

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, 3/6 or 8/3 (in silver), 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.

MEMBERS.

- 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 Mounteney (Mrs. Stallibrass)
 1868 Rebecca Haynes (Mrs. Hemsley)
 1870 Annie Elizabeth Whitworth (Mrs. Hutchinson)
 1871 Sarah Pearson, Alice Kent (Mrs. Howe)
 1872 Elizabeth Brummitt
 1873 Sarah Elizabeth Sutcliffe (Mrs. Watson), Elizabeth Watson (Mrs. Dixon), Sarah Thorpe (Mrs. Shelton), Margaret Elwell, Emma Shotton, Fanny Utting (Mrs. Norman)
 1874 Annie Georgina Selvage, Martha Ann Greaves, Clara Brummitt
 1875 Elizabeth Satchell (Mrs. Williams), Fanny Burton (Mrs. Milner), Selina Goodwin
 1876 Annie Harrington (Mrs. C. J. Robbins), Elsie Robb (Mrs. A. Logsdail)
 1877 Hannah Bell
 1878 Ellen Wilson (Mrs. Hoades), Flora Ford
 1879 Selina Dix, Alice Whiteley, Maud Bourne, Annie Morley (Mrs. Clayton)
 1880 Maud Etechells (A.T.S.), Jane Platt (Mrs. Dean) (A.T.S.)
 1881 Mary Williamson, Ann Hague (Mrs. Holden)
 1882 Mary Turner, Jessie Bourne, Amy Beddoe, Susannah Brown, Eliza Crossland (Mrs. Barrett)
 1884 Essie Ruth Conway, Florence White, Eliza Bass
 1885 Eunice B. Turner
 1886 Annie Glover, Emma Cook, Ada Mary Whitehead, Caroline Smith (Mrs. Richardson)
 1887 Hannah Thomason (Mrs. J. W. Shaw), Frances Elwell
 1888 Jane Martin, Frances Wells, Rosa Preston, Emma Johnson (Mrs. Hamer), Frances Calver
 1889 Emma Wilkinson, Jessie Hutchison, Sarah Dawes, Annie Churm (Mrs. F. H. Lea)
 1890 Florence Aughtie (Mrs. Summerton), Charlotte Watson, Mary Heape, Mary Jones (Mrs. Thickett), Ada Pepperdine, Kate Barker
 1891 Mary Bell, Gertrude Whattam (Mrs. Mackinder), Laura A. A. Wilkinson, Emily Whetton, Kate Hoggard (Mrs. Slater), Mary Gosling (Mrs. Wolstenholme)
 1892 Albina Elston, Agnes Radford, Kathleen Huddleston, Carrie Poole, Agnes Short, Edith Dawes.
 1893 Gertrude Radford, May Kent (Mrs. Hadfield), Elizabeth Robinson, Edith Martin (Mrs. Crofts), Gertrude Askew
 1894 Ada Aughtie, Emma F. Whattam, Sarah Calver, Eliza Dyson (Mrs. F. T. Clarke), Minnie Potts
 1895 Frances Crombie, Alice Greening, Frances Bishell, Lily Horsfall
 1896 Mary Wileman, Annie Meadows, Annie Harvey, Amy Swift, Rosa Hill, Alice Hill, Mary Crowther, Annie Mackridge (Mrs. Atkinson), Ethelen King

* 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 Whaitan, Edith Hales (Mrs. Gossop), Eleanor Walker, May Charlton (Mrs. Sivil), Mary Footitt (Mrs. Crabtree), Annie Taylor, Marian Trevitt, Jemima Mountford
- 1898 Alice Falkinder, Gertrude Kenning, Marianne Thompson, Minnie Sells, Ethel Craft, Margaret Harrison, Harriet M. Coales, Jane Eggleston, Alice Upton, Minnie Rimmington (Mrs. Russon), Alice Dunbar, Ada Rimmington, Evelina Schröder, Susannah Sargisson, Rose Naylor (Mrs. Tom Carter), Winifred Brown, Emily Ayres, Gertrude Hemsley (Mrs. Foxon), Eleanor Walpole (Mrs. Gough)
- 1899 Ada Brown, Lucy Maud Marrows, Bertha Wilding, Florence Howard, Annie Amelia Harrison, Mary Ellen Lanning, Augusta Tanner, Margaret A. Glenn, Susannah Davis, 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, Annie King
- 1900 Alice Mackintosh, Edith Nightingali, Grace Hemsley, Rhoda Wallis, Lucy Myers, Agnes Horusey (Mrs. Hargreaves), Rose Knowlson, Alice Perkins, Georgina Walker, Gertrude Billett, Frances Randle, Amy Wright, Lucy Roberts, Daisy Jenner, Annie Bird, Jane Leach, Annie Burton, Edith Newton (Mrs. Williams), Edith Parkinson (Mrs. C. Gillson), Florence Yardley, Alice Shirley (Mrs. Garner), Florence Scarlett
- 1901 Mary Bannister, Annie Bugg, Ethel Binrose, Beatrice Baultbee, Cerise Cameron, Ethel Cheshire, Margaret Cooper, Marion Clayton, Kate Chapple, Laura Davis, Mary Dent, Jessie Drake, Elsie Drake, Lilian France, Henrietta Griffiths, Florence Harrand, Clarice Hughes, Emma Austen, Alice Langford, Jennie Leonard, May Libby, Ethel March, Arabella Nield, Ita Peet, Elsie Piper, Elizabeth Pendlebury, Ethel 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 Dounson, 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, Lilian Underhill, Kate Webb, Ethel Wildig
- 1903 Graeme Armstrong, Ada Ashton, Evelyn Bakewell, Emily Barker, Elsie Beeching, Edith Berry, Elsie Botterill, Edith Burley, Margaret Clarke, Lilian Corbett, Mary Crossdale, Ada Doodson, Laura Enderby, Jessie Fawcett, Amelia Gascoigne, Irene Gelsthorpe, Rosa Gouldthorpe, Mary Hawthorne, Margaret Heritage, Emily Holmes, Frances Hobues, Mary Holmes, Jennie Hendry (Mrs. Hornsby), Amy Holroyd, Gertrude Holroyd, Elsie Hunt, Frances Inman, Julia Jarvis, Ada Johnson, Frances Evelyn 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 Pye, 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 Anteliff, Margaret Arscott, Bertha Bannister, Eveline Best, Emily Mary Brown, Violet Brown, Gwendoline Clapp, Frederica Clissold, Maud Colliitt, Ethel Cuckson, Christine Dalglish, Florence Davies, Ethel Dent, Lilian 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 Panton, 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
- 1905 Elizabeth Bailey, Helena Bott, Ethel Brickell, Elizabeth Bunting, Elizabeth Burge, Ada Clarke, Elizabeth Comer, Florence Dave, Bertha Dickens, Ethel Drury, Ethel Fox, Ida Gibbon, Lilian Gibbs, Dorothy Gibson, May Gibson, Lily Gouldthorpe, Jennie Greenep, Ida Hartley, Margaret Harvey, Lilian Henchcliffe, Ethel Heslop, Eva Hinton, Ellen Hornsby, Mabel Househam, Gertrude Hurst, Jessie Jones, Margaret Jones, Charlotte Langford, Jessie Linnell, Laura Mann, Rose Mawer, Beatrice Mortlock, Mabel Noble, Violet Nuttall, Connie Penzer, Elizabeth Polwarth, Madeline Reader, Lily Richardson, Isabel Rigby, Lilian Rossion, Hilda Seymour, Louise Shirley, Gertrude Sivil, Maud Stimson, Jessie Stringer, Erica Stuart, Lucy Thurlby, Edith Tomlinson, Dorothy Walker, Gertrude West, Louisa White, Sarah Wimmall

PRINCIPAL'S LETTER.

DEAR STUDENTS, PAST AND PRESENT,—I am much afraid you will think that the College Regulations are always being changed, and I feel that there will be a good deal to justify such a thought—certainly a constant anticipation of change is not good either for the staff or the students of the College, but in England we seem to be only just awaking to the fact that our system of education is decidedly behind the age both in its methods and in its results, and as usually happens in such cases, the powers that be seem ready to adopt almost any change that is suggested without always carefully considering the effect of it. However this may be, progress itself seems to necessitate changes, all that is required being to make as sure as possible that such changes do not end in taking one step forward and two back. But to come to the point, our past students will possibly be somewhat surprised to hear that all work before breakfast has been given up, and almost all afternoon work. Some may envy the present students, and wish it had been so in their day, for the recollection of the dark hours in the morning in winter, and the great efforts they had to make to get any work at all done, are not among the most cherished memories of college life, but women are so essentially conservative that most will be inclined to think that such changes will be the death blow to all good steady work, and will wonder how the work is to be got through. Well! it seems to point to less lecturing and more study, instead of, as in old days, a very great amount of lecturing with a very small

modicum of study, and I am inclined to think that there must have been a very large number of students in the past who would have been glad indeed to have had fewer lectures and more time for their own private study, so that they might have been able to arrange and assimilate the amount of information of all kinds that was being continually poured into their minds.

Our Time Table reads now—Breakfast 7-45, chapel 8-45, lectures 9 to 1-15 (with a quarter of an hour for a break and for lunch), dinner 1-30, drill in one afternoon for each year in two sections (three-quarters of an hour for each), criticism lessons are given by both years once a week from 2-15 to 3, tea at 4-30, private study 5 to 8-15, supper at 8-15, chapel at 8-45, lights out at 10. This, however, necessitates the Practical Science and the Drawing being partly taken in the evenings. The advantages are a getting rid of the rush to get down in the early mornings, and the having more time and better hours for out-door recreation and exercise. One more important change is being made this year as an experiment, and one which will commend itself to most, I think. Fifteen of the Second Year Students, with the Mistress of Method, are going to spend a fortnight in Sheffield, teaching in the schools there. The Sheffield Education Committee have very kindly made arrangements for this, and the College Committee, with their usual readiness to help forward the training of the students in any way they can, have consented to defray the expense. I am sure you will all join with me in hoping it will prove a success, and so be continued. With all good wishes to you.

Yours very sincerely, A. W. ROWE.

PAST STUDENTS' ADDRESSES.

Left in 1903.

Graeme Armstrong, 42 North Bridge Street, Monkwearmouth,
Sunderland

Ada Ashton, 75 Lacey Street, Widnes

Evelyn Bakewell, Stanger Street, Keswick

Emily Barker, 10 Vickers' Road, Pitsmoor, Sheffield

Elsie Beeching, 5 Monks Leys Terrace, Lincoln

Edith Berry, 24 Cheviot Street, Lincoln

Elsie Botterill, School House, Wilnecote, Tamworth

Edith Burley, Benedict House, Normanton, Yorks.

Margaret Clarke, 7 Cranwell Street, Lincoln

Lillian Corbett, 4 Syriam Terrace, Springburn, Glasgow

Mary Croasdale, 2 Duke Street, Colne, Lancashire

Ada Doodson, 15 Charles Street, Bolton Road, Pendleton,

Manchester

Laura Enderby, Elm Cottage, Attleborough, Norfolk

Jessie Fawcett, 133 Barcroft Street, Cleethorpes Road, Grimsby

Amelia Gascoigne, 23 Grayling Street, Derby

Irene Gelsthorpe, Annesley Woodhouse, Notts.

- Rosa Gouldthorpe, North End, Goxhill, near Hull
 Mary Hawthorne, 27, Lovely Lane, Warrington
 Margaret Heritage, 42 New Cross Road, London, S.E.
 Emily Holmes, 133 Barcroft Street, Cleethorpes Road, Grimsby
 Frances Holmes, 11 Tylney Road, Stafford Road, Sheffield
 Mary Holmes, 7 Norman Street, Melton Mowbray
 Margaret J. Hendry (Mrs. Alfred Hornsby), Dalston House,
 Durham Road, Stockton-on-Tees
 Amy Holroyd, }
 Gertrude Holroyd, } Bank Bottom, Ripponden, near Halifax
 Elsie Hunt, 94, Lavenham Road, Southfield, London, S.W.
 Frances Inman, 4, Belvedere Terrace, Dewsbury Road, Leeds
 Julia Jarvis, Phoenix House, Middlestown, Wakefield
 Ada Johnson, 4 Bouverie Street, Chester
 Evaline Johnson, 6 Vane Street, Hull
 Beatrice Leighton, Dunston Lane, Sheepbridge, near Chesterfield
 Gertrude Machan, 234 Kirkgate, Wakefield
 Helen Marden, 69, West Parade, Lincoln
 Agnes Marriott, 36 Palace Road, Crouch End, London, N.
 Edith Millard, 18 Merrick Square, Trinity Street, Southwark, S.E.
 Elsie Newill, The Beeches, Bushbury, near Wolverhampton
 Edith Norris, 130 Waterloo Street, Hull
 Amy Oakes, 7 Cranwell Street, Lincoln
 Ethel Ogden, Watty House, near Todnuorden
 Ethel Peacock, Apsley House West, Apsley Road, Gt. Yarmouth
 Gertrude Pearson, Ivy House, Wheat Street, Nuneaton
 Jane Pollard, 24 May Street, Beverley Road, Hull
 Alice Porter, 176 Sharrow Lane, Sheffield
 Helen Pye, 74 Florence Road, Stroud Green, London, N.
 Mary Rawcliffe, The Laburnums, 45 Cliffe-field Road, Meers-
 brook, Sheffield
 Gertrude Salt, 36 Cannon Hill Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham
 Emily Shead, Elm Villa, Cowslip Rd., South Woodford, London
 Christine Skinner, 44 Wostenholme Road, Sharrow, Sheffield
 Celia Smith, 5 St. Martin's, Stamford
 Florence Stephenson, }
 Elinor Stewart, } 42 Hugh Oldham Street, Broughton,
 Manchester
 Mabel Stuttle, 1 Matlock Street, Stepney, London, E.
 Margaret Toulmin, National School, Whaplode Drove, Wisbech
 Annie Turner, 205 Sheffield Road, Barnsley
 Maggie Walker, 21 Hoole Street, Walkley, Sheffield
 Nellie Walker, The Crescent, Selby, Yorkshire
 Bessie Watson, 72 Downs Park Road, Hackney Downs, N.E.
 Annie Waugh, 56 Summergate Place, Parkinson Lane, Halifax
 Frances Wilkinson, 28 Brunswick Avenue, Beverley Road, Hull
 Florence Williams, 36 Cannon Hill Rd., Edgbaston, Birmingham
 Ruth Wilson, Home Farm, Orlingbury, Wellingborough
 Edith Wood, 27 Poole Road, Darnall, Sheffield
 Margaret Wood, 69 St. Thomas' Road, Crookes, Sheffield

EDITORIAL NOTICE.

Association and Magazine Subscriptions for the current year were due in January—Many Subscriptions are owing from Association Members as well as from other Subscribers to the Magazine.

Miss Elwell will be glad if these arrears may be paid as soon as possible. Great practical inconvenience is caused by want of punctuality in payment, since a heavy bill for printing the Magazine has to be met in November, and as at present the Magazine does not pay its way, the cost of sending out reminders is a serious item.

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

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. Magazines constantly go astray from neglect to do this.

It is requested that Subscribers will communicate with Miss Elwell if the Spring number fails to reach them before the end of April, or the Autumn one before the end of October or the first week in November.

OLD STUDENTS' PAGE.

MARRIAGES.

On July 25th, 1905, at St. Swithin's Church, Lincoln, Will Mackinder to Gertrude Whattam (Lincoln 1890-91). 133, West Parade, Lincoln.

On September 12th, 1905, at St. Peter's Church, Loudwater, Bucks, Herbert W. Gough to Eleanor Margaret Walpole (Lincoln 1897-98). 18, Duke's Avenue, Chiswick, W.

On April 22nd, 1905, at St. James's Church, Milnrow, by the Rev. F. P. Wright, M.A., Robert H. Entwhistle, Blackburn, to Bertha Robertson (Lincoln, 1890 1). 25, Langham St., Blackburn.

On October 5th, 1905, Alfred Hornsby to Margaret Jane Hendry (Lincoln, 1902-8). Dalston House, Durham Road, Stockton-on-Tees.

BIRTH.

On September 7th, at Oxford House, Eynsham, to Thomas Powers and Alice Mary Garner (Lincoln, 1899-1900), a son, Robert Powers.

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RE-APPOINTMENTS.

Miss Theodora Trotter, Farnham Girls'. Assistant
 Miss Constance Williams, Farnham, Infants'. Assistant.
 Miss Minnie Potts, St. Matthias' Girls'. Sheffield. Head.
 Miss Margaret Wood, Sale Memorial Girls', Sheffield. Head.
 Miss Edith Berry, St. Peter-at Gowts, Lincoln. Assistant.
 Miss Ethel Budd, Trent Boulevard Infant Department, West
 Bridgeford, Notts. Assistant.
 Miss Annie Meadows, Kirton-in-Lindsey.
 Miss Alice Greening, St. Mary's, Willesden. Head.
 Miss Rhoda Wallis, Pupil Teachers' College, Leeds. Assistant.
 Miss Mary Hoole, Pupil Teachers' Centre, Boston. Assistant.
 Miss Edith Barker, Gainsborough Pupil Teachers' Centre.
 Assistant.
 Miss Mary Arscott, Bole Hill School, Sheffield. Assistant.

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Miss Nellie Smith, Wigan, has passed the First L.L.A. Examination. St. Andrew's.

Miss Ethel Maguire, Miss Mary Wileman, and Miss Rose Wade have gained their Froebel certificates.

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PRESENTATION.

To Miss Bertha Robertson on the occasion of her marriage, among many other presents, a silver teapot and walnut timepiece from her scholars and teachers in the day school, and a large framed portrait of the fifty-six scholars of her Sunday class.

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THE LINCOLN "CONFERENCE" RE-UNION.

LINCOLN ex-students attending the Conferences of the N.U.T. have for many years received a cordial invitation from Miss Selvage to "re-unite." As a consequence the regular Conference habitué meets as Easter comes round some Lincoln students unknown to her before—they were not in *her* year—and so the links that bind those who love and remember the Lincoln that was to those who represent the Lincoln that is, are strengthened and the chain of good feeling lengthened. Each Easter gives us a different locale, and we naturally wonder "who will be there," as every district provides a somewhat differing personnel; Miss Selvage and Mrs. Edwards we always expect to see, and from the former, because of

the contiguity of her home to the College, we look for the latest information. At Llandudno we met for tea at the Queen's Hotel, and welcomed each other; talked over events in our own College days and escapades more or less to our credit; enquired for those absent; had recent joys and sorrows to relate; and heard all about the present College life—heard and "yea, verily," were undisturbed by envy, though we were told of great improvements interior and exterior, of larger numbers of students, of "many things." We of the seventies and eighties still thought with complacency of the happy family life that was ours, hugged to ourselves beautiful memories, and felt no whit less superior than the maidens who flit through the corridors and inhabit the cubicles which we once knew so well. One regret annually recurs—that we can spend but a brief time together; but before farewells are spoken, old ties have been renewed, new friendships begun, and all have gathered tidings of some one not seen, maybe, for many years. (Stepping from a "Conference" train on to a London railway platform, recently, I heard my name, and turning, met a Lincoln student unseen for twenty-five years, whom (to my shame) I failed at first to recognise—and who told me "You have not altered a bit"—which says much for my middle aged appearance at twenty!) Those present were Mrs. Edwards (Oldham), Mrs. Hodges (Leicester), Mrs. Shelton (New Brompton), Mrs. Hoades (Gainsborough), Mrs. Stansfield (Warrington), Mrs. Yates (Rugby), Mrs. Lodge (Barnsley), Miss Selvage (Hainton), Miss Greaves (Oldham), Miss Conway (Liverpool), Miss Taylor (Wigan), Miss Gray (Witham), Miss Dix (Coventry), with Miss Stephenson (Binbrook), and Miss Stoddart (Oldham) as visitors. May I add to all those Lincoln students and ex-students who may be at the Scarborough Conference or living in the neighbourhood of that lovely watering-place, a hearty invitation from Miss Selvage and myself to meet next Easter? S. Dix.

* * *

The following poem on our "College Motto," written by the brother of one of our old students (Nellie Smith, 1901-2), will, we are sure, be appreciated by all Lincoln students:—

"GARDE TA FOI,"

"Guard thou thy Faith!" The voice as clear and thrilling
 Speaks out to-day, as through the days of yore;
 Hold fast through life: defend it; nor unwilling
 Teach faith in death, when life can teach no more!
 For what is Faith, but clear untrammell'd vision
 Of solid things, seen but with inner eye;
 The certain hope that scorns this world's derision,
 'Midst present touches of eternity?
 Guard thou thy Faith: nor think thine arm unfitted;
 Nor sword, nor shield, mere ornaments of peace!
 Fight the good fight, nor think thy task acquitted
 Till God shall call, and bid thy warfare cease!

Climb on yon hill, and mark the smiling country :
 View the fair scene :—was ever scene so fair ?
 'Neath runs a stream,—the well of life,—the fountain,
 Whence springs the bounty of the verdure there.
 No flood polluted swells that lucid current :
 Breezes all fragrant every ripple waves :
 Bliss decks its green abounding pastures,
 Blest e'en the pebble which its flow o'erlaves.
 This vale is Faith,—our Faith,—and we her daughters
 May here unhungered live in trustful joy,
 For He, their Fount-head, bids these limpid waters
 Give us of Food our souls shall never cloy !

Stand in the plain ! how noble rears the mountain,
 Towering o'er all, so lofty, so sublime !
 Seat of deep awe ; the throne of rugged grandeur ;
 Fortress of Nature 'gainst the blasts of time !
 Feeble are words to picture of its greatness,
 Man ne'er in fulness shall its story say :
 Rock-rent, embouldered, scarred by time and torrent,
 Ever embattled, yet as firm as aye !

This, too, is Faith,—our Faith,—the Faith of ages ;
 Strong and unshaken base to soaring crest ;
 Though age on age she clashed with sceptic sages,
 None the less sure she guides us still—to rest !

Glance but again—and mark once more the mountain,
 How each small stone protects its mother-side ;
 Mark, too, each blade by yon sweet-valley'd fountain
 Lend restful strength, and 'dorn the parent tide.
 So hath our Faith in every generation
 Found bulwarks 'gainst the mightiest blasts that blew ;
 So still she claims in single veneration,
 Sons of bold strength, and daughters gently true.

Thus stands our Faith, till time's mere record ceasing,
 Ends Faith in sight, in substance, and in joy ;
 (Rev. xiv. 12) From prayerful watch each patient saint releasing
 Brings blessed rest 'midst Heaven's untired employ !

Aug., 1905.

J. H. SMITH, Wigan.

RE-UNION, 1905.

It was Whit-Saturday, and the sun's rays lit up carving and pinnacle on the grey walls of the ancient Cathedral, and glistened warmly on the red roofs on Castle Hill, welcoming back many a student to the well-remembered streets of the old city. For it was Lincoln College Re-union, and many who had once lived within its walls were coming by invitation to renew for three days, old acquaintance with city and people ; visitors to the scene of bygone toil and play, coming joyfully to see once more their mother College. In street or café—well-known to Lincoln students—friends met with rapturous greetings or more quiet smile, eager to pick up the threads of friendship dropped last in the same city—more eager we could not have been if we had returned from the margins of the Seven Seas.

But these were but foretastes of the great meeting in the Common Room that evening. There Canon Rowe, Miss Elwell,

and the Governesses gave a warm welcome to each returned wanderer, and past days came back as the room re-echoed with voices and laughter while confidences were exchanged or joke passed round. Responsibility was laid aside, all become light-hearted college girls as of yore. Old comrades greeted, the latest alterations in the college buildings received attention from some of the visitors. Each and all were charmed with the new students' entrance, especially with the glazed folding doors with the College shield emblazoned thereon; this above all gratified a certain past student who cherishes certain ideas concerning the dignity of her Alma Mater. The former First Year Class-room was unrecognisable with its extra blackboards and new art-desks: and we duly admired the artistic manner in which it had been fitted up as a dressing-room by skilful fingers as became its new dignity as an Art Room. Indeed, everywhere, flowers and creepers attested the artistic ability of the First Year decorators—they have an Art Room to live up to now. Corridor and room looked charming, but, perhaps, a few cats and buttercups on the blackboard would have been more home-like, that is more college-like. The new dormitories received their due mood of praise, though we doubtless each repeated in our secret heart the speech of one who declared that the new was not equal to *her* old room. We next found ourselves in the Lecture Hall, securing seats for the performance (by the Second Years) of Dr. Somervell's operetta, "King Thrushbeard." Keen anticipation settled on the faces of all, to be soon changed into delight as song, dance, and joke, unfolded strange events in the life of a charming young princess possessed, however, of a spice of temper. There was a most delightful beggar, but the programme revealed that "he" was a College girl—as well as a King in disguise. The most enjoyable things come to an end, so after seeing the Princess safely married and the villain and "villainess" fitly punished, adieus were made until the morrow.

On Sunday morning the attendance at early service and morning prayer in the Cathedral was increased by the presence of students, both past and present, for no other cathedral service seems quite like that of Lincoln. In the afternoon the Principal, the Staff, and the Second Years entertained the visitors to tea in the Lecture Hall, where the usual cheerful clatter of both cups and tongues, which is inseparable from such gatherings, was heard. Tea over, both entertained and entertainers strolled about the grounds, the weather showing its best side, not only on Saturday, but all the week-end. Groups of bright dresses rivalled in colour clumps of flowers, and the cricket field blossomed into a "garden of girls." The tones of the well-remembered bell called us in to share once more in a College service. Then, of a truth, were we back at College. There might be alterations in other parts, but in the Chapel nothing seemed changed. True, since last Whitsuntide, a beautiful Reredos had been erected to the memory of Mrs. Rowe,

but so exquisitely did it fill its appointed place that memory refused to picture the Chapel without it. The rolling notes of the organ, and the tuneful voices swelling in the Psalms, brought recollections of past Sunday evenings; while as Canon Rowe addressed in helpful words those who had already left College days behind, and those who would soon do so, some of us found it hard to realize that we belonged to the ranks of the former, not the latter.

Cricket and tennis matches on Monday morning tried in friendly rivalry the skill of College athletes, past and present. Keen interest was shown in the cricket match. Certain of the visitors had determined that, if strenuous exertions on their part could avail, the past should have the victory, and not the present. It was even whispered that one enterprising "old" student—a year previous she had been a "young" student—had for a week past utilised play-time for practising batting to the great detriment of school windows. Alas for the frailty of human hopes! she contributed a 0 in the first innings. Still, in spite of this and other similar misfortunes, the palm of victory lay with the visitors, who thereupon retired with satisfied feelings to fit themselves, by afternoon repose, for the pleasures of the evening, for we were invited to a dance and supper that evening by the Principal and Miss Elwell.

Seven o'clock saw the assembling of gaily-gowned students to partake of the hospitality provided for them. The Supper Room was the new First Year Class-room, gaily adorned with Chinese umbrellas, art muslin, and greenery. Tables invited with vases of flowers and good cheer, and soon the chatter of tongues kept time with knife and fork. The First Years held high revelry in an adjoining room, and seemingly enjoyed themselves as First Years always do. After supper was over, and Canon Rowe had made a speech highly enjoyed by all assembled—and also the First Years—the company moved to the ball-room, on ordinary days the dining-hall. Some amused themselves in tripping to the music, others in conversing, until Mr. Dunkerton very kindly favoured us with some of his songs, grave and gay, which College girls always know how to appreciate. The end came all too soon, and following well-established precedent, a huge ring was formed, and hand clasping hand, the Re-union took its place with things of the past as we sang "For Auld Lang Syne." Canon Rowe, Miss Elwell, and the Governesses must have found the best thanks for all their kindness in the smiling faces which lined the dining-hall; words alone could not express the gratitude felt by all for the care and forethought which enable "old" students to spend three days among old comrades and old scenes. Good-byes were said, promises to meet at a future Re-union were made, and quietness settled down on the scenes lately given up to revelry, while happy visitors made their way back to rooms feeling that while anticipation had been good, realization had been better.

LILIAN DICKINSON (1902-4).

The following old students were present:—

- 1866 Mrs. Collitt (Margaret Blair)
 1868 Mrs. Hemsley (Rebecca Haynes)
 1871 Mrs. Howe (Alice Kent)
 1876 Mrs. West (Mary Briars)
 1877 Mrs. Harrison (Eleanor Ives)
 1883 Miss Alice Spencer
 1892 Miss Kathleen Huddleston
 1893 Mrs. Chester (Eleanor Johnson), Miss Florence Sutcliffe
 1895 Mrs. Lodge (Ethel Wilson), Misses A. Greening, Lily Horsfall
 1896 Misses Annie Gray, Annie Harvey, Ethelen King, Annie
 Meadows, Mary Wileman
 1898 Misses Emily Ayres, Winifred Brown
 1899 Misses Helen Simons, Gertrude Stallibrass, Mary Lamming
 1900 Misses Alice Mackintosh, Edith Nightingarl, Rhoda Wallis
 1901 Misses Annie Bugg, Ethel Bimrose, Clarice Hughes, Alice
 Langford, Elizabeth Pendlebury, Elsie Piper
 1902 Misses Mary Arscot, Edith Barker, Alice Smith, Marjorie
 Mullins, Margaret Partridge
 1903 Misses Elsie Beeching, Edith Berry, Margaret Clarke,
 Mary Croasdale, Ada Doodson, Jessie Fawcett, Amelia
 Gascoigne, Emily Holmes, Ada Johnson, Beatrice
 Leighton, Helen Marden, Amy Oakes, Ethel Ogden,
 Gertrude Salt, Christine Skinner, Florence Williams
 1904 Misses Margaret Arscott, Bertha Bannister, Eveline Best,
 Emily Brown, Violet Brown, Gwendoline Clapp, Maud
 Collitt, Florence Davis, Ethel Dent, Lilian Dickinson,
 Alethea Durant, Charlotte Fenwick, Ethel Gibbs, Edith
 Halliday, Mary Hoole, Eleanor Ives, Sarah Kenworthy,
 Edith Laver, Ethel Maguire, Alice Muddimer, Hilda
 Oliver, Mabel Panton, Elsie Penzer, Janet Pressick,
 Kate Richardson, Gertrude Smith, Rose Wade, Winifred
 Waller, Ethel Ward, Ruth Wheatcroft, Elsie Wilkinson,
 Emily Wood. (Mabel Hamm and Edith Sheckell were
 most unfortunately prevented by illness from coming.)

PRIZE DAY.

Reprinted from the "Lincoln Gazette."

ANNUAL PRIZE DISTRIBUTION.

THE annual distribution of prizes at the Diocesan Training College, took place on Saturday afternoon, July 1st, at the College, the Lord Bishop of the Diocese presiding over a goodly attendance. Those accepting invitations to be present were—The Dean of Lincoln, Mrs. and Miss Wickham, Subdean and Mrs. Leeke, Archdeacon and Mrs. Kaye, Rev. Canon and Mrs. Bell, Mr. Arthur Garfit, Mr. and Mrs. Hallows, Mrs. and Miss Vaughan, Miss Leslie Melville, Rev. J. and Mrs. Kaye, Rev. C. C. and Mrs. Buss, Mr. and Mrs. C. Brook, Rev. Canon Hicks, Col. and Mrs. Purves,

Dr. Purves, Mrs. and Miss Blenkin, Miss Crowfoot, Mrs. Fox, Miss Watson, Mrs. and Miss Ruston, Rev. A. C. and Mrs. Rice, Miss De Foe Baker, Rev. E. and Mrs. Trasenster, Mrs. and the Misses White, Miss Ashburner, Mrs. Scott, Mrs. Phillips, Dr. and Mrs. Collier, Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Lambert, Mr. and Mrs. Footman, Mrs. King and Miss Gilliatt, Mrs. and the Misses Crathorne, Rev. J. and Mrs. Harvey, Mr. and Mrs. Dunn, Misses Barley, Miss Lamb, Miss Vaughan, Miss Warrener, Misses Chew, Mr. Stringer, Mrs. West, Miss Roome, Miss Ragg, Mrs. and Miss Owston, Misses Garvey, Miss Latham, Mrs. and the Misses Swan, Miss Dashper, Mr. and Mrs. Marshall, Mrs. Dunkerton, Miss Marshall, Miss Garratt, Miss Hyett, Mr. and Mrs. Cowburn, Miss Puckle, Mrs. and Miss Ashley, Miss Dillon, Mrs. C. Newsum, Mrs. Dawber, the Misses Townsend, and many old students.

In thanking the Bishop for once more presiding and distributing the prizes, Canon Rowe, Principal of the College, alluded to the importance of the work carried on in the institution, and the thoroughly conscientious way in which it was carried out. On the questions of changes in the regulations of the College, the Canon said they were constantly being called upon to adapt themselves to changes, and lately they had been in the midst of constant change; so much so that they had scarcely known what next to expect. In education there were two dangers, one lest the industrial and commercial advantages of the nation might be made the sole consideration, and religion uncared for or set aside, and the other lest in so many systems of education the real interest of the children and their teachers be entirely forgotten. The real work of education was done by the teachers, and that made the work of training colleges very great. The Canon went on to refer to the fact that the moral and religious training of the students was of the utmost importance, and also alluded to the interest which the Committee took in the welfare of the students.

The Bishop then presented the prizes to the successful students, after which he addressed the students, and expressed his thankfulness and pleasure in coming there on account of the very great and far-reaching value of that place, and the moral and spiritual atmosphere going on year after year, the same paternal method of discipline, and the same family spirit which seemed to pervade the whole institution. But they must be prepared in their day for an atmosphere outside, not altogether like that which they had, thank God, enjoyed there. Let him mention, as a sort of warning, what had been brought before them in these last few weeks by a public lecture delivered in one of our principal Universities. The lecturer said he thought that the method of education so far had been mischievous and injurious. Well, there was a clean sweep, he wanted to do away with the classical teaching, and the teaching of history. The teaching of these things, he thought, ought to be entirely abandoned. What an astonishing,

startling thing it was to hear such a statement as that publicly made—to do away with the teaching of history—when one thought of the lives, the teaching of such men as Bishop Stubbs, Bishop Creighton, and Lord Acton. Was it to be supposed that their lives had been on the wrong track? They should not believe it for a moment. In the place of that kind of education the lecturer would introduce a system which should be based on a knowledge of nature. He would have the schools in the country, and the universities, teaching a system of education based on nature's study in the first place—and pretty exclusively. He would wish to say that man's destiny and his greatest need lay in the control of the knowledge of nature. Was it so?—that man's duty was to take possession of his kingdom and we were now to hear of the *regnum hominis*, the kingdom of man, and not to find mentioned the kingdom of God. It was true the lecturer did not imagine that man's spirit could be wholly satisfied if it was exclusively given to such studies, but what a dangerous line of thought to put the people upon—that their first and chief duty was simply to know the facts of nature, and to learn to control her powers without speaking of the Author of Nature, that man's destiny was to know and control nature. But when man came to live this course of life what was to become of him? where was he to go? what was he to do then? It was not altogether bad for them (the students) to hear from time to time what dangerous lines of education some people would suggest for us. The lecturer did not, the Bishop repeated, mean that it would satisfy completely the spirit of man; but what did he mean by not satisfy the spirit of man? Was it not the highest and best purpose of man? Did it not mean the highest regions of his soul, his mind? Did it not mean his conscience, and all the highest capabilities of his moral nature? And what would man find in exchange for that if he did gain the knowledge and control of the whole world but had neglected his own soul? There was much that was most valuable, most remunerative from studying the laws of nature and learning to control and guide them. That was most true, and in the future were many more marvels to be learned than even in our day we had seen from steam and electricity and machinery and the rest of it. But however clever they might be in all these they had hearts as well as heads; they had consciences, and all that kind of thing did not really get into their inmost being and make life worth living. However much they might have learned in that direction, it was not for that knowledge they were most thankful to the Principal and the staff there; it was for the knowledge which belonged to their spirit and conscience, and helped them to believe and trust in God.

Chancellor Crowfoot proposed a vote of thanks to the Bishop, and this having been carried and briefly responded to, the Bishop closed the meeting by giving the Blessing.

Tea was then served to the visitors, staff, and students in the Common-room and Dining-hall.

PRIZE LIST, 1905.—SECOND YEARS.

Religious Knowledge.

Elizabeth Bunting	The Bishop's Prize	Annals of Westminster Abbey
Rose Mawer	"	" " "
Gertrude Sivil	"	" " "

FIRST CLASS.

PRIZE.

Louisa White	The Gospels in Art.
Ethel Heslop	" "
Margaret Jones	" "
Isabel Rigby	" "
Ellen Hornsby	" "
Ethel Brickell	" "
Charlotte Langford	" "
Elizabeth Bailey	" "
Madeleine Reader	" "
Eva Hinton	" "
Violet Nuttall	" "
Mary Gibson	" "
Mabel Noble	" "
Lily Richardson	" "
Hilda Seymour	" "
Jessie Stringer	" "
Edith Tomlinson	" "
Margaret Drury	" "
Ethel Fox	" "
Sarah Winnall	" "

FIRST YEARS.

Religious Knowledge.

Bessie Corfield	The Dean's Prize	Annals of Westminster Abbey
May Fenton	"	"	" " "

FIRST CLASS.

PRIZE.

Frances Cooper	Farrar's Life of St. Paul.
Ina McWhan	" "
Gertrude Hipwell	" "
Mabel Elsie Hacker	" "
Elsie Preston	" "
Ruth Wilkinson	" "
Amy Wyatt	" "
Alice Charters	" "
Louise Swales	" "
Gertrude Leeming	" "
Ellen Perks	" "
Caroline Spencer	" "
Beatrice Newbould	" "
Kate Oldfield	" "
Ethel Podmore	" "
Katharine Close	" "
Elsie Harrison	" "
Lilian Jones	" "
Kerr Maxwell	" "
Mary Palmer	" "
Violet Bedford	" "
Louie Langford	" "
Irene Marden	" "
Ethel Gibson	" "
Edith Jordan	" "

WEDDING OF MISS MARGARET PIPER.

Reprinted from the "Lincoln Gazette."

THE marriage was solemnized at St. Mary Magdalene's Church, Lincoln, on July 13th, of Mr. Richard Mason, solicitor, only son Col. E. S. Mason, D.L., J.P., Minster-yard, Lincoln, and Miss Margaret Lilian Piper, fourth daughter of the late Mr. J. P. Piper, M.A., Town Clerk of Bedford, and niece of Canon Rowe, Principal of the Diocesan Training College, Lincoln. The ceremony was performed in the presence of a very large assembly of friends of the contracting parties, whose hearty good wishes for the prosperity of the young couple only echoed the desires of a larger circle of friends and acquaintances. The Lord Bishop of the diocese (Dr. E. King), who was attired in his cope and robes of office, performed the marriage ceremony, and was assisted by the Rev. Canon Rowe (uncle of the bride). Several of the bride's lady friends had given expression of their goodwill by very chastely decorating the altar of the church with stately lilies, which lent a beautiful effect to the scene. The service was a choral one. Prior to the arrival of the wedding party Mr. Frank George played on the organ "Pastorale," "Meditation," and "Adoration" (Joseph Callaerts). The choir met the bride as she entered the sacred edifice, and sang as a processional hymn "Lead us, Heavenly Father," while during the signing of the register "Thine for ever, God of Love," was also rendered. The Lord Bishop delivered a brief but particularly appropriate address, and at the conclusion of the service the organist feelingly played Mendelssohn's "Wedding March."

The bride, who was given away by her brother, Mr. Donald Piper, solicitor, of Bedford, was attired in a charming gown of white silk crêpe de chene over glacé, trimmed with lace and pearl trimming, and she wore a veil and orange blossom, and carried a lovely bouquet of white carnations, while her only ornament was a diamond and ruby pendant, the gift of Mr Alfred Shuttleworth. She was attended by two bridesmaids, Miss Elsie Piper (sister of the bride), and Miss Mason (sister of the bridegroom), who were gowned in very becoming blue mousselin de soie, trimmed with taffeta silk and lace, with browu chiffon hats, trimmed with brown feathers. Each wore a gold bracelet, the gift of the bridegroom, and carried delightful bouquets of La France roses, bound with pink ribbon. The bridegroom was attended by Colonel J. S. Ruston, J.P., as best man, and the scene as the wedding party walked down the aisle at the conclusion of the service was a charmingly picturesque one.

Subsequently a reception was held at the Training College.

During the afternoon the newly-wedded couple left Lincoln *en route* for Loch Tay, where the honeymoon will be spent. The bride's travelling costume was a coat and skirt of champagne cloth, with brown hat trimmed with banksia roses.

The bride and bridegroom were the recipients of over two hundred handsome presents.

TENNYSON STATUE AT LINCOLN.

Reprinted from the "Lincoln Gazette."

THE UNVEILING CEREMONY.

Flower in the crannied wall,
 I pluck you out of the crannies,
 I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
 Little flower—but if I could understand
 What you are, root and all, and all in all,
 I should know what God and man is.

UPON this pregnant little poem the late Mr. G. F. Watts built his idea of a statue of his friend, Alfred Lord Tennyson, Poet Laureate. And just as Tennyson himself had put the best of himself into his memorial poem given to his close friend, Arthur Hallam, so Mr. Watts seems to have modelled into his marvellous work the best of Tennyson as he knew him—calm, reflective, contemplative, with a mind, as has been well said, that could study the minute detail of the common-place flower by the flowing brook, or survey the immeasurable wonders and mysteries of the universe. The two extremes are brought together in the perfect little verse which Mr. Watts found an inspiration for the memorial. Alfred Tennyson, "in his habit as he lived," is represented as gazing on a flower that lies in his outstretched palm, the downward-bent head being ingeniously poised so that one can look clearly upon it, despite its height from the ground, while a graceful touch is afforded by the hound that is placed by his side.

The designer of the statue, unhappily, did not live to see his work crystallise in the noble memorial, but the clay model he had produced with such infinite care and pains sufficed for the mould in bronze, which Messrs. J. W. Singer & Sons, Ltd., of Frome, have evolved. The statue is of heroic size, standing 11ft. 8in. on a base of Polyphant marble that is itself 9ft. 6in. high. The base was designed by Mr. Christopher Turnor, of Panton Hall. The word "Tennyson" is embossed in a tablet of bronze on the front of the base shaft, and constitutes the simple, all sufficient inscription.

Those present on the platform for Saturday's (July 15th) ceremony, included the Lord Bishop of Lincoln, the Lord-Lieutenant (Earl Brownlow) and the Countess Brownlow, Lord and Lady Monson, Lord Tennyson, Mr. Tennyson D'Eyncourt (Bayons Manor), Sir Hickman B. Bacon, Bart., the Mayor of Lincoln (Mr. H. Wyatt, J.P.), the Very Rev. the Dean of Lincoln and Mrs. Wickham, the Rev. Canon H. D. Rawnsley, the Rev. Canon H. W. Hutton, Mr. A. S. Leslie-Melville, Mr. A. H. Leslie-Melville (Treasurer), Mr. W. T. Page, jun. (Secretary), and others. Many other distinguished personages were seated amongst the audience. To the right of the platform were the Cathedral Choir, and behind the platform the Band of the 1st

Vol. Batt. Lincs. Regt., under Bandmaster Frank George, rendered selections before and after the ceremony.

Punctually as the quarter-past two o'clock chimed from the Rood Tower, the Bishop rose to his feet and began the proceedings. He said he would break through the ordinary rules of ceremony, and without waiting for the noble Chairman to ask him, he would ask Lady Brownlow to unveil that statue of a Lincolnshire man. Before he actually asked her to do so, however, there were one or two words he wanted to say. They would see shortly, if they did not already realize, what a beautiful object it was, and, as such, what a beautiful ornament it would be to the city. But it was more than that, and he hoped that for many years to come it would be a witness to the industrious and intelligent youth of the city for the right direction and true end of thought. They would see that Lord Tennyson was deeply thinking and wrapt in thought over a simple flower, and they knew the thoughts that were in his mind. The Bishop went on to read the verse commencing, "Flower in the crannied wall," and said he trusted that that was the direction of thought which that statue would give for many years to the industrious and intelligent of the youth of our city and county. Let them ponder the works of nature, but look onward and upward, and remember that the highest in all knowledge was the knowledge of man and God. In closing, the Bishop said that to use Tennyson's words once again, "The time is come to raise the veil." (Laughter and applause).

The Countess then advanced and drew the cord which held the green veil around the statue. As the covering fell away the audience broke into loud applause. Her ladyship then said, "I am proud and glad to have the privilege and honour of unveiling this great statue, erected by the people of the city of Lincoln and of the county of Lincolnshire as a memorial of their great compatriot, Alfred Lord Tennyson, Poet Laureate, the greatest poet and thinker of our age, executed by the greatest artist and sculptor of our time, Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., O.M. (Loud applause).

Immediately afterwards the Choir of the Cathedral, under the conductorship of Dr. G. J. Bennett, sang with the greatest taste and charm Sir Frederick Bridge's setting of the late Poet Laureate's verses "Crossing the Bar."

The Dean of Lincoln next rose, and said he desired to propose a vote of thanks to Lady Brownlow, not only for what her ladyship had done in drawing aside that green covering that afternoon, but because she had come forward to help them in repairing a very sad omission. It would have been a great grief to Lincolnshire men if there had been no memorial to Lord Tennyson in that county. Now they not only had a memorial,

but a unique memorial to one of our greatest men, by one of the greatest sculptors of the age. In the words of Tennyson, they had "a statue moulded of Arthur, made by Merlin." It was "made by Merlin" in his old age, but when his eye and hand were as true as they ever had been. Mrs. Watts had said in a letter which had reached them that day what was her great husband's intention in that statue. It was to portray a great man, a poet, a reverent and deep thinker. He (the Dean) should say that this statue was in its place in Lincolnshire. It was not an accident that Lord Tennyson was a Lincolnshire man. He was Lincolnshire bred and born, spent his youth in Lincolnshire, and married out of Lincolnshire a lady who made part of his life. He thought it was without precedent that there should have been three brothers, who were all considered poets, born in a Lincolnshire parsonage, although Alfred threw his brothers rather in the shade. We knew not only that he was born and bred here, but that the scenery of Lincolnshire and the speech of Lincolnshire passed into his poetry. The Dean went on to affirm that that site was a correct one for the memorial, and said the late Poet Laureate was a preacher of whatsoever things were beautiful, lovely, and of good report. He (the Dean) had come across part of a letter written by a predecessor of his, the late Dean Blakesley, encouraging Alfred Tennyson to write poetry. The letter said: "A volume of poetry, written in its proper spirit would be the greatest benefit at this time that the world could receive." He (Dean Wickham) considered that the nineteenth century owed a debt it could never repay to Robert Browning and Alfred Tennyson for the faith that still lived in this country. (Applause).

Sir Hickman B. Bacon seconded the vote of thanks, and traced the history of that movement from the first proposal of a window in the Cathedral to the culmination of the idea of a statue in memory of the late Poet Laureate. They would certainly not have obtained a statue from Mr. Watts or any artist of such competence but for the interest shown by Lord and Lady Brownlow. It was a work of art of which any city could be proud, and he considered that that site, on the north-east corner of the Cathedral, practically in the centre of Lincolnshire, and looking towards the Wolds, that part of the county which the poet knew most particularly, was an excellent one for the statue.

The vote was carried by acclamation.

The Lord-Lieutenant, responding, said they had selected Lady Brownlow to unveil that magnificent statue, and he felt sure she fully appreciated the honour they had done her in allowing her to unveil the statue of one of Lincolnshire's greatest sons. Perhaps he might say Lincolnshire's greatest son, but they should remember that Sir Isaac Newton held the same place in science

that Lord Tennyson held in poetry, and they might, therefore, fairly bracket them together. He thought no poet since the days of Shakespeare understood men as Alfred Tennyson did. He was always in touch with nature, with the beauty of the flowers; he loved the song of the birds and the chattering of the brooks, and in his poetry he was able to produce in his reader a sense of quiet and repose more than anyone he (Lord Brownlow) knew. At the same time, he could rouse his reader, with the rattle of thunder to all the feelings of patriotism. All his life he clothed the most beautiful thoughts in the most beautiful words, till he committed his soul to the God who gave it, in the beautiful words of "Crossing the Bar."

Here on the Lindum height that Cæsar knew,
 Where Conqueror William built his castle hold,
 Where first Remigius shepherded his fold
 And round the vast Cathedral towers up-grew
 A county's honour, stands to-day in view
 The child who learned the Doric of the Wold.
 The man who roamed our shores of level gold,
 And heard what music through the marshland blew.

Colossal on the green the poet stands
 Lost in high thoughts the hound is at his side,
 Looks up for guidance to his master's face
 While he looks down for guidance to the grace
 Of some wild flower that in his reverent hands
 Proclaims how Life by Love is unified.

H. D. RAWNSLEY.

NOTE.—The last time I saw G. F. Watts, who out of love and reverence for his old friend the poet had modelled the statue, he took me to see the work which he had just completed in the clay, and talked of the idea which he had tried to embody in it, of how love and reverence could bind all creation into one. "The dog," says he, "loves his master, and looks up for guidance to the secret of a larger life. The man loves the flower, and looks down for guidance to the secret of a power that is beyond him. It is," he added, "the old story—the lesson of the flower in the crannied wall repeated, but it needs repetition." *

Great figure of a man, bred 'neath our skies,
 And braced by breezes from the windy Wold,
 No "spoilt Life-Guardsman" thou! thy noble mould
 Guested the fire divine, which magic-wise
 Through thee illumed all Nature's homely guise,
 Kindled anew hopes that were growing cold,
 Inspired fresh faith in Virtues dear of old,
 Refined the light of love in human eyes.
 No sound of funeral or of marriage bell,
 No cry of human kind can reach thee now;
 No echo of the near-by City's strife
 Can ever thy deep reverie dispel;
 Naught can avail to light that high-domed brow,
 Bent, brooding o'er the mystery of Life!

Lincoln July 5th, 1905.

T J.

A SPRING HOLIDAY IN ITALY.

THIRD PAPER.

DURING the Friday afternoon and evening of the second week of our stay, we were transported from Venice and the shores of the Adriatic to the very heart of the Lombard Plain, to Italy's busiest industrial city, Milan.

Our last view of the city we had learnt to love so well was singularly impressive, the more so because at that moment we found ourselves adrift on the wide stretch of the shallow waters, "leagues of rippling lustre" of the lagoon, really adrift it seemed, for the bridge along which the train was swiftly bearing us was invisible and so forgotten. Far behind the closely-clustering spires and towers and domes of the water-metropolis lay a circling background of shadowy mountains, floating cloud-like in mid-air—"purple shapes of the colour of dead rose leaves feebly defined against the afternoon sky."

An hour or two later we caught a passing glimpse of lovely Verona, and brief though it was, we were more than convinced that the glowing accounts of her charms are by no means exaggerated. Even among Italian cities Verona is unsurpassed for beauty of situation, indeed, Ruskin thought it more nobly placed than Edinburgh itself. Whether we agree with that or not now, we unhesitatingly and enthusiastically added our quota of admiration then, for the view with which we were favoured was indeed a marvellous one. The sloping site on the foot-hills of the Alps permitted a full panoramic display of all its beauties, of venerable grey walls enclosing its stately palaces, domed Cathedral, and lofty campaniles, of mediæval bridges spanning the wide stream of the swiftly-descending Adige. All these bathed in sunlight and backed by roll on roll of billowy mountains rising higher and higher, until at last, cleft asunder into crest and crag, into snow-peak and ice-pinnacle, they met and struck the sky—made up one more of the many wondrous pictures that Italy painted so indelibly on our memories.

But evidently Verona is something more than picturesque, and wisely so, for to it falls the onerous duty of mounting guard over the southern entrance to one of the great natural high roads into Austria—the most accessible of all the passes through the great Alpine barrier. Though for the moment this famous member of the Quadrilateral lay basking peacefully in the afternoon sunlight, the towers, bastions, and casements of its extraordinary modern fortifications proclaimed a first-class fortress that would boldly bid defiance to rash intruders on hostilities bent.

To see yet another noble Cathedral was the object of our visit to Milan, but our arrival thither at the late hour of 10 p.m. necessarily deferred the fulfilment of it until the following day.

Whatever confusion existed in our minds before our tour as

to the respective characteristics of the three great Northern Cathedrals of Italy, none was possible after it. The somewhat square-set outlines of the Florentine structure are absolutely unlike the rounded Venetian arches, and both differ entirely from the Milanese example of what is called, I believe, later-perpendicular. Perpendicular it certainly is, for it is "almost fluted with vertical lines" which shoot upwards and meet in narrow, sharply-pointed arches, and then re-appear and spring lightly into the upper air to meet again in the form of delicate needle-pointed pinnacles. Poised on the spire of each of these pinnacles are the statues that soar higher yet into the regions of the unknown and from thence look down on the world below with sleepless gaze fixed ever on the magnificent spectacle of the wide-encircling Alps. But anon, for them as for us, the curtain falls, a curtain of haze and mist that so completely obscures the wondrous vision as to make it difficult to believe even in its existence. Regrets for a lost opportunity and attempts to estimate what we might have seen are but poor substitutes for the reality which was here denied us.

But long before either statues or vertical lines claimed our attention, the processes of the morning toilet had been considerably delayed by repeated surveys from our bedroom windows of the graceful central cupola and of as many of the "myriad of spires" as were then on view. An hour later, we stood on the Piazza of the Duomo gazing in mute admiration on Milan's pride and glory. The endless criticisms of its "too innumerable details," its utter lack of "unity of effect" were all forgotten, and like veritable Innocents Abroad we found this "mount of marble" grand, solemn, vast, yet delicate, airy and graceful. To us, too, it was a vision and a miracle, "an anthem sung in stone, a poem wrought in marble." When at last we could spare a thought from the noble and beautiful *ensemble*, we began to realise that its especial charm lay in its dazzling whiteness, combined with the marvellous delicacy of that "sculptured tracery" with which the whole edifice is veiled, the beauty of both being indescribably enhanced by being lifted up in contrast against the bright blue background of an Italian sky.

A solid structure of white marble in place of mere casings of ornamental stone; unrelieved whiteness in place of chequered designs or gorgeous mosaic; richly-carved statuary in place of flat surface, or boldly-rounded mouldings; these are the notable differences that so markedly individualise the Milan masterpiece and render it totally dissimilar from its sister cathedrals. Why in addition to all these beauties I had expected to see so vast a building composed of *polished* marble is more than I am prepared to explain even to myself! Perhaps 'dazzling whiteness' misleads with a suggestion of brightness, and perhaps the polished casings at Florence and Venice had done something to fix a

mistaken conception. To learn that the Cathedral is the owner of two marble quarries from whence all supplies for the building are drawn, and that £24,000,000 have already been expended for work alone, restored my respect for the dignity of this eighth wonder of the world.

It does not dominate itself and its city with a single vast dome like Brunelleschi's, nor with a group of lesser domes like St. Mark's, but with a forest of pinnacles and statues growing sometimes in clumps, sometimes in long straight rows. It was a decidedly novel experience to take a walk on the roof amid this strange forest growth of gigantic statues of enormous flying buttresses each with its marble garden of wondrously-carved flowers and fruits. The smooth, closely-fitting blocks of marble suggested a floor rather than a roof. Having explored the whole of this marble garden under the direction of the sacristan, we took a final survey of the central tower, but only from the foot for a further ascent was useless since the Alps persistently refused to show any sign of their existence. If the glory of Milan is its Cathedral, the glory of the Cathedral is surely its statues. In addition to that vast assembly gathered in awesome silence on the roof, a host of others have taken up their station on the façades filling the countless niches that appear in unbroken succession from base to summit between every pair of close-ranged vertical lines, each with its richly-sculptured canopy high overhead, varying but not breaking the continuity. Still others—finding foothold round the long windows—swell this silent throng of thousands, literally thousands (five thousand) of marble statues, and yet there is room for more, for our guide sadly indicated some of the 750 niches that are even now awaiting occupants.

As the interior is admittedly beautiful, we need make no apology for admiring its vast proportions, its severe and simple grandeur. The forest growth here is not pinnacles but of massive fluted columns, fifty-two in all, separating the wide, double aisles and supporting the endless rows of lofty pointed arches. The absence of side chapels adds to the dignity and unity of the building—even the chancel is entirely open to and continuous with the nave except for its elevation, and a low screen. Statues are again a striking feature of the decoration, but occupy here a more unique position than any allotted to them on the exterior. The capitals are sufficiently elongated to admit them as (seemingly!) life-size figures in a succession of niches encircling every column. To find that the delicate tracery of the roof was an effect only—a production in paint—was decidedly a disappointment, and yet the eye could detect no difference after the knowledge. The intensely beautiful blue of the glass inner doors at the West end of the Cathedral will long be remembered, and most perhaps on account of the exquisite reflection with which it dyed the floor at that end of the building.

A prolonged Saturday morning was all too short for the sights of Milan. The outside of La Scala, its celebrated Opera House, the magnificent modern arcade, Galleria Vittoria Emmanuel, the largest in Europe, the entrances of which resemble Napoleon's Triumphal Arch at Paris, the Piazza of La Scala with the statue of the great painter Leonardo da Vinci were fortunately all *en route* from the Cathedral to the Hotel Continental at which we were staying. A drive through the principal streets and boulevards of this most imposing city—the Paris of Italy—first to a great triumphal arch and then to the Refectory of an ancient monastery to see Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper," was as much as time permitted. Mutilated as is this famous fresco, it was still possible to distinguish the divine beauty of the central figure, the wonderful grouping and the expressive attitudes of the twelve disciples. Returning thence, it was time to turn northwards, so after a farewell look at those clusters of shining pinnacles cut so clearly against the blue sky—Italian blue sky—we sped off to bluer skies still, for so indeed they seemed when after a night's rest we strolled out on to the terrace of the Hotel Villa d'Este at Cernobbio and tried to take in both the details and the *ensemble* of a magnificent view of the southern extremity of Lake Como.

There was no need to hurry about sight-seeing here, for we had a whole week in which to bask on those sunny shores, besides, the sights were all at hand—the blue lake, the beautiful slopes of its enclosing hills with woods, groves and gardens, amid which nestled pretty villas, tiny churches, tall bell-towers, and picturesque cottages,—all lay spread before us, and for exercise, the extensive grounds of the once lordly estate afforded plenty of scope. Climbs as well as walks were possible here, for the domains included steep craggy rocks and hills crowned here and there with interesting old ruins. Their rugged higher levels were, in some parts, quite inaccessible, but all the same we were not content until we had proved their unapproachableness and found a reward in more extended views of the lake and its environs, and in the discovery of many unfamiliar specimens of Southern vegetation. Ferns and flowers were waiting to be gathered, primroses, forget-me-nots, periwinkles, and many other home favourites spangled the grass, stocks, cinerarias, wisteria, beautified the terrace, and flowers of a statelier growth were not infrequent. Flowering shrubs and great branching camellia trees (of both the single and double variety), rivalled laburnum trees in size; these last especially delighted us, for we could fill our hands with large crimson bouquets of long-stemmed flowers and yet leave no tell-tale gap in their profusion of blooms. The long stems had a particular charm, by contrast, I suppose with the demure and almost ungraceful proportions of the English specimens. It must have been a scene like this that gave birth to

that expressive Italian phrase *dolce far niente*, and it is only in enjoying such an one that we restless Northerners can realize the full force of the words. Even here, that restlessness pursued us, and we must needs go and explore the town of Como at the foot of the lake, a town that in spite of its ancient Cathedral and quaintly picturesque streets could ill bear comparison with our idyllic Cernobbio.

However, a long day's expedition to Bellagio at the centre of the three-armed lake was entirely in harmony with the frame of mind that a short sojourn at the Villa d'Este had produced. We spent the early hours of the day in sailing along the curving shores of the narrow winding lake, watching the ever-changing, yet ever-beautiful panorama of mountain slopes rising sharply from the water's edge. After leaving the small circular basin shut in by the Cernobbio headland, we entered a long and lovely reach, where the mountains rose higher, lifting their snow-crowned heads dreamily into the clouds; the luxuriant foliage of the forests of chestnut and walnut that clothe their upper slopes, the vineyards, the groves of olive and orange that drape their feet, were everywhere studded with the creamy walls and red roofs of the country houses—country palaces—of the Milanese merchants and of the wealthy of many lands. Ideal palaces these are, with terraced gardens stretching far along the lake, with wide stone staircases leading down to the water side, their broad and massive balustrades adorned in the true Italian manner with statues, vases, obelisks, with the trailing vines and the many climbing plants that love this sunny clime. At the foot of these splendid stairways is the anchorage of the pretty boats that skim so lightly over the surface of the water bearing their owners whither they will.

Alternating with this luxuriance of forest, grove, and garden, were long stretches of bare craggy rock, which was sometimes glaring in its naked whiteness, at others iridescent with the subtle hues of the opal, or of the lining of a sea shell, at others again deepening into tints that neither the amethyst nor the sapphire could rival.

The whole of the south-western arm of the lake seemed to us supremely beautiful, and yet the rounding of the last curve into the central basin where all three arms unite, revealed a spot more beautiful still, a veritable Paradise, a climax of scenery, of situation, of everything! On the left lies Cadenabbia, half its dwellings hiding in a bower of camellias, magnolias, oleanders, and aloes, the other half standing boldly out in the open, on the few yards of level ground that jut out here into the lake. Opposite, on a rocky promontory that is almost an island, is Bellagio, most advantageously situated at this central point. The name Bellagio ought to mean Belle Vue, or at least Lake Vue, for surely no place ever deserved that title so well! We climbed

to the summit of the central rock, whence we could look down each of those three arms that converge around its foot, and see range on range of the mountains enclosing them. What a vision it was! It would be hopeless to attempt to describe it! It was too beautiful, and yet one feature at least will not allow itself to be thus lightly passed over and ignored.

Only Italy could provide such a sumptuous feast of colour as that spread out before us on that sunny afternoon, and surely only in Italy could one partake of the generous banquet amid such harmonious surroundings. An enchanting garden high on the crest of a commanding hill, a secluded grass-plot, spreading trees, picturesque ruins, even prosaically-comfortable seats and a long low wall to do duty for a picnic tea-table, such was the luxurious retreat in which we found ourselves. While our senses were fed by that honteous banquet, our memories served as a canvas on which these colours painted themselves in hues that will never fade.

Far below us lay the lovely winding lake, entrancing us with yet another of the memorable blues in which nature has occasionally arrayed herself for our benefit. The first was the shade worn by a crevasse in Norway, the second the tint donned by Lake Geneva on a certain record day of an earlier tour, and this, this was the third. It seemed a tremulous sea of molten turquoise, in whose profoundest depths a thousand sapphires lay engulfed, deepening and darkening it with rich shadows that glanced athwart its gleaming brightness.

As if these varying tints had not already glorified the scene with a beauty beyond the power of words to express, the picturesque Italian boatmen seemed to vie with nature in their display of colour in boldly blending with this brilliant background the vivid red and green, purple and orange, pink and yellow, of the gaily painted and brightly-cushioned little boats that glide so gracefully hither and thither over the surface of the lake inviting us to make a nearer and closer acquaintance with the wonders reflected in its blue depths. Fully aware that bright colours are as becoming to their own swarthy skins as to their dainty craft, these dark-eyed sons of the South make a brave show with their red sashes and caps, and bear favourable comparison with their wives and daughters in gaudy kerchief and bodice of a marvellous hue.

The busy little town of Bellagio is no less charming than the view of the lake that it affords from its promontory. Its situation just provides space for a lake promenade hacked by a quaint arcade of little shops, which displayed for us a new variety of tempting trifles, and added to the colour effect with gorgeous silken shawls and broad-striped draperies, while filmy lace, polished olive-wood in every conceivable form, and a hundred other fancy articles frequently stayed our steps, but fortunately for our pockets, portmanteau-packing means limited purchases.

One of the most picturesque spots in the town was a steep street of steps between tall houses leading up to the over-hanging heights. The glow of colour from the Oriental rugs and bright Italian silks draping the walls was absolutely startling.

A day's expedition to Lugano impressed on us in rather a novel manner the geographical situation of that town, for as it involved the crossing of the frontier into Switzerland, it necessitated the formal emptying of the train. We congratulated ourselves on being normally dwellers in an island country, and concluded that it must be excessively inconvenient to be turned out of a train on every journey to and from a town just over the border. The formal examination of any small purchases brought from the other side must be particularly irksome, but to have to submit to these formalities in the course of an afternoon's drive or a morning's constitutional seems an anti-climax.

That week of *dolce far niente* came to an end at last, and on Saturday we left our spacious bedroom with its wide outlook over the lake, and turned our backs on the Villa d'Este and its marble halls.

Our homeward route lay through the St. Gothard Tunnel, of which we knew only the northern end, at Goeschenen. We had another wonderful mountain journey up to it, with fine views of some of the giants of the High Alps and the eternal snows. Thicker, greener pine-forests appeared, the bare rocks became less arid, less parched, but more grim and more forbidding; then our windows became a blank, and for half-an-hour we had to trust to memory and imagination for impressions of scenery.

Along the familiar route from Goeschenen to Lucerne we occupied ourselves in trying to recognize old friends, after that came the vision of the lake—a huge sapphire with the sunlight shining through it—and that made us forget all else. A wait of seven hours enabled us to renew acquaintance with the town of Lucerne, but the sapphire lake drew us back like a loadstone, and we sat a couple of hours drinking in deep draughts of beauty until it was time to think of the station and the next stage of our journey. It was almost impossible to realise that this magnificent jewel was the same that we had once thought was merely pretty during a whole week, but then it veiled its splendours day after day with a soft purple haze. The ever-changing tints of mountains and lakes, and indeed of all natural scenery are surely one of the wonders of the world.

The next change and long midnight wait at Bâle was one of the trials of travelling; however, rumination on the marvels of the afternoon minimised the unavoidable discomforts. We spent the rest of Saturday night in running through Germany in an express, then passed a quiet Sunday morning, dreamily watching the fertile fields and comfortable homes of north-east France, on and on hour after hour until at last we reached the

railway terminus at Boulogne and the boat! Three more hours and we parted on a London platform, parted to meet again two days later at our starting-point, the College, there to begin a new term, "gorged with a new store of knowledge," and provided with a fresh fund of happy memories.

That long journey north gave us ample time for day-dreams, for living over again three of the fullest weeks of our lives, but it was not then that a complete realization of all that Italy had taught us during those twenty days was possible, *that* came later, is coming still, will continue to come, week by week, and year by year, as spurred on by those introductory lessons, we drink ever more deeply to the well of knowledge which it has opened to us.

MARY TURNER.

THE INFLUENCE OF TRAINING COLLEGES.

BY AN OLD LINCOLN STUDENT.

It must be admitted that it is impossible to regard this heading as the subject of an essay without a curious sinking of heart. It is really a very large subject indeed to attempt to treat in ordinary space, with ordinary knowledge and extremely ordinary powers. No one would attempt to gather together the waters of the sea in a pail; it would be quite ridiculous to endeavour to express the noise of thunder by the bursting of a paper bag, and it seems almost as hopeless to try, in an insignificant essay, to do justice, even in a most crude manner, to the infinite greatness of the influence of Training Colleges. This probably sounds like mere clap-trap, which you will probably feel is being inflicted upon you as one way of getting an essay started; and, needless to say, you will have a certain amount of justice on your side. But give the matter two minutes definite honest thought—bring an open mind to bear upon it—and then I think you must admit, that though it is undoubtedly rather a forced beginning, there is at the same time no exaggeration. As you think of it, you will begin to dimly realize the wide-spread intricacies of such an influence; and the longer you give to thinking about it, the more marvellous it will seem to you. One does not for one moment suppose that while students keep their terms at College they are all the time uplifted and sustained by lofty thoughts as to the influential position for which they are preparing themselves in the great organisation to which they even then belong; nor does one suppose that they work from any higher motive sometimes than sheer love of it, or at worst, from a desire to please other people. And after all if it were otherwise, it would be scarcely normal or healthy at the age when students usually begin their training.

It is conceivable that they may realize their possibilities every now and then in a way that surprises them, and they may occasionally be conscious of feeling rather overwhelmed by the enormous power for good or evil that will shortly be theirs; but one does not imagine that they think about it continually, and of this one is certain, that they do not talk of it at all. This, however, does not in the least interfere with the fact that it is there. All the while they are unconsciously, and all the more really because unconsciously, imbibing the spirit, and the traditions of the place; they are receiving this mysterious "influence" at its purest and best, from the fountain head. And afterwards when they have gone out with their ideals young and fresh, and very real to them, the influence gets to work once more. From each of them it is passed on to some scores of others—young of course but all the more impressionable—and from these in their turn it filters through to others, in their homes, among their brothers and sisters, and even in the future, far far on working in their children.

This doubtless may sound like "cant" again, but it is not. One has seen instances of it, and one knows it to be true. The influence is weak enough of course by this time—it is, if one may thus express it, so much adulterated as almost to have lost its original characteristics, but for all that it is there, and every now and then, even in the most limited experiences, it re-appears, and asserts itself in the most unmistakable manner.

It is, unfortunately, too much the fashion just now to sneer at such an idea; outsiders openly scoff, and even some of those who should know better will not always admit its reality. They feel while they are in College that books, and mistresses, and visitors, have over-estimated the importance of such a training, in a hopelessly unpractical way. And when they are confronted by their first class they feel that their disbeliefs are confirmed; "College methods" seem so useless and "College theories" so wild, that they would probably tell you that old ways and methods are best, and that the only way to become a teacher is to teach, which last, of course, nobody can deny, and surely no one would wish to, least of all Training College Authorities, or the exponents of Training Colleges. But with the "Theories and Methods" it is another matter. Let the teacher wait awhile, and in a few months, after the first strangeness and difficulties have disappeared, one wonders how many there are who could honestly say that their training has made *no* difference to the way they teach, or even let us say, to the *things* they teach. Moreover, even suppose they still thought so, and still said so, it would not be true. It would simply mean that just as they had received the benefits of the college influence unconsciously, so they were unconscious of it still. But it would be working for all that—at a great disadvantage of course—but still working, in spite of the channel by which it communicates itself. And, mark you,

this is the Training and the College life, not a College, nor the College, but College and Training. Students do *not* teach and they do not look upon teaching at all in the same way as they did before their training began, even though they may not appreciate the difference themselves.

After all, however, it is upon the student as an individual that the College routine has the more immediate, and visible, and possibly the more lasting effects, and it is easy to see how this would re-act upon their teaching. To the very large majority of students the life is a revelation. They find themselves, very often for the first time in their lives, away from their parents and friends, and all the support of familiar surroundings, standing on their own merits, for what they are worth, alone. They realize that any future success that may await them must be won by their own unaided efforts, just as the position which they are at that moment holding, is the result of their own individual effort in the competitive examinations upon which they were admitted. And they experience in the first few lonely weeks a feeling of helplessness and insignificance which is curiously foreign to them, and remarkably good for them. Occasionally they may even go so far as to doubt their own absolute competence to deal with any contingency which may arise—an eminently satisfactory sensation which many of them have not experienced since they became senior Pupil Teachers, and which probably not one has entertained since the result of the Scholarship examination was made known. And just *how* good for them all this actually is can only be appreciated by those who have experienced the sublime self-sufficiency of the average Pupil Teacher. There are, of course, numerous exceptions, but as a class, for down-right "cockiness" surely they would be hard to beat. Fortunately in the majority of cases the remedy is in time. They are not so far gone but that the raps and knocks, and the drastic treatment generally of the first term or so, can, and usually does, make new creatures of them. The change must, as the advertisements would have it, be experienced to be properly appreciated. One can speak with positive certainty of what it did for one student—the first term and all the other terms—and one knows to some little extent what it did for many others.

They are alternately braced up, and toned down, uplifted and depressed, and most salutary of all, they are occasionally snubbed until they sometimes wonder that there is any part of them left to squash. They live in a whirl of conflicting emotions; they enjoy a sense of security and irresponsibility to which they have been mostly strangers, and which goes far to make the years of their training some of the happiest years of their lives. They seem to grow younger day by day in a most refreshing manner. Young teachers as a class take themselves desperately seriously, and the College life does much to make them realize that after all there are things

in the world, things worth knowing and worth doing that have little or nothing to do—directly at any rate—with teachers or schools. And further, it helps to develop in them that saving spice of humour, without which teaching is a truly melancholy performance, and which, as a rule, teachers are popularly supposed to be almost entirely without. Students, particularly girls, open out in a marvellous way; they become quieter and steadier, and less nervously self-conscious and aggressive. All their many sterling qualities are given a chance to develop; their splendid self-reliance, their absolute integrity, and their real unselfishness and kind-heartedness. As they get to know one another better they learn to appreciate each other more, and admiration and real liking take the place of severe criticism and half-concealed contempt, for after all no one is so hard upon teachers, as teachers themselves. As their interests increase, their sympathies deepen. They hear subjects discussed, and they take part in things which probably had never come into their lives before. How many have been members of a Debating Society before they came into College? How many have sung in a well-conducted Choral Class? How many have understood the laws that govern a Library or a Common Room? And last, but not least, how many have taken part in a well-contested match at either hockey or cricket? Certainly not more than a very small percentage, and yet before they go down they are perfectly familiar with all these things. And the difference it makes to them is positively astonishing, they develop and expand like flowers in May. The development is an all-round development, but at the same time it is by no means all-round alike. The training is very properly directed more particularly to that side of the average student which has been most neglected in the past, and that is undoubtedly the social side. They learn an enormous amount in the two years, but for the most part it is general knowledge, and that not of a sort that could be crammed from any unspeakable "General Knowledge Guide." They learn day by day, and hour by hour, things that will fit them in after-life to hold their own with cultured people; they learn to be tolerant of what they do not quite approve or understand, and above all, they learn that while criticism is certainly an art to be cultivated by a teacher, the practice of it needs great discretion, and furthermore that criticism need not necessarily be adverse. All this, and more, how much more only they themselves really know, students owe to a brief two years spent in institutions which have of all others in the past few years had their share of hard and bitter criticism. A Training College must in the most favourable circumstances labour under many great difficulties, difficulties that are peculiar to itself. Take, for instance, the length of time that is given to a student's training. Two years is after all a very little time in which to do all that needs to be done to the average Pupil Teacher. And then again take the upheaval that occurs every

year when such a large number of "new girls" or "freshers," or whatever you like to call them, arrive together, and arrive moreover just when all those who are best capable of keeping up the College traditions are leaving. If they only came in single spies, or in twos and threes, or if they could but have one term with the tried and proven "old Guard," one can imagine how very much easier it would be for the College authorities. And to add to all this there is the vexed question of expenses. Everything has to be managed as economically as possible, for both the students, and the powers that are at Whitehall have very definite opinions on the subject of expenditure.

These are all difficulties and embarrassments that would have to be faced in any case, under the present system, but of late years these have been by no means all. Training Colleges seem to have become the favourite testing-ground for all proposed reforms, and the victims of all the more wild and distressing experiments of those whose apparent business it is to see that the educational plant in this country continues to flourish and grow; and who, like the child in the fable, are so anxious to fulfil their obligations conscientiously that they pull up the seedling at regular intervals to see how it is getting on. As in the case of the child, their intentions are good, and in both cases the results are precisely what might be expected. Thus the good that is done is accomplished in the midst of wild upheavals, and radical changes, which cause the College authorities to experience something of the sensations of those who live upon the edge of a volcano, and which certainly mean a most unnecessary amount of uncertainty and complications. And in spite of it all, the good work does go on, and for the most part it is recognised with gratitude and admiration, but there are a certain few whose business it seems to be to criticise severely all that is done, and to approve of nothing. These are, for the most part, it is needless to say those who know very little about the matter, but their essays and criticisms are extremely annoying all the same if only because they are calculated to mislead those who know nothing about it at all. And even apart from that it is maddening to hear that Training Colleges "are for the most part extremely ill managed," and that "they have a narrowing cramping effect on the students." "Narrowing effect," indeed, and "cramping," one is positively speechless before such ignorance. Only let such critics take the trouble to investigate the working of the system they condemn, and which is, of course, not faultless, but which would nevertheless, bear comparison with any other similar organisation, yet known to exist upon this imperfect earth, and unless they deliberately deceive themselves, they must admit that whatever influence the Colleges may have tends to broaden if it does anything at all, and that whatever they may be, narrow they are *not*.

WINIFRED M. WALLER.

“The plain statement in the new documents, particularly in the Code of the moral and ethical objects of Education, as distinguished from the regulation of the mechanism of instruction, raises the official and public conception of Education into such an altogether higher level of dignity, that one feels compelled to note the fresher and purer atmosphere that we breathe. But the high ideal brings with it a danger. As the responsibility of moulding the character of children raises the teaching profession to a position of grandeur and nobility, so it brings the responsibility of securing that the right people enter the profession, simple cleverness will not make the teacher contemplated in the passages referred to: to train character, there must first be character in the teacher. A body of teachers going out into our Schools convinced only of their importance to the country, but without the training in character which will make them an influence for good, would be a positive and alarming danger to the moral growth of the country; a sense of self-importance not balanced by a sense of humility in teachers would make them a national danger.

In speaking of the men who did service to the State of Venice, Mr. Ruskin says :—

“The real question is, not so much what their names were, as how they were trained; how they were made masters of themselves, servants of their country, patient of distress, impatient of dishonour.”

So it is with our Schools, if the tone of a School is good, we look to the teacher; and of the teachers we say *how* were their characters built up? For it is the character of the teacher which causes his personality to pervade the School with an influence that strengthens, elevates, refines. Hence the high responsibility which rests on those engaged in the training of teachers. If the duty of the teacher among the children is to ‘strengthen character,’ ‘to develop intelligence,’ ‘to fit them for the work of life,’ so, in the course of training the teacher has, under our guidance, to be learning this first for himself. If the duty of the teacher in School is to ‘lay the foundation of conduct,’ ‘to implant habits of self-control,’ to lead the children to see that ‘the foundation of unselfishness and the true basis of all good manners’ is to be found in ‘consideration and respect for others,’ then the period of training gives the future teacher the opportunity of laying more firmly in his own life the same moral foundations of conduct.”

(Extract from address by Rev. R. Hudson, Principal of St. Mark's College, Chelsea, at the Annual Conference of the Training College Association of Principals and Lecturers.)

"He was by his philosophy convinced that only through religion was a wholesome explanation of life possible; therefore he tried to build up religion in his students as the force that should keep their life sweet and strong at the core."

(*From Memoirs of the late Professor Withers.*)

UNIVERSITY EXTENSION LECTURES.

THE EXPANSION OF EUROPE.

OF course we did not expect to enjoy them. We were firmly convinced that after our Tennysonian studies of the previous term the expansion of Europe would prove very dry and prosaic, and even Socrates would hardly have shaken our conviction. We were not in a very optimistic frame of mind, for the Spring term was just beginning, and an elementary mathematical process revealed the fact that it had fourteen weeks in it, while we rightly suspected more than one examination would be included in the period. To make matters worse, we had some experience of the vagaries of Europe, and knew that European expansion was not exactly like Milton's Italian, a trifle to be taken up for amusement in our own time. So we did not look forward to the lectures, and when the syllabus arrived we skimmed through it with an air of cynical resignation and submitted ourselves to the inevitable.

To say that the syllabus was comprehensive is to state the case very mildly. Seemingly the lecturer not only proposed to dig deep into the musty annals of the past and set before us the Kingdoms of David and Solomon, but also to dip into the future and see the glories that would be, for 1910 was one date given. But what were a few thousand years when he had us at his mercy for six long Wednesday afternoons?

The lectures are over now, and criticism is silent. In spite of all our pessimism, the course proved most enjoyable, and it was not without regret that the Second Year students applauded the last lecture, and reflected that it really was the last, even if they did not all break their hearts when the last *essay* was finished. There is a fascination in studying a long period of history, in following out great movements, in tracing them back to their very beginnings, and in looking at things from a distance to realise their true proportions and relationship. This fascination we felt as we followed out "the progress of commercial and political geography in ancient, mediæval, and modern times"—the general aim of the course. But to this was added another attraction in the interest proper to more detailed study, for we dealt with men as well as movements, with small events as well as great. We identified the ancient trade routes and followed the traders to and fro between Europe and the East. We traced the growth of geography from the days when the earth was regarded as a disc

instead of a sphere, and maps were curiosities, adorned here and there with the laconic "Here be lions" which saved the cartographer the pain of confessing his ignorance. We sighed as we reflected how much simpler map drawing must have been in those days, and Ptolemy became very real to us when we heard how neatly he "cooked" his maps. We saw the old order change, yielding place to new, and by the irruption of the "mongrel hordes," as one diligent note-taker styled them, the stream of commerce diverted westwards. We learned to admire Henry the Navigator, the great Portuguese prince who figures as the pioneer of scientific geographical research, and once more we followed Columbus westward to the New World. Our seventh Henry's liberal donation of "ten pounds to him that found the new isle" raised a smile, and the French monarch's witty request to see "the will of our father Adam constituting the Spanish race his sole heir" afforded some amusement. Later we found ourselves on the familiar ground of our own Empire, and briefly surveyed the history of the United States and Canada, Australia, and South Africa while the concluding lecture was devoted to "unconsidered trifles" like the Central American Canal.

Then the essays, what a source of pleasure and pain they were, to be sure! The famous question of the Sphinx seemed simple compared with some of the problems propounded. Tracing scientific boundaries, estimating the effect of discoveries, even predicting the future, nothing was too abstruse for our mighty intellects, though history attests that the English language proved too much for some of us, and we indulged in mixed metaphors at times.

The examination, the final act of the piece, is yet to come. We may not all obtain distinction therein, but I think the vanquished will feel that they have known the "rapture of pursuing" which is their prize and worth the winning.

ROSE MAWER, Second Year Student.

COLLEGE NOTES.

EXAMINATIONS AND REPORTS.

University Extension Course.—The course of lectures in the spring term was given by the Rev. W. Stride on "The Expansion of Europe." The lectures were followed with the greatest enthusiasm and interest, and the examination results were among the most brilliant that we have ever had.

University Extension Lectures.—Spring Term, 1905.—Lecturer's Report: "I have been greatly pleased with the work done here. Hardly a paper has been sent in from the beginning to the end of the course, which I could call 'inadequate,' and indeed, though I started with three 'classes' (with their orthodox sub-divisions) I found no use at all for the lowest, and even had to add upper floors to the highest class for the accommodation of

aspiring climbers. Perhaps 'climbers' is the word that suits the centre best: they were all climbing—all getting higher—and though of course I found some *starting* higher up than the rest, and some climbing *faster* than others, yet in nearly every case the essays at the end of the course were better than those at the beginning; and in some instances the work was equal to all but the very best of University extension papers."

Signed, W. K. STRIDE, Lecturer.

Examiner's Report:—"The work presented, although none of it reached the very highest standard, was extraordinarily level.

"The class had evidently attended the lectures most carefully, and the answers were almost identical both in substance and expression. It was clear that the whole subject had been most carefully prepared on the basis of the lecture itself. I suspect that the lecture had been got up by some able and careful teacher and then thoroughly taught the class. I do not say that the work had been *unintelligently* got up. On the contrary, the candidates evidently grasped the meaning of the lecture—and on the presumption that all these papers are presented by a class in College, I do not suppose one ought to complain. But I confess I should have enjoyed a little variety of treatment and idea.

"I had great difficulty in awarding the prize. Eventually I selected the two who stand at the head of the list—one because of the excellence of the maps and geographical knowledge, the other because I thought the general answer No. 1 the best presented."

Signed, A. H. JOHNSON, Examiner."

List of Successful Candidates:—The names in this list, with the exception of those of the prizewinners, are arranged in each class in alphabetical order.

Prizewinners:—S. Winnall, } equal.
J. Stringer, }

Passed with Distinction:—

E. Bailey	E. Hinton	M. Reader
E. Bunting	E. Hornsby	L. Richardson
E. Comer	M. Househam	I. Rigby
F. Dawe	G. Hurst	H. Seymour
B. Dickens	J. Jones	L. Shirley
M. Drury	M. Jones	G. Sivil
E. Fox	C. Langford	M. Stimson
I. Gibbon	J. Linnell	E. Stuart
D. Gibson	L. Mann	L. Thurlby
M. Gibson	R. Mawer	D. Walker
L. Gouldthorpe	B. Mortlock	G. West
I. Hartley	M. Noble	L. White
L. Henchcliffe	V. Nuttall	
E. Heslop	E. Polwarth	

Satisfied the Examiner:—

H. Bott

E. Burge.

Signed, A. H. JOHNSON, M.A.,
All Saints' College, Oxford.*Religious Knowledge Examination:—*Canon Reynolds' Report, May 30th, 1905.

"Dear Canon Rowe,—The arrangements for worship and religious instruction are, as they have always been, directed towards the best interests of the students, and the College again impressed me as doing its work in a manner and for an object beyond criticism. Moreover, there is life and spirit in the College which are most refreshing—there is a tone that one can hear and a spirit that one is conscious of beyond all examination tests. In my examination of the juniors, I tried to discover what knowledge of the Old Testament the students brought with them into College; it is not a very valuable asset, and there is much to be done with them. The seniors were of the best that I have examined this year, and show the character of your work; they are quite excellent, accurate and real religious thought was shown, and the tone of the answering was most pleasing—with them I found your work, with the juniors I found what was brought to the College.

"I had notes of twelve lessons, of which I heard six. As I criticised these fully with the students there is no need to repeat what I said—they were all of a high order of merit and showed a high aim.

"The new reredos is one of the most devotional of any Training College. The new buildings, both as regards the schools and dormitories, are excellent. I noticed also with pleasure the careful preparation for the Holy Communion. All have been confirmed; there were only four juniors who received no religious instruction as P.T.'s—all from Council Schools. At Lincoln one feels in touch with what our Colleges ought to aim at

"Yours sincerely,

"BERNARD REYNOLDS, Archbishop's Inspector."

Report by E. G. A. HOLMES, Esq., H.M.I.:—

"The history of the College for the last few years is a record of unbroken progress. During the past year the College buildings have been enlarged, new classrooms and dormitories have been provided, and a new practising school for girls has been built. The buildings are now worthy of the good work that is being done in them. Where so much is good it seems invidious to make special mention of any subject, but I cannot refrain from calling attention to the highly favourable report on the musical training of the students which has been received from Dr. Somervell.

"It is satisfactory to know that during the severe epidemic of typhoid fever which recently ravaged Lincoln, there was not a single case in the College. This says much for the forethought of the Principal, and for the care that is taken of the students."

Certificate List arrived on September 30th, with the following results:—

	First Class.	Second Class.	Third Class.
Part I.	35	16	1
Part II.	15	21	16

The following students obtained "double firsts":—Elizabeth Bailey, Ethel Brickell, Elizabeth Bunting, Ethel Fox, Ida Gibbon, May Gibson, Ida Hartley, Ellen Hornsby, Laura Mann, Violet Nuttall, Elizabeth Polwarth, Lily Richardson, Sarah Winnall.

Distinction in French:—Rose Mawer.

" *Rural Science*:—Ellen Hornsby.

Special mark for steady work and successful study:—

French:—Mabel Househam, Margaret Jones, Isabel Rigby, Sarah Winnall.

Rural Science:—Elizabeth Burge, Ada Clarke, Ida Hartley, Gertrude Hurst, Lily Richardson, Maud Stimson.

Report of Music Inspector, 1905:—"As is always the case, the music in this College has been splendidly looked after during the year. There was no point to which exception could be taken. The choral work, which took the form of an evening concert, was beyond praise. I have rarely heard better bodies of singers than the Seniors and Juniors—particularly the latter. The programme consisted of twelve classical songs and twelve national songs, sung in unison, Tschäikowsky's "Nature and Love," and several part songs, after which the Seniors acted an operetta called "Thrushbeard," with a great deal of spirit.

"The individual work left little or nothing to be desired—in fact, it was so good that I added 3 to the College mark of each student.

Signed, ARTHUR SOMERVELL."

The Singing Examination Concert.

By A VISITOR.

The Examination Concert, which was held on April 12th, proved a delightful entertainment to all those who had the privilege of being present, and the singing reflected the greatest credit on the skill and attention which Miss Elwell and Mr. Dunkerton had bestowed on it. The students were, as usual, under the conductorship of the latter, and Miss Bedford was an efficient and skilful accompanist.

The second year students opened the concert with an artistic rendering of Tschäikowsky's "Nature and Love," the clear enunciation of the singers, the purity of tone produced, and

the balance of parts all alike being most successful. Perhaps an even higher degree of excellence was attained in the next two numbers, "We strew these opiate flowers" (*Coleridge Taylor*), and "The Death of Treinar" (*Brahms*). The former was sung with a full appreciation of the dreamy spirit that both words and music so thoroughly suggest; while the latter was given with an abandonment of passion and despair. An excellent feature of the singing both of first and second year students was the facility which was shown in suiting the mode of expression to the character of the different selections, greatly as the individual spirit of each varied. Nor had the more delicate lights and shades of expression been neglected in gaining broader effects.

The selection of songs from the best composers, given by the first year students, showed ample promise of their fitness to sustain the high reputation of the College for singing. One of the happiest efforts was "Droop not, young lover" (*Handel*), written in the great master's characteristic style. Their fresh clear voices were heard to even more advantage in their selection of national songs, which began by the ever-familiar "Lincolnshire Poacher." Their spirited singing of "Here's a health unto His Majesty," earned well-merited applause, and other equally successful songs followed, the last one most appropriately being entitled "Farewell."

After a short interval the Second Year Students gave a performance of Dr. Somervell's operetta, "King Thrushbeard," which proved a source both of amusement and enjoyment. The singing, in choruses and solos, completely sustained the high character it had previously earned, and the acting was no unworthy mate, for it was vigorous and spontaneous, and full advantage was taken of every point. In this, Miss Turner had, as usual, given her invaluable aid, and had indeed taken upon herself the formidable task of training the amateur actresses in their various rôles.

The removal of the screens for Act I. revealed a bright and animated picture, and the expectations aroused by this were justified by the succeeding scenes, the most charming of all being that of the Village Maidens. Hob, Nob, and Snob, the rejected suitors of the proud and disdainful Princess Ina, occasioned much amusement by their assumption of bravery, which was remarkably like fear, but which they were anxious to assure all it was *not*. If the truth were told they were "just a tiny little bit nervous." The wicked uncle and the equally wicked step-mother would have quite succeeded in convincing the audience, if it had not known otherwise, that they were really a most unprincipled pair. A special word of praise is due to the effective and dainty costumes, in the selection of which Miss Turner had again given her advice and assistance.

The singing of "God save the King" brought a successful and charming evening to a close. HILDA OLIVER (1903-4).

PROGRAMME.—PART I.

SONGS BY FIRST YEAR STUDENTS.—Selected from the following—

- | | | | | | |
|-----|--------------------------------|---|---|---|-------------------|
| 1. | "Contrition" | - | - | - | Beethoven |
| 2. | "Have I lost thee?" | - | - | - | Glick |
| 3. | "Righteous art Thou" | - | - | - | Stradella |
| 4. | "Ave Maria" | - | - | - | Schubert |
| 5. | "For ever" | - | - | - | Rubinstein |
| 6. | "By Celia's Arbour" | - | - | - | Mendelssohn |
| 7. | "Droop not, young lover" | - | - | - | Handel |
| 8. | "The Linden Tree" | - | - | - | Schubert |
| 9. | "Cease, O Maiden" | - | - | - | Scarletti |
| 10. | "Thou'rt like a lovely flower" | - | - | - | Schumann |
| 11. | "Gentle Zephyr" | - | - | - | Sterndale Bennett |
| 12. | "The Soldier's Bride" | - | - | - | Schumann |

PART SONGS.

- | | | | | | |
|----|-----------------------|---|---|---|-------------|
| 1. | "O happy fair" | - | - | - | Shields |
| 2. | "Twelve by the clock" | - | - | - | C. H. Lloyd |

NATIONAL SONGS.

1. "Lincolnshire Poacher"
2. "Here's a health unto His Majesty"
3. "Joan to the Maypole"
4. "The Minstrel Boy"
5. "The Soldier's Return"
6. "With Jockey to the Fair"
7. "Bonnie Charlie's now awa'"
8. "The Miller of the Dee"
9. "Thuringian Volkslied"
10. "Men of Harlech"
11. "Golden Slumbers"
12. "Farewell"

SECOND YEAR STUDENTS.—PART SONGS.

- | | | | | | |
|--|---------------------------------|---|---|---|------------------|
| 1. | "Nature and Love" | - | - | - | Tschaiakowsky |
| <i>Chorus and Double Trio—</i> | | | | | |
| First Soprano—Ethel Fox, Jessie Stringer | | | | | |
| Second Soprano—Ethel Brickell, Ellen Hornsby | | | | | |
| Alto—Eva Hinton, Elizabeth Polwarth | | | | | |
| 2. | "We strew these opiate flowers" | - | - | - | Coleridge Taylor |
| 3. | "The death of Trenar" | - | - | - | Brahms. |

PART II.

OPPERETTA—"KING THRUSHBEARD."

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

Characters.

King Syringa	-	-	-	-	Louise Shirley
King Thrushbeard, King of Larissa (<i>alias</i> Timothy Dobbs, a Beggar)	-	-	-	-	Sarah Winnall
Becco (<i>King Syringa's Chamberlain</i>)	-	-	-	-	Ethel Drury
Grimcheck (<i>wicked Uncle</i>)	-	-	-	-	Dorothy Gibson
Hob	} (<i>Suitors</i>)	-	-	-	Margaret Harvey
Nob		-	-	-	Helena Bott
Snob		-	-	-	Jennie Greenep
Princess Ina (<i>Niece to Syringa</i>)	-	-	-	-	Ethel Fox
Falsair (<i>Stepmother to Ina</i>)	-	-	-	-	Lilian Henscheliffe
Phoebe (<i>a Country Maiden</i>)	-	-	-	-	Gertrude Hurst
The Lady Aline	-	-	-	-	Isabel Rigby
The Lady Clarissa	-	-	-	-	Margaret Jones
The Lady Delia	-	-	-	-	Ida Gibbon
Chorus of Nobles, and Maids of Honour, Yokels, and Country Maidens.					

ACT I.

1. Introduction & Chorus - "All are agog for the State ceremonial"
2. Song (*Becco*) with Chorus - "Princess Ina's high and haughty"
3. Duet (*Falsair and Grimcheek*) - "We're a wicked old pair"
4. Song (*Ina*) - "Unwelcome swains by thousands come this way"
5. Trio (*Ina, Falsair, and Grimcheek*). "Good-morrow, your Highness"
6. Trio (*Hob, Nob, & Snob*) and Chorus - "We never flinch,
our foes we scorn"
7. Minuet - - - - -
8. Finale, Solos and Chorus. "Although I'm pretty tough, you know"

ACT II.

9. Song (*Ina*) - - - - - "No more am I a Princess now"
10. Duet (*Timothy Dobbs and Ina*) - "Securely tied up now are we"
11. { Chorus of Nobles and Ladies - "Come hither, hither all"
{ Chorus of Yokels and Country Maidens - "Oh, it wur beautiful"
12. Song (*Phabe*) with Chorus - "The hardest task of truly rural folk"
13. Country Dance - - - - -
14. Song (*Falsair*) - "This joyful news that's first to hand
confuses me, I own"
15. Finale - - - - - "I've been a little bit rough"

"God save the King."

Accompanist - Miss Bedford.
Conductor - Mr. Dunkerton.

* * *

Address by Canon Reynolds in the College Chapel, May 11th.
—Multiplicity and complexity, alike of claims and of problems, are characteristic of modern life and modern work—characteristic of *teaching*, perhaps, in a very marked degree. So many duties await fulfilment, so many difficulties meet us day by day, so many problems press for solution, so many questions clamour for answer, that we stand appalled at the very number of the demands on our time, our strength, our thought. As we grow older, and realize more clearly the complexity of our life, we are tempted to despair. Duty seems to clash with duty, new difficulties take the place of old ones, or even stand side by side with them, new questions and problems present themselves while many of the old ones remain unanswered, unsolved. The very lines of thought and enquiry which always lie open to us seem to cross and recross till they lead us into a labyrinth of speculation. We grow more acutely conscious of our ignorance and limitations, even in matters most closely affecting our work. Then it becomes hard to fight the depression that assails us. It is well for us that we have many helps at hand—we need them.

To-night I ask you to follow for a little time a train of thought that seems to me helpful—to consider the *Unconscious in Teaching*. First, will you try to realize how much we *teach* unconsciously? We form part of the environment of those children whom we teach, and on that account only we are always exerting *some* influence over them—but the relation of teacher to class is, and ought to be, so close that the influence of the teacher

ranks often next to that of parent. So much of our work is done by deliberate design, is planned definitely towards the attainment of a definite end, that we are apt to forget the fact of our unconscious teaching, to forget that our character and personality through their manifestations in manner, in speech, in dress even, are always affecting the children, to forget that we are responsible for the nature of this part of our work quite as much as for our formal lessons. No test can be applied to it by any educational authority—we need to take the greater care that it is good.

But I want to dwell to-night less on what we *teach*, than on what we *learn* unconsciously in our work as teachers. First, we should be growing ever more sympathetic—more patient, and gentle, and loving, towards those who will soon have to face the pain and sorrow of life. It is most terribly true that our work, if it does not teach us sympathy, will teach us indifference, callousness, even harshness. We may recall many instances of failure in love and sympathy towards our children, we may forget many more, we may be ignorant of many—as we think of them, let us use the words the Church has long taught her children, and pray for forgiveness “for the offences we have forgotten, and for those we know not of.”

Then our work should teach us lessons of *cheerfulness*—the very contact with children lately fresh from God’s hand should inspire us with new hope each day—hope for our work, and hope for the children. There is no neutral ground here—we must grow brighter and happier as the years go on, or we must lose hope. How are we to guard against such loss? Surely by doing our work in the spirit of Faith—in trust in the Great Teacher on the shores of Galilee. So our work, done in Faith, shall teach us Charity, the ground of sympathy, and Hope, the ground of cheerfulness—what more need we ask from it? If we are learning these, we may go on steadily, despite all difficulties and disappointments, just *doing* our work, as a piece of our Lord’s work entrusted to us, day by day.

“Man, *do thy work*; to *approve* it belongs to a greater than thou.” A. G.

* * *

Lectures, Concerts, &c.—In February we enjoyed a very delightful Friday evening lecture on “The Moon and other Heavenly Bodies,” given by the Principal. The lantern slides used to illustrate the lecture were very beautiful, and especially was our interest aroused in the one portraying the surface of the moon with its wonderful craters and its intensely dark shadows. In imagination we were taken from the moon to the fixed stars, and thence to the comets and nebulae, each in its turn serving to impress us with the omnipotence of the Creator. M. S.

On Friday evening, May 19th, Major Marriott kindly lectured to us on "Birds, Ancient and Modern."

The lecture was illustrated by many interesting lantern slides of birds of almost every kind, those which lived in bygone ages and those with which we are now familiar. We learnt much from Major Marriott of the great antiquity of birds. They inhabited the earth before man made his appearance, and in those prehistoric times were very different in form from their descendants of to-day. The earliest bird-fossil known to exist proves how birds have developed in the course of time. This fossil is one of a bird whose back-bone was continued to form a long bony tail and whose great wings were armed with claws. Other fossils have been found, proving beyond doubt that many of the extinct birds were very mighty creatures—one found in America being sixty feet long.

Though unlike in many ways, there is a close resemblance between birds and reptiles. The relationship was at one time closer than it is now, but signs of it may still be seen, for instance, the hissing of some birds is remarkably like that of reptiles; both lay eggs; the reptile has a scaly covering, so has the bird over its feet and legs; some birds have feathers of a scaly nature, *e.g.*, the penguin, and again both birds and reptiles have an eyelid which closes upwards.

The homes of birds are very wonderfully built, often showing that reasoning power, as well as instinct, has been used. The tailor-bird builds a secure nest by sewing leaves together. The gardener-bird builds an arbour and makes a path leading to the entrance along which it strews flowers, renewing them as they fade with freshly-gathered ones.

Many birds are adorned with very beautiful plumage, notably the osprey, the bird-of-Paradise, and among English birds, the king-fisher. Unfortunately their plumage is often their death-warrant, for it is for their feathers that they are hunted and killed. The thousands of cases of ospreys and birds-of-Paradise which are sent to London each season tell of the vast numbers of birds which are sacrificed for ornamentation.

Major Marriott closed by commending the kindlier spirit which is now becoming evident in the treatment of birds, mentioning as an example the treatment of the gulls which visit London each year. This spirit of interest and kindness will greatly aid in the preservation of birds.

EDITH JORDAN,

Second Year.

* * *

On Friday, March 31st, Staff and Students attended a special performance of Brahms' "Requiem" at the Cathedral, conducted by Dr. Bennett, the Cathedral Choir being supplemented by the members of the Lincoln Musical Society. The wonderful music was so finely rendered, and so much appreciated by the vast congregation, that the service was repeated on the following Friday

"The wonderful Requiem," says a modern critic, "has long taken its place by the side of the most sublime revelations in music. From this proud position no cavilling at its 'austerity' and 'dullness' can oust it, nor can adverse criticism detract from the 'true joy' with which its inspired strains fill those to whom this 'Requiem' seems a crushing effort of genius, and one of the very few works of modern times worthy to be named with the choral masterpieces of the greatest of the great masters. But it is to such as mourn and are sorrowful that Brahms' music, itself the outpouring of a mournful heart, appeals most strongly, and speaks as with the voice of peace and consolation."

* * *

On the last Saturday evening of the Summer Term—the last Saturday evening in College to fifty-five of our students—Mr. Dunkerton and Miss Gwendoline De'Ath most kindly arranged a musical evening, and it was very delightful after the excitement of the Prize-giving in the afternoon, to sit and be sung to. It is not necessary in writing for Lincoln students to say *how* we were sung to. Mr. Dunkerton sang the old favourites, "Come into the garden, Maud," "I'll sing thee songs of Araby," "Mary," "Last Night," and a new Irish song which fairly "brought down the house," in which the wooer at last brings matters to a triumphant conclusion with the lady by the mention of the pigs of which he invites her to become joint possessor. Miss De'Ath sang "Love's Echo," "She wandered down the mountain side," and "Annie Laurie." Cissie Winnall as usual kindly contributed pianoforte solos, and Miss Bedford, also as usual, was a most efficient accompanist.

* * *

Entertainment.—On Saturday evening, September 30th, the second year students very kindly gave an entertainment to the newly-arrived first-year girls. Part I. consisted of the following programme of vocal and instrumental music:—

- | | | | | | |
|--------------------|---|--------------------------|---|---|-----------|
| 1. Chorus | - | "Droop not, young lover" | - | - | - |
| | | Second Years. | | | |
| 2. Pianoforte Solo | - | Overture to "Coriolan" | - | - | Beethoven |
| | | L. Vezey. | | | |
| 3. Solo | - | "Life's Epitome" | - | - | - |
| | | Mr. Dunkerton. | | | |
| 4. Solo | - | "The Carnival" | - | - | - |
| | | T. Birchenough. | | | |
| 5. Solo | - | "My Pretty Jane" | - | - | - |
| | | Mr. Dunkerton. | | | |
| 6. Chorus | - | "Twelve by the clock" | - | - | - |
| | | Second Years. | | | |

Mr. Dunkerton's songs, rendered in his own inimitable style, were especially well received, but it is impossible to say

which item on the programme was the most enjoyable—each appealed to the audience in its own particular way. Part II. consisted of a most delightful representation of two scenes from Mrs. Gaskell's well-known book, "Cranford." Scene 1 was "A Morning Call," and Scene 2 depicted "The Panic."

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Miss Matty	-	-	-	-	Lilian Jones
Miss Mary Smith	-	-	-	-	May Burgess
Miss Pole	-	-	-	-	Elsie Hacker
Miss Betty Barker	-	-	-	-	Violet Lynn
Martha	-	-	-	-	Mary Pinck
Betty	-	-	-	-	Florence Hotham

The scene opens on Miss Matty's sitting-room. She is in conversation with Mary Smith, and it is evident that they are expecting visitors during the afternoon. The first caller is Miss Betty Barker, who brings the interesting news that the Honourable Mrs. Jamieson, a person of the highest interest and importance to the feminine mind of Cranford, has "most kindly and condescendingly" promised to have tea with her. The second visitor is Miss Pole, who has also received an invitation to take part in this small and most exclusive tea-party. The conversation, as one can imagine, is very spirited; and the quaint bobs and curtsies, the early Victorian costumes and the amusing incidents all combine to make the scene as interesting and enjoyable as possible.

In Scene 2, we find Martha clearing the table and singing gaily in Miss Matty's parlour, while Mary Smith and Miss Matty, armed with fire-irons, are discussing in somewhat alarmed tones the exploits of a supposed gang of robbers. Miss Pole, carrying a basket of plate, comes in accompanied by Betty, also with a basket full of household treasures. It is apparent that many members of the feminine community are seized with the terrible and ever-present fear of being brutally attacked and robbed, and various devices for warding off the dangers are being resorted to. In one case, a man's hat is hung up in the hall to warn ill-disposed persons of a supposed "master," in another, a small boy is hired to sit up during the night with the reward of his supper each evening and a hundred-weight of coals at Christmas for his parents! Thus the scene continues, and the quaint actions and characteristic language of Betty and Martha cause great amusement.

The "Scenes from Cranford" were altogether most delightful, and great credit is reflected on those who sustained the various parts. The singing of the National Anthem brought this most enjoyable entertainment to a close.

ALICE A. YEOMANS, First Year.

Games.—On March 22nd, the return match with the High School was played on the College ground, the home team scoring a victory of 2 goals to 1.

April 6th saw the long-promised visit of the Sheffield team. Sheffield has always been so hospitable and courteous to us on our yearly visits that we have often wished for an opportunity of showing our appreciation of the kindness shown to us, and hence were delighted to welcome Mrs. Henry, Mr. Derry, the Rev. J. and Mrs. Merryweather, Mr. Quine, and Mr. Arnold, who accompanied the team. Some of the visitors were taken over the College in the morning, but the hockey players, too busy for sightseeing, were engaged in trying the ground, to some of them strangely familiar!

The College grounds have seldom seen a more enthusiastic crowd than that which assembled to watch the contest in the afternoon. Mr. Arnold kindly umpired for Sheffield, and after a thoroughly enjoyable game Lincoln scored a victory of 1 to 0. Victors and vanquished then adjourned to College for tea, after which the time passed all too quickly, and we saw our visitors off, hoping that they had enjoyed the day as much as we had, and that this had only been the first of many such meetings.

After several attempts to decide which was the stronger team, each match resulting in a draw, we were obliged to leave the question undecided, and allow both Blue and Green Captains to carry off the shield on Sports' Day.

Cricket.—No outside matches were played, but Blues and Greens had some good games, the Blues eventually winning the shield.

At a Games Meeting held on July 6th, the Principal proposed a fresh arrangement of College teams; instead of the two, Blue and Green, he suggested three, one for each "house." The idea was received with enthusiasm, and already the rivalry between the Nelson, King, and Wickham buildings runs high; certainly the change has nearly doubled the number of Hockey players, and bids fair to do the same for Cricket and Tennis in their seasons. The Captains are as follows:—

	<i>Cricket.</i>	<i>Hockey.</i>	<i>Tennis.</i>
College Eleven.....	R. Winterbotham...	F. Cooper ...	R. Wilkinson
Nelson House	E. Ellisson	L. Jones ...	V. Scarby
King House	R. Winterbotham...	F. Cooper ...	R. Wilkinson
Wickham House ...	M. Palmer	C. Crossland.	L. Vezey
President :	Rev. Canon Rowe ;	Vice-President :	Miss Vaughan ;
Secretary :	Miss Vaughan ;	Treasurer :	Miss Elwell.

Tennis.—On July 19th, an exciting contest took place with the High School. The College champions were E. Brickell, M. Househam, M. Pinck, and R. Wilkinson, but though they fought valiantly, the match ended in a victory for the High School.

M. V.

Sports.—The annual Sports were held in the Recreation-ground on June 27th. A fair number of students entered for the different events, the more enthusiastic among them preferring the Jump and the Hurdle Race, while the Obstacle Race, Egg and Spoon Race (concerning which the governesses' students endured much good-humoured chaffing), and Skittles retained their customary popularity.

The following is the list of events and winners:—

- 100 yards (second years) L. Gibbs.
- High Jump (both years), B. Corfield.
- 100 yards (first years), K. Close.
- Egg and Spoon race (second years), M. Harvey.
- Skipping race, K. Maxwell.
- Skittles (first years), F. Friswell.
- Obstacle race (second years), H. Seymour.
- Egg and Spoon race (first years), K. Maxwell.
- Throwing the Cricket Ball (both years), K. Close.
- Skittles (second years), M. Stimson.
- Long Jump (both years), C. Crossland.
- Obstacle race (first years), R. Winterbotham.
- Hurdle race (both years), K. Close.
- Tug of War (first years), Captain, R. Winterbotham.

Miss Margaret Piper kindly consented to distribute the prizes, on condition that she was "not asked to say anything." The Principal congratulated the winners (both of prizes and of wooden spoons) on her behalf, and said that this year's sports were distinctly better than they had been before. The following special prizes were awarded:—

General Excellence	-	K. Close.
Tennis	- - -	M. Househam.
Cricket	- - -	M. Harvey, Captain.
Hockey	- - -	I. Hartley, } Captains.
		R. Mawer, }

* * *

D.J.G.

On June 24th, many of the members of the Sheffield "Lincoln Students Club" accepted the invitation of the Principal to a garden party at the College, and a very delightful afternoon, all too short, was spent by both staff and visitors. The weather was perfect, and "tea and talk" under the trees on the Principal's lawn was felt by all to be quite an ideal way of spending the afternoon of Midsummer Day. The following visitors were present:—

Mrs. Marriott (Mary Clayton), the Misses Emily, Kate, and Mary Thompson (now all head-mistresses in Sheffield), Frances Wells, Minnie Potts, Sarah and Edith Dawes, Albina Elston, Louisa Pettifer, Beatrice Boulton, Ita Peet, Edith Wood, Annie Turner, Christine Skinner, Mary Antcliffe, Jennie Leonard, Lottie

the claims of anyone specially recommended by a member of the College Association.

It was a matter for regret that the College was not able to attend as a household at the special thanksgiving service held at the Cathedral on July 9th (the day after the students left), for the cessation of the typhoid epidemic, for surely no one in the city had greater cause for thankfulness than we here, with our absolute freedom from even a single case.

There was an immense congregation, and the service was most impressive. The sermon was preached by the Bishop.

Gifts to the College.—Again the out-going students have given a beautiful stained glass window to the Chapel, the subject being a reproduction of Holman Hunt's "The Light of the World."

The Magazine Club have presented the following volumes to the Common Room Library:—"The Alps," "Venice," (both with most beautiful coloured illustrations); "The Trail of the Sword," (Gilbert Parker); "Sandy," (by the author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch"); "May Margaret," (Crockett).

The views of the Tennyson Statue in the present number have been generously given to the Magazine by Mr. J. W. Ruddock. We are also indebted to Mr. Harrison, photographer, for courteous permission to reproduce the portraits of the Lord Bishop and the Dean.

OFFICERS FOR THE YEAR:—

Chapel Wardens.—Bessie Corfield, Christabel Crossland (Second Year); Edith Hurry, Lilian Westland.

Music.—Ruth Wilkinson, Louie Vezey.

College Magazine Club.—Librarians: Minnie Callender, Ethel Gibson (Second Year); Emily Clayton, May Hopper (First Year).

Collectors.—Louise Swales (Second Year); Marian Percy (First Year).

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

Sub-Librarians.—Fiction: Alice Charters; Literature: Mary Palmer; History, Geography, Theology, and Technical: Ethel Ellisson.

Chapel and Cathedral Brasses.—Irene Marden, Mary Pinck, Gladys Thornton (Second Year).

Dining Hall Superintendent.—Louie Langford.

Lecture Hall " — Violet Searby.

Art room " — Elsie Harrison.

Science-room " — Annie Spencer.

First Year Class-room " — Edith Sutton.

Small Class-room " — Jessie West.

Common Room " — Jessie Birchenough

Stationery.—May Burgess.

Apparatus.—Olive Jackson.

Prefects.—

Lower King: Gertrude Border, Edith Jordan, Mary Pinck Rhoda Winterbottom.

Upper King.—Kerr Maxwell, Irene Marden, Elsie Preston, Frances Cooper.

Lower Wickham.—Violet Bedford, Mary Palmer.

Upper Wickham.—Christabel Crossland, Maud Jubb.

Nelson House.—

Dormitory No. 1.—Ethel Gibson, Mary Wyatt.

„ „ 2.—Louie Langford.

„ „ 4.—Lilian Jones, Ethel Podmore.

„ „ 5.—Violet Searby, Ellen Perks.

„ „ 6.—Katherine Close.

Heads of Tables.—

No. 1.—Mary Pinck and Ruth Wilkinson.

No. 2.—Gertrude Border and Kerr Maxwell.

No. 3.—Lilian Jones and Edith Jordan.

No. 4.—Violet Searby and Gertrude Leeming.

No. 5.—Frances Cooper and Bessie Corfield.

No. 6.—Violet Bedford and Louie Langford.

No. 7.—Ethel Podmore and Gladys Thornton.

No. 8.—Edith West and Rhoda Winterbottom.

LIST OF PARCHMENTS RECEIVED, JUNE, 1904-1905

Jessie Drake	Margaret Heritage	Mary Croasdale
Gertrude Bradwell	Emily Barker	Julia Jarvis
Ellen Simpson	Mabel Stuttle	Graeme Armstrong
Esther Roberts	Amy Oakes	Amelia Gascoigne
Annie Schofield	Annie Turner	Elsie Hunt
Maud Johnson	Alice Porter	Edith Berry
Edith Barker	Irene Gelsthorpe	Emily Holmes
Annie Willdig	Annie Tonlmin	Ada Johnson
Mary Parkes	Bessie Watson	Florence Stephenson
Elsie Dawtry	Frances Inman	Ada Doodson
Phoebe Bury	Ethel Peacock	Nellie Walker
Annie Pearce	Margaret Hendry	Gertrude Salt
Mary Arscott	Elsie Beeching	Sarah Newill
Lilian Corbett	Agnes Marriott	Elsie Botterill
Edith Marris	Frances Holmes	Annie Waugh
Evelyn Bakewell	Ruth Wilson	Gertrude Machan

APPOINTMENTS OF STUDENTS WHO LEFT IN JULY.

Elizabeth Bailey, Newton Church. £80.

Helena Bott, Derby Council. £75.

Ethel Brickell, Ware Church. £75.

Elizabeth Bunting, Crowborough Council. £80.

- Elizabeth Burge, Haslingfield Mixed. £75.
Ada Clarke, Birmingham Council. £75.
Elizabeth Comer, Leeds Council. £80.
Florence Dawe, Leeds Council. £80.
Bertha Dickens, Hull Council. £70.
Ethel Drury, Sheffield Council. £75.
Ethel Fox, Salford Council. £75.
Ida Gibbon, Salford Council. £75.
Lilian Gibbs, London Council. £80.
Dorothy Gibson, Darlington Council. £80.
Mary Gibson, Grimsby Council. £75.
Lily Gouldthorpe, Grimsby Church. £75.
Jennie Greenep, Sheffield Council. £75.
Ida Hartley, Colne Church. £75.
Margaret Harvey, Lincoln Church. £75.
Lilian Henchcliffe, Burton-on-Trent Council. £77.
Ethel Heslop, Conisborough Council. £80.
Eva Hinton, London Council. £80.
Ellen Hornsby, London Council. £80.
Mabel Househam,
Gertrude Hurst, Brandesburton Church. £75.
Jessie Jones, London. £80.
Margaret Jones, Woodgreen Council. £85.
Charlotte Langford, Nottingham Council. £65.
Jessie Linnell, Coventry Church. £80.
Rose Mawer, Leeds Council. £80.
Laura Mann, Leeds Council. £80.
Beatrice Mortlock, London Council. £80.
Mabel Noble, Sheffield Council. £75.
Violet Nuttall, Eccles Church. £65.
Connie Penzer, Sheffield Church. £75.
Elizabeth Polwarth, Newcastle Council. £75.
Madeline Reader, Norton Church. £80.
Lily Richardson, Nottingham Council. £65.
Isabel Rigby, Lincoln Church. £75.
Lilian Rosson, Kingston-on-Thames Church. £80.
Hilda Seymour, Sheffield Council. £75.
Louise Shirley, Chilvers Coton Church. £70.
Gertrude Sivil, London Council. £80.
Maud Stimson, London Council. £80.
Jessie Stringer, Lincoln Council. £75.
Erica Stuart, Lincoln Church. £75.
Lucy Thurlby, Skegness Church. £75.
Edith Tomlinson, Oxford Church. £75.
Dorothy Walker, Leeds Council. £80.
Gertrude West, Bolton Council. £70.
Louisa White, Aubourn Church. £80.
Sarah Wiunall, Louth P.T. Centre. £100.

LIST OF STUDENTS ENTERING SEPTEMBER, 1905.

Name of Student.	School in which a Pupil Teacher or Assistant.	Position on Scholarship List.
Annie Reddish...	S. Anne's, Grantham	I. 3
Marian Percy ...	High Street, Plumstead	I. 4
Annie M. Royce ...	Spitalgate, Grantham	I. 4
Daisy H. Wyatt ...	Mantle Road, Brockley	I. 4
Edith Atkin ...	Cleethorpes National	I. 5
Katherine E. Bice ...	Trinity National, Louth	I. 5
a Elizabeth Doodson ...	Brindle Heath National, Salford	I. 5
Mildred M. Gossling ...	S. Nicholas, Skirbeck	I. 5
Frances Crompton ...	Wawne Street, Hull	II. 1
b Ada Hinton ...	Wandsworth Road Commercial	II. 1
Dorothea M. Playl ...	Honeywell Road, New Wandsworth	II. 1
Gertrude H. Watson ...	S. Andrew's, Lincoln	II. 1
c Margaret Antcliffe ...	Western Road, Sheffield	II. 2
Marian Golby ...	Christ Church, Coventry	II. 2
Mary Lane Jackson...	Keyingham, Church School, Hall	II. 2
Nora Mary Kimbell...	Yelvertoft, Rugby	II. 2
Emily Asenath Clayton	Sir H. Fermor's, Crowborough	II. 3
Maud Cotton ...	Horsforth National	II. 3
Florence Curtis ...	Lincoln Practising Infants'	II. 3
Elsie Hollow ...	Holy Trinity, Greenwich	II. 3
May Hopper ...	S. Paul's, Whitley Bay	II. 3
Mary Palin ...	Edward Street, Grimsby	II. 3
Magdalene Ross ...	Mountain Ash Navigation (Llandaff)	II. 3
Alice Maynard Shapley	Victoria Jubilee, Newcastle	II. 3
Mary Caine ...	Pitsmoor National, Sheffield	II. 4
Janet Cooper ...	Florence Street, Longton	II. 4
Mary E. Coxon...	S. Martin's, Lincoln	II. 4
Florence Dixon ...	All Saints, Blackheath	II. 4
Mildred Ellisson ...	Hoyland Common, Barnsley	II. 4
Emma Agnes Garratt ...	Woodside Church, Sheffield	II. 4
Metta Agnes Jabet ...	Moseley Road, Birmingham	II. 4
d Clara Mountford ...	Attercliffe National, Sheffield	II. 4
Louisa Peart ...	Wrawby National	II. 4
Harriet Maud Pell ...	Crigglestone	II. 4
Frances Benigna Thomas	Burrage Road, Greenwich	II. 4
Edith Wand ...	S. Swithin's, Lincoln	II. 4
Sarah Ann Ainley ...	Attercliffe, Sheffield	II. 5
Frances Muriel Carr ...	Burnside Endowed	II. 5
Mary Cook ...	S. Mark's, Lincoln	II. 5
Edith Blanche Davy ...	Lapworth Church	II. 5
Beatrice M. Dobson...	Broughton National	II. 5
Mary E. Dodgson ...	S. John's, Sheffield	II. 5
Edith M. French ...	Norton-Watling Street, Birmingham	II. 5
Bessie M. Hague ...	Selsey	II. 5
Edith C. Hurry ...	Higher Grade, Eden Street, Cambridge	II. 5
e Florence Milner ...	Berridge Road, Nottingham	II. 5
Marie E. K. Moore ...	Mantle Road, Brockley	II. 5
Wilhelmina Numm ...	Marlborough Road, Salford	II. 5
Florence R. Tue ...	S. George's, Barnsley	II. 5
Lilian Westland ...	Butterwick and Pinchbeck	II. 5
Margaret Nina Wilson	S. Andrew's, Lincoln	II. 5

Students admitted under Article 12a.

Ethel Henry Cambridge Senior Local.
Alice Yeomans... .. London Matriculation.

a and *b* Sister of old student.

c Sister of two old students.

d Sister of old student.

e Daughter of old student.

Magazines have been received from the following Colleges :
—Grahamstown, Fishpond, Warrington, Ripon.
