

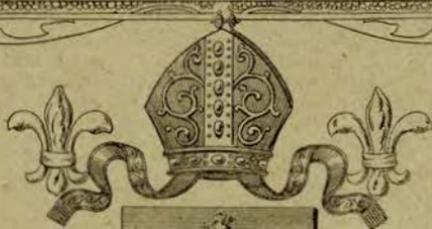
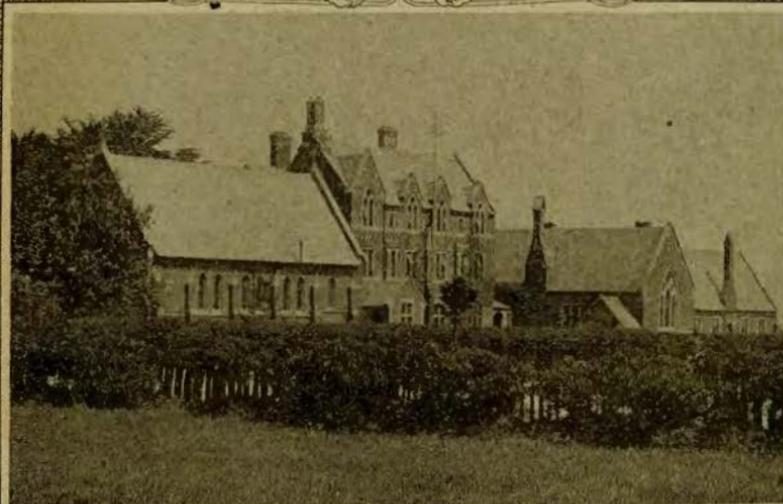


# LINCOLN



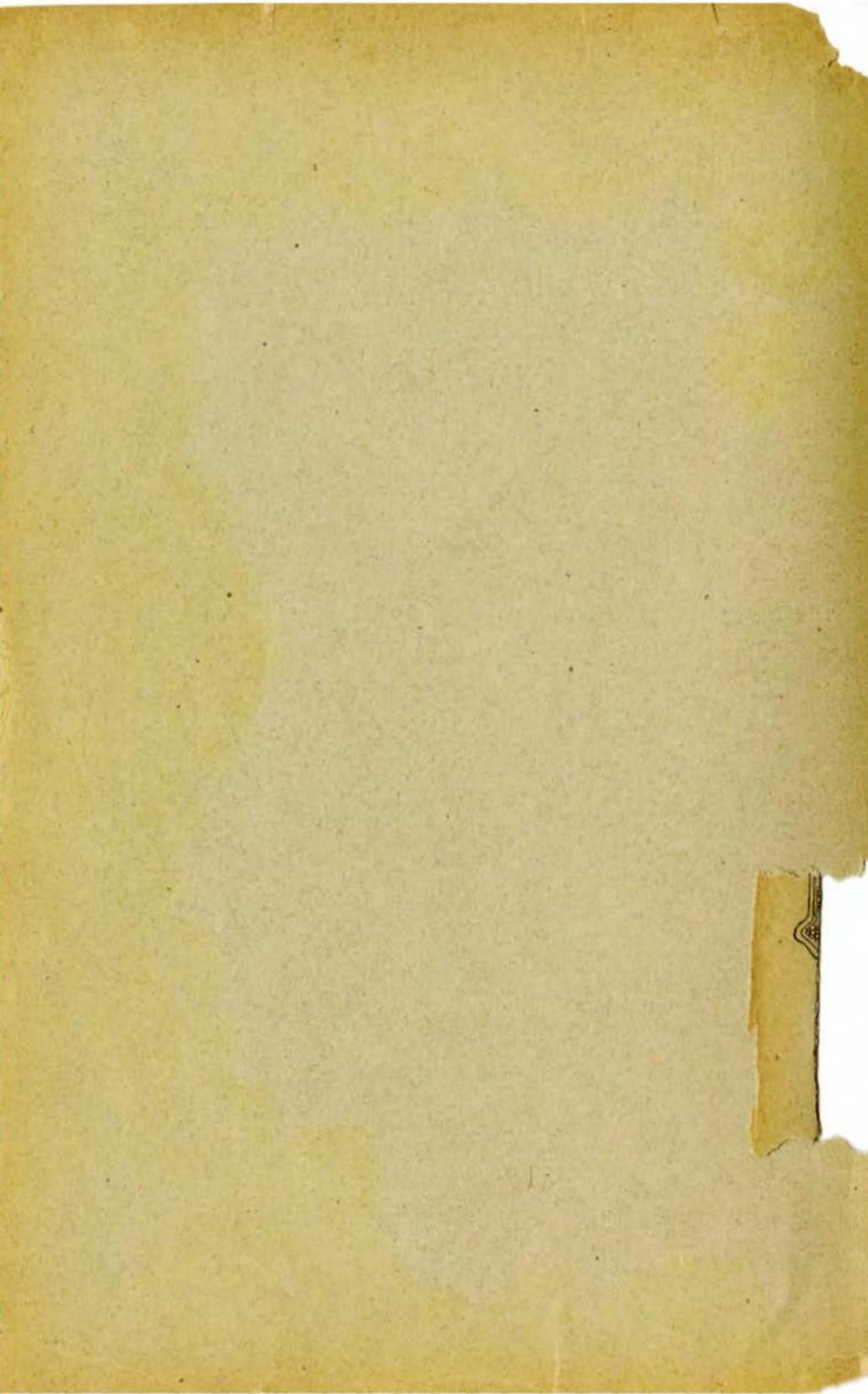
## Diocesan Training College

# MAGAZINE



April,

1904.



LDTCM 19 (Apr 1904)





*In Memoriam.*

FRANCES ROWE,

WIFE OF THE REV. CANON A. W. ROWE,  
Principal of Lincoln Training College.

Entered into Rest, January 25th, 1904.

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The morning shall awaken,  
The shadows shall decay,  
And each true-hearted servant  
Shall shine as doth the day.

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A GREAT sorrow has come upon the College, the greatest since the death of Canon Nelson, its first and revered Principal; a sorrow all the more overwhelming because of its suddenness, and a sorrow that comes so near that it seems hardly possible to speak of it without breaking in on its sacredness. Still, the first word that must be spoken is to say to our dear Principal, what we know is in the heart of every Lincoln student, that all are feeling with him in this his unspeakable loss, each one in degree, so far as may be, sharing his sorrow, and praying God to comfort him and strengthen him to bear this His holy will.

What that loss is, only those who have lived in the College can at all measure. But there are many old students who too have been welcomed by her on their visits to Lincoln, and who have had brief glimpses of Mrs. Rowe in her ideal home life, of her most sweet and gracious personality, appearing always as the truest and highest type of womanhood, and in the best meaning of the old Saxon word, as the "lady," the "loafgiver" of her household. Ever sympathetic, ever unselfish, she entered with the keenest interest into joys and sorrows alike

of College life. A musician herself of no small gifts, she took the greatest delight in the music of the students, both in Chapel and in the College concerts, and her criticisms were always valued and valuable.

And now that she is with us no more, surely the golden thread of praise must run through all the dark web of our sadness, thanksgiving mingling with all our thoughts and words of her, even though it be with aching hearts for the blank that cannot be filled—thanksgiving for her at rest in the Paradise of God freed from the pain which she bore here so bravely and patiently, thanksgiving for His true hearted servant who departed this life in His faith and fear, and for ourselves, thanking God for her saintly life among us, beseeching Him to give us grace so to follow her good example, that with her we may be partakers of His heavenly kingdom.

#### FUNERAL OF MRS. ROWE.

The following account of the funeral is reprinted from the *Lincoln Gazette and Echo*:—The funeral took place at St. Nicholas Cemetery, Lincoln, on Wednesday, of Mrs. Rowe, wife of the Rev. Canon Rowe, Principal of the Diocesan Training College, who died on Monday last. The first part of the service was conducted in the Parish Church, where, in spite of the inclement weather, there was a large congregation of sympathetic friends. As the bier with the coffin, laden with beautiful flowers, was wheeled into the church, the organist (Mr. Davy) played a funeral march, and subsequently, while the mournful procession was leaving the edifice "The Dead March" in "Saul." Precentor Bond, Archdeacon Kaye, and Sub-Dean Leeke officiated, and other robed clergy present were the Revs. E. Akenhead, E. Giles, A. E. Rice, J. S. Swann, and W. E. Bott. The beautiful hymn, "Peace, perfect peace," was sung by the congregation, led by the Church Choir and the Students of the Training College. The service was concluded at the graveside, where there was a large assembly, the "Nunc Dimittis" being sung at the close of the service. The chief mourners were the Rev. Canon

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Rowe, Mr. F. E. Rowe, and Capt. E. F. Rowe (sons), Mrs. Frank Rowe (daughter-in-law), Miss M. and Miss E. Piper (nieces), Miss H. S. Waddington, Miss Elwell, Miss Turner, Miss Vaughan, and the remainder of the College staff, the household servants, Drs. Stitt Thomson and Purves, Miss Judith Hopkinson, and Miss Aughtie, with the whole of the Students. Amongst the large number present at the church and at the graveside were the Revs. Chancellor Crowfoot, Canon H. W. Hutton, Canon Hodgkinson, T. H. Vines, C. G. Buss, C. Warren, and J. Kaye, Mrs. Leeke, Mrs. Vaughan, Mrs. and Miss Nevile, Mrs. and Miss Burton, Mrs. and Miss Blenkin, Mrs. and Miss Bond, Mrs. Bennett, Mrs. and Miss Ruston, and Messrs. A. H. Leslie Melville, A. Garfit, A. C. Hallowes, and H. H. Dunn. The large number of beautiful floral tributes were from the following:—Canon Rowe, Mr. F. E. Rowe, Capt. E. F. Rowe, Miss M. and Miss E. Piper, the Rev. John Rowe, the Rev. and Mrs. A. P. Wickham, Miss Jessie and Mr. Arthur Piper, the Training College Staff, the Students, Mr. and Miss Leslie Melville, Mr. and Mrs. Adams, Mrs. and the Hon. Misses St. Leger, Mrs. and Mrs. J. H. Turton, Mr. and Mrs. Dunkerton, Miss H. S. Waddington, two past Students, Miss Lily, Miss Maud, and Mr. Erskine Watson, Mrs. Hempself and Mrs. Mackinder, Mrs. Giles, Mrs. Stitt Thomson, Mrs. Leigh Bennett, Mrs. Bond, Miss Clements, Mrs. Crowfoot, Mrs. Hayes, Mrs. Mathew, Mrs. Nevile, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Dunn, the children of the Practising School, the three head servants, the younger servants, the teachers of the Practising School, Mrs. Turnour, Mrs., Miss Lucy, and Miss Leila Burton, Mr and Mrs. Ernest Burton, Mr. Wright and Mr. Dickinson, the employees of Messrs. Wm. Wright and Sons "In remembrance of many kindnesses," Miss K. Huddleston, Mrs. and the Misses White, Mr. and Mrs M. H. Footman, Mrs. and Miss Blenkin, Miss Burton, Mrs. Kershaw Hadfield, Miss Townsend, and the Misses Elrington. The beautiful altar flowers in the church were given by Mrs. Leeke, Mrs. Vaughan, Miss Gwladys Vaughan, and Mr. Hallowes, and were arranged by Miss G. Vaughan.

**No. 19.****April, 1904.****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, Mary Rawding (Mrs. Smith), Harriet Mounteney (Mrs. Stallibrass)  
 1868 Rebecca Haynes (Mrs. Hemsley)  
 1870 Annie Elizabeth Whitworth (Mrs. Hutchinson)  
 1871 Sarah Pearson, Alice Kent (Mrs. Howe)  
 1872 Elizabeth Brummitt  
 1873 Sarah Elizabeth Sutcliffe (Mrs. Watson), Elizabeth Watson (Mrs. Dixon), Sarah Thorpe (Mrs. Shelton), Margaret Elwell, 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, Ann Hague (Mrs. Holden)  
 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, Caroline Smith (Mrs. Richardson)  
 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, Sarah Dawes  
 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, Edith Dawes  
 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, 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)

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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.

- 1897 Kate Whattam, Edith Hales (Mrs. Gossop), Eleanor Walker, May Charlton (Mrs. Sivil), Mary Footitt, 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, Rhoda Wallis, Lucy Myers, Agnes Hornsey (Mrs. Hargreaves), Louisa Caunt (Mrs. Martin), Rosa 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 Boulton, Cerise Cameron, Ethel Cheshire, Margaret Cooper, Marion Clayton, Kate Chapple, Laura Davis, Mary Dent, Jessie Drake, Elsie Drake, Lillian 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, Phoebe Bury, Frances Clark, Elsie Dawtrey, Annie Drury, Eleanor Donson, Minnie Fèvre, Lily Hacker, May Hulse, Maud Johnson, Gertrude Judd, Evelina Lamb, Edith Meats, Marjorie Mullins, Annie Helen Pearce, Sarah Parkes, Mary Parkes, Margaret Partridge, Annie Porter, Ethel Radford, Annie Roberts, Ellen Roberts, Lallah Robertson, Annie Schofield, Sarah Shepherd, Isabella Shiach, Ellen Simpson, Alice Smith, Nellie Smith, Ruth Spencer, Lillian Underhill, Kate Webb, Ethel Willdig.
- 1903 Graeme Armstrong, Ada Ashton, Evelyn Bakewell, Emily Barker, Elsie Beeching, Edith Berry, Elsie Botterill, Edith Burley, Margaret Clarke, Lillian Corbett, Mary Croasdale, Ada Doodson, Laura Enderby, Jessie Fawcett, Amelia Gascoigne, Irene Gelsthorpe, Rosa Goulthorpe, Mary Hawthorne, Margaret Heritage, Emily Holmes, Frances Holmes, Mary Holmes, Jennie Hendry, Amy Holroyd, Gertrude Holroyd, Elsie Hunt, Frances Inman, Julia Jarvis, Ada Johnson, Frances Eveline Johnson, Beatrice Leighton, Gertrude Machan, Helen Marden, Agnes Marriott, Edith Millard, Elsie Newill, Edith Norris, Amy Oakes, Ethel Ogden, Ethel Peacock, Gertrude Pearson, Jane Pollard, Alice Porter, Helen Pyc, Mary Rawcliffe, Gertrude Salt, Emily Shead, Christine Skinner, Celia Smith, Florence Stephenson, Elinor Stewart, Mabel Stuttle, Margaret Toulmin, Annie Turner, Maggie Walker, Nellie Walker, Bessie Watson, Annie Waugh, Frances Alice Wilkinson, Florence Williams, Ruth Wilson, Edith Wood, Margaret Wood.

## WHITSUNTIDE RE-UNION.

The time of Re-union is again approaching, so quickly do the years fleet by, and now that our Association has reached the goodly number of three hundred, happily to increase year by year, at least by fifties, the time has come when it will be impossible to invite all the Association Members in the same year. Were our buildings as large and as elastic as our hearts, it would be different, and were the supply of available lodgings inexhaustible, it would be different, but all the same, it is with a big twinge of regret that we make any restriction. The general plan will be to invite the two years who have left the most recently (1902 and 1903), and also to go on with the older students in the regular order of sets of four years (this year 1889-92). In addition, invitations will be sent to others, such as all Association students in Lincoln, and to those **who have special reasons for wishing to come this year.** The Principal earnestly hopes that **any such will communicate with Miss Elwell,** who will forward them an invitation.

The main features for the entertainment of our visitors will be the same as before. 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 April 23rd,** especially if lodgings are required.

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

## PAST STUDENTS' ADDRESSES, 1898-9.

<i>Left in 1898.</i>	<i>Married Name or other Particulars.</i>		<i>Last known Address.</i>
Emily Ayres	...	...	51 Bailgate, Lincoln
Winifred Brown	...	...	51 Bailgate, Lincoln
Harriet Coales	...	...	7 Northolme, Gainsborough
Ethel Craft	...	...	21 Foster Street, Lincoln
Alice Dunbar	...	...	West Villa, Church Street, Eastbourne
Jane Eggleston	...	...	Police Station, Brigg
Alice Falkinder	...	...	Orby, Burgh, R.S.O.
Margaret Harrison	...	...	School House, Farndon, Newark
Gertrude Hemsley	...	..	55 Mount Pleasant Road, Hastings
Gertrude Hodgson	...	...	62 Sprules Rd., Brocklesby, S.E.

Gertrude Kenning	...	...	108 Alderson Road, Highfields, Sheffield
Caroline Moreton...	...	...	18 Ramsden Terrace, North Street, Leeds
Norah Murray	...	...	21 Birley St., Walmersley Road, Bury
Rose Naylor.....Mrs. T. Carter			38 Southgrove Rd., Sheffield
Ada Rimmington...	...	...	3 Skerne Road, Driffield, Yorks.
Minnie Rimmington...Mrs. Russon			51 Shireoaks, Worksop
Susannah Sargisson	...	...	North Coates School, North Thoresby, Louth
Evelina Schröder	...	...	Hampstead House, Rich- mond Road, Lincoln
Minnie Sells	...	...	10 Parker Street, Oxford
Ada Swaby	...	...	454 Nethergreen, Ranmoor, Sheffield
Marian Thomson	...	...	30 Lawford Road, Rugby
Alice Upton	..	...	43 Osborne Road, Stockport
Eleanor Walpole	...	...	Fernlea, Fleckwell Heath, High Wycombe, Bucks.

<i>Left in 1899.</i>	<i>Married Name or other Particulars.</i>		<i>Last known Address.</i>
Ada Brown	...	...	64 Westgate, Grantham
Alice Child	...	...	82 Andover Street, Sheffield
Ada Davis...	...	...	Arboretum Avenue, Lincoln
Susannah Dewis	...	...	Queen's Row, Bedworth, Nuneaton
Margaret Glenn	...	...	School House, Welby Street, Grantham
Gertrude Goulding	...	...	162 Ellesmere Rd., Sheffield
Marion Grundy	...	...	Earby School, <i>via</i> Colne
Grace Harlock	...	...	St. Peter's Homes, Grahams- town, S. Africa
Annie Harrison	...	...	Houghton-on-the-Hill, Leicester
Edith Hibbitt	...	...	Morton, Gainsborough
Alethea Hildred	..	...	26 Sistova Rd., Balham, London, S.W.
Edith Hillyer	...	...	Newcastle Street Tuxford
Florence Howard...	...	...	The Limes, Adswold Lane E., Stockport
Priscilla Johnson...Mrs. Watkins			Coventry Road, Bedworth, Nuneaton
Ada Johnson	...	...	322 York Road, Leeds
Annie King	...	...	270 Pitsmoor Road, Sheffield

Mary Lamming ... ..	Wharneliffe House, Abbot Street, Lincoln
Lucy Marrows ... ..	Brierfield, Healing, Grimsby
Lily Mottram ... ..	12 Heygate Street, Market Harborough
Mary Simmonds ... ..	
Helen Simons ... ..	Bicker, near Boston
Margaret Smith ... ..	113 Church St., Pendleton, Manchester
Gertrude Stallibrass ... ..	40 Lincoln St., Kingsthorpe, Northampton
Ethel Stapleton ... ..	Practising School, Lincoln
Gertrude Tall ... ..	2 Wellelose Place, Leeds
Augusta Tanner ... ..	24 Avondale Rd., Sparkhill, Birmingham
Elizabeth Taylor ... ..	Misterton Board School, Gainsborough
Mildred Vaughan... ..	Training College, Lincoln
Emily Wales.....Mrs. Wayman	Offord-Cluney, Hunts.
Bertha Wilding ... ..	178 West Parade, Lincoln

OLD STUDENTS' PAGE.

MARRIAGES.

On December 28th, 1903, Joseph Martin, St. Ippolytts, Castle Road, Bedford, to Louie Caunt (Lincoln, 1899-1900).

On January 6th, 1904, E. E. Smith, Lyncotes, Frenches Road, Redhill, Surrey, to Hannah Letitia Chadwick (Lincoln, 1892-3).

On July 30th, 1903, at St. James' Church, Barton-u.-Needwood, by the Rev. W. H. H. Fairclough, Richard Sharp, of Barton, to Clara Annie Bruxby (Lincoln, 1893-4).

BIRTHS.

On September 16th, 1903, at 269 Lees Road, Oldham, to Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Taylor (Emily Mayall, 1890-1), a son (Jack).

RE-APPOINTMENTS.

Miss Eleanor Walpole, Infant School, Fleckwell Heath, High Wycombe.

Miss Laura Davis, Head, Boultham Girls, Lincoln.

Miss Ethel Peacock, Nelson Boys' School, Great Yarmouth.

Miss Mary Arscott, St. Andrew's Higher Grade, Lincoln.

Miss Elsie Botterill, Wilnecote Church.

Miss Margaret Clarke, St. Botolph's Infants, Lincoln.

Miss Emma Austen, Head, Ore, Hastings.

Miss Elsie Beeching, St. Swithin's Girls, Lincoln.

Miss Grace Harlock is now working in the Grahamstown Mission Schools, S. Africa.

## A HOLIDAY IN ITALY.

## II.—FLORENCE.

Florence is one of the most beautiful and attractive cities in Italy, and a great favourite with the English and Americans. It has been aptly described as "The Flower of Cities," and "The City of Flowers." After a miserably wet journey from Pisa, we were most providentially guided to the historical Palazzo dei Pazzi, where, during our sojourn, we lived with a charming Italian family, with whom we at once felt perfectly at home. To us this was an education in itself. Our attention was directed to objects of interest in the city, and much time saved to us by a daily itinerary being talked over at breakfast. Our hostess was a very cultured lady, whose knowledge of English so surprised us that I exclaimed, "You are English!" Her reply still more astonished us, for she informed us that she had never been out of Italy. As a child she had had an English nurse, and since that time she had kept up her knowledge of the language by reading books in English, her acquaintance with our literature being most extensive. Dickens was her favourite author. We expressed our wonder at this, as it seemed to us that to understand and enjoy his unique creations one must be English born. Here, too, we met with an Irish lady, who, having come to Italy some years ago, intending to spend *one* winter, had definitely settled there, without returning at all, and was able to give us many useful hints.

Florence was the only spot, during our nine months' sojourn abroad, where we lived with anyone who spoke our mother tongue; our desire being to dwell, as much as possible, with the natives, and so get a better insight into their manners and customs. The palace itself, apart from the family, was interesting, and the allegorical painting on the ceiling of the dining-room had not been touched, we were told, for three hundred years.

Our first visit was naturally to the Duomo (Cathedral) of St. Mary of the Flower, and I think not a day passed without our entering it; seeing it under every conceivable light and shade, in sunshine and gloom, by day and night, in solitude and when crowded at some gorgeous ceremonial. Santa Maria del Fiore, so called from the lily which figures in the arms of the city, is indeed one of the most imposing examples of Italian Gothic. It was erected (1294-1462), on the site of the earlier Church of Santa Reparata, designed by Arnolfo di Cambio, who died in 1310, and who was succeeded by Giotto. In 1418, at a public competition of models for the dome, that of Brunelleschi was selected. It was fourteen years in course of construction. The interior is gloomy, the windows being small and filled with dark coloured glass, but the exterior is very beautiful, faced with white and coloured marbles; porches and windows are richly carved; in fact, one can

imagine nothing more lovely than some of these windows. The west façade is modern, but finished after the old designs. The celebrated Campanile, or Bell Tower, designed by Giotto, and known as "Giotto's Tower," is one of the wonders of Italy. Close by is the justly renowned Baptistry, another of the artistic marvels of Florence. Its bronze gates, by Ghiberti, have no rival in the whole world, and were said by Michel Angelo to be worthy to be "the Gates of Paradise."

It would take too long to tell of Santa Croce, the Westminster of Florence; Santa Maria Novella, one of Italy's most famous churches, so beautiful that Michel Angelo called it "The Bride," full of priceless frescoes by Giotto and others, and containing that gem of Gothic art, the Spanish Chapel; the Anunciata, with its miraculous Madonna; the frowning Bargello, palace, prison, and place of execution; the Badia, with its exquisite Campanile; the many museums and galleries of pictures (a volume might be written on the Uffizzi, the Pitti, the Belle Arti); the Cascine, those charming gardens in which the Florentines display their choicest toilettes; the many palaces, large and small, each a storehouse of the art of the Renaissance; San Lorenzo, with its tombs of the Medici; San Servi and Andrea del Sarto's Last Supper; the Markets; San Michele; the Certosa outside the walls. There is no end to the objects of interest, and one is simply bewildered with such *embarras de richesses*.

In no city we have ever visited is a ramble more delightful. Where modern innovations have not completely ruined it, each street and lane is a picture full of interest, and even a superficial knowledge of the history of the place invests it with a halo of absorbing romance. In what we should call a narrow lane one comes upon huge palaces, their windows heavily barred, a great nail-studded door giving access to an arcaded court, round which are the apartments in which ages ago history was made. On the gable at the corner is the family escutcheon, the work of a Donatello or a Della Robbia; within are priceless works of art, the accumulation of centuries. Remains of ancient grandeur and old-world hospitality are to be found in even the artistic lamps on the outside walls, the rings for tethering horses, and the extinguishers for the torches. One seems to live in a bygone age, while one has endless delight in the outdoor life of the common people who crowd the streets. Street shrines, dark archways leading to shady courts, arcades, buttresses alive with sculptured saints, monuments in marble and bronze, and the never-failing Florentine life take one into a veritable wonderland in which one would dearly love to spend week after week.

Florence is built on both banks of the Arno, and is surrounded by a triple girdle of hills. That one may get a good view of it, ascend the hill on the south to San Miniato, from which the nearest prospect may be obtained. Cross the river by the

picturesque Ponte Vecchio, bordered with jewellers' shops, and climb the "Hill of the Crosses," where the steep ascent forms a Via Crucis, one of the most ancient known. Before reaching the summit turn aside to the platform called the Piazzale Michel Angelo (for it was on this hill that the great painter and architect commanded the defence against the Spaniards), and contemplate the marvellous picture spread out beneath. There lies Florence in all her sunlit beauty, the surrounding country with the winding Arno, in front Fiesole, and on the right the hills about Vallombrosa, hiding the spot where Saint Francis received the Stigmata. On the fourth centenary of Michael Angelo's death, in 1875, a bronze reproduction of his David and the four statues on the Medici tomb in San Lorenzo—Day, Night, Morning, and Dawn—were placed on this terrace by the city for which he laboured and where his bones are laid. Reluctantly we quit this spot, but a more extensive view can be had from the terrace in front of the church of San Miniato, higher up the hill. This church is one of the most ancient and famous of Christendom: Victor Emmanuel compared a visit to it with one to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. It is of marble, in the Basilica form, and is now mainly a mortuary chapel attached to the interesting cemetery in which it stands. One would like to say a good deal about these Italian cemeteries if there were time, for they are full of exquisite and costly marble monuments and mausoleums. The great wealth bestowed on these in what is a poor country is a revelation to the more matter-of-fact Englishman.

Another more distant but more extensive view of the city should on no account be missed. It is obtained from the hill of Fiesole, on the north. It was one of our first excursions, and can be done now by tram. Fiesole was the original settlement of the Etruscans, who were dispossessed by the Romans, and it was only after some centuries of occupation that convenience led to the founding of the city on the river side. St. Rombulus is the great saint here, and to him the cathedral is dedicated. It stands in a large Piazza, where at every step one must run the gauntlet of importunate beggars, and even more importunate vendors of the straw articles for which Fiesole is famous. Guides give one no peace, and we at last put ourselves under the direction of a lad who insisted on our seeing the "Bella Vista," and a most beautiful view it proved to be. A steep lane led to a terrace in front of the Franciscan Monastery, and here an Englishman had caused a stone seat to be placed "for the benefit of his fellow-countrymen and other travellers." A wide prospect opened out before our delighted eyes: the beautiful city in the valley, the winding Arno, and the encircling mountains, many still in their winter garb of snow. Palatial villas, in one of which our beloved Queen Victoria spent more than one holiday, and white-walled monasteries peeped from among the trees which covered the hill sides, while the clear

atmosphere and brilliant sunshine brought every object near. One should not go to Fiesole too early in the morning, as then a slight mist lies in the valley. The mighty builders of the old world have left traces of their occupation of Fiesole, in the remains of an extensive Roman theatre, and a strong Etruscan wall formed of huge squared stones built up without mortar, and there is an interesting museum of antiquities which have been found in the neighbourhood.

Florence is so many-sided that one scarcely knows on which side one would linger longest or most lovingly. Almost every building has some thrilling association. Take for instance San Marco, and without a word about San Antoninus, Cosimo di Medici, Capponi, Fra Bartolommeo, or many others, think only of the two good monks who have rendered the cloistered cells of San Marco a place of pilgrimage for enthusiasts of all lands. I refer to Savonarola and Fra Angelico. Neither of them sleeps here; the ashes of the one have been carried to the sea, the other rests in Rome, but San Marco is none the less full of them. They were men who had the same aim, to make their fellow-creatures happy in goodness and the love of God, but each following his own nature, the one in storm, the other in calm and peace, they worked very differently.

Savonarola was a stormy petrel, a man before his age, a fierce religious patriot. As Prior he first reformed his monastery, then longed to reform Florence and the world, and especially the Church, for Borgia was Pope. His sermons excited enormous enthusiasm, the monastery garden, and then the Cathedral was used, and though Lorenzo the Magnificent was nominal ruler, it was Savonarola who really governed Florence. He was the deadly foe of political and religious tyranny, he condemned the idleness and lax morals of the people as well as of the rulers in Church and State. Florence was a republic, let the people then have liberty; the Church was the Body of Christ, then let the clergy be pure. Such a man was plainly impossible. Imagine the feelings of some respectable matron when the band of children Savonarola had trained called at her house, or accosted her in the street, demanding that she should give up her false hair, her rouge pots, her crinolines, her laces, her jewels, her adornment of all sorts, her mandolines and harps, everything that distinguished her as a fashionable, that all these things should be made a bonfire of in the great square in front of the Old Palace. The children would take no refusal, and there was a great burning of "Vanita." The world was not ready for the reign of purity, truth, and holiness, so Savonarola was excommunicated by the Pope he had denounced and defiled; and hanged and burnt on the same spot as the Vanita, amid the howls of the people he had tried to free, and who had been for a while his enthusiastic followers.

At the same monastery, a few years earlier, was another monk of equal piety and simplicity of life, likewise convinced that he must give to God the best that he had. With him the use of talent was a religious duty, and to paint was to pray; everything to the glory of God; and so the corridors and nearly all the tiny cells of the brethren are beautified by one of Fra Angelico's sweet frescoes. His is surely the sweetest and holiest spirit of all the early Renaissance painters, and he is fitly spoken of as "Beato" or "Angelico," for in his pictures of saints and angels he seems, indeed, to live in heaven. Every collection of Italian art includes some of his work, but it is in Florence that one feels nearest to him. He belonged to the Order which has been distinguished, even among bigots, for ruthlessness, but for him there seems to have been but one commandment, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbour as thyself."

I must stop, for the interests of Florence are endless. You must go there, and be sure to stay as long as you can. In a letter just received from a friend who has been spending twelve months in Italy I read this: "If we were to settle anywhere in Italy it would be here in Florence." ALICE WING (*née* MARSDEN).

*Park Lane, Sheffield, March 22nd, 1904.*

## A VOICE FROM A VILLAGE.

### RURAL RAMBLINGS.

O earth,  
I count the praises thou art worth . . .  
By thy valleys warm and green,  
By the copses' elms between;  
By their birds which, like a sprite  
Scattered through a strong delight,  
Into fragments musical,  
Swar and sing in every bush."

(Selection from) E. B. BROWNING.

In the country, especially, one always hails with delight the signs of returning Spring. Even as early as February come various welcome changes, though the weather may, and usually does, leave much to be desired. An hour or so after daybreak may be enjoyed after afternoon school is over; the midday sun, when not obscured by clouds, is often warm and genial. Nature begins to rouse herself from her Winter's rest, and the birds, fully aware of the fact, herald each new dawn with a burst of thankful song.

If one is fond of walking and cycling, and not too much afraid of encountering mud, and rough weather, there need be no lack of means to make time pass pleasantly. From the time when the first snowdrops push through the cold soil, and the busy rooks wrangle, noisily, aloft in the elm trees, until the time when the autumnal frosts destroy the last of the blackberries, and send the

russet leaves fluttering down to the ground, there is interest, amusement, and occupation to be found by the lover of Nature on every hand.

In Spring-time, when violets lurk under almost every hedge, and primroses bespangle many a mossy bank, one is tempted to spend all one's too scanty leisure hours of daylight in the fields and lanes. Going forth in search of *one* thing, one finds so *many* objects of interest, that it often requires a certain amount of determination to keep the main object in view.

As the eye glances over the landscape, it detects, on many of the fields—so richly brown until now—as it were a transparent veiling of green, the infant blades which held the growth of a new crop. From some of the trees, the graceful catkins hang, while on others, one discovers with surprise, that the buds have already burst their little brown prison houses and have come forth to show themselves to the great world.

Insects, too, are beginning to stir; gnats dart and whirl about in the sunshine, and here and there a wasp or a bee has ventured—perhaps imprudently—to come forth from its winter shelter. But most charming of all are the birds; birds just returned from abroad, or from the more southern portions of our land; birds which have gone in flocks during the winter months, but which now begin to pair in anticipation of household cares and joys; and birds which have been silent, or nearly so, for many a month, but now resume their song; here, there, and everywhere they flit, all alike interesting and pleasing; yet each with its own peculiar charm of plumage, song, or cunning little ways.

If so much, and much more can be said of Spring, it does not exceed what may be said of the following seasons, when the beauties and charms of the countryside are developing and ripening day by day, and every hour affords its own revelation of the wondrous ways of Nature.

Long as the days of Summer are, they are never too long when one can spend a good part of them with the blue sky overhead, and the fresh green of foliage and grass around; with the air full of the perfume of flowers, and with birds, and bees, and butterflies for companions. One only regrets when the longest day is passed, and, almost imperceptibly, but not less surely, the daylight begins to shorten.

As for the glorious Autumn, with its wealth of gorgeous flowers, bright-hued foliage, and golden corn, which, one cannot forget, betokens the passing of the year, as surely as the glowing western sky attends the setting of the sun, lovely as it is, it is always, to me, rather a sad season—a season when so much that we have loved, and admired, is doomed to fade; and, whatever the coming months, or even the new year, may bring, the sting of parting *must* be borne.

Perhaps some of the prettiest spots of this neighbourhood are

what are known as "Dumbles"—deep and picturesque hollows, intersecting the meadows here and there, or running by the woodside; really, I believe, ancient water-courses, from which the stream has been diverted or drained. The banks on either side are steep, and overgrown with brambles, hazel-bushes, wild roses, and a mass of other things, round whose roots the primroses and violets nestle, while, in their season, the wild hyacinth and the forget-me-not makes many a lovely patch of blue. Here and there one comes upon the entrance to a fox's home, cunningly contrived amid protruding tree roots. Now and then, as one scrambles along, a scared rabbit scuttles away, or its enemy, the stoat, darts across one's path, if path it can be called, where one literally pushes a way through tangled branches.

An easy bicycle ride brings one to the borders of Sherwood Forest, with its noble avenues, its stretches of greensward, its bracken and wild flowers. The openings between the trees afford occasional glimpses of the herds of graceful deer. Sometimes one is startled by the whirl of wings as partridges rise from the ground hard by; overhead the squirrels leap from branch to branch, some of them, apparently not overburdened with shyness, keeping at a safe distance, certainly, but often pausing to peep mischievously down, from their leafy retreat, at the intruders into their domain.

In another direction, lie various riverside villages, affording an entire change of scenery from that of the Forest. Here are verdant meadow lands, through which the wide tranquil stream meanders gently, or by wooded banks sloping steeply down to the shore.

Even the periodical necessary journeys to the neighbouring down (about ten miles by the nearest route), can be made, more or less, an excursion of pleasure, during that part of the year when a bicycle can be used, especially as there are four or five distinct and different roads by which the desired destination may be reached—one very flat, another with a hill at either end, but with a long level stretch along the top of the ridge, which is attained by mounting the first steep hill; and the others a convenient combination of "ups and downs."

By the end of September, or, at latest, by the middle of October, the village assumes a wholly different aspect from that which it has worn during the past few months, and the village schoolmistress begins to feel herself, somewhat, an isolated being. The days grow shorter and shorter, until the time comes when daylight scarcely arrives before school work must begin, and has all but faded before it is over. The wind howls, and the rain beats, and even when there is a moon, it is often obscured by clouds; the roads are, more often than not, wet and muddy, and lamps are lacking, so that, when work is over, a cosy place by the fire-side, and an interesting book, or some congenial occupation, seem, usually, the most desirable things.

The monotony of the winter season, is of course, sometimes depressing, and one is apt to long for a taste of town life. I must confess, however, that a "taste" is usually enough for me. I am glad, after all, to return to the school-house, with its familiar surroundings, its bare, brown, yet not uninteresting garden; its neighbouring copses, whence the birds emerge daily to seek food near the house; and the stretch of park and meadow land visible from the windows, and often enlivened by the presence of hounds and hunters. Then, occasionally, the landscape assumes a beauty unknown to those who see it only in its summer garb—all around us stretches a still, white world, and trees and bushes bend beneath their burden of snow. Or, perchance, the Frost King reigns supreme, and every twig and branch is thickly encrusted with the marvellous crystals. After all, country life has its compensations, even during the dullest months. A. C. FRENCH.

ADDRESS BY THE BISHOP OF ISLINGTON,

On the occasion of the Dedication of the Chapel in the New Buildings of the Home and Colonial Training College.

(Reprinted by permission from the "Home and Colonial College Magazine.")

We have come here this morning in the most solemn way possible to dedicate this Chapel to the purpose of the worship of Almighty God. We have prayed and we do pray most earnestly that God's blessing may rest upon all those who come here to worship Him, that very holy associations may gather around this place—associations which will be the most valued and the most helpful among the associations which those who reside for a few years in the premises will carry away with them as they go forth to their life's work.

Now, I might on this occasion speak a good deal upon the subject of education, but I have been asked rather than to do this to say some few simple words of loving exhortation and sympathy especially to the students who are here, and as the text or subject of what I am going to say, I take a verse from that wonderful prayer of our Blessed Lord which He offered up on the night of His betrayal (St. John xvii. 19),

"And for their sakes I sanctify myself, that they also might be sanctified through the truth.

"For their sakes I consecrate myself, I dedicate myself, that they may be in truth themselves consecrated also."

As baptized Christians our profession is to follow the example of our Saviour Christ and be made like unto Him. There is a story told of one who was a very famous painter, that in his early years he was one day in one of the great picture galleries, and was seen to remain for a long time in front of a picture by one of the great masters. He gazed at it long and earnestly, and as he turned away he was heard to say softly to himself, "And I also am a painter!" It was not, of course, that he thought himself ever likely to be able, even afar off, to rival such a wonderful piece of art as that upon which he had been gazing, but it inspired him to think that he too, however humble a member he might be, belonged to that profession of artists. And is it not an inspiring thought to us, as we gaze upon and strive in some degree to understand the life of our Blessed Lord on earth, as we gaze upon that spotless example, to think that we also bear the same human nature that the Lord Jesus Christ bore? He lived on earth, a man, and we are to follow Him in His life—yes, to follow Him even when He says such words as I have taken for our text: "For their sakes I consecrate Myself, that they may be in truth consecrated themselves also." Of course it is quite evident that in one sense we cannot follow our Lord here. He is the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world, and that one perfect and all-sufficient sacrifice which He offered upon the Cross is His doing. And yet there is a sense in which we may follow Him even thus. Every suffering which is endured by a Christian for others is indeed a following of the Lord Jesus Christ. In those wonderful words of the Apostle, it is the filling up of that which was lacking in the sufferings of Christ. But it is evident that our Lord had in view here not only that one all-sufficient sacrifice which He was about to offer upon the Cross, but also His human relationships, his friends and companions—in fact, the power of His life, His teaching, and His example upon them. For their sakes—those whom the Father had given unto Him, and of whom he had lost none—for their sakes He sanctifies Himself, He consecrates Himself, He devotes Himself, that they may be in truth consecrated themselves also. Surely we must strive to follow Him here.

My sisters, you have given yourselves to a noble profession—one of the very noblest professions. Take care that you carry into every department of your work the sense that you are followers of Christ. Surely it is a great thing indeed, whether you are to work in a Church school or in a provided school, as they will now be called, to carry with you the atmosphere, the breath, of a Christ-like life. Are you to work in a Church school? Then you will have the glorious privilege of teaching young children the truths in simple form of our holy religion, and of impressing upon them all those wonderful privileges which come to us through them.

You will teach them that, as God's children, they have a place in His Church, and a work to do; you will teach them stedfastly to abide in their afterlives in the teaching of the Apostles, in the holy fellowship, in the breaking of bread, and in the prayers. But remember, your labours will be of little avail unless the children can descry in you the marks of the Lord Jesus Christ Himself, whose you are, and whom you serve—unless they can descry those marks written plainly upon your life, your whole life among them. Or are you to teach in a provided school? Then, although you cannot teach the formularies of our Church, you can implant in the minds of your children the elements of the Christian religion, the truths in simple form of the Holy Trinity and the Incarnation, and you can teach them, above all, to love the Lord Jesus Christ. It has been my great privilege for a long term of years to have a good deal to do with Board Schools. I was a Manager and Chairman of a Board of Managers for some twenty years, and during that time I made many dear friends among the teachers in Board Schools. My heart glows when I think of what used to go on in some of those schools which were under the charge of truly Christian teachers. I used to go in sometimes, particularly at the closing prayers after afternoon school, and I could not refrain from tears to see perhaps three hundred or four hundred children gathered together in the great hall of one of the schools, children who came from the poorest and most wretched homes, many of them with no shoes or stockings—to see their faces, earnest and reverent, as they joined in the hymn, or as the prayers were said by the head-teachers, their eyes fixed on him who was indeed their best earthly friend. Yes, it is a grand calling! God give you grace, my children, to live up to it, and to do God's work in it. "For their sakes I sanctify myself, that they also may be sanctified."

Now, there are two distinct thoughts in this word "sanctification," or, rather, "consecration." There is, first, the thought of self-surrender, self-devotion, nay, self-extinction, corresponding in the sacrifice to the death of the victim. Now, upon this I need scarcely enlarge to-day. In every Christian profession, indeed, in every worldly calling, there is this necessity: "Whosoever forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be My disciple." Just to do God's will, to do good to and to help forward those among whom our lot is cast, to be instruments for good and not for evil, that is our work, and unless we do in very truth surrender ourselves, our own wills and wishes, we cannot do any true and laudable service, we cannot do those great works which God has prepared for us.

But there is a further thought. The sacrifice on God's altar must be without blemish. You know how carefully in those old heathen times the priests were to examine the sheep or the oxen before they sacrificed them, to see if they were without blemish, that they might be fit to be offered up upon the altar. Many of

the old commentators upon that passage have loved to dwell upon the Divine scrutineer, whose piercing eyes scrutinise the sacrificial victim, lay bare the secret intents of the heart, and detect the secret faults which unfit a person for being a true sacrifice. Thus, not only self-surrender, but self-purification also, is needed.

My dear sisters, the success of your life's work in God's eyes must depend upon your fulfilling this condition: "For their sakes I consecrate myself, I purify myself, that they also may be truly made holy." What a great responsibility will be yours! Each of you by-and-bye will have charge of some forty or fifty children. That number of children will pass through your hands every year; five hundred children, say, in ten years—children for whom Christ died; He entrusts them to you for a while that their characters, their lives, their souls, may be developed and moulded after His likeness. Surely for their sakes you must try to sanctify your hearts and lives. On this blessed day I put that before you, then, as a grand and powerful motive as you contend against the difficulties of your daily life.

Now, I cannot dwell to-day, of course, upon what are the especial difficulties of your life at any great length, but just let me mention two. First of all, your own personal religious life. We all know how hard it is to keep this life, to nourish and to cherish it, in the midst of a life of hard and unremitting labour. At the end of a day's toil it is hard to gather one's self together, and to read and meditate and pray; and in the morning, when one awakes feeling over-fatigued, it is hard to rise and secure time for the morning devotions. But if not for your own sakes, for their sakes you will arise and shut to the doors, and read and meditate and pray. One single point in school life. It is very hard to be fair and loving, to take a real interest in children who are not interesting, in children who come from wretched and depraved homes. Ask the Lord to teach you always to carry about in your recollection that they are His, that they are those for whom He died, that you may recognise in each one of them the Lord Himself, His image. And then with those of the children who are bright and attractive, take care to be strong and firm and not too fond, teaching them self-discipline, that they may grow up as bright and lovely flowers for the Lord's garden. "For their sakes I sanctify and consecrate myself, that they may be in truth themselves consecrated also." Dear sisters, I suggest to you to-day this thought to put into your minds and keep there as a principle for your lives; then the Lord will indeed teach you to obey His command, "Feed My lambs"—to tend and shepherd them as they grow up, and in all things to obey that command which is addressed to everyone of us: "Follow thou Me."

A COURSE OF UNIVERSITY EXTENSION LECTURES ON  
"JOHNSON AND HIS CIRCLE,"

By R. ASHE KING, Esq., M.A.

Remembering the delightful lectures given by Mr. Horsbergh and Mr. Powys to the College students during the previous autumn and spring, the Second Year Students were keenly anxious to know what would be the subject of the lectures of the coming autumn of 1903. Speculation was rife as to what poet or writer or group of literary men would be chosen, names of literary heroes or favourite periods of literature were mentioned, but never once did the name occur that was the chosen one. Word went forth that six lectures would be given on "Johnson and his Circle," by Mr. Ashe King. The students sighed. Gone were the pleasant visions of hearing a lecturer discourse on the beauties of Shakespeare, of Tennyson, of Browning. Mr. King was an unknown lecturer. Johnson, well! was not Johnson the man who compiled a dictionary, the man who drank innumerable cups of tea, and whose manners were not as good as they might have been? His contemporaries were Goldsmith and Burke. Goldsmith wrote the "Traveller," which had been the piece inflicted on many of the students while preparing for "Scholarship." Burke, Burke! was Burke the man who wrote something about the French Revolution? Such were the reflections of many students whose literary knowledge did not include an intimate acquaintance with "Johnson and his Circle." They groaned to think of Wednesday afternoons to be spent listening to discourses on writers they cared nothing about, while the weather was just perfect for hockey or cricket. Alas! who would be a College student to have such lectures thus thrust on them?

The first fateful afternoon arrived. Resignedly the students took their places for the lecture—and it was so fine outside. Canon Rowe introduced Mr. King, and the lecture began. Its title was, "Johnson: the Man." For an hour the audience sat entranced, while the lecturer showed them Johnson struggling for fame amid grinding poverty, writing "Rasselas" to pay for his mother's funeral; Johnson holding a table full of diners spell-bound by the charm of his conversation; or Johnson helping one of his brother writers out of his own poor-lined purse. To the students who sat there that September afternoon Johnson is no longer only a name, for the man himself seemed to stand before them clothed in living flesh and blood. They saw the ungainly figure as it moved about the precincts of Grub street; they heard his voice as they argued with his friends in the Club. They lived with him through those years of grinding poverty and literary obscurity, when unknown and alone he struggled to keep his head above the dark waters. Thus they were shown how physical defects, mental disease, and bitter poverty, though these might

impose certain limitations, could not crush or drag down the spirit of the man. In that hour the lecturer unfolded for their comprehension the secrets of that character in all its grandeur and majesty; a character which enabled Johnson to keep his nobility of mind, whereas around him, men of intellect were dragged down to the very dregs of existence. So the students were taught to interpret Johnson's writings by the light of their knowledge of the writer.

As it was with Johnson, even so was it with Goldsmith and Burke. All who listened to Mr. King owe him a great debt for the enlargement of their horizon. He gave to his hearers not only a knowledge of their works, but an insight into the life and character of the men who produced those works. A precious gift, for however great his work may be, the man himself is worth more.

Many were the points touched upon; Goldsmith's wit, Burke's deep insight, Johnson's table talk. These were but a few of the subjects dwelt upon, while all were enriched with quotation, illustration drawn from history, or apt anecdote. During those lectures the wondrous book of learning was opened that whosoever would might take from the riches therein, and store the mind with "knowledge, rich with the spoils of time."

For the lectures were not confined merely to the members of the circle and their works. These were but the means used by the lecturer to give a deeper insight into the true end and aim of literature. Nay, even more than this was done, for by sympathy and love for the men and their writings, the audience was led to appreciate and know the wider world of humanity, to go below the surface of things and see their foundations, to search out causes that a proper understanding of results might be arrived at. Sympathy for Goldsmith's sensitiveness, for Burke misunderstood, widened the horizon of the listeners, and made them see the true brotherhood of man, and realise alike the wonderful weakness and strength of human nature.

L. DICKINSON, Second Year Student.

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## UNIVERSITY EXTENSION ESSAYS.

### "THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD."

Among all the hundreds of characters drawn by novelists, a few have acquired a national fame. Colonel Newcome, Jeanie Deans, Elizabeth Bennet, are more real to us than many people who are now going about the world. They have taken, and still take, all hearts by storm. To this gallant company belongs the Vicar of Wakefield. We know the man, we have wept with him, laughed with him, feasted with him. Before we made his acquaintance between the covers of a book we knew him, for his name was a household word.

Goldsmith was right when he called his book "The Vicar of Wakefield;" the Vicar is the hero and central figure. It is a book which is loved and read now, as it was when it first appeared. It charms all, both young and old, in spite of manifold imperfections which occur chiefly in the plot. There is the weak point. The tale is almost a narrative, but Goldsmith introduced a plot; a plot, moreover, full of the wildest improbabilities. The author took a man, overwhelmed him with disasters which came in an ascending scale of magnitude, and at last restored him to happiness and wealth. It would tax the powers of the most skilful constructor of plot to build a perfect edifice out of such materials, and such a constructor Goldsmith certainly was not. The expedients by which all the members of the Vicar's family are brought together rejoicing, sin against all the canons of dramatic art. It is not for the plot that the book is read now.

Goethe described it as "a prose idyll," and there is the secret. It is a tale of simple English life, overflowing with subtle humour, tinged with pathos at times, at others with sympathetic irony. It is one of the most perfect pictures of happy domestic life. Again and again Goldsmith paints scenes familiar to all, but with a happy touch which makes them stand out vividly true to life. "Nor were we without guests, sometimes Farmer Flamborough, our talkative neighbour, and often the blind piper, would pay us a visit and taste our gooseberry wine. These harmless people had several ways of being good company; while one played, the other would sing some soothing ballad, 'Johnny Armstrong's last good-night,' or 'The Cruelty of Barbara Allen.'"

It is strange to find this domestic idyll coming from the pen of a man who had shared in none of the joys of home-life since he had left his native village, little more than a boy. Goldsmith was a homeless exile, tossed about the world; wandering through Europe, flute in hand; then a poor usher, the butt of unruly boys:—

"My prime of life in wandering spent, and care;  
Impelled, with steps increasing to pursue  
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view:  
That like the circle bounding earth and sky  
Allures from far, yet, as I follow flies,  
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone  
And find no spot of all the world my own."

The exile knows well the joys of family life. Memory, perhaps, recalled some of the happy days spent in Lissoy. That he remembered the scenes of his youth is proved by "The Deserted Village." Often, doubtless, had the homeless man gazed on the peace of some fireside and turned away with heart sick with longing for what was denied him.

Perhaps Goldsmith's one novel was the outcome of the remembrance of and longing for the joys of a home. To this, may be, the intensity of the description is due. The reality was

denied to the man, so the ideal formed a living picture, and in the writing Goldsmith tasted something of the happiness of home. It was a living reality to its creator, and the tale, therefore, throbs with life. These characters are no puppets, but men and women, living and breathing as human beings; known and loved by the reader. They have their little weaknesses and vanities, their tricks of speech and action, just as have the people we meet every day. There is the Vicar with his child-like trust and mellow wisdom. Oh! he is a lovable old man, full of the milk of human kindness; ready to gambol with his little ones, jest with his neighbours, or pity those less fortunate than himself. A man full of simple dignity and gentleness; who, when called upon to minister a rebuke, does so with all humility of spirit, so that none are offended. He is full of sly and quaint humour, which peeps out on every possible occasion; he doubtless enjoyed, as well as does the reader, the humour of upsetting the pan of facewash, apparently accidentally. By sympathetic irony he pointed out the mistakes of the members of his family. His wife and daughters appear dressed for Church in all their former splendour, whereupon the Doctor orders his son, with an important air, "to call our coach." The rebuke has its desired effect. Thus, with a few natural but vivid strokes, Goldsmith depicts the Primrose family. Mrs. Primrose, with her little vanities and foibles, is also a good housewife, famous for her wine and pastry; proud of her children, yet trying not to appear too vain. "Ay, neighbour, they are as Heaven made them, handsome enough if they be good enough, for handsome is that handsome does." Only less delightful than the Vicar is Moses, with his genius for being taken in, and for becoming involved in arguments from which he has to retire in discomfort. Olivia and Sophia remind the reader slightly of some of the heroines of a later writer, Jane Austen. They are daughters who, if somewhat vain and fond of dress and admiration, have something of their father's nature. This is shown even when they cut up their trains for Sunday waistcoats for Dick and Bill. Some of Goldsmith's own characteristics have been traced in these creations of his, but not one is simply a portrayal of himself; each has his or her own individuality, and stands out as a distinct personage, with peculiar and personal traits.

The quiet happy life of Dr. Primrose and his family is thrown up in contrast to the description of the prison. Yet even here the Vicar bears his increased troubles with a philosophic spirit and trusting faith. All his powers are turned to relieving the distress of his fellow-prisoners, to helping them to reform and raise themselves. He does the work that is nearest, hearing with fortitude the jeers and taunts of hardened criminals, until by his loving care he wins them over. The reader readily forgives the amazing expedients by which fortune and happiness are restored to the Vicar, in joy that the kindly old man receives his fitting reward.

The effect of the simple, homely narrative, is enhanced by Goldsmith's easy and flowing style. There is none of Johnson's ponderous language to be found here; it is graceful though almost negligent in its delightful flow, yet in description it is powerfully telling. "As I walked but slowly, the night waned apace. The labourers of the day were all retired to rest, the lights were out in every cottage, no sounds were heard but the shrilling of the cock, and the deep-mouthed watch-dog at hollow distance. I approached my humble abode of pleasure, and, before I was within a furlong of the place, our honest mastiff came running to welcome me." All through it is a pure style, and running through it is a golden thread of humour.

Like all the earliest novelists, Goldsmith lacks an intimate feeling for Nature, but there is a certain appreciation of country sights and sounds. "Our family dined in the field, and we sat, or rather reclined, round a temperate repast, our cloth spread on the hay—two blackbirds answered each other from opposite hedges. the familiar red-breast came and picked the crumbs from our hands, and everything seemed but the echo of tranquility."

It is curious that two of the three best known works of Goldsmith deal mainly with home-life and fire-side love. Indeed, the other, "The Traveller," is chiefly a description of social life in many lands. The verdict of the reading world is a tribute to the truth, the accuracy, and the insight which Goldsmith brought to bear on life and the dealings of men.

LILIAN DICKINSON. 1904

### "THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD."

"The Vicar of Wakefield" is a great English classic, in the widest sense of the word. It is marvellously life-like fiction—so wonderfully true to human nature, in all its virtues and errors, its trials and triumphs, its weakness and its strength. It has a magnetic charm, for all classes and for all generations, which is possessed by scarcely any other book. It charms the reader of to-day—young or old—as it delighted Goethe all his life. It has appeared in more editions and more translations than any other novel. Its wide-spread popularity, and the marvellous fascination which belong to it, are all the result of its humanity—the deep wide range of human life and interest that attracts the human sympathies of all who read it. Where, outside the four Gospels, is there a book so full of the loving sympathy that is born of full understanding, and that can forgive all because it understands all?

It is a great work in every sense of the word, and in one sense it is the greatest that Goldsmith ever wrote—in that it reflects more of Goldsmith himself. All that is most human and adorable in the book is Goldsmith himself, sweet, sad, wistful—his own characteristics, his own experiences, woven into the lives

of some of the most lovable characters that fiction has ever produced. The humanity is the humanity of Goldsmith in its depth and sincerity; there is no cant about it—and no sham—it is simple, direct, and true. It is the most readable, the most lovable, the most imperishable of novels. Critics tell us that the plot is impossible, that the incidents are improbable, and that the climax is weak. Possibly they are right—but it is open to debate—and even supposing they are, surely it only proves the more convincingly the very point upon which the book bases its claim to greatness. In spite of the "impossible plot," with its sudden feeble collapse, in spite of the want of rhetoric or dramatic power in the style, in spite of all that may be said against the book, whether truly or untruly, the fact remains that it has won its way into the hearts of everyone who ever read it as, perhaps, no book has ever done before. It is human nature that the reader sees, and the sight is all the more beautiful because unadorned.

It is a simple touching tale of a simple country home, with a country parson as its hero—simple, pious, pure-hearted—a humorist in his way, a little vain of his learning and of his family, sometimes rather sententious, but never pedantic. The author never leaves the domestic circle for very long together, all the joys are the joys of a home, and the troubles are purely domestic and family troubles. The home itself is a very charming one, mutual love and respect, gentle government, and dutiful obedience, make the simple scene almost a perfect one. The father's delight and pride in his happy, healthy children, is beautiful to witness. He says himself, "It would be fruitless to deny my exultation when I see my little ones about me, but"—he adds—"the vanity and the satisfaction of my wife are ever greater than mine. When our visitors would say, 'Well, upon my word, Mrs. Primrose, you have the finest children in the country.' 'Ay, neighbour,' she would answer, "They are as Heaven made them, handsome enough if they be good enough, for handsome is as handsome does.' And then she would tell the girls to hold up their heads, who, to conceal nothing, were certainly very handsome." It is very wonderful that such a beautiful picture of happy home-life should have come from Goldsmith. What did he know of merry family gatherings and happy scenes of comfort and content; he with his dreary bachelor life spent in lonely poverty in an alien land?

When one reads the book, which evidently contains the writer's idea of earthly happiness, and then thinks of what his life actually was, one is struck very forcibly by the pathos and the pity of it. Here is a man who clearly loves a home, and appreciates home-life more than anything else in the world, who longs for the pleasures and the gay companionship to be found in the bosom of a family, spending his life in dreary loneliness, always an outsider. One can realise somewhat of the longing and the ceaseless aching home-sickness with which he looked back to the

dear, dear land of his birth, where was the only home he had ever known. His is not a picture of domestic joys of his own, much as he must have longed to share them, it is a picture of the dim, far-away Irish home of his childhood, depicted with all the marvellous human sympathy and understanding that he had learned from his travels among simple happy cottagers. The tale is told very simply, almost as a little child might tell it, simply, quaintly, almost inconsequently sometimes, with a sort of naive childish innocence. There are passages where one can almost hear a child speaking, so guileless it is, so innocently vain, and so utterly unconscious. Like a child's, too, are the sudden alternations of violent high spirits and absolute black despair to which the Vicar is subject. While the trouble is upon him, nothing can be done. "All is over!" He must resign himself to misery evermore! It is the hopeless, helpless, misery of a child. "My child," cried I, "look round the world to see if there be any happiness left me now. Is not every ray of comfort shut out, while all our bright prospects only lie beyond the grave?" But as soon as the trouble is removed his spirits at once regain what he describes as "their wonted serenity." Once more the world is fair to look upon, once more it is good to be alive, once more he is serenely, blissfully happy. And it is this childishness and natural human weakness that makes the man so lovely and so loved, for is it not true that the characters that are most loved are the most guileless, pure hearted, trusting, and childlike. In the depth of his deepest woe the Vicar can still bravely praise the name of the Lord, and he comes out of his trouble with his beautiful childlike faith unshaken, and songs of thankfulness on his lips. But sweet, and childish, and lovable, as so much of it is, Dr. Primrose shows keen penetration, and a wonderful knowledge of men, and of the little weaknesses of his friends, a knowledge that would put to shame the wordly wisdom of many a man who freely sneers at the simple Vicar. He says of Mr. Wilmot, "One virtue he had in perfection, which was prudence, too often the only one that is left us at seventy-two." And when he was reproving his daughters for appearing in too much finery after their loss of fortune, he says to them, "These ruffings, and pinkings, and patchings, will only make us hated by all the wives of our neighbours. No, my children, these gowns may be altered into something of a plainer cut, for finery is unbecoming in us who want the means of decency." And again, when Mr. Thornbill has made a very weak joke, he says, "At this he laughed, and so did we—the jests of the rich are ever successful."

In "The Vicar of Wakefield," the delightful humour of Goldsmith is seen to perfection, humour of the quietest, simplest, shyest, and most irresistible order. The Vicar seems in a way to take the reader aside, and then with a quiet laugh point out all the humour of the situation. He never aims at anything strikingly

*funny*, and much of the wit would be lost to the casual reader. But it is there, the whole book is full of it—there is hardly a page without some humorous touches. The author, and through him the Vicar, seems unable to resist noting the humorous side of every situation, and if it were actually so in Goldsmith's life, what a comfort it must have been to him! The Vicar is always poking fun at people, but doing it so merrily and good-naturedly that it would be impossible to be angry with him. The chief beauty of the humour is its quietness. There are no loud guffaws, no noisy bursts of laughter; all that the reader is conscious of are low chuckles of absolute enjoyment, and that is the sort of laughter that is infectious. He says of his wife when Mr. Thornhill was paying very marked attention to Miss Olivia, "It must be owned that my wife laid a thousand schemes to entrap him, or, to speak more tenderly, used every art to magnify the merit of her daughter." And again, when the great ladies from town were cultivating the acquaintance of his daughters, "Lady Blarney was particularly attentive to Olivia, while Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs (I love to give the whole name), took a great fancy to her sister."

The sweet superiority and innocent conceit of the Vicar is also delightful; he says of his wife, "I could not but smile to hear her talk in this lofty strain, but I was never displeased with the harmless delusions that tend to make us happy." And he says of George, when he first saw him after his release, "He now entered, handsomely dressed in his regimentals, and without vanity (for I am above it), he appeared as handsome a fellow as ever wore military dress." And there is such a naïve simplicity about it that it is impossible to set him down as conceited. There is another very marked feature of the book—that one would hardly expect it to possess—and that is satire. But it is the very sweetest satire that ever was written. It is absolutely different from the bitter cynical satires of Pope or of any other of the well-known satirical writers. It is not one whit less clever and pungent, because it is so kindly and gentle and absolutely without the acid bitterness that is usually associated with satire. His little sallies were, indeed —

"Shafts of gentle satire, kin to charity  
That harmed not."

—He says of the final happy scene, "It is impossible to describe our good humour. I cannot say whether we had more wit among us than usual, but I am certain we had more laughing, which answered the end as well."

His humour is in many places inseparable from his satire; the fun he makes of his wife and daughters when they think the Squire is in love with Olivia is wonderfully clever. His wife had the most lucky dreams in the world, which she was very careful to tell the rest of the family in the morning, with great solemnity and exactness. The girls themselves had their omens. They felt

strange kisses on their lips, they saw rings in the candle, purses bounced from the fire, and true love knots lurked in the bottom of every tea cup.

Everybody will allow that the book is simple, sweet, and lovable; but there are many who argue that there is a lack of dramatic power and passion.

The dramatic element may not be the predominating one, but it is *not* utterly wanting. There is depth and tragedy and passion, and there are rare dramatic touches. Listen to the agonised cry of despair that breaks from the broken heart of the poor old man, when he sees his son a prisoner. "Oh, my boy, my boy, my heart weeps to behold thee thus—and I cannot, cannot, help it. In the moment that I thought thee blessed, and prayed for thy safety, to behold thee thus—chained and wounded." Is there not passion? is there not despair? Is not one reminded of the most terrible cry of parental anguish that the world has ever heard:— "Oh, my son, Absalom; oh, Absalom, my son, my son—would, God, I had died for thee! Oh, Absalom, my son!"

WINIFRED WALLER. 1904

### COLLEGE NOTES.

For the first time in its history, and for a reason all too sad, our magazine is sent out without a short article or letter, written by the Principal, but not without a message from him to all past and present students. Canon Rowe desires to express to them his warmest thanks and his intense appreciation of all the affectionate sympathy which has been given to him so freely in his great sorrow, and to assure them that the grateful recollection of it will always remain with him as a very real comfort and help.

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*Staff.*—The vacancies on the Staff caused by the resignation of Miss Aughtie and Miss R. Gill have been filled by the appointment of Miss M. Smith, B.Sc. (Victoria University), and Miss D. J. Davies, Inter Arts (London). Miss Smith has taken a three years' course at Edgehill Training College, and Miss Davies, who is the daughter of an old Lincoln student (E. Copson, 1876-7), has had a similar period of training at Whitelands.

*Presentations.*—The students presented Miss Aughtie with a beautiful water-colour (framed) painting of Lincoln, the work of a Lincoln artist, and a framed "Madame Le Brun and child." Miss Rita Gill received a dressing-case and a framed view of Lincoln.

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*Reports and Examination Lists.*—First and foremost must be mentioned the Revised Certificate List, which has done justice, late though it be, to some most deserving students. We all join

in very hearty congratulations to the six students whose names have been added to the list of First Classes, which now stands as follows:—Emily Barker, Ada Doodson, Laura Enderby, Jessie Fawcett, Amelia Gascoigne, Gertrude Holroyd, Julia Jarvis, Ada Johnson, Edith Millard, Amy Oakes, Alice Porter, Gertrude Salt, Florence Stephenson, Mabel Stuttle, Margaret Toulmin, Nellie Walker, Edith Wood.

*University Extension.*—The lectures last term were given by R. Ashe King, Esq., M.A., on "Johnson and his Circle," and as will be gathered from the account given by a Second Year student in another part of the magazine, they were listened to with the greatest enthusiasm and delight. The results of the examination held at the end of the course are a proof of Mr. King's power to stimulate his hearers to really thoughtful and intelligent study of the authors whom he described with such eloquence and sympathy: all the twenty-seven students who entered were successful. The following is a list in alphabetical order:—

Passed with distinction:—Prize-winner: Lilian Dickinson; Winifrid Waller. Satisfied the Examiner:—Margaret Arscott, Bertha Bannister, Eveline Best, Emily Brown, Violet Brown, Gwendoline Clapp, Maud Collitt, Florence Davies, Alethea Durant, Charlotte Fenwick, Mabel Fountain, Ethel Gibbs, Edith Halliday, Mary Hoole, Eleanor Ives, Edith Laver, Hilda Oliver, Edith Shekell, Gertrude Smith, Florence Tipping, Rose Wade, Eva Waller, Ruth Wheatcroft, Elsie Wilkinson, Matilda Wood.

*Lecturer's Report.*—"The girls of this Training College seemed deeply interested in the lectures, and showed in their papers how intelligent was their interest. Some of the papers sent in surprised me by their thoughtfulness, and of the rest the greater number were most creditable to the College."

*Examiner's Report.*—"The papers on 'Johnson and his Circle' are all characterised by a good knowledge of Johnson, Goldsmith, and Burke. All the candidates write well on Goldsmith, most of them excellently on Johnson, and the ablest have a good grasp of the political philosophy of Burke."

O. M. EDWARDS, M.A.

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*Music.*—Changes are apparent in most of our subjects now, and one which affects us not a little is that in singing. Under Dr. Somervell's régime we are to take the Tonic Solfa Notation as well as Staff. To the next generations of students this will not make much difference, but to the Second Years, who have only known about it for a few months, it has meant hard work. It was thought that the best thing was to prepare for the Tonic Solfa College examinations, so just before Christmas Mr. Dunkerton examined the candidates for the Elementary Stage. Nearly all the Second Year students took the examination, and those amongst the First

Years, who had not had an opportunity for doing so previous to entering College. The successful candidates were, Second Year:—Mary Antcliffe, B. Bannister, A. M. Bean, E. Best, V. Brown, F. Clissold, M. Collitt, E. Cuckson, M. Fountain, E. Halliday, L. Hartley, M. Hoole, B. Hounsell, E. Ives, S. Kenworthy, E. Maguire, E. Marris, E. Morris, A. Muddimer, R. Rawnsley, E. Sheckell, F. Tipping, T. Trotter, R. Wade, W. Waller, M. Weaver, E. Wilkinson, E. Wood, R. Wheateroft, E. Dent, M. Wood, C. Williams, M. Panton.

First Year:—E. Bailey, E. Burge, E. Comer, D. Gibson, I. Hartley, E. Heslop, M. Househam, M. Jones, J. Linnell, L. Mann, R. Mawer, M. Reader, I. Rigby, L. Rosson, H. Seymour, L. Shirley, M. Stimson, J. Stringer, E. Stuart, G. West.

The following Second Year candidates were successful in passing the Intermediate Tonic Solfa examination held by Mr. Walker, of Gainsborough, a few weeks later:—M. Arcscott, M. Antcliffe, B. Bannister, A. M. Bean, E. Best, V. Brown, E. Cuckson, C. Dalglish, F. Davies, M. Fountain, L. Hartley, B. Hounsell, E. Ives, S. Kenworthy, E. Maguire, H. Oliver, M. Panton, J. Pressick, R. Rawnsley, E. Sheckell, E. Ward, M. Wood, E. Wilkinson, R. Wade, F. Clissold, M. Collitt, M. Hoole, B. Hounsell, E. Morris, T. Trotter, W. Waller, M. Weaver, C. Williams. A. M. B.

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*School Work.*—The record of school work from year to year must of necessity involve much repetition, for while steady improvement is constantly sought, frequent changes would be scarcely advisable. The "constant reader" of the Magazine will therefore perhaps find much that is old in the chronicle of the year's work, but it should be borne in mind that to each new set of students the oldest traditions of the College and its most firmly-established customs are novel and strange.

As in the spring of 1902, expeditions to country schools were planned for last May, but as the visits of various Inspectors interfered with these, only one was actually paid. A party of fourteen students, some on foot, some on bicycles, visited Nettleham School, where they were greatly interested in its well-planned course of Nature Study, and the numerous experiments conducted by master and pupils.

The acting of short dramatic sketches, so successful in former years, has been continued, and last spring St. Peter-at-Gowt's School carried off the prize in the competition held at the College. A second prize was given by Canon Rowe to St. Andrew's Junior Girls' School, as their performance was extremely creditable, especially considering that the young actresses were only in Standard IV.

The autumn programme was on much the same lines as in previous years. Model lessons have been more frequently given,

as it is felt that this is a way in which very effective help can be given to the weak, inexperienced teachers. Technical exercises with the First Year students have included much black-board drawing, and making of illustrations and models. With the Senior students these exercises have more often taken the form of reading reports on visits to schools, essays, and discussions on educational subjects. One new form of exercise has been introduced in which each student in town gives the gist of some article of educational interest in a current journal, reads any specially interesting passage in it, and gives the reference to it. The idea is to keep the students well abreast with the current educational topics, and many interesting and stimulating discussions have been raised. During the autumn school practice all the Second Year students took a party of children for some expedition. The Cathedral was the destination of those from the Upper Schools, except from St. Andrew's; the latter were taken for a walk round Roman Lincoln, and, as many of the children had never seen even the Newport Arch, they were keenly interested in all that their guides had to tell them.

The walks of the Infants were more varied, some visiting a farm yard, where the animals were fed for their edification, and some the common, where they gathered many autumn trophies.

The Practising School children were allowed to explore the Principal's garden, and very much they enjoyed it, astonishing their guides by their keenness, and by the questions with which they plied them.

Visits of observation to Nottingham and Sheffield Schools have now become an annual institution, and in both towns the students are most kindly welcomed, the head teachers never seeming to forget that, though such visits are an old tale to them, they are a new and delightful experience to their young visitors.

At Nottingham the schools visited were Queen's Walk Girls' School, Berridge Road Girls' School, Collygate Road Infants' School, Radford Boulevard Infants' School, St. Anne's Infants' School, and Christ Church Mixed School. The visitors to the last school were very kindly entertained by Mrs. Williams, a former Lincoln student.

At Sheffield, Mr. Quine again showed a very hearty and kindly interest in the students, and everything was carefully arranged for their comfort as well as their instruction. The schools visited were Abbeydale Girls' and Infants' Schools, Pyebank Girls' and Infants' Schools, Duchess Road Mixed School, and Sharrow Lane Infants' School. In addition, a visit was paid to a Centre for Defective Children, the method of dealing with such children forming an important question at the present time. Some of the students were greatly entertained at the Fire Station, where Captain Scott kindly put men and horses through their fire drill.

After leaving the schools in the afternoon, all assembled at

the Pupil Teachers' Centre, where Sir Henry Stephenson, Chairman of the Sheffield Education Committee, entertained the whole party to tea. He spoke to the students, welcoming them to Sheffield, and praising very highly the work of Lincoln students in Sheffield. Miss Aughtie thanked him on behalf of the students. After tea, Mr. Arnold, Principal of the Centre, conducted the whole party round his delightful premises, explaining methods of ventilation and warming, etc.

Later in the term the Principal, Miss Aughtie, Miss Vaughan, and ten students visited the schools connected with the Parish Church at Grantham. They were heartily welcomed by Canon Glaister and the head teachers, and spent a very profitable day, being especially impressed by the needlework of the girls, and the military drill of the boys. The headmaster gave them an account of the summer camp, where the boys had been allowed to join the volunteers for a time. A certain part of the day was spent at lessons, and the time was recognised as attendance at school. The signalling of the boys was specially good, and it was stated that some of them proved superior in this to the volunteers. Canon Glaister kindly entertained the party to tea, and afterwards showed and explained the beauties of his wonderful collection of bronzes, pictures, and cabinets.

A second detachment of students, under the same leadership, visited the schools in Gainsborough. This town has, for some time past, far out-grown its school accommodation, and one of the objects of admiration was the clever way in which the Mistresses organised and worked their over-crowded schools. In many cases the work done was found to be better than that of schools where the conditions of work are incomparably more easy and pleasant. Mrs. Collitt, a former Lincoln student, very kindly entertained a party of students to tea.

F. A.

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*Friday Evening Lectures.*—At the beginning of the Christmas and Easter terms we are always anxious to know what good things are in store for us on the Friday evenings. This winter the lectures have been more varied than usual. It has happened two or three times that the lecture which had been planned could not be given. On two of these occasions the Principal very kindly stepped into the breach, the first time he gave us a lecture on the Fiscal Problem, and the second time he explained the cause of the war between Russia and Japan. It must not be thought that students are trying to singe their wings in the fire of politics; at the end of the first lecture we moved for a division, but were told that it was not a political meeting. Perhaps a few of us did think it a pity that the Woman Suffrage Bill had not been passed, but we discreetly kept silent, and left the ratepayers and politicians to fight about the "big loaf" and the "little loaf."

In the Christmas term the Principal continued the course of

Church History lectures which he began last winter. He took the history as far as the end of John's reign, and showed us how we English people owed our freedom to the work of the Church in those early years. As usual, these lectures were illustrated by lantern slides, and great interest was shown when views of our own Minster appeared on the screen, and when the Principal spoke of the splendid work of Hugh of Avalon.

On one Friday evening Mrs. Winder came over from Sheffield to speak to us about the Girls' Friendly Society. She put before us the aims of the Society, and told us of the good work it was doing among our girls both at home and in the Colonies.

Mr. Bankes came over from Wragby and gave us two most interesting lectures on bee-keeping. He brought with him some very interesting specimens. The one we appreciated most was the case containing the living queen, because Mr. Bankes showed us on the lantern sheet how he had obtained it; the picture was that of a man tenderly stroking some hundreds of bees in order to find the queen. We none of us felt a desire to try the experiment for ourselves, though Mr. Bankes has kindly promised to bring over a hive full of bees in the summer, so that anyone who is brave enough may search for a queen. He brought with him to the second lecture an erection which looked like a doll's house, but during the lecture he enlightened us; it was a bar-frame hive; he took it to pieces and showed us the interior, and we were not surprised when he told us what large quantities of honey he has taken from them, for only a very badly behaved bee could refuse to make honey in such a palatial abode.

We have also again spent several enjoyable evenings travelling with Miss Turner. We have explored and admired the wonderful scenery of New Zealand and Tasmania; we have seen the huge plants of Queensland, and learned something of its commercial importance by going through its large towns and looking at their fine buildings. We visited India, and from its towns and buildings learnt a great deal about the religions of the country, and what a real and sacred thing their religious rites are to the natives. Last Friday we became Egyptologists, and though we made no startling discoveries ourselves, we made good use of the discoveries made by others, and learned a good deal as we gazed at the silent Sphinx with its sad vacant eyes which have watched over the Nile for thousands of years.

M. HOOLE.

(Miss Grist has kindly written a supplementary account of the lectures on "Bees.")

Two lectures on "Bees and Bee-keeping" have been given to the students this term by Mr. Bankes, headmaster of the Wragby School, and a well-known Lincolnshire authority on the subject.

Before the first lecture, some of the students summed up what they knew about bees in the words of a countryman appearing in

that week's *Punch*—"They stings"—but *after* it, no one's knowledge could have been expressed so compendiously and comprehensively. Mr. Bankes' enthusiasm for his subject is as great as his knowledge of it, and he succeeded in making his listeners realise how great a fascination the study of bees may exercise. The lecture was very fully illustrated—by lantern slides, by diagrams, and by actual specimens. Miss Martin and Miss Bedford manipulated the lantern, and, it is whispered, were rewarded by a pot of honey. The diagrams were drawn with a facility that moved to envy some of those who often stand, duster in one hand and chalk in the other, before the class-room black-boards, surveying the effect of some drawing to be executed before a class next day. The actual specimens included bees living (surprised bees, probably) and bees dead—bees in every stage of development—honey in every variety.

The second lecture was devoted mainly to the actual management of bees—as a hobby profitable as well as interesting. Those people who thought a hive as simple a thing as a hen-coop must certainly have felt surprised at the very elaborate arrangements made by a scientific bee-keeper for the housing of his bees. The Principal threw out a suggestion that a small apiary might be established in the Recreation Ground—doubtful whether he were speaking only in jest, some of the students have been hoping, and some fearing, ever since. At any rate, the bees which come honey-gathering in the garden this summer will be the objects of an observation which would be flattering to them, if they could only know it.

At the end of the second lecture, Mr. Bankes explained how a swimming-bath had been made at Wragby, very largely by the labour of the children themselves. Wragby possessed a stream, but the bath had to be excavated; it struck most of us that our excavation was ready-made—we only want a stream to run through the Foss!

A. G.

On February 26th Miss Selvage, an old student of the College, and an enthusiastic worker for the N.U.T., gave an address to the students on the aims and organisation of the union.

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*Concerts.*—October 31st saw the inauguration of what promises to be a most successful institution; a series of social evenings to take place on one Friday in each month. The first, however, was held on a Saturday, since Mr. Dunkerton had promised to sing. As was fitting, the Second Years, under the management of a special committee, with Miss Elwell and Miss Turner at the head, took the onus of the entertainment. The following programme was rendered:—

- |                       |                               |   |   |
|-----------------------|-------------------------------|---|---|
|                       | (1) "Ye Banks and Braes"      | - | - |
| Chorus—National Songs | (2) "The Miller and the Maid" | - | - |
|                       | (3) "The Lark"                | - | - |

Pianoforte Solo	- - - - -	- - - - -	- - - - -
		ETHEL MAGUIRE.	
Songs	-	"When the birds go north again"	- - - Willeby
	-	"Once I loved a maiden" (Old English)	- - -
		Mr. DUNKERTON.	
Coon Songs	-	"The Old Home"	- - - Clutsam
	-	"My curly-headed Babby"	- - -
		C. WILLIAMS and V. BROWN.	
Song	- - -	"Stars of Normandie"	- - - S. Adams
		C. DALGLEISH.	
Shakespeare Recitations	- - - - -	- - - - -	- - - - -
		THE SECOND YEARS.	
Song	- - -	"May Morning"	- - - Denza
		S. KENWORTHY.	
Song	- - -	"Mary of Argyle"	- - - - -
		Mr. DUNKERTON.	
National Songs	-	"Jockey to the Fair"	- - - - -
	-	"Thüringian Volkslied"	- - - - -
	-	"Come Lassies and Lads"	- - - - -
		THE SECOND YEARS.	
Trio	- - -	"Three Little Maids"	- from the <i>Mikado</i>
		C. DALGLEISH, M. PANTON, S. KENWORTHY.	
Sketch	- - -	"Shattered Nerves"	- - - - -
		H. OLIVER and W. WALLER.	
		"GOD SAVE THE KING."	

A special word of praise must be accorded the Shakespeare recitations. The fact that they had been prepared by Miss Turner and Miss Vaughan raised our expectations, but we were not prepared for the dramatic *abandon* with which the students took their parts. The duologue by Hilda Oliver and Winifred Waller was much appreciated; the former was a lady with "nerves," the latter, a doctor who had no sympathy with such luxuries. We hear that during the holidays the "nerves" recovered, because the patient was allowed to forget them.

On November 20th, we had a Shakespeare evening. The Second Years again took the lion's share, but the First Years made their *début*, and lead us to expect that they will admirably keep up the tradition of the College with regard to singing. They opened the programme with a selection of quaint national songs. The Second Years then recited some scenes from "Hamlet." Criticism would be out of place when all threw themselves into it with such enthusiasm, and obtained such a good result, but perhaps our interest centred in the ghost scene, because we had a shadowy ghost with a sepulchral voice. We shall not say how it was managed. Let it suffice that amongst the First Years who knew nothing about it we saw some wide wondering eyes, and believe that two or three shivered.

In March we had another delightful evening. The Second Year students were in the midst of private study for the Pre-

liminary Certificate Examination, so the First Years took the whole programme on their shoulders, and very successful was their entertainment. National songs, duet, recitations, and pianoforte solos, followed one another in charming order, and we can safely prophesy some enjoyable evenings at no very distant date. Programme :—

	(1) " Song of the Western Men "	-	-
Chorus—National Songs	(2) " The Minstrel Boy "	-	-
	(3) " Where the bee sucks "	-	-
Pianoforte Duet	" La Réve "	-	-
	IDA GIBBON and DOROTHY GIBSON.		
Recitation	" The Lady of Provence "	-	-
	ISABEL RIGBY.		
Trio	" The Gipsy Maids "	-	-
	ELIZABETH BURGE, LILIAN GIBBS, LOUISE SHIRLEY.		
Pianoforte Solo	Waltz in Ab	-	-
	SARAH WINNALL.		Chopin
Song	" Sunshine and Rain "	-	-
	ETHEL FOX.		Blumenthal
Instrumental Quartet	" Shamrock Gavotte "	-	-
	Piano, DOROTHY WALKER; Violins, LOTTIE LANGFORD and HILDA SEYMOUR; Mandoline, LILIAN ROSSON.		
Recitation	" The Legend Beautiful "	-	-
	ELLEN HORNSBY.		Longfellow
Part Song	" Song of the Birds "	-	-
	CHORUS.		Rubinstein
Song	" Summer Slumber Song "	-	-
	GERTRUDE SIVIL.		Aspinall
Coon Song	" Good-Night "	-	-
	ETHEL HESLOP and ERICA STUART.		A. S. Gatty
National Songs	" Young Richard "	-	-
	" Will ye no' come back again ? "	-	-

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The staff and students made a record attendance at the Musical Society's concert on Wednesday, December 2nd, more than eighty " collegians " being present. An exceptionally fine rendering of Sullivan's " Golden Legend " was given under the skilful conductorship of Dr. Bennett, the band, soloists, and chorus being alike excellent.

On Saturday afternoon, February 13th, Dr. Bennett gave one of his now well-known organ recitals, and, needless to say, the College took advantage of the musical treat provided by Dr. Bennett's fine playing, and Mr. Dunkerton's delightful rendering of a selection from the " Creation."

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The " Breaking-up " Party, Dec. 11th, 1903—and what a breaking-up it was! Coming in from the fog and slush of the streets, the College seemed the embodiment of warmth and

brightness and comfort, I might say of luxury. We had entered by the students' door, that which was formerly the girls' entrance to the practising schools. The passages were deserted, so we made our way alone to the class-room next to the Governesses' sitting-room, which proved a good dressing-room. Then, following "the sounds of revelry," we were soon in the "Common-room. What a beautiful room it is!—so large, so airy, so suggestive of rest after work done, that I should call it the "Rest-room." The cheerful fire, the easy chairs and lounges, the pictures, the comfortable-looking table, with its sage green cloth, and plentiful array of flowers, made it a dream of satisfaction and delight. Making for the cosiest empty chairs by the fire, we (who belong to the early days of the College) sat down and drank it in—this scene, so familiar and yet so different. It is only when one is in the presence of all those young bright faces at the College, that one realizes what an English girl, with all her life before her, and with all her aims of work and ambition imprinted plainly on her bearing, is like. From our coign of vantage by the fire we studied the happy groups, and felt it was a goodly sight to see, and our interest in them and their work was as eager as for those of our own far-away days. There they were, with the knowledge that for the present, work was over, and holidays were in front, and this little bridge of festivity was the happy "present."

The girls looked so pretty in their evening dresses of delicate colours—there were shades of pink and green, and yellow, and blue, and white, the latter predominating; the materials and colours, and cut varied according to the fancy of the wearer, and presented a most pleasing whole.

Passing to and fro amongst the groups in the Common-room, or watching the dancers in the Dining Hall (which opens from the first by folding doors) were two of the masculine gender, the revered Principal, and a friend of many successive years of students, Mr. Dunkerton. It struck us that they both felt somewhat lonely—it must have been so trying, to be the only men in a room where were nearly a hundred and fifty women. Mrs. Rowe was very poorly, and so was not present. She was greatly missed, as her genial, kind, and most motherly manner won all hearts, and especially ours, who belonged to the old days. We felt we were only older children come home to the old place for a refreshing tonic in the sight of its busy life, and she entered into our spirit, and took as much interest in us as if we had been inmates in her time.

After an hour we were told off for supper. This was laid in the large Lecture Hall, the dear old room which changes not, and is consequently the only familiar place (to older students) left in the College. Three tables, running lengthwise down the room, covered with white cloths and decorated with lovely flowers, fairly groaned with the good things upon them. We of the older days

were placed together, and were honoured by Mr. Dunkerton's presence at our side table. Canon Rowe was at the middle table, and I think would have been glad if Mr. Dunkerton had been a little nearer to keep him in countenance.

The servants of the College, looking dainty and nice in their caps and aprons, were kept busily employed, and the tongues of the girls and guests kept time with the forks and spoons, if not always, tune. It was good to see the Lecture Hall thus. Shutting one's eyes for a moment there came back other scenes—of criticism lessons, and lectures, and singing, and needlework, and readings, and of scoldings a few; of other faces and of other things, and just for this moment it seemed that "old times, they cling, they cling." But only *for* the moment—here, was the same quiet and ceaseless energy which is not an outcome, but a continuation of those first days, and even it, perfect as it seems, is but a leading on to that which will be better in the days to come.

Back from the Lecture Hall, some to the "Rest" room, some to the dancing, the time passed quickly, and after more chats of things that were, and things that are, we felt that all too soon had come the end of the breaking-up.

Some of those in that happy gathering would, before another year, be launched on their own particular field of work. To them the memory of this evening will recur again and again through the mists of lengthening years. May it ever be to them as a ray of light, following, cheering, strengthening, and reminding that wherever they are, there still remains always, a warm welcome and a friendly voice in the halls of their "Alma Mater."

\* \* \* R. HEMSLEY (1867-68).

The Very Rev. the Dean of Lincoln preached in the College Chapel in the evening of Advent Sunday, thereby adding another to the many acts of kindly service which he has rendered the College. The Dean has always taken the keenest interest in our work here, and it was felt to be a great happiness and honour to have him present at our service.

The Rev. A. Curtois gave a short address on "The Catholic Church" at evensong on St. Matthias' Day.

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*Scholarship Week.*—Our list of candidates this year had swelled to 115, not counting those who sat for Lincoln in other places. However, our twelve kindly and efficient students were more than equal to the increased numbers, and though scholarship week can never be anything but hard work for all concerned, our helpers managed to make things go very quietly and pleasantly, and both staff and candidates owe a debt of gratitude to those students who give up a week of their holidays to help others. The Second Years were Frederica Clissold, Ethel Gibbs, Edith Sheckell, Gertrude Smith, Rose Wade, Constance Williams;

First Years—Lilian Gibbs, Jessie Jones, Lottie Langford, Louisa Shirley, Jessie Stringer, Louisa White.

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*Girls' Friendly Society.*—On Tuesday, February 2nd, the Feast of the Purification of the Blessed Virgin Mary, we had a short service in chapel, which will be long remembered by many of us. Some amongst us were to become members of the Girls' Friendly Society, and the special form of service for the admission of members was used. The Branch Secretary, the Hon. Edith St. Leger, was present. The Principal gave a short address pointing out the valuable work this Society was doing, and shewing that it is only by the combination of individual efforts and prayers that such work can be successful. Amongst those who will go out in a few months "to bear one another's burdens" are M. Arcott, E. Best, C. Fenwick, M. Fountain, E. Gibbs, E. Magnire, E. Parlett, E. Penzer, E. Sheckell, E. Waller, M. Wood, H. Bott, A. Clarke, J. Greenep, L. Gibbs, L. Henchcliffe, G. Hurst, C. Penzer, E. Polwarth, I. Rigby, L. Rosson, J. Stringer, G. West. A.M.B.

Miss Martin and Miss Bedford have kindly consented to act with Miss Vaughan as Working Associates for the College in the place of Miss Aughtie.

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Shrove Tuesday was observed by the usual half-holiday, and we were fortunate in having one of the very few fine afternoons of February. The different members of the Staff organized walking expeditions to Sudbrooke, Langworth, and Skellingthorpe, and few were the students who partook of tea within the walls of the College.

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*Games.*—The British Foss which forms a somewhat unique feature of the College hockey ground, has this season proved most useful as well as ornamental. It is a marvellous aid to drainage, and the days on which the condition of the ground has prevented a practice have been very few in number. The High School played on it for the first time on February 24th, a really good game resulting in a victory for the College of two goals to one. Three times during the Autumn term we essayed to go to Grimsby, but were prevented by floods and snowstorms. However, on March 27th, in spite of a hurricane, we sallied forth, and the rain did not begin till we were well on our way. Fortunately the storm passed over, and a most exciting game followed, the score when the final whistle was blown being two all. Our opponents treated us royally, and onlookers as well as players will long remember how "grateful and comforting" the roaring fire and delicious tea appeared after a long battle with the furious and biting east wind. We are looking forward to a visit from the St. John's team on March 26th, and are hoping to close with a good match a season,

which in spite of the fact that for one match both captains were incapacitated, has been a most successful one. M. V.

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*Inspectors' Visits.*—These, so far, have been "few and far between," but the future doubtless holds many good things in store for us. Mr. Dibben paid a flying visit last term, and on February 23rd the College was visited by Miss Sproule, for the purpose of inspecting the teaching of Domestic Economy. This subject is taken by twenty-six Second Years, who had already finished their two years' course of lectures; consequently Miss Sproule was not able to see the teaching in full swing. However, twelve students gave lessons before her, showing a knowledge both theoretical and practical of "Domestic Economy," and Miss Sproule seemed to be much pleased, awarding to four lessons the mark "excellent." She gave some valuable suggestions with regard to the arrangement of the syllabus, should the subject be taken again in the College; and promised to visit us at some future date and hear lessons given by the remaining fourteen students. D.J.D.

The Hon. Mrs. Colborne inspected the Needlework and heard lessons on Tuesday, March 15th, and as always, gave the fullest meed of kindly praise and encouragement. Miss Martin has succeeded to Miss Kent's work in this subject.

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*Sheffield "Lincoln Students' Club."*—The "Lincoln Students' Club," Sheffield, has at length come into existence, and, on Friday, February 26th, held its first "Social Evening," which was graced by the presence of Canon Rowe, Miss Elwell, and Miss Aughtie, as chief guests. By the kind permission of the Sheffield Education Committee, the gathering was held in the Library of the Central Higher School, which, at seven o'clock, looked bright and pretty with its decorations of plants and flowers, arranged at great sacrifice of time by Miss Pettifer, a member of the school staff as well as of the Club. The members were welcomed by the president, Mrs. Wing, and very soon the room was filled with groups of smiling happy "girls," many of whom greeted each other with the words "I didn't know you had been at Lincoln."

The chatter subsided when Mrs. Wing rose to speak. In a few words she said with what pleasure we met to welcome our guests to the inaugural meeting of the Club, and called upon Canon Rowe to address the meeting. The Canon was greeted with loud applause when he rose to say how great was the pleasure he felt in seeing around him so many grown-up "daughters," who were working in Sheffield. He spoke of the further alterations and additions which were shortly to be made to the College, whereby accommodation would be found for a larger number of resident students.

After repeated calls, Miss Elwell was induced to rise. One thing, she said, gave her a feeling of pride—looking round the room she felt she was the only person present who could speak to each one without needing an introduction. Mr. Quine, Education Committee's Inspector, also said a few words.

After light refreshments had been served, the rest of the evening was devoted to the renewal of old acquaintance, which is one of the objects which the founders of the Club have had in view.

Songs were contributed by Miss M. Dent, Miss Langford, and Mr. Carter; Mrs. Bray and Mrs. Carter gave an amusing little "Holiday Sketch," and Miss Rawcliffe a pianoforte solo.

The gathering came to an end about ten o'clock, when all joined hands to sing "Auld Lang Syne." in remembrances of college days, and parted, feeling that a pleasant evening had been spent, and that the Club had had a successful beginning.

There were present at the meeting:—Canon Rowe, Miss Elwell, Miss Aughtie, Mrs. Wing, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Hellewell, Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Bray, Mrs. Marriott, Misses Barker, Bannister, Berry, Corner, Dyson, Dent, Dawes, Donson, Elston, Gelsthorpe, Hulse, Hacker, Harrand, E. King, A. King, Langford, Leighton, Mountford, Pettifer, Potts, Parkes, Porter, Pearson, Peet, Rawcliffe, Roberts, Robertson, Schofield, Skinner, Spencer, K. Thompson, E. Thompson, A. Turner, Wells, Wilson, M. Wood, E. Wood, Mr. Quine, Mr. Carter. A. SPENCER.

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The Principal has received most grateful letters of thanks from and on behalf of Miss Harvey of Wellingore, and Mrs. Osborne of Grantham, for the large number of votes which he was able to give them as candidates for aid from the Church Teachers' Benevolent Association. These votes are the result of the large annual subscription given to the Society from the funds of the College Association.

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*Chapel.*—It is the earnest wish of the Staff and others at the College who knew and loved Mrs. Rowe that some memorial of her should be placed in the College Chapel, and it has been decided, with the sanction of the Committee, that this shall take the form of a carved oak reredos, of which the central panel will be a representation of the Last Supper. The probable cost will be something over £100, and of this Canon Rowe desires to contribute one-half.

It is earnestly hoped that this notice will not be considered as an appeal for subscriptions, but it is felt that some of Mrs. Rowe's many friends, and especially those connected with the College, may wish to take some small part in this offering. Those desiring to do so, are requested to communicate with Miss Elwell.

*Additions to Fiction Library*:—Water Babies (*Kingsley*). Uarda (*Ebers*). Janice Meredith (*Ford*). Sweetheart Travellers; The Firebrand (*Crockett*). Donal Grant; Alec Forbes (*Macdonald*). Kidnapped; Treasure Island (*Stevenson*). Unknown to History; Caged Lion (*Yonge*). Woman in White (*Wilkie Collins*). Briar and Palm; Mitland of Laurieston (*A. Swan*). Uncle Tom's Cabin (*H. B. Stowe*). The Refugees (*Conan Doyle*). The Four Feathers (*Mason*). "Just So" Stories (*Kipling*). Children of Gibeon; All Sorts and Conditions of Men (*Besant*). Seats of the Mighty; Battle of the Strong (*Parker*). Kilmeny; In Silk Attire; Judith Shakespeare (*Black*). What she came through (*S. Tytler*). The Traitors (*Oppenheim*). Scenes of Clerical Life; Felix Holt; Silas Warner; Daniel Deronda; Middlemarch (*G. Eliot*). Tom Brown's Schooldays; Tom Brown at Oxford (*T. Hughes*). Wives and Daughters (*Gaskell*). Northanger Abbey (*J. Austen*). Uncle Remus (*Harris*). Christmas Books; Great Expectations; Our Mutual Friend; Bleak House; Little Dorrit; Dombey & Son; Sketches by Boz; Barnaby Rudge; Christmas Stories (*Dickens*). The Virginian (*Owen Wister*). Place and Power (*E. T. Fowler*). Barlasch of the Guard (*Merriman*). A Passage Perilous (*Carey*). Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch; Lovey Mary (*A. H. Rice*). Pietro Ghisleri (*F. M. Crawford*). Barbara Ladd; Elizabeth's Children; School of the Woods.

*Given by the Magazine Club*:—Audrey; The Old Dominion (*Mary Johnson*). A Welsh Singer; On the Wings of the Wind (*Allen Raine*). Elizabeth's Adventures in Rugen (*Authoress of Elizabeth and Her German Garden*).

*College Magazine Club*.—The following magazines and papers are being taken this year:—Cassell's Magazine, Quiver, Good Words, Sunday Magazine, Leisure Hour, Chambers' Journal, Harper's, Windsor, Pall Mall, Treasury, Munsey's, Hugo's French Journal, G.F.S. Associates' Journal, Great Thoughts, Magazine of Art, Girls' Own Paper, Social England, The Russo-Japanese War (Cassell's), Practical Teachers' Art Monthly, Church Bells, Weekly Graphic, Lincoln Gazette, Punch.

The Committee provide, in addition, the Daily Telegraph, Morning Post, and Weekly Times.

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The names of Hilda Oliver and Lilian Dickenson were accidentally omitted in the last number from the lists of heads of tables.

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#### NOTICES.

March 31st.—Easter Vacation begins.

April 19th.—Students return.

May 21st to 24th.—Whitsuntide Re-union.

**EDITORIAL NOTICE.**

Miss Elwell will be glad if all arrears in Association and Magazine Subscriptions may be paid as soon as possible. Association Subscriptions are due for each year in January. Subscriptions for 1904 are due from more than 160 Association Members, and many more from other Subscribers to the Magazine.

Magazines cannot be sent to Subscribers whose payments are more than two years in arrear.

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Annual Subscription to Magazine, 1/-.

The Association Subscription of 2/6 includes that for the Magazine.

It is requested that all changes of address may at once be notified to Miss Elwell.

