

THE COLLEGE ASSOCIATION.

AIM OF ASSOCIATION.

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

ITS CONSTITUTION IS AS FOLLOWS:—

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

RULES OF MEMBERSHIP.

- 1.—Members of the Association shall receive the Holy Communion at least once a month.
- 2.—They shall use the College Prayer said daily in Chapel.

COLLEGE PRAYER.

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

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

- 4.—They shall pay a yearly subscription of 2.6, 1/- of which will be given to the Church Schoolmasters' and Schoolmistresses' Benevolent Institution.

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

## 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), Sarah Thorpe (Mrs. Shelton), Margaret Elwell, Emma Shotton, Fanny Utting (Mrs. Norman), Susannah Doughty (Mrs. Linney)
- 1874 Annie Georgina Selvage, Martha Ann Greaves, Clara Brummitt
- 1875 Elizabeth Satchell (Mrs. Williams), Panny 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, Lucy Humphreys
- 1879 Selina Dix, Alice Whiteley, Maud Bourne, Annie Morley (Mrs. Clayton)
- 1880 Maud Etchells (A.T.S.), Jane Platt (Mrs. Dean) (A.T.S.)
- 1881 Ann Hague (Mrs. Holden)
- 1882 Mary Turner, Jessie Bourne, Amy Beddoe, Susannah Brown, Eliza Crossland (Mrs. Barratt), Margaret Parratt
- 1884 Essie Ruth Conway, Florence White, Eliza Bass, Mary Ellerington (Mrs. Blamey)
- 1885 Eunice B. Turner
- 1886 Annie Glover, Emma Cook, Ada Mary Whitehead (Mrs. W. G. Wright), 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, Eleanor Castle (Mrs. Yates)
- 1890 Florence Aughtie (Mrs. Summerton), Charlotte Watson, Mary Heape, Ada Pepperdine, Kate Barker.
- 1891 Mary Bell, Gertrude Whattam (Mrs. Mackinder), Laura A. A. Wilkinson, Emily Whetton, Kate Hoggard (Mrs. Slater), Mary Gossling (Mrs. Wolstenholme)
- 1892 Albina Elston, Agnes Radford, Kathleen Huddleston, Carrie Poole, Agnes Short, Edith Dawes, Margaret Holding.
- 1893 Gertrude Radford, May Kent (Mrs. Hadfield), Elizabeth Robinson, Edith Martin (Mrs. Croft), Gertrude Askew, Eleanor Johnson (Mrs. Chester)

- 1894 Ada Aughtie, Emma F. Whattam, Sarah Calver, Eliza Dyson (Mrs. F. T. Clarke), Minnie Potts, Edith Macdonald (Mrs. Turner)
- 1895 Frances Crombie, Alice Greening, Frances Bishell (Mrs. Banks), Bessie Dawson (Mrs. Whitfield)
- 1896 Mary Wileman, Annie Meadows, Annie Harvey, Amy Swift, Rosa Hill (Mrs. Horton), Alice Hill, Mary Crowther, Ethelen King
- 1897 Kate Whattam, Edith Hales (Mrs. Gossop), Eleanor Walker, Mary Footitt (Mrs. Crabtree), Annie Taylor, Marian Trevitt, Jemima Mountford
- 1898 Alice Falkinder (Mrs. Handley), Marianne Thompson (Mrs. Hopf), Minnie Sells, Ethel Craft, Margaret Harrison, Harriet M. Coales, Jane Eggleston, Alice Upton, Minnie Rimmington (Mrs. Russon), Ada Rimmington, 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 Lammung, Augusta Tanner, Margaret A. Glenn, Susannah Dewis, Helen M. Simons, Elizabeth Taylor, Lily A. Mottram, Ethel Rose Stapleton, Marian S. Grundy (Mrs. Watson), Alethea Hildred, 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, Mary Simmonds
- 1900 Alice Mackintosh, Edith Nightingale, Grace Hemsley, Rhoda Wallis, Agnes Hornsey (Mrs. Hargreaves), Rose Knowlson, Alice Perkins, Georgina Walker, Gertrude Billett, Frances Randle, Amy Wright, Lucy Roberts, Daisy Jenner, Annie Bird, Annie Burton, Edith Newton (Mrs. Williams), Alice Shirley (Mrs. Garner), Florence Scarlett
- 1901 Mary Bannister, Annie Bugg, Ethel Binrose, Beatrice Boulbee, Cerise Cameron, Ethel Cheshire, Margaret Cooper, Marian Clayton (Mrs. Tvas), Kate Chapple, Mary Dent, Jessie Drake, Elsie Drake, Lilian France (Mrs. Powell), Henrietta Griffiths, Florence Harrard, Clarice Hughes, Emma Austen, Alice Langford, Jennie Leonard, Ethel March, Ita Peet, Elsie Piper (Mrs. Vaughan), Elizabeth Pendlebury, Ethel Riley, Jessie Wilson
- 1902 Katherine Antcliffe, Mary E. Arscott (Mrs. Tilbrook), Edith Barker, Gertrude Bradwell, Emma Brewin, Mabel Bromhall (Mrs. Meech), Ethel Budd, Mary Burley, Phoebe Bury, Frances Clarke, Elsie Dawtrey, Annie Drury, Eleanor Donson, Minnie Fèvre, Lily Hacker, May Hulse, Maud Johnson, Gertrude Judd (Mrs. Burnicle), Evelina Lamb, Edith Meats, Marjorie Mullins (Mrs. Longden), Annie Helen Pearce, Sarah Parkes, Mary Parkes, Margaret Partridge, Annie Porter, Ethel Radford, Annie Roberts, Ellen Roberts, Lallah Robertson (Mrs. Bairstow), Annie Schofield, Sarah Shepherd, Isabella Shiach, Ellen Simpson, Alice Smith, Nellie Smith, Ruth Spencer, Lilian Underhill, Kate Webb, Ethel Willdig

- 1903 Graeme Armstrong, Ada Ashton, Evelyn Bakewell, Emily Barker, Elsie Beeching, Edith Berry, Elsie Botterill, Edith Burley, Margaret Clarke, Lilian Corbett, Mary Croasdale, Ada Doodson, Laura Enderby, Jessie Fawcett, Amelia Gascoigne, Irene Gels-thorpe, Rosa Gouldthorpe, Mary Hawthorne, Margaret Heritage, Emily Holmes, Frances Holmes, Jenny Hendry (Mrs. Hornsby), Amy Holroyd, Gertrude Holroyd, Elsie Hunt, Frances Inman, Julia Jarvis, Ada Johnson, Frances Eveline Johnson, Beatrice Leighton, Gertrude Machan, Helen Marden, Agnes Marriott, Edith Millard, Elsie Newill, Edith Norris, Amy Oakes, Ethel Ogden, Ethel Peacock, Gertrude Pearson, Jane Pollard, 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 Antcliffe, Margaret Arscott, Bertha Bannister, Eveline Best, Emily Mary Brown, Violet Brown, Gwendoline Clapp, Frederica Clissold, Maud Collitt, Ethel Cuckson, Florence Davies, Ethel Dent, Lilian Dickinson, Althea Durant, Charlotte Fenwick, Mabel Fountain, Ethel Gibbs, Edith Halliday, Mabel Hamm, Lucy Hartley, Mary Hoole, Eleanor Ives, Sarah Kenworthy, Edith Laver, Ethel Maguire, Ethelind Morris, Alice Muddimer, Hilda Qiver, Mabel Pantou, Edith Parlett, Elsie Penzer, Janet Pressick, Rachel Rawnsley, Kate Richardson, Edith Sheckell, Gertrude Smith, Florence Tipping, Theodora Trotter, Rosa 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 (Mrs. Lewis), Ada Clarke, Elizabeth Comer, Florence Dawe, Bertha Dickens, Ethel Drury, Ethel Fox, Ida Gibbon, Lilian Gibbs, Dorothy Gibson, May Gibson, Lily Gould-thorpe, Jennie Greenep, Ida Hartley, Margaret Harvey, Lilian Hencheliffe, 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 Poiwarth, Madeline Reader, Lily Richardson, Isabel Rigby, Lilian Rosson, Hilda Seymour, Louise Shirley, Gertrude Sivil, Maud Stimson, Jessie Stringer, Erica Stuart, Lucy Thurlby, Edith Tomlinson, Dorothy Walker, Gertrude West, Louisa White, Sarah Winnall
- 1906 Violet Bedford, Jessie Birchenough (Mrs. Plowright), Gertrude Border, Alice Bristow, May Burgess, Minnie Callender, Alice Charters, Katherine Close, Frances Cooper, Bessie Corfield, Christabel Crossland, Ethel Ellisson, May Fenton, Florence Friswell, Charlotte Gallimore, Ethel Gibson, Isobel Greene, Elsie Hacker, Elsie Harrison, Gertrude Hipwell, Florence Hotham, Olive Jackson, Lilian Jones, Edith Jordan, Maud Jubb, Louie Langford, Gertrude Leeming, Violet Lynn, Irene Marden, Kerr Maxwell, Ina McWhan, Viola Moore, Beatrice Newbould, Esther Newton, Kate Oldfield, Mary Palmer, Ellen Perks, Mary Pinck, Ethel Podmore, Elsie Preston, Alice Robertshaw, Alice Rogers, Violet Scarby, Annie Spencer, Caroline Spencer, Edith Sutton (Mrs. Lockyer), Louise Swales, Jessie Thomson, Gladys Thornton, Louie Vezey, Edith West, Jessie West, Ruth Wilkinson, Rhoda Winterbotham, Amy Wyatt

1907 Sarah Ainley, Margaret Antcliffe, Edith Atkin, Katherine Bice, Mary Caine, Muriel Carr, Emily Clayton, Mary Cook, Janet Cooper, Maud Cotton, Mary Cox, Frances Crompton, Blanche Davey, Florence Dixon, Beatrice Dobson, Mary Dodgson, Elizabeth Doodson, Mildred Ellisson, Edith French, Agnes Garratt, Marion Golby, Mildred Gosling, Bessie Hague, Ethel Hurry, Ada Hinton, Elsie Hollom, May Hopper, Edith Hurry, Metta Jabet, Mary Jackson, Nora Kimbell, Florence Milner, Marie Moore, Clara Mountford, Wilhelmina Nunn, Mary Palin, Louisa Peart, Maud Pell, Marion Percy, Dorothea Playl, Annie Reddish, Magdalen Ross, Annie Royce, May Shapley, Alice Smith, Frances Thomas, Florence Tue, Edith Wand, Gertrude Watson, Lilian Westland, Margaret Wickham, Margaret Wilson, Daisy Wyatt, Alice Yeomans

## ASSOCIATION CORRESPONDENTS.

<i>College Years.</i>	<i>Name of Correspondent.</i>	<i>Address.</i>
1864-1896	Miss Elwell .. ..	Training College, Lincoln
1897	Miss E. Ayres .. ..	235 Monks Road, Lincoln
1898	Miss W. M. Brown .. ..	235 Monks Road, Lincoln
1899	Miss Ada Brown .. ..	1 Charles St., Hinckley
1900	Miss Alice Macintosh .. ..	78 Rasen Lane, Lincoln
1901	Miss Jessie Drake .. ..	18 Lower Grove Road, West Park, Chesterfield
1902	Miss Edith Barker .. ..	Pupil Teachers' Centre, Gainsborough
{ 1903	Miss Ada Doodson .. .	15 Charles Street, Bolton Road, Pendleton, Man- chester
{ 1903	Miss Elsie Botterill .. ..	School House, Wilnecote, Tamworth
{ 1904	Miss Mary Hoole .. ..	30 Station Street, Boston
{ 1904	Miss Edith Sheckell .. ..	49 Clayton Street, Grimsby
{ 1905	Miss Ida Gibbon .. ..	Oak Dene, Bolton Road, Irlams o' th' Heights Manchester
{ 1905	Miss Jessie Stringer .. ..	6 Richmond Road, Lincoln
{ 1906	Miss Gertrude Border .. ..	1 Alfred St., Lincoln
{ 1906	Miss Edith Jordan .. ..	299 Moseley Road, Bir- mingham
{ 1907	Miss Margaret Wickham ..	The Deanery, Lincoln
{ 1907	Miss Margaret Wilson ..	School House, Denham, Suffolk

**Subscriptions for the current year are due on January 1st, and should be sent before the end of the month.**

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

## PRINCIPAL'S LETTER.

DEAR PAST AND PRESENT STUDENTS,

My letters to you seem to be always speaking of changes, and it is a real sign of the state of things as regards the Training Colleges during several years past. Just now we are, as you know, in the midst of far-reaching changes, such as threaten to destroy the distinctive character of Church Training Colleges. However, amid them all, the College itself remains the same, and will, I hope, continue to remain the same in our earnest endeavour to study the best interests of you all, and to draw still closer, if possible, the ties that bind us to one another. This we are doing just now by asking you again to help us in our increasing difficulty of selecting candidates who will be likely to imbibe the true spirit of Lincoln Training College and to be zealous in the maintaining its high tone. My best thanks are due and are heartily given to those of you who have already written and spoken to me about those who have applied. We have already just upon 180 candidates for next year, and as by the new regulations all interviews are being practically prevented, and candidates from a distance are not allowed to take any part of their Examination at the College, it is being made more difficult than ever to get any information about them. Consequently we shall be most grateful to any of you who will write or speak about any candidate whom you may know personally, and you will be thus giving real help in maintaining the high character of this College, whose true welfare is, I know, very dear to you. With hearty greetings to you all, and best wishes for your happiness.

Yours very sincerely,

A. W. ROWE.

PAST STUDENTS' ADDRESSES, <sup>1902-4</sup>~~1904-6~~

NAME.

ADDRESS.

Mary Antcliffe, 136 Crookesmoor Road, Sheffield.  
 Margaret Arscott, 178 West Parade, Lincoln.  
 Bertha Bannister, 27 Wells Street, Scunthorpe.  
 Eveline Best, 50 Oxford Street, Sheffield.  
 Emily M. Brown, 5 Matlock Road, Foleshill, Coventry.  
 Violet Brown, 11 Hatfield Street, Wakefield.

- Gwendoline Clapp, c/o Mrs. Grove, 117 City Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham.
- Frederica Clissold, 30 York Avenue, West Parade, Lincoln.
- Maud H. Collitt, 6 Sherwood Road, Worksop.
- Ethel M. Cuckson, 50 Bower Road, Sheffield.
- Christine Dalglish, 33 Yardley Street, Sheffield.
- Florence Davis, 22 Ferndale Avenue, Walthamstow.
- Ethel Dent, East Garforth, near Leeds.
- Lilian Dickenson, P.T. Centre, Long Sutton.
- Alethea Durant, 14 May Crescent, Lincoln.
- Charlotte Fenwick, 6 Walton Road, Ecclesall Road, Sheffield.
- Mabel Fountain, 8 Raleigh Street, Queen's Park, Bedford.
- Ethel Goozee Gibbs, Ingrebourne, Upminster, Essex.
- Edith Halliday, 220 Frederick Street, Werneth, Oldham.
- Mabel Hamm, 15 Priory Terrace, Spalding.
- Lucy Hartley, 34 Linton Road, Barking, Essex.
- Mary Hoole, 30 Station Street, Boston.
- Eleanor Ives, 9 North Marsh Road, Gainsborough.
- Sarah Kenworthy, 104 Sheffield Road, Barnsley, Yorks.
- Edith Laver, 207 Brook Hill, Sheffield.
- Ethel Maguire, 834 Hyde Road, Gorton, Manchester.
- Edith Marris, 358 Hessle Road, Hull.
- Ethelind Morris, 10 Beech Road, Hale, Cheshire.
- Alice Muddimer, Clifton Villa, 3 Ford Street, Coventry.
- Hilda Oliver, Hollywood, Hamilton Road, Lincoln.
- Mabel Panton, 37 Camphill Road, Southsea.
- Edith Parlett, 113 Gladstone Street, Dereham Road, Norwich.
- Elsie Penzer, 78 Rasen Lane, Lincoln.
- Janet Pressick, 23 Grosvenor Street, West Hartlepool.
- Rachel Rawnsley, Fern House, Bradford Rd., Brighouse, Yorks.
- Kate Richardson, Market Place, Penkridge.
- Edith Sheckell, 49 Clayton Street, Grimsby.
- Gertrude Smith, 83 Lord Haddon Road, Ilkeston.
- Florence Tipping, "Llangollen," Blythe Street, Mapperley, Nottingham.
- Theodora Trotter, Victoria Villa, Upper Hale, Farnham, Surrey.
- Rose Wade, 48 Monks Road, Lincoln.
- Eva Waller, 21 High Bank, Gorton, Manchester.
- Winifred Waller, 37 Regent Street, Oxford.
- Ethel Ward, 38 Ryton Street, Worksop.
- Maud Weaver, Hawkwood, Haden Hill, Wolverhampton.
- Ruth Wheatcroft, Whitely Woods, Sheffield.
- Elsie Wilkinson, Normanby, Doncaster.
- Constance Williams, Victoria Villas, Upper Hale, Farnham, Surrey.
- Emily Wood, Clifton Villa, 3 Ford Street, Coventry.
- Matilda Wood, 69 St. Thomas Road, Crookes, Sheffield.

## OLD STUDENTS' PAGE.

## MARRIAGES.

On April 2nd, at St. Andrew's Church, Tarvin, by the Rev. J. H. Wilcockson, Vicar, George Williams Whitfield to Elizabeth (Bessie) Dawson, (Lincoln 1894-5). 177 Algernon Road, Lewisham, S.E.

On April 3rd, at the Parish Church, Wigan, by the Rev. Canon Mathew, Rector, assisted by the Rev. W. E. Kingsbury, Ernest Powell to Lilian France (Lincoln 1900-1). 20 Buckley Street, Wigan.

On April 4th, Frank Rowland to Grace E. Shacklock (Lincoln 1899-1900). 54 Church Drive, Carrington, Notts.

On May 4th, Arthur Umeauff to Ethel Irene March (Lincoln 1900-1). Lyndhurst, Nimrod Road, Streatham, S.W.

On May 7th, at Christ Church, Mexico City, Thomas Hallowes Vaughan, son of the late Rev. T. B. Vaughan, M.A., Rector of Heapham-with-Upton, Lincolnshire, to Elsie Piper (Lincoln 1900-1), youngest daughter of the late James Peter Piper, M.A., late Town Clerk of Bedford.

On May 22nd, at St. Mary's Church, Bibury, Gloucestershire, by the Hon. and Rev. Canon Dutton, Edward Herbert Lewis (Peterborough 1900-1), of Cambridge, to Elizabeth Mary Burge (Lincoln 1903-5). Council School, Great Abington, Cambridge.

On July 31st, at Norbury Parish Church, by the Rev. Sydney Hawthorne, Frank Percy, only son of Francis Tyas, of Sheffield, to Marian Clayton (Lincoln 1900-1). Byron Villas, Greenhow Street, Sheffield.

On August 10th, at St. Faith's Church, Lincoln, Frederick Tilbrook, of Sheffield, to Mary Emma Arscott (Lincoln 1901-2), of 178 West Parade, Lincoln. 265 Western Road, Crookes, Sheffield.

On June 4th, at the Church of the Heavenly Rest, 5th Avenue, New York City, by the Rev. W. Parker Morgan, Rector, John L. Talbot, of New York, son of Mr. John Farrow Talbot, of Leamington, to Margaret Jordan Fisk, daughter of Mrs. E. J. Sattin (Mary Rollinson, Lincoln 1876-7).

On October 14th, at St. Peter's-in-Eastgate, Lincoln, by the Rev. Canon Rowe, M.A., assisted by the Rev. H. T. Morgan, M.A., Edmund Banks, of Fenton, Stoke-upon-Trent, to Frances Bishell, of Lincoln. 32 Princes Avenue, Chester.

## BIRTHS.

On March 2nd, to the Rev. W. and Mrs. Morrell (Laura Owens), a son, Herbert Charles Stone.

On March 2nd, to Mr. and Mrs. Sinnett (Rosa Eaton), a daughter, Mary.

On August 2nd, to Geoffrey and Marjorie Longden (Marjorie Mullins), a daughter, Edith Dorothy.

DEATHS.

On March 17th, Herbert Charles Stone, infant son of the Rev. W. and Mrs. Morrell.

On June 7th, at Brighton, Edward J. Sattin, husband of Mary Sattin, née Rollinson.

On April 20th, at the Wabe, Hampstead, Alice (née Wareing), the beloved wife of David Wynter, of Beacon Lodge, Crescent Road, Crouch End, N.

IN MEMORIAM.

Mrs. Wynter, known to students of 1873-4, as Alice Wareing, was one of Lincoln's very best students, both in character and ability. Exceptionally gifted as a teacher, she was appointed, at the close of her career as a student, as head mistress of the Practising Infant School, and Mistress of Method in the College. Later she accepted the post of Head Mistress to the Parish Church Girls' School in Oldham. Her last illness was a long and painful one, but her cheerful courage and her loyal and loving spirit went with her "down to the gates of death."

RE-APPOINTMENTS.

Miss Violet Searby, Lincoln Practising Infants'. H.  
 Miss Ada Brown, Melton Mowbray Council School. H.  
 Miss E. Sutton (Mrs. Lockyer), London County Council. A.  
 Miss Carrie Poole, Manor Council Junior Mixed, Sheffield. H.  
 Miss Ethel Podmore, Sandfields, Mixed, Port Talbot, South Wales. A.

\* \* \*

Miss Gertrude Radford and Miss Ethel Radford have been successful in passing the Froebel Examination, held in July last.

LIST OF PARCHMENTS RECEIVED FROM JUNE, 1906, TO  
JUNE, 1907:—

Edith Parlett, Mabel Panton, Winifred Waller, Mary Antcliffe, Ethel Heslop, Violet Nuttall, Mary E. Bunting, Elizabeth Polwarth, Lilian Gibbs, Isabel M. Rigby, Margaret S. Jones, Eva C. Hinton, Margaret E. Drury, Jessie Stringer, Jennie Greenep, Mabel Noble, Ethel Dickens, Elizabeth R. Bailey, Ida Hartley, Louise Shirley, Jessie Jones, Lily Richardson, Ada L. Gouldthorpe, Ethel Fox, Florence E. Dawe, Dorothy A. Gibson, Hilda M. Seymour, Ada Clarke, Helena Bott, Lilian Henschcliffe, Lilian Rosson, Margaret Harvey, Constance Williams, Connie Penzer, Theodora Trotter, Edith Tomlinson, Gertrude Hurst, Ida Gibbon, Erica Stuart, Lucy Thurlby, Madeleine Reader, Charlotte Langford, Laura Mann, Gertrude Sivil, Mary Gibson, Gertrude West, Elizabeth Burge, Elizabeth Comer, Dorothy Walker, Mabel Househam, Beatrice Mortlock, Louisa White, Ellen Hornsby, Janet Pressick, Rose Mawer, Maud Stimson.

---

LETTER FROM MRS. MORGAN (ADELAIDE COATES.)

KOOTENAY AVENUE,  
ROSSLAND, BRITISH COLUMBIA,  
JULY 3RD, 1907.

DEAR MISS ELWELL—

The Magazine found me after having travelled to Vancouver Island. We left Cumberland nearly two years ago and came to Rossland, which is among the mountains of West Kootenay. It is a gold-mining place, and there are six or seven gold mines worked here. Rossland is 3,400ft. above sea level, and surrounded by peaks over 6,000ft. high. It is a lovely place—very hilly of course. Many of our streets are as steep as "The Steep Hill," at Lincoln, indeed, there is only one level street in the City. There are no bicycles here and no motors—it would be utterly impossible to use either. In winter we get a very great fall of snow, which begins to fall in November and stays until April; during those months we never see the ground, for the snow does not keep coming and going as in England. It freezes steadily all the time, too, and the place is full of toboggan sleds, snowshoes, ski, dogsleds, etc. One never sees wheels on anything in winter. Everybody wears over their ordinary boots and shoes, boots of cloth, with rubber soles. In the heels are contrivances to prevent slipping on the steep hills, without which one would not be able to go out at all.

My nearest neighbours are Chinamen, and it sounded so funny at first, to hear them jabbering Chinese, but now I have got quite used to it. Their "pidgin" English bothered me

greatly, too, and even now I am not very proficient in it. Miss Turner will remember that I was no brilliant scholar in languages, in the old days.

I know I am behind with my subscription for the Magazine, so enclose a dollar.

I would like to see Lincoln if I ever visit England again, which I may do before very long.

What nice times the students have now, and how very kind and thoughtful Canon Rowe is for their comfort and pleasure, as well as for their studies!

The College seems to be a very pleasant place from what I gather from the Magazines, and there are such musical treats, too—such as I fear I shall never experience in Canada. Mr. Morgan is organist at the Church here, but the singing is not like one is used to hearing in England. I am always pleased to have the Magazine, and any letter from you will be more than welcome.

I am,

Yours very sincerely,

ADELAIDE MORGAN.

#### LINCOLN RE-UNION CONFERENCE, 1907.

By Miss Selvage's kindness former Lincoln Students were again afforded an opportunity of meeting—briefly, but happily—at Oxford, during Conference week at the Cadena Café, Cornmarket Street, on Easter Tuesday. Re-union means conviviality, and ours again took the modest form of afternoon tea. Those who had borne patiently the trying ordeal of a "private" session on that hot (surely the hottest of this year!) Tuesday gladly found the appointed place where in congenial company we could refresh body and mind and memory. All were glad to hear Miss Selvage read a letter from Mrs. Hemsley, and soon large post cards were signed and sent to the latter lady and to Miss Elwell.\* Thirty-two "years" were represented, including the few who are Conference habitues, and others for whom the changed locality made attendance possible. This varying place of meeting is one of the charms of Conference Re-union—there is no prophesying who may come—the high-priestess of the function alone knows who is likely to appear, and to minor satellites the mystery is a delight and some times a castigation! Annie B. who is going to Hastings, remembers that Kate C. accepted a school on the south coast, and as Easter draws near conscience will smite her with those promised but unwritten letters which prevent knowledge of Kate's present whereabouts,

\*These post cards, with autographs of so many Lincoln Students, it need hardly be said were much appreciated by the recipients.

and she will wonder, "will she be there?" or write to Miss Selvage, "has Kate C. accepted? I hope she has. I should *love* to meet her after all these years." And here is the key to our pleasure in these Re-unions. We *love* to meet those whom long ago we knew, in that happy happy time to which in these hurry-along days we look back as the most leisured of all! We love to talk over where we went and what we did, (and sometimes to confess how we have fallen short of the bright hopes we had), and to assure everyone else that our years were much superior to all others, excepting, of course, those wonderful "Second Years" the awe of whom no right-minded student ever shakes off, not even when the discarded mantle clothes her own shoulders, and she is among Canon Nelson's "archangels." No, we never forget our seniors! We strove so long, so assiduously (and they thought so vainly) to imitate them, that in their brightness, all these years away, we even shine as lesser lights. But how we loved them! The greatness of a "Third Year," we older women can only conjecture! Are "Third Years" more loved still? Impossible! Well, what did we all say on Easter Tuesday? Rather, what did we not? Reminiscence, sympathy, enquiry, persuasion, contrition, happiness expressed above all, and one caught "Now, you will write, Mary, now we have met again." "Do come over and see my husband, and little Jack. My little Jack is"—"And so you broke it off! Ah! Well, I never thought." "You remember . . . years ago when we went to"—School for once is in a distant background. Then a suggestion is made that future Re-unions shall be of Lincoln and another College. We are hospitable, and welcome visitors, but the proposal to alter present arrangements is strongly negatived. Miss Selvage congratulates Miss Dixon on her election to the Executive, with a note of regret that this has involved severance from the B. and O. Council, as the former body can send but a limited number as their representatives on the Council, and those previously serving in that capacity have been chosen.

Miss Dix voices our thanks to Miss Selvage, and deplors the loss of the latter lady's services to the Council, and hopes that a more fortunate vote next Easter, will for the sake of the teacher in those rural districts (known so well to the speaker, during the 'eighties) restore her to a position where her services have been faithfully rendered on behalf of the sick and bereaved. Miss Stansfield ably seconded, and in replying, Miss Selvage again undertakes to be the means whereby we may re-unite at Hastings. Soon, with hopes freely expressed for the good of those who occupy the dormitories, where once we drank surreptitious tea, with unlimited faith in the enduring influence of

our Alma Mater, we parted with friendships strengthened and hearts brightened.

Those present were :—Mrs. Edwards (E. Lowndes), Mrs. Hodges (J. Banks), Miss Johncock, Mrs. Norman (F. Utting), Mrs. Shelton (S. Thorpe), Miss Greaves, Miss A. G. Selvage, Miss A. E. Johncock, Miss Dix, Mrs. Stansfield (M. L. Oliver), Miss Conway, Miss White, Miss Stansfield, Mrs. Yates (E. Castle), Miss Pepperdine, Miss Moreton, Miss Withers, Miss Taylor, Miss Hibbitt, Miss Rimington, Miss Walker, Miss Porter, Miss E. Botterill, Miss Calver. The visitors :—Misses Elverston, Astbury, Norman, Brooke, Rutherford, and A. M. Selvage.

At Hastings will be our Ninth Re-union. Miss Selvage, Hainton School, Lincoln, will gladly receive names and send rendezvous, and in her name and my own, may I add that Lincoln Students of every year will be heartily welcomed. ?

S. DIX.

---

#### WHITSUNTIDE RE-UNION.

A DRILL Costume lined with a witch's cloak ! It was certainly one way to begin Re-union, and a way that brought back college life rather vividly. The green part at once suggested certain Thursday afternoons, with damsels decidedly lacking in energy, sitting on lockers, mournfully looking at each other and wondering if they were ill enough to "ask off" drill, while other energetic individuals inside the cubicles, and half inside some of these same drill costumes, made unsympathetic remarks such as "You ! your sole complaint is imagination, dear girl," or "Don't imagine you look ill, you never looked more flourishing in your life." The red part—that meant "Operetta," and "Operetta" means much for every year. It was certainly a good way to begin our precious week-end, though I suppose it could not be the beginning for everybody. Many would probably begin with the "Welcome" inside the door. It is good to be told nice things even if one happens to know them well enough to need no telling. Mr. Dunkerton remarked that the power to decorate seemed to be a talent belonging to First Years. The present First Years certainly earned their right to a share of the praise—as somebody else said "They are worthy of their grandmothers." Of course one must know the "grandmothers" to realise the greatness of this tribute, but anyone who happens to know them will feel that this is praise indeed.

Naturally the drill costumes, and other ways of beginning Re-union were not on the programme. The programme part commenced at half-past seven in the Common Room, with the

sound of our Principal's well-known voice, Miss Elwell's strong, quiet hand-shake, and Miss Turner's ever ready welcome. Then we passed on into the room, to find any friends who had not yet been found. As a greedy young First Year, two years ago, I with another First Year, had surveyed this scene from the other side of the Common Room windows, and solemnly reflected, that possibly the coffee might make this part of the affair bearable—nothing else could. There was not much time for reflection now, but if there had been it would have gone on different lines. Nothing outside College has the same fascination as the sound of the voices that have been with us for two years, sometimes serious, often laughing. These voices have been out working over the country, some for nearly a year, some for longer still, but they come back to Re-union the same as when they left us. It was the spirit of college amongst us in the Common Room again, as it had been throughout our two years. Presently another familiar sound breaks on our ears—the Bell! That has certainly not changed. Now, as often before, we go two and two towards the Lecture Hall. But this is a dignified procession—no consciences on the war-path, no second-bell panic about this.

We were looking forward to an evening's good entertainment, and we were not disappointed. In our First Year we looked at our Second Year's Operetta and marvelled! It was so strange that there should be a girl who just suited every part. The next year we travelled behind the scenes, found Miss Elwell and Miss Turner there, and ceased to marvel quite so much. But this year again, girls and parts seemed cut out for each other. Dora Playl and Mary Dodgson seemed to find such joy in ordering people round, that it made one almost thankful for a moment that they had fallen to somebody else as "daughters," "My fan, etc." suggests so easily "My Barnet, my Froebel, my Tennyson, my Workman, and put them on my desk ready for me." Of course the omission of "please" saves time, and one needs time in College. The story of Cinderella we all have known almost since we knew anything at all, and it was interesting to know how a real live Cinderella was going to be changed before our eyes from a little kitchen-maid to a grand princess. When the change actually came it was done almost before we had realized that it was happening. Now, she was ready for a prince indeed. And the Prince—some of us have met him before in the garb of a prince, and were looking forward to meeting him again. Once more we were not disappointed. One often wonders why such a thing as a half-hour criticism lesson should be about ten times as long as two hours of operetta or similar things. It is always so. We hardly seemed to have

arrived when we were listening to Canon Rowe thanking Miss Elwell, Miss Turner, the Prince, the Princess, and the other grand people for our evening's pleasure. Then we sallied forth to capture some of the great personages of the court, and talk to them. It is only at College that we can walk about arm in arm with princes and princesses, dukes and nobles, so we proceeded to make the best of the opportunity. But our first day was almost over, people were beginning to depart, and if we were to be ready for the next day, it was time to leave too.

Sunday! Sunday was always a day to live for in College, and surely this Sunday too would be a day to live for. Again we were to go to Early Celebration, at the Cathedral, and this is one of the greatest privileges of College life, for the Cathedral is a true part of College. We have looked at it often from the dormitory windows and from the "Rec." It is always there, grand, big, and restful. Outside or in there is a feeling of strength and of peace. Most of us must at some time or another have gone there to a service, or simply to stay there, or sometimes only to walk round it and feel that troubles that seemed so big, straighten out somehow in the quietness and confidence of the Cathedral. Re-union without the Cathedral service could not be complete. We met again at College for tea in the Lecture Hall. Tea seems to be a fine thing to help people to talk—not that we needed much inducement just then. This particular tea always seems to be such a jolly affair. It was just as we were leaving the Lecture Hall that it was suggested that, as the weather did not seem to have realised that we were having Re-union, and so was behaving in a very unsuitable way, a hockey match should take the place of the usual cricket match, the following morning. This suggestion was greeted with almost all the enthusiasm it deserved. Nobody ever could be quite enthusiastic enough about a hockey match. It was too good—the thought of holding a hockey stick again, and of the old days when we had played up that ground before—the absolute joy when the ball had gone between the posts at the far end, and we walked back to the centre trying not to smile too much. Then the other times when the ball was between our own posts—no walking to the centre then, no smile, but a quick trot, and a "better luck next time, or we will know why" sort of expression on eleven faces. Oh, yes! There was no lack of enthusiasm for the hockey match. Somebody—a past student, sad to relate—was greedy enough to go forward in spirit to half-time, and wonder if Miss Grist and Miss Martin would be at the side, as of old, armed with plates of orange and lemon slices. It was greedy—very—to talk about it, still it was quite a part of the hockey matches in the old time, why not of this one?

But presently all the hockey slipped into the background for there was the Chapel bell ringing. Half-past six had come round very quickly. Bells at College have a knack of ringing quite a considerable time before anybody expects them, but for this one we were ready. In chapel, somehow the full force of what Re-union meant. Up to this we had been more or less concerned with our own friends, our own little world inside the College world. Around us were a good many strange faces—old students all of them and so not strangers—yet we could not know them all. In Chapel the familiar idea came home with fresh force, and there was reality in the thought that we were one with those who had gone before us, and those who had come after us. We, the students, whether past or present, were the College, and this united act of worship in our College Chapel where we had all worshipped so often before, made it easier to realise this. It was good to be back again taking part once more in the Chapel service. We had the usual Whitsuntide Anthem, and this year Marion Percy sang the solo. Nowhere is service quite the same as in Chapel. There, there is always the feeling that everybody is joining heart and soul in the service, and the address, dealing as it always does particularly with our life and our work, is specially helpful, shewing us the higher side of our work, raising our ideals and setting before us higher and yet higher things to strive for day by day. From a service like this one takes away a fresh fund of zeal and energy for the work that is waiting to be done.

Monday morning was to bring rather a disappointment to the hockey enthusiasts, as it had been decided that a hockey match would be too much of a strain for many of the past student team. Though it was disappointing for the moment, it did not require very profound thought to grasp that an occasional "smart walk" (to give it in name a little of the dignity which it frequently lacks in reality) for a train or tram in the early morning, is not enough training for a hockey match in which the honour of countless generations of noble students had to be upheld. For alas! when we descended to plain facts that was all the training that could be claimed by most of the eleven chosen to uphold that honour. Accordingly the cricket match started at its usual time. During the match it rained a little occasionally, just to show that it could quite well if it wanted to, but as it did not want to very seriously, the match proceeded without interruption, resulting in a tie.

Monday afternoon was a lovely afternoon—real Re-union weather. At half-past five there was an Organ Recital in the Cathedral. That was a pleasure we had not expected, but it was none the less real or welcome for that. At half-past seven

came the last great event—the dance. The sad part about that dance was that whilst there were quite as many dances as could be comfortably managed, there were twice as many people, at the very least, that one wanted to dance with. It was just as jolly as College dances always are, and for anyone who has been to a College dance that should be praise enough. Mr. Dunkerton sang for us, of course. That has grown to be such an essential part of the programme for a College dance that I should imagine there might be a mild uproar if it was left out. This year we had "The songs my mother sang," and "The little Pigs." One gets quite attached to those little pigs, and ceases to marvel that the mention of them should prove effective when all else had failed. This time we had a little dancing before supper. After supper Canon Rowe made a short speech, telling us how glad he was to see us back again all together; but this year he spake not for himself alone but for himself and Mrs. Rowe, thus our answering clap had to convey our thanks to two people. We did our best, and there certainly was no lack of will. Then came the thanks to Miss Elwell. Again we did our best—our very best. It would be impossible to thank Miss Elwell in words for all the care and forethought that had made our week-end such a happy one. It is quite the fashion now for First Years to clap, to show their entire approval of the praise bestowed on the decorations, which they themselves have put up. There doesn't seem to be any reason why they should not. The decorations deserve all the admiration they can get. The First Years admire them, so why shouldn't they clap? On Saturday morning the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" had seemed such a lovely long time off, but of course in time, such a short time, it arrived, and with it the end of Re-union, the breaking up of the happy gathering.

BESSIE CORFIELD.

1905—6.

The following old students were present:—

- 1868 Mrs. Hemsley (Rebecca Haynes).
- 1870 Mrs. Hutchinson (Annie E. Whitworth)
- 1871 Mrs. Howe (Alice Kent)
- 1875 Mrs. Milner (Fanny Burton)
- 1879 Mrs. Clayton (Annie Morley)
- 1882 Miss Jessie Bourne
- 1893 Miss Gertrude Radford
- 1896 Miss Mary Wileman
- 1897 Miss Kate Whattam
- 1899 Miss Mary E. Simmonds
- 1900 Misses Alice Mackintosh, Edith Nightingarl.

- 1901 Misses Cerise Cameron, Annie Bugg  
 1902 Misses Mary E. Arscott, Annie Scholfield, Kate Webb  
 1903 Misses Edith Berry, Ada Doodson, Amelia Gascoigne,  
 Ada Johnson, Helen Marden, Gertrude Salt, Florence  
 Williams  
 1904 Misses Mary Antcliffe, Margaret Arscott, Ethel Gibbs,  
 Mary Hoole, Edith Laver, Ethel Maguire, Ethelind  
 Morris, Hilda Oliver, Elsie Penzer, Kate Richardson,  
 Rosa Wade  
 1905 Misses Helena Bott, Lilian Gibbs, May Gibson, Jennie  
 Greenep, Ida Hartley, Margaret Harvey, Ethel Heslop,  
 Ellen Hornsby, Jessie Jones, Laura Mann, Mabel Noble,  
 Violet Nuttall, Elizabeth Polwarth, Isabel Rigby,  
 Gertrude West, Louisa White  
 1906 Misses Violet Bedford, Jessie Birchenough, Gertrude  
 Border, Alice Bristow, May Burgess, Frances Cooper,  
 Bessie Corfield, May Fenton, Florence Friswell, Char-  
 lotte Gallimore, Elsie Harrison, Olive Jackson, Lilian  
 Jones, Edith Jordan, Maud Jubb, Gertrude Leeming,  
 Irene Marden, Viola Moore, Beatrice Newbould, Esther  
 Newton, Kate Oldfield, Ellen Perks, Ethel Podmore,  
 Elsie Preston, Alice Robertshaw, Violet Searby, Annie  
 Spencer, Caroline Spencer, Jessie Thompson, Gladys  
 Thornton, Louie Vezey, Edith West, Jessie West, Rhoda  
 Winterbotham, Amy Wyatt

---

“A JOURNEY TO MEXICO.”

I have so often been told by others leaving England for the first time, that the last sight of land is very depressing. Fortunately for me I was saved this feeling, for it was quite dark when we set sail, April 17th, 1907, on board the S.S. “Furst Bismarck” of the Hamburg-American Line. It was a dark night. I was starting out alone in a boat in which there was not another English person but myself. I can see the cabin now as I saw it at first! Such a cosy room; with plenty of air and, what is more, plenty of room for my things. I knew nobody on board, so the first evening I spent walking round the boat and spying out the land or rather the ship. I went early to bed and to read the letters sent by all my kind friends to Southampton for my benefit on board. It is strange to come down to breakfast on one of those big boats. How interesting it all was, most of all to see to whom I was to sit next. I knew for three weeks they would be my companions for all meals, and naturally I was anxious. I found I was seated between two men, both German, one a

baron, the other travelling for pleasure; fortunately for me both spoke English extremely well. The Captain was next, and he also spoke in English, but generally in German. That first morning I looked round and picked out those I wanted to know and those I did not. My table companions were very good and looked after me from the first. The weather was cold but bright, and we were obliged to put on cloaks and use rugs for our knees.

It was such a lazy, happy life! I found my companions were all most friendly and kind, and I did not feel at all lonely; it was a pleasant voyage from the first to the last day. We were allowed to land at the ports we touched—Santander, Corunna, and Havana. Santander is a pretty, quaint place but dreadfully dirty. The streets are ill-paved, and the trams are very funny little old-fashioned carts drawn by mules. The beggars are a great bother, and often make it quite difficult to walk, they are so persistent. Even the little brown children come and pull your skirts as you pass, and I should much prefer to have been left alone, as they looked anything but clean. The church was very interesting, but also sadly dirty and neglected. There are two—one built over the other—a very curious idea, and services are often held in both churches at the same time. At Coruña we had longer time to spend and I enjoyed myself there more than at Santander as it seemed brighter and cleaner, but it was hot. I thought of Sir John Moore, but I missed seeing his statue, which I hear since is very fine. We were taken by very strange-looking Spaniards across from our boat to land. We all paid one peseta—two shillings, but to return we found we had to pay three shillings, a good stroke of business on their part, for they knew we had to return.

Havana is a bright, prosperous looking place. The streets are clean and the people active and business-like. I liked Havana the best of the three ports, but it was there I received home mail, so perhaps this cast a glimmer over the day, and made me see everything through rose-coloured glasses. Our Captain was said to be well-known for punctuality, and he maintained his record in our case, for we arrived exactly on the right day. It was very exciting as we neared Vera Cruz. I wanted to see Orizaba, which I had been told I might see if it was a clear day, but we could not get a sight of the snow-capped peaks, as the clouds were too low. We were all excited—three weeks on a boat—and we were nearly all getting off at Vera Cruz. Cameras were brought out, good-byes said, "Such a jolly trip," "Hope to see you in Mexico City," "The Captain was a brick," "Auf Wiederseh'n," "Adios," and

then after all this we had to wait a full half-hour for the quarantine doctor and customs officials to come on board. We were all busy spying out our separate friends who had come to meet us. The friend I was looking for soon found me, and we started to take my numerous boxes and packing cases through the custom house. I was very lucky and got through with little examination. Vera Cruz is very hot and stuffy, and we were very glad to get away to Orizaba, in the afternoon train. The trains are not clean, and the dust is very trying, coming in at the windows in clouds, covering everything with grit. We started at two o'clock and arrived at eight o'clock in the evening, I had put on a white coat and skirt—all quite new—as I felt white was most suitable for hot countries. I was very careful all the way in the train to protect both coat and skirt from dust, as I wanted to arrive at my host's house in a clean condition, but alas, for the best laid plans of mice and women! When we reached Orizaba it was pouring with rain and quite dark. There is no twilight in Mexico, and I was preparing to get out of the train, gathering my white skirt well round me, when down I fell; the station was badly paved, and there were pools of mud everywhere. My beautiful white coat and skirt were mud from head to foot, my shoe burst its button in my fall, and there I was, a forlorn-looking figure, very hungry and tired, and still not home. There are no such things as cabs in Orizaba, everyone uses the trams, which are clean and good. We had to order a special tram to take us out to Santa Gertrudis, a place a little distance outside Orizaba, where we were going to spend the night with friends. It seemed strange to me hiring a whole large tram to ourselves. Fancy doing that in Nottingham! But these trams are really not so large as those in England, they are small, comparatively light affairs drawn by two mules, whilst another one trots alongside to help his brother mules up the hills and steep places. How glad I was to arrive at that hospitable house—strangers of course to me, but not strangers long. My hostess was kindness itself. It was not long before I went to bed and to wake up in such a pretty place was lovely. The garden was beautiful, purple bougainvillea climbing in great profusion over the house and walls, and all sorts of other flowers, familiar and otherwise, in beds. We only had a short time to admire the garden, for we had to be off on our travels again in order to reach Mexico City that night. I wish I could describe that journey from Orizaba to the City. It is supposed to be the finest scenery in all Mexico, and I can well believe it to be so. The railway has been cut through rock, and we were climbing up through glorious mountain scenery, slowly creeping, twisting, curving, up the mountain side to an elevation of about

10,000 feet. The hills are beautifully wooded, and we passed through quaint little Indian villages where the people live more like animals than human beings, in little straw huts. They are quiet-looking people, not very interesting to me, as they do not smile readily, and are so slow moving about. The women all wear their hair down their backs, and very beautiful hair it is. They have short skirts and rebosos, which are wide scarves, chiefly butcher blue colour, and they wear these as we wear evening wraps when we go to concerts in England. The men wear tall Mexican hats and very tight trousers. The women are much better looking than the men in my opinion, and their dress is more picturesque.

At the City we were met again by kind friends who were hospitality itself. How nice it was to stay in a house again and to have all the little home comforts, and above all good English tea! I had longed for a cup of tea on the boat, but it was the one thing they could not manage. It was May 5th when we reached the City, and our wedding-day was to be on May 7th. Curiously in Mexico, as in Orizaba, it was raining when we arrived. It was a great pity, as the City was in gala dress, decorated with flags and flowers in honour of the Mexican victory over the French at Puebla in 1867, during the Intervention, which ended so disastrously for Maximilian and Carlotta. Flowers and flags were drenched, and instead of waving gaily, looked sad and woebegone. The next day however, was lovely, one of those splendid mornings, cool, clear, and refreshing which arrive with almost monotonous regularity in this City, nearly 8,000 feet above sea level. From my window I got my first view of Popocatepetl and Ixtaccihuatl standing out clearly, crowned with snow against a brilliant blue sky. The former is an almost perfect cone, and the latter long and straggling, something like the recumbent figure of a woman with her knees drawn up. Its Aztec name means the "sleeping lady." In the winter, many of the peaks surrounding Mexico are covered with snow, but at this time of the year, only on these two was snow visible.

The marriage of a foreigner in Mexico is a matter of difficulty unless both persons have lived for some time in the Republic, and as I had lived exactly two days in the country, a special license had to be obtained. As Church and State are entirely separate in Mexico, a marriage by the latter is the only one recognised as legal, so as a rule people are married twice, both by Church and State, in order to conform to the laws. The first thing to be done was the "Presentation." This consists in both persons presenting themselves, each accompanied by two witnesses, at the office of the civil judges, to declare their

intention formally of becoming man and wife. This done, the judge draws up a document to that effect, and for three weeks this is posted in his office so that all may see. This is called the "Publicaciones," corresponding to, and originating from, the publishing of Banns, and it is to dispense with these "Publicaciones" and corresponding three weeks' wait, that a special license is necessary.

This the Mexican Government consents to grant for due reason, and a fee. What a strange scene it was! I shall never forget it—rows and rows of people waiting to get this document. It was most interesting putting the different people together we thought were going to get married, and sorting them out from the witnesses. How busy those clerks were, five in all, working to get us married, writing away in Spanish and stumbling over our English names! They were very serious and did not appreciate our laughing, but I could not really help it, they pronounced our names in such an extraordinary way; "Vaughan" puzzled them very much. All that day there were papers to be signed, in fact there was no rest. The next day the other ceremonies had to take place. The first two were held in the house where I was staying. The Mexican judge spoke all the time in Spanish, so of course I did not understand what was going on. Then came the signing of numerous papers for the British Consul, and finally I was told I was married civilly. There was about an hour to rest in, and then I was driven off to an English Church where I consider I was really married. It was a dear little church and a nice service. We started that evening by train to Lake Chapala, where we were going to spend some days. My ideas of a Pullman car were very vague: however, I was soon to experience one for myself. What a funny sight it is, the tiny berths, one above the other, people all climbing up ladders to their little shelves for the night! Fortunately we had secured the drawing-room, which is really nice, roomy and comfortable, and moreover no climbing is necessary. We arrived at the lake at nine o'clock, or rather at a place called Ocotlan. A mule coach met us and we were driven over indescribable roads to the edge of the lake, where a motor launch took us to our hotel. The hotel consisted of two buildings, one quaint and old-fashioned, covered with most beautiful creepers and flowers of all sorts, the other, quite a modern stone house. We slept in the latter and had meals in the former. It was a pretty place, and I would advise any one to go there if they wanted a quiet time, and a really lazy life. One *could* not hurry in such a place. On either side of the drive up to the house there were rows of banana trees, shady big palms, with creeping geraniums climbing all over them. I never saw such a collection of comfortable chairs as there

were in that hotel, as well as hammocks and lounges. We spent our days either riding or boating. There were a number of nice horses for hire, but the roads were very dusty, not dust like we have in England. I did not know what dust was until I came to this country. After you have been riding about half-an-hour your habit has changed colour and become quite white. But this is in the dry season, it is much better during the rains, I believe. We stayed some days in this hotel and then went on to Guadalajara, about two hours' run by train from Ocotlan. This is a town of some importance with good shops, and a good deal of business is done with the very rich agricultural district surrounding, as well as with the mines, which are further away. We took rooms in the best hotel we could find, but Mexico's best, as regards hotels, is very poor. Servants are very bad here and difficult to train, stupid in the extreme, and very, very slow. Their stupidity will be shown by the following incident, which happened in the house of a friend I was staying with. She was giving a dinner-party. Everything had been arranged, as she thought well, and the dinner was going off all right, when the parlour-maid, who had been trained for more than three years to wait, went round asking each person if they would take ginger ale or lemonade, and if they said "ginger ale," she replied, "Well, there isn't any." This was kept up the whole way round the table in spite of all the efforts of the hostess to catch her eye. It is the same all over the country, it seems as if they are born tired, and that you must not expect the same from them as from other people.

The Guadalajara band is excellent, and we enjoyed going out to the plaza in the evening, and listening to it. The Mexicans are very musical, and every tiny little place has its band and band-stand. A plaza is a public garden, very well laid out, as a rule in the centre of the village or town. Here the people come and promenade and listen to the band on Sunday. We only stayed two days in Guadalajara. The hotel was so poor it made us long to return to Mexico City where we knew we could obtain comfortable quarters.

The City is unlike any town I have ever seen in England. Here old and modern buildings stand side by side. The principal streets are wide and well paved, with well-built houses on either side, but as soon as you get out of these main thoroughfares the streets become narrow, extremely dirty, and badly paved. These places are where the *peons* live, and the smells are dreadful. It seems such a pity that a beautiful city like this should have such outskirts. There is a great deal to see and to be done, for anyone coming fresh to the city, and we proceeded to go about as soon as we got back. The President lives at

Chapultepec, a castle built on a hill, surrounded by a lovely park, which commands a view of the whole city. To this castle the main street of the city is directed, making a beautiful drive right up to Chapultepec. It is planted on either side with trees and laid out with beautiful gardens. Here on Sunday the Mexican ladies drive out in their carriages, dressed in their best, round and round the park. They are very pale and languid, have black hair, and inanimate faces, very much powdered, and are over-dressed. They lead strange lives compared with English girls; their only amusement seems to be to dress, as they take no exercise. When a Mexican sees the girl he wishes to marry, it is the custom that he should not speak to her alone, or call on her, but he must make love to her outside her window. If she receives him—well—they are engaged, but he still does not see her alone and is not allowed to kiss her until they are married.

I was most interested in looking over the Cathedral, but it, like all the rest of the churches, was very disappointing, such possibilities, and at present such a pitiable sight; a grand building filled with rubbish, and toy images badly made, dirty and tawdry! The whole place looks as if a child had put its playthings into the church, and no one had cared to dust or mend the toys. I am told I shall get used to such churches and that it is the case all over Mexico, but when I think of the Cathedral at home with its beautiful well-cared-for fabric, I cannot but feel the difference. The people are reverent, if you can call such ignorance reverence; they come in many of them on their way to or from market, and kneel down for a few minutes, but the services cannot mean anything to them as they are all said in Latin, and of course they know nothing of it at all.

We went to the opera twice—very interesting—the music of course was beautiful, but sung in Italian, and the time it takes spoils it for me. Like everything else, the opera begins very late; it is supposed to begin at 8-45, but it did not start until 9-15, and was not over until one o'clock. The time between the acts is interminable, when one thinks of Drury Lane, at home, and the scene-shifting which has to be done there, and how little one has to wait. We were in the City about one month, so we had plenty of time to see it, and I was very glad of the chance. We waited each day to hear when we were to leave for our new home, but as it was a case of government plans, it necessarily was longer than we expected. We finally went off in a hurry, hearing one day, and leaving the next. We had to go down to Salina Cruz, and take a boat from there to Mazatlan. There we waited a week for the boat, although it was already overdue, but no one out here thinks anything

of having to wait a week or two, for boats and trains are often a day late. The boat when she did arrive, was not the most inviting, but she was clean, which was the chief thing. A German boat again, where we had German food with a vengeance, very different to the Hamburg-American Line. Here we were given jam and sweet biscuits for breakfast, at least they called it "coffee", breakfast came later at 10-30, a heavy meal, with several courses, all cooked German style. We found when we boarded our boat that we had to retrace our course; instead of going ahead we went back, but the reason was explained to us later. There had been a Spanish theatrical company on board bound for Salina Cruz, and they had behaved so badly that the Captain thought it wiser to make direct for the port they wished, and then go back to the port they should have called at first, in order to get rid of them as soon as possible. These people, it appears, had picked quarrels with anyone or anything, and were often running after each other with knives. I must say I was glad to hear they had been landed before we joined the boat. On June 20th, we landed at Mazatlan. It is a very pretty harbour, and the hills are most picturesque. Again my boxes had to pass the customs, but we had no trouble. We walked up from the pier "home," up a hill as steep as the one at Lincoln, only not as long. On the top of this hill stands our house, a long low, flat-roofed building, all the rooms in a line. It was built for a hospital, and what was intended for the centre ward had been partitioned off into rooms. All rooms are built very high in Mexico, and the doors are generally Spanish, that is to say, instead of being all in one, they open from the middle, in two pieces, a method in which I fail to see any advantage at all.

There is a veranda running round the house on two sides, and the views of the sea are beautiful. The coast is like the North Irish coast, only if anything grander. As I write this I am looking out over the sea, to the rocks standing far out in the sea called "Las tres Marias"; there is a little breeze and the air is delightful. Insects and living creatures of all kinds abound here. We catch crabs in the bedrooms—land crabs—the size of sea crabs, but quite harmless, I am told, to reassure me. The other night I woke to hear a curious sound. I found out it was only one of these crabs walking about, its shell often touching the stone floors, and making a strange hollow sound. They are nasty to kill, as they are so big. My servants are Indian; the cook is large and ample, but she cooks well. She talks little, fortunately for me, but attends to her business. The housemaid is a big, broad-faced Indian woman, a thoroughly good worker, with an honest face. She walks like most of these

Indian women, with a free, easy swing. They are all independent and command good wages, as servants that are any good are very rare in Mexico. She helps me a good deal with my Spanish. Of course they neither of them know any English.

Miss Elwell will say this account is too long already, so I will finish now. If any of you come out to these parts do not forget to come and see me, and if you come to Mazatlan ask for me and you will find your way up that steep hill like Lincoln, and we will discuss the dear old college together, over a cup of English tea.

ELSIE VAUGHAN,  
NÉE PIPER.

---

### "WORDSWORTH; THE HIGH PRIEST OF NATURE."

WORDSWORTH is often spoken of as "the high-priest of Nature," and to consider something of the deep meaning of such a simile is probably the best way of understanding this poet's use of nature. A "High-priest" connotes many things, a special training; a dedication; a spirit which is in unity with its office; love and reverence for, and awe of, its principles; and a gift to express for others the meaning, connection, and power of his belief.

Had Wordsworth any special training? His childhood was spent among the natural beauties of the Lake District, and he had a special gift to recognise, enjoy, and become inspired by them. He was, as it were, educated by nature. This is shewn in many of his poems, perhaps, more markedly in "The Prelude," which being autobiographical, gives probably the truest estimate of the character of his early life. The river winding by his childhood's home:

"Made ceaseless music that composed my thoughts  
To more than infant softness, giving me  
A foretaste, a dim earnest, of the calm  
That nature breathes among the hills and groves."

Here, Wordsworth says:—

"Fair seedtime had my soul, and I grew up  
Fostered alike by beauty and by fear."

Thus grew the spirit of love and reverence for nature which became so manifest in his work.

A special dedication is a necessary part of a high-priest's office, and Wordsworth in "The Prelude," after a description

of dawn such as irresistibly reminds one of Milton, writes :

“ Ah ! need I say, dear friend ! that to the brim,  
My heart was full ; I made no vows, but vows  
Were then made for me ; bond unknown to me  
Was given, that I should be, else sinning greatly,  
A dedicated priest.”

In the same poem, Wordsworth gives us the key to his success, a spirit in unity with his office, revealing itself in deep thankfulness.

“ On I walked  
In thankful blessedness, which yet survives.”

It is not given to everyone, as to Wordsworth, to see the deep underlying truths and beauties of nature. In “ Peter Bell,” the poet says, speaking of the subject of the poem :

“ In vain, through every changeful year,  
Did nature lead him as before ;  
A primrose by the river’s prim  
A yellow primrose was to him,  
And it was nothing more.”

But to Wordsworth :

The meanest flower that blows  
Can bring thoughts that lie too deep for tears.”

Nor was it only the beautiful and calm aspects of nature that appealed to Wordsworth. Each picture, had in turn, its own peculiar attraction, beauty, and lesson for him.

“ In November days  
When vapours rolling down the valley made  
A lonely scene more lonesome, among woods,  
At noon and ’mid the calm of summer nights.”

“ In the frosty season, when the sun  
Was set,”

and in many other phases she reveals her charm. So great is nature’s influence on a “ dedicated spirit ” that thoughts which she has inspired return again.

“ But oft in lonely rooms, and ’mid the din  
Of towns and cities I have owed to them,  
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet.”

What were the lessons that Wordsworth seemed to read in, and from nature ? He seems to find a connection between God and Nature. The “ Primrose of the Rock ” is :

“ A lasting link in nature’s chain  
From highest Heaven let down.”

The spring-time is a token that "The earth is constant to her sphere; And God upholds them all." Again, the poet says:

"And I would stand,  
If the night blackened with a coming storm,  
Beneath some rocks, listening to notes that are  
The ghostly language of the ancient earth."

It is the recognition of this subtle, almost supernatural phase of nature—the mysterious, voiceless cries of the dawn, and the twilight, of the storm and the calm, of hill and wood, that fill the soul with longing, and wonder, and carry it like Browning's "Abt Vogler" beyond the C major of this life—it is this, and the power to express it that so endears and consecrates Wordsworth to all lovers of nature.

To this "high-priest" one spirit seemed to emanate from God and pervade all nature, thence diffused to those human beings who possessed the spirit fitted for receiving it. Wordsworth received this spirit—"the soul of the universe."

"From nature and her over-flowing soul,  
I had received so much that all my thoughts  
Were steeped in feeling."

At first Wordsworth loved Nature for its own sake entirely, to the almost utter exclusion of man,

"And nature prized  
For her own sake, became my joy; even then . . .  
Was man in my affections and regards  
Subordinate to her,"

but later he

"Learned  
To look on Nature, not as in the hour  
Of thoughtless youth, but hearing oftentimes  
The still sad music of humanity."

Now the spirit which he believed to pervade Nature began to more definitely diffuse itself in man. It is

"A sense sublime  
Of something far more deeply interfused,  
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,  
And the round ocean and the living air,  
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man."

Thus Nature is regarded as being capable of entering into and sharing the emotions of man. This is especially brought out in "Nutting," by an exquisite piece of pathetic fallacy. The poet breaks the beautiful calm of the wood to gather nuts,

and afterwards perceiving the desolation which he had wrought,

“ Felt a sense of pain when I beheld  
The silent trees and saw the intruding sky,”

and bids others :

“ With gentle hands  
Touch—for there is a spirit in the woods.”

Perhaps, nowhere is Wordsworth's estimation of the educative influence of Nature more fully brought out than in the beautiful poem : “ Three years she grew in sun and shower.” Nature's child, she reveals its influence in her form and character,

“ And beauty born of murmuring sound  
Shall pass into her face.”

Thus, Wordsworth, the great “ high-priest of Nature,” is a great teacher, and as such he gives the lessons he has learnt, rather than the beauty, the colour, the fascination, and the impressions from which he obtained them. His work was not—as is more the case with Tennyson—that of an artist, and his sketches were often mere outlines, though drawn with the firm effective strokes of a master-hand ; unnecessary details were omitted to be filled up by the student from Nature herself. His work was to lead the way, to point out great principles, to leave those who were of a kindred spirit to follow his guiding lines.

For science he had little regard. Here again nature herself was all-in-all. From her, all that was necessary might be learned, and those who sought to use science as an exposition of nature's laws or methods were degrading her.

So, through all his life and works, we find the poet who recognised :

“ In nature and the language of the sense  
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,  
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and sum  
Of all my moral being.”

NORA KIMBELL.

## A HOLIDAY ON THE VELDT.

KALKBANK, PIETERSBURG,  
AUG. 14TH, 1907.

MY DEAR MISS ELWELL,

Since I wrote last to you we have been on a veldt holiday—trekking à la Boer.

Our waggon was an ordinary Boer waggon—that is, a vehicle resembling a brewer's dray with an awning over the back part, under which a kind of wire mattress is stretched.

The front portion we loaded, on the morning of July 3rd, with most of the things necessary for the trek, together with some things we thought might come in useful some day—there were pots and pans, coffee and butter, tea and cake, bread and biscuits, portmanteaus and toilet necessities, etc.; then at the back we arranged all our mattresses, blankets, cushions, and wraps; then we hoisted ourselves on to the top, six of us, and moved on. Our first call was at Mr. Watts' store; here we put up still a few more articles, a sack of mealie meal being the chief item. Then having left the hospitable old Scotchman we steered our course northward, towards the blue mountains in the distance.

Our pace was just a slow walk, and it kept on always without alteration, as long as our waggon was in the road. If we were tired of sitting dangling our legs at the back or with them stretched out at right angles to the length of the waggon, we simply jumped down and walked behind, or if not there, then we walked in front, just as fancy dictated. Then in an hour or so we were glad to get up again for a bit of a change.

When we came upon a pan of water, we outspanned, cooked a meal, and went on again.

In the evening we usually contrived to arrive at an out-span before sunset, otherwise we found it awkward to get at our provisions, and to make our beds for the night. Sometimes we completed our second trek by about four o'clock, and then we had our afternoon tea and coffee—coffee must always be ready where Boers and the veldt are, whether tea is there or not—our driver was a Boer, and two others of our party were coffee drinkers.

Then we made our beds ready for the nights, and I had to cook our evening meal.

Now cooking is not particularly interesting, I believe, to many people, but I rather like it, and I can make quite a decent lot of eatable cakes, puddings, tarts, and various dishes: therefore one evening I tried to provide the company with a sweet course, but a dish of smoked sago was the result. The art of cooking over a camp fire requires special training, I imagine. Whichever side I put my big pot containing the main support of the day, the result of a gun-shot amongst the bush, that way the smoke invariably came. At first I tried changing my position, when I discovered I was right in the thick of it, but soon I gave that up, for no sooner did I settle the pan comfortably amongst some red embers on the opposite side than the wind turned round and the smoke followed me. I do not know why it did so, I only state the fact. Nobody was very particular, though, so long as each one got something to eat; the veldt is a wonderful appetiser. Two days trekking

brought us to the famous stone called "Witklip" which is a kopje consisting of one stone only. One side of the lower part of this rock is worn quite smooth and is an ideal place for sliding down. The game is that each one climbs up the rock carrying his or her sheep skin, which at the top of the slide he sits on and receives a push from behind, thus arriving quickly at the foot, and so on again. My young sister and her companions were quite sorry to leave the white stone.

I overheard one of them telling our Kaffir boy that if he climbed to the top and looked in the right direction he would see England. He went up, but he did not look in the proper direction, at any rate he said he did not see it.

After three more days, during which we saw several wild bucks and ostriches, and had some nice evenings sitting round our log fires, we arrived at the friendly doors of Herr Franz, the missionary at Blaauwberg. I must not pass over those evenings like that though, because they formed the most enjoyable part of our holiday. At that time we all sat round our glorious fire with the boy behind to pile on fresh wood, listening to the hunting tales of our young Boer driver, and, with no sounds around us except an occasional jackal's bark, or the bell of our leading donkey.

It was dark on Sunday evening when we landed at the mission station, but that did not make any difference to the warmth of our reception. Then for several days we lived amongst oranges, the lovely trees there are laden with beautiful fruit, and the situation amongst the lovely bush-clad mountains is very picturesque. The climate too at this time of the year is good, but in the summer malaria holds full sway.

The station itself is only very small, consisting of only about twenty huts; the Kaffirs won't come in if they can help it, believing they will have to eat a missionary's brains if they do, and a few more similar things.

The chief of all these Kaffirs, living in this part of the Transvaal, lives on the top of the mountains, and he is very powerful. Not many years ago the Boers stormed his fortress and compelled him to live down in the plains, but during the late war he, Malaboch, went up again. No white man dare go near his stronghold, so nobody knows to-day how strong he may be, or whether he is likely to cause trouble again or not.

Mrs. Franz does some splendid work amongst the natives. She has a regular hospital, only it is an open-air one. Every morning and evening a bell is rung and the sick people assemble under a tree, then she examines them, and doses them with castor oil, and Mr. Franz sits beside her with his white pinafore on, and ladles out mercury, vaseline and other things. They

nearly all have the same complaint, a certain disease that is very prevalent all over the Transvaal amongst the black people; but one young girl I saw there was being attended to for a broken leg. She looked to be only about fifteen years of age, and had thrown herself down the rock intending to commit suicide because Malaboch's son wanted to marry her. She says she does not like him. But her leg is nearly well now, so I suppose she will have to go back and then her refusal will be of no avail. No Kaffir dare oppose the great chief in any way. If he wants money they have to collect it for him; if he wants boys he gets them, he is their sovereign, and his will is their law.

\*The whole country round Blaauwberg is peopled almost entirely by Kaffirs. There are a few stores kept by white men, chiefly Afrikanders, of English or German descent. The few farmers living about are very little different to their black servants, the chief difference is in the colour of the skin, and indeed in some cases this is very slight too.

Herr Franz told us of one of these farmers who happened to hear something of what the Government was doing for some members of their class, only he was behindhand. The offices of the Repatriation Department were closed when he came into town, and asked the magistrate to give him a waggon and a span of donkeys. The magistrate told him he was too late, the distribution of all such things was over. The man would not listen to any reasoning, though, and went away thinking he had been treated very unjustly and saying that he'd pay the Government out; if they would not give him a waggon and donkeys, they should not have his children, he'd take them out of school.

Now I must not let my pen run away with me, or I shall think of lots of little Boer bits, so I will leave off now.

With love,

Yours as ever,

MARIANNE HOPF.

---

## A SECOND SPRING HOLIDAY IN ITALY.

### SECOND PAPER.

ON Tuesday, the third day of our visit, we were left to our own devices. Generally, there is nothing more delightful than to wander at one's own sweet will amid the charms of a new environment, be it town or country, but the Eternal City proved an exception in this as in all else, for how could we make a choice, a plan for a day amid a world of wonders?

Surely our spirits must have already dilated to the size of what they had contemplated, for our itinerary for that day included the greatest palace, and the finest museum in the world.

We had already had a partial and distant view of its unimposing exterior, and had found it difficult to realise that the plain, three-storeyed building with its flat façades broken only by monotonously uniform lines of windows, was the famous Vatican itself. Even on a nearer approach, it proved to be impossible to get from any point a complete survey, for it is really an "assemblage of palaces," rather than one compact construction. This irregular collection of edifices, erected by a long line of Popes on an area of some thirteen acres, is said to contain no less than a thousand rooms; a higher estimate indeed, puts the number at eleven thousand, and of these, by far the larger number are used as storehouses for the world-famed treasures of art gathered together by these same Popes. These museums present a seemingly endless succession of saloons, galleries and halls, connected by stately corridors, magnificent staircases, and spacious open courtyards. "Papal Palace" is somewhat of a misnomer for the Vatican of to-day, for only a small part of these vast buildings is now reserved for the papal court, the Pope's private apartments, and the residences of some of the Cardinals. Extensive as are the gardens that constitute the Pope's entire 'outer world,' they must seem sadly circumscribed as compared with the wider world without.

As we entered the portico which opens out of the curving colonnade on the right of the great Piazza of St. Peter's, we found ourselves face to face with a patrol of the Pope's famous body-guard, proof positive that here, at least, we were under Papal jurisdiction—that we had stepped over the boundary between the Kingdom of Italy and the extra-territorial domain of the Pope. Imposing as is the uniform of our own Royal body-guard, it pales into insignificance when compared with the gorgeous bright yellow, red, and black striped tunic, knickerbockers, and stockings of the Swiss guard—a costume which is said to have been designed by Michael Angelo. Unfortunately our opportunity of judging of the becoming effect of this unique confection of parti-coloured strips and patches was somewhat limited, as its glories were, with one exception, hidden under long grey cloaks, which only allowed a glimpse of the extremities of the gaudy stockings.

On leaving the vestibule we ascended the Scala Regia (Royal Staircase), one of the most magnificent of the eight grand staircases of the palace. Here Bernini's beautiful architectural decorations made us wonder anew at his marvellous skill, and yet the design for the adornment of a staircase must have been a small matter to the daring architect of the mighty colonnades of the Piazza.

The staircase led us into the Scala Regia, once a great reception hall for ambassadors, and still adorned with large frescoes,

but serving now as entrance hall to the famous Sistine Chapel, so named after its builder, Sixtus IV.

The scene presented by the interior of the dimly-lighted Chapel, on that Tuesday morning, was a strange and unexpected one, for it was filled with a restless, cosmopolitan crowd on study bent—a study for which portable mirrors of all shapes and sizes appeared to be a necessity—a study of the master-pieces which in the form of frescoes decorate the upper part of the walls and cover the whole of the ceiling. I hardly dare use the word 'disappointed' in writing of this world-famed treasury of art, and yet my pre-conceived ideas and the reality were by no means in accord. Misled perhaps by too highly coloured descriptions and illustrations of the frescoed interior, or by forgetfulness of the flight of time, or by detailed accounts of the stately ceremonies and solemn consistories held therein, I had imagined a building of far more imposing proportions, of brighter aspect and of gayer decoration. If we were in the smallest degree disappointed at the first sight of the faded frescoes and sad-coloured lower walls of this small oratory, enthusiasm soon returned, and disappointment was swallowed up in interest as we sought among "the most magnificent series of frescoes the world has ever seen," for fresh examples of the skill of those eminent Florentine artists, Botticelli, and Ghirlandajo, with whom we had already made acquaintance.

Even though blackened by age and discoloured with the dust of centuries, the mighty composition that covers the altar wall of the Chapel could not fail to inspire keenest interest, for it is yet another product of that 'prince of painters,' the great Michael Angelo himself. In this picture of the Last Judgment, which was painted by this extraordinary man in extreme old age, and which is, nevertheless, one of the master-pieces with which he overshadows all lesser lights, he has inflicted lasting punishment on one of his unfavourable critics, the Pope's master of the ceremonies, by placing him in Hades, and as a further expression of supreme contempt for both criticism and critic, has portrayed him with a pair of ass's ears, and a snake around his waist. To be held up thus to the ridicule of all posterity was too much for the poor Cardinal, but an appeal to His Holiness only provoked the answer that the Church had no power in the infernal regions, and that therefore he could do nothing for him. In the realistic details which represent the great central figure of the Christ as the Judge of the human race in the act of pronouncing judgment, with the angel trumpeters rousing the dead, the elect soaring to the Christian heaven above, and the condemned being dragged by demons to the place of torment below, we see "not imaginary

motion represented, but real motion arrested, as it were, in its very act, and ready to move again."

But more fascinating and more surprising still are the creations that cover that greater space—the ceiling—which is completely filled "with his masterful drawings." In order to make a comfortable and exact study of these wonders above our heads we wisely imitate our neighbours, and instead of straining our necks and eyes by gazing upwards, we gratefully accept the proffered loan of a small mirror, sit down with it on our knees, and proceed to gaze downwards.

To complete the reading of this pictured story of events from the Creation to the Deluge, we had to join the 'peripatetic' concourse thronging the confined precincts, and with eyes glued to our mirror examine therein the long succession of thoughtful compositions overhead. Can it be true that this gigantic work was accomplished by one man in the short space of twenty-two months? It seems well-nigh impossible, and yet it was not unnatural that his over-powering genius should trust to its own unaided efforts—should destroy the bungled work of incompetent assistants—dismiss them from his employ, and perform the great task alone. Baedeker's explanation that Michael Angelo's skill as an architect was of enormous importance in his work as a painter came home to us with much force, as we looked in our mirror and saw the wonderful architectural framework of columns, pillars, and cornices, which encloses and connects the nine sections of the pictures, uniting them into one harmonious whole.

With some great critics this ceiling is regarded as the culminating effort of modern art, with others the Stanze (rooms) of Raphael bear the palm. What a day of privileges for us, for after enjoying our visit to the one, we were to proceed directly to the other! And it is even now time to leave the inspired creations of the versatile and "monstrously vigorous" genius of Michael Angelo, and ascend the staircase to the Papal State Apartments, the Stanze of Raphael, there to see some of the master-pieces of the more youthful artist.

The work of decorating the walls and ceilings of these rooms with frescoes was first entrusted to Perugino and other experienced artists, but their youthful employé, Raphael, showed such marvellous skill that it was committed to him exclusively, and being incomplete at his early decease, was finished by his pupils. These frescoes may or may not surpass those of the older painter in unity of conception and power of execution, but even our unpractised eyes recognised in them the genius of the artist, and we are quite content to trust the assertion of our guidebook, that at least they have no other rival among all the modern works of

art in existence. Like Angelo he has immortalised in his paintings the portraits of some of his great contemporaries, as well as of earlier celebrities and sages of the ancient world: Dante, Fra Angelico, Savonarola, Petrarch, Homer, Virgil, Socrates, Plato, Aristotle.

Near to the Stanze are Raphael's Loggie, open balconies lying around one of the courtyards of the Vatican, covered with frescoes painted from his designs and under his superintendence. The arcades are now protected by windows of glass, but the frescoes are all much disfigured, having suffered seriously in earlier days from exposure to the weather.

One of the two hundred smaller staircases of the Vatican led us up from the Stanze to its Picture Gallery, a somewhat small collection, which includes many indifferent productions, but some few of world-wide celebrity. In one small room are grouped three of these master-pieces, one of the three is said to be the finest picture in the world, Raphael's Transfiguration, his last great work, the lower part of which was left unfinished, and was completed by his pupils, after his death. The extraordinarily skilful mosaic copy in St. Peter's, which we had seen on Easter Sunday, had not only familiarised us with the details of the picture, but had momentarily deceived us into imagining it to be the veritable canvas of the original. Of the two other gems, one is Raphael's Madonna da Foligna, and the other Domenichino's Communion of St. Jerome.

Though the Vatican Sculpture Gallery is not far distant from the Picture Gallery, it was necessary to approach its entrance by a most circuitous route round the front and rear of St. Peter's, and along an apparently interminable 'lane', but the glories housed within its walls more than repaid for the hot and tiring walk. We were soon enjoying a walk of a different kind, this time in the company of the world-famous statues of the museum, a walk which Crawford calls one of the most wonderful in the world. In spite of the training gained amid the statuary of Florence, a finer collection still, indeed the finest the world has to show, taxed our powers of appreciation to the uttermost. We were almost breathless with admiration as we moved along amidst the seemingly living, breathing forms that people corridors, halls, and courts, and yet all these are "antiques," works of the Greek sculptors who lived some centuries before Christ.

Proud as we are of the "old masters" of the sister art of Raphael, we cannot but find these productions of the ancient giants who lived and worked two thousand years before them, still more surprising. As we gaze on these venerable marbles, we are, as Hawthorn says, pressed down with the massiveness of the Roman past, with a vague sense of

ponderous remembrances. It seems incredible that some of these rare specimens of artistic skill had already been long in existence when they fell into the hands of the all-conquering Romans, and longer still, when the "old masters" were enriching the world with their canvases.

Our "wonderful walk" had led us through court after court, and gallery after gallery of this store-house of antiquities, past treasures that deserved weeks and months of closest observation, and yet on which time did not permit us to cast more than a passing glance, when at last we found ourselves face to face with the rarest specimen of all—the glory of the whole collection—the Apollo Belvedere, the finest statue in the world, "the noblest representation of the human form," so we are willing to believe, though even this has not escaped adverse modern criticism. Forgetting even the possibility of defects, we linger again in rapt admiration of the pose of:

"The Sun in human limbs array'd, and brow  
 All radiant from his triumph in the fight;  
 The shaft hath just been shot; . . . . in his eye  
 And nostril beautiful disdain, and might  
 And majesty, flash their lightnings by,  
 Developing in that one glance the deity."

Time may not permit us to stay our steps elsewhere, but the compelling presence of the Sun-God demands from us all his customary tribute of long and earnest attention. A moment more, and it seems as though that victor would follow the winged shaft and step lightly forward to gaze yet more closely on the fallen foe, or satisfied with victory accomplished, would drop the outstretched arm, turn on his heel, and stride swiftly away from the scene of his exploit.

Assuredly life itself is embodied in that marble! But is it human or God-like, the disdain that has inflated the nostrils, curled the upper lip, lighted the eye with flashing look? the indignation that has animated and yet left unperturbed that form in human limbs arrayed?

The artistic skill that marks the disposition of the exquisite treasures of the museum is nowhere more striking than in this Court of the Belvedere. To the Apollo is assigned one of the recessed corners (cabinets) of its arcade; the other three are the abode of master-pieces that are fit company for the Sun-God himself. The dwellers in two of these cabinet rooms, the Mercury and the Perseus must not detain us here, but that marvel of art, the Laocoon, demands more than a mere mention of its name. The awful contortions, the writhing agony that indicate the intensity of suffering possible to the human frame, formed so

startling a contrast to the imperturbable dignity, the power and majesty portrayed in the Apollo, that as we call up in thought that appallingly realistic group, an awful fascination again steals over us and we watch and wait in dread suspense for the impossible! Father and sons are too inextricably entwined in the coils of the deadly serpents to ever escape! The mind is too much tortured by the realism of this struggle in stone, and involuntarily looks forward to the moment when those straining limbs will relax, those starting sinews will be still, when strangulation will be accomplished and the wrath of the offended Apollo appeased.

After such an experience, the life-like attitudes, the profoundly expressive countenances, the graceful draperies of the countless other gems of statuary enshrined in these galleries sank into insignificance, as did also the delicate mosaics, the beautiful vases, the gigantic and highly-polished sarcophagi of porphyry, and the thousand other rarities that have found a home in the Vatican, and almost without a look we hastened away through courts and halls until we had regained that interminable lane by which we had entered. We had been so oblivious of the flight of time that the hour of luncheon had approached without our knowing it; a long line of waiting cabs re-assured us, but only for a moment. They were waiting, but not for us, so we had to set off on yet another wonderful walk, rather less entrancing than the one just accomplished.

The afternoon was spent in visiting two of the most famous churches, St. Maria Maggiore and St. John Lateran. The former is so named because it is the largest of the twenty-four churches in Rome dedicated to the Virgin. The nave, with its ancient marble columns and mosaics, dates back to 440 A.D., though the first basilica on the site was constructed almost a century earlier. Like so many other churches in Rome, the exterior is neither striking nor prepossessing, but the tall Campanile with its pointed roof and the two massive domes covering the large side-chapels are prominent in every view of the city.

The interior seemed as imposing as that of St. Paul's outside-the-walls, and at first sight strangely similar, being characterised by the same simplicity of design—rows of white marble pillars separating the long nave from the side-aisles—though here there are two rows instead of four. The beautiful mosaic pavement, with its bold black and white circles recalled the glistening marble floor of the newer church, and the ceilings of both are elaborately carved and heavily embossed in a regular geometrical design, the beauty of which is enhanced by rich gilding. Historic interest attaches to the gold used for Santa

Maria, for it was the first fruits of the rich harvest found in the Americas. The canopy above the high altar is upheld by four twisted columns of dark red Egyptian porphyry, and the high altar is of the same costly stone.

The Sistine Chapel in the right and the Borghese Chapel in the left transept rival each other in sumptuousness of decoration; whether they out-rival every other Roman edifice in lordly magnificence is difficult to say, but surely not even in the Chapel of the Medici at Florence has prodigality run more riot than in these Papal resting-places. Here as there, from floor to top-most point of dome, the abodes of death are luxuriously lined with priceless marbles encrusted with precious stones.

The facade of the Basilica of St. John in Lateran, the church that originated in the house of the great Lateran family, and became the "Mother and Head of all churches of the City and of the World," the Cathedral in which the Popes were crowned, leaves a much more distinct impression on the mind than the two-storeyed front of Santa Maria Maggiore. Bold columns and pilasters are carried the full height of the building and support the imposing entablature and balustrade; on this last is ranged a line of colossal statues, the central figure of our Saviour being lifted high above all the rest over the great portico.

The interior must have been to some extent a model for that of St. Peter's, but the older church is a St. Peter's without the vastness, the marble aisles are narrower, the fluted pilasters oppressively nearer to each other, and the double line of statues of the Apostles more gigantic.

Hard by we found the portico of the small church containing the Scala Santa, once in the Lateran Palace; there we watched devout pilgrims ascending on their knees in token of reverence for the holy relic which was brought from Pilate's Palace by the Empress Helena, the mother of the Christian Emperor Constantine, and which is said to have been ascended by our Lord on His way to the Praetorium. The marble steps have become so worn from constant use that they are now enclosed in wood. The chapel at the top is all that is left of the original Palace of Lateran. The four adjoining flights of stairs serve for descent.

On Wednesday morning carriages transported us from the door of our modern hotel to the heart of Ancient Rome, the Forum Romanum, once the centre of civilisation, and the brain of the world, "the boiling-point of the whole of earth's riches and strength and life." Fortunately our shepherd here resumed charge of his flock, for otherwise we might have wandered aimlessly for hours about this stony pasture.

But it needed a professor, rather than a shepherd, to read

to us the history of these shapeless ruins, to reconstruct out of these broken columns, these shattered walls, these fragments of pavements, and these isolated triumphal arches, the magnificent heathen temples, the palatial public buildings, the courts and squares and streets of which they form the remains.

With an enthusiasm that carried all before it he told the wonderful story of antiquarian research, which, during the three and a half decades since the annexation of Rome to the kingdom of Italy, has cleared away the vast accumulation of rubbish that for centuries had covered and hidden these treasures from sight. A rapid survey of the origin of the Forum as a valley market-place surrounded by shops, and a rendezvous for the earliest Roman politicians, followed, and then came the thrilling traditions of Imperial Rome in the days of its glory, the days when triumphal processions and funeral pageants wended their way hither. A moment later the vision of splendour had passed, and the eager throng of listeners, seated on grassy knolls and fragments of walls and columns, saw only a green pasture for buffalo and oxen, a Forum buried under the refuse of centuries, where the "quarries" of stone that had long afforded material for Christian churches and papal palaces, still protruded through the rubbish, and testified to what lay below.

We traced, with our lecturers' aid, the round base of one of the very earliest sanctuaries of Rome, the Temple of Vesta, as well as the foundations of the House of the Vestal Virgins, restored from time to time under Kings, Consuls, and Emperors, until the Order was abolished A.D. 395; then we listened with rapt attention to the fascinating story of the origin of the Order from the custom of appointing maidens to keep alight the hearth fire of the tribe.

Four maidens were appointed first by Numa, the second King, and founder of the national religion, to keep alight the sacred fire that was the symbol of the life and power of the kingdom. Their vows bound them to the service of Vesta for thirty years; neglect of their duty of tending the sacred fire was punished with extreme severity, and violation of their vows brought the terrible death of being burned alive. They were held in highest honour, and occupied the chief seats at all public functions. At the expiration of their period of service they were free to return home or marry.

The story of the religious life of primitive Rome was resumed, while we stood looking at the fragmentary marble walls which are all that remain of the Regia, the traditional royal and official residence of the King and High Pontiff, Numa. Here were stored the archives of the Roman priesthood, the sacrificial implements of the priests and the "Sacred

Spears of Mars," whose slightest movement predicted calamities for the Romans.

Our thoughts turned from the religious to the political life of Rome while surveying the tall edifice called the Curia or Roman Senate House, which stands on the area known as the Comitium. With rapid retrospective glances we looked back to the primitive days of the Kings, when the first Council hall was built on this site, then on to the Republican times, when popular assemblies, elections, and even courts of justice were held here in the open air.

We stand next on the Sacra Via, and with one wave of our professor's wand, a great triumphal procession appears, passing along between the sacred shrines that border the route to the temple of Jupiter on the Capitoline hill above; with another, the conspicuous line of eight Ionic pillars that forms such a landmark among the ruins, becomes the temple of Saturn—the public treasury,—while behind, and further to the right the Temple of Concord springs up out of the modern street, and high above both rises the Tabularium, or City Record Office. The classic beauty of the façades of the temples below, with their regular succession of straight columns, is enhanced by the imposing outline of the erection above, by its equally regular succession of rounded arches, and of stately statues that are ranged on the sky-line.

A long look of admiration at these and other majestic buildings of the Forum of Republican Rome and we see them no more, for with yet another wave of that magic rod, centuries have slipped away, the Caesars are reigning over the mighty Roman Empire, extending the limits of the Forum, restoring and beautifying those earlier edifices of the Republic, adding more temples, shrines, arches, and building new and improved basilicas. The "giantism" of their race has found expression in a yet vaster specimen of architecture, for the mighty Basilica of Julia begun by Julius Caesar, has appeared on the side of the Sacra Via, dwarfing with its immense proportions the whole line of temples across the Southern end. No wonder it became one of the richest of the "quarries" in the Forum in later days.

The profound interest with which we had gazed on the visions of the grandeur of Rome grew and deepened into silence in that most thrilling moment of all that brought us within sight of the Rostra, that platform which Shakespeare has so indissolubly associated with Mark Antony and Caesar. The voice of Mark Antony came echoing down the centuries, stirring our sympathies as though we were veritably part of that excited, impressionable crowd that there hung on his lips.

The consummate skill of our magician spirits us forward

next into the age of the Flavian Emperors, and converts a group of three columns into the Temple of Vespasian, which completed an imposing line of temples across the whole of the Southern end of the forum, then bids us read for ourselves, on the Arch of Titus, the deeply graven proofs of the story of the taking of Jerusalem, the table of the shew-bread, and the seven-branched candlestick. Then he conjures up the Golden Age of the Antonines, re-erecting the Temple of Faustina, built and dedicated by Antoninus to his wife, and bids us once again read for ourselves, this time an inscription of dedication which is still decipherable on the marble frieze that stands above the ten columns of the great portico.

Last of all that same magical skill dispels the vision of these great buildings, spirits us backward instead of forward, to the time long before the foundation of the City, and allows us to peer into a long-buried Necropolis, the graveyard of the shepherd inhabitants of the hills above, which lies far below the present surface, and still contains in its recesses the urns in which the ashes of their dead were deposited.

The various Christian Churches which have been constructed within the great temples, the streets, the Triumphal Arch of Septimius Severus, the "nameless column with a buried base," the traditional tomb of Romulus, and the black stones covering it, were all touched with our enchanter's wand, but neither time nor space permit me to reveal the wonders displayed.

Entrancing as these wonders were we did not regret the exchange of Roman antiquities for modern conveniences, as we were put into the waiting carriages and driven away to our hotel to secure rest and refreshment before commencing the arduous expedition planned for the afternoon. The sudden elation of the party from the Hotel de Russie on finding itself called upon to lead the van was almost ludicrous, dare I say childish?

A couple of hours later we were again under the guardianship of our indefatigable conductor who led us on to the sunny green hill overlooking the Forum, the famous Palatine on which Romulus built his original fortress and founded his infant city. The hill was first the headquarters of the Fathers of the tribe, later the residence of the heroes of the Republic, and later still of the great Caesars. Hence on its summit are scattered the remains of the Imperial Palaces, ruins which are separated now by wide grassy stretches that make it rather an "archeological garden" than an archeological stoneyard like the Forum below.

Here then our work of reconstruction was resumed, and we soon found ourselves gazing again on the Rome of the Emperors, on the 'homes' of the mighty Caesars, which towered high above the assemblage of public buildings in the Forum.

And what are the fragmentary materials out of which the work of reconstruction was attempted ?

The grassy expanse first traversed suggested little of the story of Imperial days, until we found ourselves on the site of the shrine of the Lupercal. Not far from this point, a fine view of the valley below disclosed the site of the Circus Maximus, the largest circus (race-course) in the world. But the gigantic ruins of the Palace of Septimius Severus revealed much more, as did those of its "quarry," the earlier palace of Hadrian. Most perfect and consequently most interesting of all are the remains of the vast Flavian Palace, the *Domus Flavia*, of which the latest addition, the State Reception Halls of Domitian, still exist.

At the entrance to one of the tunnel-like passages that connect this palace with that of Caligula, we listened to the tragic story of the assassination of the hated Emperor by his guard, who were awaiting his return to his palace by this covered way. We were relieved to see the summer sunshine penetrating almost to the fatal spot, and turned gladly away to the beautiful Farnese gardens that cover yet another vast palace, the imperial abode of Tiberius.

On Thursday, our own sweet will was once more our guide, and this led us by a prosaic modern tram to the *Piazza della Rotonda*, to see the old Pantheon, "pride of Rome" which so inspired Michael Angelo in his restoration of St. Peter's that he attempted "to suspend it in air"—attempted and succeeded.

The circular form of this great temple must have inspired Roman architects some fifteen centuries before Angelo was born, for it had already dominated the city for over a century when that second great circular building, the Flavian amphitheatre was constructed.

"Simple, erect, severe, austere, sublime—  
Shrine of all Saints and temple of all gods,  
From Jove to Jesus—spared and blest by time;  
Looking tranquillity, while falls or nods  
Arch, empire, each thing around thee."

Relic of nobler days, and noblest arts!  
Despoil'd, yet perfect, with thy circle spreads  
A holiness appealing to all hearts—  
To art a model."

Byron's poetical stanzas are marvellously exact in detail, the circle is yet perfect, the whole building being one of the few still in good state of preservation, though the empire for which it

was built has long since fallen, and the religion for which it was reared has passed away. But all decorations have been carried off by the despoiler, and in place of a splendid pile of white marble with a dome of shining gilt bronze, is a bare, grim-looking structure of discoloured travertine. Statues and mosaics have disappeared, and no column remains to break the austerity of the exterior with the single exception, of the three-fold colonnading of the portico. The interesting inscription on the architrave above this attributes the building to Agrippa, in the year B.C. 27.

" Glory sheds

Her light through thy sole aperture ; to those

Who worship here are altars for their beads ;

And they who feel for genius may repose

Their eyes on honour'd forms, whose busts around them close."

That " sole aperture " had ever exercised a strange fascination on my imagination, and it was that that claimed the first look as we passed into the interior.

How could so great a building be lighted from one opening alone, even though it measured twenty-seven feet in diameter and was in the very centre of the dome? The problem was solved as soon as we entered. Evidently the proportions and their disposition in circular form permitted light to penetrate to every part, for the niches that once contained the statues of the gods, the altars, and the tombs of the great for whom it had long been a resting-place, were all as plainly visible as the fluted columns and the " coffered " roof, whose former coating of bronze plates has become transformed into the twisted columns of the Baldachino of St. Peter's.

But though the problem was solved the fascination remained, for the effect of that great blue eye of heaven following us with its clear and steady gaze to the farthest limits of the building was of the strangest, and created a lasting impression on the mind.

Artists and kings alike have made of this temple their mausoleum, and the tombs of Raphael, of Victor Emmanuel and Humbert, the two Sovereigns of modern Italy, claimed our attention for a few brief moments.

From this " shrine of all saints " we made our way laboriously up the Capitoline Hill by a flight of a hundred and twenty-six steps. There imagination again took fire, for we found ourselves on a spot thronged with as many memories as the Forum at its feet. Here stood the Citadel, there on a peak to the South, the temple of Jupiter, whither came the triumphal procession of Emperors and generals that passed us on the Sacra Via, to deposit a share of their spoils as thank-offerings. Throughout the middle ages, the hill that was so long crowned with this

most sacred shrine of the Roman world, became a deserted " Hill of Goats," but in 1143 its glorious traditions inspired the municipal authorities to build on it their Senate House.

The site of the early Citadel has long been occupied by Santa Maria in Ara Coeli, the official church of the mediæval Roman Senate and its modern successor, the Civic Council. The dull, faded splendours of its interior and the monotonous chanting of vespers betrayed Gibbon into a fit of musing on " The Decline and Fall of Rome," and led him to conceive the idea of writing his famous history.

The gorgeously dressed image of the Infant Christ, called the Bambino, is kept here, and used in representation of the Nativity at Christmas time, but is no longer conveyed, as formerly, in a State carriage to the house of dying persons.

To Michael Angelo is due the present form of the Piazza del Campidoglio, round which are ranged the modern buildings of the Capitol. A broad staircase leads up to the Piazza, past a large iron cage containing a she-wolf in commemoration of the strange foster-mother of Romulus and Remus; at the top of the stairway, colossal statues of Castor and Pollux, standing by their horses, guard the approach to the great buildings round three sides of the square. A mounted guard, no less a personage than Marcus Aurelius himself, is ever on duty in the centre of the Piazza, for here stands the famous bronze equestrian statue of the great Emperor, " the most majestic representation of the kingly form the world has ever seen " in which however, the sublime approaches dangerously near the ridiculous, for restoration has with ludicrous effect destroyed the rider's balance.

The Senatorial Palace, the Town Hall of Rome, occupies the whole of the side of the square facing the grand staircase, and above it towers a lofty Campanile, while facing each other on left and right, are the Capitoline Museum of Sculpture, and the Palace of the Conservatori with its fine picture gallery.

It is as hopeless a task to attempt to do justice to the charms of this collection of sculpture in a few short lines as it was in the few short hours at our disposal during that morning's visit. Now, as then, we must ignore the long succession of master-pieces and pause in admiration only before such a gem as the Dying Gaul, Byron's Gladiator, the barbarian, with the matted hair, from whose wound the blood is still flowing and whose eyes are even now, almost glazed in death :

" He leans upon his hand, his manly brow  
Consents to death, but conquers agony,  
And his droop'd head sinks gradually low."

We must not leave unnoticed the exquisitely beautiful Venus of the Capitol, "the perfect type of feminine grace," nor the Cupid and Psyche in loving embrace, nor the marble Faun, the half-human creature on whose elusive, elfish, nature and sportive graces Hawthorne founded his strange story of Transformation. But tired at last of even the gems of the art collection of Rome we wander out across the Piazza, mount a flight of steps at the end of the Senatorial Palace, follow a gravelled lane until we arrive at a charming old Italian garden, smothered in flowering plants. Here we pay a small fee to the custodian and then make our way through the tangled disorder of an overgrown pathway to the brow of the Tarpeian rock, whence in earlier days the condemned were hurled to certain death in the depths below, in dreadful memory of a betrayal in earlier days still, when Tarpeia sold her city to the Sabines at the foot of the rock that bears her name.

On our way home in the ubiquitous Roman tramcar we passed still another great circular fabric, not a temple this time, but a tomb. This so-called Castle of St. Angelo, which was considered the noblest sepulchral edifice ever erected, was cased with shining marble, decorated with statues and Corinthian pillars, and crowned with a glistening dome. It was built by the Emperor Hadrian, "who delighted in architecture and magnificence, and who determined to rival, or more probably surpass, the splendour of Augustus' tomb."

The name was changed after the apparition of the Archangel Michael to Pope Gregory, when in the act of invoking Divine aid against a plague raging in the city.

In the middle ages it was connected with the Vatican by a passage, and served the Popes as a fortress, hence the Papal apartments, the gloomy dungeons and oubliettes.

Of nourishment for the mind there was still a superabundance—in the form of antiquities—but instead of taking advantage of this plenitude, we sought for refreshment for our tired faculties, and wended our way through the beautiful park to the Villa Umberto I., formerly the Villa Borghese, but recently bought by the Government and presented to the city.

As we wandered along under the spreading trees, we felt more in love with nature than art, though we knew that somewhere in the heart of those extensive grounds was a Villa with a sculpture and picture gallery second only to that of the Vatican, which we must perforce see or earn the reputation of vandals. Making a virtue of necessity, we strolled through its sumptuously decorated apartments; but halls, panelled and floored with costliest marbles, had become commonplace, and fine statuary was no rarity. Still fatigue could not make us blind to the charms of Canova's beautiful statue of Pauline Borghese, as Venus, and indeed, the delicate

beauty of the graceful form, the lovely face, and above all the exquisite hand, arrested us long, as did also the realistic sculpture of the group Apollo and Daphne by Bernini.

Like the wealthy Romans of old, we had an ardent desire "to go into the country," to spend part of our time on the slopes of the blue Alban Hills, and on the last day of our stay our desire was granted. Tivoli was our destination, and the train carried us swiftly across the wide, level stretches of the Campagna, where it permitted us a nearer view of the long lines of lofty aqueducts, then lifted us up the wooded slopes to the picturesquely situated town—the Tibur of very early days, and the rival of the infant city of the plains—later, the Richmond of the Romans, as the remains of numerous villas testify.

An exciting ten minutes ensued on our arrival at the station, and it needed all the sang-froid of our experienced conductor to bring order out of chaos, to distribute the company to the different carriages awaiting them, to calm the chattering, gesticulating drivers, and to finally start the long procession.

A glorious, though hot drive up steep mountain roads brought us at last to the beautiful Tivoli Falls, whose silvery waters gush out from a number of different places on the green hill-side, and descend in a series of charming cascades some five hundred feet into the valley below.

On the most precipitous part of the narrow mountain road, sudden alarm was caused by the overturning of one of the carriages. Fortunately no one was hurt, but the incident diminished our faith in our seemingly sure-footed horses.

As it was the last day of our stay, luncheon wound up with courteous speeches of thanks to our kind and enthusiastic professor, and with the singing of Italian, French, and English national anthems.

During the short interval allowed for rest after luncheon, we left the rest of the party, and furnished with instructions from our conductor, took a hasty walk through the quaintly narrow and winding streets to the Villa d'Este, not the lovely Villa-Hotel of that name on the Lake of Como, but a Roman Villa d'Este, no less lovely perhaps in its pristine days, with its marble terraces, its delightful garden, its avenues of ilex and cypress trees, its fountains, statues and vases.

The long and pleasant afternoon drive took us to the most celebrated of all the Villas of Tivoli, the Villa built by Hadrian "the far-travelled emperor," the lover of architecture and magnificence, on his return from a tour through his empire. It is deservedly celebrated indeed, for it covered an area of five miles, on which he attempted to reproduce copies of all the renowned buildings that he had seen

in his travels. Our conception of villas and villa gardens grew by leaps and bounds, to Roman dimensions—to Roman Imperial dimensions—as we looked out over these wide domains. Far as the eye could reach, stretched the undulating grassy expanse of this so-called garden, rising into gentle hills and sinking into gentler valleys. Here and there on its crests or in its hollows lay shady groves and thickets, half hiding, half revealing one or other of the gigantic ruins of this museum of the East. The civilisations of Greece and Egypt were made to live again for the pleasure of this great emperor, hence, though only a few miles from Rome, we were able to trace the remains of Greek schools of philosophy, a Lyceum or school of Aristotle, and an Academy or school of Plato, a Soceile or school of the Stoics, of Greek theatres, with stage, seats and dressing-rooms, to wander through a miniature Egyptian city, Canopus, in which half the imitation Temple of Serapis is still standing, to pace along the bed of the canal which brought the worshippers of the goddess. In presence of this ruined temple it becomes clear whence the Vatican acquired its rich store of Egyptian antiquities, the innumerable rarities labelled "from Hadrian's Villa."

The huge dimensions of the school or porch of the Stoics can be gauged from its long wall of 775 ft., which is still standing. The porch was built due East and West and with a double colonnade, hence Hadrian's guests were able to carry on their peripatetic discussions on Philosophy on the sunny side in winter and the shady side in summer. Near it was the Hall of the Philosophers, of which, the tribune or platform whence speeches and lectures were delivered after the discussions, is plainly visible.

The Professor's conditional promise that tea would be served at an albergo on the return drive if time permitted, roused an abnormal interest in the horses, who fortunately rose to the occasion and maintained a speed which secured a pleasant half-hour's interval for the light *al fresco* meal.

With this glimpse of the environment of the Imperial Court *en villégiature*, our visit to Rome came to an end. Since then, fancy has been left to do the work of reconstruction by the aid of memory alone. But what a store-house the memory had become during that brief exploration of a new-old world! a store-house of wonders which have cast their spell over mind and heart and soul, have taught us to feel the strange charm of the Eternal City, to know something of the deep love that comes to all who have ventured thither, and have stirred us with a profound longing to retrace our steps down the long avenue of time to the grey dawn of the greatest Empire the world has ever seen.

M. TURNER.

**EDITORIAL NOTICE.**

---

**Association and Magazine Subscriptions for the current year are due in January.**

**Miss Elwell will be glad if Subscriptions may be paid as early in the year 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 April and 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/- for Non-Association Members.**

**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 the Correspondent for the year. 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 the first week in November.**

## COLLEGE NOTES.

MARRIAGE.—On April 3rd, at All Saints' Sutton, Surrey, by the Rev. C. Carey Taylor, M.A., the Rev. Canon Rowe, Principal of the Training College, Lincoln, to Hilda Marjory, youngest daughter of the late Edmund Ellis Puckle and Mrs. Puckle, Sutton, Surrey.

Warmest good wishes for the happiness of our Principal and his wife, will, we are sure, be given by all Lincoln students.

\* \* \*

The "Reminiscences of the Re-union," which form one of our illustrations in this number, are reproduced from photographs taken by Mrs. Rowe. A familiar figure in one scene will doubtless be recognized by all students of the last seven years.

The Editor feels bound to apologize for the appearance of her own portrait, and can only say in excuse that it is printed in response to often-repeated requests made by old students.

\* \* \*

*Report by E. M. Kenney-Herbert, Esq., H.M.D.I.*

"I have seen a great deal of the life of this College at my two visits to it during the past year, and what I have seen convinces me that it is being directed with admirable judgment, and taught with scrupulous care; and that, both in the classrooms and in the home-life of the College, the students are being guided and inspired by influences which must make all the difference to them when they go out into the world."

\* \* \*

*Religious Knowledge.*

June 29th, 1907.

Dear Canon Rowe,

I notice that you report no changes in your College, nor are any needed; the interest of the students is well illustrated by their giving a window to your beautiful Chapel.

The answering of the *Juniors* was very good indeed; there was some want of depth and advance, but none of zeal and spirit in fact, in all other respects they were excellent.

The *Seniors* were excellent, both in knowledge and spirit; their results in the March examination simply show that examination often fails to discover the very highest qualities of Students.

I heard eight lessons, the written notes were rather too short for adequate judgment of merit when so many lessons are given in so short a time; they were long enough for the students' purposes, but not for the Inspector's.

I notice that all the students are confirmed, six of the *Juniors* received no religious instruction as P.T.'s, one from a Church School, the rest from Council.

I am glad to receive the report of the Mistress of Method. The high spiritual and religious tone of the College are as marked as ever, and quite excellent work is being done.

Yours sincerely,

BERNARD REYNOLDS,  
Archbishop's Inspector.

REV. CANON ROWE.

#### CERTIFICATE LIST.

The Certificate List arrived on October 5th. All the Students passed, and the following Students gained distinction:—

Margaret Antcliffe	..	Music
Katherine Bice	.. ..	Music
Mary Cook	.... ..	Music
Elizabeth Doodson	..	History and Geography.
Marian Golby	.. ..	Music
Mildred Gosling	.. ..	Teaching, and Optional Literature
Ada Hinton	.. ..	Music
Elsie Hollom	.. ..	English
Nora Kimbell	.. ..	English, History and Geography
Clara Mountford	.. ..	English
Maude Pell	.. ..	History and Geography
Dorothea Playl	.. ..	Teaching
Annie Reddish	.. ..	History and Geography
Annie Royce	.. ..	English, History and Geography
May Shapley	.. ..	Music
Florence Tue	.. ..	Music, Teaching
Lilian Westland	.. ..	Music
Margaret Wilson	.. ..	English
Daisy Wyatt	.. ..	Music
Alice Yeomans	.. ..	Music, Teaching, History and Geography and Optional French.
Margaret Wickham	..	English
Alice Smith	.. ..	Teaching

The following Students passed in the Optional Subjects of French and English:—

Mary Caine	.. ..	English
Frances Crompton	..	English
Mary Dodgson	.. ..	English
Edith Hurry	.. ..	French
Mary Jackson	.. ..	English
Nora Kimbell	.. ..	English
Florence Milner	.. ..	English
Annie Royce	.. ..	French
Margaret Wilson	.. ..	French
Daisy Wyatt	.. ..	French

*Oxford University Extension Lectures. "The Age of Elizabeth." Lecturer's Report.*

I have only to report, as usual, that at Lincoln this term I had a most attentive body of listeners, that a large proportion of them were an enthusiastic body of workers, and that the work done was up to a very good standard of quality. There was rather more variation in the work, that of the best students being quite up to the highest level of work hitherto sent in to me, but the general average was not quite so high as in previous years. This however is not to say that the general average was poor, but only that in past years it has been remarkably high.

I was glad to note that the writers were by no means satisfied merely to follow the lectures, but gave a good deal of independent study to the elaboration of their papers.

(Signed) E. L. S. HORSBURGH, B.A.,

*Examiner's Report.*

There was a remarkably even level reached by most of the 39 candidates at this centre. 13 of them were deserving of the mark of distinction, and a large number of others were but little below it, while only one got below 40% of the maximum marks obtainable. The facts of the period had been got up very carefully; there was some tendency to repeat phrases or ideas without a full comprehension of what was meant; and there was in general more accuracy and docility than there was originality about the work.

ARTHUR L. SMITH,

LIST OF SUCCESSFUL CANDIDATES.

*Passed with Distinction:—*

Kimbell, N. M.	French, E. M.	Royce, A. M.
Atkin, E.	Hollom, E. A.	Watson, G. H.
Carr, F. M.	Jabet, M. A.	Westland, L. M.
Dobson, B. M.	Milner, F.	Yeomans, A. A.
Doodson, E.	Playl, D. M.	

*Satisfied the Examiner:—*

Caine, M.	Gosling, M. M.	Percy, M.
Clayton, E. A.	Hague, B. M.	Reddish, A.
Cook, M. A.	Hinton, A. A.	Ross, M.
Cooper, J.	Hopper, M.	Shapley, A. M.
Cotton, M.	Hurry, E. C.	Smith, A.
Crompton, F. L. G.	Jackson, M. L.	Wand, E.
Dodgson, M. E.	Mountford, C.	Wilson, M. N. T.
Ellisson, M. A.	Palin, M.	Wyatt, D. H.
Golby, M. A.	Pell, H. M.	

## THE HISTORY EXTENSION LECTURES.

The terrible array of examinations probable and assured which confronted us on our return from the Christmas holidays would have entirely overcome our drooping spirits if we had not comforted ourselves with the thought that this term was also to bring the History Extension Lectures, and our well-remembered friend of last year, Mr. Horsburgh. With the "Age of Elizabeth" as the subject, and Mr. Horsburgh as lecturer, the present set of students acknowledge themselves to have been singularly fortunate, and even the most despondent and pessimistic individual is bound to admit that there have been at least six happy hours in the term.

The course opened with a most entertaining character sketch of Elizabeth herself, as queen and as woman, and in this lecture Mr. Horsburgh gave us the results of his own historical researches as well as the opinions of the best standard authorities. The five subsequent lectures took into consideration the following aspects of the age:—The Problem of Poverty in Tudor Times; the Elizabethan Sea-dogs; the Spanish Armada; the Age of Elizabeth as the Climax of the Renaissance; and Elizabethan Literature. We found in each one of these that the lecturer was giving us information which he had carefully verified, and which he illuminated from his personal investigations. To say we enjoyed the course expresses our feelings weakly; as far as people can forget their own surroundings we forgot ours, and lived, as we listened to Mr. Horsburgh, in another age, whose joyous freedom and new life we shared for the time being, and the beautiful language, the vivid descriptions and the freshness and originality of treatment helped to intensify the charm which the subject-matter alone would have produced upon us.

One pleasure we have had for which the syllabus did not provide: Mr. Horsburgh devoted (what must have been to him precious time) a whole Saturday evening, to giving us an additional treat. This took the form of a lantern lecture—or, since the giver will not allow it that name—an exhibition of some beautiful lantern slides, illustrating the most noteworthy persons and events of Elizabeth's reign. We were shown, among other things, facsimiles of the most famous portraits of the Queen herself and her contemporary sovereigns, and (what caused us great amusement) an old cartoon representing the defeat of the Armada, the frustration of the Gunpowder Plot and the imminent destruction of the enemies of England, all on one and the same picture.

The box of books which we received was of the same helpful and varied character as the lectures. We found in it such treasures as "Hakluyt's Voyages," some of Raleigh's works,

and historical authorities whose names made us sigh for the small amount of time we could allow ourselves for reading this term.

We have learned much from the lectures besides the actual history and, not least in importance to us teachers, we have been made to realise to the full how history can be made of entrancing and absorbing interest, and how historical characters of a bygone age can be made real and living.

No heated, though friendly arguments have raged round the History Extension Lectures this year as were rife last year; there has been nothing to quote, as there was last term; the pleasure from them has been altogether of a more quiet kind, but it has been none the less real and intense. Perhaps when we leave College (and the time is drawing near for some of us) there will be some things which we shall wish to live over again, and if so, one of them will assuredly be this term's Extension Lectures.

A. M. ROYCE (Second Year).

\* \* \*

THE EXAMINATION CONCERT  
(BY ONE OF THE VISITORS.)

It is doubtful whether the Concert which was given on June 10th, may be termed, as it usually is, the "Examination Concert," for Dr. Somervell was prevented from being present, by illness, and consequently it was an examination without an examiner. However, the numerous visitors, who were present, had once more the pleasure of listening to some charming singing.

The concert was opened by the singing of several part-songs, by the Second Year students. The songs selected differed widely in style and character, but all alike were sung with the requisite expression and charm under the conductorship of Mr. Dunkerton, who with Miss Elwell, has bestowed much care and attention in training the Students. It is difficult to say which of the five selections proved the most attractive—the slower and graver ones as Spohr's "Jesu, Heavenly Master," or the gay and sparkling "Gipsy Life," of Schumann. As always, a noteworthy feature was the clear and distinct enunciation of the words, while the beauty of expression and purity of tone deserve the highest praise. The First Year Students next made their début by singing in excellent style several songs from the "Golden Treasury of Songs," following these by well-known national airs, which have become an always welcome feature of the College concerts.

After a short interval for tea and coffee, in the Students' Common Room, the Lecture Hall was again filled, and the

audience settled down to enjoy the operetta, "Cinderella," which was performed by the Senior Students. The old familiar story of the down-trodden Cinderella, her two cruel step-sisters, her beneficent fairy god-mother, and her handsome young prince, was here in all its essentials, even to the lost slipper. The characters who were productive of the most laughter were the fussy father, the calm and deliberate Charity, and the passionate and fiery Patience. Indeed, the character of these two ladies considerably belied their names. The curtain rose on Cinderella at work in her kitchen, while sounds of merriment and rejoicing are heard without, together with gay singing. Patience and Charity enter, arrayed for the prince's ball, and require much attention before they finally start with their father for the palace, leaving poor Cinderella full of longing for a share in their pleasure. A very pretty scene follows when the fairies, headed by the fairy god-mother, appear, and finally Cinderella departs in a coach and six for the ball-room. Gay scenes, charming singing, sprightly dialogue, and graceful dancing follow each other in swift succession, and the curtain falls on the betrothal of Cinderella and the Prince, amid the joy of all save Patience and Charity. Whether singing or acting deserved the highest praise would be difficult to say. Miss Turner had as usual trained the amateur actresses, and is to be warmly congratulated on the result.

Throughout the concert the accompaniments were skilfully played by Miss Bedford, and the singing of the National Anthem brought a delightful evening to an end.

(HILDA OLIVER).

#### SECOND YEAR STUDENTS.

##### PART SONGS.

1. "Jesus, Heavenly Master" .. .. . Spohr
2. "The Lord is my Shepherd" .. .. . Schubert
3. "Ti prego, O Padre eterno" .. .. . Curschmann
4. "Sweet the balmy days of Spring" ..  
(From "The Story of Sayid") Mackenzie
5. "Gipsy Life" .. .. . Schumann

#### SONGS BY FIRST YEAR STUDENTS.

Selections from the following:—

1. "The Praise of God" .. .. . Beethoven
2. "To Music" .. .. . Schubert
3. "O Trusting Heart" .. .. . Bach
4. "Thou'rt like a lovely flower" .. .. . Schumann
5. "May Song" .. .. . Beethoven
6. "Slumber, dear Maid" .. .. . Handel
7. "For Ever" .. .. . Rubinstein

8. "By Celia's Arbour" .. .. . Mendelssohn  
 9. "May Dew" .. .. . Sterndale Bennett  
 10. "Have I Lost thee?" .. .. . Gluck  
 11. "Gentle Zephyr" .. .. . Sterndale Bennett  
 12. "The Soldier's Bride" .. .. . Schumann

## NATIONAL SONGS.

"Here's a health unto his Majesty." "Sigh no more, ladies."  
 "Hope the Hermit." "A Hunting we will go." "Ye Mariners  
 of England." "Under the greenwood tree." "Afton Water."  
 "Lament of Flora Macdonald." "Jock O'Hazeldean." "I've  
 found my bonny babe a nest." "The Girl I left behind me."  
 "O Sleep, my Baby." "The rising of the Lark." "Men of  
 Harlech." "The Blackbird."

## "CINDERELLA."

Words by SHAPCOTT WENSLEY. Music by GEORGES JACOBI

## CHARACTERS.

Cinderella .. .. .	FLORENCE TUE
Patience } (Her Cruel Sisters)	{ MARY DODGSON
Charity }	{ DOROTHEA PLAYL
Fairy Godmother .. .. .	BEATRICE DOBSON
Prince .. .. .	MARIAN PERCY
Papa .. .. .	MAY SHAPLEY
Lady Guy .. .. .	ALICE YEOMANS
Gossiping Lady .. .. .	EDITH WAND
Courtier .. .. .	BESSIE HAGUE

Choruses of LADIES, COURTIERS, ATTENDANTS, and FAIRIES.

\* \* \*

## Chapel Offertory Balance Sheet, 1906-7.

RECEIPTS. £ s d	EXPENDITURE.	£	s	d
Offertories for	Sheffield Orphanage .. .. .	2	2	0
Year .. 20 10 8½	S.P.C.K. (donation) .. .. .	1	1	0
	S.P.G. .. .. .	1	1	0
	National Society .. .. .	1	1	0
	To Rev. Canon Leeke for Long Leys Mission .. .. .	1	1	0
	Russian Children's (Samara) Fund ..	2	0	0
	Chapel Improvement Fund (Whit- Sunday) .. .. .	2	2	0
	Women's Work in S.P.G. ... .. .	1	1	0
	Chota Nagpore Mission (Rev. A. Logsdail) .. .. .	1	1	0
	Flowers for Chapel .. .. .	2	8	0
	Balance for Chapel Panelling Fund	5	12	8½
<hr/> £20 10 8½ <hr/>		<hr/> £20 10 8½ <hr/>		

Examined and Approved,  
 Sept. 17, 1907.

A. W. ROWE.

MARGARET ELWELL,  
 Treasurer.

The Special Lent Offerings amounting this year to £3 4s. 1d. were given to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

\* \* \*

#### CHURCH TEACHERS' BENEVOLENT SOCIETY.

The sum sent up this year from the College Association amounted to £18 17s. od., viz.: the proportion of 1s. each from 377 subscriptions. The amount is rather less than that of last year, which included a good many arrears paid up. May we again impress on members the importance of paying Association subscriptions early in the year? We had a good number of votes (91), but we could have had considerably more if all subscriptions had been paid up.

The votes were given as follows:—55 to Miss Jane Stokoe (an old Lincoln Student); 30 to Mr. Mitchell (recommended by Miss Selvage, Mr. Bice, and Mr. Jones, of Louth); 6 to Mrs. James (recommended by Miss Ellen Perks).

#### CHANGES IN STAFF.

Miss Grist has taken up work at her old College, Salisbury, and her place here has been taken by Miss Butterworth, B.A., Liverpool University.

\* \* \*

PRELIMINARY CERTIFICATE WEEK, coming as it did in the middle of the Easter Holidays nevertheless found, as usual, a number of kindly students who were willing to come back to college to "mother" the candidates who sat at Lincoln, and it goes without saying that they also gave most efficient help to the staff. Mary Cook and Mary Coxon represented the Second Year, and Katie Hebblewhite, Etta Powell, Amanda Newey, Amelia Gillett, and Hilda Willett the First Year Students. Alice Yeomans was prevented from coming by illness.

The arrival of the List in June, brought more than the usual difficulties in selection, owing to the new principle of non-classification. Telegrams and letters of application from outside candidates poured in by hundreds, but every vacancy was filled up from those who sat for Lincoln.

\* \* \*

#### AMBULANCE EXAMINATION.

All the Students (eighty-five) who entered for the "First Aid" Examination were successful in gaining Certificates.

\* \* \*

#### EMPIRE DAY, 1907.

About 7-15 a.m., on Friday, May 24th, a voice was heard from one of the cubicles intimating to the other inhabitants of

Upper King, that it was "Empire Day." Thereupon the loyal and patriotic citizenesses resident in that dormitory struck up the National Anthem, regardless of the old adage "sing before breakfast, cry before night." But that we were not alone in this burst of patriotic enthusiasm was soon made evident, for similiar strains in different keys were borne to us from various parts of the house.

At breakfast Miss Elwell told us to be ready with the National Anthem, at the close of the Chapel service. Here we thought Empire Day celebrations would end.

Imagine our surprise, when just as we had started work the Principal came in to say that he wished to see us all together. Presently the First Years began to troop in, and much questioning began as to the reason for such an unusual proceeding. Was it the Scripture result? No! Canon Rowe would not want both year's together for that. What could it be? As no answer seemed forthcoming, we resolved to wait, and many of the Seniors thought it a good chance to do their "ten minutes!" Most weird and wonderful strains resulted. Singing in several keys, interspersed with bursts of national song, and the whole almost covered by animated conversation, reminded one vividly of Browning's "Shrieking and squeaking in fifty different sharps and flats."

Soon, however, there was a sh! sh! a cessation of 'music,' and the Principal appeared.

He had come to have a little 'talk' with us about Empire Day, and what it meant. This was made very interesting by practical explanations of Free Trade, as it is, and as it should be, and references to the recent visit of the Colonial Premiers. Canon Rowe concluded by saying "That is the reason we keep Empire Day, and you are to keep it by having no lessons after this morning." Needless to say the 'talk' was received with hearty applause, and we felt very pleased that we had a patriotic Principal.

But even this was not to be the limit to Empire Day Celebrations. Presently Canon Rowe returned to invite us to see the children in the playgrounds, and a very pretty sight it was, for they had formed into a procession with flags. For the time being we became children again and joined right heartily in "God save the King," and cheers for our sovereign and empire, and formed part of a procession to march round the College grounds.

Probably the Staff realised that much concentration would be lacking on our part after this, and so the holiday was extended to cover the day.

A dance had speedily been decided upon as an amusement for the evening, and it occurred to some of the girls that a "Patriotic Concert" would be a very suitable addition to the evening's pleasure. Consent was obtained, and preparations were commenced.

A bad thunderstorm at dinner-time, unfortunately upset several expeditions, but fortunately, it gave several good helpers to the concert cause.

The Lecture Hall was arranged as a concert room, and decorated with Union Jacks. The programme was beautifully drawn on a black-board by Gertie Watson, the various items were printed in the national colours, and adorned by drawings of the English, Scotch, and Irish Flags, the Union Jacks, the Royal Standard, and the national emblems. The board was finally draped with Union Jacks.

For the concert it was suggested that three girls should represent England, Scotland, and Ireland, dressed as far as possible in the national costume, and should sing a song of the country represented.

This idea was splendidly and most ingeniously carried out by Gertie Watson, as a maid of 'fair Albion,' Dorothea Playl as a lass from 'The Land o' Cakes,' and Marian Percy as a 'daughter of Erin.'

After they had each sung their national song, they united under the "Jack" to sing "The Red, White, and Blue." This plan of dressing in national costume had not been noised abroad, and in the short time for preparation, no one had expected anything of the kind, thus the pleasure and surprise of the audience was very great, and the performers received hearty and well-merited applause. A little contretemps took place during the singing of "The Red, White and Blue," due to having had no time for rehearsal. The trio were singing "With her flag floating proudly before her" when, unfortunately, *their* flag had descended behind their backs, though at the repetition of the line it was again produced to the amusement of the audience, who laughed most heartily.

Another song which was greatly enjoyed was Elgar's setting to "Land of Hope and Glory," sung by Dorothea Playl. There were also several songs in which we all joined, as we did also in the choruses to other songs.

Unfortunately the Principal and Mrs. Rowe had another engagement, though the former was kind enough to join us for the later items of the programme. We were very sorry, too, that Miss Elwell was unable to be present, and more sorry still when we heard the reason, as we know it would be only a matter

of great importance which she would put before anything connected with the college.

After the concert we all enjoyed a good dance, in spite of the heat, until nine o'clock.

A very amusing incident which took place during the dance was the appearance of Magdalene Ross, whose home is in Wales, as a Welsh girl. Some of the girls had been rather disappointed at the non-representation of Wales, which, however, was due to no disregard of sweet Cambria, but to a wish to keep the programme within a certain limit. This "Merch o' Gymrn" had a costume quite as interesting, ingenious, and becoming as the representatives of the other nations.

But even with the night, when we sought our beds, feeling that we should never forget Empire Day, 1907, its influence was not over. Several times the next day "Rule Britannia" was met by some by the "Red, White and Blue," whilst one of the choruses was often heard sung with much feeling and fervour, expressing, as it does, a sentiment which will be vital when the words are forgotten.

"Land of Hope and Glory, Mother of the free!  
How shall we extol thee who are born of thee?  
Wider yet and wider shall thy bounds be set,  
God who made thee mighty, make thee mightier yet!"

The full programme was as follows:—

"Here's a Health unto his Majesty."

- "The Island" . . . . . Solo—G. Watson & Chorus  
"Loch Lomond" . . . . . Solo—D. Playl & Chorus  
"The Harp that once" . . . . . M. Percy  
"The Red, White and Blue" . . . . . Trio and Chorus  
"Land of Hope and Glory" . . . . . D. Playl & Chorus  
"Men of Harlech"  
"Rule Britannia"

"God save the King."

NORA KIMBELL,

Second Year.

\* \* \*

On Friday, June 14th, our old friend, Miss Selvage, gave an address to the Students, on the organisation and work of the N.U.T.

\* \* \*

Miss Turner's French Class gave an excellent, and to all First Year French students, a most inspiring entertainment, when the following programme was gone through:—

PART I.

Selections from "LE CID."

Don Fernand, King of Castile—E. Hollom and L. Doodson.

Don Diego—E. Hurry and A. Royce. Don Rodrigue—M. Wilson and A. Reddish. Don Sanche—G. Watson. Chimène—A. Yeomans, D. Wyatt, and K. Bice.

Songs by First Year French Class:—

“MA NORMANDIE” - - “LA MARSEILLAISE.”

## PART II.

Selections from “LE VERRE D’EAU.”

Queen Anne—M. Wilson and A. Yeomans. Duchess of Marlborough—D. Wyatt and K. Bice. Viscount Bolingbroke—E. Hurry and E. Hollon. Masham—A. Royce. Abigail—A. Reddish. Marquis de Torcy—G. Watson. Lady Albemarle—M. Wilson. Member of Parliament—L. Doodson. Master of Ceremonies—E. Hurry.

“God save the King.”

\* \* \*

## ROYAL SHOW

THE KING’S VISIT TO LINCOLN, 26TH JUNE.

“Great preparations had been made in Lincoln to welcome the Royal Agricultural Show, after an absence of some 53 years, to the ancient City; but greater still were the preparations when it was definitely known the King had intimated that it was his intention to visit the Show. The citizens of Lincoln appeared to do all they could to give His Majesty a hearty and a fitting welcome as he passed along the gaily-decorated streets to and from the Show.

“The King looked particularly well and seemed to thoroughly appreciate the welcome given to him. There is one incident in connection with his passage along West Parade which is worthy of notice: a large platform had been erected in the Vicar’s garden, and this was occupied by some 120 Students from the Training College. When the King came in sight the students sung the National Anthem, and sang it so heartily that the King’s attention was attracted particularly to them; he looked up, saw the “bevy of girls,” took off his hat, bowed most graciously and smiled all over his face.

“Many of the old folks of St. Martin’s had an excellent view of the King from seats placed for them in the Churchyard, and the Choir boys and others had an excellent view from the top of the Clergy Vestry.

The King seemed to bring fine weather with him, and this lasted till almost the close of the Show.” (*Reprinted from St. Martin’s Parish Magazine*).

The warmest thanks of the Staff and Students are due to the Rev. E. Akenhead, Vicar of St. Martin's and one of the College Committee, who allowed us to invade his garden and kindly undertook all the arrangements for the putting up of our "coign of vantage." The day of the King's visit was one of the few really brilliant days of this summer, and as the stand was erected under delightfully shady trees, the time of waiting passed very pleasantly.

\* \* \*

The Annual Sports, under the supervision of Miss Vaughan, took place on June 19th, which fortunately was one of the few fine days of the month. Mrs. Rowe gave away the prizes and medals. The following is a list of the events and prize-winners:

Flat Race .. .. .	(2nd Years)	..	M. Wickham
	(1st " )	..	N. Flowers
Egg and Spoon Race	(2nd " )	..	M. Moore
	(1st " )	..	E. Shoubridge
Obstacle Race .. ..	(2nd " )	..	M. Antcliffe
	(1st " )	..	W. Marden
Tortoise Bicycle Race	(2nd " )	..	A. Yeomans
	(1st " )	..	V. Cross
Skipping Race .. ..	(2nd " )	..	A. Reddish
	(1st " )	..	J. Pritchett
Hurdle Race .. ..	(2nd " )	..	F. Milner
	(1st " )	..	N. Flowers
Skittles .. .. .	(2nd " )	..	M. Caine
	(1st " )	..	K. Hebblewhite
Throwing Cricket Ball .. .. .		..	F. Milner (81½ ft)
High Jump .. .. .		..	E. Hollom (4 ft. 3½ in.)

Medals were awarded to F. Milner and N. Flowers, for general excellence.

\* \* \*

#### FIRST YEAR ENTERTAINMENT—1907.

The First Years gave us a delightful entertainment, on June 29th, when they acted scenes from "As you like it."

Florence Binns as Celia, and Lily Bedford as Rosalind, opened the play, and before long Laura King, a most impressively dramatic Duke Frederick, joined them and issued his order, banishing Rosalind from the court. We soon made acquaintance with a delightful Touchstone (May Clifton), whose appearance in the future meant an undercurrent of gurgles of laughter, with occasional bursts of merriment. Later in the play Phœbe (Dorothy Field) gave much pleasure by her acting of the part

of a country maid, and her scene with Touchstone roused such enthusiasm that an encore was insisted upon.

Great credit is due to Jennie Kitchen for her acting of the trying part of Adam. Alice Fisher made an excellent William, and caused much amusement, and Kate Searby was a charming and graceful Orlando.

The forest scene was very pretty, with the gay dresses and singing of the foresters, who seemed to flourish on what appeared to be a strictly vegetarian diet. Bessie Burrans played the part of the melancholy Jacques with skill, and Annie Bailey, a stately and dignified Hymen, pleased everyone with her song.

The play reflected the greatest credit on all concerned, and especially on the stage manager, Lilian Clifton. Everything went smoothly and well; the scenery was pretty and suggestive; the parts were capitally chosen and capitally carried out. Elsie Clifton's beautiful programmes ought also to be mentioned. The one regret which was felt by many was that Florence Binns did not again delight us with her singing.

We were very grateful to the First Years, and felt heartened up for the events of the next week.

MARGARET WICKHAM.

\* \* \*

### PRIZE DAY.

*(Reprinted from the "Lincolnshire Gazette.")*

The annual distribution of prizes to the Students of the Lincoln Diocesan Training College took place at the College, on July 5th, when the Bishop of Grantham (Dr. MacCarthy) occupied the chair and also presented the prizes. He was supported by the Principal of the College, the Rev. Canon Rowe, Chancellor Crowfoot, and other members of the Committee, and there was a large attendance of ladies and gentlemen interested in the College.

The Principal, in introducing the Bishop of Grantham, said it was a very great pleasure both to him and the students of the college that Dr. MacCarthy had kindly consented to take the place of the Bishop of Lincoln, who was unavoidably absent.

After speaking of the various Education Bills, Canon Rowe said it was a relief to turn from the question of party strife to the Board of Education, because, on looking at the many changes which had taken place lately—and there had been a great many—there was distinct progress to be seen in the schools and with the teachers. That progress would be still possible if all the local Education Committees were as good and sensible and practical as that which they had at Lincoln. They had a great deal to be thankful for in the manner the Lincoln Education

Committee were doing their best to carry out the directions they received with as little friction as possible. Of late there had been a great advance in the regulations regarding Training Colleges, and within the last few years they had so far been dignified that a separate code had been issued by the Board of Education for the colleges. They had also given them far greater freedom in the subjects they taught. He thought there were signs of systematic action in the right direction. Some people wished to take away all that was definite about religion in the schools. The Church of England had been teaching morality for years in the schools, but many people seemed to think that morality must be something quite separate from Christian teaching. But surely, as Christians and religious people, they should and must know that no moral teaching, however good it might be, would ever enable a boy or girl, or man or woman, to resist the temptations of the world, unless that moral teaching be based on definite Christian teaching, such as would inculcate personal relation with their Lord. (Loud applause.) In his opinion, the teachers they sent out should in every case believe in definite religious teaching. (Applause). Concluding, the speaker paid a high tribute to his staff for their excellent work.

The Bishop of Grantham then distributed the prizes to the various students, and after doing so said that a thorough training in such an institution as that was essential for such work as the students before him were going to do. Education, surely, was the development of the whole being, the mental faculties and the moral faculties. It was that which they could only get by a training not only in the hours of actual instruction in particular subjects, but in all their lives, day by day, in social intercourse, in contact with one another, and in contact with the staff and with the ideals which governed all that contact. He thought one of the most alarming features, which had been referred to by the previous speaker, was the danger of losing religious teaching in the schools. Sometimes one thought that some politicians lost sight of the interests of those who were to be affected, in the great game of politics, in the supposition that there could be true moral training without definite religious teaching in the schools. They were bound to resist such a claim as that which he had mentioned, to the utmost of their ability. (Applause.)

THE PRIZE LIST WAS AS FOLLOWS:—

RELIGIOUS KNOWLEDGE.

Edith Atkin	} The Bishop's Prizes, Gospels in Art and Old Testament in Art
Louisa A. Peart	

Alice Yeomans	The Gospels in Art
Mildred Gosling	" "
Nora M. Kimbell	" "
Florence Milner	" "
Elizabeth Doodson	" "
Annie M. Royce	" "
Edith Wand	" "

## READING.

Annie Royce The Sub-Dean's Prize—Browning & Longfellow

## NEEDLEWORK.

May Hopper Writing Case

## PRACTICAL TEACHING.

Florence Tue (Girls)	Miss Melville's Prizes—Picturesque			
Alice Yeomans (Girls)	"	"	"	Canada
Mildred Gosling (Infants)	"	"	"	

## THEORY OF TEACHING.

Alice Yeomans Men of Action Series

## COMPOSITION.

Margaret Wickham Wordsworth

## LITERATURE.

Annie Royce Mr. Shuttleworth's Prize—Ruskin

## MUSIC.

Marion Golby Songs—Golden Treasury

## FOR ACCOMPANIMENTS.

Frances Thomas Miss Elwell's Prize—  
Schubert's Songs

## MATHEMATICS I.

Alice Yeomans Burns and Scott

## MATHEMATICS II. (advanced)

Daisy Wyatt Shakespeare

## FRENCH (written and oral)

Alice Yeomans Molière and a French Classic

## OPTIONAL LITERATURE.

Nora Kimbell Ruskin

## HISTORY AND GEOGRAPHY.

Annie Royce The Chancellor's Prize—  
English Statesmen Series



	Farrar's Life of St. Paul.
{ Elsie Clifton	" "
{ Edith Turner	" "
{ Annie O. Flowers	" "
{ Winifred Marden	" "
{ Jessie Pritchett	" "
{ Helena Little	" "
{ Gertrude Spencer	" "
{ Lily Bedford	" "
{ Katharine Johnson	" "
{ Laura King	" "
{ Elsie Roberts	" "
{ Gertrude Clifton	" "
{ Dorothy Field	" "
{ Amelia G. Gillatt	" "

\* \* \*

#### SCHOOL PRACTICE AT SHEFFIELD.

In September, 1906, twenty-five Second Year Students spent a fortnight of their Teaching Practice in Sheffield, gaining in this way much valuable experience. This year all the 59 Second Year Students had the same advantage.

The Sheffield Education Authorities, with their usual kindness, threw open many of their best schools for the purpose, and did their best to make the fortnight profitable and pleasant. The Senior Inspector, Mr. S. W. Quine, supplied a list of suitable schools, and assisted in the matter of recommending rooms. His assistance throughout has been invaluable.

Four Governesses accompanied the 59 Students. Each governess was responsible for a certain number of girls, heard them teach, criticized their work, visited them in their rooms during the evenings, and gave any help necessary in the preparation of their lessons.

H.M.I., E. Newton, Esq., spent a day and a half in the schools, and with the assistance of E. Capes, Esq., inspected the arrangements made for superintending the practice.

The Principal spent two days in visiting the schools and seeing the students at work. The students and staff accompanied a whole-day school expedition to Castleton. A short train journey brought the party to Edale, in the Peak District. Here, and during the walk to Castleton, the children made maps and sketches, examined rocks, collected specimens, went over the Blue John Mine, and saw the ruins of Peveril Castle. The cost of the expedition was 1s. 1d. for each child, and 2s. 6d. for each adult. It left Sheffield at 8 o'clock in the morning and returned at about the same hour at night. The time was

allowed to count as school attendance. The head master explained all arrangements to the students, and allowed them to examine the uncorrected notes of the scholars. They were thus able to learn in a practical way how to conduct a school excursion and how to make children work for themselves in Geography and Nature Study. The senior teachers spent a morning in a Science Centre, watching the children at work at their benches, and making notes of the Schemes of Practical Hygiene and Domestic Science, which were explained to them by the Instructors. A new well-equipped school for Defective Children was visited. It is most important that all students should see how much suitable employment and instruction combined with infinite patience and sympathy, can do for children who are apparently "hopeless," and who are certainly incapable of deriving any benefit from an ordinary elementary school.

The Sheffield College Practising School has an excellent scheme of English Teaching, and all its methods are thoroughly educational. Lessons were given and the schemes were explained for the students' benefit. Full reports of all these schools have been written and will be discussed in class.

The schools used for practice had good buildings, and fully trained teachers. The head teachers were invariably most helpful, giving up much time to listening to the students; criticizing their lessons and giving them model lessons, etc., and finally writing a report which has been sent to College. All the reports speak well of the way in which the Students attacked their work, and as most of the classes were very large (60 to 70 children in each), the test was a severe one.

M.V.

\* \* \*

#### APPOINTMENT OF STUDENTS WHO LEFT JULY, 1907.

- Sarah A. Ainley, Broomhill Council School, Sheffield. £75.  
 Margaret Antcliffe, Sheffield Council School. £75.  
 Edith Atkin, Elliston St. Council School, Cleethorpes. £75.  
 Katherine Bice, Cleethorpes. £75.  
 Mary Caine, Neepsend, Sheffield. £75.  
 Muriel F. Carr, Parish Church, Rotherham. £75.  
 Emily Clayton, London County Council. £90.  
 Mary A. Cook, Underwood School, Jacksdale, Notts. £75 and  
 Furnished Apartments.  
 Janet Cooper  
 Maud Cotton, Royal Institution for the Deaf, Derby. £50.  
 Resident.  
 Mary Coxon  
 Frances Crompton, Hull Council School. £70.

- Edith Davey, Hockley Heath Church School, Birmingham.  
 Florence Dixon, St. Mark's Infant, Blackheath. £90.  
 Beatrice Dobson, Thorne Council. £75.  
 Mary Dodgson, St. Lukes C. of E., Sheffield. £75.  
 Eliz. Doodson, Salford Education Committee. £75.  
 Mildred Ellisson, Hollington School, Stoke-on-Trent. £75. Head.  
 Edith M. French  
 Emma Garratt, Langsett Rd. Council School, Sheffield. £75.  
 Marion Golby, Coventry. £80.  
 Mildred Gosling, Selby Abbey Church School. £75.  
 Bessie Hague, Hallam Fields School, Ilkeston. £75.  
 Ethel G. Henry, Burnley Council School. £75.  
 Ada A. Hinton, London County Council. £90.  
 Elsie A. Hollom, Plumstead Girls' London Co. Council. £90.  
 May Hopper, Birtley, Newcastle. £80.  
 Edith Hurry, Tait Orphanage School, Broadstairs. Resident  
 £50.  
 Metta A. Jabet, Garrison Lane, Boys, Birmingham. £75.  
 Mary L. Jackson, Newport Council School, E. Yorks. £75.  
 Nora M. Kimbell, Cromwell St. Birmingham Ed. Com. £75.  
 Florence Milner, Nottingham Education Committee. £65.  
 Marie Moore, London County Council. £90.  
 Clara Mountford, Darnall Girls' School, Sheffield. £75.  
 Wilhelmina Nunn, Salford Education Committee. £75.  
 Mary Palin, Strand St. Girls' School, Grimsby. £75.  
 Louisa Peart  
 Maude Pell, Sandal Magna Infants', Wakefield. £75.  
 Marion Percy, Plumstead Road School, London. £90.  
 Dorothea Playl, London County Council. £90.  
 Annie Reddish, St. Clements', Notting Hill, Church. £90.  
 Magdalen Ross, St. Clements', Notting Hill Infants'. £90.  
 Annie M. Royce, London County Council. £90.  
 May Shapley, Usworth Colliery Council Inf. School. £80.  
 Alice Smith, London County Council. £90.  
 Frances Thomas, Shooters Hill, London Co. Council. £90.  
 Florence R. Tue, Worsbro Dale Provided Girls. £75.  
 Edith Wand, Riby Grove C. E. School, Nr. Grimsby. £75.  
 Gertrude Watson, London County Council. £90.  
 Lilian Westland, Parish Church Girls' Sch., Rotherham. £75  
 Margaret A. Wickham, Kingsley St. Girls', Lincoln. £70.  
 Margaret Wilson, Denham Church School, Suffolk. £80.  
 Daisy Wyatt, London County Council. £90.  
 Alice Yeomans, St. Botolph's Girls' School, Lincoln. £70.

## OFFICERS FOR THE YEAR:—

CHAPEL WARDENS.—Amelia Gillett, Hilda Willett. \*First Year  
 not yet chosen.

MUSIC.—Dorothy Field, Ethel Read.

COLLEGE MAGAZINE CLUB.—I. Librarians—Phyllis Paget, Clara Poole (Second Year)

Lucy Parry, Lilian Fountain (First Year)

2. Collectors—Edith Aliband (Second Year)

Florence Watson (First Year)

COLLEGE LIBRARIANS.—Reference Library (Lecture Hall), Miss Bedford. Fiction Library (Common Room), Miss Vaughan.

SUB-LIBRARIANS.—Reference Library, Elsie Clifton, Nancy Flowers. Fiction Library, Jane Stewart, Katie Hebblewhite.

CHAPEL BRASSES.—Rose Wilson, Jessie Pritchett, Winifred Marden.

DINING HALL—SUPERINTENDENT	Rose Wilson, Helena Little
LECTURE HALL	„ Annie Bailey, E. Shoubridge
COMMON ROOM	„ Alice Payne
FIRST YEAR CLASS ROOM	„ Jessie Maguire
SMALL CLASS ROOM	„ Elsie Roberts
ART ROOM	„ Gertrude Spencer
SCIENCE ROOM	„ Maude Jackson
APPARATUS	„ Beatrice Marshall, E. Stokes
STATIONERY	„ Vera Cross

PREFECTS.—

Lower King—Lilian Clifton, Katherine Searby, Hilda Willett, Rose Wilson

Upper King—Laura King, Annie Bailey, Ethel Read, Winifred Marden.

Lower Wickham—Kathleen Hewitt, Kate Sanders.

Upper Wickham—Amanda Newey, Nora Seward.

Nelson House—

Lower Eight—Dorothy Field, Annie Whitham.

Upper Eight—Hannah Burton, Winifred Westland.

Lower Five—Nancy Flowers.

Upper Five—Edith Whitehead.

Nine Room—Vera Cross, Ada Evans.

Two Room—Jane Stewart.

HEADS OF TABLES.—

No. 1.—Rose Wilson and Helena Little.

No. 2.—Lilian Clifton and Laura King.

No. 3.—Phyllis Paget and Hilda Willett.

No. 4.—Jessie Pritchett and Jane Kitchen.

No. 5.—Mary Cox and Jane Stewart.

No. 6.—Annie Bailey and Hannah Burton.

No. 7.—Alice Payne and Nora Seward.

No. 8.—Vera Cross and Kate Searby.

## LIST OF STUDENTS ADMITTED SEPTEMBER, 1907.

Name of Student.	School in which a Pupil Teacher or Assistant.	Position on the Preliminary Certificate Examination.
Mary E. Atkin	.. S. Andrew's School, Lincoln .. ..	Pass
Mabel M. Baker	.. Burton-on-the-Wolds, Loughboro' .. ..	Oxf. Sen. Loc.
Beatrice Bambridge	S. Augustine's Sch., Wisbech .. ..	Dist. in Science
Jennie Beevers	.. Rangemoor C. E. School .. ..	Pass
Nellie Beevers	.. Rangemoor C. E. School .. ..	Pass
Gladys K. Blake	.. Adys Rd. School, E. Dulwich .. ..	Pass
a Jessie C. Brooks	.. Monks Rd. Council Sch., Lincoln .. ..	Pass
Maud A. Broome	.. Ordsall Junior School, Salford .. ..	Pass
Mary A. Clarke	.. Heeley Bank Girls' School .. ..	Dist. in English
Eveline E. Codd	.. Welholme Jun. Girls' School .. ..	Dist. in History
Dora M. E. Davison	Scunthorpe National Schools .. ..	Pass
b Florence E. Dickens	Buckingham St. Jun. Sch., Hull .. ..	Pass in 1905
Ivy M. Ellis	.. Edward St. Sen. Girls' School .. ..	Pass
Ruth Flowers ..	.. Not a Pupil Teacher .. ..	Cam. Sen. Loc.
c E. L. Fountain	.. Rushden Nat. Mixed School .. ..	Pass in 1905
Edith W. French	.. Vicarage St. High. G., Nuneaton .. ..	Pass
Melita M. Godfrey	.. Pilling Nat. School, Garstang .. ..	Dist. His. & Geo.
Helen V. Grosvenor	Girls' Council School, Southam .. ..	Pass
Margaret Heath	.. S. Faith's Schools, Lincoln .. ..	Dis. Eng. French & Hist.
Harriett Hollywood	Nettleham National School .. ..	Pass
Eva B. Hudson	.. Huntingdon St., Nottingham .. ..	Pass
Alice Iddon ..	.. Middleforth C. E. Sch., Preston .. ..	Pass in 1906
d Rosa C. Jackson	.. Copley Council Sch., Halifax .. ..	Pass
May E. James	.. Holy Trinity Sch., Gainsborough .. ..	Dist. in English
Clara Jordan	.. All Saints Inf. School, Sheffield .. ..	Pass
Daisy Eliz. Kingan	Miss Cookson's Sch., Lincoln .. ..	Dist. in History
Henrietta Kirby	.. Nat. Sch., N. Crawley, Pagnall .. ..	Pass in 1906
Edith Milner	.. Beeford C. E. School, Driffield .. ..	Pass
Edith M. Mobley	.. Huntsmans Gardens C. Sch., Sheffield .. ..	Pass
Florence Neaverson	Girls' Council Sch., Long Sutton .. ..	Dist. in English
e Elsie Norris ..	.. Charter House Lane Infants, Hull .. ..	Pass
Maria Ogden ..	.. Church School, Digby .. ..	Pass
f Kate Ogle ..	.. Holy Trin. Girls' Sch., Gainsboro' .. ..	Pass
Margaret Parks	.. Girls' Upper School, Grantham .. ..	Pass
Lucy E. Parry	.. S. Paul's Sch., Birmingham .. ..	Dist. in History
g Lottie Reddish	.. S. Ann's School, Grantham .. ..	Dist. in Math.
Gladys L. Reville	.. Nettleham School, Lincoln .. ..	Pass
h Winifred G. Searby	Nunhead Inf. School, Peckham .. ..	Dist. in English
Dorothy Staniforth	Hillsbro Council Inf., Sheffield .. ..	Pass
i Amy H. Stimson	.. Mixed Sch., Marholm, Peterboro' .. ..	Dist. in History
Dorothy E. Taylor	Oakes Council Sch., Huddersfield .. ..	Pass
Annie Village	.. Carlisle St. School, Sheffield .. ..	Dist. in History & Geog.
Ellen M. Wales	.. Parish Church Inf., Gainsboro' .. ..	Pass
Alice Walkden	.. Todmorden & Batley School .. ..	Pass in 1905
Ada F. Watson	.. S. & New Benwell Sch., Newcastle .. ..	Pass in 1906
j Lucy M. Watson	.. Not a Pupil Teacher .. ..	Dist. in English
Lottie M. Wilkinson	Brownlow Inf. Sch., Grantham .. ..	Pass
Emma H. Winkup	S. Paul's Sch., Kersal, Manchester .. ..	Pass
k Alice Wood ..	.. Crookes End. Inf. Sch., Sheffield .. ..	Pass
l Dora C. Wright	.. Girls' National School, Grimsby .. ..	Pass
Jessie Wright	.. Kitching's School, Bardney .. ..	Pass

Name of Student.	School in which a Pupil Teacher or Assistant.	Position on the Preliminary Certificate Examination.
<b>DAY STUDENTS.</b>		
Emily Baldock	.. S. Peter-at-Gowts Sch., Lincoln	.. Dist. in Geog.
Ethel Bellamy	.. S. Nicholas' Girls' Sch., Lincoln	.. Camb. Sen. Loc.
Laura D. Clifton	.. Not a Pupil Teacher .. ..	.. Matric. June 1907
Bertha Freshney	.. S. Faith's Girls' Schools, Lincoln	.. Pass
Ivy V. A. Kirk	.. S. Nicholas' Sch., Lincoln ..	.. Dist. in History & French
Winifred Moss	.. S. Peter's-in-Eastgate Girls, Lincoln	.. Matric. 1907
Grace Neale ..	.. S. Swithin's Inf. School, Lincoln ..	.. Pass
Mabel Newton	.. Nettleham School, Lincoln .. ..	.. Pass
<b>ONE YEAR CERTIFICATED STUDENT.</b>		
Ethel H. Mackman	National Inf. School, Spalding ..	.. —
	<i>a f l</i> Daughters of Old Students.	
	<i>b c d e g h i j k</i> Sisters of Old Students.	