No. 17. **April, 1903.**

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.

College Prayer.

Almighty God, without whom nothing is strong, nothing is holy, regard we beseech Thee, with Thy love and favour, our College. Be pleased to prosper with Thy blessing those who teach and those who are taught therein. Grant that all who have been trained within its walls may be faithful in their vocation, of one heart and of one mind, adorning the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things. Grant this for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

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.

*Subscriptions are due on January 1st, and should be sent before the end of the month to Miss Elwell, Training College, Lincoln.**

MEMBERS.

1862 Annie J. Morrison
1864 Elizabeth Lowndes (Mrs. Edwards)
1866 Alice P. Twist (Mrs. Twigg)
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)

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* Members whose subscriptions are more than two years in arrears, will be considered as ceasing to belong to the Association, and the Magazine will not be sent to them.

1872 Elizabeth Brummitt
1873 Sarah Elizabeth Sutcliffe (Mrs. Watson), Elizabeth Watson (Mrs. Dixon), Sarah Thorpe (Mrs. Shelton), Margaret Elwell, Emma Shotton, Fanny Utting (Mrs. Norman)
1874 Annie Georgina Selvage, Martha Ann Greaves, Clara Brummitt, Annie Smith (Mrs. Orme)
1875 Elizabeth Satchell (Mrs Williams), Fanny Burton (Mrs. Milner), Selina Goodwin
1876 Annie Harrington (Mrs. C. J. Robbins), Elsie Robb (Mrs. A. Logsdail)
1877 Hannah Bell
1878 Ellen Wilson (Mrs. Hoades), Flora Ford
1879 Selina Dix, Alice Whiteley, Maud Bourne, Annie Morley (Mrs. Clayton)
1880 Maud Etchells (A.T.S.), Jane Platt, (Mrs. Dean) (A.T.S.)
1881 Mary Williamson
1882 Mary Turner, Jessie Bourne, Amy Beddoe, Susannah Brown, Eliza Crosland (Mrs. Barrett)
1884 Essie Ruth Conway, Florence White, Eliza Bass
1885 Eunice B. Turner
1886 Annie Glover, Emma Cook, Ada Mary Whitehead
1887 Hannah Thomason (Mrs. J. W. Shaw), Frances Elwell
1888 Jane Martin, Frances Wells, Rosa Preston, Emma Johnson (Mrs. Hamer), Frances Calver
1889 Emma Wilkinson, Jessie Hutchison
1890 Florence Aughtie, Charlotte Watson
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, Eliza Dyson, Minnie Potts.
1895 Frances Crombie, Millie Vernon, Alice Greening, Frances Bishell
1896 Mary Wileman, Annie Meadows, Annie Harvey, Amy Swift, Ethelen King, Kathleen Aviss, Rosa Hill, Alice Hill, Mary Crowther, Annie Mackridge (Mrs. Atkinson)
1897 Kate Whattam, Edith Hales (Mrs. Gossop), Eleanor Walker, May Charlton (Mrs. Sivil), Mary Foottit, Annie Taylor, Marian Trevitt, Lucy Bignell, Ada Preston, Elizabeth Wardman
1898 Alice Falkinder, Gertrude Kenning, Marianne Thompson, Minnie Sells, Alice Upton, Ethel Craft, Margaret Harrison, Harriet M. Coales, Jane Eggleston, Minnie Rimmington (Mrs. Russon), Alice Dunbar, Ada Rimmington, Norah Murray, Evelina Schröder, Susannah Sargisson, Rose Naylor (Mrs. Tom Carter), Winifred Brown, Emily Ayres, Gertrude Hemsley, Gertrude Hodgson, Eleanor Walpole
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 Miriam Johnson, Alice Child, Gertrude Stallibrass, Edith Mary Hibbitt, Grace Harlock
1900 Alice Mackintosh, Edith Nightingarl, Grace Hemsley, Emily Waite, Rhoda Wallis, Lucy Myers, Agnes Hornsey (Mrs. Hargreaves), Louisa Caunt, Rose Knowlson, Alice Perkins, Georgina Walker, Gertrude Billett, Frances Randle, Amy Wright, Lucy Roberts, Daisy Jenner, Annie Bird, Jane Leach, Edith Newton, Edith Parkinson (Mrs. C. Gillson), Florence Yardley, Alice Shirley, Charlotte Sheppard, Florence Scarlett

1901 Mary Bannister, Annie Bugg, Ethel Bimrose, Beatrice Boultbee, Cerise Cameron, Ethel Cheshire, Margaret Cooper, Marion Clayton, Kate Chapple, Laura Davis, Mary Dent, Jessie Drake, Elsie Drake, Lilian France, Henrietta Griffiths, Florence Harrand, Clarice Hughes, Emma Austen, Alice Langford, Jennie Leonard, May Libby, Ethel March, Arabella Nield, Ita Peet, Elsie Piper, Elizabeth Pendlebury, Ethel Ryley, Adela Smeeton, Ethel Wright, Jessie Wilson.

1902 Katherine Antcliffe, Mary E. Arscott, Edith Barker, Gertrude Bradwell, Mary Brewer, Emma Brewin, Mabel Bromhall, Ethel Budd, Mary Burley, Phœbe Bury, Frances Clark, Elsie Dawtrey, Annie Drury, Eleanor Donson, Minnie Fêvre, Lily Hacker, May Hulse, Maud Johnson, Gertrude Judd, Evelina Lamb, Edith Meats, Marjorie Mullins, Annie Helen Pearce, Sarah Parkes, Mary Parkes, Margaret Partrige, Annie Porter, Ethel Radford, Annie Roberts, Ellen Roberts, Lallah Robertson, Annie Scholfield, Sarah Shepherd, Isabella Shiach, Ellen Simpson, Alice Smith, Nellie Smith, Ruth Spencer, Lilian Underhill, Kate Webb, Ethel Willdig

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EDITORIAL.

Again we greet our numerous friends, and we have the great pleasure of feeling that we shall be greeted by them—and yet as regards College news we have the satisfaction, rather a doubtful one in the eyes of an editor, of being in the position of that happy country which has no history, for every thing has been going on in the usual way, calmly and quietly. As regards our relations with the outside world of education, we feel rather as if we were in the centre of a cyclone, and don't know from which quarter the next storm is coming, and whether we shall come out of it without serious damage. Here we are in the end of March, and do not know how the Certificate Examination is going to be conducted, and we have no syllabus arranged for the students coming into residence in September, and are in by no means happy ignorance whether we are to draw one up ourselves, as we have done for the last two years, or whether the Board will draw one up, or the Lincoln County Borough Council is going to undertake it. Moreover we do not know whether we are to come under that same County Borough Council as a secondary College, or are still to remain under the Board of Education. We are trusting that chaos will gradually resolve itself into its separate parts, and that these separate parts will each have their own place in a uniform system, but so far we cannot discern much else than a mass of nebulous gases revolving round the Central Board of Education. However, patience has a wonderful power of reducing all things to order, and we are quite hopeful that before our next number appears all this apparent confusion will have disappeared, and everything will be in quiet working order.

WHITSUNTIDE RE-UNION.

We are again looking forward to seeing a goodly number of our Association members here at Whitsuntide, and we hope that in addition, as many as possible of the years (1885-8 inclusive) whose turn it is to have a special invitation will be able to be present. Certainly this is an occasion when we feel and say "the more the merrier." The season this year includes the end of May and the beginning of June, so we may venture to hope for ideal weather.

It is not quite possible at this early date to settle all the details of our programme, but the main outlines will be the same as in past years—the reception of the visitors on Saturday evening at the College; celebration of Holy Communion on Sunday at eight; tea at the College at five; evening service in the College Chapel at seven. On Monday morning tennis, cricket, &c., will be arranged for in the *enlarged* recreation ground, if the weather is fine, with also ample opportunities for "sweet doing nothing" in the garden, and in the evening there will be supper, music, and a dance.

Programmes giving full particulars will be sent to all who accept invitations.

It is specially requested that intending visitors will send word to Miss Elwell in good time—if at all possible, *before May 1st*, especially if lodgings are required.

It is also most important that if anyone is prevented from coming after accepting the invitation, the earliest possible notice may be sent.

AUTUMN SALE OF WORK.

The sale of the surplus goods from the College stalls, with the addition of a good contribution from the Lincoln Old Students' stall, was held in Newport Hall on Tuesday, November 18th, and was successful beyond our most sanguine hopes, resulting, as will be seen, in a gain of £55 6s. 3d., a very pleasant addition to our bazaar takings. We had no formal opening; the sale opened itself by means of a lady who was there a quarter of an hour too early. Our advertisements had been modest, so was our room, though we made the best of it by a plentiful use of flags and art muslin. Our hopes were modest, and our prices certainly were—"Admission Threepence, which will be returned on all purchases above one shilling." Whatever the inducements were, however, we had a room crowded with buyers, and a brisk trade was carried on up to half past nine in the evening, when Mr. George Vickers very kindly disposed of the remaining articles by auction. Only those who have been accumulating goods for a bazaar can quite realize our relief when not one single article was left to be packed

and put away. The staff, with their own special students, were the saleswomen, and Mrs. Dunkerton also gave most efficient help; the Refreshment stall was under the management of Mrs. Hudson, and Mrs. Sparke and her daughters, assisted by Mrs. Reynolds and Mrs. Turner, and their capabilities are well known to all those old students who took part in our two previous bazaars; Miss Ada Doodson, Miss Florence Stephenson, and Mr. Christopher Vaughan readily undertook the somewhat chilly work of "door-keepers," and Mr. Septimus Hall added another to his many kind services, and came up to help us settle our accounts, and to bank the money.

The combined results of the "Chapel Enlargement Fund" and the Bazaar, is that before last Christmas a sum of £710 had been paid into the Building Fund, £310 from the first source, £400 from the second. £12 has also been spent on materials for a much-needed 'Trinity" frontal which is being worked for us by the Lincoln Church Needlework Guild.

We append a brief statement of the accounts of the Autumn sale.

Receipts.	£	s	d
Subscriptions—			
Miss C. Poole ...	0	10	6
Miss L. Abbott ...	0	5	0
Miss A. Tassell ...	0	5	0
Miss K. Barker ...	0	4	0
Lincoln Old Students Stall	3	3	6
Proceeds of Sale ...	55	19	3
	£60	7	3

Expenditure.	£	s	d
Hire of Room & Gas	1	1	2
Mr. D. Hague for stalls, labour, coals, &c.	1	2	10
Printing, &c. ...	0	17	3
Advertising in *Echo*	0	11	3
Labour	0	8	6
Paid to Building Fund	6	4	11
Paid for Frontal ...	12	0	0
Balance in hand ...	38	1	4
	£60	7	3

Examined and found correct,
A. W. ROWE.

M. ELWELL,
Treasurer.

CHAPEL ENLARGEMENT FUND.

Amount previously acknowledged ... ... **£320 2s. 1d.**

	£	s	d
H. H. Johnston, Esq.	5	0	0
Mrs. E Stanley (Alice Healey) ...	0	2	6
Miss L. Corbett ...	0	2	6
An Old Student ...	0	5	0
Miss Elsie Newill ...	0	10	0

PAST STUDENTS' ADDRESSES, 1894—1895.

Left in 1894.	*Married Name or other particulars.*	*Last known Address.*
*a*Ada Aughtie ...	...	Wollaston, Stourbridge
Clara Bruxby ...	...	Barton-u-Needwood, near Burton-on-Trent
*a*Sarah Calver ...	...	118 Sandsfield Lane, Gainsborough
*a*Sarah Chadwick ...	...	60 Lucas Street, St. John's, London, S.E.
*a*Marian Cookson ...	...	Brook Farm, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester
*a*Eliza Dyson ...	...	120 Duchess Road, Sheffield
*a*Margaret Freeborough ..	...	88 Grenville Street, Edgeley, Stockport
*a*Hilda Hollingworth..	...	28 Flottergate, Grimsby
Lizzie Jones	...	4 Park Villas, Spring Grove, Isleworth
Edith Macdonald ... (*Chapel Warden*)	...	
*a*Edith McLachlan ...	..	Oak Road, 92 Kennerley-grove Lane, Stockport
*a*Minnie Potts ...	...	12 Talbot Gardens, Park, Sheffield
*a*Amelia Staveley	...Mrs. A. J. Tarver	34 Highfield Road, Rock Ferry, Birkenhead
*a*Florence Tomline ...	Mrs. Willson	Brothertoft Road, Boston
*a*Charlotte Withers ...	...	243 Hainton Street, Grimsby
Emma Whattam ...	...	109 Monks Road, Lincoln
Nellie Wilcox ...	Mrs. Wiseman	87 Chester Road, West Hartlepool
Kate Wilks ...	... Mrs. J. Daft	36 Canning Street, Bury, Lancashire

Left in 1895.	*Married Name or other particulars.*	*Last known Address.*
Edith Amos	...	1 Noel Park Terrace, Wood Green, London, N.
*a*Frances Bishell ...	...	Upper Lindum St., Lincoln
*a*Frances Crombie ...	...	Knutsford House, Baker Street, Weybridge
Maude Crossley ...	...	St. Matthew's Schools, Lupin Street, Duddeston, Birmingham
*a*Bessie Dawson ...	..	St. Peter's Infant School, Chester
*a*Anna Louisa Gossling	...	16 Carlisle Place, Manningham, Bradford

*a*Alice Greening		Evelyn Villas, Redhill, Surrey
*a*Elizabeth Grindrod..		Belle Vue, Halifax Road, Brighouse
*a*Florence Habbijam		30, Ash Road, Headingley, Leeds
*a*Lily Horsfall		North View, Morley, Leeds
Minnie Port ..	...Died Jan., 1902.	
Lavinia Potter	... Mrs. Furniss	Elmbank Cottage · Upper Walmer Road
Elfleda Skenfield		Put this away
Leila Tanner...	... Mrs. Carline	108 Saltergate, Chesterfield Care of Mrs.
*a*Amy Tassell	... Mrs. T. Atkinson	30 Barton Grove, Beeston Hill, Leeds
Kate Thompson		50 Burngreave Road, Sheffield
Mary Thompson ...		16 Albert Street, Brigg
*a*Martha Tilston ... ... (*Chapel Warden*)		Whittington School, Oswestry
*a*Amelia Vernon		Exchequer Gate, Lincoln
Ethel Wilson	... Mrs. Lodge	9 Unwin Street, Penistone, Yorkshire
*a*Ruth Wooddin	... Mrs. Eayrs	Girton, Cambridge

a Takes the Magazine.

The Editor thanks all those who kindly sent additions or corrections to this list, and will be grateful for any further information with regard to those students whose addresses do not appear (Edith Macdonald, Elfleda Skenfield, and Lavinia Potter (Mrs. Furniss).

OLD STUDENTS' PAGE.

RE-APPOINTMENTS.

Miss Annie Taylor, Pemberton Colliery, Girls', September, 1901 (inadvertently omitted in previous number).
Miss Margaret Glenn, Welby Street, Infants, Grantham.
Miss Edith McLachlan, Church School, Stockport.
Miss Grace Harlock, St. Cyprian's College, Cape Town.
Miss Frances Calver, Superintendent Matron of Liverpool Certified Industrial School.
Miss Gertrude Kenning, Templeboro' New Mixed School, Rotherham.
Miss Annie Gray, Wickham Bishops, Witham, Essex.
Miss Jessie Wilson, St. Peter-at-Gowts Girls, Lincoln.

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The name of Miss Agnes Hornsey was accidentally omitted from the list of those Students who received their parchments last year.

Miss Mildred Vaughan has been awarded the Jekyll Prize for Practical and Theoretical Chemistry, at the Lincoln School of Science.

Miss Grace Harlock adds another to the band of Lincoln students who are teaching in South Africa. Her work is in the High School known as St. Cyprian's College, which is under the direction of the Cowley Fathers.

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MARRIAGES.

On May 24th, 1902, at Harlaxton, by the Rev. Canon Jeudwine, Walter Hargreaves, The School, West Stockwith, to Agnes Hornsey (1899-1900).

On September 3rd, 1902, at Littleton Church, Evesham, John Henry Moore, Farm House, North Littleton, to Laura Kate Smith.

On December 27th, 1902, Thomas Atkinson, 30, Barton Grove, Beeston Hill, Leeds, to Amy Tassell (1894-5).

At Christ Church, Harrogate, on Feb. 7th, 1903, Thomas William Gilleard, 12, Regent Grove, Starbeck, Harrogate, to Laura Florence Lewis (1886-7).

* * *

BIRTH.

On June 13th, 1902, to Leonard and Emily Morgan (Emily Gardiner 1896-7), a son, Fred.

A SUMMER HOLIDAY IN THE BERNESE OBERLAND.

To faithfully depict the depressing experiences of the long and somewhat wearisome Ostend route to Switzerland would surely be to deter some intending tourist from venturing out of reach of English comforts, and to deprive such an one of the wealth of interest and charms of novelty which a tour through any part of the Continent invariably affords.

To avoid so heavy a responsibility, I will merely say that after a two hours' run from Charing Cross to Dover, and a four-and-a-half hours' sail to Ostend, we found ourselves in the Customs' house of that port, impatiently awaiting that cursory investigation which even our very innocent collection of baggage had to undergo before we were free to join in the excited search for comfortable seats in the so-called express to Basle. A thirteen hours' night journey makes one almost hypercritical on this point of the choice of an *installation*, for the cramping effects of maintaining a rigidly upright posture during the interminably long hours of a summer's night are almost unendurable; nerves and limbs alike suffer; space seems the one thing desirable, space enough to admit of the free movement of one's limbs without disturbing one's neighbours, and of the still greater luxury of a complete change of position. Corners are at a premium, and one

feebly wishes that railway carriages for night travelling could be made with a corner for each passenger, though even corners are a matter of indifference when compared with the luxury of space. Much as we should have appreciated the monopoly of a compartment for our party of five, the alarming dimensions of the crowd intent on securing places, made us thankful for the somewhat smaller mercy of sharing two corridor carriages with seven other travellers, thereby ensuring the proportion of six to a carriage. Four would have pleased us all better, but as six is highly preferable to the regulation eight, we cheerfully ensconced ourselves, prepared to make the best of our narrow quarters.

As we sped along through the Ardennes, the stillness of the night was broken by the hoarse cry of Luxembourg! Luxembourg! An hour or two later the announcement of Metz! Metz! fell on the ear, and we knew we had crossed the Belgic-German frontier, and that the ascent of the Alsatian Vosges Mountains must form the next feature of our journey.

With the dawn the broad Rhine valley spread itself out before us, but it was difficult for such weary and hungry travellers to even pretend interest in either its fertile fields or the beautiful outline of its enclosing hills—the rounded, gently-sloping summits of the Vosges on the west, and the irregular, precipitous spurs of the Black Forest on the east. The tall chimneys of the cotton factories of Colmar and Mülhausen obtruded themselves aggressively on the landscape and called up visions of the smoky towns of our own land, but it required yet another investigation of our luggage by the ubiquitous customs officers to fully arouse us. Having proved to their complete satisfaction that we had no intention of defrauding the Swiss Republic of its just dues by smuggling in dutiable goods, we were still more fully roused by the necessary change of trains and an unsuccessful search for refreshment. Irritation at, and a vigorous denunciation of what we were pleased to consider Swiss mismanagement of through trains, completely dispelled the languor which had marked the early morning hours, and the appearance of a well-filled tray at a station some half-hour further on our way, restored us to an almost more than normal state of cheerfulness It ought, perhaps, to be explained that the tray was the result of the incessant and untiring applications to porters and other officials made by a gentleman of the party, whose sturdy British spirit strongly resented the idea of being deprived of both supper and breakfast simply because he was going to a land of "old mountains"—mountains, which by the way, he found far less interesting than the Ripley Road! After a long run through the green pastures and extensive cherry orchards of the northern half of the Berne canton, we skirted the south shore of the beautiful Lake Thun and arrived at Interlaken. A steady downpour of rain had forced us to give up the original plan of a sail up this lake. An hour's rest

at Interlaken made a pleasant break in our thirty hours' journey, and so far refreshed us that we were fully prepared to enjoy the next stage, an ascent of 1,600 feet by a small mountain railway up the slopes of the Oberland.

Interlaken lies in "a broad green strath, like a section from Cambridgeshire dropped into the cleft of an Alpine valley." This strath is really the delta of the Lütschine river which has been ceaselessly sawing its way down the northern face of the great Oberland, for long ages, and into which the grinding glaciers have from time immemorial discharged their *débris*. Here we were ushered into the outer precincts of this wondrous mountain land, precincts whence the snow-draped shoulders of the peerless Jungfrau, the massive Mönch, and even the three-peaked Wetterhorn could already be descried on the horizon, while the foreground was filled with the hundred lesser peaks of the long jagged line of the dark Männlichen and their neighbour ridges.

The gorge carved out by the Lütschine river affords a natural entrance into these mountain strongholds, hence the tiny train puffed along the banks of this bubbling stream, threaded its way through forest-clad slopes, crossed the "meeting of the waters" of the Black and White Lütschine rivers, and finally diverged sharply to the east into the defile of the Black Lütschine, the only accessible route to our destination, the Grindelwald. Weariness is utterly forgotten in the contemplation of the mountain marvels here disclosed to our view, for the endless windings of the cleft by which ingress is thus obtained into the very heart of the mountains present a thousand different combinations of its enclosing ranges. At one moment, the precipitous cliffs rise sheer from the margin of the seething river, towering so high and approaching each other so nearly that they shut out all view of their mightier neighbours—at another, a sudden widening of the valley seems to have forced these lesser masses to retreat, so that the majestic outline of the mountain monarchs once more appears in mid-air, and forms a fitting background to the magnificent scene. Even the grinding motion experienced in traversing the toothed-rail sections of the brave little railway could not damp the interest and excitement aroused by these ever-changing scenes, and the two hours that were occupied in making the ascent were perhaps the shortest of our journey. It is possible, however, that our arrival at Grindelwald may account somewhat for this seeming shortness, for to feel that for a week at least, no more travelling need be thought of, and that we could give ourselves up completely to the enjoyment of the beauties of this one particular spot was more than enough to make the last part of the journey more endurable than the first.

At Grindelwald, the unusual widening of the Lütschine valley provides gentle lower slopes of rich green pasture, and forms a natural site for a mountain metropolis, a starting-place for

excursions, and a resort both for the summer and winter seasons, hence a large number of handsome hotels line its single street, alternating with shops in which the various products of mountain industry, articles of carved wood, Thun pottery, lace, specimens of lapis lazuli, agate, and other stones, alpenstocks, eagles' feathers, and the ubiquitous picture post-cards and photographs are temptingly displayed. Tourists in every variety of abnormal but useful costume, kindly guides, smart hotel waiters, and picturesque peasants make up the usual population of a mountain resort.

Most interesting of all the features of Grindlewald, however, were the three mighty mountains which were always on view from the windows or terrace of our hotel—the advanced bastion of the Eiger (Giant) to the right, the majestic craggy wall of the Mettenberg, or fore Alps of the great Schreckhorn, in the centre, and boldest of all, because nearest, the triple-crested Wetterhorn, or "peak of tempests" on the left. In the elevated valleys between these gigantic mountains lay those glittering glaciers which are the glory of the Grindelwald, the rivers of ice which creep forward daily and hourly towards the valley below. Of these, the upper glacier between the Wetterhorn and Schreckhorn is the most accessible and the most beautiful as viewed from a distance, being least disfigured by the mighty burden of its moraines. A day spent on its flanks afforded us opportunities of peering wonderingly into the bottomless depths of one of its yawning crevasses, of gazing awestruck at the tottering fall of its broken ice pinnacles, of watching admiringly the resulting snow cascades which poured their million fragments of ice and snow in one fleecy stream into the depths below. The return walk revealed more of nature's beauties to our delighted eyes, for it lay first through a beautiful pine forest, filling a gully completely shut in between precipitous walls of grey rock. In this wooded seclusion we camped for our afternoon collation by the side of a murmuring stream and discovered that a tiny kettle takes an hour to boil over a spirit lamp when exposed to the current of air that usually pervades mountain valleys. The valuable lesson learnt thereby induced us thenceforward to choose a camping place near some small rocky recess, or in default of that to build up a hollow cairn of loose stones, within either of which the kettle gaily announced boiling point in fifteen minutes. Open pastures succeeded the shady wood and offered yet a fresh charm with which to wile away the closing hours of our first long excursion, for a wealth of flowers of every hue contrasted with the vivid green of the rich grass and tempted us to linger long on our homeward journey. Midway down the slopes of this stretch of meadow land, we saw a tiny ice-bridge stretched across a rushing stream, a curious remnant of the wintery ice-covering of the flanks of the mountains.

The Lower Glacier claimed another day, and richly rewarded us for the long and stiff climb that must be accomplished before a

complete view can be obtained. After laboriously ascending the seemingly interminable zigzags of a forest path which permitted only very occasional glimpses of snow-clad summits, we emerged into the open, and in spite of the magnificent panorama at our feet, immediately began to think with a friendly regret of the kindly shelter we had left, for a narrow ledge in the face of what appeared to be a sheer precipice of hundreds of feet, carried this mountain pathway upwards and onwards until its more distant windings looked like a mere thread—a thin scar seaming its rocky façade. Our guide, who had hitherto seemed rather an unnecessary luxury, took at one bound his proper place in the scheme of creation, for the moral support derived from the knowledge of his presence did much to make support of any other kind a matter of indifference, though it is probable that the slight barriers of occasional railings and widely separated blocks of stone also helped to reassure us. We held our breath with awe as we watched this same guide leave the comparatively safe vantage-ground of the pathway, scramble up the mountain side with a goat-like agility, and finally beheld him gather a bunch of the rare edelweiss which he courteously and impartially divided amongst us. The path by which we had ascended had lifted us high above the glacier, and consequently afforded a magnificent view not only of the vast basin in which the glacial ice accumulates, but also of the almost perpendicular mountain walls towering above this "sea of ice" on the opposite side. A descent by a startlingly steep ladder transported two of the party on to the right moraine of the glacier, and brought us into close contact with the gigantic mounds of loose earth and gravel, and the enormous boulders of rock heaped together in a chaotic confusion, which the scorner of the "old mountains" flippantly but not inaptly termed "a builder's yard." To see the guide diligently dig through several feet of this loose spoil of the mountains and finally prove that he had reached the underlying ice bed by chipping off pieces with his ice-axe and handing them to each of us, was an unexpected revelation of the actual width of the glacier and the deceptive depth of the superimposed *débris*.

But the crowning expedition of the Grindelwald week was the ascent of the Faulhorn, one of the long line of lower peaks closing in the valley on the north, a peak which lies close to, and yet is separated from the giants of the main chain, and which is of a sufficient altitude (9,000 feet) to command a complete view of the whole Bernese Oberland, and so rewards the successful climber with a vision that more than compensates for the arduous labours of the ascent. Six hours of steady climbing slowly but surely extended our view of the mountain monarchs to the south. The three great masses visible from the valley below now displayed the whole of their majestic forms, while brother and sister sovereigns appeared one after another to east and to west, each enveloped in

the snowy robes that softened yet did not hide their mighty outlines. In addition to these growing wonders on the horizon, the nearer delights of the ever-changing, yet ever-beautiful scenes about our path claimed our attention; magnificent woods alternated with wide stretches of open, but hilly pastures, dotted with the picturesque châlets and well-fed cattle of the Alpine peasantry, and seamed with the silvery threads of the countless water-courses. The ear as well as the eye was gratified in these mountain solitudes, for the vast reservoirs of snow and ice that permanently cover the higher levels were pouring out roaring torrents, foaming cascades, and rippling rills which filled the air with every variety of water music, while tinkling cow-bells added their notes to these mountain harmonies. The wealth of flowers spangling the green meadows naturally delayed our progress, and their marvellously vivid hues were a perpetual source of wonder and admiration, the deep blue of the gentian, the novel yellow of the Alpine violet, the intense pink of the tiny star-moss, the varied combinations of the pansy, and the innumerable shades of the blue-bell were too beautiful to be passed over with mere cursory glances, but even their beauty was eclipsed by the tint of the Alpine forget-me-not. Time after time its beseeching little face seemed to voice its appealing name, and none of us could resist the temptation to gather whole bunches of the short-stemmed, short-lived blossoms, the less so that some inward premonition warned us that perhaps never again would nature grant us a glimpse of that glowing tinge of living blue painted by her Master hand only in these mountain studios.

In striking contrast to these tender beauties, was the stony chaos which stretches over the upper levels of the Faulhorn. Drear desolation claims it for her own; of vegetation there is none; instead, a gloomy rock-bound lake, fields of shale, titanic blocks of stone, veritable fragments of mountains, in short, another builder's yard, but this time the building-yard of the world. A blinding, icy rain lashed our faces, and checked our progress at the foot of the topmost slope, and forced us to seek shelter under the broad eaves of a timely mountain hut. Already our long-looked-for haven was in sight on the crest of the snow-girt hill, and soon, the storm having ended as suddenly as it began, we bravely breasted the sharp zigzags leading thither, and were instantaneously rewarded with a never-to-be-forgotten panoramic view of the Oberland from end to end—a veritable sea of mountains—an endless succession of snow-crowned monarchs, decked in royal robes of the same virgin hue as their glistening diadems, proudly dominating their long retinue of more sombrely-clad attendants, the dark-brown fore hills of the great Alpine chain. The tiny vale at their feet is utterly dwarfed by the presence of this majestic phalanx, and serves only to set apart and display their glories in one overwhelmingly complete revelation. Only a moment could be

spared for the lesser magnificence of the northern view of the gems of the Oberland, the blue-green waters of Lake Brienz embedded in encircling hills, the far-away arms of Lake Thun and Lake Lucerne, each and all glowing with a beauty that was strikingly enhanced by their hilly setting, for all eyes were riveted on the bolder wonders of the south, all voices were hushed, and the very thoughts stilled in silent awe before these revelations of Divine majesty and power, when suddenly that same Almighty power dropped with an invisible hand a soft grey veil across the horizon and blotted out every vestige of that marvellous scene; not even an islet in mid-air was left to remind us of what lay behind that endless stretch of dull grey sky.

A tempest of wind and rain drove us indoors, and doubtless contributed to a complete appreciation of the buxom and kindly landlady's efforts to provide various creature comforts; a warm meal, comfortable shawls, and dry list shoes in a pleasantly-heated room are not to be despised even after a vision of the Oberland itself.

To recount the adventures of the downward journey would be to expand this paper far beyond the ordinary limits of such contributions; suffice it to say, that our shorter, steeper route was diversified by driving rain, almost incessant thunder and lightning, and a picnic tea in a shepherd's hut. However, guided and helped in every possible way by our cheery and faithful guide, neither the rills of water running round our necks, up our sleeves, and from our skirts, nor the fierce and long-continued battle of the elements seriously disconcerted or depressed us, and we cheerfully trudged on, making such rapid progress that four-and-a-half hours brought us in sight of a watching, waiting, probably anxious figure on our hotel balcony, and our chaperone was evidently both rejoiced and relieved to resume control of her mountaineering charges.

Our Coronation festivities took the form of a marvellous mountain drive from Grindelwald to Lauter-brunnen, and an ascent by a funicular railway to our next stopping-place, Wengen. The flags displayed on our carriage and persons waved gaily in the breeze, and attested to the full our loyalty to his British Majesty, King Edward. It is needless to say how loth we all were to leave the charms of the beautifully situated Grand Eiger Hotel, and the many still unexplored beauties of the lovely Grindelwald valley, but month-old arrangements were irrevocable, and so we set our faces towards our next halting-place, wondering, and perhaps vaguely doubting if pastures new would please us as much as the old. A description of our stay at Wengen must, however, wait for the autumn number.

M. TURNER.

A HOLIDAY IN BELGIUM.

September, 1902.

In the hope that some Lincolnians may be tempted to do a holiday jaunt abroad, if they knew of a cheap, jolly one, I am going to write shortly of what three 1897-99 students did this summer. Ada Brown, Alethea Hildred, and I took fortnightly excursion second-class tickets from Dover to Ostend and back, at the Belgian State Railway offices, Regent Street, the cost being 6s 7d., and elsewhere procured monthly returns from London to Dover for 10s. The railway station at Ostend is close to the dock, and from there we trained to that quaint, old-world Flemish city, Bruges. Financially it was unfortunate for us that the Exhibition was on this summer, for the hotels were more expensive. The Hôtel du Commerce or the Hôtel Panne d'Or (where Longfellow stayed when he wrote *The Belfry of Bruges*,) are really very moderate in charges.

We stayed five days at Bruges, and then, feeling we wanted a good country laze, we took a third-class ticket to a tiny, lovely village in the Ardennes, called Melreux. Return tickets only last three days in Belgium, so single tickets should be taken (6s. 1d.) We stayed at the Hôtel de Chasseurs at Melreux for eight days, and were most comfortable: the food was varied and good, and everything spotlessly clean; the daily charge for food and lodging was four francs. The excursions round could not be in more lovely scenery.

We stayed one more night in Bruges, and the greater part of a day in Brussels on our homeward journey. The cost of *everything* from London and back was £5 1s. 6d. each, and we all voted it one of the happiest fortnights in our lives. A party of three or four is much nicer than only two, and *one* should know a little French and not be afraid to air it! Hand luggage is the cheaper and sufficient. We hope any who go will have as happy a time as we had.

GRACE HARLOCK.

A VOICE FROM A VILLAGE.

"Ye who love the haunts of nature,
Love the sunshine of the meadow,
Love the shadow of the forest,
Love the wind among the branches,
And the rain shower and the snowstorm."

To such the poet, Longfellow, addressed his immortal "Song of Hiawatha," and to such I, though I can claim, alas! little in common with the poet, *except* an intense love of nature, would venture to address myself in the series of short articles which I propose to write, giving some account of the surroundings of a

teacher whose home lies in the heart of rural England, and also of the pursuits and recreations which lie within the reach of one so situated.

To those who love nature, and appreciate her ever-changing moods and aspects she is able to afford compensation for much, if not all, which their isolated life has compelled them to give up in the way of congenial companionship and intellectual pursuits, so much more readily attainable in a town or city. I shall write, chiefly of the compensations, and leave others to detail, if they will, the sacrifices.

Previous to my period of college training, and for several years afterwards, I had been constantly resident in a town, and employed in town schools.

It came to pass however, from causes which need not be entered into, that I had applied for, and obtained, an appointment as head teacher of a school, situated in a pretty rural village, two-and a half miles from the nearest railway station, and eight or nine miles from the nearest market town.

It was on a bitterly cold evening in early March, a north-east wind was blowing, and although there was no trace of snow to be seen in the town, the gardens and fields beyond were still white, when I proceeded by rail and dog-cart (the latter belonging to a school manager) to my destination.

The school lies beyond the village, some five minutes' walk away down a road bordered on the one hand by a coppice, and on the other by a stretch of green, beyond which lies an orchard; a very lovely lane in spring and summer, but rather the reverse, at the time when first I made its acquaintance. The trees, of course, were leafless, and the roadway, as soon as the frost was succeeded by thaw and rain, was covered thickly with mud, through which one was compelled to walk, since at that time there was no footpath, though one was formed later.

Since then I have seen that lane under varying conditions, and have come to regard it as one of the prettiest spots in all the pretty village.

Exactly opposite the school towers an ancient elm, which, until its larger branches were lopped a year or two ago, served as a nesting-place for numerous rooks, whose operations could easily be observed from the school windows, and whose noisy converse often proved rather distracting during school hours.

Lower down the road grows a fine oak-tree, in such a position, that, as one looks from the school-house window on a winter's afternoon, the sun seems to set just behind it, and a more lovely picture can scarcely be imagined than that old oak tree, as it stands, with sturdy far-reaching limbs, and with every tiny twig thrown out in strong relief against a back-ground of glowing crimson sky. One watches, entranced, while the crimson turns to green and opal and that again to grey, while the outline of the

forest monarch becomes dimmer and dimmer, until it is finally lost in the surrounding gloom.

On the bank beneath the trees, and easily seen from the road, although fortunately protected by a strong fence interwoven with barbed wire, grow anemones, primroses, and forget-me-nots, which, each in their proper season, combine with ferns, moss, and ivy, to charm the eye of every passer-by.

The copice is the home of numerous birds—blackbirds, thrushes, tomtits, wrens, robins, whitethroats, and many other varieties. In the late spring-time, a nightingale usually arrives, and many a night have I laid with my bedroom window open, listening, until I fell asleep, to the wonderful melody poured from the throat of the tiny singer.

In May, the hawthorn bushes put on their white array; later, the air is heavy with the perfume of the limes; in autumn one beholds the foliage in the fulness of the glory which denotes, alas! decay: and in the winter the red holly-berries gleam brightly among the glossy leaves. Occasionally, one wakes in the morning to find the branches bending beneath a load of snow, or, what is still more beautiful, thickly encrusted with hoar-frost crystals.

On the other sides of the school and school-house lie fields, which also afford, to the attentive eye, abundant scope for observation and admiration. One watches with joy, the gradual appearance of the fresh green which tells of spring, the waving grass or young corn of the summer, the golden crops of harvest, and last, perhaps not least, the brown, newly-ploughed land, which, bereft of its crops, becomes the happy hunting-ground of flocks of feathered visitors, all eagerly in search of food.

The coppice opposite the school forms the boundary of a park in which stands the Manor house, while through the park and plainly visible from the upper windows of the school-house, except when the foliage on the intervening trees forms an impenetrable screen, winds like a silver thread, a little tributary of the Trent, whose name appears not in the geography books.

Higher up the road, and almost opposite the Manor, is the Rectory, surrounded by an extensive garden, and screened from the road by numerous lilac and laburnum trees, which overhang the boundary wall. In spring time, when these trees bear their burden of bloom, and fill the air with fragrance, there are few who pass that way without pausing to gaze in wonder and admiration at the wealth of gold and white and lilac blossoms.

The church stands upon elevated ground, and is approached by steps. The churchyard boasts a fine old cedar tree, whose branches have had to be carefully propped, and beneath which the ground is thickly covered, in their season, with violets.

Beyond, is the old-fashioned main street of the village, with its inn, its post-office, and its general shop: also its cottages, farmhouses, and some few houses of considerable size and pre-

tensions—not in prim, precise rows, but dotted picturesquely about, often covered, or partly covered, with greenery or flowering creepers, even the smallest of them with a little plot of ground attached, and the larger ones with lawns and flower-beds and surrounding shrubs and trees.

Such is this little village in the midlands, whose inhabitants do not number, in all, four hundred persons, and such it is likely to remain for long to come, for there are those among the more influential residents, who, in order to preserve the rural simplicity which is the principal charm of the place, have strongly opposed, and do oppose, all steps which are calculated to bring it more in touch with the town.

LECTURES ON ENGLISH NOVELISTS.

It was with much curiosity, not unmixed with doubt, that the advent of the University Extension Lectures was awaited by the students. But when the first of October had introduced the lecturer and subject, all doubts were laid at rest, and the alternate Wednesdays of the Christmas term were a source of pleasure and gain to all privileged to be present.

The opening lecture of the series on "English Novelists" introduced novels in their earliest stage, the romances of the Trouvères, and the fairy stories and folk lore of ancient times, and from this traced their development to the popular novels of the twentieth century. Steele and Addison with their well known *Sir Roger de Coverley*, the admirable author of realistic adventure, with his masterpiece of imagination "Robinson Crusoe," the "Father of the Sentimental Novel," with "Pamela," and "Clarissa Harlowe." "the ironical Fielding," the giant author of "Tom Jones," all play an important part in the early development of the novel. Later years welcomed the advent of the great caricaturist, the inimitable Tobias Smollett, whose "Man with the Purple Waistcoat," or "Red-nosed Man" has been cursed and labelled by the caricatural genius of its creator, but whose *Humphrey Clinker* won men by its ideal characters. Finer, more fascinating, more unique was the work of the Scottish novelist, whose pathos and humour gave to the world the exquisite productions of Lawrence Sterne, and whose *Tristram Shandy* inspires the reader with a love for the scenes of still-life therein depicted.

First in time as an authoress of standard English novels stands the name of Jane Austen, "a perfume in the mention," who depicts her characters with a series of light, invisible touches, ineffective in their separate form, but irresistible in their final effect. It is true that her books discuss life from the outlook of

worldly ambition, of social etiquette, and sentiment not always genuine, but amidst the throng of match-making mammas and worldly damsels, appears a flower culled from nature, a simple, natural girl whose charms none can resist, the gracious Elizabeth Bennet. Touches of dainty wit and delicate fancy illuminate the otherwise dull landscape of Jane Austen's works, and render her name as one to be esteemed and respected.

A "bowed, colossal head," a giant in intellect and physique enters the ranks of novelists in the person of William Makepeace Thackeray, who rebukes the foibles and follies of youth with an ironical pity, but whose wonder and admiration are gone for ever. Such was the man whose mighty genius created the fascinating Beatrix, and the irresistible Becky Sharpe, whose "quips and cranks and wanton wiles" compel the unwilling reader to have a sneaking regard for her tact and skill, but who recoil with contempt from her sly tricks and wicked schemes. But Thackeray's mature and massive genius had its limitations, and while the description of men in the mass was his forte, he failed to depict the intensities of human nature, the heights and depths of passion.

Small, reticent, insignificant, aye, almost prudish, is the girlish figure to whom the literary world next bows in universal homage, for Charlotte Brontë is a sensationalist among writers, an authoress whose appeal is universal. Patriotism was inborn in the lowly Yorkshire maid, and her little body thrills to its inmost soul and quivers with spontaneous admiration for the marvellous works of her Creator. How she loves the heath-clad moors, the towering crags, the foaming torrents of her bonny native county, and how her books thrill the reader with a desire to see the beauties which she knew and loved so well! Passion is intense in her works, and one marvels that such an atom of humanity should write with such wild abandon. Shirley Keeldar is typical of the passion so depicted, and in this character Charlotte pourtrays the person of her sister Emily, the authoress of that most fascinating, most weird, and most grotesque production, *Wuthering Heights*. Let the reader leave the little Quakerish body, wrapt in ardent admiration of the Creator's mighty marvels, leave her with a homage of respect, even reverence, for such a woman is worthy of it.

But perhaps no novelist has been more warmly applauded, more universally appreciated than was the author who hailed from the land where all men acknowledge with pride the emblem of the lowly thistle. Scotch to the core, Sir Walter Scott's marvellous descriptions of his native land still live to inspire their readers with an unbounded enthusiasm for the beauties of the Highlands. Coupled with his romantic enthusiasm, his marvellous delineation of character in all its infinite variety, Scott's masterly powers of description have made his name immortal in the annals of classical literature, and "Ivanhoe," "Guy Mannering," and "Kenilworth" remain as impregnable strong-

holds, attesting to the might of their author who has long since passed away.

Yet one more name demands attention in the development of the English novel. *The* caricaturist of the nineteenth century, the creator of the immortal Mr. Pickwick, the villainous Fagin, the tender little Nell, approaches in the form of Charles Dickens, a name revered and esteemed wherever it is known. The imagination of this author is his most marvellous characteristic, an imagination which is inverted, which clings to the grotesque, but which has its pathos and tenderness in an undefinable manner. Like his famous Scotch predecessor, Dickens has left an indelible mark on the minds of English people, and "Little Nell," "Little Dorrit," "Oliver Twist," and "David Copperfield," will live to charm the hearts of future generations.

The Literature Extension Lectures have passed and gone, the examination list has been issued, all now seem a thing of the past, but in the memories of Lincoln students of 1903 lingers a grateful and pleasant remembrance of the pleasure and good derived from the lectures on "English Novelists."

E. Gertrude Salt,
Second Year Student.

ESSAY ON "WUTHERING HEIGHTS AND THE GENIUS OF EMILY BRONTÉ."

Emily Brontë must have been an exceedingly remarkable woman. The Yorkshire moors with their lonely roads, their hills and crags, rivers and waterfalls, with their boldness, ruggedness, and wildness seemed to have instilled into the country-bred girl a part of their nature. The scenery amongst which she lived was weird and uncanny under certain conditions of the atmosphere, and her surroundings filled her with a love for the weird, sensational, and horrible. She had something of savagery in her nature which would have been content nowhere more than among the rugged heath covered uplands which she saw around her in every direction, mighty and awe-inspiring; and even here there appears to have been scarcely room for the passionate soul, which seemed to long to break its bonds and seek what is even more infinite and boundless. Her emotions find an outlet in her works, and when they are thus laid bare even she herself stands somewhat in awe of them, and wonders whether the book had better be published or no.

Wuthering Heights is one of the most daring and sensational of novels. Page after page of concentrated horror is unfolded to the reader. It contains the very essence of romance, the wildest passions, and the darkest depths of despair. The question rises constantly to the average intelligent human being, "How could a person not mentally deranged possibly create such abnormal characters, such gruesome incidents?" The sublimity of exaggeration on some occasions is terrifying, and must have been the outcome of the emotions in the mind of the authoress herself. The

incidents of Mr. Lockwood's dream, whilst lying in the closet bed at Wuthering Heights, are too repulsive to dwell on, and the pages are turned with a shudder of sickening horror.

Her genius lies in her descriptions both of character and scenery in their most violent forms. Each detail is described with a vividness which is impressed upon the mind by constant association with it. The two houses of the Earnshaws and Lintons are connected by a way over the moors which it would be impossible to miss after reading the escapades of Catherine Linton whilst paying visits to her lover, Linton Heathcliffe. It is delineated in all its phases, gloomy and threatening in stormy weather, calm and peaceful under the late summer sunshine, and glorious when covered with a mantle of snow bathed in moonlight.

The character of Heathcliffe is that of a fiend. There is something mysterious about him even from his first entrance into the family of Earnshaw. He is found and brought to Wuthering Heights without anyone having any clue to his identity. He is hated at the beginning because of his ugliness, and afterwards for his revengeful spite, by all except Catherine, with whom he exchanges a life-long love. He is slighted by Hindley Earnshaw, and as he cannot find means wherewith to satisfy his revenge upon his tormentor's own head, he determined to visit the sins of the father upon the child, and when the time comes in which he is master of the Heights, he causes Hareton to feel all the pangs which he himself has endured, and triumphs at the pain which he beholds.

His elopement with Isabella Linton, although still loving Catherine, was decided upon merely to aggrave the gentle husband of Catherine, whom he detested. No thought was given to the misguided girl's feelings, except an aim to make her sufferings more acute, which object he was more than successful in fulfilling. His subsequent treatment of her is diabolical, so much so, that she asks the question, "What is it I have married? Is Heathcliffe a man? and if so, is he mad?' His whole aim with regard to her is to make her hate and abhor him, and he is not at all ashamed to tell this to the maid from Thrushcross Grange. He has no pity for beings weaker than himself, and the more they writhe under his tortures, the more he yearns to crush them. But when the earthly repulsiveness has been sifted from his character, there is a demoniacal passion left. In his madness for Catherine, Emily Brontë reaches the height of her genius in tragedy. The wretched man, returning home amid the snow after the death of his love, is a picture of the utmost despair. He has no longer anything to live for but his revenge. With her life, part of his own life has departed. Even his iron will can scarcely control his emotions. Then for twenty years her spirit, as he believes, haunts him constantly. She is ever near him, but yet out of reach. The manner of his death is appalling. He has thoroughly convinced himself of the fact that by a strength of will almost superhuman he can hold communion with his lost love. The acquisition of

this power becomes easier, and he gets nearer and nearer the desired object. He sees it, but cannot advance within more than three yards of it. The distance diminishes to two yards, and he spends his days and nights in seeking to get closer. At last the aim is attained, but as their spirits meet, his own passes from his earthly cage, and in the morning his body is found, the eyes wide open, and a look of unholy exultation upon the face, the clenched hands, and perspiration on his body showing how terrible the struggle must have been.

Catherine Earnshaw has been a companion to Heathcliffe from childhood upwards, and partakes of his wildness without his wickedness. She has two sides, one of savagery, such as one may imagine in Emily Brontë herself, the other of courtesy. Her savage nature is that in which Heathcliffe has been in the habit of seeing her. The courteous side belongs to her life connected with the Lintons. She thinks it would be degrading to marry Heathcliffe, when he has sunk to the depths into which Hindley intended he should go, but yet she does not cease to love him. Even when she is betrothed to Edgar Linton, she is surprised to hear her old nurse say that she and Heathcliffe must be separated, "Not that I love Heathcliffe," she says, "but that I *am* Heathcliffe." When he returns after his three years' wanderings, she is as passionately fond of him as ever, and her conduct after his expulsion from the house by her husband, borders on madness. She knows his faults only too well, but they do not interfere with her love for him, and she is the only one who has the least control over his heart. As a child she controls him in play. She is always singing, laughing and plaguing all who come her way. The old servant describes her as "a wild wick slip, with the bonniest eye, the sweetest smile, and the lightest foot in the parish." The younger Catherine is a much sweeter child, and partakes largely of the docile nature of her father. Yet traits of her mother's character are seen in her when she is placed in similar circumstances. Her treatment of Hareton is quite as confounding to that young man, as her mother's had been to Heathcliffe on certain occasions. After all the terrifying incidents in the story, it is very satisfactory to find poetic justice is awarded to some one, and that at last two people are serenely happy. Hareton and Catherine love each other deeply, but not with the same savage passion which Heathcliffe and his Catherine indulged in.

The events in the story hold the nerves in tension, but the horror is somewhat alleviated by means of Emily's genius in putting the narrative into the mouth of the old servant when the incidents become too appalling, and a clever break is introduced by Mrs. Dean's references to the flight of time and the health of Mr. Lockwood. There is a sigh of relief at the change from the extraordinary to the common-place, from the violent measures taken by Heathcliffe to secure an interview with Catherine, to the visit of Kenneth, the country doctor, with his inquiries after his patient's cold.

The novel ends in the engagement of Catherine to Hareton, and by this happy conclusion the story just escapes leaving on the mind an impression of uncanniness and dreariness, and the feelings that children have when sitting alone in the firelight, and surveying the ghostly shadows dancing on the walls and in darkened corners.

AMY OAKES,
Second Year Student.

ESSAY ON SCOTT'S TREATMENT OF NATURE.

The powers of this great Scottish writer, who said, with a heart full of deepest affection, "This is my own, my native land.' . . . "What mortal hand can e'er untie the filial band, That knits me to thy rugged strand?" appear to be almost boundless. He writes with equal vividness of those olden days of chivalry in which his soul delighted, of his grandfather's time, of which he had relics and the memories of old people to help him, and of his own age, when his shrewd and kindly observation assimilated everything that went on around him. Yet with all these gifts he retained to the day of his death the childlike, lovable simplicity, for which he is renowned.

To those who intelligently read his works, the fact that his knowledge and grasp of things and people, is inexhaustible, needs no evidence. Details and technicalities of all professions, trades and occupations, honourable and dishonourable, are to be found in any and every production of this "strong, simple, healthy-minded gentleman," who possesses intense feeling, though much disliking to show it, a great love for old, peculiar things and weird legends, and an old-world delight in chivalry; not the surface chivalry of the present day, but such as shrank with a delicate reserve from exposing the inner and most sacred feelings even of his own characters.

As this true, lovable, homely gentleman can write with accuracy, detail, and clear description of things of which his overflowing knowledge is second only to the great Balzac, so can he write of that greatest of all things, nature. He treats it as it is, doing nothing abnormal with it, describing it in an objective as opposed to a subjective manner, not as it would appear to a passionate person whose feelings are beyond the control of his excitable brain, but with the sanity of a healthy-minded lover of God's work in nature. Charlotte Brontë humanizes nature, and describes the magic mystery which dwells in rocks and stones, and trees, and the effect of these on her heroes and heroines. The readers of Hardy, too, demand this awe-inspiring, breath-abating brilliance, which, however, is not found in Scott. The latter is exact, without being dull; lengthy, without tediousness; methodical, without dryness; true, pictorial, and romantic in his descriptions, for the simple reason that he is writing with a true love and intimate knowledge of his subject.

He gazes on nature far and wide, he searches out her hidden

charms, delights in her beauty, glories in her boldness. The timid, retiring violet, he says, "May boast itself the fairest flower, in glen, or copse, or forest dingle." How he loved the picturesqueness of "a little winding path" leading through thickets of sweet-briar and honeysuckle to an old-fashioned flower-garden! How his very soul seems to go out to a "sublime scene of snow-covered mountains," where on looking up one saw them "piled in great masses one upon another, the front rank of dazzling whiteness, while those which arose behind them caught a rosy tint from the setting of a clear wintry sun!" Surely the worst of men might feel his heart stirring him to put away his wicked thoughts, could he but learn to take pleasure as did the great Sir Walter in "The violet in her greenwood bower, where birchen boughs with hazel mingle;" could he but understand the worth of "Those fair gems of azure hue beneath the dewdrop's weight reclining." The greatest stoic could scarcely suppress an exclamation of delight at being conducted by the author, himself overflowing with love for the scene, to a beautiful little valley, in the "refreshing fragrance of the air" so light and sweet, the sun rising and with its glorious beams gilding the fleecy clouds, the Forth encircling a beautiful hill richly carpeted with nature's restful green and garlanded with woods.

The poet's native Caledonia, "stern and wild" though it was, proved indeed a "meet nurse for a poetic child," and all through his life Scott was profoundly affected by the ever-changing scenes amongst which he lived. He could not convey so picturesquely the effect of natural scenery on others, had he not himself felt its power, had he not seen the moon "twinkling with all the vivacity of a frosty atmosphere," had he not caught glimpses of the river in its windings, silvered by that same moon, had not its beams showed him those peaks and precipices, which being at first partly hidden by a white, fleecy mist, gradually stood out clear and distinct as the filmy vapour ever rose and rose till it lost itself in the clouds above, had he not felt that inspiration from the frosty atmosphere to cast care away, to defy the approach of danger, to involuntarily quicken his pace, and to feel confidence, courage, and exhilaration swelling within him.

Nature appealed to him in all its beauty, greatness, and wonder, his heart went out in passionate love for it, and his love guided his pen, so that he presents to his readers nothing abnormal, ugly, or squalid, but builds up his scenes piece by piece with minute exactness, making its loveliness prominent, and its wonders to be more wondered at, since he sees, and desires his readers to see, the power and goodness of the Creator in it all. Who but a lover and admirer of nature could depict so vividly a churchyard scene, and make us love and desire to see it? Who but one who himself felt it, could inspire others with the charm of a little, deserted burial-ground? He restrains our joyousness and mirth directly we enter, but excites no unpleasing feelings. How picturesque must be those monuments sunk in the ground and

overgrown with moss! The hillocks rising above the level plains clothed with short velvety turf, the daisies sprinkling the sod, awaken thoughts of God's goodness in nourishing them with his pure dew, His refreshing rain, and glorious sunshine. Scott does not allow the fact that death has been here, to cause us to shudder and long to get away from the place. The traces of the dead are not to him gruesome, but are "softened and deprived of their horror by time." "The only sounds are the gentle chiding of the brook, and the sighing of the wind in the gigantic ash trees which mark the cemetery." What exquisite taste is shown, in that the writer does not take his readers here on a pitch dark night, but on a beautiful summer evening, when the gentle rays of the sun are glorifying all with which they come in contact, and the whole scene is instilling a calm peacefulness into the heart of the author and his fortunate reader.

Dickens, though he is not insensible to the beauty of nature, seems to have a special genius for describing dirty alleys, filthy slums, and all the most repulsive side of city life. A greater contrast to him than Scott, could not be found. How he shrinks from dirt and squalor! How he shuns bleak, barren aspects! His gentle, child-like soul finds no pleasure in describing such scenes as these, and he only introduces them when it is necessary for the sake of harmony. He is in his true element only when writing of the beautiful, the picturesque, and the romantic in nature. One can imagine that lovely view of the river Clyde, winding between rocks and woods, sweeping round the romantic ruins of Bothwell Castle, can picture the field at a little distance, once the scene of conflict and bloodshed, lying peaceful and quiet "as the surface of a summer lake;" one can almost feel the pleasurable shade given by the trees and bushes around, and hear the murmur of the river as it quietly wends its way along, seeming afraid of disturbing the stillness with which, at this particular time, all nature appears to be touched.

How fond is our gentle author of dear little cottages on sunny banks, with their old-fashioned gardens, the paddock hard by, a heap of brushwood and turf shewing careful provision for the winter, the thin blue smoke curling in and out among the green trees, the pure water bubbling up from a fountain clear as crystal, at the foot of a decayed old oak tree! Such scenes of rural peace and comfort appeal to this high-souled, childlike, simple gentleman.

There have been other writers on nature, who have perhaps worked more on the excitability of the reader, who have perhaps been as true to nature, but never one who has had a deeper, truer love for his subject, a love which made him true, made him minute in detail, and made his readers happy in the results of his work.

EMILY SHEAD,
Second Year Student.

In Memoriam.

CANON DE FOE BAKER.

WE deeply regret to announce the death, which took place at Putney, on Thursday, December 11th, of the Rev. Canon William de Foe Baker, M A., Rector of Snelland. The deceased clergyman, whose demise will be greatly lamented by his brother ministers, as well as by a large circle of friends among the laity, had been in failing health for some months, but had latterly suffered increased indisposition. He was educated at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, and ordained deacon in 1856, and priest in the following year. His first curacy was that of Orsett, Essex, which he held from 1856 to 1863, and during the last six years of his work there he acted as chaplain of the Union. He resigned to take up the curacy of St. Jude, Southsea, which he held until three years later, when he was appointed to South Collingham, Notts., where he laboured very successfully for four years, and eventually left on being translated to the vicarage of Saxilby. This living the deceased held for eleven years, and was also Rural Dean of Lawress from 1875 to 1883. He afterwards held the vicarage of Welton, and was selected to the Rectory of Snelland in 1895, being appointed to a Prebendal Stall in Lincoln Cathedral in 1901. The deceased had always taken a deep interest in the welfare of the Church in the Lincoln diocese, and accomplished a great deal of hard work in connection therewith. For many years he was a most useful member of the Lincoln Diocesan Conference, while in connection with the Diocesan Training College he worked with untiring energy, and it was in great part owing to his strenuous efforts that the recently accomplished scheme of extension was brought to such a successful issue. So completely did he identify himself with the interests of the College that next to his own parish it seemed to be the one thing uppermost in his mind, and those who had the great pleasure of working in any way with him for that object, knew well what an earnest, gentle, considerate mind his was, never intruding self into it, always ready to listen to and weigh the opinions of others, and trying to take the best and kindest view of all that others said and did. Canon Baker was one for whom all felt a strong affection, and with whom it was a privilege to be joined in any work. Canon de Foe Baker was a descendant of the famous De Foe's daughter Sophia, who in 1729 married Henry Baker, F.R.S. and F.S.A.

COLLEGE NOTES.

School Work.—In the last April number of the Magazine was given a report of many new experiments and novel experiences, and, although, as in all experiments, it was found that there was much which would bear improvement, that many mistakes had been made, that in some cases opportunities were missed, in others time and energy were misdirected, yet on the whole the results of our experiments were such as to encourage us to try them again with that additional wisdom which only experience can give.

First, perhaps, it will be well to complete last year's record.

After the issue of the April Magazine, and on a sunny but cold day of May, parties of students left Lincoln, some on foot, some on bicycles, and some by train, to visit several of the best country schools in the neighbourhood. Students from the towns set forth in rather a sceptical spirit as to the possibility of learning anything from their country cousins, but what they felt at the end of the day is best indicated by the fact that each party was full of regrets that *all* had not been to their particular school. Very interesting were the reports which were read later. In one school, it was the wonderful method and forethought which had impressed the visitors, and the skill with which so many classes were kept steadily at work. In another it was the well-built, well-equipped school, the vivacity and originality of the teaching, and the intelligence which this had aroused in the little country children. In a third, the well-organised scheme of Nature Study, the practical method by which the children were introduced to the study of Geography and the keenness which the *children* showed in questioning the *teacher*, all commanded our admiration. The fourth drew forth exclamations of wonder by its marvellous needlework, the extensive general knowledge of the children, and its flourishing Cricket Club.

During their second school-time short historical dramas were taught by the First Year Students in charge of the upper classes, and a competition took place in the Practising School. The Second Year Students voted, and the Eastgate School came out first, though the Practising School was so close to it that a second prize was given. At Mr. Scott-Coward's visit the children from the Practising School repeated their performance, and he expressed himself as decidedly pleased, both with the idea and the performance.

As was said at first, the plan of campaign for the year beginning September, 1902, was fundamentally a repetition of that for the previous year, but there was one change, viz., that the First Year Students took only a week of their school practice in the first term, and will be taking another fortnight's practice as the magazine goes to the press. As before, we had to enlist the good-will of practically all the Church Schools in Lincoln in order

that we might have sufficient room for the energies of 104 students. The Exhibition of Illustrations, etc., has this year been deferred until the school practice is quite ended, so that it may be as complete as possible. The Second Years again conducted expeditions to the Cathedral and Castle. These are now quite looked forward to by the children as an annual treat, and they seem in this particular to be in happy ignorance of the fact that they are being "practised" on.

On September 29th we went to Nottingham and Sheffield for the second time, and as it was earlier in the term there was no need on this occasion to start, as some expressed it, "in the middle of the night." It would be tedious to repeat what was said last year, but all might be said again, the students everywhere meeting with the kindliest receptions, and all being greatly interested in the work they saw. Many thanks are due to those who kindly entertained us, both in Sheffield and Nottingham. In the latter town we made rather a departure by visiting two of the Church Schools as well as the Board Schools. One party went in the morning to St. Anne's Infant School, where Miss Glover was at great pains to make the visit as profitable as possible. Afterwards the Vicar, the Rev. C. Bardsley, entertained part of the party to luuch, the others being taken by Miss Glover. Another of the Nottingham sections visited St. Paul's Mixed Schools in the afternoon, where Mr. Milner was kind enough to devote his whole time to us. Afterwards the Treasurer of the schools and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Billyeald, very kindly invited the whole party of twelve to tea. At Sheffield, Mr. Quine showed his unvarying kindness by again inviting the mistresses to lunch and entertaining the whole of the Sheffield party to tea at the Page Hall Orphanage. In connection with Sheffield it may be noted that twelve out of fourteen students applying to the Board there have been accepted.

Sheffield and Nottingham were not the only places visited, for Canon Rowe having expressed a desire that the students should see some of the Church Schools in Lincolnshire, Canon Wilde, of Louth, promptly sent them an invitation. In accordance with this, Canon Rowe, Miss Aughtie, and ten students spent a day in the Louth Schools. Canon Wilde, with the greatest kindness, devoted himself to the party for the whole day. He met them at the station, took them in the morning to the Girls' and Infants' Schools, and in the afternoon to the Boys' School. All were greatly impressed by seeing what could be done by scrupulous cleanliness, to render old and to some extent inconvenient buildings distinctly comfortable and attractive; and also by seeing that skilled and successful teaching could be independent of fine, well-equipped buildings however desirable and labour-saving such buildings may be. Canon and Mrs. Wilde were good enough to entertain the whole party to lunch and tea at the Rectory, and

before afternoon school the former very kindly acted as guide to his famous and beautiful Church.

Since these dissipations our school work has mainly consisted of the necessary but usually much-dreaded and much-abused criticism lessons, varied by model lessons, debates, etc.

* * *

F.A.

Friday Evenings.—Strangers entering College towards the end of the autumn term would have been puzzled and possibly somewhat concerned at meeting numerous students with bound-up heads and bandaged limbs. But anxious inquiries would have revealed no broken bones, sprained wrists or ankles. No terrible accident had taken place and no war had been raging, but Dr. Godfrey Lowe had been giving a course of six lectures on "First Aid," each lecture being followed by a practical class, and the "wounded warriors" seen were only the willing victims of enthusiasts who were practising their bandages. Dr. Appleby, from Newark, held an examination at the end of the course, and some members of the staff, twenty-three students and others became the happy possessors of St. John's Ambulance certificates. Every one who had heard the lectures was glad of an opportunity of showing her appreciation by joining in presenting Dr. Lowe with a travelling clock and a gold mounted walking stick.

The programme for Friday evenings would not be complete without some lectures from Miss Turner. Canada, India, and the United States have been her subjects this year. The Rocky Mountains, the ever-fascinating C.P.R., and the wonderful modern cities of the States occupied four delightful evenings, and made us wish that science had annihilated not only time and space, but also expense, and made it possible for us all to travel far afield. Canon Rowe has again given a course of Church History lectures, his subjects being: (i.) "The Church in Britain." (ii.) "The Organization of the Early Church in England," and (iii.) "The History of the English Church from the Conquest to Anselm." Many of the slides illustrating the lectures were beautiful coloured representations of Churches and Cathedrals dating back to these early times. At the beginning of next term a paper will be set on the course, and Canon Rowe has offered as a prize a beautiful volume, "Cathedrals and Abbeys of England and Wales."

M.V.

The following students have passed the "First Aid" Examinations, and gained certificates:—Gertrude Smith, Ruth Wheatcroft, Rose Wade, Matilda Wood, Florence Davis, Mabel Panton, Hilda Oliver, Elsie Wilkinson, Margaret Arscott, Violet Brown, Maud Collitt, Lucy Hartley, Elsie Penzer, Ethel Gibbs, Lilian Dickinson, Edith Parlett, Sarah Kenworthy, Edith Halliday, Charlotte Fenwick, Edith Sheckell, Gwendoline Clapp, Bertha Bannister; Four of the staff also, Miss Gill, Miss Vaughan, Miss Rita Gill, and Miss Martin, as well as Miss Margaret Piper and Miss Elsie Piper, went in for the examination, and were successful.

Debates.—Debates this season, though not numerous, have been very vigorous. In the first, on September 26th, the question "Do we find that greater opportunities are making women of to-day better than their grandmothers?" was discussed. The affirmative was carried by 40 votes to 39—20 girls being neutral. The First Years joined heartily in this debate.

The next, on November 28th, was a discussion on the Education Bill—the Principal having previously been so kind as to explain the chief points to the Second Years. The result showed that the majority of the students were decidedly in favour of the Bill.

The third debate was on the subject of "Fashions—whether these are advantageous to women or not?" The poll proved that the students certainly thought that changes in fashion were an advantage.

A. JOHNSON.

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University Extension Lectures on English Literature.—An account of these will be found in another part of the magazine, together with two essays selected from those written each fortnight for the lecturer. It must be remembered in judging them that they are inserted, not as the outcome of wide reading and long experience in writing, but as illustrating some of the best work that is being done here, and so, it is hoped, having an interest all their own for those Lincoln Students who wrote essays here in the days gone by.

Twenty-five students took the examination at the end of the course, and of these twenty-one were successful, Amy Oakes being the "prize winner," and seven passing with distinction.

The following is a list (the names in alphabetical order) of the successful candidates:—

Prize Winner, Amy Oakes.

Passed with distinction:—Elsie Botterill, Ada Doodson, Edith Millard, Alice Porter, Gertrude Salt, and Christine Skinner.

Satisfied the Examiner:—Emily Barker, Jessie Fawcett, Emily Holmes, Julia Jarvis, Eveline Johnson, Beatrice Leighton, Gertrude Machan, Helen Marden, Agnes Marriott, Emily Shead, Nellie Walker, Florence Williams, Ruth Wilson, Edith Wood.

Lecturer's Report.—The Lecturer has been very pleased all the way though this course by the attention and interest with which the lectures were followed. The writers of essays, although (with a few exceptions) they had not much personal acquaintance with the books of many of the authors selected, took a great deal of trouble in reading and making notes in preparation for their papers, and in several cases did work really sound and thorough."

Examiner's Report.—"The work done by the students at this centre reaches a good standard of excellence, and the Committee

is to be congratulated on having aroused by the lectures the the intelligent interest of the candidates for examination. More practice in essay writing is needed, and the students should exercise critical judgment, based on their personal knowledge of the books and writers dealt with by the lecturer. The papers too closely follow the opinions of the lecturer."

* * *

The Second Years' Entertainment.—The Second Year students gave their annual concert on Saturday, November 15th. The entertainment was held in the Common Room instead of in the Lecture Hall, as has been the case, we are told, in former years. The change was made because the raised dais in the Common Room made a splendid platform, all ready to use without any further alteration. We don't know of course what the previous concerts in the Lecture Hall have been like, but we are absolutely sure they could not have been nicer than this one—" ours " shall we say, in the Common Room. The folding-doors between the Dining Hall and the Common Room were thrown open, and this added very much to the general effect. All the visitors invited by the Second Years or the Staff, sat in front, while the First Years sat behind them, and availed themselves to the full of the unwritten law which allows those who sit at the back to stand up. Promptly at seven o'clock the screens hiding the platform were removed and the concert to which we had all looked forward with such eager anticipation had actually begun.

The first item on the programme was a " Patriotic Song " rendered by all the Second Years. They came in three groups, as England, Scotland, and Ireland, waving in turn, flags of St. George, St. Andrew, and St. Patrick, and led by Nellie Walker as England, Elsie Newill as Scotland, and Eveline Johnson as Ireland. These three leaders in their symbolical costume looked most charming, and the final tableau in which they all knelt together in the centre of the stage, the Union Jack being held above and behind them, was strikingly effective, and well deserved the vociferous applause it received. This was followed by the " A. B. C. duet " from " San Toy." Margaret Clarke in the becoming Japanese costume of San Toy looked absolutely irresistible, and we quite sympathised with the infatuation of Bobby, whose part was so well taken by Florence Stephenson.

The next item on the programme, a song by Mr. Dunkerton, most unfortunately had to be cancelled. Mr. Dunkerton came up to the concert, but he had such a bad throat that he was unable to sing. This was a great disappointment to all, but especially to the First Years, who had looked forward eagerly to hearing Mr. Dunkerton sing. Space will not permit a detailed description of each item on the programme. Six " Pierrots," led by Ethel Ogden, gave a series of entertaining songs and sketches, and these

were followed by "Three Old Maids," who were personated by three prettily-dressed young ones, Agnes Marriott, Florence Williams, and Edith Berry. The usual transformation took place, and we were not surprised to hear of the "remoteness" of the chance of a lover. "Mysteries" were a series of very well got up tableaux representing popular advertisements, and these brought the first part of the programme to an end.

The second part commenced with the song "Tell Me, Pretty Maiden," rendered by twelve students who received a well-deserved encore; the next item, "The College Belle," was sung by Julia Jarvis, who also deserves very special thanks for the indefatigable energy and the capable way in which she organized and carried through the whole affair.

A sketch, called "The Backward Child," was then wonderfully well-given by Emily Shead and Amy Oakes; Emily Shead looked and acted like a precocious child of ten, while in some unaccountable way, Amy Oakes managed to look old and ugly and severe, though how she did it no one could imagine. Of course we were not there in our official capacity as critics, or we should not have left her educational "methods" a leg to stand on.

One of the very prettiest scenes of the whole evening came next—a most graceful dance given by sixteen students dressed in white, the lime-light effects combining to produce quite a fairy-like glamour. The next and last item was very exciting for several reasons. To begin with it was written by a Second Year student, the "College Poet"—Emily Shead, and it was very clever indeed, and then it was all about the College and the people in it, and the familiar names made it very interesting, and lastly it was set to the tune of "Rule Britannia," and suited perfectly the rollicking swing of the good old tune. And so the Concert was over and it had been a grand success all through, and never, we are sure, have the efforts of the Second Years for the entertainment of their younger sisters been more appreciated. WINIFRED WALLER.

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The Musical Society's Concert before Christmas and the Orchestral Society's Concert in February, were both attended by parties of the staff and students, and in both instances a rich musical treat was enjoyed. In the first-named, Sir Alexander Mackenzie conducted his own work, "The Dream of Jubal." On February 19th, the College attended *en masse* an Organ Recital given in the Cathedral by Dr. G. J. Bennett with the assistance of Mr. E. Thorpe (violoncello), when a very fine programme was gone through in Dr. Bennett's usual masterly style.

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Missionary Intercession Service.—This was held in the Chapel on December 4th, the Rev. H. Stanley Mercer, of the Church Missionary Society, giving the address, which was a very helpful and inspiring one.

Eva Waller, one of the students who entered in September last, has been awarded a Birley Scholarship, which is of the value of £5 per annum, and is tenable for two years. The Scholarship is given from the "Herbert Birley Memorial Fund for Salford."

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The usual "Breaking-up Dance" was held on December 11th, on the very last evening of term, and was, not perhaps less on that account, a very joyous function. It is true that it did involve certain small inconveniences, in the way of packing, and that "clearing up" which we think even students will admit is a desirable close to a good term's work, but small difficulties have a knack of vanishing when holidays are in the question, and it was found to be quite possible to enjoy the dance on Thursday, and to be quite ready to start for home in reasonably good time on Friday. Those of us who stayed for the labours of Scholarship week, with its ninety candidates, much appreciated having the extra day in which to prepare. Elsie Botterill, Gertrude Salt, Florence Williams, Elsie Hunt, Margaret Toulmin, and Rosa Gouldthorpe (Second Years), and Gertrude Smith, Rose Wade, Ethel Gibbs, Frederica Clissold, Constance Williams, and Edith Sheckell (First Years), very kindly gave up a week of their holidays and remained to "mother" the candidates, and it goes without saying, that they gave most efficient help in many ways.

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Inspectors' Visits.—With the exception of a short friendly call in the early part of the autumn term, from Mr. Rankine, one of His Majesty's Chief Inspectors of Training Colleges, and the visit of the Hon. Mrs. Colborne, on March 3rd, for the Needlework Examination, the calm of the College has been unbroken. What this fact means, however, is that our good things will probably come upon us with a rush all together, next term, an arrangement which is rather a hindrance to their complete enjoyment.

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Additions to Library.—Gifts—The Hebrew Monarchy, presented by the author, Rev. Andrew Wood, Rector of Great Ponton; History of the Church in Britain, also given by the author, the Rev. Canon Overton.

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Additions to Reference Library.

Divinity.—Palestine, Past and Present; Commentaries on S.S. Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, and on the Acts of the Apostles (Sadler); The Holy Bible—illustrated—2 vols. (Cassell).

History.—English Men of Action—5 vols.; Life of Wellington (A. E. Knight); The Fight with France for America (Bradley).

Literature.—Poetical Works of Tennyson; R. Browning—2 vols.; E. B. Browning; Wordsworth; Byron; Shelley; Dryden.

Shakespeare—illustrated—8 vols.; English Men of Letters—23 vols.

Geography.—Philips' Systematic Atlas.

Encyclopædias.—Dictionary of Phrase and Table (Brewer).

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Additions to the Fiction Library.—Cinderella, Kit Kennedy (S. R. Crockett); The Crisis (Winston Churchill); Sense and Sensibility, Pride and Prejudice, Northanger Abbey, Emma (Jane Austen); Vicar of Wakefield (O. Goldsmith); Wanderings in China (C. F. Gordon Cummings); Dark o' the Moon (S. R. Crockett); Her Dearest Foe (Mrs. Alexander); Count Hannibal (Stanley Weyman); In Exchange for a Soul (Mary Linskill); From Moor Isles, Probation (Jessie Fothergill); Kirsteen, Valentine and his Brother (Mrs. Oliphant); Peggy of the Bartons, Terence (B. M. Croker); Christian's Mistake, John Halifax, Gentleman (Mrs. Craik); Romola (George Eliot); Geoffrey Hamlyn (Henry Kingsley); Sheila (Annie Swan); The Highway of Fate (R. N. Carey); The Young Pretenders (E. H. Fowler); Little Lord Fauntleroy (Mrs. Hodgson Burnett); Friend Olivia (A. E. Barr); Richard Yea and Nay (Maurice Hewlett); Yolande (W. Black); Red Rowans (F. A. Steel); Story of the Odyssey (A. C. Church); The Isle of Unrest, The Velvet Glove (H. S. Merriman); Thelma (M. Corelli); Cathedral Courtship, Penelope's English Experiences (K. D. Wiggins); Villette, Jane Eyre, The Professor (C. Brontë); Catriona (R. L. Stevenson); Valley of the Great Shadow (A. E. Holdsworth); Way of Escape (G. Travers); Fuel of Fire (E. T. Fowler); Sylvia's Lovers (Mrs. Gaskell); The Virginians, History of Pendennis (W. M. Thackeray); Barchester Towers, The Warden (A. Trollope); Oliver Twist (Dickens); Cecilia (M. Crawford); The Vultures (S. Merriman); That Lass o' Lowrie's (Mrs. H. Burnett); The Young Barbarians (Ian Maclaren); Black Rock, The Man from Glengarry, The Sky Pilot, Glengarry Days (Ralph Connor).

The following have been given by the Magazine Club, the College being at the expense of binding:—Round the Coast; Living Animals of the World (2 vols.); Living Races of Mankind (2 vols.); Peoples of the World (6 vols.); The Thames, illustrated.

College Magazine Club.—The following papers and magazines are being taken this year:—Daily Graphic, Weekly Graphic, Churchwoman, Lincoln Gazette, Punch, Hugo's French Journal, Practical Teachers' Art Monthly, Cassell's Magazine, Quiver, Good Words, Sunday Magazine, Harper, Windsor, Chambers' Journal, Cornhill, Girls' Own Paper, Magazine of Art, Social England, The Treasury, Associates' Journal, Great Thoughts,