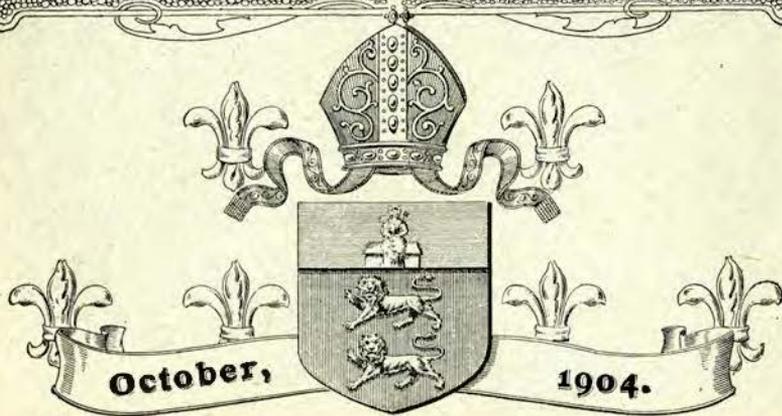
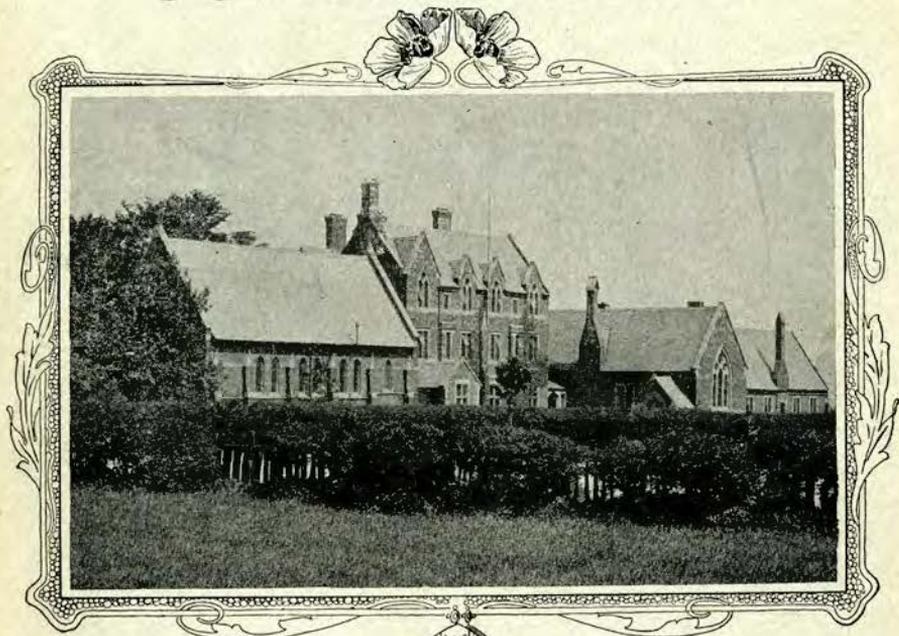
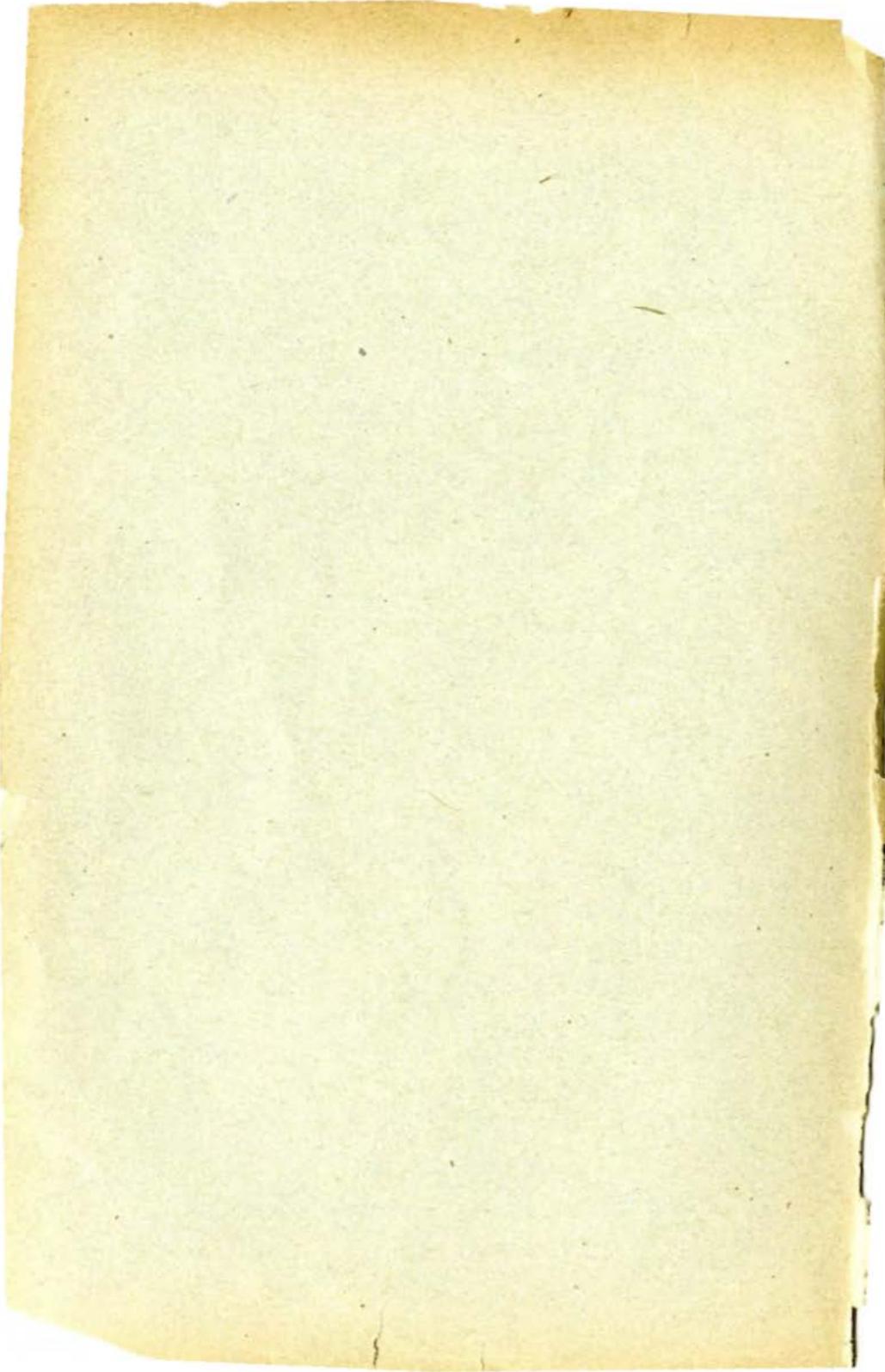


LINCOLN
Diocesan Training College
MAGAZINE





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

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- 1864 Elizabeth Lowndes (Mrs. Edwards)
 1866 Alice P. Twist (Mrs. Twigg), Margaret Blair (Mrs. Collitt)
 1867 Sarah Ann Wright (Mrs. Dawber), Louisa Hamm, Mary Rawding (Mrs. Smith), Harriet Mountney (Mrs. Stallibrass)
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 1895 Frances Crombie, Alice Greening, Frances Bishell
 1896 Mary Wileman, Annie Meadows, Annie Harvey, Amy Swift, Kathleen Aviss, Rosa Hill, Alice Hill, Mary Crowther, Annie Mackridge (Mrs. Atkinson)

* 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
- 1898 Alice Falkinder, Gertrude Kenning, Marianne Thompson, Minnie Sells, Ethel Craft, Margaret Harrison, Harriet M. Conles, Jane Eggleston, Minnie Rimmington (Mrs. Russoll), Alice Dunbar, Ada Rimmington, Norah Murray, Evelina Schröder, Susannah Sargisson, Rose Naylor (Mrs. Tom Carter), Winifred Brown, Emily Ayres, Gertrude Hemsley (Mrs. Foxon), Eleanor Watpole
- 1899 Ada Brown, Lucy Maud Marrows, Bertha Wilding, Florence Howard, Margaret Hamilton Smith, Annie Amelia Harrison, Mary Ellen Lunning, Augusta Tanner, Margaret A. Glenn, Susannah Dewis, Priscilla Johnson (Mrs. Watkins), Helen M. Simons, Elizabeth Taylor, Lily A. Mottram, Ethel Rose Stapleton, Marian S. Grundy, Alethea Hildred, Edith Hillyer, Gertrude Tall, Emily Wales (Mrs. T. Wayman), Mildred Vaughan, Gertrude Goulding, Ada Miriam Johnson, Alice Child, Gertrude Stallibrass, Edith Mary Hibbitt, Grace Harlock
- 1900 Alice Mackintosh, Edith Nightingal, Grace Hemsley, Rhoda Wallis, Lucy Myers, Agnes Hornsey (Mrs. Hargreaves), Rose Knowlson, Alice Perkins, Georgina Walker, Gertrude Billett, Frances Randle, Amy Wright, Lucy Roberts, Daisy Jenner, Annie Bird, Jane Leach, Edith Newton, Edith Parkinson (Mrs. C. Gillson), Florence Yardley, Alice Shirley (Mrs. Garner), Charlotte Sheppard, Florence Scarlett
- 1901 Mary Bannister, Annie Bugg, Ethel Binrose, Beatrice Boulthée, Cerise Cameron, Ethel Cheshire, Margaret Cooper, Marion Clayton, Kate Chapple, Laura Davis, Mary Dent, Jessie Drake, Elsie Drake, Lillian France, Henrietta Griffiths, Florence Harrant, Clarice Hughes, Emma Austen, Alice Langford, Jennie Leonard, May Libby, Ethel March, Arabella Nield, Ita Peet, Elsie Piper, Elizabeth Pendlebury, Ethel Riley, 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 Clarke, 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, Evetyr Bakewell, Emily Barker, Elsie Beeching, Edith Berry, Elsie Botterill, Edith Burley, Margaret Clarke, Lillian Corbett, Mary Croasdale, Ada Doodson, Laura Enderby, Jessie Fawcett, Anelia 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

1904 Mary Anteliffe, Margaret Arscott, Bertha Bannister, Eveline Best, Emily Mary Brown, Violet Brown, Gwendoline Clapp, Frederica Clissold, Maud Collitt, Ethel Cuckson, Christine Dalgleish, Florence Davies, Ethel Dent, Lillian Dickinson, Alethea Durant, Charlotte Fenwick, Mabel Fountain, Ethel Gibbs, Edith Halliday, Mabel Hamm, Lucy Hartley, Mary Hoole, Eleanor Ives, Sarah Kenworthy, Edith Laver, Ethel Maguire, Edith Marris, Ethelind Morris, Alice Muddimer, Hilda Oliver, Mabel Pantou, Edith Parlett, Elsie Penzer, Janet Pressick, Rachel Rawnsley, Kate Richardson, Edith Sheckell, Gertrude Smith, Florence Tipping, Theodora Trotter, Rose Wade, Eva Waller, Winifred Waller, Ethel Ward, Maud Weaver, Ruth Wheatcroft, Elsie Wilkinson, Constance Williams, Emily Wood, Matilda Wood

THE PRINCIPAL'S LETTER.

DEAR STUDENTS, PAST AND PRESENT.

We have again to offer our apologies for the delay in bringing out this number of our Magazine, but, as has been our usual state during the last few years, we have not only been in the midst of preparing mental and moral bricks and mortar for the schools, but in the midst of the actual bricks and mortar for the enlargement of the College—we are getting just a bit weary of that word “enlargement,” and quite hope we shall not have to use it any more for a very long time. We think, however, that the builders and their men have been doing really wonderful work, for they began to build new schools for the girls about the end of March, and the children were in the schools by the 1st of July, and they began to pull down the old schools at the beginning of July, and to build up three stories on the site of them, and the students were occupying them on September 20th. And very well planned and well built both the school and the college buildings seem to be. We have three fine schoolrooms to hold 170 girls and a head teacher's room and ample cloak rooms, all built in the field opposite the infants' school, this last also having been much improved by a moveable partition and two windows in the roof. We have also added to the College three extra class rooms, the big room of the girls' school having a moveable partition, and over them two stories of twelve cubicles in each, and two governesses' rooms, all so arranged as to be easily got at from almost any part of the College. The students' entrance has been enlarged, and nice warm-coloured tiles laid down in place of the old flagstones, and it will have a good stove in it to keep it warm. Then there are three corridors, one above another, leading from what hitherto were the new buildings into these newer buildings. But old students will be glad to hear that now and henceforth the different blocks of buildings are to be known as follows:—The original part with the Principal's house and larger Lecture Hall is now called “Nelson” buildings; the first additions including the Dining Hall and Common Room and the Dormitories over them, “Bishop King's” buildings, and

the latest addition. "Wickham" buildings, thus perpetuating three names which all members of the College are delighted to honour, viz., Canon Nelson, Bishop King, and Dean Wickham. We are not yet free from the noise of work and workmen, but our readers will be glad to hear "We live in hope of it," and comfort ourselves with the thought that there can't be any more of it—perhaps it would be as well to add, "for the present at anyrate."

Always yours sincerely,

A. W. ROWE.

PAST STUDENTS' ADDRESSES, 1900 1901.

<i>Left in 1900.</i>	<i>Married Name or other Particulars.</i>	<i>Last known Address.</i>
Gertrude Billett	24 Valley Road, Spital, Chesterfield
Annie Burton	7 Wheeldon Street, Gainsborough
Annie Bird	125 West Parade, Lincoln
Louisa Caunt	Mrs. Joseph Martin,	St. Ippolyts, Castle Road, Bedford
Grace Hemsley	55 Mount Pleasant Road, Hastings
Daisy Jenner	St. Margaret's Schools, Uxbridge
Ann Jane Leach	16 Bank Street, Widnes, Lancashire
Rose Knowlson	St. John's Villa, 56A, King's Rd., Kingston-on-Thames
Alice Macintosh	78 Rasen Lane, Lincoln
Lucy Myers	34 Aberdeen Walk, Armley, Leeds
Edith Nightingarl..	...	Alvey School House, Sleaford
Edith Newton	10 Colegrave St., Lincoln
Edith Parkinson ...	Mrs. C. Gillson ...	Southwold Kennels, Belchford
Alice Perkins	East View, Fulbeck, Grantham
Lucy Roberts	Ivy Cottage, Ermin Road, Chester
Frances Randle	The Lodge, Bedworth
Florence Scarlett...	...	59 Harold Road, Leyton- stone, London, N.E.
Charlotte Sheppard	47 Avondale Road, Spark- hill, Birmingham
Alice Shirley ...	Mrs. T. P. Garner	Eynsham, Oxford
Grace Shacklock	2 Heskey St., Nottingham

Rhoda Wallis	2 Wellclose Place, Leeds
Georgina Walker	25 Morton Terrace, Gainsborough
Amy Wright	63 Melrose Road, Pitsmoor, Sheffield
Florence Yardley	The Church Institute, Albion Place, Leeds
Agnes Hornsey	...	Mrs. Hargreaves	Schoolhouse, West Stock- with, Gainsborough
Emily Waite	Witham Bank, Boston
	<i>Married Name or other Particulars.</i>		<i>Last known Address.</i>
<i>Left in 1901.</i>			
Mary Bannister	18 Vivian Road, Firth Park, Sheffield
Beatrice Boulton	Kelvin Villa, Cowlishaw Road, Sharrow, Sheffield
Ethel Bimrose	St. Faith's Girls' School, Lincoln
Annie Bugg	East Bight, Lincoln
Ethel Cheshire	74 Stratford Street, Dews- bury Road, Leeds
Marian Clayton	Ashdene, Norbury Moor, Nr. Stockport
Cerise Cameron	Myrtle Cottage, Barracks Road, Bexhill-on-Sea
Kate Chapple	11 Phelps Street, New Clew, Grimsby
Margaret Cooper	25 Greville Road, Walthamstow
<i>David Laura</i> Mary Dent	29 Yarborough Rd., Lincoln { c/o Mrs. Smithson, Sunnyside, Ashgate Road, Chesterfield
Jessie Drake	
Elsie Drake	
Lilian France	263 Gidlow Lane, Wigan
Henrietta Griffiths	Oakhurst, Hobmoor Road, Small Heath, Birmingham
Clarice Hughes	125 West Parade, Lincoln
Florence Harrand	53 Station Road, Darnall, Sheffield
May Libby	21, Knatchbull Road, Camberwell
Jennie Leonard	157 Ellesmere Road, Pits- moor, Sheffield
Alice Langford	108 The Chase, Nottingham
Ethel March	88 Lyndhurst Road, Peckham, S.E.
<i>Arabella Nichol</i> Elsie Piper	Training College, Lincoln

Ita Peet	95 Fentonville Street, Sharrow, Sheffield
Elizabeth Pendlebrny	73 High Street, Lincoln
Ethel Ryley	Lynton House, East Dereham
Adela Smeeton	16 Victoria Road, Upper Edmonton, London, N.
Ethel Wright	13 Alford Street, Grantham
Emma Austen	99 Milward Road, Hastings
Laura Davis	Boultham School, Lincoln
Arabella Nield	School House, St. Mary's Hill, Chester
Jessie Wilson	c/o Mrs. Robson, 46, Melville Street, Lincoln

OLD STUDENTS' PAGE.

MARRIAGES.

On April 2nd, Harry Bennett, to Sarah Elizabeth Chadwick (1893-4). 60, Lucas Street, St. John's, London, S.E.

On April 2nd at All Saints' Church, Walesby, Lincolnshire. Arthur Wilfrid White, only son of Mr and Mrs. John White, Stroud (Lincoln, 1867-8), to Mabel, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Dixon (Lincoln, 1872-3). The Chestnuts, Walesby.

On July, 5th, Francis T. Clark, to Eliza Dyson (1893-4). 80, Sydney Road, Walkley, Sheffield.

On August 9th, at St. Michael's Church, Lincoln, by the Very Rev. the Dean of Lincoln, assisted by the Rev. C. Warren, Vicar, George W. Foxon (only son of Mr. W. Foxon, of Toddington, Bedfordshire), of 147, Edmund Road, Clive Vale, Hastings, to Gertrude Mary (1897-8), eldest daughter of George and Rebecca Hemsley, Hilton Cottage, Lincoln.

On October 6th, at Astley Parish Church, by the Rev. G. J. Eustace, Tom Power Garner, to Alice Mary Shirley (1899-1900). Eynsham, Oxford.

* * *

BIRTH.

At 145, Middleton Road, Royton, Oldham, on October 8th, to Kershaw and May Hadfield (May Kent, 1892-3), a daughter, Annie.

* * *

RE-APPOINTMENTS.

Miss Gertrude Baguley, Maperton, Wincanton, Somerset Head.

Miss Rhoda Wallis, Pupil Teachers' Centre, Leeds. Assistant.

Miss Laura Enderby, Attleboro, Norfolk. Head.

Miss Marian Clayton, Varna Street, Higher Openshaw, Manchester. Assistant.

Miss Cerise Cameron, Lynwood, Market Rasen. Head.

Miss Annie Porter, New Bilton Council Schools. Infant Department. Head.

Miss Lilian Underhill, Honiton Clyst, Devon. Head.

Miss Annie Farrar, Council School, Mansfield. Assistant.

Miss Clarice Hughes, S. Swithin's High-class Elementary, Lincoln. Head.

* * *

At a meeting of the Governors of the Lincoln Grammar School, held on July 22nd, a leaving Scholarship of £60 a year for four years, to the University of Oxford or Cambridge, was awarded to Godfrey Hamilton Hemsley, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Hemsley, of Hilton Cottage, Lincoln.

* * *

RE-UNION OF LINCOLN STUDENTS AT PORTSMOUTH.

Through the initiative of Miss Selvage, the former Lincoln students attending the Portsmouth Conference, met for tea at the "Sandringham," Southsea, on Tuesday afternoon. Although comparatively few were present, the meeting was in every respect an enjoyable one. Those present included Mrs. Edwards (E. Lowndes), Oldham; Mrs. Elenor, Winchester; Mrs. Shelton (S. Thorpe), New Brompton; Mrs. Williams (E. Satchell), Nottingham; Miss Conway, Liverpool; Miss Dix, Coventry; Miss Greaves, Oldham; Miss Selvage, Hainton (Member of the Executive). The visitors were Miss Williams (Executive), and Miss Williams, Droitwich. Apologies for absence were received from Mrs. Helliwell (L. Thomas), and Miss Hamblett.

* * *

THE NORTH NOTTS. MUSICAL COMPETITION.

BY AN OLD STUDENT.

The North Notts. Musical Competition, the first effort of the kind made in this county, took place in the Retford Town Hall, on the 9th and 10th of May. The movement was set on foot by the Mayoress of East Retford, Mrs. Herbert Peake, for the purpose of cultivating good music, and of brightening village life, especially during the winter months.

The first day was given over to the Junior Competitions, which included songs for school choirs, school rounds, vocal duets and trios, sight tests, and violin and 'cello solos.

The first performance was a unison song, "Stars that on your wondrous way" (Stainer), for very small schools. Next came a unison song for somewhat larger schools, "Where the bee sucks, there lurk I" (Dr. Arne's setting). The winners of the first prize and challenge banner in this class were the Rampton school children, trained by Miss Mary Dent, an old Lincoln student of great musical ability. The judge (Dr. McNaught) pointed out that this song introduced the important question of

rhythm which was often neglected and allowed to take its course, with the result that it became "stodgy." He also remarked that this song should be learnt by every school child; it calls for a light, tripping style of execution, and when properly rendered, makes people smile. The Rampton competitors were praised for "unity of attack, light and dainty rhythm, and a joyous eagerness of style."

Then followed a two-part song for larger schools, "All among the barley" (Stirling, arranged by McNaught). The second prize was won by the East Retford National Girls, trained by Miss Annie Meadows, an old Lincoln student. Dr. McNaught referred appreciatively to the "bright and eager style," and said the girls had been "admirably trained."

The next item was a school round, "All nature smiles" (Arnold), the first prize and challenge banner being awarded to the East Retford National Girls. The judge strongly recommended the practice of round singing, as a great deal of interest could be evolved from it, and it is a distinct acquisition in helping part-singing.

Then came one of the most important tests in the programme, sight-singing in Tonic-Sol-Fah and Staff Notation, from black-board or printed tests, two exercises in unison and one in two parts. The afternoon was devoted to the prize giving and children's concert. The challenge banners, prizes, and certificates were presented by Lady Gertrude Foljambe, and the concert consisted of all the competition songs rendered by the winners of each class; also two combined pieces sung by over 250 children—"Wynken, Blynken, and Nod" (Macdonald), and the two-part song, "The May-bells and the flowers" (Mendelssohn). Dr. MacNaught congratulated teachers and children, and gave the former some valuable hints and much encouragement. The children then enjoyed a tea kindly provided by the Mayor.

The second day was devoted to the senior competitions, including performances by town and village choirs and choral societies, and also instrumental competitions. The items included "Wanderer's Night Song" (Rubinstein), "The Nightingale" quartette (Mendelssohn), "Who is Sylvia," quartette (Ed. Germau), "Windlass Song" (W. Macfarren), "Softly fall the shades of evening" (Halton), "Orpheus with his lute" (G. Macfarren), "It comes from the misty ages" (Elgar), "Shepherds all and Maidens fair" (Macfarren) "Be not afraid" (Mendelssohn's "Elijah"), and several anthems for the Church choirs.

The great events of the evening were the distribution of prizes by Her Grace the Duchess of Portland, and the concert by the winners of the adult competitions. The judge commented on the good influence which these competitions have on the musical life of the country; he told the audience some of the singing he had heard was very good, and some was "awful," and pointed out

the need of improvement in the method of voice production. An interesting speech followed by the Duke of Portland, who said he regarded choral singing as a sure way of stimulating enthusiasm and love of music, as it may be cultivated, for the enhancement and beautifying of our lives. He congratulated all concerned on the splendid success of their efforts, and placed at their disposal for another year the Welbeck Riding School, as the accommodation of the Town-hall was inadequate for the occasion. The combined pieces were rendered by about 800 voices, under the able conductorship of Mr. F. Hatchard, President of the Yorkshire Competitions. The proceedings closed with Costa's rendering of the National Anthem by the combined choirs. Thus a most delightful experience came to an end, even the most unmusical part of the audience having profited by the witty and instructive remarks of Dr. McNaught, who possesses the art of criticising without giving offence.

If this account savours too much of the doings of two Lincoln students, I shall make the same apology to Miss Elwell as the Kaffir girl did when writing to tell me of her successes:—"It is no blowing of my own trumpet, Missie, as it is all your fault!" So we try to pass on to others, in some small measure, the love of music which formed such a pleasant feature in our life at "dear old Lincoln College."

ANNIE MEADOWS.

* * *

LETTER FROM MISS GRACE HARLOCK.

S. Matthew's College, viâ King William's Town, C.C.,
Sept. 12th, 1904.

Dear Miss Elwell,—If you consider the following scribble worthy of the College Magazine, please use it—alter anything you like if you insert it. I hope you are all well, and just starting with a nice new set of First Years. Please tell Canon Rowe I continue to thoroughly enjoy my work here. My eighteen native girls who are working for the First Year P.T. Exam., are most interesting, but, poor things! the majority must fail, for their knowledge of English is so limited that they cannot put down even what they knew.—Yours affectionately,

GRACE HARLOCK.

A Visit to Kimberley.—Kimberley is one of the few historical towns of Cape Colony, and in appearance it certainly is not worthy of the designation. Imagine a collection of corrugated iron one-storied bungalows, with stoeps around them: here and there a startlingly-new red-brick European building, red-soiled roads lined with pepper trees, untidy-looking debris heaps of a white kind of earth which is left after the diamonds, &c. have been washed from

it, and several monster collections of hideous machinery at the mouths of the mines. All this is surrounded by miles of flat open country; far away in the distance one sees a few kopjes from which the Boers shelled the town during the siege. One is amazed to find the world-famed diamond town so sleepy and quiet. Yet the sun sets on what sounds so ugly in his most majestic style with glorious colouring as if he wished to show the contrast between man's work and nature's. Everybody seems to be "something in the mines," it reeks of "Beers," which here apparently have a beneficial effect upon all who imbibe. I should fancy they must be ideal employers of labour, for all seem to have good wages with many benefits.

My first "miney" visit was to a native compound. In these four or five compounds live about 11,000 natives, who do all the hardest work in the mines. They agree to work eight hours daily for three or four months, during which time they must not leave the mines. The whole compound I visited was under wire netting to prevent diamonds being thrown out to outside friends. Before the natives leave the compound they are well searched, for they hide diamonds so cleverly in their teeth and hair, and now are forbidden to carry out boots, for they used to hide the stones in the soles. The natives work chiefly in the electric-lighted well-ventilated tunnels, digging and pickaxing out the blue ground containing diamonds and putting it into trolleys. For this work they receive 25/- per week, and with extra work they can easily make as much as £3 per week. The trolleys run by cable out to the floors, which are large pieces of ground where the blue ground is spread out, and left for weeks or months for the atmosphere to pulverize. Trolleys carry it to the crushing and washing machines, which are very interesting to watch. Then the small heavier soil containing the precious stones is carried to the pulsators. Here the soil is washed over sloping boards well greased with anti-friction yellow-looking grease. The uppermost board is protected by a netting frame, for directly the diamonds reach the grease they stick in it, and so are easily picked out. The man in charge lifted up the wire netting, and I counted about twenty diamonds on about a foot of greased board. They are then taken to the sorting office. From a white paper packet, looking like a $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of tea, we were shown a day's washing from one mine, valued roughly at about £400. Those stones which were partly sorted were in common little tin boxes. One sorter shovelled a lot of diamonds into a little saucepan and placed it on a stove to get the grease off them. One just felt fascinated by it all, and gazed at the heaps of diamonds and slowly realised that because so much labour, care, and thought had been expended a wonderful result was obtained. A result which looked small in bulk, was of endless variety, where small stones of good colour and without flaws were of greater value, yet where each one was so beautifully pure, and full of endless possibilities

in the future from the hands of the final cutter and polisher, and thus pondering one felt refreshed once again by a parable from nature.

At the head office I saw £10,000 worth which were in a case ready for the Kimberley Industrial Exhibition. Here, too, they showed us a case of diamonds of various colours, yellow, bluey-green, and pink, which were very lovely. Nearly all the cutting is done in Amsterdam.

* * *

We are sure that the idea of having a special "breaking-up" song of our own written by an old Lincolnian, will be welcomed by Lincoln students. Mrs. Hemsley, in sending the song, writes: "Some months ago, I saw some American words 'built up' on three Greek letters; they fitted the tune "Auld Lang Syne," and one line of the chorus, "The garnet and the blue," filled me with a desire to do something on the lines of the same "Auld Lang Syne" for the "Lincoln Green and Blue" of our Training College. So there it is:—

BREAKING-UP SONG TO THE TUNE OF "AULD LANG SYNE."

THE LINCOLN GREEN AND BLUE.

Good sisters in community
 Grasp firm each other's hand,
 And pledge within your hearts anew
 In loyal faith to stand.
 By our Lincoln Green and Blue, girls,
 And keep its honour bright,
 For all our aims and all our laws
 Are founded in the right.

CHORUS.

For our Lincoln Green and Blue, dears,
 The Lincoln Green and Blue,
 We'll ne'er forget when first we met
 Our Alma Mater true.

We've met together once again,
 But those who meet must part,
 Let's pledge our troth to Lincoln, girls,
 With hand upon the heart;
 And as we sing our parting-song,
 A link in every line,
 Shall join the mem'ries of to-night
 With those of "Auld Lang Syne."
 For our Lincoln, &c.

WHITSUNTIDE RE-UNION 1904.

" We may build more splendid habitations,
Fill our rooms with paintings and with sculptures,
But we cannot buy with gold the old associations."

These few lines express the feelings of " Old " Lincoln Students, who, favoured by propitious weather, spent three delightful days amongst the old surroundings.

The new Practising Schools were certainly standing half finished in our old Hockey Field, but what matter? the place was still the same. During the afternoon of Saturday, the citizens of Lincoln were possibly somewhat surprised at the enthusiastic welcome with which one old student would welcome another, as they met on their way from the station. In the evening the visitors were received by our much-respected Principal in the common room, and in spite of the lively hubbub, all hearts went out in sympathy to him as they thought of his recent great bereavement. Mrs. Rowe will always be among the happy memories of " Lincoln Days."

Miss Aughtie was the only one of the late governesses who was present at the Re-union, and there were many regrets at the absence of the others. Miss Aughtie was in truly festive spirits, and we are not surprised at this, since we have learned how she was keeping a secret. Old Students are invited to forward their congratulations without delay, for it will be remembered by all that Miss Aughtie preferred everything to be done " straight away at once " In the course of the evening, Mr. Dunkerton, to the great delight of old students, sang the old favourite, " Come into the garden, Maud."

Sunday morning saw a large number of College Students, past and present, at early service in the Cathedral, when the Bishop (a very dear association of Lincoln days) celebrated. The day turned out warm and pleasant, and it was just like old times to see the students trooping off to morning prayer. In the afternoon the grounds might have been taken for the original of Tennyson's picture in the " Princess." Students were to be seen everywhere in twos and threes conversing on different topics, but chiefly, it may be supposed, indulging in reminiscences of College. The bell, that faithful friend to all students, summoned the visitors and second years to afternoon tea in the lecture hall. This room was prettily decorated, and the ingenuity of the students who designed and executed the College shields, was greatly admired. In the evening, by careful manipulation, everybody was enabled to attend the chapel service. The anthem solo, " Come, Holy Ghost," was beautifully rendered by Sarah Kenworthy, and the singing throughout showed how greatly the service was appreciated and entered into.

Great excitement prevailed amongst students and visitors assembled early on Monday morning in the recreation ground. "Old Students" thought they might this year, get a "look in," in spite of a strong home team, but, alas, they were ignominiously beaten. It might, however, be casually mentioned that the home team were at an advantage, for visiting dresses are not conducive to smart running and fielding, to say nothing of bowling. The young team were most vigorous in the applause of their "bats," and boundaries were quite common. A remarkable combination of business and pleasure followed. The examination of the students in singing by Dr Somervell began on Monday afternoon. The earlier part of the programme consisted of selections from standard composers, national songs, and Pergolesi's "Stabat Mater." The solo parts in the "Stabat Mater" were excellently well taken by Sarah Kenworthy, Emily Wood, Christine Dalglish, Winifred Waller, and Theodora Trotter. The music to the mysterious words left behind it a feeling akin to awe—a solemn impressiveness which cannot be described.

After tea the programme was completed by the performance of one of Dr. Somervell's operettas, entitled "Princess Zara." The King and Prince Florizel, consigned to the kitchen as cooks, by the Princess Zara, were most amusing, and the entrance of the witches made this scene extremely laughable. The Butterfly Queen and her ganzy followers were great favourites.

Dr. Somervell's report on the choral singing is perhaps the best commentary on the musical performances:—

"I was delighted, as is usually the case at Lincoln, with the quality of the music prepared for the inspection (we will make an exception of the evening's music*), and hardly know whether to praise more the way in which the difficult music of the "Stabat Mater" was tackled, or the fresh singing of the songs by the juniors. Such music must have an appreciative effect upon their choice of music as teachers."

Supper in the Girls' Practising School followed, and of course, everybody, as Canon Rowe expressed it, turned into a mutual admiration society. The room had been decorated by the First Year Students in a most artistic manner, with leaves, flowers, banners, and suspended Chinese umbrellas, while the tables were loaded with all kinds of dainty, appetising dishes. The finishing touches were afforded by the pretty dresses, and the scene was one to be remembered. The Principal expressed his pleasure in welcoming back so many of his "family," and referred to a probable further enlargement of the College. Supper ended, everybody adjourned to the Common Room, where, after some time spent in pleasant conversation, "Auld Lang Syne," was sung with great heartiness. The newest of the Old Students, representatives of

* Dr. Somervell's own operetta, "Princess Zara."

the 'noble 63.' took leave of one another by singing "Auld Lang Syne" again in the First Year Class Room, with a vigour which showed that their energy was in no way lessened. So ended, all too soon, the delightful Re-union, for which we wish we could adequately thank the Principal, Miss Elwell, and everyone who enabled us to spend so happy a time. "Two of the 63."

The following Old Students were present :

1866. Mrs. Collitt (Margaret Blair).
 1867. Miss Louisa Hamm.
 1868. Mrs. Hemsley (Rebecca Haynes).
 1871. Mrs. Howe (Alice Kent).
 1882. Miss Jessie Bourne.
 1889. Mrs. F. H. Lea (Annie Churm), Miss Marian Stansfeld.
 1890. Mrs. Thickett (Mary A. Jones), Misses Florence Aughtie, Kate Barker, Ada Pepperdine, Mary Heape.
 1891. Mrs. Shakleton (Amelia Sutcliffe), Mrs. A. E. Taylor (Emily Mayall), Misses Bertha Robertson, Clara Taylor, Emily Whetton.
 1892. Miss Clara Kitchen, Miss Kathleen Huddleston.
 1893. Miss Gertrude Radford.
 1895. Miss Frances Bishell.
 1896. Miss Annie Harvey.
 1898. Misses Emily Ayres, Winifred Brown.
 1899. Misses Mary Lamming, Ethel Stapleton.
 1900. Misses Annie Bird, Alice Mackintosh, Edith Newton, Daisy Jenner.
 1901. Misses Ethel Bemrose, Annie Bugg, Clarice Hughes, Alice Langford, Elizabeth Pendlebury, Elsie Piper, Mary Dent.
 1902. Miss Mary Arscott, Edith Barker, Phæbe Bury, Eleanor Donson, Maud Johnson, May Hulse, Marjorie Mullins, Margaret Partridge, Alice Smith, Nellie Smith, Ethel Radford, Kate Webb.
 1903. Misses Ada Ashton, Edith Berry, Elsie Beeching, Elsie Botterill, Margaret Clarke, Lillian Corbett, Mary Croasdale, Ada Doodson, Laura Enderby, Amelia Gascoigne, Irene Gelsthorpe, Rosa Gouldthorpe, Jennie Hendry, Margaret Heritage, Julia Jarvis, Beatrice Leighton, Gertrude Machan, Helen Marden, Agnes Marriott, Edith Millard, Elsie Newill, Edith Norris, Ethel Ogden, Jennie Pollard, Gertrude Salt, Emily Shead, Christine Skinner, Celia Smith, Eleanor Stewart, Florence Stephenson, Margaret Toulmin, Annie Turner, Annie Waugh, Frances Wilkinson, Florence Williams.

PRIZE DAY.

Re-printed from the "Lincoln Gazette."

PRIZE PRESENTATION BY THE BISHOP.

THE distribution of prizes gained during the year by the students attending the Diocesan Training College at Lincoln, took place on June 25th, at the College, the Lord Bishop of the Diocese (Dr. King) again presiding over a large attendance.

A comparatively short time ago considerable structural alterations were carried out at the Diocesan Training College, by which the admission of many additional students was made possible, and now further alterations are taking place by which more day students may be admitted. Nothing could afford more striking evidence of the increasing popularity and usefulness of the institution. There is only one point as to which it is possible to even suggest criticism, and a little consideration at once displaces it. The home life has long been the chief characteristic of the College, and any interference with this would certainly be deplored. But with Canon Rowe at the head of affairs it is quite unlikely this will happen, and one therefore welcomes the additions as likely to add materially to the ever-growing utility of the College. The prize distribution on Saturday again displayed the kindly interest of the Bishop in the welfare of the College, and everyone who knows his lordship's influence over the students would be sorry to see any change from the usual custom of inviting Dr. King to present the prizes.

Amongst those who had accepted invitations to attend were the Very Rev. the Dean of Lincoln, Mrs. and Miss Wickham, Rev. the Sub-dean of Lincoln and Mrs. Leeke, Rev. J. Potts, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Garfit, Rev. E. and Mrs. Akenhead, Canon Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. Hallowes, Rev. H. T. and Mrs. Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. Adams, Rev. A. Curtois, Rev. Canon and Mrs. Wharton, Rev. Canon. Mrs., and Miss Leigh Bennett, Rev. E. and Mrs. Giles, Rev. C. and Mrs. Warren, Rev. Canon, Mrs., and Miss Matthew, the Misses Clements, Rev. C. H. and Mrs. Scott, Rev. A. and Mrs. Williams, Rev. J. S., Mrs., and Miss Swan, Mr. and Mrs. Fox, the Misses Young, the Misses Boothby, Major and Mrs. Williams, Miss Watson, Mr. and Mrs. Dunkerton, Rev. J. and Miss Kaye, Miss C. Marshall, Miss Kaye, the Misses Latham, Mrs. and Miss Ashley, Miss Coates, Mrs. Balfour Kinnear, Col. and Mrs. Purves, Dr. and Mrs. Stitt Thomson, Mrs. Bennett, the Misses Footman, Mrs. and Miss L. Burton, Mr. and Mrs. Moule, Miss Vaughan, Miss Aughtie, Mrs. Robinson, Mrs. and Miss De Foe Baker, Mr. and Mrs. C. Newsum, the Misses Townsend, Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Brook, Mrs. Cant, Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Marshall, Mr. and Mrs. G. Lowe, Mrs. Reade, Miss Mear, Mrs. and Miss Kennedy, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, Mr. and Miss Panton, Miss

Roome, Miss Epton, Miss Birkett, Mr. and Mrs. Wade, Miss Wilkinson, Mrs. King, Mrs. Sparke, Mrs. Cowburn, Dr. and Mrs. Lambert, Mr. and Mrs. Dunn, Mrs. Turnour, Mr. and Mrs. Stallibrass, Mrs. Oliver, Miss Ashburner, Miss Garrett, Mr. and Mrs. Whitton, Col. and Miss Williams, Mrs. Hemsley, Miss Bellamy, Miss Broadhurst, Miss Nelson, Miss Hyett, Miss Lamb, Mr. and Mrs. Dickinson, Mrs. and Miss Vaughan, and many past students.

At the outset the Principal (Canon Rowe) thanked the Bishop for his goodness in attending, and said that at the present, especially when there was so much undefined teaching and perhaps mere sentiment taught, in the place of real teaching, it was more necessary it should be felt that the Colleges were trying to perform definite and decided work. Church Colleges were a far greater power in the nation than was usually thought, for they sent out from those Training Colleges these who moulded the character of the future rulers of England. (Hear, hear.) They had sent out from that College fifty this year, and they would go forth as Churchwomen, in the feeling that they had to be true and loyal to the teaching given them. Canon Rowe passed on to deprecate too many subjects for the teachers to undertake, and said they wanted good, sensible, high-toned women as teachers in our schools, and he was glad to hear that the teachers from that College did bear that character. (Applause.)

The Lord Bishop then presented the prizes to the successful students. Subsequently he addressed the students, and said what we wanted was the good true seed that might increase rapidly and so bring about the best result. There had been, he did not know whether to call it disease or the result of disease, but a good deal of rottenness round about education. What he was anxious about at the present time was that they should do their very best to preserve the true seed, and there was nothing more important to them when they were going out than that they should really try and see for themselves what was really the true seed, the seed that would in the future bring a real, lasting, valuable crop. It was because he gratefully believed that in that College the good seed was preserved that he felt it such a privilege and pleasure to come. He wanted to express his gratitude to the Church of England teachers who in these days had given themselves especially to the preservation of the true and good seed of the Word. They had done this with great self-sacrifice. They had worked in buildings which were not nearly so good as the buildings of other schools into which they might have gone if they had chosen; they had often had to work at lower salaries than people had received in other schools; they had had to work with less efficient staffs than had been found elsewhere. Many and many a true Church of England teacher had worked with that real self-sacrificing spirit, and he, as the Bishop of the Diocese, wished to express his thank-

fulness to them. It was to teachers who would see what the real value of the true seed was, and, whatever happened, would see to the planting of it, that he looked for the good education of our country. They knew very well that that meant that they must do their very best to see that, as a matter of justice, the Church of England ought to have the full advantage of what was called the denominational system. (Applause.) Other people had had it, the Jews had it given to them, and the Roman Catholics had it given to them and why should not the Church of England have the same justice meted out to her? (Hear, hear.) He wanted no shaped, narrow-drawn sectarian line, but he wanted to say most earnestly, he thought one of the greatest, if not the greatest, danger to them in the present day was the attempt to win others by cutting away that seed which had been given to them—he meant the danger of giving up that definite denominational truth which they of the Church of England had received, and dropping down to what was known as undenominationalism. The Bishop, in conclusion, paid a marked tribute to the work of the Principal, Miss Elwell, and the staff.

The Dean mentioned the fact, that in order that the twenty students lodging outside might have the full benefit of the college life, they had built new dormitories. There was the opportunity through the local authorities to help in the training of teachers, and they were earnestly hoping the local authorities would take the matter up. There were many in and near Lincoln who desired training. They had got possession of the girls' practising school, and would be enabled to take in fifty students for the purpose of teaching, besides those who would be lodged in the College. If the local authority would now start one or two hostels they would have the doors of the institution open to them as wide as possible. They would have all the secular training and as much as they liked of the general life of the College.

On the motion of Canon Hodgkinson, seconded by Sub dean Leeke, a vote of thanks was accorded to the Bishop, and afterwards tea was partaken of.

PRIZE LIST, 1904.

SECOND YEAR.

<i>Religious Knowledge.</i>	<i>The Bishop's Prize.</i>				
Rose Wade	Smith's Historical Geography of the Holy Land. Cathedrals and Abbeys.			
<i>Canon Lewis's Prize.</i>					
Gertrude Smith	Edersheim's Life and Times of the Messiah.			
<i>First Class.</i>					
Elsie Wilkinson	Palestine, Past and Present.			
Lillian Dickinson	" " " "			
Mabel Fountain	" " " "			
Hilda Oliver	" " " "			
Maude Collitt	" " " "			
Ethel Gibbs	" " " "			

<i>First Class.</i>		
Ethel Cuckson	Palestine Past and Present.
Eleanor Ives	" " " "
Matilda Wood	Life of S. Paul
Rachel Rawnsley	Palestine, Past and Present.
Winifred Waller	" " " "
<i>Reading. The Subdean's Prize.</i>		
Edith Sheckell	Shakespeare in case.
<i>Recitation.</i>		
Florence Tipping	Scott.
<i>Teaching. Miss Melville's Prize.</i>		
Mabel Panton	Pen and Pencil Sketches. 3 vols.
Hilda Oliver	World's Classics 5 vols.
<i>Theory of Teaching.</i>		
Mabel Fountain	Tennyson.
<i>History. The Chancellor's Prize.</i>		
Winifred Waller	English Men of Letters, 10 vols.
<i>Geography.</i>		
Lilian Dickinson..	Pen and Pencil Sketches. 3 vols.
<i>Mathematics.</i>		
Lilian Dickinson..	Companion to English History. Scott.
<i>Needlework.</i>		
Gertrude Smith	Shelley.
<i>Music.</i>		
Eleanor Ives	Chopin's Nocturnes; Mozart's Sonatas.
<i>Miss Elwell's Prize.</i>		
Mabel Panton	Songs of England. 2 vols.
<i>Composition.</i>		
Charlotte Fenwick	Scott.
<i>English Literature. Mr. Shuttleworth's Prize.</i>		
Winifred Waller	Shakespeare in case.
<i>French.</i>		
Hilda Oliver	Ruskin. 3 vols.
<i>Domestic Economy.</i>		
Violet Brown	Tennyson.
<i>Science.</i>		
Lilian Dickinson	School of the Woods. 2 vols.
<i>Nature Study.</i>		
Ethel Gibbs	School of the Woods.
Sarah Kenworthy	" " " "
<i>Blackboard Drawing.</i>		
Gertrude Smith	E. B. Browning.
<i>Illustrations.</i>		
Constance Williams	School of the Woods.
<i>General Knowledge. The Principal's Prize.</i>		
Lilian Dickinson..	Sights and Scenes in England and Wales.
<i>Position Prize.</i>		
Gertrude Smith	World's Classics. 10 vols.
<i>Oxford University Extension Lecture Prizes.</i>		
<i>Literature</i>		
Lilian Dickinson..	Shakespeare.
<i>History</i>		
Gertrude Smith	Tennyson.

DORMITORY PRIZES.

<i>Dormitory</i> —Lower Five Room Prefects {	Mabel Fountain	Picture
		Florence Tipping	
<i>Cubicle</i>	Florence Tipping	Picture

FIRST YEAR.

<i>Religious Knowledge.</i>	<i>The Dean's Prize.</i>		
Ellen Hornsby	Cathedrals and Abbeys. 2 vols.
<i>First Class.</i>			
Rose Mawer	Farrar's Life of S. Paul.
Ethel Heslop	" " " " "
Madeline Reader	" " " " "
Elizabeth Bailey	" " " " "
Eva Hinton	" " " " "
Gertrude Sivil	" " " " "
Ethel Brickell	" " " " "
Margaret Jones	" " " " "
Laura Mann	" " " " "
Ida Hartley	" " " " "
Mabel Househam	" " " " "
Elizabeth Bunting	" " " " "
Charlotte Langford	" " " " "
Lilian Rosson	Palestine, Past and Present.
Mabel Noble	Farrar's Life of S. Paul.
Isabel Rigby	" " " " "
<i>General Knowledge.</i>			
Rose Mawer	Sights and Scenes in England and Wales

A SPRING HOLIDAY IN ITALY.

FIRST PAPER.

To start from the *College* for the Continent was a new, but by no means an unpleasing experience, for though the enthusiastic send-off *might* mean that our pupils were very glad to get rid of us, still there was a possibility that it might only mean that the departure of Miss Elwell and myself heralded their own.

A restful night in London *en route* for Folkestone prepared us well for the fatigues of the long journey to follow, and Tuesday morning found us at Charing Cross in good time for the boat train, which was due to leave at 10-0 a.m. The two-and-a-half hours' transit to Folkestone and the (to us) unwelcome little sea voyage to Boulogne were soon over, and the long journey through France was begun. Towards seven o'clock in the evening we alighted at the Gare du Nord, Paris, a station of which we have by no means pleasant recollections—to stand first on one foot, then on the other, and sometimes for a further change on both, for a whole hour-and-a-half makes one a little dissatisfied with one's surroundings—seats on the platform of some foreign stations appear to be a rare luxury. To have been led to expect dinner about half-past seven and partake of it about ten p.m. leaves even the most ardent traveller slightly *désillusionné*. Like other people, we were both very wise after the event, and decided that to have taken a cab on our own responsibility and driven off at once to the Gare du Lyon (and to our dinner) would have been far better for our health and spirits than waiting for a

tardy connection by the Ceinture railway, and then travelling at a rate which the slowest walker of the company could easily have outstripped.

By 10.25 p.m. our Paris woes were over, and we were comfortably installed in the train direct for Turin, with a prospect of an uninterrupted journey of about seventeen hours. During the long hours of the night, our remarkably steady-going *express* steamed on and on past numberless small stations until in the early dawn Dijon was reached, and a fairly long stoppage made. Shortly after six a.m., we arrived at the Culoz junction for Geneva, then after crossing the wide Rhone, we entered beautiful Savoy, and ran due south along the eastern shore of the narrow but charming Lac du Bourget. Here we were favoured with a passing glimpse of the famous health resort, Aix-les-Bains. Already the lower slopes of the Savoy and Dauphiné Alps were well in view, and henceforward the morning journey lay first up the valley of the Isère, and then along that of its affluent, the Arc, which led us through a succession of mountain valleys, alternating with wild ravines and gloomy gorges. As we steadily but surely ascended the bold flanks of these magnificent mountains, the ever-increasing altitude permitted wonderful visions of snow-clad groups of mountains and leaping cataracts.

As Modane is the seat of the French and Italian customs, a stop of almost fifteen minutes was made, which gave all the hungry travellers time to rush to the buffet for a hurried but welcome *café complet*. A blinding snowstorm formed a fitting greeting to these altitudes, and was at least a change from the pouring rain which had faithfully accompanied us since before midnight. The run of eight miles through the famous but misnamed Mount Cenis tunnel took about thirty-six minutes (instead of the advertised twenty-five), during which time we had several "search-light" glimpses of daylight which were so sudden and unexpected as to be almost uncanny. The unnatural highroad that man has here carved out for himself *through* the gigantic mass of the Pointe de Fréjus (Mount Cenis lies some miles to the east), took us over the French frontier and deposited us in Italy, the Arc valley and steep slopes of the Rhone basin being exchanged for the Dora Riparia and the gentler incline of this far extremity of the Po basin.

No sooner did we find ourselves on Italian soil, than the optimistic surmises as to a transformation in weather as well as in scenery, found a happy realisation; in place of rain, glorious sunshine and blue skies here awaited us—the real Italian blue skies that we had come so far to see. Thenceforward the journey was one long feast of enchanting views, wondrous combinations of snowy peaks, brown rocks, dark forests, foaming cascades, green valleys, and nestling villages. Hour after hour, the silvery waters of the Dora Riparia led us on, guiding us

down the lower slopes of the mountains, to the wide-spreading Plain of Lombardy, then on again through miles of green meadow land, chequered with a net-work of narrow irrigation channels, and endless rows of mulberry trees. From time to time the deep pink blossom of the peach trees added an exquisitely rosy touch of colour to the already beautiful landscape. About three p.m. on Wednesday, we alighted on the platform at Turin, and drove through the handsome streets of that city to the Hôtel de l'Europe, from the windows of which we had a fine view of the Royal Palace on the opposite side of the square. In about an hour we were sufficiently refreshed to make a little tour of the main thoroughfares, and were much struck by their unusual width—space seems by no means a luxury in this busy town—by the magnificence of the shops along the Arcade and elsewhere, but most of all by the glorious view of the distant Alps, from the summit of a neighbouring hill.

A night in the corner of a railway carriage has a wonderful effect in helping one's appreciation of the benefits and advantages of an entirely recumbent posture, on a comfortable modern bed, and if we had only been allowed, we would willingly have given ampler proof of such appreciation, but, alas! trains never wait, and our destination was still a day beyond us. By 8.40 we were once more *en route*, this time for Genoa la Superba, and thoughts of fatigue were soon forgotten in the burst of admiration called forth by the imposing panorama unrolled before our eyes. No lesser elevations intervene to dwarf the impressions of height conveyed to the eye by the grand semi-circle of the snow-clad Alps, for the display of whose majestic proportions no better foreground could be imagined than the unbroken flatness of the great Lombard plain. Conspicuously dominating the whole of this western curve of the great Alpine range stands the noble form of Monte Viso, by whose extraordinary resemblance to the striking outline of the Matterhorn, lovers of the Swiss Alps cannot fail to be attracted. A succession of some twenty-two short tunnels helped us to make our way through the coast range to Genoa, of whose beauties we saw little beyond the fine amphitheatre of hills on which the town is built, and the splendid curve of her beautiful bay—and yet this marked an epoch indeed in our travels, for here we gazed for the first time on the blue Mediterranean itself! The journey from Genoa along the Levantine Riviera to Pisa more than satisfied our extravagant expectations—the incessant tunnels which forced us to play hide and seek with the sunny Mediterranean, with the charming coves shut in by bold promontories of fantastically-shaped rocks and precipitous cliffs, with the groves of olives, oranges, and lemons, which luxuriantly clothe these favoured southern slopes, with the multi-coloured villas and cottages, were perhaps the only drawback. Occasional détours

behind the hills gave us wonderful opportunities of realising the effects of a southern aspect and proximity of the sea combined, for there, the olives, oranges, and palms which this combination made possible, had to give way to the more hardy mulberry and chestnut. For the first time in our lives we enjoyed the unique pleasure of buying freshly-plucked oranges at the picturesque railway stations. Having spent a long afternoon in the enjoyment of the beauties of this marvellous coast, we found the monotonous level of a marshy plain rather restful to our tired eyes, but suddenly the well-known and easily-recognised Leaning Tower, Cathedral, and Baptistery of Pisa appeared clearly outlined against the blue sky, and in an eager attempt to verify or correct early impressions of this famous marble group, our flagging spirits revived. At Pisa we separated from the Rome party, and turning east, pursued our journey up the Arno valley to Florence.

The pandemonium into which we descended at Florence station at eight p.m. would have been alarming had it not been for the kind services of the very skilful guide awaiting us there. In an incredibly short time we were piloted through the chattering crowd and put into carriages *en route* for the hotel. Whether it was the gay spirits of the Florentines and visitors who appeared to have come *en masse* to meet the train, or whether it was the balmy Italian air, I cannot tell, but undoubtedly a subtle something took possession of us during that evening ride—a something that intensified our ordinary capacities for enjoyment—a something that was almost an intoxication of our sober British minds. A turn in the street unexpectedly revealed to us the imposing outlines of the Duomo—no need to ask the driver for confirmation of our involuntary assertion that it was the Duomo—no other building could lay claim to so vast a dome; besides, the gleaming marbles were an added proof, if such were necessary. Yet again we saw and felt that we had been transplanted to a southern clime, for where else could polished marble retain that dazzling whiteness?

Our conductor proved a most admirable lecturer, and his very apparent love of art made him a most fitting exponent of the treasures of this historic city. The exquisitely humorous touches that lightened and brightened all his descriptions, fascinated even the non-artistic part of his audience, and dulness was a thing undreamt of.

The "church-going" of *all* Florentines has ever begun in the Baptistery—the mother-church in which every baby in the city is baptized—so naturally our acquaintance with Florentine churches began here, too; seated under the domed roof that was Brunelleschi's model for the masterpiece with which he crowned the Cathedral, we listened eagerly to a rapid sketch of the history of this ancient edifice. The well-known story of Ghiberti's suc-

cess in the famous competition for designs for two bronze gates acquired a new interest through being narrated as a prelude to a close inspection of his wonderful piece of workmanship. We could not but ask each other how such an extraordinary amount of perfect detail as here illustrates some of the chief events of the Old Testament could have been accomplished by casting in bronze! No wonder Michael Angelo thought the gates fit entrance for Paradise. Verily Florence has reasons to be proud of "the achievements of her gifted sons."

Giotto's Campanile, the glory of Florence, and the recently (1887) completed western façade of the Duomo, next claimed our attention, and again our thoughts involuntarily took an interrogative form. How could modern builders make it harmonize so perfectly with the beautiful Campanile that to the casual observer the date of construction seems to be one and the same? And again, how could the polished white, black, and pink marbles of Giotto's masterpiece so resist the weathering of nearly six centuries as to rival in freshness the work of yesterday? Evidently the monuments of Florence know nothing of the rigours of a northern clime nor of the blighting, disfiguring effects of northern industries.

To Ruskin the Campanile seemed the model and mirror of perfect architecture, hence perhaps the surpassing beauty of his description of "that bright, smooth, sunny surface of glowing jasper, those spiral shafts and fairy traceries, so white, so faint, so crystalline that their slight shapes are hardly traced in darkness on the pallor of the eastern sky, that serene height of mountain alabaster, coloured like a morning cloud, and chased like a sea-shell." The impressive vastness of the largest dome in the world seems a fitting complement to the slender proportions of Giotto's tower, but the contrast of colouring is almost startling, the crystalline effects produced by the regular alternations of black and white and (occasional) pink marbles which form the whole external casing of both cathedral and campanile, being intensified by the deep red of that great cupola, that dominates not only the Duomo but the entire city.

At the Accademia delle Belle Arti we had an introduction to the originals of some of the oft-described masterpieces. Perhaps Michael Angelo's *David* made the deepest impression, the strength and vigour of the sculptured form are so unimaginably real; "The youth has just confronted the Philistine. His nostrils and throat seem to swell with indignation at the blasphemies he hears. His whole attitude expresses confidence in the victory he is about to gain, and yet a shade of anxiety is passing across his face as he advances to the unequal conflict." Here we learnt for the first time the distinguishing characteristics of the paintings of the two Lippi, Perugino, Botticelli, Fra Bartolomeo, Cimabue, and Ghirlandajo, and their musical Italian names began to run with ease off our hitherto unaccustomed lips.

A visit to the monastery of San Marco completed our first morning in Firenze la Bella. As it is now a National Museum, we were allowed to roam through the bare cells and cool corridors which the devout Angelico has covered with his exquisite frescoes, to linger in the quiet cloisters and refectories, to enter into the cell of the great Reformer himself, and there to gaze on his own handwriting, his crucifix and rosary, his tunic and girdle, and even his very features, for here hangs the original of Bartolomeo's well-known portrait of his strong and striking face.

Tram or carriage rides up to the hills of the mother-city Fiesole on the north, and to the beautiful heights of San Miniato on the south, formed a delightful recreation wisely sandwiched as they were between the more arduous visits to the long succession of notable art galleries, and enabled us to enjoy two of the finest and most famous of the many magnificent views of the city afforded by the surrounding amphitheatre of mountains.

On Saturday morning we first spent a few moments in contemplation of the fine monument of Dante in the Piazza Santa Croce, then, like "Childe Harold," paid a visit to the "Pantheon of modern Italy," for here—

"In Santa Croce's holy precincts lie
Ashes which make it holier, dust which is
Even in itself an immortality
. here repose

Anglo's, Alfieri's bones, and his,
The starry Galileo, with his woes;

Here a Machiavelli's earth returned to whence it rose.
These are four minds, which, like the elements,
Might furnish forth creation."

In the façade of this church we saw again the Florentine combination of polished black and white marble, but here the costly casing is used for the façade only. The revelation of this fact came with somewhat of a shock as we were enjoying the lovely view of the city from San Miniato, from whence the red brick walls of the church looked strangely incongruous with the "bright, smooth, sunny surface" of the West front. Among the many tombs to the illustrious dead, those of whom "Childe Harold" speaks, and the tenantless monument to Dante, interested us greatly, as did also the wonderful frescoes by Giotto and Gaddi. The National Museum in the old Bargello delighted us with further stores of art, amongst which the slender form of Donatello's "David," and the strikingly dignified attitude of his "St. George," were to us the most to be remembered.

On Saturday at noon the annual ceremony of "Il scoppio del Carro" took place in the Cathedral. All Florence was *en fête*, and a vast concourse of people assembled in and around the sacred building to watch anxiously for the straight or uncertain course of the white dove from the high altar to the gaily-decorated car without the great west door, and thereby to

determine the prospects for a good or bad harvest. The sudden deafening boom of a succession of explosions at the west door, answered by similar loud reports at the high altar, made the uninitiated first start to their feet in vague alarm, then watch breathlessly while the white bird set out on its momentous journey. Midway down the great nave it hesitated in its rapid flight, then seemed seized with frantic terror and oscillated violently until a final explosive burst and blaze of light left it stripped of plumage, and hanging forlornly in mid-air, thus betraying both its own unnatural origin and the strange credulity of an Italian population. In spite of the disastrous failure of the dove to perform its miracle of bringing sacred fire from the high altar, another thunderous roar of explosion, which seemed to shake the very edifice, proved that the ignition of the fireworks on the car had been otherwise accomplished, and the white bullocks set off with it on their triumphal procession through the main streets of the city.

The Square in which Savonarola won the crown of martyrdom, the Piazza della Signoria, is still the centre of life in Florence, and is singularly fascinating in its surroundings.

Eastwards stands the fortress-like Palazzo Vecchio, of severely simple design, the grim masonry of the lower walls surmounted by overhanging battlements and embrasures, while high in air springs its lofty tower reproducing the same distinctive features of architecture. This was the seat of the political life of the once powerful Republic, for here sat that Signiory (Council) by whose decrees it was so long governed. The chief ornament of the Piazza, however, the Loggia dei Lanzi, lies opposite—so great is the store of art in this favoured city that the museums seem to overflow into the very streets, hence this beautifully-arcaded "out-door sculpture gallery," which permits the poorest Florentine to feast his eyes daily on works of art that would elsewhere be jealously guarded by lock and key—and entrance fees! Cellini's famous 'Perseus', John of Bologna's 'Rape of the Sabines', and Donatello's 'Judith,' are some of the masterpieces here on view.

Opening out from one corner of this wonderful piazza are the long parallel two-storied courts of the Uffizi Gallery stretching along the whole of the two sides and one end of a narrow street, and containing one of the best collections of art treasures in the world. It was intensely interesting to study the faces of painters of all nations in the gallery of portraits painted by themselves, to make a close acquaintance with the very looks and expression of Angelo, da Vinci, Raphael, Vandyck, Rubens, Madame le Brun, and many others, and then to traverse the long succession of corridors in which their canvases and sculptures are stored, and there to trace the steady chronological development of art, the similarities or contrasts of contem-

porary masters, and the daring innovations of youthful pupils. A few of the most priceless heirlooms of antiquity, such as the Venus de Medici, have found a luxurious home in the small octagonal Tribune, a marble-paved room over which rises a cupola lined with mother of pearl. Only masterpieces find entrance in this honoured shrine, and few lesser names are found within its walls than those of Raphael, Titian, Correggio, Michael Angelo, Van Dyck, and Del Sarto.

Tea daintily served in a restaurant conducted on English lines was particularly refreshing after so liberal an artistic diet, and probably did much to stimulate our enjoyment of the shopping expedition which followed, though one ought not to require much stimulation to enjoy the wonderful displays of Florentine jewellery in the quaint shops on the "Jewellers' Bridge," the ancient Ponte Vecchio. The charming view up and down the river afforded by the arched openings half-way along the bridge tempted us to linger long after the shopping was over, and almost made us forget the approach of the dinner hour.

An Easter Sunday in Italy—in Florence—was a privilege indeed. The early morning walk to the English Church, the beautiful music at the Church of the Annunziata, the lovely views in and from the Boboli Gardens, are some of the pleasant memories of that sunny day, but best of all, perhaps, was the peaceful hour spent in the English cemetery. No more beautiful resting-place could be imagined than this garden-like enclosure where so many of the quiet dead lie under coverlids of bright flowers, screened from the glow of the mid-day sun by the luxuriant foliage of ilox and larch, laurel and sycamore. As we looked thoughtfully down upon the simple inscription "E. B. B., ob. 1861," (Elizabeth Barret Browning), and remembered her ardent love for the country of her adoption—a love that had inspired the poetry that united Italy and England as with a golden ring—we felt that in laying her to her long rest amid surroundings so congenial, grateful Florence had done much to discharge her debt of gratitude, more even than by the tablet with which she has perpetuated the memory of the stranger poetess on the walls of Casa Guidi. Other honoured names—among them Arthur Hugh Clough and Walter Savage Landor—from our long national roll of fame, attracted more than a passing notice, while the many touching records of a vain and fruitless search after the priceless blessing of health forcibly reminded us of that far longer roll of human sufferers of whom so many have found their long home in a foreign land.

It is hopeless to attempt a detailed description of the churches in Florence, but one particular form of exterior architectural decoration recurs so often that it must be mentioned yet again, that is the combination of black and white marble which is as distinctive a feature of the façade of Santa

Maria Novella as of the Cathedral and Santa Croce. As for examples of frescoed interiors, they are apparently endless. but the perfect completeness of that of the beautiful Spanish Chapel (Santa Maria Novella) will not permit of its being forgotten or confused among the number of less-perfect specimens. For lavish outlay, however, the chapel of the Medici Princes in the Church of San Lorenzo is absolutely unequalled. Here the prodigality of that wealthy family seems to have run riot; from ceiling to floor the whole building is lined with costliest marbles and encrusted with jasper, agate, chalcedony, lapis lazuli, and other precious stones. But still more interesting than this luxurious abode of death is the small new sacristy, or rather domed mausoleum, where on the tomb of Giuliano de Medici stand those colossal yet life-like figures of Day and Night which alone must have won a world-wide reputation for that giant among sculptors, Michael Angelo. Two others, beautiful symbolical figures of Dawn and Twilight, recline on the tomb of another of the great Medici, but, beautiful as they undoubtedly are, they cannot vie with the matchless outlines of the poppy-crowned head of Night which is veritably "instinct with loveliness."

If "Michael Angelo is one of the three all-pervading presences at Florence," he is here the only one, for almost all is his handiwork—tombs, statues, chapel, dome—who but himself could have designed a shrine worthy to contain such sculptured loveliness? and who but he could have combined such varied accomplishments and such consistent excellence in each?

The splendid saloons of the Pitti Palace Art Gallery were evidently intended to form the *pièce de résistance*, and so were reserved until last; renowned as are so many other art collections in Florence, this is undoubtedly a worthy rival. The edifice itself is the residence of the reigning King whenever he visits the city. It is by no means picturesque, though designed by the famous Brunelleschi—a long, monotonous, yet massive front faces the *via* by which it is approached from the town; but the more pleasant face of the building looks out upon the Boboli gardens which adjoin it on the south. Of all the beautiful paintings here, Raphael's Madonna della Sedia left the most lasting impression—the exquisite beauty of the forms and faces of both the Madonna and the children, and the absolutely inimitable colouring won our fervent admiration. But where there is so much that is beautiful, wonderful, we cannot but

"Gaze and turn away, and know not where.
Dazzled and drunk with beauty, till the heart
Reels with its fulness—there, for ever there—
Chained to the chariot of triumphal art,
We stand as captives, and could not depart."

Having been strongly advised not to leave Florence without seeing two particularly celebrated frescoes, we devoted the last hour-and-a-half of our stay to an independent jaunt in search of these isolated works. A carriage conveyed us first to the suppressed monastery of the Santa Maria Maddalena dei Pazzi, where we spent a few moments in admiration of Perugino's wonderful conception of the *Crucifixion* in the Chapter House, then to the Spedale degli Innocenti, where we saw not only the *Adoration of the Magi*, by Ghirlandajo, of which we were in search, but also one of the finest examples of Della Robbia work, the *Annunciation*. The medallions (representing infants in swaddling clothes) on the outside of the building had greatly interested us in the artistic possibilities of this enamelled terracotta relief work, but the rare beauty of this specimen gave us a much deeper insight into this form of Florentine art.

Our four short days at Florence came to an end all too soon, but not before we had had time to get a glimpse into the world of enlightenment and culture of which Florence holds the key. We had only been admitted to its threshold, but we had seen enough to know that her glorious legacies would have made the fame of some score of cities in the New World. What other city even in Italy can claim to have given birth to so many illustrious men, can exhibit such a host of "priceless heirlooms," such endless "vistas of pictured loveliness and sculptured forms that almost seem to breathe."

We somewhat naturally feared that only confused and blurred impressions of so overwhelming a display could result from such a flying visit, but though much that seemed so clear has already faded from our minds, Dante, Giotto, Savonarola, Fra Angelico, Perugino, Michael Angelo, and Della Robbia, and a long list of other eminent men have been, for a time at least, living, breathing realities.

So long an account of Florence should be presented with an apology to all the magazine readers in general, and to the writer of an earlier article on that subject in particular, but the only one I have to offer is the irresistible fascination of Florentine memories. To think about Florence at all means that one must again be taken captive by her charms, hence the contemplated brief paragraph proved an absolute impossibility. At three p.m. on the afternoon of Easter Monday, the train bore us off out of the station—regretful, yet full of bright anticipations, for though one chapter of wonders was closed, another was about to open.

M. TURNER.

REMINISCENCES OF THE ESSEX MANŒUVRES.

BY CAPTAIN E. F. ROWE.

A Foreign Power was supposed to have gained the supremacy of the sea for a time and to be about to land an army somewhere on the East coast of England so as to march straight upon London. News was brought that the enemy's ships had appeared opposite Clacton-on-Sea on the Essex coast, and that they were proceeding to land an army by means of lighters or open barges in which both men and horses and guns could be easily carried to shore over the shallow sea. This landing began on Friday, Sept. 9th, and a defending force was at once ordered to oppose it. My regiment, and two others which were all quartered at Colchester, formed part of this defending force. In the afternoon of the 8th we marched out of Colchester in a pouring rain to a place called Middlewick, and encamped there for the night, lying on the wet ground—not the most comfortable resting-place. At 4-30 a.m. on the 9th we were all up and ready, waiting for orders and some news of where the enemy was and what he was doing. No orders came till 10-30, and at 11 o'clock we started off expecting to have an easy day, but after marching ten miles towards Clacton by Alresford and Torrington, we halted there without getting any orders, and what was worse, without supplies of any kind. However, being an old soldier, I started off to forage, and presently returned with a loaf and half a-pound of cheese, which had to do duty for seven of us,—this, with some milk and lemonade, set us up again for a time. About six o'clock in the evening orders came for us to halt about a mile from where we were and put out outposts, and we had to stop the night there without either food or tents. So we made the best of it and encamped in a triangular field of stubble, waiting patiently for supplies and tents. These arrived about eight, but it was quite dark, and the job was to find one's kit and blanket, and get a general clean up. This was not to be had, so we contented ourselves with getting some supper, though the men on outpost duty had had to go off without that even, and trust to getting it sent out to them. After our supper we got our blankets but no tents, so I rolled myself up in my blanket and had the stubble-field for a bed and the sky for a tent, with luckily a fine night for the curtains, hoping to get a bit of rest and sleep. I had just made myself comfortable when I heard someone shout out my name, and jumping up I found my Company had already "fallen in," and we had to go off at once at the double as the enemy had made a rapid march in the night, and had captured nearly all the Company that had gone out on outpost duty, and we had to take their place. Fortunately we arrived just in time to prevent the whole regiment from being captured, and at once the fun began in earnest—the firing became general, and the quiet little village of Bentley was thrown into a state of excitement about one o'clock in the morning by a perfect

hail of—blank cartridges—for about two hours. At last the umpires came up and said we had done our work, for we had prevented the advance of the enemy for two hours, and must now retire. It was pitch dark, and all the wagons had to be packed, got out of the stubble-field and sent off in retreat. This was all done in half-an-hour, and our kit and food was got away in safety from the savage invaders. Then we tramped off on our weary way back to Colchester, but after going seven miles in two hours we were halted a bit and then had to go back another three miles to Hythe, a village just outside Colchester. As we had had no sleep for so long, we all dumped down at once on the road just as we were, and I for one went fast off to sleep; but, alas! only for five minutes, for we were then roused and ordered back the way we had come for two miles. There we halted again, got five minutes' more sleep, and were then ordered back again to Hythe, where we took up our position just before daylight, but were soon driven out of it by the enemy, and had to retire to Lexden, the other side of Colchester. As we were tramping through the streets of Colchester about 5-45 a.m., quite wearied out, we suddenly heard the galloping of horses behind us, and found the enemy upon us, who informed us that we were all taken prisoners. It really came quite as a relief after all that weary marching and countermarching all night long, but it was a very short-lived one, for we soon found out that the enemy's cavalry had galloped over a bridge which had been blown up, a very hard thing to do in actual warfare, but quite easy in manœuvres, for the bridge had not really been blown up; across it had been written "This bridge is blown up," but in their sudden dash in the dark the enemy had not noticed that very important announcement. So after all we were not prisoners of war, and still had to tramp on breakfastless, unshaven, and unwashed.

At last I halted the men by a big horse-trough and gave them a drink and had one myself, and then marched on to a field about three miles off. By this time it had begun to rain, but we were too tired and weary to think about that, and just threw ourselves down on the wet grass, some under the trees, and some out in the open, some with coats and some without, and slept on and off as well as we could, getting up every now and then and walking about to keep ourselves warm. Neither baggage nor food had arrived, and it was two o'clock in the afternoon before it did come. However, at last it really did turn up, and we all got what we call "brunch," that is, breakfast and lunch combined, and very welcome indeed it was. We were hoping that we should remain encamped here for a little time, as we had been on the go with scarcely any interval from four o'clock on the Wednesday morning until two o'clock on the Thursday afternoon; but it was not to be, for in half-an-hour after "brunch," we were ordered off again for another long tramp of nine or ten miles to Messing, where we

arrived just about dark, still raining and no baggage. I lay down under a tree for half-an-hour, waiting for the luggage to come, but no cart came for the officers, only the men's baggage had come, so I consoled myself with a cup of coffee and went to sleep supperless, very thankful to get some sleep.

Up again next morning at 3-45, we were off at 4-45 on the road to Kelvedon. However, nothing exciting happened, but a story was told which went the round of the papers. An old woman who had lived eighty-four years in Kelvedon, was told that General French was coming to invade the country, said, "Not them blessed French coming again eh?"—her thoughts had gone back to her very early days, and she was much comforted when she found General French was an Englishman. Well, we marched that day about eighteen miles, to Black Notley, arriving about twelve o'clock, and got our baggage in nice and early, but we were not allowed to unpack it. While waiting about there I watched a sergeant of the Army Service Corps giving out some hay to feed his horses; after he had given them their rations, he left quite a nice bundle on the ground, and thinking what was good for the servant was good for the master, I proceeded to make use of it as a bed, and very comfortable I found it, but only, alas! for too short a time; orders came for me to go on outpost duty, as the invaders were advancing. We got back to camp about six o'clock in the evening, and for the first time since Wednesday morning, for four days that is, I got a wash and a shave, and turned into bed early, about half-past nine, in the hope of getting a really good sleep, which I much needed; but it is always the unexpected that happens, for about two o'clock in the morning the bugles rang out and I heard people shouting, and soon found that we had to get up and pack tents, and start on the march again. The difficulty of doing this in the dark no one knows who has not experienced it. However, we managed it, and marched to Kelvedon where we waited for orders, and then on to Messing. On the way there I had a chat with an old man in a field who told me he had never seen so many men in all his life.

We marched on till 1-30 p.m., and as we had started at 2-45 a.m., we were getting very hungry and thirsty. At last, about four miles from Colchester, we reached a bridge which was supposed to have been blown up, and which we had to repair. While this was being done I amused myself by talking to an old woman about eighty years old, who asked me a great many questions, and then I moved off in search of something to drink, and found a kindly-disposed old man who gave me a drink of water. While I was drinking it a small boy came up with some very green apples, and said "granny had sent them," meaning the old lady I had been talking to, so between us we ate them, green as they were, that the old lady might not think we despised her kind thought. At last, about four o'clock we got back to Colchester, some of the

men being so tired out and so footsore that they dropped down like logs, for we had gone twenty-six miles since three o'clock that morning. However, next day being Sunday, we had at last a real good rest, and we needed it. This did not finish the manoeuvres, by any means, as we had more long marching on Monday, but I fear my account will seem almost as long as the marching, so here I will leave my experiences and reminiscences.

OUR FIRST EXPERIENCES IN LONDON.

THAT great and mysterious body, the London County Council, had been pleased to appoint us, two College students, on its staff of teachers. Imposing-looking documents resolved themselves into a command to appear at certain London schools on the morning of August 22nd, 1904. That was to be the fateful day when we were to begin work as London elementary school teachers (when we should cease, who could say? perhaps not till attaining that hallowed age of rest when teachers cease from their labours and retire with a princely pension).

It was now necessary to decide how we must live during the first weeks in our new home. Should we go into "diggings," or should we housekeep? for we were offered the use of a house until the owners returned from their holiday? We would housekeep, most certainly. Then where should we meet? Obviously one of us could not wait patiently on a doorstep till the other arrived. Why not meet at Clapham Junction, it would be quite simple? Now, one had never seen that railway place; and the other had only viewed it in the early morning hours when its life was centred in one porter and a stray cat. Great was the consternation of the first one to arrive, when she made the alarming discovery that the imaginary peaceful suburban station had nine platforms, at which trains arrived every minute, and that a few thousand people were crowding its stairs and subways.

However, we did meet, and after almost superhuman exertions collected our travelling outfit together from several platforms. It made no small pile—two bicycles, three trunks, hand-bags, dress-boxes, and a few small parcels. So we arrived safely at our new home.

Space does not permit of a description of how we kept house. It was strange though to plunge into the crowded London streets to shop on a Saturday night. Still more strange was the finding of a milk can on the door-step each morning. We never saw the bringer of our milk all the time we ran the house, but the bill came in at the end.

On the fateful morning of August 22nd, two very nervous individuals set out to seek their respective schools. One was found at the end of a four-mile car ride, the other at the end of a half-hour's walk. It is the correct thing apparently to live as far away from one's school as possible.

Arrived, new experiences crowded thick and fast upon us. It was novel to go up flights of steps to the top floor of a huge three-story building. But there was something stranger still. On comparing notes at the day's end, each was found to have had the same experience. Information had been given that we came from a cathedral city and watering-place respectively, yet, we were always introduced as 'from the country,' and our former schools designated as 'country schools.' Explanations were attempted, but in vain, we were still 'from the country.'

Time soon made us familiar with our new schools and work; though the one, who discovered that her pupils had gone 'hoppin', thought she *was* seeing life.

The London child is like the average child except in speech. Teacher and scholar at times might have been speaking in different tongues, for all the one could comprehend of the other's speech. This inability to understand the London native also occurred outside school. Often when a remark was addressed to us we could only smile sweetly and murmur "Yes," hoping it was right. Whether it was these sweet smiles or a look of *country* innocence on our faces, cannot be decided, but certain it is, that in those first weeks, car-conductors, bus-men, and their like took a most paternal interest in our welfare. Such advice as how to take care of a car-ticket was showered as thick as morning dew, or London snits, upon our heads.

Now, for seeing life in London schools, there is nothing like being on "supply." Notice may come at ten o'clock at night that the "supply" must present herself at a certain school the next morning. This generally means, for the stranger to London, a wild search over the map for some unknown place, resulting in the discovery that it is four or five miles away. Then, how to get there? The choice may lay between cycling or starting out before 7-30 to catch a train. Not a very pleasant choice on wet days! It is good experience, however, and offers remarkable facilities for comparing different methods and also different head-mistresses. The question most often asked here is not "What kind of a school is it?" but, "What is the head like?"

We were strangers in London, therefore we must see the sights. The end of our first school-week came. Two days were our own, in which to do what we pleased. The first day was spent in 'doing' shop windows. These were discovered to be like most of their kind. Therefore in the future shops were left strictly alone—that is until we received our first salaries.

One great discovery we made that week end—our street was musical. First the strains of a harmonium arose upon the morning air, to be soon drowned by a piano. Then the untuneful notes of a flute and the grating tones of a voice mingled, and the peace of Sunday afternoon fled. We strolled down the road and found it most interesting to pass from the zone of a trombone to

the zone of a violin. No instrument was lacking in that neighbourhood, apparently, though harmony might be. Even the voice of a gramophone made the air shiver. We retired to our own abode and added a few duets to the programme.

Our first real Saturday excursion was to Richmond Park. Hitherto we had imagined London to be a wilderness of bricks and mortar, but on this ride—we cycled to Richmond—another wilderness was revealed to us. It was a common—Wimbledon. There, close to crowded and busy streets stretched an extent of high and undulating land, covered with grass and furze, studded with copses of bush and tree. Close on each side of the road grow the brambles, laden with berries black and red this September day, therefore the haunt of small boys with tin pails. It is more country than the country itself. So beautiful did we find it that sunny afternoon, with the blue of the sky and the green of the earth, that we would have stayed there if our guide had permitted us. But we were led onwards to Richmond. Passing through the park gates there was another revelation. This was no city park with trim beds and borders and notices to keep off the grass. Fenceless gravelly roads branched off in all directions. We rode along one, and the scene on either hand quickly changed as we climbed a slope or dipped into a hollow. Open grassy spaces were succeeded by groves of trees, or else the bracken grew in all its beauty, with fronds above the height of man. Clumps of rounded oaks studded the open. Deer grazed in the glades or fled along tracks through the bracken, the sunlight dancing on their dappled sides. It was the park of a fairy tale, fit home for elves and sprites. The scene so charmed us that the visit has already been thrice repeated, once being extended to Hampton Court.

There we fell in love with the Tudor chimneys and cobbled courts of the old building, criticised the taste of William of Orange, as shown in the new, and found an old-world garden. To the latter the public are not admitted, and it is best so. Lying there with its box-edged paths, fantastically clipped yews, beds of old-fashioned flowers, it brought visions of bye-gone years, when ladies in farthingale and ruff, dipped their fingers in the waters of its ancient fountain, or tripped along its uneven walks, their high heels tapping on the stones.

Bargain-hunting is the recreation of a Saturday night. It is the joke of the household. One night we returned with some book shelves bought wonderfully cheap. Another rare night we discovered some long frames fitted to hold galaxies of college beauties. Fixing our photographs in those frames was a task. Some perverse ones *would* slip (they did remind us of the originals in their wayward behaviour.) However, fixed they were at last, and now familiar faces gaze down upon us from the walls, with the expressions we know so well, bringing back again the memory of the happy times we had in the dear old College upon the hill.

H. M. O. & L. D.

UNIVERSITY EXTENSION ESSAYS.

IRISH WIT AND GOLDSMITH.

Wit is the spice of life. Love, they say, makes the world go round, but it is wit and humour which make the path smoother; or, to use another metaphor, it might be held that humour is the oil which makes the wheels turn easily. Few are the races which have not some sense of humour; some even hold that the lower orders of creation possess it too, that even a dog can appreciate a joke. But the quality and kind of wit and humour vary as do the tongues. Some nations have a poor sense of humour, others a strong. The humour of the American differs from that of the Frenchman, the wit of an Irishman differs from a Scotchman's. Not only is there this difference, but it is not given to many men to understand the humour of a race not allied to them by ties of ancestry. So when Celt meets Teuton, each may have considerable humour, but the result often is that Teuton thinks Celt is empty-headed, while Celt shrugs his shoulders at the stolidness of Teutonic nature.

The gift of the gods to some nations is perpetual youth and unfailling wit and humour, and to the Irish above all others does this seem to have been given. The eternal youthfulness of their nature seems almost to laugh through life. The Irishman does not take life seriously, neither does he take himself seriously. Different is the Englishman, who takes no thing or person more seriously than himself. The Irishman finds an answer to everything, nothing as a rule can disconcert him; the Scotchman is the same; but what a difference lies in the answer! The former retorts with a wit as bright as a flash of lightning and as keen as a razor; the quality of the Scotchman's reply lies in its dry, caustic humour. One makes a jest of everything, the other sees the jest in everything. The difference is as great as that which lies between the dare devil bravery of the Irishman, and the calm, calculating courage of the Scotchman. Again, a contest between Irish wit and English wit is like a contest between a man armed with a rapier and one armed with a battle-axe. The rapier glances rapidly round, pointed and searching, its wielder is never still, so that when the axe descends with less quickness it cuts the empty air, and the stroke which would have been completely crushing takes no effect, for the opponent is already attacking from other ground.

Goldsmith was an Irishman, and he had his share of the national humour; yet he has not been recognised as a wit. Why is this then? There are two causes: one lay in Goldsmith himself, and the other in the nature of his humour. Goldsmith had a nature sensitive and self-conscious, while his wit had not in it the least strain of malice or ill nature. Quick at repartee, "Who

is this Scotch cur at Johnson's heels?" asked some one. "He is not a cur," said the Irishman, "he is a burr; someone threw him at Dr. Johnson, and he has stuck ever since." Goldsmith was easily abashed by any crushing speech, such as Dr. Johnson knew too well how to make, and was silenced for the time. In the presence of alien minds he never forget himself, so he assumed that which did not belong to him, and then jested at himself; and the blunt wits around him saw truth in it, not laughter, and so he became the "inspired idiot." No man who wrote with such a vein of humour as is seen in "The Vicar of Wakefield" could have been an idiot: his humour would have prevented him. The carping spirits around could not realise that a man could pour forth nonsense by the hour simply because his fun bubbled over.

Goldsmith's humour was like a lambent flame. In it nothing ill-natured or spiteful was found. With his wit he could have surpassed even Pope's "Dunciad," if he had chosen to envenom its point. In "Retaliation" there is no ill-humour, only kindly laughter, as he takes each in turn and gives his virtues and his weaknesses.

- "Here lies our good Edmund, whose genius was such
- "We scarcely can praise it or blame it too much,
- "Who too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,
- "And thought of convincing while they thought of dining."

It is generally the ill-natured wit which is remembered; if it has a sting it is never forgotten, while that which is purely good-natured is allowed to pass into oblivion.

LILIAN DICKINSON.

ILL-NATURED HUMOUR AND GOOD-NATURED HUMOUR.

In this working-day world it is wonderful to think how much of the lightness and pleasures of life, and how much of all that makes life worth living, we owe to humour. When the world seems dark around us, and our hearts are sick with worry and trouble, it is extraordinary what an effect a really good joke may have upon us. In spite of our determination not to be amused, the humour of it strikes us; in spite of ourselves we laugh; and in spite of ourselves for a moment we are lifted out of our brooding misery, for a time at least we forget our trouble. And after the fun is over and the laugh has died away, in spite of the feeling that is upon us that it is our duty to be miserable, and that we have no right to be cheerful, somehow things do *not* look so black as they did before, and with hope kindled anew in our hearts we take up the struggle again, comforted and helped in a way that no amount of pity or sympathy could have effected.

Undoubtedly there is a great deal of wit and humour in the world, but one scarcely realises, till it is pointed out, how many of the excellent jokes one enjoys so much have been made at the

expense of the feelings of other people. It is really remarkable how very little of all the humour in the world is genuinely harmless and good-natured. So much of it is either sarcastic and jeering in some degree, or poking fun at someone. And this ill-natured humour is not only by far the most common, but it is also the most appreciated and the most lasting; its own brine will preserve it. Nearly all the humour in literature that we applaud as most clever, which appeals to us most strongly, which will be handed down the ages as long as literature lasts, and which will be appreciated so long as a fragment of it exists, is ill-natured.

It is very extraordinary, but it almost seems as if there must be some vicious mole of nature in us, to which things that are rather spiteful appeal; it almost seems that the average human being *prefers* things that are slightly tinged with cruelty, and that ill-natured humour appeals to us just because it *is* ill-natured.

There are two kinds of ill-natured humour—two degrees as it were of ill-nature. There is the humour which is meant to be vicious and spiteful, and is positively *intended* to hurt people's feelings; and there is the humour that is the result of mere indifference to the feelings of others. Of the two, the first is certainly the worst, the most genuinely ill-natured, but the second probably does more harm. The malice and spite in the first case is usually so apparent as to be rather disgusting, and after a time it dies, its own malignity has killed it. It is the sort of scathing, sarcastic humour that a man hurls at his enemies, and the intentional malice of it altogether ruins its efficacy. But with the humour that is ill-natured because the humorist is merely indifferent to the feelings of the person at whose expense he is witty, the case is different. His sole aim is to gain the applause and admiration of all who shall hear or read of his wit, and the idea of really hurting anyone has never occurred to him. He never thinks of his victim, either to dislike or to pity him, and consequently his humour is sufficiently cutting and full of meaning to make it poignant and thoroughly appreciated; still, as he himself never thinks of the sufferer, it is not cruel enough to make other people think of and pity him. And it is this careless, thoughtless making fun of others, and holding up their little failings and peculiarities to ridicule, which so readily gains a man a reputation for wit and humour. And what an easily-earned reputation it is after all! there is nothing so easy as making fun of others, it is the cheapest form of wit, just as it is the most appreciated. Anyone can do it, although, of course, some do it much more cleverly than others; and to a person who has a strong sense of humour and readily sees the ludicrous in other men, and in situations generally, and who, moreover, has the gift of ready, clever expression, the temptation to make fun of others is a very real and strong one. It seems so simple, so irresistible, and other people enjoy it so much, that the humorist does not see the harm

in it and neither do most of the people who laugh at and appreciate it. But what of the object of all this clever wit, what of his feelings, and what will the effect of it be on him? In some cases it does very little real harm, and in some it may do actual good, but in the very large majority of cases it means misery and torturing self-consciousness. To really sensitive people, ridicule is the most cruel weapon which can be turned against them, and especially if the humorist is not a real enemy of theirs. If he be so, they can take comfort in the thought that after all he was prejudiced, and that the rest of the world do not see through his eyes, but when they know that he has no actual wish to do them harm, then it is misery indeed. They feel that all he says of them must be true, or at least they must *appear* like that to everyone—otherwise there would be no point in his remarks. And the more they think of it the more horrible and ridiculous they appear to be, till at last they retire into themselves, lonely, miserable, morbid, a prey to torturing doubts, and to such terrible self-consciousness that they shrink even from meeting their fellows. The humorist with his thoughtless jest little knows of the misery he is causing, and if he knew, he would argue that he meant no harm, and that people should not be so absurdly sensitive. And, indeed, he would have a certain amount of justice on his side, but he would do well to remember that there are thousands of such sensitive people in the world, and he should think sometimes of the misery he may be causing, ere he launch forth into the wit that seems so tempting, and easy, and harmless.

WINIFRED WALLER.

NATURE STUDY ESSAYS BY PRESENT STUDENTS.

I.—TREES IN SPRING.

SPRING might well be defined as the season of change, for during the months of March, April, May, and June the face of Nature undergoes a complete transformation. The transformation is certainly very gradual, but to a keen observer new beauties are daily unfolded. The ardent botanist revels in the treasures so profusely scattered abroad; but nothing gives more delight or better repays careful study than the stately forest trees in which this England of ours is so particularly rich. Although the 21st of March is generally recognised as the commencement of the Spring season, indications are given at a much earlier date of Nature's re-awakening. Before the fall of the leaf in the Autumn, Nature's foresight and economy provides each tree with buds. Consequently, throughout the Winter, tiny perfect leaves are securely tucked away within tightly-wrapped scales. With the spring comes the bright sunshine pouring forth its life-giving rays, and the warm

south-westerly breezes bringing gentle showers of rain. To these influences the forest-world readily responds. The tender buds swell larger and larger, the scales slightly change colour, and finally the emerald green contents of the sheathes peep forth. The leaves gradually unfold to perfect beauty, and the leaf scales, having completed their work of protection, fall. Myriads of these tiny scales carpet the ground, or are carried with the breeze. It is interesting to notice the variety of form, size, and colour which they present, no two being exactly alike, and close inspection reveals the perfect beauty of even this humble piece of Nature's handiwork. The dark brown gummy scales of the horse-chestnut are easily detected, the beech sheds its long slender golden-brown scales, while green scales, lined with delicate pink or white, are characteristic of the sycamore.

After the shedding of the scales the trees present a picture of beauty and freshness which has no rival at any other period of the year. The tender green leaves contrast vividly with the grey gnarled stems they so gracefully adorn whilst both are thrown into relief against the blue sky, which is visible through a network of interlacing boughs and dancing shimmering leaves. Beech trees are particularly lovely in their new spring clothing, their slender twigs and graceful swaying branches being clad with delicate silky tufts.

The sycamore and horse-chestnut slowly open their large fan-like leaves, and every other tree has some peculiar method of bashfully displaying its new garb. All our native English trees belong to the flower-bearing family, and in many cases the flowers are put forth in the springtime. The gorgeous sprays of lilac, the pinky blossoms of our fruit trees, the delicately-scented hawthorn, the creamy umbellate clusters of elder and mountain ash, the slender drooping golden tassels of laburnum, and the stately pink and white spikes of the horse-chestnut involuntarily attract our attention. Other flowers which are small and not so brilliantly tinted often pass unnoticed, but when carefully examined have many claims to beauty, and even surpass their gorgeous neighbours in delicacy of structure. True, they are often reduced to the simplest floral form, possessing only stamens and stigmas. Sometimes the male and female elements are distinct, the staminate flowers growing on one part of the tree, and the pistillate flowers on another branch or twig, whilst in other cases the male and female flowers are borne on different trees.

The beech, birch, hazel, and oak have male and female flowers on different branches of the same tree, but the willow produces them on different plants. The pollen of the willow is carried by the agency of the wind to a plant bearing female flowers. This accounts for the large quantity of pollen produced, and early in April the male catkins of the willow, or willow-palm as it is commonly called, may be seen thickly coated with a fine

yellow dust. In February tiny clusters of flowers appear on the elm, and by the time the leaves appear in March the "winged" fruit is ready to be carried off by the breeze. Sprays of tiny purple flowers appear on the ash in April, and during the same month the oak puts forth its peculiar flowers which are borne on long stalks. The slender grey twigs of the birch and hazel, adorned with graceful hanging tassels, dusted with gold, form one of the prettiest sights of early Spring.

Some flowers produce their flowers before the appearance of the leaves to ensure fertilization, but as a rule the flower develops with the leaf and springs from the same bud. The coniferous plants, the chief of which are the pine, fir, and larch, are also busy at this time of the year. They produce fresh leaves which contrast vividly with the dull dark green leaves of previous years, and they also put forth tiny structures, equivalent to the flowers of other plants, one which at a later period develop into cones.

The delights of Spring are innumerable, and although poets in all ages sing its praises, the subject is not and will never be exhausted. All hearts welcome its coming, and none can suppress thoughts of regret when the first act in the year's great drama comes to a close.

IDA HARTLEY.

II.—WILD FLOWERS OF SUMMER.

Summer is the season of sunshine and flowers, flowers of the field, and of the garden, of every kind and every hue. In the summer time the gardens are bright with lilies and roses which scent the air with a charming fragrance, but no less beautiful than the choicest garden is the countryside bedecked with wild flowers. Down in the valley a narrow river meanders between shady woods or verdant pastures. At either side are sedges and rushes which half reveal and half conceal the clustered pink flowers of the flowering rush. A little farther from the side the arrow-shaped leaves, and dainty white flowers of the arrow-head peep shyly above the water. Mingled with these, but far more showy, are the water-lilies both yellow and white. Their broad green leaves lie on the surface of the water and form a welcome shade for the silvery fish. Behind the sedges, rooted in the bank, but almost at the water's edge, grow clumps of fine blue forget-me-nots, which relieve the more sombre shades of the wild mint, and dark bell-shaped flowers of the skull-cap. In other places, bushes overhang the stream, and among their branches the woody nightshade intertwines and droops its purple blossoms over the calm surface of the water. Between the bushes are caught glints of bright purple and brilliant yellow, afforded by patches of yellow and purple loosestrife. High above these are the tufted flowers of the agrimony, and pink-flowering willow, which form an effective background.

The bogs and marshes in low-lying districts, though dreary in appearance to the casual observer, are comparatively rich in flowers. Some of these swamps are overgrown with a fine kind of sedge or grass, from which peep out the dainty white blossoms of the grass of Parnassus. This is one of the most beautiful of wild flowers, and the petals have the appearance of being delicately pencilled as if by some fairy hand. Frequently this flower grows in damp crannies among cliffs by the sea-shore; sometimes it is found near streams in the cool depths of a shady wood. In great contrast to this dainty flower, though, like it, a lover of moisture, is the yellow iris, which brightens the edges of reedy ponds, or adds a dash of colour to a dreary boggy waste. In the same situation grows the yellow flower of the great spearwort, and the purplish yellow clusters of the marsh heleborine, the latter being a species of orchid. These cannot be found without a good search, for they are not tall and showy, like the flowering willow. Other flowers, too, by their height proclaim to the observer the presence of marshy ground. These are the white willow herb, purple willow herb, and ragged robin. Seen from a distance, the two latter and the flowering willow look very similar, but closer scrutiny reveals them to be very different. The flowering willow has a much smaller number of flowers on one stem than the willow herb, and the shape of the individual flowers differs very much. Ragged robin is aptly named, for the fringy appearance of the flower suggests at once to the mind a beggar's coat that has seen much wear and tear. The sea-coast is generally associated with rocks, shells, and sand, but here again a distinct flora is to be met. Besides the grass of Parnassus there is the tall, dark sea holly, with its dull green leaves and blue prickly balls. On the land near the coast, and near the water's edge by tidal rivers flourishes the hardy sea aster. It weathers many gales, and is often covered by water, but when the weather is calm it unfolds its dainty flowers which closely resemble Michaelmas daisies. As flowers and plants grow among the cliffs by the sea, so inland, mountain sides, quarries, and stone walls are not destitute of vegetation. In many places, where it seems almost a sheer impossibility for any plant to obtain a root-hold, large verdant clumps of wild mignonette hang, as it were in mid-air. Along the edges of quarries, where scarce a blade of grass can grow, beautiful yellow spikes of toad-flax nod in the gentle breeze, while on the old broken wall by some ancient well, the yellow flowers of the rock rose with its silvery leaves grow in long graceful trails.

From the wood near, comes the sweet and subtle perfume of the wood-ruff, and in an intricate network hang festoons of wood-vetch, the light purple of the flowers intermingled with the graceful dark green leaves and curling tendrils. Round the wood is a hedge, which in early summer was gay with the delicate tints of the wild rose, but as the summer advances is sweet with honey-

suckle, and interlaced with long trails of travellers' joy and woody-nightshade. The rural lanes of England are a picture when the hedges are thus dressed, and are only eclipsed when arrayed in the spring garb of hawthorn.

On either side of many of our country roads are wide stretches of grass, sometimes smooth and level, sometimes taking the form of banks and mounds, which have a wild and charming appearance. These stretches are, in summer, covered with a wealth of flowers of all sizes and shades. The larger and lesser knapweed combine with the thistle to give a deep colouring of purple, which gives place to a heliotrope shade in the graceful tufted vetch, and to a still paler mauve in the meadow scabious. Among blue flowers the crane's-bill makes a brave show, whilst the beautiful blue flower of the harebell lends the whole an appearance of hairy lightness. Standing bolt upright, as if to attract the attention of the passer-by, the ragwort and tansy vie with one another in their brilliant yellow dress. Less showy, but more graceful, is the agrimony with its dainty yellow spikes. In daring contrast to these, beds of brilliant poppies shed their lustre, toned down by the stiff white yarrow, and the more delicate flowers of fool's parsley and dropwort. From the hedge comes the song of a tiny brook, by the side of which is a tall array of sweet-scented meadow-sweet, which also grows in huge masses in swamps and marshes making the damp air heavy with its perfume.

In the meadows, which, while the summer is yet young are comparatively bare of flowers, grow long nodding grasses. As these turn brown, large ox-eyed daisies unfold their petals and gleam like stars among the tremulous grasses. Nearer the ground the bright yellow flowers of the yellow vetchling trail their bright blossoms. Later in the summer when the corn is turning from green to gold, whole fields of an exquisite mass of pink may be seen—this beautiful colour being due to the presence of a kind of clover grown there, known as sainfoin or "holy hay."

There are other places where flowers grow, places which are called waste, where the broom and gorse gild neglected nooks with their yellow blossoms. Here often can be found a smaller plant having the same formidable qualities as its larger neighbours, but bearing a dainty flower either pink or white, somewhat like a butterfly in form, and known by the name of rest-harrow. Besides all the haunts of wild flowers that have been mentioned, there are those grand, vast, wild high-lying tracts known as moors. These owe much of their beauty and charm to their purple mantle of heather.

"Of this, old Scotia's hardy mountaineers
Their rustic couches form, and there enjoy sleep."

MARGARET ETHEL DRURY.

COLLEGE NOTES.

EXAMINATIONS AND REPORTS.

University Extension Course.—The course of University Extension Lectures in the spring term was given by R. W. Jeffreys, B.A., on "The Prime Ministers of the Nineteenth Century."

EXAMINER'S REPORT.

The results of the examination must be pronounced on the whole exceedingly satisfactory. Twenty-five candidates entered, of whom twenty-three passed; four of them obtaining distinction. Only two failed to pass. The general level of knowledge was high; it was evident that the main features of the period had been grasped. The only fault I have to find with the work as a whole is that the answers were rather mechanical. Some excellent answers were sent in by many candidates, especially by those who obtain distinction; but as a rule the candidates did not appear to have brought their individual judgment and personal prejudices to bear upon the persons and events under review. Candidates should be encouraged to put more of themselves into their work.

J. A. R. MARRIOTT, M.A.,

Lecturer in Modern History at Worcester College, Oxford,
Examiner.

LIST OF SUCCESSFUL CANDIDATES.

Passed with Distinction.

- | | |
|---|----------------------|
| 1. Smith, E. Gertrude (<i>Prize Winner</i>) | 2. Dickinson, Lilian |
| | 3. Oliver, Hilda M. |
| 4. Waller, Winifred R. | |

Satisfied the Examiner.

- | | |
|-------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. Bannister, Bertha A. | 10. Laver, Edith R. |
| 2. Best, Eveline | 11. Maguire, Ethel |
| 3. Brown, Emily M. | 12. Muddimer, Alice |
| 4. Davis, Florence E. | 13. Sheckell, Edith |
| 5. Durant, Alethea E. | 14. Wade, Rose A. |
| 6. Fenwick, Charlotte | 15. Waller, Eva R. |
| 7. Fountain, Mabel J. | 16. Weaver, Adeline R. |
| 8. Gibbs, Ethel G. | 17. Wheatcroft, Ruth |
| 9. Hoole, Mary E. | 18. Wilkinson, Elsie M. |

19. Wood, Matilda M.

(Signed), J. A. R. MARRIOTT, M.A.,

Lecturer of Worcester College.

* * *

Religious Knowledge Examination.—Canon Reynolds visited the College on Saturday, May 14th. In his most helpful address in chapel he first read the Archbishop of Canterbury's message to all students in Church Training Colleges:—

Lambeth Palace, S.E.,

Dear Prebendary Reynolds,

24th October, 1903.

I am anxious, through you, to convey to the staff and students in our Church of England Training Colleges, an expression of my sense of the special importance which at this juncture attaches to the work in which they are engaged. It has always been a matter of the highest moment that our Training Colleges should be efficient, but never has the need been so urgent or so vital to the well-being of English education as it is to-day. It is impossible to overrate the magnitude or sacredness of the trust committed to the elementary teachers in our schools, both in town and country. Not enthusiasm only is required, but the spirit of wisdom and understanding, that the Christian teaching given may be so genuine as to promote in the highest sense the formation of character, and to lay the foundation for lives of honest Christian service to God and man. And with all this there is need at the present juncture of such kindly tolerance and considerateness for the opinions of others as to render impossible the taunts of narrowness or bigotry which are freely brought against us by those who know little personally about our work. It is my daily prayer that our Heavenly Father may guide and strengthen the teachers whose privileges it will be in the coming years to instruct His children, not in secular matters only, but in the faith and fear of God.

I am, yours very truly,

RANDALL CANTUAR.

Canon Reynolds own special word to the students was the *knowledge* of God's help, not merely faith in it, and the help given by the children to the teachers, as the secrets of success in their high and holy work.

Report.

* * *

Dear CANON ROWE,

I cannot understand why your College has not gained better results in the March examination. Everything that I saw and heard was quite excellent. I cannot suggest any improvement.

The answering of both years was quite excellent; it shewed spiritual knowledge of a high order, and one feels in your College that one is in real touch with spiritual life of a high aim. Your service is beautiful, your students are reverent and practical, and the whole tone of the College is calculated to make teachers of high purpose and faithful service.

All have been confirmed, and only four, three from Board Schools, and one from a British School, received no religious instruction as Pupil Teachers.

Go on as you are going, if you want to make faithful teachers in the dangerous future.

As it was Saturday, I heard no lessons.

Yours sincerely,

BERNARD REYNOLDS.

Singing Examination.—It will have been gathered from the account of the Whitsuntide Re-union, that we had this year an entirely new item in our Whit-Monday programme, in the shape of Dr. Somervell's singing examination. May we add the hope that this arrangement will prove to have been unique, and *not* be repeated in future years? Dr. Somervell's genial courtesy and kindness did indeed much to make us pretend that after all we were not having an examination, but the strain of two concerts in addition to the ordinary festivities was considerable, and was not the best preparation for the individual work the next day.

Programme.

PART I.—MONDAY AFTERNOON.

Songs by First Year Students.

Selections from the following:—

- | | | | |
|-----|---------------------------------|-----------|-------------------|
| 1. | "The Praise of God" | - - - - - | Beethoven |
| 2. | "Oh Trusting Heart" | - - - - - | Bach |
| 3. | "Have I lost thee?" | - - - - - | Gluck |
| 4. | "May Dew" | - - - - - | Sterndale Bennett |
| 5. | "Slumber, dear maid" | - - - - - | Handel |
| 6. | "May song" | - - - - - | Beethoven |
| 7. | "Spring song" | - - - - - | Mendelssohn |
| 8. | "Where the bee sucks" | - - - - - | Arne |
| 9. | "Who is Sylvia?" | - - - - - | Schubert |
| 10. | "The Lotus Flower" | - - - - - | Schumann |
| 11. | "Thou art like a lovely flower" | - - - - - | Schumann |
| 12. | "To music" | - - - - - | Schubert |

National Songs.

- | | | | |
|-----|------------------------------------|-----------|----------------------------|
| 1. | "Should auld acquaintance?" | - - - - - | Scotch Melody |
| 2. | "Past three o'clock" | - - - - - | The London Waits |
| 3. | "Golden Slumbers" | - - - - - | May Fair |
| 4. | "Good-morning, pretty maid" | - - - - - | Old Gloucestershire Melody |
| 5. | "Young Richard" | - - - - - | Somersetshire |
| 6. | "Drink to me only" | - - - - - | Traditional |
| 7. | "Bonnie Charlie's now awa'" | - - - - - | Scotch Melody |
| 8. | "The Minstrel Boy" | - - - - - | Irish Melody |
| 9. | "Here's a health unto His Majesty" | - - - - - | Traditional |
| 10. | "Now is the month of Maying" | - - - - - | Morley |

Part Songs.

- | | | | |
|----|-----------------------|-----------|------------|
| 1. | "The Flower Greeting" | - - - - - | Curschmann |
| 2. | "From Venice" | - - - - - | Reinecke |

Second Year Students.

PERGOLESÌ'S "STABAT MATER."

1. Chorus - - - - - "Stabat mater dolorosa"
2. Solo - - - - - "Cujus animam gementem"
Sarah Kenworthy.
3. Chorus - - - - - "O quam tristis et afflicta"
4. Solo - - - - - "Quæ mœrebat et dolebat"
Emily Wood.
5. Chorus - - - - - "Quis est homo qui non fletet"
6. Solo - - - - - "Vidit suum dulcem natum"
Christine Dalglish.
7. Solo - - - - - "Eia, mater, fons amoris"
Winifred Waller.
8. Chorus - - - - - "Fac ut ardeat cor meum"
9. Semi-Chorus - - - - - "Sancta mater, istud agas"
Violet Brown, Maud Collett, Margaret Arscott, } Sopranos
Maud Weaver, Alethea Durant, Christine Dalglish, }
Bertha Bannister, Eleanor Ives, Ethel Maguire, } Contraltos
Ruth Wheateroft, Matilda Wood, Emily Wood, }
10. Solo - - - - - "Fac ut portem Christi mortem"
Theodora Trotter.
11. Chorus - - - - - "Inflammatum et accensus"
12. Semi-Chorus - - - - - "Quando corpus morietur"
Fredericà Clissold, Ethel Cuckson, Mary Hoole, } Sopranos
Christine Dalglish, Edith Sheckell, Gwendoline Clapp, }
Mabel Panton, Rachel Rawnsley, Matilda Wood, }
Bertha Bannister, Eleanor Ives, Mabel Fountain, } Contraltos
Ethel Maguire, Emily Wood, Ruth Wheateroft, }
Elsie Wilkinson, Winifred Waller, }
13. Chorus - - - - - "Amen"

PART II.—MONDAY EVENING.

OPERETTA: "PRINCESS ZARA."

Words by Claude Aveling. Music by Arthur Somervell, Mus. Doc.

CHARACTERS.

King Buonocore	- - - - -	Winifred Waller
Prince Florizel	- - - - -	Theodora Trotter
Princess Zara (Daughter to Buonocore)	-	Constance Williams
Queen Butterfly (Queen of the Fairies)	-	Hilda Oliver
Violetta (Chief Maid of Honour)	- - -	Mabel Panton
Grewsom (a Witch)	- - - - -	Eveline Best
Baron Locomo (the King's Minister)	- -	Eleanor Ives
Camille (Attendant on the Prince)	- - -	Mary Hoole
Firenza } (Maids of Honour) {	- - -	Alethea Durant
Carina }	- - -	Fredericà Clissold
Tortoiseshell (a Butterfly)	- - - - -	Sarah Kenworthy

Chorus of Maids of Honour and Nobles, Butterfly Fairies,
Witches, Guards, Heralds, and Pages.

School Music Teachers' Certificates.

Eleanor Ives, Sarah Kenworthy, and Ruth Wheatcroft have gained the "School Music Teacher's Certificates." The examination was held at Sheffield, and Dr. Coward was the examiner.

* * *

Mr. Holmes, accompanied by Mr. Scott Coward, examined the College on May 25th, and the three following days. The "samples" acquitted themselves bravely, and H.M. Inspectors were most kindly appreciative and helpful. On Friday evening the Second Years gave a spirited performance of their examination operetta, "Princess Zara."

* * *

School Expeditions.—Through the kindness of the several Education Committees, the Second Year Students have been able to visit both town and country schools. On September 22nd, three parties visited Nettleham, Scampton, and Wragby, respectively. Mr. Banks, of Wragby, who has helped to establish the "College bees," was most kind in showing his school and in conducting a nature study walk to Langton, where the party were entertained to tea in the vicarage gardens by Mrs. Carver, whose name will be familiar to students of former years. Those who had not been included in the above, visited Saxilby and Nettleham on October 13th.

October 10th saw the now annual expeditions to Nottingham and Sheffield, and the sight of the magnificent buildings, excellent organization, and work of some of these large schools formed a powerful object lesson in school management. At Sheffield, Mr. Quine's forethought and consideration in making arrangements helped to make the day a thoroughly enjoyable one. Two parties visited schools for defective children, and were much interested in seeing the methods of teaching and the really wonderful results which untiring energy and patience can produce. Mr. Derry kindly provided tea for the whole party at the Pupil Teachers' Centre, and a number of old students gathered at the station to "speed the parting guests." M.V.

* * *

September 23rd was the date of the first of our Social Friday Evenings. These assume a varied character, and Miss Martin has drawn up a list which promises enjoyment in many ways. The First Years had only been at College three days, so the Second Year Students undertook to make them forget all about the tests and forms with which the first few days must be spent. The programme was opened by songs sung by all the Second Years. No! not all, because six young ladies shortly presented themselves as "Dutch dolls." Brush drawing is becoming a fine art in college, as their cheeks would attest. Songs were contributed by Ethel Fox, and a pianoforte solo by Cissie Winnall. A few sighs were heard when we were told

that the programme would end with a charade, but we met the demand on our intelligence manfully, or to be more correct, womanfully. Notes were compared at the end of each act. The "new" servant, who was impersonated by Margaret Harvey, was undoubtedly an old and never-failing source of amusement to us, although her mistress, Ida Gibbon, found her a great trial. The two daughters, Ethel Heslop and Gertrude Sivil, very anxious to please their aunt, Bertha Dickens, expressed a desire to be taught how to make a wool mat, and the explanations and mistakes made were most amusing. Then a demand was made on our sympathy, as Dorothy Gibson, another daughter, was suffering from "tic." The ubiquitous maid appeared again with very strong remedies, and finally electrified the family by disappearing on a "pneumatic"-tyred bicycle.

* * *

A.M.B.

Sports' Day.—Once more we have been deprived of our national privilege of grumbling at the weather, for Sports' Day, June 23rd, was almost perfect; it was possible for the spectators to keep warm, and for the competitors to keep fairly cool. The entries for the various items were numerous; skittles and egg and spoon races were particularly attractive to Second Years, while First Years made valiant but unsuccessful attempts to win the High Jump and Hurdle Race. The medals for Tennis and "General Excellence in Sport" were awarded to Lilian Dickinson and Gertrude Hurst. Mrs. Fox kindly came to give away the prizes.

The following is the list of prize winners:—

- 100 yards race (first year), Gertrude Hurst.
- High Jump (both years), Constance Williams.
- Skipping race (both years), Ruth Wheatcroft.
- 100 yards race (second year), Constance Williams.
- Egg and Spoon race (first year), Madeline Reader.
- Long Jump (both years), Ida Hartley.
- Bicycle Tortoise Race (both years), Lucy Hartley.
- Skittles (both years), Louise Shirley.
- Egg and Spoon race (second year), Mary Hoole.
- Obstacle race (first year), Lilian Rosson.
- Hurdle race (both years), Constance Williams.
- Throwing the Cricket Ball (both years), Ruth Wheatcroft.
- Obstacle race (second year), Margaret Arscott.
- General excellence in games, Gertrude Hurst.
- Tug of War (first year v. second year), first year: Captain, L. Gibbs.

The name of Winifred Waller, Captain of the Blues, has been added to the Hockey Shield, and that of Ruth Wheatcroft, Captain of the Greens, to the Cricket Shield.

D.J.D.

Church Teachers' Benevolent Institution.—The Training College Association's donation of £9 10s. was sent to the Secretary in June. The votes, forty-five in number, have been given to Miss Jane Stokoe, an old Lincoln student (1869-70) who has been a subscriber to the "Church Teachers' Benevolent" for twenty-two years, and who is now paralysed and helpless.

In connection with this subject, may we urge upon members of the College Association the advantage of paying their subscriptions early in the year? The subscriptions for 1904 of some 120 members are still unpaid, to say nothing of those owing for 1903, and the proportion which is sent to the "Church Teachers' Benevolent" would have given us at least twenty-four additional votes.

* * *

Lent Offerings.—The Students' Special Lent Offerings, amounting to £2 0s. 4½d., were again sent to the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

* * *

The Magazine Club has sent the 1903 periodicals to the Hull Seamen's Mission.

* * *

BALANCE SHEET.—CHAPEL OFFERTORY.

July, 1903—July, 1904.

RECEIPTS.	£	s	d	EXPENDITURE.	£	s	d
Offertory for Year	19	3	0	Flowers and Hire of Plants..	2	17	6
				Mrs. Hemsall, for Cleaning	0	18	3
				Prayer Desk	0	18	0
				To Mrs. Buckley (Ellen Stubbs), for Mission Church	1	0	0
				Special Whit-Sunday Offer- tory for Chapel Improve- ment Fund	2	0	0
				Amount due on Stained Glass Windows (South side)	6	0	0
				Towards New Altar Rails ..	5	9	3
	£19	3	0		£19	3	0

Examined and approved, Oct. 10, 1904.
A. W. ROWE.

MARGARET ELWELL,
Treasurer.

* * *

The special service of Intercession for Missions held once a term, came on St. Peter's Day, the Rev. Chancellor Crowfoot giving the address.

* * *

On the last Saturday of the Summer Term, Mr. Dunkerton and Miss Dunstan gave us a delightful musical evening. Needless to say, the welcome and appreciation by the Students were of the warmest.

Gifts to the College.—The illustration at the beginning of the Magazine will give some idea of the beautiful oak Reredos which has been placed in Chapel. The following inscription will be carved in stone within the altar rails :

To the Glory of God
and in loving memory of
FRANCES ROWE,

This Reredos was erected
By her Husband and many friends.

September, 1904.

The work has been carried out by Messrs. Elwell and Sons, of Beverley. A brass memorial plate, fixed on the south wall, has been given by Mr. Frank Rowe, Mrs. Rowe's eldest son.

The following relatives and friends have joined with Canon Rowe in this offering to the Glory of God and her dear memory :

E. A.	Miss Lilian Corbett
Miss Mary Arscott	Miss Elizabeth Crousdale
Miss Margaret Arscott	Miss Frances Crombie
Miss Emma Austen	The Chancellor & Mrs. Crowfoot
Miss Aughtie	Miss Mary Crowther
Miss Kathleen Aviss	Miss Davies
Miss Edith Barker	Miss Edith Dawe
Mrs. Barrett (E. Crosland)	Miss Mary Dent
Miss Bedford	Mrs. & Miss Donald
Miss Elsie Beeching	Miss Eleanor Donson
Miss Hannah Bell	Miss Ada Doodson
Mrs. Bennett (Miss Gill)	Miss Elsie Drake
Mr. & Mrs. Bentley	Miss Jessie Drake
Miss Annie Bird	Mr. E. Dunkerton
Miss Frances Bishell	Miss A. Durant
Mrs. Blenkin	Mrs. Eayrs (R. Wooddin)
Miss Nellie Bott	Miss Jane Eggleston
Miss Elsie Botterill	Miss Elwell
Miss Beatrice Boulton	Miss Frances Elwell
Miss Alice Brooks	Miss Alice Falkinder
Miss Emily Brown	Miss Charlotte Fenwick
Miss Ethel Budd	Miss Lilian France
Miss Mary Burley	Mrs. Frost
Miss Edith Burley	Mrs. Fuller (M. Vickers)
Miss Phœbe Bury	Miss Amelia Gascoigne
Miss Cerise Cameron	Miss Ethel Gibbs
Miss Ethel Cheshire	Miss Lilian Gibbs
Miss Margaret Clarke	Mrs. Giles
Miss Marion Clayton	Miss M. Gill
Miss Mary Cocking	Miss Annie Glover
Miss Margaret Cooper	Miss Annie Gray

- Miss Alice Greening
 Miss Elizabeth Grindrod
 Miss Grist
 Mrs. K. Hadfield (M. Kent)
 Mr. R. C. Hallowes
 Miss L. Hamm
 Mrs. Hargreaves (A. Hornsey)
 Mrs. Harnston (E. Streeton)
 Miss Florence Harrand
 Miss Ida Hartley
 Miss Mary Hawthorne
 Miss Mary Heape
 Miss Jane Hendry
 Mrs. Hemsall
 Miss Rosa Hill
 Miss Mary Hoole
 Miss Judith Hopkinson
 Mrs. Howe (A. Kent)
 Miss Clarice Hughes
 Mrs. Hurst (E. B. Brigham)
 Miss Gertrude Hurst
 Miss Jessie Hutchison
 Miss Frances Inman
 Miss Daisy Jenner
 Miss Ada Johnson (Liverpool)
 Miss Maud Johnson
 Mrs. Lawrence
 The Subdean & Mrs. Leeke
 Miss Gertrude Machan
 Miss Alice Mackintosh
 Miss Ethel Maguire
 Miss Helen Marden
 Miss Agnes Marriott
 Miss Edith Marris
 Miss Martin
 Miss Edith Martin
 Miss Annie Meadows
 Mr. A. H. Leslie Melville
 Miss Leslie Melville
 Mrs. Milner (F. Burton)
 Miss Margaret Moreton
 Miss Caroline Moreton
 Miss Ethel Morris
 Mrs. Mullins
 Miss Marjorie Mullins
 Miss Nelson
 Mrs. & Miss Nevile
 Miss Elsie Newill
 Miss Edith Nightingal
 Miss Edith Norris
 Miss Sarah Parkes
 Miss Margaret Partrige
 Miss Annie Pearce
 Miss Elizabeth Pendlebury
 Miss Mary Piper
 Miss Margaret Piper
 Miss Elsie Piper
 Miss A. Porter
 Miss Minnie Potts
 Practising School Staff
 Miss Rosa Preston
 Miss Gertrude Radford
 Miss Ethel Radford
 Mrs. Reynolds
 Miss Ellen Roberts
 Miss Lucy Roberts
 Miss E. A. Robinson
 Miss J. Rogers
 Rev. John Rowe
 Miss Ethel Ryley
 Miss Gertrude Salt
 Miss Susannah Sargisson
 Miss Minnie Sells
 Miss Selvage
 Miss Isabella Shiach
 Miss Louise Shirley
 Miss Christine Skinner
 Miss Smith
 Mrs. Sparke
 Miss Ruth Spencer
 Miss Florence Stephenson
 Miss Elinor Stewart
 Special Chapel Offertory, July
 3rd
 Mrs. Taylor (E. Mayall)
 Miss A. Taylor
 Miss M. Trevitt
 Miss Turner
 Mrs. Turner
 Mrs. Turnour
 Dr. Stitt Thomson
 Mrs. Vaughan
 Miss Vaughan
 Miss H. S. Waddington
 Miss Emily Waite
 Miss Nellie Walker

Miss Georgina Walker
 Miss Winifred Waller
 Miss Annie Waugh
 Miss Lily Watson
 Miss Kate Webb
 Miss Frances Wells
 Miss Gertrude Whattam
 Miss Emma Whattam
 Miss Kate Whattam

Miss Ada Whitehead
 Miss Alice Whiteley
 Mrs. Wickham (Martock)
 Miss M. Wileman
 Miss Bertha Wilding
 Miss Elsie Wilkinson
 Miss Ethel Willdig
 Miss Florence Williams
 Miss E. Wood

* × *

The students who left in July of this year have given a beautiful stained glass window for the north side of the Chapel. The figure is that of St. Cecilia, and its position is appropriately in the central light nearest to the organ.

* * *

The Magazine Club have given the following novels to the Fiction Library:—Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm (*Mrs. Wiggins*). Strong Mac (*Crockett*). A Welsh Witch (*Allen Raine*). Through Sorrow's Gates (*Halliwell Sutcliffe*).

Additions to the Reference Library:—Nature Study of the Year (*Witchell*). Physical Geography (*Hughes*). School of the Woods (*Long*). Natural History of Animals, Vol. VII. (*Davis*). History of Gunpowder Plot (*Sidney*). Europe, Vol. II. (*Stanford*). Asia, Vol. I. (*Stanford*). The Real Siberia (*Fraser*). Descriptive Geography of North America (*Herbertson*). Principles of Class Teaching (*Findlay*). Classical Myths of English Literature. (Edited by *Gazley*). Domesday Book (Lincolnshire). (Edited by *Smith*). The Naturalist in La Plata. (*Hudson*). The Great Lone Land (*Butler*).

* * *

OFFICERS FOR THE YEAR:—

Chapel Wardens.—Lilian Gibbs, Gertrude Hurst (Second Year); (First Year not yet chosen.)

Music.—Louise Shirley and Sarah Winnall.

Debating Society—President: Ida Gibbon; Vice-President; Christabel Crossland; Secretaries: Mary Gibson (Second Year); Edith Jordan (First Year).

College Magazine Club.—Librarians: Ethel Brickell and Edith Tomlinson (Second Year); Minnie Callender and Ethel Gibson (First Year).

Collectors: Jessie Linnell (Second Year); Louisa Swales (First Year).

Librarians.—Reference Library (Lecture Hall) : Miss Grist ; Fiction Library (Common Room) : Miss Vaughan.

Sub-Librarians —Fiction : Jennie Greenep ; Literature : Eva Hinton ; History and Geography : Elizabeth Bunting ; Theological and Technical : Ethel Drury.

Chapel and Cathedral Brasses.—Louisa Shirley, Rose Mawer (Second Year) ; Christabel Crossland, Mary Pinck (First Year).

Dining Hall Superintendent.—Hilda Seymour.

Lecture Hall.—Louisa White.

First Year Class Room.—Lily Gouldthorpe.

Science Room.—Gertrude West.

Art Room.—Nellie Bott.

Small Class Room.—Ida Hartley.

Common Room.—Ethel Heslop.

Games' Committee.—President : Canon Rowe ; Vice-President : Miss Vaughan ; Treasurer : Miss Elwell ; Secretary : Mabel Househam ; *Cricket Captains* : Margaret Harvey (Blue) ; Lily Richardson (Green). *Hockey* : Ida Hartley (Blue) ; Rose Mawer (Green). *Tennis* : Gertrude Hurst (Blue) ; Ida Gibbon (Green). *Croquet* : Hilda Seymour.

Prefects.—Lower King : Margaret Harvey, Ida Gibbon, Rose Mawer, Ellen Hornsby. Upper King : Jessie Stringer, Bertha Dickens, Dorothy Gibson, Elizabeth Polwarth.

Nelson No. 1 : Ethel Brickell, Edith Tomlinson.

„ „ 2 : Hilda Seymour, Mabel Househam.

„ „ 3 : Nellie Bott.

„ „ 4 : Gertrude Hurst, Margaret Jones.

„ „ 5 : Lilian Gibbs, Erica Stuart.

„ „ 6 : Maud Stimson.

Lower Wickham : Elizabeth Bailey, May Gibson, Isabel Rigby. Upper Wickham : Louisa White, Eva Hinton, Louisa Shirley.

Heads of Tables.—Margaret Harvey and Jessie Stringer ; Ida Gibbon and Ethel Fox ; Hilda Seymour and Jessie Linnell ; Rose Mawer and Margaret Jones ; Gertrude Hurst and Lilian Gibbs ; Louise Shirley and Sarah Winnall ; Bertha Dickens and Dorothy Gibson ; Ethel Brickell and Louisa White.

PARCHMENTS RECEIVED, JUNE, 1903—JUNE, 1904.

<i>Name.</i>	<i>Left in</i>	<i>Name.</i>	<i>Left in</i>
Ethel Bimrose	1901	Annie Pearce	1902
Beatrice Boulton	"	Ellen Roberts	"
Annie Bugg	"	Annie Porter	"
Cerise Cameron	"	Margaret Partridge	"
Kate Chapple	"	Emma Austen... ..	"
Laura Davis	"	Lallah Robertson	"
Jessie Drake	"	Maud Johnson	"
Lilian France	"	Ellen Simpson	"
Henrietta Griffith	"	Elsie Dawtry	"
Clarice Hughes	"	Phœbe Bury	"
Alice Langford	"	Edith Smith	"
Ethel March	"	Annie Roberts... ..	"
Jessie Wilson	"	Lily Hacker	"
Edith Barker	1902	Sarah Shephard	"
Ethel Radford... ..	"	Mary Parkes	"
Annie Scholfield	"	Evelina Lamb... ..	"
Eleanor Donson	"	Alice Smith	"
Ethel Budd	"	Mabel Bromhall	"
May Hulse	"	Gertrude Bradwell... ..	"
Marjorie Mullins	"	Ruth Spencer (Art. 115 <i>b</i>)	"
Mary E. Arscott	"	Ethel Willdig (Art. 115 <i>b</i>)	"

APPOINTMENTS OF STUDENTS WHO LEFT IN JULY.

- Mary Antcliffe, Sheffield Federated Church School. £65.
 Margaret Arscott, St. Faith's Infants', Lincoln. £75.
 Bertha Bannister, Sheffield Council. £70.
 Alice Bean, Spitalgate Girls', Grantham. £75.
 Eveline Best, Sheffield Council. £70.
 Emily Brown, Coventry. £80.
 Violet Brown, Wakefield £75
 Gwendoline Clapp, Birmingham Council. £70.
 Frederica Clissold, St. Peter-at-Gowts, Lincoln. £75.
 Maud Collitt, Priory Infants', Worksop. £75.
 Ethel Cuckson, Sheffield Council. £70.
 Christine Dagleish, Sheffield Council. £70.
 Florence Davis, West Ham. £85.
 Ethel Dent, Leeds. £70.
 Lilian Dickinson, London Council. £80.

- Alethea Durant, St. Faith's School, Lincoln. £75.
Charlotte Fenwick, Sheffield Council £70.
Mabel Fountain, St. Andrew's School, Rugby. £80.
Ethel Gibbs, West Ham. £85.
Edith Halliday, Ardsley National School. £80.
Mabel Hamm, Sheffield Council. £70.
Lucy Hartley, Barking. £85.
Mary Hoole, Guild Street School, Burton-on-Trent. £75.
Bessie Hounsell, Shepherd's Bush. £80.
Eleanor Ives, Parish Church, Gainsboro'. £75.
Sarah Keuworthy, Barnsley. £70.
Edith Laver. Sheffield Council. £70.
Ethel Maguire, Salford Board. £65.
Edith Marris, Hull Board. £70.
Ethel Morris, Bolton Board. £66.
Alice Muddimer, Coventry Trinity Girls' School. £80.
Hilda Oliver, London. £80.
Mabel Panton, Driffield. £90.
Edith Parlett, Norwich. £75.
Elsie Penzer, St. Faith's, Lincoln. £75.
Janet Pressick, West Hartlepool Council. £80.
Rachel Rawnsley, Halifax Council.
Kate Richardson, Nottingham Council. £65.
Edith Sheckell, Grimsby. £65.
Gertrude Smith, P.T. Centre, Ilkeston. £85.
Florence Tipping, St. Ann's, Nottingham. £70.
Theodora Trotter, Windsor. £75.
Rose Wade, St. Swithin's, Lincoln. £75.
Eva Waller, Malton.
Winifred Waller, St. John's, Oxford. £75.
Ethel Ward, Worksop. £75.
Maud Weaver, Wolverhampton Council.
Ruth Wheatcroft, Sheffield Council. £70.
Elsie Wilkinson, Hull Board. £70.
Constance Williams, Ascot Heath. £90.
Emily Wood, Barrowby, Grantham. £65.
Matilda Wood, Sale Memorial School, Sheffield. £70.

LIST OF STUDENTS ENTERING SEPTEMBER, 1904.

Name of Student.	School in which a Pupil Teacher or Assistant.	Position on Scholarship List.
^a Irene Marsden	S. Luke's, Kingston-on-Thames	I. 5
^b Elsie Preston	Spitalgate, Grantham	I. 5
Olive Jackson	Queen's Road Board, Halifax	I. 6
Edith Jordan	Kindal Street Council, Birmingham	I. 6
Gertrude Leeming	Ackroyd Place Council, Halifax	I. 6
Edith Sutton	Chancer Street, Ilkeston	I. 6
Gertrude Border	S. Peter-at-Gowts, Lincoln	I. 7
Katherine Close	National School, King's Sutton	I. 7
Lilian Jones	Brockley Road, London	I. 7
Beatrice Newbould	All Saints' Girls', Blackheath	I. 7
Mary Palmer	Doddington, March	I. 7
Alice Robertshaw	Marshfield, Bradford	I. 7
Violet Searby	Goodrick Road Infants', East Dulwich	I. 7
Louie Vezey	Harringay Girls', London	I. 7
Amy Wyatt	S. John's, Penge	I. 7
Violet Bedford	Burton-u-Needwood Girls'	II. 1
^c Elsie Hacker	Pyebank Girls' School, Sheffield	II. 1
Caroline Spencer	Burton-on-Stather	II. 1
Gladys Thornton	Old Goole Girls'	II. 1
Ina McWhan
May Burgess	Dulwich	II. 2
Frances Cooper	National School, East Retford	II. 2
May Fenton	National School, Retford	II. 2
Florence Friswell	S. Swithin's, Lincoln	II. 2
Charlotte Gallimore	National School, York	II. 2
Isobel Greene	All Saints', Chorley	II. 2
Florence Hotham	Holy Trinity, Gainsboro'	II. 2
Violet Lynn	Emneth National, Wisbech	II. 2
Esther Newton	Hollingwood Board, Ashton	II. 2
Kate Oldfield	National School, Nettleham	II. 2
Ellen Perks	National School, Boston	II. 2
Louisa Swales	Wantage	II. 2
Jessie Thomson	Union Street, Coventry	II. 2
Ruth Wilkinson	Parish Church, Gainsboro'	II. 2
Jessie Birchenough	Tinsley Park, Sheffield	II. 3
Alice Bristowe	Christ Church, Greenwich	II. 3
Minnie Callender	Carrow School, Norwich	II. 3
Alice Charters	S. Paul's, Preston	II. 3
Ethel Ellison	Hoyland, Barnsley	II. 3
Ethel Gibson	S. George's, Stamford	II. 3
^d Elsie Harrison	S. John's, Gainsboro'	II. 3
Gertrude Hipwell	Geddington, Kettering	II. 3
^e Louie Langford	S. Ann's, Nottingham	II. 3
Kerr Maxwell	II. 3
Viola Moore	S. George's, Great Yarmouth	II. 3
Ethel Podmore	Scunthorpe National	II. 3
Alice Rodgers	Carbrook National, Sheffield	II. 3
Annie Spencer	Todmorden	II. 3
Edith West	S. Botolph's, Lincoln	II. 3
^f Jessie West	Boothferry Road, Goole	II. 3
Rhoda Winterthorham	Gleadless Road, Sheffield	II. 3
Maud Jubb	Practising Schools, Lincoln	II. 4

Students admitted under Art. 12 (a).

Corfield, Bessie	London Matriculation.
Crossfield, Christabel J. E.	Senior Oxford Local.
Pinck, Mary	Senior Cambridge.

^a Sister of old student. ^b Sister of two old students.

^c Sister of old student. ^d Daughter of old student. ^e Sister of old student.
^f Daughter of old student.

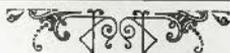
LISTS FOR 1904.

Second Year Students.	Religious Knowledge.	Certificate.	
	Class	Part I.	Part II.
M. Arscott.....	2	2	2
B. Bannister.....	2	1	1 (h)
A. Bean	2	2	3
E. Best	2	1	3
E. Brown	2	3	2
V. Brown	3	1	3 (h)
G. Clapp	3	2	3 (h)
F. Clissold	2	2	3
M. Collitt	1	2	2
E. Cuckson	1	2	3 (h)
F. Davis	2	2	2 (h)
L. Dickinson	1	1	1
A. Durant	2	1	2
C. Fenwick	2	3	1
M. Fountain.....	1	1	1
E. Gibbs	1	1	2
E. Halliday	2	2	3 (h)
M. Hamm.....	3	2	3
L. Hartley.....	3	1	3
M. Hoole	2	2	2 (e)
E. Ives	1	1	1
S. Kenworthy	3	1	3
E. Maguire	3	2	2
H. Oliver	1	1	1 (e)
M. Panton.....		1	3
E. Parlett	2	2	3 (h)
E. Penzer	3	2	2 (h)
R. Rawnsley.....	1	2	2
K. Richardson	2	2	2
E. Sheckell	2	1	2 (h)
G. Smith	1	1	1
F. Tipping.....	2	1	2
R. Wade	1	2	2
E. Waller	2	1	2
W. Waller.....	1	1	1
M. Weaver	3	1	2
R. Wheatcroft	2	1	2 (h)
E. Wilkinson	1	2	2 (h)
C. Williams	3	1	3
M. Wood	1	1	2 (h)

ONE YEAR STUDENTS, ARTICLE 115B.

One Year Students.	Religious Knowledge.	Certificate.	
	Class	Part I.	Part II.
M. Antcliffe	2	3	3
C. Dalgleish	3	2	2 (h)
E. Dent	3	3	3
B. Hounsell	3	3	3
E. Laver	3	3	2
E. Marris	3	3	3 (h)
E. Morris	2	2	3
A. Muddimer	3	2	2 (h)
J. Pressick	2	2	1 (h)
T. Trotter	3	3	2
E. Ward	2	2	1 (h)
E. Wood	3	3	3

Students marked (e) and (h) have satisfied the Examiners that they have reached a certain degree of excellence and shown signs of steady work and careful study in French and Household Science respectively.



EDITORIAL NOTICE.

Miss Elwell will be glad if all arrears in Association and Magazine Subscriptions may be paid as soon as possible. 120 Subscriptions are due from Association Members, and a very considerable number from other Subscribers to the Magazine.

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

Association Subscriptions for 1905 are due next January.

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.

