. If they are quite poor people they only have one room. I have not been in a Korean gentleman's house, so cannot tell you what they are like. Both at Seoul and Kanghoa, the only two Korean towns I have seen, the houses are built in a hollow or basin surrounded by hills. The houses all being low, just one story, and so many being thatched, gives the town a very squat appearance. Here in Seoul there are now some really good roads, one of which is extended as far as Mapo, three miles from here, which is the ferry across the river and the highest point the steamers can get up to. Koreans do not use wagons, all loads being carried on the backs of men, oxen, or ponies, and very large loads they carry too, so it is not important for them to have wide roads, and outside in the country a track is all that is needed; probably in a few years' time roads will become a greater necessity, as bullock wagons have been introduced into Seoul, and are becoming more common. It is curious to see the string of ponies, perhaps forty or fifty, following each other closely in a line down one of the streets, laden perhaps with fir branches, or logs of firewood, or with bricks, all tied on to these frames, till you lose sight of the frame, and see nothing but a sort of stack of fir branches walking along on four ponies' or bullocks' feet and a little head sticking out in front; or with the bricks you wonder what conjuror's trick keeps them on the ponies' backs. The streets in Seoul are very quaint. In the new ones which are broad, good roads, you can see the people well. There are the men all dressed in white, with their black horse-hair hats and their black and white shoes. It is a very picturesque dress, and a Korean nicely dressed and in clean clothes looks very well. Then there will be men in much dirtier clothes, in hot weather their "patchi" rolled up so that their legs are bare, and often without their coat and with those wooden frames on their backs carrying all sorts of things—fruit, vegetables, Korean pots and pans, and pigs! Then besides the men

there are the women in their quaint green cloaks which they put right over their heads and just peep out, and are supposed to be hidden from men. These cloaks have long hanging sleeves, which are not for use, but fall down from the sides of the head; below that you see their short white petticoat, and below that come their white patchi or drawers; so that a Corean woman's dress is not graceful, and in winter when one garment is put on over another as the cold increases, they present rather a comical appearance. Some of the poorer women, who discard the cloak and go about carrying things on their head, look much better. The children wear very bright-coloured jackets, which make a bright contrast to the white clothes of their elders; and at the New Year time the little tines come out in wonderful jackets made of strips of every colour in the rainbow. Besides the men you see bullocks, such nice creatures they are, small, but as a rule far better kept than the ponies, loaded with firewood standing about waiting for their loads to be bought, some standing, some lying about. Sometimes you see a string of ponies such as I have described to you jogging along, and as they have little bells there is a fine jangle. Dogs, too, there are in numbers, and a more repulsive set of dogs I have seldom seen. If you go into the side streets where they are not in the habit of seeing forsoigners, they all put up their backs and make such a row; but if you so much as turn round and look at them, they put their tails between their legs and fly into the houses for safety.

There is a street in Seoul called Chinchogee, which is quite a Japanese quarter. Here most of the shops are Japanese; there are also a good many Chinese, and they seem increasing. All along the road are street stalls, just a piece of board popped down in the road, and fruit, sweets, or other things on it, so it is easily arranged. Sometimes there are quite big ones with lots of brass things. On a wet day waterproof clothes come out made of oil-paper, so you may imagine the people appearing in light yellow instead of in their ordinary white clothes; they have oil-paper tops to their hats in shape like

flower, long oil paper coats and wooden shoes like very clumsy sabots, which keep them well out of the mud, but are clumsy and prevent their walking fast. Early in the morning a sort of market goes on down one of the streets, vegetables and fruit of all kinds are brought in on men's backs and arranged on each side of the street. In the winter all the clothes are wadded with wool; in the summer they are made of transparent materials except the *patchi*, and many of the children run about with no clothing on.

Mission work is being carried on at Chemulpo, at Kang-hoa, at Mapo, and here at Seoul. At Chemulpo there is a little church, and a hospital has just been built, but is not yet open. Dr. Carden is there at present. At Kang-hoa (the island and town have both one name) is a church and a school partly for orphans and other boys belonging to the Mission and partly for other boys who come as scholars. They have a native teacher, and sit on the floor learning their lessons in a sing song tone, rocking themselves backwards and forwards at the same time. Here are now several Christians; you will see an account of the baptisms there this spring in the "*Morning Calm*" Mr. Trollope lives in the clergy house here now, as his knowledge of the language fits him for taking charge of the newly-made Christians, and here he works hard at the translation, bit by bit, of the English Prayer Book and parts of the Bible into Corean. As he finishes, it is sent up to Seoul to the printing-press. At Mapo, I hardly know what is being done; Dr. Landis' orphans were there under charge of Mr. Badcock and Mr. Bridle, but they and Mr. Bridle have now been sent to Kang hwa so as to be with the other Mission boys, and Mr. Badcock is now at Nak-Tong, the clergy-house in Seoul, and the members of the Sacred Mission have gone to Mapo. I fancy they are chiefly studying the language and Chinese. There are only four members of that Society now. Here at Seoul the great feature of the work is the Hospital work. There are two Hospitals within a quarter of an hour's walk of each other, St. Matthew's Hospital for men, and St. Peter's Hospital for women. So far the sisters have nursed both, but they are now trying to have nurses at the men's hospital and for the Sisters to nurse the women. The Hospitals both seem doing a very

good work. I can't write you a full account, but the Korean "*Retat*" will have given you Dr. Allen's account of the Women's Hospital. I am only afraid lest you should get too grand an idea from the accounts. I do not mean that they are exaggerated. Dr. Allen is such a good doctor, and a charming person, the Koreans are very fond of her, and have great confidence in her, and the last few months the Hospital work has opened up in a way it has not done before. But I think sometimes one jumps to the conclusion that it is much like an English Hospital on a small scale, and then when a nurse comes out she finds that many instruments considered absolutely necessary in England are wanting, that others are in bad order from the effect of the climate, that the knives and scissors are blunt and can only be sharpened by being sent to England, that drugs and dressings come out occasionally (supposed to be once a year) from home, and that if you miscalculate what is wanted you either have to go without, or contrive with what you can get in the Korean and Japanese shops, that bandages and wool have to be used over and over again, that the nurse has not only to do the nursing but also to see after the things, to mend the Hospital clothes, to do the housekeeping and keep the accounts, look after the servants, and learn the language if she can, and at the same time the few English people here think she certainly ought to find time to take part in what is going on, like tennis, picnics, &c.

When a nurse has not grasped this it is difficult not to let the odds and ends slip. There is a good doctor who thoroughly appreciates a good nurse; at the same time it is quite as important for the good tone of the Hospital that one should be a great deal more than simply a trained nurse; and I suppose it is much the same at Newchang in Manchuria, where the Bishop has now gone. There, only work among Europeans has been attempted, because the Bishop has had no one able to speak to the Chinese. There was a little school there held in a room lent for the purpose, including all the European children. It is now closed because no one can be found to undertake the work. There were I fancy but eight children, and so many people going there would feel that it was not worth while when in England they could perhaps be doing far more, but here there is always the possibility of so much further work if we newcomers turn to, and in the first year, when for us work is comparatively slight, spend our time in mastering the language. It may mean so much in a few years which, if we lose now, we shall never have the same opportunity again. Only we are so apt to be disappointed that we cannot drop into the big things all at once, that we are apt to let little things slide thinking it does not matter. The language is a very great drawback—it is difficult, and yet you can be of so little use comparatively if you do not master it.

At present there is not much school-work done. The orphan boys have their native teacher, and learn, as all Korean boys do, Chinese; the little girls in the orphanage are too young at present to learn. Sister Alma has classes for the women, not so much to teach them reading as to teach them Christianity. Some of them can read and some cannot. The Mission buildings are all Korean-built houses; there is only one English fire-place in the house; in the other rooms are either stoves or what are called "*kongs*," i.e., outside fire-places under the floor.

I have told you very little about the country; what I have seen of it is very beautiful, many mountains and hills. Seoul is surrounded with hills, from which you look down on the low, thatched buildings of the town, and beyond to distant hills and the river. It is very cold in the winter, everything in your room gets frozen, unless you keep your stove going, but the days are nearly always bright and sunshiny and without much wind, so that often as you walk down the sunshiny streets you feel it quite warm. But if there is a wind one *does* feel cold! The summer is trying from the damp heat,—some feel it much more than others, but it is always well to be careful the first year or two. There are many flowers, and they are a never-failing source of interest, still I would not exchange them for English ones, and should be sorry to say they are better. One does miss primroses, cowslips, snowdrops, &c., and certainly the new flowers do not yet make up for them.

There is such a lot more I could tell you about, but I must not now. I should like to have told you all about Kang-hoa, and more details of the Hospital work and people. I do not think I could have written all this from the Mission House, but I have come to stay with Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield for a few days' rest, and remembering what you said have tried to send you a short account.

Lincoln Training College is not forgotten here. On the anniversary of the Bishop's visit there it was mentioned in the Intercession at the early service, and the Bishop has once or twice asked after you and the College, saying how much he enjoyed his evening there. I think a sister of Miss Cameron, a lady working in the Hospital here, is with you as student; will you tell her that her sister is quite well, so we hope she will get over the hot season all right, as we quite hope the worst part is over. She is hoping soon to go for a holiday.—Yours affectionately, C. G. L. NEVILLE.

### “A VISIT TO TINTERN ABBEY.”

BY A WORDSWORTHIAN STUDENT OF 1898.

“Bigswear!” Did Wordsworth pass through Bigswear,” I wonder, as the train in which we are seated moves slowly out of the little station, and makes its way once again into some of Monmouthshire's most beautiful scenery, and we picture him driving behind a pleasant jog-trot pony, when he paid his memorable visit to Tintern. Not that it matters much to us *how* the poet travelled, for the all-absorbing thought for a lover of Wordsworth, is that we are about to see the very Abbey that he saw, and to stand on Wordsworthian ground this very morning.

We must be very near our journey's end now, for look! here are the cliffs—lovely white walls over which the ivy swings its arms and blackberry bushes hang their tempting clusters, while long grasses shake their heads the gold-brown trees below. Yes! here we are. What a lovely little station! island platform and all complete! Did you ever realise that there was a *Station* at Tintern? I never did until now. Can you imagine a porter shouting out in a porter-like voice, “*Tintern?*” Whether you can or not, the porter does it, and here we are on the platform, so give up your tickets, and come along, friends all, and let us find Wordsworth's Abbey. Just outside the station stand some three or four *charabancs*, but never mind them, we will walk, and see all there is to be seen.

So on we go along the road to the left of the station, with the river on our left hand, and the line of white cottages on our right, “*pastoral farms, green to the very doors,*” while in front of us we behold

“Those steep and lofty cliffs  
That on a wild secluded scene impress  
Thoughts of more deep seclusion, and connect  
The landscape with the quiet of the sky.”

On the hills to the left of our comrade, the sylvan Wye, we see

“Those hedgerows, hardly hedgerows,  
Little lines of sportive wood run wild.”

Surely Nature has an influence here! Our very steps are directed by the Wye, for as the river winds, so does the road, and so do the houses, while the hills behind look over their roofs to get a glimpse of the pilot stream below.

Yes! here Nature rules supreme, and feeling this, we more silently follow in the footsteps of her priest, and realise that we are nearing Wordsworthian ground.

Now, the cottages are growing more straggling, the line is broken here and there, the cliffs have come nearer, and the river has left our side for a little way, only, however, to return again later, and as we turn a corner in the road, there in the very arms of the Wye, we see "Tintern Abbey."

We stand, we look, and wonder. I think that Wordsworth did not hurry when he reached this spot. Surely the monks knew what they were doing when they built their Abbey here.

Well! here we are in front of the heavy oak door at the western end; a lame man comes forward, takes our shillings, pushes open the door, and in we go. In? In where? In what? Well may the question be asked. Imagine for one moment, if you can, Lincoln Cathedral, not the one we know, but one much smaller—a roofless one, save for the blue expanse of sky above, one with Gothic window frames round which the ivy lovingly winds its arms, and in whose crevices the birds have built their nests; with floors, not of stone, but of richest green grass; having no pews, no organ, no coloured glass, but instead, walls and pillars clothed in Nature's own colouring of autumn tints. Imagine all this, and then you will have a picture something like what we now see. Very little remains to tell tales of bygone days, when hooded friars trod these aisles, and chanted the sacred services within these walls. Still we, looking round, can say now with the poet:—

" Yet, sacred Tintern,  
Thou more beauteous still, hast braved each foe;—  
Nor earthly King, nor Time's all-conquering arm  
Could mar thy roof of Heaven's all glorious blue,  
And now each circling year with varying charms,  
Thy foliaged pillars decks in varied hue."

And now, having walked round the Abbey Church, we will pass through this beautifully-ornamented doorway, leading from the north aisle of the Nave into the Cloisters. Here every little room is clearly marked, and we see the refectory with its series of interesting windows, and the opening for the delivery of dishes from the kitchen.

Now we will mount this little winding stair: the writing on the board says that we do so at our own risk, so come along, there is sure to be something good! Round and round we go, and when at last we see daylight once more, we are standing over the tower arches, between the Nave and the Chancel of the Church. The view is splendid. I am glad we came up, and we can reach a fern from the very top of the Abbey now.

But we must be getting on, or we shall not have time to see the Wyndcliff, so we will go down, and now, standing and looking round once more from the western door, we say "Good-bye" to Tintern Abbey.

There is our river comrade again at our side, and on our right the cliffs rise higher and higher. This is the most lovely three miles I have ever walked, but I must skip the details, and land myself with you at the foot of the Wyndcliff in the Moss Cottage. This last is a fanciful little erection through which we have to pass to get on to the pathway up the cliff, and everything, ceiling, walls, and floor, are all made of moss. Now for a climb! Is it not grand? like being in Switzerland!

\* \* \* \* \*

Here is the top at last! We have been climbing hard for a good quarter of an hour, and now we are standing nine hundred feet above the river, but we are repaid by a splendid view which is worth double the climb. Just beneath us we see the most charming knot of trees, then the road, and the lovely Wye, on the other side of which are broad valleys with their "*orchard tufts*" and their "*little lines of sportive wood run wild*," with the Abbey on the left. Farther off still, Chepstow, the queenly Severn, and the Bristol Channel are clearly seen, and beyond there we have even the dim outline of the Devonshire coast. Take one last look at it all, and now we shall have to run all the way to the station, so I will say "good-bye." CYRIL.

The above sketch for our Magazine, kindly written by Marianne Thomson, was accompanied by two charming photographs of Tintern. These will, we hope, decorate the walls of our new Recreation Room, for the special delectation of future Wordsworthian Students.

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## HOLIDAY RAMBLES.

### I.—A DAY IN THE WICKLOWS.

Until last year, I was fully persuaded that nothing could equal Scotland, as a holiday resort, but our five weeks in Ireland almost shook my faith.

We stayed at Howth (N. of Dublin Bay), and never could decide which was our loveliest outlook—from the back out over the sea and islands, or from the front, over woods up to the headland heights, which were then one mass of rose purple heather and bright yellow broom.

We almost lived out of doors, down by the sea or up amongst the hills, occasionally going further afield—to Dublin Bay or Killiney, and one day we visited the Wicklows.

I cannot describe the scenery there; it would need a McDonald or a Black to do it justice; but I will say something about the legends. I went a scoffing unbeliever in S. Kevin and

his most wonderful life ; I came back, not a devout disciple, for I think he deserved hanging, but quite convinced that everything happened just as the people say. You can't be there and not believe—the very air is full of mystery. Why, if I stayed there long, I am sure I should go and sit in the old tram car by the lake, and see the one remaining serpent in Ireland raise its head above the moonlit waters, and then I should live happier ever after ! (I can't remember the exact night in the year when the serpent appears, but the guide knows and will tell you.) S. Patrick missed this one serpent when he turned the others out of Ireland, but made it harmless by ordering it to this holy lake, from which it can only look one night in the year. Anyone who sees it then is blessed, so many of the faithful come and sit on the bank and watch. The nights are often chilly and some took cold. So they brought an old tram car down from Dublin and now they sit in it and watch in comfort.

This is all in the valley of the Seven Churches, Glendalough. We started early one bright, fresh morning, took train through Dublin, Dalkey, and Bray, skirting the coast to Wicklow Point, and then went inland to Rathdrum. There we changed to a jaunting car, and walked up the hills and scorched down, till we reached Glendalough. This sort of riding is exciting at first, but we were used to it and comfortable.

Two words of advice :—(1) A first ride in a jaunting car should be up-hill all the way ; *insist* upon this. (2) If ever you ride to Glendalough, *take lunch*. We had one banana each, and as the drive takes five hours through bracing mountain air—and we had early breakfast—it was not quite sufficient. There is one inn on the way, but our driver said it had “ gone down,” and only sold whiskey.

It really was a lovely drive. I cannot imagine more beautiful scenery than that we went through, and finally we came to “ a deep, solitary glen,” situated in the heart of a wild, mountainous region, miles away from any town, shut in by great rolling hills, and bearing on its bosom two calm lakes, the ruins of seven churches, which have stood there for upwards of twelve hundred years, and a noble round tower, nearly a thousand years old. Here in the sixth century S. Kevin lived, and the little churchyard near the Hotel, where he rests is so holy, that anyone buried there goes straight to heaven without passing through Purgatory.

Close by, in the ruins of S. Kevin's kitchen, we found the guide. He showed us a collection of engraved stones, &c., presented Miss Elwell and me with a wee stone each from one of the windows for a toothache charm (and truly we have neither of us had a touch of tooth-ache since), and then took us out again into the breezy little churchyard to clasp the huge granite “ Cross of S. Kevin.”

If you manage to clasp hands round it, it means long, happy life. I could not nearly do it, but he answered me that it was “ the intentions

what counted," so as I had tried to do it I was all right. Then we went up the glen by the lake side, passing a curious kind of stone, shaped almost like the top of a font, in which during a famine the mountain deer left milk for the support of the saint. Then on again under trees and past a little waterfall—mountains towering up on one side, and the lake spread out on the other until we came to the higher lake—the grave of the lovely Kathleen.

She was a fair, gentle maiden, who loved S. Kevin, and he began to be afraid he loved her. So he fled away from her to his cave, a tiny cell high up in the steep cliff almost over-hanging the lake. She naturally wished for an explanation, so led by her little dog, tracked him over the mountains, and the saint woke up to see her standing at the entrance of his cave. Then he rose and hurled her from the rock right down into the water, repented when it was too late, and prayed "Heaven rest her soul." (An easy way of getting rid of a bothering woman, wasn't it? Does our Principal ever envy him, I wonder!)

Her ghost still glides smiling over the waters—we did not see it, but the still solemn beauty of the shut-in lake is so impressive, that such an addition would not seem inappropriate.

We were very loth to leave Glendalough, but about 6.30 again took car and drove off just as the sun was lighting up all the glen with gold. It was a marvellous picture to look back upon. I don't think we shall any of us soon forget it. Then we returned through a much shorter but not less beautiful valley to Rathdrum.

It was quite dark when the train came, but as we curved round the coast we came in full view of Bray Harbour—the houses round and all the yachts were illuminated for the Regatta, and a grand display of fireworks was going on. We were too far off to hear any noise, and it looked like fairyland. Then on we went again into the darkness beyond—waking in the morning to wonder if we had dreamed it all. But no, there was the tooth-ache stone!

MAY KENT.

## II.—THREE WEEKS IN THE WESTERN HIGHLANDS.

Ever since I left College I had wished to spend a holiday in Scotland, and August, 1899, saw the fulfilment of that wish. I set out in company with my sister, also a "Lincoln Girl," for a three weeks' stay in Oban. We booked by the Circular Tour, thus making the outward journey by rail through Burns's country to Greenock, and thence by steamer through the Kyles of Bute and the Crinan Canal to the capital of the Western Highlands, and returning from Oban by Stirling and the Forth Bridge to Edinburgh, and then through Scott's country to our starting point, Nottingham.

Oban is almost an ideal spot for a summer holiday; the climate is said to be mild—it was decidedly "warm" during our stay—but it is very bracing; besides which it is a very convenient

point from which numerous tours may be made into the Western Highlands.

I should mention at the outset that being very fond of a good walk we made many of the shorter excursions on foot, in preference to going by rail or coach.

We generally started off on our expeditions about 9-30 a.m., partook of light lunch at midday, and returned about 5 or 6 p.m., when we had an "evening meal."

Every evening a "Gathering of the Clans," or of visitors, I should say, took place in the rocky gardens, at the west end of the promenade, when some most glorious sunsets were seen, the colouring being so intensely vivid that it would have seemed unreal if transferred to paper. Among the shorter outings were those to Dunstaffnage Castle, which once sheltered the famous Coronation Stone, Connel Ferry and the Falls of Lora, Loch Nell, Loch Feochan, the island of Kerrara, on which stand the ruins of Gylen Castle, where we were very fortunate in gathering some "white heather," and Dunolly Castle. The two much longer tours we made were to Loch Awe and Staffa and Iona.

The latter trip was taken in one of the Highland steamers: we left Oban at 8 a.m., and returned about 6.30 p.m., after a most delightful outing.

On leaving Oban we sailed through the Sound of Mull, and all around saw beautiful scenery, with here and there an old ruined Castle standing out grandly against the sky. By the time we had rounded Ardmore Point, the most northerly point in Mull, we began to feel the full swell of the Atlantic, and it was perhaps well for us that it was a very fine day. Before very long we came in sight of Staffa.

"And all the group of islets gay  
That guard famed Staffa round."

The steamer took us as close to the entrance to Fingal's Cave as possible, and then all who wished were taken off in rowing boats by experienced boatmen and rowed right up into the mouth of the cavern. Here we got out and clambered on to the broken basaltic columns, where a pathway has been formed and guarded by iron ropes from the head of the cave to the entrance, and from there right round to the Clam-shell Cave.

It was possible to walk almost to the extreme end of the cave, and those who did so were amply rewarded, for the water appeared to be coloured from the brightest blue and emerald green to a deep blood red. On our way round the island we were advised by the Guide to sit in Fingal's Wishing-seat and wish three wishes, which of course are sure to "come true."

When we reached the Clam-shell Cave we mounted a wooden staircase which had been built, to enable people to reach the top of the cave. We strolled about over the grassy top, gathering beautiful purple heather, and gazing over the boundless stretch of

the Atlantic, until the guides' whistle recalled us to the foot of the cave, where we entered the rowing boats once more, and returned to the steamer. We were soon steaming away towards Iona, where we again stepped into rowing boats, and were landed at a primitive landing stage. Here we were speedily taken under the wing of an official guide, who entertained us with most amusing tales, concerning different parts of the island. The most interesting places we visited, during the hour at our disposal, were The Nunnery, Cathedral Church of S. Mary, and close to the latter we saw "Maclean's Cross," which is supposed to be the original form of the monumental work known as the "Iona Cross."

After leaving Iona we started on our homeward journey, this time passing along the southern shore of Mull, along which we noticed the Carsaig Arches—natural tunnels worn through the rocks, and surmounted by basaltic columns.

In a very short time we saw lying in front of us the island of Kerrara, which guards the entrance to Oban; and on passing through the Sound of Kerrara, found ourselves at the landing stage. On our return from Oban we spent two days in Edinburgh, and saw enough of it to make us thirst for more.

AGNES RADFORD.

#### WHITSUNTIDE RE-UNION, 1900.

Invitations to the Re-union have been sent to all the members of the College Association, as well as to all the Students of the years 1872-5, whose addresses could be ascertained, and we are hoping that many will be able to be present. The members of our Association are happily increasing so rapidly that as our accommodation is limited it has not been found possible to include at present more than the non-members of four College years, but we hope to make the Re-union an annual event, and so every Lincoln Student, whose address is known, will in time receive her invitation.

It is particularly requested that all those who are hoping to come, but have not returned their notices, will communicate with the Principal or Miss Elwell, *before May 1st*. We can only promise to make arrangements for those who do this.

Dr. Bennett has again very kindly promised to give a special Organ Recital for the Students in the Cathedral, on Sunday afternoon, and Mr. Dunkerton, whose singing will be welcomed, alike by past and present Students, has kindly promised to give us some songs at the *Conversazione* on Monday evening.

The College, Principal's House, and Garden, will be open from Saturday to Tuesday to all Past and Present Students. May the weather be propitious for saunters and talks in the garden!

We hope to carry out the following programme as nearly as possible:—

- Saturday Evening, June 2nd, 7-30 to 8-30—Operetta“, Cinderella,”  
*Jacobi* (by present Students).
- Sunday Morning, June 3rd, 8—Celebration of Holy Communion in the Cathedral.
- „ Afternoon, „ 3-15 (probably)—Organ Recital in the Cathedral.
- „ Afternoon, „ 5—Afternoon Tea at the College.
- „ Evening, „ 6.30—Evening Service in the Cathedral.
- Monday Afternoon, June 4th, 4—Service in the Cathedral.
- „ Evening, „ 7—Conversazione at the College. Supper, Dancing, Songs by Mr. Dunkerton.

At the Whitsuntide Re-union of last year *all* the Students of the previous year were present. We hope that this pleasant feature will be repeated, and that all our 1898-9 Girls will return to visit their College “children.”

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#### FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

Like every other corner of the Empire, we in our College are profoundly interested in the war, both for patriotic and more personal reasons. Captain Rowe, the Principal's second son, is at the front with General Clements; Gertrude Baguley, who we regret to say is still in very delicate health, is on the borders of the disaffected parts of Cape Colony, while some of the present Students also have relatives and friends fighting for their Queen and country in South Africa. Gertrude Baguley writes from Herschel, before Christmas:—

“We are cut off from all communication and surrounded on all sides by Boers. We are not exactly in a state of siege, for the Boers dare not come here even if they could. The natives are our safeguards, and if the enemy dare to put their feet on native soil, all the black races will be up in war. The chief, Lerothodi, says the white people of Herschel are his children just the same as the black. . . . I am very much afraid that if communication is not restored, and the Boers driven off our border, we shall want for necessary food. It will be a very sad and dreary Christmas for us poor people, I am afraid, although our little corner is the safest in the Colony. . . . Mr. and Mrs. Smith and I were sitting under the verandah yesterday, listening to an engagement only about six miles off, along the Orange River. We can hear quite distinctly, and the low booming of the cannon was incessant. Oh! how it moans among the mountains, and seems to carry in its low, monotonous boom the havoc which it plays! I do hope that things will soon be right, for this is too dreadful.”

The following letter from Annie Meadows, whom we were delighted to welcome home after her three years' work in the Grahamstown Mission, will be specially interesting as written by one fresh from the Seat of War:—

"Gainsboro', March, 1900.

My dear old Friends and Fellow-students,

"As I have just arrived from South Africa, which country, like 'Tommy Atkins,' is so much 'to the front' at the present juncture, perhaps that some account of my travels will prove interesting to you.

"We broke up at the Mission Schools for our Midsummer Holidays on December 20th. After a hearty service at the church in the musical Kafir language, the 130 native boarders ('boys' and 'girls' whose ages vary from 13 to 30) started for their homes, some on horseback, others on foot, the latter carrying all their worldly possessions on their heads. Some of them were unable to get home on account of the war; others had all their money taken by the Boers. I read of one 'cute native in Johannesburg who hid his sovereigns in a bar of soap, knowing the Dutch aversion to soap and water! He was searched and knocked about, but escaped with his soap.

"We teachers were to start later in the day by bullock wagon, but we had a wire from Grahamstown forbidding us to travel at night. It was soon after the Stormberg disaster, and it was reported that the Boers were advancing along the line, while the Germans all round us were known to be favourable to them. So we started at once, half expecting the Boers to commandeer our wagon and leave us sitting by the road side. However, after *jolting* along for a day and a night, we arrived safely at King William's Town. The next day some troops arrived to guard the place, and martial law was to be proclaimed.

"I spent Christmas Day in 'King,' and it was the quietest and saddest I ever passed, owing to the heat, the drought, and the war. Just before Christmas, the temperature was 117° in the shade, and 165° in the sun; and there were six cases of sunstroke in one day. No wonder the climate tries our brave soldiers, especially those who go straight from home, from one extreme to the other.

"On December 26th, I went by train to East London, to embark for England on the 'Norham Castle.' I had previously booked by the 'Hawarden Castle'; but she was chartered for troops. I did not particularly enjoy the process of embarkation. We had to cross the bar at the mouth of the Buffalo River in a small tug, which is tossed about like a piece of cork on reaching the open sea. To get on to the vessel the gentlemen display their agility by climbing up a rope ladder hung over the side. The ladies are inveigled into a large basket, swung round in mid air, and finally shot out on to the deck of the ship. The vessel was very crowded, going round the coast, with wounded soldiers, volunteers going to Cape Town ready for the front, and passengers who, like myself, were unable to go by train, as the line was torn up in many places. We arrived at Port Elizabeth the next morning, and had a few days' respite. The town was full of soldiers, and one day they marched out to Zwartkops, with the goat at the head of the regiment, mule wagons, provisions, cannon, &c., in proper style; but on their return many of them looked 'dead beat,' with the heat and dust. And that was on fairly smooth ground, unlike the present scene of battle, where the large kopjes, rough veldt, and treacherous rivers render it an ideal shooting ground for the Boers; but one would think it quite impossible to move a large army at all.

"We left Port Elizabeth in a 'south-easter,' so did not enjoy the voyage to Cape Town. Here we found soldiers lying under arms all night, as there was danger of a Dutch rising in the neighbourhood; while our Boer prisoners were sent away suddenly, no one quite knew where.

"We finally left Cape Town in another gale, and as we had few passengers on board and little cargo, the vessel rolled terribly, and we christened her the 'old steam roller.' Almost all the passengers were coming home on account of the war—some leaving their husbands fighting, or brothers prisoners; while many escaped with what they stood up in, and lost everything else. They told us thrilling stories of what they had suffered at the hands of the Boers. One gentleman was sentenced to be shot, but was kicked over the border instead! Another couple had great difficulty in escaping from Bloemfontein, and finally got out at Delagoa Bay! So no one felt inclined for much amusement on the

voyage, even had the weather permitted it. However, things improved a little in the Tropics, although one night we went far out of our way to help a ship in distress. We passed the 'Dunottar Castle,' with Lords Roberts and Kitchener on board; also the 'Briton,' at Madeira, with the City Volunteers, and several other transports nearer home.

"Soon after leaving the Tropics, we sighted the Canary Isles. The Peak of Teneriffe was covered with snow, and was a grand sight, especially towards evening, when it was bathed in the rich crimson glow of the setting sun.

"As soon as we had got used to the rolling, the vessel began to pitch as well, until matters reached a climax in the Bay of Biscay. There we were sadly knocked about, and it was no uncommon thing to see a chair containing a lady shoot from one side of the deck to the other, until a gentleman came to the rescue and picked up the fragments with the remark, 'What ho! she bumps!'

"We sailed up the Channel in a thick fog, and finally landed at Southampton in a pouring rain, to the disgust of the Colonials, who grumbled, 'Ugh! this is your English weather! Hope you will enjoy it!'

"With regard to the war, the Uitlanders in Johannesburg regarded it as an absolute necessity for the establishment of justice and progress instead of virtual slavery and oppression. At least it has proved that 'every true Briton is a brick, and patriotism the cement which binds together so glorious an Empire.'

"I am, yours affectionately,

"ANNIE E. MEADOWS."

One of the more pleasant results of the war was a visit from an old Student, Lavinia Potter, who came over to England with her husband after her marriage in Cape Town, in December. Her future home will be at Port Elizabeth.

By the kind permission of the Principal, we add a few notes from one of Captain Rowe's letters, as they show some of the difficulties arising from the character of the country, and may be of interest to some of our readers. Writing from Arundel, on February 16th, he says:—

"Thank goodness we are not quite so hard worked this week as last, for we were then occupying a very large front, in fact too large for us to hold. I had practically no sleep for seventy-two hours, and then had a nine-mile march on the top of it—we were then holding the country between Coles Kop and Rensburg, Rensburg being on the line of rail to Colesberg, lying to the north of it. Colesberg was occupied by the Boers, and is a small town lying in the centre of a crown of hills, and a very nice little town it is, I believe, with all sorts of comforts and luxuries, and above all a swimming bath, and you may imagine how I should like to get there when I tell you that I for one did not get my clothes off for nearly nine days. We had four regiments and a half besides a few cavalry and guns to hold the country round Rensburg, rather more than twenty miles in extent, which in this country means a good deal too much, as every available man has to be fully employed. I was in command of two companies at a place called Potter's Hill, which was really two small hills facing the Boer position, and was five miles from Rensburg and two from Coles Kop. You see I was pretty well isolated, and though at first I had a troop of cavalry and two guns under me, yet the last two days they took them away and left me with two companies only and but two officers, and as I was the senior officer, I was responsible for the whole lot, and had rather an anxious time, especially as I had not been told anything at all of the enemy's movements, and I could see that they were very much on the move. In the morning I got a wire to tell me to have every one in readiness to retire at any time, and all that day and during all night I was every moment expecting a wire to tell

me to retire, but none came, though I waited up all night. However, nothing came till the following evening, when about six telegrams came one after the other, each countermanding the other, until at last I got the order to retire and act as a flank guard; and retire we did at two o'clock in the morning, myself and Captain Saunders carrying it out, and I am glad to say without any mishap—but we had an anxious time for two or three days, and thank God it came all right. I got back to Rensburg about 5-30 a.m. dog-tired and foot-sore, and then in about half-an-hour we had to shift our camp, and half-an-hour after that I got an order to go on out-post duty at 10 o'clock a.m., which I did, boiling hot and with the flies worrying one's life out, and no water to drink except what I had in my water bottle, which I soon drank. I was glad when it was night and the flies and the sun gave one a bit of rest. I lay down and kept awake as well as I could, but dropped off asleep, and then after half-an-hour's sleep I was waked up with a message that we were to retire at four o'clock in the morning, and so I made arrangements for it, and then at 10-30 p.m. having been to sleep for about two hours I was waked up and told to retire at once. I got my company and another company ready and retired to camp, and there was told we had to retire nine or ten miles further, to Arundel, where we are now. I lay down and had half-an-hour's sleep, and then marched with the whole column, and at every halt I was on the ground and in half-a-minute was asleep, ten minutes after I was on the march again, and got into camp about 5-30 a.m., and had I am thankful to say, about ten tin mugs of water, which I enjoyed, and then had breakfast. Well, just at dinner-time after having had a few hours' sleep in the day, I was warned for out post duty again. Thank goodness it was close to camp in some trenches. Unfortunately before I went out, and while we were at dinner, our tent was blown nearly down, and everything was smothered with dust and dirt. I had to put out my sentries amid a blinding dust-storm, and was obliged to bury my head like an ostrich so as to try and stop the dust getting into my eyes. An hour after that it came on to rain in torrents, but I put my head under the blanket I had, and chanced getting wet; fortunately I came off fairly well and did not get very wet, but my face was khaki-coloured. Thank goodness we have had two days' rest now, but the enemy are pretty busy all around us.

"In the retirement which I spoke of, two companies of the Wiltshire Regiment, with a Major and some other officers, were taken prisoners, and one Major was shot and killed, poor fellow! Half of one of our companies had a narrow shave, but eventually they were all landed safe. We all like General Clements, and have implicit trust in him, for he is a very fine soldier. I am glad to say I feel pretty fit now, though a little tired still."

#### LETTER FROM MISS WADDINGTON.

S. Peter's Orphan and Convalescent Home, Isle of Thanet, March 2, 1900.  
My dear SUB-EDITOR,—

I do not know whether it is so suitable for an ex-sub-editor to write about herself quite so soon after retiring from "public life"—it lacks modesty to my mind! but as I have always preached that requests from editors, specially from those of so important a publication as our College Magazine, are really *commands* I must do my best to obey.

To give up being a member of the L.T.C. is one of the hardest things I have even had to do, for it means to a great extent losing sight, though not the memory of so many real friends.

On December 18th, I found myself the head of a decidedly large family—75 girls (80 is the full number), of all ages, from 6 to 16. They come when they are three, and leave when they are sixteen. They have not all lost both parents; a good many have one living, who cannot, for some good reason, afford to maintain them. There is an elementary school in the Home which all the children, excepting about eighteen, attend. I have a trained head-mistress, and an assistant-mistress, both living in the Home. The eighteen children are called Industrials, and are being trained for service under a house matron,

cook, and laundress. They have night school for an hour every evening with the head-mistress. I am encroaching on some of the time to give them singing lessons (as they have not to be examined by Sir John Stainer!) and for drilling, Miss Vaughan having implanted the right methods of Swedish drill throughout the Home. They are very fairly smart over it, though we cannot indulge in costume. The 60 school children drill before school these cold mornings, and form a very respectable little company in the dark blue frocks and white pinafores, with different coloured braids on their hair, indicating the standard of behaviour for the month. They all wear scarlet hoods and cloaks out of doors, and we form quite a "long red line" on Sunday in our march to church, which is a good mile away.

There is a beautiful little Chapel in the Home where we have shortened Morning Service at 8 a.m., Evening Service at 6, and a Short Service at 9 at night for the Staff and Industrials, after which everyone goes to bed, and the gas goes out at 9-30. We breakfast at 7-30. My sitting-room window (a nice large bow window) looks across the garden to the Convalescent Home, which is also our Sanatorium, and is a very pretty little house with beds for 26 women and girls in it, as well as rooms for the Lady in Charge. It is opened from April to Christmas for convalescents. Ten days after I came there was an outbreak of influenza, and we had to take all the children who had it across there and keep the school closed for a month. I am one of the School Managers as well as Correspondent, and when school did open again I had also to join as an Article 68! as our Assistant Mistress was away for three weeks, so my Elementary Educational interests are by no means at an end. Fortunately for me no Inspector arrived, or my teaching of Geography and Grammar might have been reported to head-quarters. The School is a very pleasant room, with almost too much window; it looks across a charming play-ground belonging to a large Preparatory School, once Archbishop Tait's house at the time when he and Mrs. Tait founded this beautiful Home. This play-ground proves rather too attractive sometimes, specially when the 70 small boys in white flannels are playing hockey with great vigour. We have nice grounds of our own, and the children have a good play-ground, and a great many of them a tiny garden each. Indoors they have a play-room, where they make a grand noise; fortunately it is at the other end of the house! They are a very happy set of children, or one is tempted to wonder how far such a life as this is the best way of bringing them up—I mean bringing up such a number together. Perhaps the answer is best found in the knowledge of what their own home-life has been or would be.

If any one of our old Students ever wants an "object of interest" in her School, she might remember that to support an orphan (or part of one!) here would at once be one! and that £15 a year does it.

From editorial instincts I know this letter to be quite too long, though I want to add my love to every Student who reads it, and my thanks, too, to you for wanting it. One thing I feel much is not being able to be a *bonâ-fide* member of the Association through not being trained.

Always your very affectionate HELEN S. WADDINGTON.

## COLLEGE NOTES.

On October 28th, the First Years enjoyed a delightful concert. got up for them as a special welcome by the Second Year Students. The evening's entertainment began with the now well-known patriotic song and chorus, "Soldiers of the Queen." The solo was very ably rendered by Editb Parkinson, who made a capital "Tommy Atkins," and I am sure that she and her comrades who vigorously waved flags as they lustily sang the chorus, made us all long to be going out to fight for our Queen and country. Then followed some very enjoyable songs and pianoforte solos. Mr.

Dunkerton's songs I think I need hardly eulogise—the applause was quite enough to show how fully he was appreciated. We as First Years listened with bated breath as Emily Waite and Annie Burton recited, and we wondered if ever we should attain such perfection. At 8-80 the excitement amongst the audience grew intense, owing to the mysterious movements behind the scenes, and as the curtain rose, a burst of applause and laughter heralded the most novel event of the evening. A sheet appeared, stretching the entire length of the platform, and on it was drawn a stave, through which appeared eight beautiful bonneted faces representing the notes of the scale. Alice Mackintosh, after winding up her instrument which she told us was called a 'humaniphone,' produced striking tunes by means of pointing with a long stick to the notes which she wished to sound, the instrument working marvellously with the exception of two notes, one being distinctly "twangy," and the other perpetually sticking.

After a short interval, an amusing little play was admirably acted, all the parts being carried out in a wonderfully realistic manner. The audience were exceedingly pleased that all Mrs. and Miss Pry's plans were frustrated. In fact, Rhoda Wallis acted the part assigned to her so well that we all positively disliked her. The one disappointment was that we did not see the charming Rose, of whom we heard so much. The last, but not the least effective item of the entertainment was Moore's melodious "Oft in the stilly night," sung by Mr. Dunkerton, assisted by an unseen chorus.

Heartly thanks were given to all who had helped to give so much pleasure, not forgetting Mr. F. Mackintosh, of Gainsboro', who with very great kindness presented us with most charming programmes, very artistically designed and executed by himself. Sketches of the College, Newport Arch, the Cathedral, and the College badge decorated the border, and altogether the programmes will serve as a pleasant memento of a very pleasant evening.

In conclusion, I only hope that our concert next year may be half as good as this one, and the programmes as pretty.

ELSIE PIPER.

#### PROGRAMME.

##### PART I.

Song and Chorus	"Soldiers of the Queen"	E. Parkinson
Pianoforte Solo	"Caprice"	A. Shirley
Song	"Promise of Life"	A. Wright
Duet	"The Flower Gatherers"	F. Yardley & A. Perkins
Song		Mr. Dunkerton
Recitation	"The Forsaken Merman"	E. Waite
Song	"Gates of the West"	A. Hornsey
Violin Solo	Dance from "Henry VIII."	A. Mackintosh
Song	"The Amorous Gold-fish"	F. Randle
Recitation	"The Story of a Faithful Soul"	A. Burton
Song (with Violin obligato)	"Maris Stella"	G. Hemsley
Song		Mr. Dunkerton
Pianoforte Duet	"The Bell Duet"	G. Hemsley & E. Newton
Humaniphone Solo	"Old Airs"	A. Mackintosh

## PART II.

PLAY - "A LADY IN SEARCH OF AN HEIRESS."

Scene: *Public Sitting-room in Hotel Abroad.*

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Lady Money-bags	- - - - -	D. Jenner
Mrs. Pry	- - - - -	L. Caunt
Fanny (Mrs. Pry's daughter)	- - - - -	R. Wallis
Mademoiselle Julie Momay (a French dressmaker)	-	E. Waite
Maid	- - - - -	L. Myers.
Plantation Song and Chorus	- - - - -	F. Scarlett
Solo and Chorus	- "Oft in the stilly night"	Mr. Dunkerton & Second Year Students

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*The Debating Society.*—The second debate of the year was held on November 10th, 1899. The subject chosen was, "Is it right to destroy beautiful scenery for utilitarian or commercial purposes?" The proceedings were opened by the President, who announced the subject for debate.—Rhoda Wallis spoke very strongly against destroying beautiful scenery. She thought that beautiful scenery tended to the higher development of human nature, and that no aspect of nature can engender anything but good. She did not see that progress would necessarily be hindered, as numerous other sites were available for factories or such like buildings.—Ethel Ryley seconded, remarking that "a thing of beauty is a joy for ever." She thought that the greatest artists and poets were those who fully appreciated the beauties of nature. Railways might be justifiable, as they bring beautiful scenery within the reach of those who would not otherwise enjoy it, but the erection of advertisement boards, &c. in front of a beautiful scene can never be excused.—Jennie Leach spoke very forcibly. She thought that the destruction of beautiful scenery was right, because it was necessary. People must live, therefore factories, iron works, &c., must be built. She also thought that buildings, such as museums, art galleries, &c., added to the beauty of the scenery.—Canon Rowe said that the noblest natures were often found in the midst of the ugliest surroundings. Sometimes, as in the case of the Falls of Foyers, destruction was absolutely necessary.—An *Amendment* was proposed:—"Under certain circumstances it is right to destroy beautiful scenery for utilitarian and commercial purposes." This was carried unanimously.

The third Debate was held on Feb. 2nd, 1900. A number of subjects were chosen, and the names of the speakers drawn for.—*First Subject*: "Should women speak in public."—Daisy Jenner thought that women should have an opportunity of expressing their views on different subjects, and that women were quite as capable of speaking as men.—Frances Randle considered that women who spoke in public were likely to neglect their home duties; while on the other side Amy Wright thought that the tender voice of a good woman would have a far greater effect than that of a

man.—Canon Rowe said that the object of the Debating Society was to train women to be able to speak in public.—*Amendment*: "Women ought to speak in public."—Carried unanimously.

*Second Subject*: "The modern girl makes an unsatisfactory daughter." There was much discussion on this subject, but most of the members agreed that the higher education of the modern girl does a great deal in helping her to fulfil her duties as a daughter.—*Amendment*: "The modern girl does not make an unsatisfactory daughter." Carried by 54 votes.

*Third Subject*: "Is hero-worship harmful?" This was much discussed, many of the members thinking that much time was wasted in this hero-worship, which was blind to all the faults of the person worshipped. But the majority were of opinion that this admiration would have a good effect on the hero, leading him to strive to live up to his worshippers' ideal. Others thought that the worshipper himself would try to imitate the good qualities of the hero, and so receive some good.—*Amendment*: "Hero-worship is not harmful." Carried by 86 votes.

*Fourth Subject*: "Was Miranda foolish?" After some discussion, it was decided that the character of Miranda was the natural outcome of her surroundings and education.—*Amendment*: "Miranda was not foolish," was carried almost unanimously.

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A. MACKINTOSH.

A visit to the interesting Roman remains in the cellar of Mr. Allis's house in Bailgate, and a "personally-conducted" tour over the Cathedral and the ruins of the Old Palace, seem now to be recognized as annual institutions for the instruction and entertainment of Students in their first term of College. Many thanks are due to the Principal and Mr. Allis for arranging and carrying out these expeditions. No city is richer in interest, historic and architectural, than our ancient city and Cathedral of Lincoln, and visits like these should result in much intelligent observation.

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*University Extension Lectures*.—All the Students have attended a course of six Lectures, given by Mr. A. Hamilton Thompson, on Shakespeare's later plays, the syllabus being specially arranged to suit the requirements of the Certificate Examination. The Second Year Students wrote essays for the Lecturer regularly, and derived much benefit from Mr. Thompson's very capable and detailed criticism of their papers. He writes that he was much pleased with the general excellence of the papers sent in, and prophecies that *all* the Students will gain first classes! This, in Shakespearian language, "is a consummation devoutly to be wished," and we can only hope that Mr. Thompson will prove to have been a true prophet.

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*School Work*.—Many old Students know of the method of

teaching history by dramatic representation. We are uncertain as to the originator of the scheme, but we know that it was fully and most successfully carried out in two elementary schools, Milton House School, Edinburgh, and St. Luke's Boys' School, Cambridge. The plan is as follows: At the beginning of the year, as soon as the History Syllabus is decided, the teachers meet together, choose the most important events of the period, and forthwith write dramatic sketches upon them. Lessons are given on the history in connection with each scene; and when the necessary facts are known, the children are taught the words and action, and finally the complete play is acted before the whole school, and sometimes, for purpose of examination, before the Inspector.

Since History is not taken in our Practising Schools, we decided to attempt much less than this, but the First Years, who had the opportunity given them, rose vigorously to the occasion and did all that they attempted with enthusiasm and with success. They arranged themselves in groups to write dramatic sketches of the 'Signing of the Magna Carta.' Most of those sent in were quite good and interesting—the one most suitable to the Practising School children written by Beatrice Boulton, Annie Bugg, Jessie Drake, Elsie Piper, and Jessie Wilson was selected, and on criticism afternoons and during the practice in the schools, Miss Radford was good enough to alter her Time Table so that the History lessons could be given. Here the Second Years with their wider knowledge of History helped most ably. Then the children, who were most eager to 'act,' most industriously learnt the different parts at home, whilst the First Years 'coached' them up in action, speech, gesture, &c. after school hours, and finally the 'play' was acted before the whole school.

Very little time could be spared to do much in the way of dress, but use was made of some cloaks and garments which had been used for College theatricals, and we are told that 'King John' especially presented an imposing appearance as he moved down the room preceded by a herald and followed by a small page bearing his train. He certainly thought he looked majestic; in fact, all the performers felt highly important, the rest of the children seemed to enjoy the 'play' exceedingly, and we all felt that it was not so difficult after all to make children realize and understand history.

We do not forget that Students of other Years have written good sketches, notably Judith Hopkinson, May Charlton, and Gertrude Hemsley, but this is the only occasion on which the Practising Schools could give us an opportunity of letting the children 'act' before their schoolfellows.

I should like to recommend to all Students who have not already read it that most useful and suggestive book by Mr. P. A. Barnett, "Common-sense in Education and Teaching" (Longmans, Green & Co.) It is a book that every teacher should possess and make the contents her own, for it is really indispensable

to anyone who wishes to take a sensible view of her profession and to carry out the duties of it in a sensible manner.

For those who are interested in stories of Child-life, I may say that there is a well-drawn child character in "The One who looked on," by F. Montresor (Hutchinson & Co., 3/6); and I hear that the following are excellent:—"A Little Handful," H. J. Scripp (Blackie & Son, 2/6); "The Professor's Children," E. Fowler (Longmans, 6/-). I suppose most have read the beautiful "Sketches of Soldiers' Children," by Rudyard Kipling, "Wee Willie Winkie," "His Majesty the King," "Baa Baa Black Sheep."

Students taught in the schools as usual during three weeks of last term. The main alteration was that, at the suggestion of Mr. Barnett, we used fewer schools, and consequently two Students instead of one took charge of a class—one teaching in the morning, the other in the afternoon. The advantage of this arrangement is that there is more time for the preparation of each lesson, since a Student has not so many to give each day.

For the last two years we have had an Honourable Mention List in which we put the names of Students who have given lessons which for some reason can be decided as good—not necessarily brilliant.

A. A. DEELEY.

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*Lantern Lectures and Entertainments.*—On various Friday evenings during the winter months Miss Turner gave a series of delightful geography lectures, similar to those given during previous months. They were exceedingly well illustrated by lantern slides, and were thoroughly appreciated by the Students as forming a most pleasant method of acquiring knowledge. The lectures were four in number. The first was an extremely interesting lecture on Switzerland, and gave the Students a splendid idea of the charming scenery of that country, with its beautiful mountains, lakes, and glaciers. The second series of pictures illustrated a lecture on three charming towns of Italy, namely, Rome, Venice, and Florence. The third lecture described a most delightful journey from Rotterdam down the Rhine, and back home again through Belgium. The slides shewing the scenery of the Rhine valley were especially beautiful. The series of lectures concluded with one on Norway and Sweden, and was perhaps enjoyed best by the Students because of Miss Turner's graphic description of her own experiences in the country. The special features of this lecture were the lovely fiords, mountains, and waterfalls.

GRACE SHACKLOCK.

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On December 2nd, the Principal and governesses combined to remove any ill effects which the strain of the teaching weeks might have produced, by giving the Students a pleasant evening, in the form of a lantern entertainment. Considerable wonder and amusement was created during the day by the issue of the pro-

gramme, on which a couple of amiable-looking elves pointed to the mystifying names of the various items. These programmes, which were designed and printed by Miss Aughtie, were so pretty that many Students kept them to serve as reminders of a pleasant evening.

The programme was opened by Mr. Dunkerton, who rendered "Soldiers of the Queen," by special request of the Principal. The whole audience joined in the chorus, and made the College ring with the patriotic words. This was followed by pictures of South African scenery, of Boer and native life, and of the members of the Jameson raid, these pictures being fully explained by Miss Turner. Some of them, notably those of Mr. and Mrs. Kruger, called forth amusing manifestations of feeling from the spectators. When these were ended, Mr. Dunkerton sang "The Gay Gordons," which song was so much appreciated that the audience demanded an encore, and could only be silenced on obtaining it. The Principal then read Dickens' interesting story of "Gabriel Grubb," which was illustrated by splendid lantern slides, and which created so great an impression on the hearers that the proverbial pin might have been heard to drop. Following this came the transformation scenes which had been presented by various kind friends. The first two were lovely views of the Rhone glacier and the Castle of Chillon. The next was a moving figure of an acrobat, whose most remarkable contortions called forth shrieks of laughter. These subsided into exclamations of admiration when the next scene—a moonlight grove with fairies, appeared, but were renewed when the last slide—"The Boxers"—came on view. These automatic figures boxed with such ferocity that the audience were almost too fatigued with laughter to demand their reappearance.

The grand finale resolved itself into a photograph of Miss Waddington, and was hailed with long applause. Her enforced absence through illness was much regretted by all.

At the conclusion, the Students showed their gratitude by hearty cheers for all who had so kindly contributed to their amusement, among whom Miss Aughtie and the assisting Student, who had been the presiding spirits of the lantern, came in for a well-merited share.

G. BILLETT.

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On December 6th, a considerable number of the Staff and Students attended the Musical Society's Concert in the Drill Hall. The programme was a delightful and varied one, and included among other items the now well-known cantata, "Hiawatha's Wedding Feast," by the young Anglo-African composer, Mr. Coleridge-Taylor whose romantic and picturesque music has caught exactly the characteristic spirit of Longfellow's descriptions of Indian life. The orchestra was a very fine one, and their interpretation of the exquisite pathos of Schubert's wonderful "Unfinished Symphony in Bb" must have been a revelation to many of us.

Before going down for the Christmas vacation we had our usual "Certificate," or as it really is now, our "Breaking-up Dance." During the afternoon of the eventful day, the Lecture Hall was decorated with quantities of ivy and other evergreens, and a few large pictures were added to the usual collection, while the scheme of colouring in the Dining Hall was white and yellow. Unfortunately the night was so stormy that very few guests were able to come, but amongst those who ventured we were so lucky as to count Miss Huddleston, Mr. Dunkerton, and Mr. Birkett. Dancing began soon after seven, when numerous First Year débutantes entered in the company of their respective "mothers." Mrs. Rowe and several of the girls kindly played until about half-past ten, when with thoughts full of the present war we gravely sang "God save the Queen" before breaking up. E. WAITE.

\* \* \*

Scholarship Week, with its heavy snowstorm must have been specially trying for the poor candidates. However, the kindly "mothering" of the Students who stayed to help us—Alice Mackintosh, Daisy Jenner, and Edith Nightingarl (Second Years), and Ethel Cheshire, Florence Harrand, and Ethel March (First Years)—and the cosy fires in the dormitories at night "tempered the wind to these shorn lambs," and judging by the sounds outside the examination room, they appear to have enjoyed themselves quite as much as could reasonably be expected.

\* \* \*

One Wednesday evening early in February the College routine was somewhat disturbed by a wave of excitement which finally took definite shape in the form of preparations for a demi-toilette and a visit to the Lincoln Theatre. This was an unprecedented event in the annals of the College—well, not exactly that—for Students *had been known* to go in a body to the said Theatre, but *then* it was for the purpose of seeing "Hamlet," the play they were required to prepare for Her Majesty's Inspector, and their object then was to improve their minds, and enlarge and rectify their ideas as to how 'The Ghost' managed to assume ethereal shape, or how Hamlet comports himself in those soliloquies that were a kind of nightmare to some undramatic members of the Second Year. This time however, it was a mere desire to be entertained that induced them to seek the Principal's permission to devote a whole evening to the arduous task of being amused.

The free time of the afternoon was diligently utilised to make up for the 'lost hours' of evening work; and at seven p.m. a large company of about thirty-seven ladies, including two members of the staff as chaperons, sallied forth hooded and cloaked, and quite undaunted by the 'severe disapproval' of the weather which had deposited a heavy hindrance in the form of a thick layer of snow. A large proportion of the comfortable seats in the dress circle having been reserved for the 'Training College,' the party took

possession and gave themselves up to the enjoyment of one of the most delightful of Gilbert and Sullivan's pretty operas, "The Mikado." The Company was one of D'Oyley Carte's, and unusually good for this rather remote provincial city.

The "Lord High Executioner" was inimitably funny throughout; his marvellously clear enunciation was a most valuable lesson in the midst of the enjoyment, and his particularly cultured voice was a perpetual pleasure. The exquisite drollery of his attitudes and facial expression produced incessant ripples of laughter all over the house.

The elephantine agility of the stout and pompous "Lord High Everything Else," the charmingly semi-conscious modesty of the "Three Little Maids from School," the Mikado's calm self-satisfaction at the grim prospect of the punishments that are to "fit the crime" as emphasised by the steady nodding of his majestic plumes, the heart-rending love disappointment of the elderly Katisha, Nanki Pu's pleasant tenor voice, and the happy rendering of all the well-known songs and choruses kept the audience breathless with interest until the final fall of the curtain.

An "uphill" trudge in the heavy snow was by no means too heavy a price to pay for so delightful an evening, but the two chaperons were not sorry to find their charges once again within the sheltering College walls, and heaved a slight sigh of relief on hearing that the number returned tallied with that despatched.

#### ONE OF THE CHAPERONS.

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On March 27th, the usual Shrove Tuesday holiday was given. As usual, many of the Second Year Students, who on this occasion act as hostesses, spent the afternoon in busy preparations in Lecture Hall and Dining Room for the evening's dance and supper. That most useful remnant of the College bazaar, the red and green art muslin, decorated the Lecture Hall, and was itself festooned with ivy. The blackboard served as a programme, and was quite transformed from a commonplace article of school furniture to a charming picture, the chief feature in the sketch being a "gentleman in khaki" hauling up a flag of victory. The supper was a great success, everything being prettily and daintily arranged by busy fingers. The table decorations called forth special admiration, the yellow and red tulips with their pale green leaves forming charming patches of colour. Alice Mackintosh and Edith Nightingarl waited on students and visitors, at table, so realizing the old Saxon ideal of the "*lady*" who was literally the *loaf-giver* (*hlæfdige*) of the household.

Thursday in the same week was also a half-holiday wherewith we joyfully celebrated the "Relief of Ladysmith." The Practising School children mustered in gallant show in front of the College, and a pretty and moving sight it was to see some of the tiny "mites" waving their flags, and giving three cheers for Roberts,

Kitchener, Buller, White, and the rest. This done, they paraded Newport, singing the National Anthem and "Soldiers of the Queen." The Students' parade came off later in the evening, when a procession was formed which made the round of the College. For once, the Students sang and shouted to their hearts' content, without any regard to "shades of expression." That was what the crowds outside were doing, and why not we, who had brothers and friends out at the front to give thanks for? Of course the College flag was hoisted. May it soon wave to celebrate the proclamation of Peace!

\* \* \*

*Girls' Friendly Society.*—On Friday evening, January 26th, Miss Thompson came to address the Students on behalf of the Girls' Friendly Society.

Canon Rowe in introducing the speaker remarked that several of the Students already belonged to the Girls' Friendly Society, and he hoped that others would follow their example.

Miss Thompson said that the thoughts of all at the present time were turned towards the South African War. A Farewell Service for some of the Volunteers had been held quite recently in St. Paul's Cathedral, and the hymn "Fight the good fight," had been sung. It had seemed as if this Service was the soldiers' vigil before they went forth to fight. The speaker then went on to say that the time of College life was like a vigil, preparing the Students for their share in the battle of life. Their work would be to train character, and this was especially a vocation from God. Until recent times Englishwomen had not had that feeling of enthusiasm for their schools and teachers as men had, but that was now passing away. Miss Thompson then spoke of the temptations which fall to the lot of many children, not only temptations to the sins of swearing, drunkenness, and gambling, but there was a feeling amongst many children of the present day of dislike of all self-control. There was also a growing spirit of flippant levity that despised the great truths of life. Teachers could influence children—1. By direct religious teaching; 2. By force of example. Miss Thompson then spoke of the good work done by the Girls' Friendly Society, and how it carried on that which the teacher had begun. Teachers had little time or opportunity to help girls after they had left school, but they could call in the aid of the Associate.

E. NIGHTINGALE.

We are glad to think that Miss Thompson's earnest and eloquent address resulted in the accession of several new members to the College Branch of the G. F. S. The following Students will be admitted in the College Chapel at an early date:—Georgina Walker, Emily Waite, Daisy Jenner, Rose Knowlson, Lucy Roberts, Alice Mackintosh, Grace Hemsley, Ethel March, Elsie Piper, Mary Dent, Beatrice Boulton, Adela Smeeton, Mary Bannister.

On Friday, Feb. 16th, Dr. Lowe gave the first of a course of five lectures on First Aid to the Injured, and Domestic Hygiene. He was very heartily welcomed, especially by the Second Years who remembered the lecture he so kindly gave last year. In this one he dwelt very simply but very clearly with the various cases of hæmorrhage which might arise, giving with each a simple explanation of the physiological reason for the treatment. Dr. Lowe also added much to the interest of his lecture by taking as his illustrations cases which had actually occurred, showing the great importance of intelligent first aid. Much amusement was caused by his contrast of this intelligent first aid with the first aid of the "wise woman of the village," a person to be conciliated but scarcely implicitly trusted.

This lecture was given on the same evening that the Lincoln detachment of Volunteers was leaving the city, and Dr. Lowe was so full of the prevailing war spirit that he could not refrain from taking many of his examples from the battle-field.

In the second lecture, Feb. 23rd, cases of fractured bones and dislocated joints were dealt with, the very serious results of lack of proper attention at the right time being very clearly demonstrated. The improvised stretchers suggested seemed especially to interest the Students who forthwith resolved to try them at the first opportunity. At the close of this lecture, as of the previous one, Students were allowed to ask questions. This time a man with a broken back formed a fruitful source of discussion.

On March 2nd, Sprains and Fainting Fits formed the subject of a third lecture. The Students followed with great interest the veracious history of the young lady who sprained her foot at a pic-nic, and endured much and long suffering from the effects of the non-administration of correct "first aid." A very useful part of the lecture was that dealing with cases of unconsciousness, the different causes being very clearly distinguished. The lecture concluded with the treatment of various kinds of poisoning.

The fourth lecture, March 9th, though of a more miscellaneous character, was certainly in no respect behind the previous ones in interest. Dr. Lowe dwelt with the dressing of wounds, burns and scalds, stings, bites of animals, &c. He concluded with the subject of the restoration, by means of artificial respiration, of the apparently drowned. This time he was able to illustrate his lecture on the person of a small boy present for that purpose.

A striking feature of Dr. Lowe's lectures was the very practical turn he gave to his instructions. All the hundred and one remedies suggested by interested bystanders on the occasion of an accident were mentioned and their harm, inutility or possible usefulness dealt with. An amusing term was often given by his recommendations as to the treatment of the officious person generally present on such occasions.

At the conclusion of the course each Student is to work a

paper set by Dr. Lowe, who has very kindly promised a prize for the best set of answers from the Second Years, while the best First Year paper will receive a College prize.

F. A.

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*The Museum.*—The Geological section of the Museum has been carefully set in order and the shelves labelled, so that any Student who may desire to study the chief minerals or the crystalline forms of the minerals, of which the rocks which form the crust of the earth are composed, and the rocks themselves and the fossils which they contain, has a very fair opportunity of doing so. Much is still required to make this part of the Museum complete, but in all probability the College possesses as good a selection of minerals and specimens of rocks and fossils as will be found in any of the Training Colleges. This is in a great measure due to the kindness of Mrs. Barrett, the widow of our late Treasurer, who gave to the College, in memory of her husband, a most valuable collection of minerals made in Cornwall more than a hundred years ago, and to a selection of specimens of rocks and fossils given by the Principal from his own collection, together with a very valuable collection of fossils from the coal measures, presented by the late Mr. Warrener, with specimens of coal, and to an equally valuable collection of iron ores and specimens of pig iron and wrought iron and steel, presented by the late Mr. Ruston, and a very complete collection of glass in all its forms, including lighthouse prisms, presented by Mr. Chance, of Smethwick.

These have been lately added to by some very beautiful specimens of crystals of lead, copper, and iron (specular) combined with the crystals of quartz (rock crystal) in which they are found; these have been presented by Miss Hannah Bell, of Carlisle, through Miss Elwell. We have also received some excellent specimens of China clay from St. Austell, presented by Mr. Nicholls, through his niece, May Libby, one of our First Year Students, and a very complete collection of specimens of ironstone and pig iron from the Frodingham works at Scunthorpe, with a chemical analysis, and with several fossils from the rocks in which the ironstone occurs; these have been presented by Mr. Banuister, the father of another First Year Student; these are not only valuable in themselves, but are specially acceptable as showing the great interest which the First Year Students are taking in the Museum.

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*Gift to the Library.*—Miss Selvage, of Hainton, whose kindly interest in the College is unflinching, has given a copy of the "Life of Tennyson" to the Library. Situated as the College is, in the poet's own county, within sight of Tennyson's "high wolds," and all the characteristic Lincolnshire scenery which his poems reflect so strongly, this book is a specially welcome gift.

*Additions to the Library.*—The most important work bought for us during the last term by the Committee is the beautiful edition in five volumes of J. R. Green's "Illustrated History of the English People." This work will be a perfect treasure-trove for Students in search of illustrations for their lessons. Others are Sidney Lee's "Life of Shakespeare," perhaps the best modern authority for the facts of this poet's career, Mr. Barnett's "Common Sense in Education," and additional volumes of the "English Men of Letters Series."

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*New Books in the Miscellaneous Library—*

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|-----|-----------------------------|---------------------|
| 102 | Cleg Kelly.                 | S. R. Crockett.     |
| 103 | The Golden Age.             | Kenneth Graham.     |
| 104 | Dariel.                     | R. D. Blackmore.    |
| 105 | Fierceheart, the Soldier.   | J. C. Snaith.       |
| 106 | With Kitchener to Khartoum. | Steevens.           |
| 107 | Lads' Love.                 | S. R. Crockett.     |
| 108 | Lochinvar.                  | " "                 |
| 109 | Carrots.                    | Mrs. Molesworth.    |
| 110 | The Little Duke.            | C. M. Yonge.        |
| 111 | The Jungle Book.            | Rudyard Kipling.    |
| 112 | The Second Jungle Book.     | " "                 |
| 113 | Only the Governess.         | Rosa N. Carey.      |
| 114 | Basil Lyndhurst.            | " "                 |
| 115 | Wee Wife.                   | " "                 |
| 116 | Nellie's Memories.          | " "                 |
| 117 | Wood and Married.           | " "                 |
| 118 | Harold.                     | Lord Lytton         |
| 119 | Camp of Refuge.             | Charles Macfarlane. |
| 120 | John Inglesant.             | J. H. Shorthouse.   |
| 121 | Sir Percival.               | " "                 |
| 122 | Sant Ilario.                | E. Marion Crawford. |
| 123 | Corleone.                   | " "                 |
| 124 | David Elginbrod.            | George Macdonald.   |
| 125 | Marquis of Lossie           | " "                 |
| 126 | North and South.            | Mrs. Gaskell.       |
| 127 | Mary Barton.                |                     |
| 128 | Les Misérables.             | V. Hugo.            |
| 129 | Two Years Ago.              | Charles Kingsley.   |
| 130 | Hereward the Wake.          | " "                 |
| 131 | Hypatia.                    | " "                 |
| 132 | Tropical Africa.            | Henry Drummond.     |
| 133 | Afterwards.                 | Ian Maclaren.       |

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*College Magazine Club.*—The following Magazines and Papers are being taken this year:—Nineteenth Century, Magazine of Art, Cassell's Family Magazine, Quiver, Sunday Magazine, Good

Words, Leisure Hour, Harper's Magazine, Wide-World Magazine, Practical Teachers' Art Monthly, Commonwealth, Picturesque Europe, Peoples of the World, Girls' Friendly Associates' Journal, Weekly Times, Churchwoman, Punch.

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#### APPOINTMENTS.

Edith Nightingarl, Alvey Girls' School, Sleaford, H. Salary £75.  
Jane Leach, Widnes Board, A. Salary £65.

#### RE-APPOINTMENTS.

Annie Meadows, East Retford Girls' School, H.  
Bertha Wilding, St. Faith's Girls' School, Lincoln, H.  
Ada Brown, Little Gonerby Infant School, Grantham.  
Mary Simmonds, St. Martin's Infant School, Lincoln, H.  
Mary Lamming, St. Martin's Girls' School, Lincoln, A.  
Amy Swift, Central Girls' School, Lowestoft, H.  
Lizzie Clubb, Belton School, Doncaster, H.  
Louisa Turner, Todwick School, near Sheffield, H.  
Elizabeth Chadwick, Senior Girls' Department, Salisbury Road Board School, Bootle, H.  
Susannah Dewis, Infant Department, Red Lane Board School, Coventry, A.  
Annie Mackridge, Stainton, Maltby, Rotherham, H.  
Norah Murray, Church Infant School, Bury, H.

#### NOTICES.

March 18-24. College Examination.  
" 30. Religious Knowledge Examination.  
April 7-21. Easter Vacation.  
May 2-3. Sir John Stainer's Examination in Singing.  
June 2-4. Whitsuntide Re-union.  
" 30. Prize Giving.  
July 2-3. Certificate Examination.  
" 7. Summer Vacation.

1899.

#### BIRTH.

August 4th. At 68, Queen Street, Hull, the wife of ———Rowley, (Annie Coope 1878-9), of a Son.

1899.

## MARRIAGES.

April 8th. At the Parish Church, Goole, by the Rev. H. Carr, Vicar of Goole, Amelia Sutcliffe (1890-91) to Frank Leggott Shackleton, of Boothferry Road, Goole.

December 2nd. At St. George's Cathedral, Cape Town, Lavinia Edith Potter (1894-5) to Henry Furniss, of Port Elizabeth

1900.

## DEATH.

February 28th. Martha Annie Topping (1888-9).

The Editor received news in February of the marriage on January 1st of Miss Hannah Mary Hodgkinson (1872-3) to Judge Jones, of the Oldham Circuit. A few days later came the sad news of the death of Mr. Jones after a few days' illness. The sincere sympathy of her Lincoln friends is with Mrs. Jones in this great sorrow.

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Covers for binding the Magazine can be obtained from the Editor. These Covers, bound in the College colours and with gilt lettering, hold six numbers. Price 1/-, or 1/3 including postage.

If Subscribers fail to notify change of address, the Editor cannot be responsible for the Magazine going astray. The Magazine is published in April and October. Annual Subscription 1/-, except to Members of the College Association.

The Editor begs to remind Subscribers that the Magazine Subscriptions (1/-) for 1900 are now due.

