

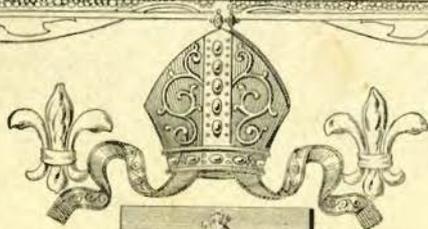
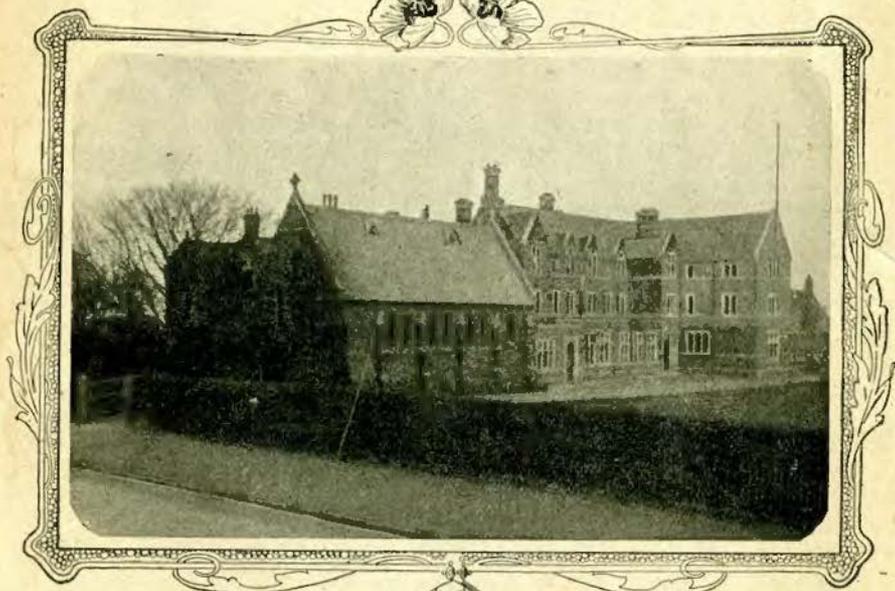
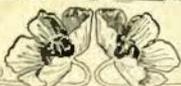


# LINCOLN



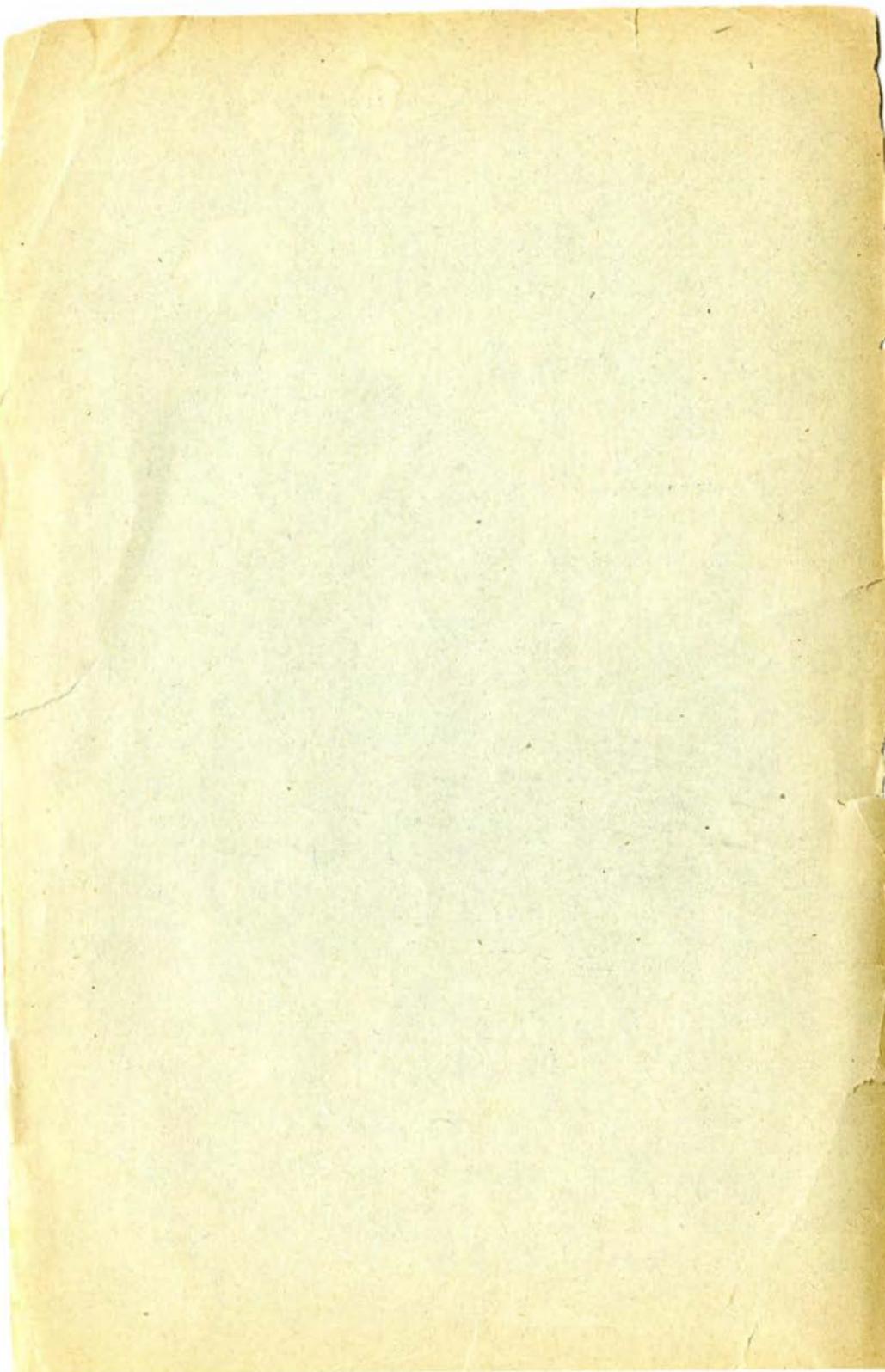
## Diocesan Training College

# MAGAZINE



April,

1909.



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.

## ASSOCIATION CORRESPONDENTS.

*College.*

<i>Years.</i>	<i>Name of Correspondent.</i>	<i>Address.</i>
1864-1896	Miss Elwell ..	Training College, Lincoln.
1897	*Miss E. Ayres ..	17 Milman Road, Lincoln.
1898	Miss W. M. Brown ..	"Opawa," Monks Road, Lincoln.
1899	*Miss Ada Brown ..	52 Burton Hill, Melton Mowbray.
1900	Miss Alice Mackintosh	"Whynscar," Yarborough Road, Lincoln.
1901	Miss Jessie Drake ..	16 Lower Grove Road, West Park, Chesterfield.
1902	Miss Edith Barker ..	Pupil Teachers' Centre, Gains- borough.
{ 1903	Miss Ada Doodson ..	15 Charles Street, Bolton Road, Pendleton, Manchester.
{ 1903	Miss Elsie Botterill ..	School House, Wilnecote, Tam- worth.
{ 1904	Miss Mary Hoole ..	3 Horace Street, Boston.
{ 1904	Miss Edith Sheckell ..	4 Abbey Walk, 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	25 Sibthorp Street, Lincoln.
{ 1906	Miss Edith Jordan ..	17 Alcester Road, Moseley, Birmingham.
{ 1907	Miss Margaret Wickham	The Deanery, Lincoln.
{ 1907	Miss Margaret Wilson	Schoolhouse, Denham, Bury St. Edmunds, Norfolk.
{ 1908	Miss Annie Bailey ..	20 Kemp Street, Fleetwood.
{ 1908	*Miss Winifred Marden	8 Jubilee Road, Summerhill, St. George's, Bristol.

\* Note change of Address.

## PRINCIPAL'S LETTER.

*April, 1909.*

DEAR PAST AND PRESENT STUDENTS,

In again writing to you, one has to bear in mind that the main purpose of my letter as well as of the Magazine itself, is to make you who have left College feel that we are in full sympathy with you in all the ups and downs of your life, and to make you who are in College now, realise that you are ever in touch with the great work that is being daily and hourly carried on in all the great and small centres of education in this land and in other far distant and far wider lands; and if I seem to be always speaking of changes in the work, it is possibly because changes are a necessary accompaniment of progress and advance. This year, for the first time, the Religious Knowledge Examination will be for Second Year Students only, for although First Year Students will be allowed to offer one,

or at most two of their subjects for examination, yet these are only part of a Second Year Syllabus, and no results will be issued until the end of the Second Year. But another great and far-reaching change is beginning to make itself felt—the endeavour to get rid of Pupil Teachers altogether, and to supply their places with candidates educated in Secondary Schools. The majority of these are and will be entirely without any experience in the management of classes in Elementary Schools, and seek admission into Training Colleges without any real knowledge of practical teaching. A certain number will, as Student Teachers, have one year's experience. The results are two-fold; some, and possibly a good many, will discover for the first time, after admission, that they have neither any capacity for teaching nor any real love for it, or any real sympathy with children, and the endeavour to make them into teachers is the most unsatisfactory and disappointing task of the staff of any Training College. The other result is that even in the case of those who come to the front and soon shew themselves to be capable, bright, and sympathetic teachers, yet they will find themselves at the end of their training unable to obtain posts, simply because Local Education Authorities reject the application of all who have not had practical experience in teaching before being admitted into college, and refuse to consider a two years' college training as any substitute for it.

One gladly recognises that the Board of Education are becoming aware that if they expect children to be properly trained and taught, they must give them teachers who have themselves been properly trained and taught, and that the sooner they free the schools from untrained and uncertificated teachers, the better for the education of the children of England; but they seem scarcely to realise that this means making greater grants from the Treasury, for education, instead of increasing the already intolerable burdens upon the local ratepayers. However, there are distinct signs of advance, and so we may look forward to the time when the trained teacher will be felt to be an absolute necessity for every properly conducted class, and all makeshifts will pass away.

With all my best wishes for you who are already engaged in the grand work of education in our schools and you who are now preparing to enter upon that work,

Believe me to be,

Yours very sincerely,

A. W. ROWE.

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PAST STUDENTS' ADDRESSES, 1905-7.

*Name.*

*Address.*

Sarah Ainley, 21 Wadbrough Road, Sheffield.

Margaret Antcliffe, 136 Crookesmoor Road, Sheffield.

Edith Atkin, 48 Sea View Street, Cleethorpes.

Katherine Bice, 13 Freestone Street, New Cleethorpes.

- | <i>Name.</i>                 | <i>Address.</i>   |
|------------------------------|---|
| Mary Caine,                  | 284 Pitsmoor Road, Sheffield.                                 |
| Muriel Carr,                 | c/o Mrs. McLaren, 9 Percy Street, Rotherham.                  |
| Emily Clayton,               | "Epworth," 39 Elmwood Road, Herne Hill,<br>London, S.E.       |
| Mary Cook,                   | c/o Mrs. Green, Bagthorpe, Jacksdale, Notts.                  |
| Janet Cooper,                | Seabridge, Newcastle-under-Lyne, Staffs.                      |
| Maud Cotton,                 | Bridge House, Pollard Lane, Bramley, Leeds.                   |
| Mary Coxon,                  | 14 Burton Road, Lincoln.                                      |
| Frances Crompton,            | 201 Victoria Avenue, Hull.                                    |
| Blanche Davey,               | Lapworth, Hockley Heath, near Birmingham.                     |
| Florence Dixon,              | "Grasmere," Meadow Court Road, Blackheath,<br>London, S.E.    |
| Beatrice Dobson,             | Hubert's Villas, Thorne, near Doncaster.                      |
| Mary Dodgson,                | 8 Boyce Street, Uppertorpe, Sheffield.                        |
| Elizabeth Doodson,           | 15 Charles Street, Bolton Road, Pendleton,<br>Manchester.     |
| Mildred Ellisson,            | School House, Hollington, Stoke-on-Trent.                     |
| Edith French,                | 118 Sandsfield Lane, Gainsborough.                            |
| Agnes Garratt,               | 65 Cornish Street, Sheffield.                                 |
| Marion Golby,                | Swanswell Terrace, Coventry.                                  |
| Mildred Gosling,             | 53 Brook Street, Selby.                                       |
| Bessie Hague,                | 130 Nottingham Road, Ilkeston.                                |
| Ethel Henry,                 | 112 Healey Wood Road, Burnley.                                |
| Ada Hinton,                  | 499 Wandsworth Road, Clapham.                                 |
| Elsie Hollom,                | 72 South Street, Greenwich, London, S.E.                      |
| May Hopper,                  | 30 Victoria Avenue, Whitley Bay, R.S.O., North-<br>umberland. |
| Edith Hurry,                 | St. Peter's Orphanage, Broadstairs.                           |
| Metta Jabet,                 | Stratford Road, Shirley, near Birmingham.                     |
| Mary Jackson,                | c/o Mrs. Leak, Newport, Brough, R.S.O. E. Yorks.              |
| Nora Kimbell,                | The Lodge, Barwick Street, Birmingham.                        |
| Florence Milner,             | Hardwick Road, Sherwood, Nottingham.                          |
| Marie Moore,                 | 118 Howson Road, Brockley, London, S.E.                       |
| Clara Mountford,             | 388 Handsworth Hill, Darnall, Sheffield.                      |
| Wilhelmina Nunu,             | 91 Camp Street, Lower Broughton, Manchester.                  |
| Mary Palin,                  | 96 Patrick Street, Grimsby.                                   |
| Louisa Peart,                | Bigby, Lincoln.   |
| Maude Pell,                  | Brice Hill House, Calder Grove, Wakefield.                    |
| Marion Percy,                | 262 Plumstead Common Road, Woolwich.                          |
| Dorothea Playl,              | 24 Crescent Grove, Clapham Common, S.W.                       |
| Mrs. Leeson (Annie Reddish), | School House, Corby, Grantham.                                |
| Magdalen Ross,               | 33 Altenburg Avenue, Northfield Lane, West Ealing.            |
| Annie Royce,                 | School House, Kingland, Norwich.                              |
| May Shapley,                 | 33 Rothbury Terrace, Heaton, Newcastle-on-Tyne.               |
| Frances Thomas,              | 2 Ancona Road, Plumstead, London, S.E.                        |
| Florence Tue,                | Worsboro Park, Worsboro, near Barnsley.                       |
| Edith Wand,                  | 22 Lindum Avenue, Lincoln.                                    |

<i>Name.</i>	<i>Address.</i>
Gertrude Watson,	39 Lessar Avenue, Clapham Common, S.W.
Lilian Westland,	c/o Mrs. MacLaren, 9 Percy Street, Rotherham.
Margaret Wilson,	School House, Denham, Bury-St.-Edmunds, Suffolk.
Daisy Wyatt,	51 Crampton Road, Penge, S.E.
Alice Smith,	Argyle House, 25 Harringay Road, S. Tottenham, N.
Margaret Wickham,	The Deanery, Lincoln.
Alice Yeomans,	15 Foster Street, Lincoln.

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### WHITSUNTIDE RE-UNION.

ABOUT three hundred invitations are being sent out this year, viz. : to the two years who have left most recently, 1907 and 1908 ; to all Association Members living in Lincoln ; the Correspondents of the various years ; all Association Members of years previous to and including 1885 ; of 1904, and, going back again to earlier years, of 1886-92, both inclusive.

We should like again to call attention to the earnest request of the Principal, that any student who does not come within the invited section, but who, for any reason, wishes to be present this year, will write to Miss Elwell, who will at once forward an invitation.

Programmes will be sent to all who accept invitations. It is specially requested that intending visitors will reply in good time—if at all possible—*before May 5th*. Miss Elwell will be glad if replies are not sent during the Easter holidays (April 7th to May 1st). It is also most important that if any one is prevented from coming after having accepted the invitation, the earliest possible notice should be sent.

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### OLD STUDENTS' PAGES.

#### MARRIAGES.

LEESON—REDDISH. On November 4th, 1908, at St. John's Church, Grantham, Fred Leeson to Annie Reddish (Lincoln, 1905-7). School House, Corby, Grantham.

GOODWIN—SHIRLEY. On November 9th, at St. John's Church, Calcutta, by the Rev. Canon Cole, Percy Worthington Goodwin to Louise Shirley (Lincoln, 1903-5). Rilli View, Kalimpong, Bengal, India.

DONE—SHOTTON. On November 28th, at Christchurch, West Bromwich, by the Rev. Cecil L. Way, Edward Done, headmaster of the National School, Erdington, to Emma Louisa Shotton, headmistress of the Infants' Department, National Schools, Knighton, Radnorshire. 138 Church Road, Erdington, Birmingham.

CLARK—STALLIBRASS. On December 26th, at St. Nicholas' Church, Lincoln, by the Rev. Sub-dean Leeke, Alfred Charles Clark to Gertrude Stallibrass (Lincoln, 1898-9). 34 Burns Street, Northampton.

## BIRTHS.

On January 10th, 1909, at 51 Shireoaks, Worksop, to Daniel Edward and Minnie Russon (Minnie Rimmington), a son, Gerald.

On January 30th, 1909, to Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Burnicle (Gertrude Judd, 1901-2), 8 The Knoll, Sunderland, a son, James Alfred.

\* \* \*

## DEATH.

On October 30th, 1908, at 26 Vicarage Road, Hollinwood, William Edwards, husband of Elizabeth Edwards (née Lowndes).

\* \* \*

## PRESENTATIONS.

Mr. and Mrs. Hutchinson, headmaster and mistress of Skipwith National Schools, were presented on their retirement, last September, with a handsomely carved oak bureau and oak chair, in recognition of fourteen years' faithful service in the school and for the Church. The Vicar, in making the presentation, spoke of the great respect and affection in which Mr. and Mrs. Hutchinson were held by every one in the parish, especially by the children themselves. He spoke of Mr. Hutchinson's exceptional culture and refinement and of his great musical abilities, and of the high moral and religious tone which the school had maintained under Mr. and Mrs. Hutchinson.

Miss Emma Shotton, before leaving Knighton, after fifteen years as head-mistress, was presented with a handsome silver tea-service by the managers, teachers, and past and present scholars.

\* \* \*

Miss Violet Searby has passed the Higher Fröbel Examination.

\* \* \*

## RE-APPOINTMENTS.

Miss Helen Simons, National School, Sutton Bridge. Head.

Miss Violet Searby, Training College, Lincoln. Assistant Governess.

Miss Annie Royce, National School, Kingland, Norwich. Head.

Miss Kate Webb, Margate Educational Authority. Head.

\* \* \*

Miss Grace Harlock is home from South Africa, on furlough, and paid a visit to the College, in February. She returns to her work at St. Matthew's, Keiskama Hoek, in the spring.

Mrs. Vaughan, with her little son, is also in England for a short visit.

*Letter from Mrs. Hopf (Marianne Thomson).*

ELSBURG,

February 7th, 1909.

My dear Miss Elwell,

I send you with this a short description of our life as it has looked lately. It is Sunday afternoon and it is still raining fast; it can never manage to clear up, it seems, although at times it apparently is making a decided effort.

We, and all those who suffered through the flood, are trying to get the Company to make us some compensation, and I think they will do so.

We are claiming about £80, but the two gentlemen who had their gardens swept away are claiming each several thousands of pounds.

My husband says I have missed one thing out, I did not say how, when we were so roughly roused, his first impulse led him to make for his gun. It seems absurd to think of trying to shoot the river, does not it?

Mr. Brown, of Boksburg, a short time ago proved himself to be more than a match for the combined elements of the Town Council, and persuaded them to hand over to his keeping the sum of £4000. Having done this, he next cast longing eyes on our proud mansion, "Thalsicht," in Elsburg, and having thought the matter out and arrived at the conclusion that the house would provide employment for the girls, and that the garden would do its full share towards employing the boys and would also feed the little Browns, both girls and boys, this same Mr. Brown of Boksburg, handed over his spoil to the Klippoortze Co., and bought the house and grounds outright.

Hence our exit from "Thalsicht." Elsburg is a very quiet, green, old (for the Transvaal) little Dutch place, a hot-bed of the Taal, and houses are few and far between, consequently our next domicile was as much smaller than the average we would have preferred, as our former one was larger. Moreover, we were obliged, in order to get the house at all, to take it on a year's lease.

In this house was no pantry, and the front door opened straight into the front-room, and I was always making Mr. Hopf wish he had not taken it, and at last, he, having found a nicer abode, went over to our landlord, a shrewd Hollandische lawyer, also living at Boksburg, and asked him if he would let us off our lease if we paid three months' rent down.

Our offer met with a blunt refusal; no, we must stay there as he could not trust 'anybody' in his property, must have a tenant who would look after it, etc.

Now we were very vexed, especially since the rain was coming down unceasingly day after day, and everything was uncomfortable inside [and out, out even more than in, because we were planted in the lower part of the town and all around was wet grass and slush.

We did not guess how soon release was to come. That night, as every night for long before it had done, it rained. At that time we were not getting showers, or thunderstorms, or any change at all, it rained, simply rained all round. We were pretty well used to it, so went to sleep easily and quietly, and I believe we all slept long and well, at least I did, until we were very rudely awaked by—I did not know what—my first thought was Chinamen and murders and all kinds of noisy endings, until out of the noisy unintelligibleness I caught the words, "the river is on us."

There was an awful noise, and I hardly could remember where to find my clothes, but eventually I found my warmest ones, (I do not like to be cold in a flood), and having slipped our mackintoshes and coats on top of whatever we had managed to scramble into—by the way, the others had managed to get very little on except their top-clothes)—we were carried out and landed on somebody else's doorstep.

Inside the house we had to drink brandy, coffee, etc., and then the water went down and we found we might just as well have stayed in bed, it would all have gone down just the same, and it was so early, only half-past five o'clock.

The river was a good distance from our house and was always just like most South African rivers, a river bed with the tiniest of little streams winding round the stones and sand-heaps, going from one side to the other of the bed and back again, making no pretence of making for the sea, but just gathering together in little pools at intervals and waiting there till it got some more or till the sun sucked it up.

The flood was caused by the bursting of a dam just above the town which had been built by the Robinson group to provide water for the mines.

Poor Mr. Brown is now very sick, his garden and orchard, engine-house with electric plant are all gone, and his lovely grounds make a sandy play-ground for the little Browns.

Not a trace of the nice private park, which was the favourite walk of Elsburgers, remains; it is all gone, and the whole place is a river-bed.

Our Hollander landlord is also sick and his house is empty. We are in our third residence since October last, and are just getting nicely at home again.

I wonder if any of you have ever seen a water-spout!

We had one just over our heads the other day, only not its rainy end.

I watched it form and go, and wish I could send you a photograph of it. The sky was covered with clouds, hundreds of them, and out of one of the black ones the awful spout started. At the beginning it was fairly wide, and it extended in a slightly narrowing pipe for about three miles through the sky from west to east, slightly falling and slightly curving like a snake.

We did not know what it could be, not knowing water-spouts at all. Our Kaffir boy said it was "the Lord shewing us the stick with which he was going to thrash us."

It gradually broke not far from the narrow eud and then the water came out, luckily not over Elsburg, but nearer Germiston. Half-an-hour afterwards the road behind this house, our third, was converted into a rolling torrent, the water coming down this way from the spout, but that was all we got from it, unless the thunderstorm which followed it was caused by it.

It still rains, only we've had a little bit of an interval since the spout, but we are still living and hoping we shall not all be "drowned."

Elsburg is a very wet place!

MARIANNE HOPF.

RILLI,

KALIMPONG, BENGAL.

My dear Miss Elwell,

The advice of the wise old bear, Baloo, is insisting in my brain:—

"But the jungle is large, and the Cub he is small,  
*Let him think and be still.*"

But instead of the wisdom of the dear old Teacher of Jungle Law, I have only the folly of a bride, so I must needs set out and try to speak of things unspeakable!

I have often thought of how Dame Convention would have held up her foolish old hands in horror, if she could have watched events on November 9th. There was a bride on her wedding-morn, *not* wrapped in cotton-wool and hidden from all eyes till the marriage hour, but tramping round a noisy bazaar chosing her wreath blossoms with the aid of the *bridegroom!* If anyone is horrified, I still protest that it was infinitely wiser than hours of silence in which to realise how far one was from one's ain folk!

After the wedding there was a frantic dash out of veil and gown into travelling clothes, then a noisy gari drive to the station for the Darjeeling train. After all this, can't you see how sweet it was to move out into the quiet of the jungle? The sun was just setting, and there was the most wonderful glow touching all to gold. Then came the hour of the Jungle!

"Now Chil the Kite brings home the night that Mang the Bat sets free,  
The herds are shut in byre and hut, for loosed till dawn are we;  
This is the hour of pride and power, talon and tusk and claw;  
Oh! hear the call! good hunting all, that keep the Jungle Law."

Kites hovered high in the air, or swooped down with their still swiftness, jackals howled rudely at our intrusion, graceful white paddy birds, like miniature storks, stood contemptuously unmoved at the approach of our train. The young bamboos gave their peculiar night creakings and whisperings, and birds, trees, and animals all made us feel deprecatingly that the night was theirs.

"While down the skies the wild duck cries,  
 'The Day—the Day to Man'!"  
 "Feet in the jungle that leave no mark!  
 Eyes that can see in the dark, the dark!  
 Tongue—give tongue to it! Hark! O hark!"

If one *could* give tongue to it! When occasionally our train stopped, the telling silences of the jungle around made one feel that though we could neither see nor hear them, there were creatures all around us, with whom—wish as we might—we could never be acquainted.

At Saraghat, we crossed the revered Ganges, and the noise of the transfer from train to boat, and again, half an hour or so later, from the boat to another train seemed strangely out of place. The dazzling search-lights over the scarcely moving waters, the shrieks of engines, the scores of hurrying coolies with our trunks on their shoulders, all made the strangest contrast to the previous hours of flight through silence. And in so short a time all the noise and life was left behind again, and we were speeding away into more and more lonely country.

Next morning at six, we awoke to find the porters shouting warning of a near change, and what an awakening!

Over ninety miles away, but looking quite near in the beautiful clear morning, were Kinchenjunga and his companion peaks, all dazzlingly white with their eternal snows! White to us at first, but while I gazed and tried to realize that this was the first lifting of mine eyes unto the hills, I saw that some marvellous thing was happening. It was the daily miracle of dawn. The snows turned rapidly from dazzling white, first to pale and then to deeper shades of rose, as the sunrise was reflected on them. If I see the snow perpetually to the end of my life, I shall still never, *never* forget that morning vision!

Soon after that we left the train at Silijuri, and perhaps felt a little more amused than was respectful when we saw the train that was to take us up to Darjeeling—only thirty miles away, but 7,000 feet high! It looked such an odd little thing with its two-foot gauge. But our amusement grew to a vast respect as the little engine tugged us up and up, now spirally, now reversing and zig-zagging, through the most marvellous forest. Sometimes we were in dense forest, our road behind us stretching avenue fashion, and suggesting the aisle of a vast natural cathedral. Then we would emerge into more open space, and see below us the lines we had ascended by,—sometimes four deep, and far, far down, the plains with the rivers shining like twisting silver threads. Sometimes one couldn't repress a shudder at realising that we were travelling on a very narrow road, with a sheer wall on one hand, and on the other a fearful slope right down into the plains. Often the little engine stopped at roadside tanks for refreshment, and then we had delightful little strolls into the forest, coming back with handfuls of flowers, ferns, and mosses.

We finally arrived at Darjeeling at noon, and much as we'd enjoyed the Himalayan Railway, we had found two days of train rather too much.

After a short stay in Darjeeling we left at *three* one morning, travelling by Tiger Hill to see dawn on Everest! Even in three coats and good rugs, one felt cold at first, and I frequently left my dandy and walked for warmth. But by the time we had reached Tiger Hill (8,000 feet), we were in a delightful "glow," and what a reward for our early rising! The white frost on the hill all round us, the clear cold air, the peculiar silence of a great height, and far away, Everest shining in her snows—all went to make an atmosphere unspeakable! I remember someone saying of a certain hill in Scotland that it made him realise why, of old, people chose mountains for prayer and worship, and up there in the early morning on Tiger Hill, I realised it too. It is not from a false idea of *place*—that one comes *nearer* God on the heights—but the atmosphere breathes such holiness that one is impelled to reverence and worship.

After perhaps an hour on Tiger Hill, we went down through three miles of forest too steep for my dandy, or my husband's horse, and then we found ourselves on the beautiful Pashok Road. Constant gasps from me and 'Ohs' and 'Ahs' send the dandy walas rushing right and left to fetch dainty orchids or exquisite mosses. The treasures of the Pashok forest would fill volumes. This journey ended with a fascinating day on the tea estate of Mr. Lister, who has been called "the most hospitable man in Asia." He is full of all the nature "ologies," and has wonderful flower and butterfly collections. Oh! and his *snake* collection was—ahem—*lovely!*

But enjoyable as all these travels were, I was aching to be at *home*, and all next morning, till we set out for Kalimpong, I was spying through field glasses on the cluster of white buildings eleven miles away on a higher hill. Somewhere among those buildings was the new home, and I wanted to be there.

I hear the Editorial "First Bell," and my old respect urges me not to begin talking of the Teesta Valley which we crossed, or the wonderful blue-green waters of the Teesta. Neither must I tell of the welcome awaiting us here, or of our dear little bungalow, with the verandah looking straight down into the Rilli Valley; or of the cherry trees straight before the verandah, on the very edge of the steep, with their loads of dainty pink blossom (like Japanese almond blossom, covering the leafless tree), standing out with the exquisite blue of the valley for background. I mustn't bore you either with talk of the natives, or the queer little kiddies whose chief food is dhal, with its comical effect on their figures!

The Second Bell!

Always yours most affectionately,

LOUIE H. GOODWIN  
(née Shirley).

SERMON PREACHED IN THE NAVE OF LINCOLN  
CATHEDRALBy the VERY REV. E. C. WICKHAM, Dean of Lincoln,  
Fourth Sunday after Epiphany, 1909.*"The Book of Job and the Earthquake at Messina."*

JOB XXIX. 18.

*"Then, I said, I shall die in my nest, and I shall multiply my days  
as the sand."*

THAT may be said to put into few words the subject of the Book of Job, from which our First Lessons are taken to-day. That subject and the great question that it raises, harmonize well with thoughts which have been suggested to us in a very striking and solemn way in these last weeks.

"Then I said, I shall die in my nest, I shall multiply my days as the sand."

Job has been describing in all simplicity his own past life. He had been, beyond the usual measure of men, rich and prosperous, but he claims (and the story represents what he says as true) that he has spent his riches *well*; he has not been lifted up by them or led into wrong. He has "walked through darkness by God's light." He has been "eyes to the blind and feet to the lame." He has loved justice and mercy. "When the ear heard him it blessed him." He had "delivered the poor from oppression and caused the widow's heart to sing for joy." And *then*, when he had *so received* and *used* God's manifest blessings, he had "said," he had *thought*, in his ignorance, that the blessings would follow him, that he was living to please God and should find that he *had* pleased Him. He would "die in his nest," die when his time came, as men wish to die, in the peace of his home, with his children and children's children round him and in a good old age, lengthened beyond the common term. *So he had "said";* but the result had been very different. He had been selected as it seemed, for the mark of all the arrows in the Almighty's store, for every calamity that could befall poor human nature. His wealth had made itself wings. His children had been slain, his home broken up, his body tortured by a painful and loathsome disease. Those to whom he might look for sympathy and comfort, his friends and his wife, turned into tempters or railing accusers.

The story is set before us as raising in an extreme instance the question so painful when it is first faced, so familiar in the religious thought of all ages—the question of the relation of goodness to prosperity, of calamity to sin. Was Job in the wrong, as his friends (representing the judgments of the religious world of the day) so cruelly and persistently assured him? Was there some

hidden wickedness in his life which had been brought to light and punished in this terrible way? Or was God unjust, as his wife would have him think, who bade him curse God and die? Some suggestions are made in the course of the book which are meant to throw light on the difficulty—one striking one in the frame-work of the story. Satan is represented as scoffing at Job's virtue on the very ground of the prosperity which up to that time he had enjoyed: "Doth Job serve God for naught?" If the connection between goodness and worldly happiness were as necessary and direct as the popular judgment assumed, it would go far to justify the scoffer's sneer. Virtue would cease to be virtue if it could not be disinterested. The story of Job is certainly meant to vindicate the reality of goodness by shewing that it can stand the shock of unexpected calamity, of the withdrawal of all its expected rewards.

There is the suggestion again which is the substance of Elihu's utterances, that Job's sufferings were to be looked at, not as punishment but as discipline, with a tender purpose behind them, as God's ordering to refine and perfect character. Both these suggestions are meant to be given their due weight; but when all is said no one thinks that the problem is solved. The lessons of the Book lie chiefly in the setting aside of wrong explanations. The tone which remains in our ear is that of submission, reverence, accepted mystery—"The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away." "Shall mortal man be more just than God?" There is a cry for more light, a looking on to a fuller revelation, a determination to trust till the light comes: "Though He slay me yet will I trust Him." "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

Within the last few weeks there has occurred within the limits of European civilization, in a district familiar to English travellers, on a well-beaten route, among a people bound to us by many ties, one of those ruinous convulsions of nature which sweep away in a few moments hundreds of thousands of lives, and the accumulated results of centuries of human toil.

The first feelings when the dreadful news came were the natural human feelings of horror, of pity, of desire, if it might be, to help in some way the sufferers. But if we watched the expression of public sentiment, we saw that presently there were whispers of more disquieting questions which the catastrophe had suggested. There seemed to come home to men the sense of inexplicable *waste*, the sense of pain that served no end—pain of the survivors, stricken and disabled it may be themselves, stripped of home and kin as well as property—the pain (it was to be feared) of very many of those who were imprisoned under the ruins, dying by inches within ear-shot of one another, but cut off from help and hope. There was the sense of *indiscriminateness* in the visitation, of old and young, good and bad, useful and useless, overwhelmed in a common destruction. What are we to say to it? Those who have written of it in the newspapers have recalled to us the impression made on former

generations by similar catastrophes and especially the feelings placed on record in our own poet Cowper's lines in "The Task," on the earthquake in the same district of Sicily and Calabria in 1783 and in Voltaire's lines on the earthquake of Lisbon thirty years earlier. The tone of the two is characteristically different; but the sense of *mystery* is common to the religious English poet and the sceptical Frenchman, and the same feeling expresses itself to-day. It forces itself upon us—the feeling of awe and yet again the feeling of question—the feeling that God's judgments are abroad, not in the sense that the most guilty have been stricken—that is the doctrine against which the Book of Job lifts such a passionate and prevailing protest. It has been put beyond the bounds of Christian thought by our Blessed Lord's words about those on whom the tower in Siloam fell: what then? (asks Cowper)

Were they the wicked above all,  
And we the righteous whose fast-anchored isle  
Moved not while theirs was rocked like a light skiff  
The sport of every wave?

Who should dream of suggesting that there was sin in Messina that there is not in London?

But are then God's "ways unequal?" or is man's compassion more tender than His who created the heart of pity? or has God a divided sovereignty? Are there forces He cannot control? or (more fearful thought still) is there no Will ruling? Is man face to face with the pitiless processes of a soulless machine? These are old questions. If men do not ask them in words, yet at the sight of such catastrophes there arise in many hearts feelings of amaze, almost of revolt, cries in the dark of "Why?" What can it mean? Where is the clue? Who shall answer fully? To the end we must bow our heads as in the Presence of a power and a wisdom that sees not as we see. Cowper puts the truth in the hymn which we sang just now, in which he makes these problems of God's rule in the physical world a parable of His rule in the world of spirit:

God moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform,  
He plants His footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm.

We must still confess with Job, "Behold God is great and we know Him not." We must still fall back, in a sense, upon his unconditional trust, his shadowed hope. And yet we have ground for trust, we have light on the difficulty which the writer of that ancient Book had not, both from the side of reason and the side of feeling. We have, in a way that he had not, the conception of general law, not as superseding God's Providence, but as part of the method by which God's Providence works. We know that He has set man to face and in a sense to *fight* nature, to fight her by discovering the secrets of her processes and so learning to be her

master. It is a process of pain and involves many disastrous defeats; but history witnesses also to ever greater victories. The pestilences of the Middle Ages which even in our temperate climate slew in a few months half the population of a country, have disappeared as the laws of health have been learnt. The famines of Eastern lands are yielding to systems of irrigation. And so we are learning more about earthquakes than our great-grandfathers knew. If the ruined towns are rebuilt on the same spot it will not be as it was a hundred years ago, with the same structure, of the same material. There are two things more which reason might urge. It may tell us that when we are thinking of the relation of such a calamity to God's Providential government, the impression made upon us by its wide range is in some degree an effect of illusion. All who were slain by the earthquake would have died at some time in the ordinary course of nature, in many cases by a death as painful as that which they actually suffered. The accumulation of so many instances of pain and destruction on a single spot at a single moment *strikes the imagination*, but is not in any equivalent degree an increase of the sum total of human suffering. The questions which arise, grave as they are, from the earthquake which destroyed Messina, arise from every case (as it seems to our short-sighted vision) of undeserved and purposeless pain and disaster,—in every colliery explosion and railway accident—in the tragedies which we are constantly witnessing in single lives—in the stumbling horse or breath of fever, which render a home desolate, or break off a life of high purpose. It is the *existence* of pain and disorder and permitted moral evil within the realm of wisdom and love which is the difficulty, not their distribution or accumulation in particular cases.

Once more it may be said that, terrible as is the price paid for them, we seem to see already some good results, and can therefore imagine some kindly purposes in such a catastrophe. It has called forth deeds of heroism, and they are never wrought in vain. It has furnished the occasion for a display of international goodwill which will not soon be forgotten. It has done much to draw a nation together, rulers and ruled, King and Pope, north and south, still in spite of Constitutional unification, too far apart from one another in conditions and sympathy. It has found and opened in the national character a spring of humane feeling the existence of which some of the wisest and most patriotic Italians were fain to doubt.

But in urging all this we are speaking from the side of cold reason. We are speaking of great calamities as they affect nations and races, human life as a whole. The heart seeks for something more. The Book of Job deals with a universal problem; but it concentrates our thoughts on a single instance, on the agony of a single soul called to drink to the dregs the cup of personal suffering and to wrestle with doubts which penetrate to the depth of its being.

What, when we think of such calamities, such apparent impignments of God's Justice, from the side of feeling, is left for us to say? What help have we which was wanting to the poet and prophet who wrote the drama of Job's suffering? The answer surely is that what to him was a shadowed hope—a cry of the waiting and expectant soul, is to us, if we can receive it, the ground of a sure and certain trust.

The Book of Job sets before us as the stay of a soul in a dark time, in the failing of all earthly props, the thought of God—God as to be trusted whatever comes. He "gave and He took away, Blessed be His name!" Man "could not know Him," but he could obey Him. In that thought and in that alone Job could find peace. He "knew that his Redeemer," one to vindicate him, "lived," and whatever happened to himself, would appear, would "stand on the earth at last."

At the end of the Book we are shewn, as only in those days it could be shewn, that Job's faith was justified, that God *did* "vindicate" him, acknowledge his piety and restore his prosperity. It was a "vindication," a restoration *in this present world*—a restoration of good things that again could last only for the few remaining years of his earthly life. It is a solution which if it come at all leaves the problem where it was. For such a "light at eventide" does not come to all—comes to few—of God's stricken ones. But it is a parable and promise of a larger hope, the fuller revelation.

The New Testament brought to man two fulfilments of Job's hopes, two interpretations of that belief in God which was already his stay in perplexity.

First, it assured them of a *life beyond the grave*. God was "not the God of the dead" for "all lived to and in Him." What we have seen is but a tiny fragment of man's life and of God's loving purpose. There is room to make up for all pain, to knit up again all severed threads. And again, it told them, brought home to them in a way beyond question the truth that *God is Love*. God has not revealed to us secrets of His government which are beyond our experience and our faculties, but He has shewn to us His heart towards us. He has sent His Son to wear our flesh—to suffer the utmost that we suffer—to shew us how to bear suffering and how to say "Not my will but Thine." We are still face to face with nature; its laws are not suspended for our convenience. Fire burns and waters drown and earthquakes ruin. If we rashly tempt them, it may be even if we do not, our mortal lives are at their mercy. But they are also God's instruments—they obey His Hand. "Not a sparrow falls to the ground without Him." And there is a truer sense still in which He is "not in the earthquake," or in the whirlwind, or in the fire, but by our side—in the "still small Voice" in our ears which all this din cannot drown, which speaks to the soul and assures it that "all is well," that all "works together for good" to those who love God and keep His commandments.

"SPECKLES."

A SKETCH.

THERE was nothing in the slightest degree romantic about Speckles, in fact it is not often that one meets so commonplace an individual in a seaport town, where, as a rule, the majority of the inhabitants possess a great interest in the eyes of visitors from inland places. Visitors never looked twice at Speckles, if they chanced to meet him in the narrow High Street, or on the dock. He had fair sandy hair, and light grey eyes, and his little snub nose, as well as the rest of his face, his hands, and his neck, was covered with brown freckles which earned for him his name, "Speckles," and by no other name was he known.

The only person who had the least admiration for him was an aged old crone who called him "Jargey," and continually begged him to give her a few coppers, which he was always weak enough to do, though he knew well enough where she spent them, and had, usually, to fetch her home afterwards. He called her "Granny," but there was no relationship between them, and beyond her, Speckles had no interest in the beings around him.

In one thing, though, he had great interest, and that was the sea. Again and again he had endeavoured to get employment on some ship or fishing smack, but he had long been regarded as "simple" by the sailors, and so could not be trusted on a boat; so he did his daily work, which was to go round with the man driving the dust-cart, and to help him to empty into it the dust from many ash-bins. That occupied his days, but evening after evening he would stroll down to the docks and listen to the rough talk of the seamen, longing with all his heart to be one of them, and to sail away over the seas, out of sight of any land, watching the sun rise and set, and the stars come out overhead, with nothing to break the solitude. Of course Speckles did not tell other people all this, indeed he could hardly have said as much to himself, but he felt it all the more, perhaps, because he had no way of expressing it.

One day, however, a change came, and Speckles was made happy. A trawler was preparing to leave the dock for a fortnight's trip to Iceland, and the captain, a young man making his first trip in that capacity, seemed rather put out. The dock-master came bustling to the edge of the quay, and requested the trawler to "let go," whereupon the captain, familiarly known as "Sunny Jim," replied that he was waiting for one of his hands, and did not wish to sail a man short. At this moment a bass voice from the other side of the dock hailed Sunny Jim, and informed him as "Bill's got hisself run over and 'as gorn to th' orspital." Then, as Sunny Jim looked appealingly at the small group watching his departure, Speckles with beating heart saw his chance and took it. "Say, measter," he cried "Wull ah do? Ah can cle-an oop and scroob real 'ard, and ah'll try like all that for yer."

Some of the crowd laughed at that, and one wit bawled out: "Ay! 'e can cle-an oop reet enough, 'e's toon scevenger, 'e is." For a moment the captain hesitated, then seeing the dock-master prepare to give orders to "Let her go," seeing too perhaps, the pleading look in Speckles' greeny-grey eyes, Sunny Jim cried: "Come aboard, then, we'll see what we can make of you." And amid triumphant shouts from the onlookers, Speckles stepped jauntily on board.

He did not feel quite so cheerful later on, when the boat swayed up and down, backwards and forwards, and he was sent into the hot little cooking-room to boil some cocoa for the men. The sea, that he loved so dearly, was treating him very badly, and for two days he lay in his bunk unable to eat or drink anything, and feeling very disinclined to watch the sunrises and sunsets, that his artistic mind had longed to see. After a time however he recovered and then found his "sea legs," and soon he was busy, doing little odd jobs for everyone. It fell to his lot to come often in the way of the breezy young captain, and soon he found himself making little excuses to go here and there and do this thing or that thing, at certain times, when the captain's duties would lead him past wherever Speckles was diligently rubbing or polishing, always with one eye ready to catch a merry smile from Sunny Jim, and sometimes a complimentary remark on his progress.

The other men chaffed him at first, but he was such a good-tempered little fellow, so ready to do what he was told, and so evidently proud of his new position that they soon grew to like him in their rough fashion.

So a week passed happily for Speckles, and the trawler having taken in a fine haul of fish, turned southwards once more.

The time of year was spring, the month, April, and late on the ninth day a heavy bank of fog blew from the west, and the men began to look anxious. Speckles was sailor enough, by this time, to realize the gravity of their position. He had been watching with interest more than one ice-berg away in the distance, and now, at any moment one might come silently upon the trawler and cut it or batter it into pieces. Sunny Jim alone kept a cheerful face, and Speckles, taking his lead, went about his work, trying to hum a little tune. A close observer might have noticed a stern look in the captain's eyes, and a little pucker on his forehead, which belied the smile on his lips, and the same observer might have seen the extreme care with which Speckles greased and polished one brass rail five times over. Not that Speckles was troubled about his own life; he did not think of that at all, but he did fear for the brave young captain, and he sympathised with his mates who were married men, and had families depending on them.

Closer and closer came the thick grey mist; the engines slowed down, for it was dangerous to go quickly, and equally dangerous to stand still. None of the men went to their bunks that night:

instead, they stayed on deck, straining eyes and ears to catch the first signals of approaching danger. Speckles stationed himself where he could keep watch over the captain who was on the bridge ; and so through the long night the ship forged slowly ahead, and with a sigh of relief Sunny Jim watched the daylight grow stronger. Anxiety however was not yet over, for the mist had not lifted, but was thicker than before, and a careful watch had to be maintained. Speckles felt very cold and miserable, and he turned into the little cupboard, dignified by the name of cook-house, inspired to action by the thought that Sunny Jim, also cold and tired, would feel all the better for something hot to drink. With the fire blazing and the kettle singing merrily the tiny room looked very cosy, though the air was dense with mist. Speckles felt much more like himself as he mixed the cocoa and poured the boiling water on to it. Cup in hand he made his way to the bridge where Sunny Jim, tired and worried after his night of anxiety, greeted Speckles with his cheerful voice as he took the cocoa and asked him how he enjoyed the fog. Scarcely had he raised the cup to his lips, when shouts came from the look-out at the bow, and Speckles saw a sudden look of horror flash into the captain's face. Turning round he, too, beheld what was causing the disturbance. Dimly, very dimly, a huge shapeless mass loomed through the mist on the windward side of the boat, and appeared to be bearing down upon it. A turn of the wheel sufficed to alter the trawler's course, and for a moment all thought the danger was averted, as the boat passed the iceberg, without coming into contact with it. Alas ! even as the captain drew a breath of relief, a sudden tremble ran through the boat, there was a grinding and a jarring sound, and then the throbbing of the engines ceased. Instantly all was commotion. The chief engineer hurried on to the bridge, pushing Speckles aside with such force that he slipped and fell off the steps, knocking his head so violently that for a few minutes he was quite stunned.

Gradually Speckles regained consciousness, and looking about him was surprised to see the decks empty, and the small boat, which hung on the davits, no longer there. Struggling to his feet, he was startled by the sound of voices, among them the captain's, calling his name.

"Speckles, Speckles," and then, "Only room for one, come on, sir," and a chorus of "Jump now, sir, jump!" Evidently the crew were leaving the trawler, and the captain only was still on the deck. Speckles was about to answer the captain's call when another thought flashed into his mind. "Only room for one!" Then there could not be room for him and Sunny Jim too ; and scarcely had he realized this before the call came again, "Speckles," and then "Surely he has not slipped overboard ; I will look round the cabins for him." A voice, Speckles knew it to be that of the first mate, then said : "Beg pardon, sir, but she ain't safe, not for five minutes more," and again the captain replied, "I will not be

more than two," and silence succeeded. Instantly Speckles had made up his mind. "Only room for one." Of course Sunny Jim must be that one, and he, Speckles, must not be found on the ship. The mouth of the hold was quite close; inside were all the fish, cold, slimy, damp, yet swiftly and silently Speckles raised the hatch, took one breath and dropped on to the fish and ice below.

Only just in time, for as he cautiously raised his head and looked at the little square of light above him, the captain's face peered down into the darkness, and Speckles heard him mutter, "The poor chap must have gone overboard, kind-hearted little fellow he was too." And Sunny Jim strode away across the deck, Speckles heard his footsteps with thankfulness, and sprang into the little boat.

Speckles heard the splash of the oars for a moment and then all was silent. He laid his head, still sore from his fall, upon the wet fish, and waited.

A. E. PAYNE.

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#### A HOLIDAY IN KASHMERE.

It would be difficult for us, who live in the plains of India, to get through May if it were not for the thought of the coming blissful six weeks of holiday. When the thermometer is any where over  $110^{\circ}$  in the shade, and the scorching hot wind blows all day and most of the night, the only really cheering thing to do is to get out guide books and maps and plan out every day of the six weeks to the best advantage. So, with a sigh of relief, my friend and I left Cawnpore the last week in May. Again, it is only the thought of the joys to come that support one through the two days' railway journey. The heat of the carriages is tremendous, and, when the train stops at a station, it seems almost impossible to exist until it goes on again. We left Cawnpore at four o'clock in the afternoon, and, by the time we got to Delhi at two in the morning, we were reduced to getting up by turns and sponging each other's faces. Considering the extreme griminess of train water, I do not know exactly why we found it consoling. At last we reached Rawal Pindi, which is the limit that one can go by train on the way to Kashmere. Here we picked up two Delhi friends who were to make up our party, and the real start was made. We had a drive of a hundred miles before us, and were a party of six—four ladies and two servants. The servants and luggage were stowed away in two ekkas. This is a kind of cart peculiar to India and quite indescribable. We ourselves packed into two Bareilly carts which are low dogcarts with hoods and side curtains as a protection from the sun. The first day's drive was only a short one, but at the first halt we were rejoicing in pine woods and cool breezes. Every night we stayed in a Dak Bungalow, which is a kind of inn, built by Government along all the principal routes in India. Here you can get a bedroom—or part of one if they are full—and meals

at a fixed rate which increases if you stay over twenty-four hours. Early hours were the order of the day, and we tried to start every morning by six o'clock, so as to get a rest in the middle of the day. It was a wonderful drive, lasting for five days—through mountain passes, on roads hewn out of the sides of the rocks. Above us were sheer rocks, and below, the Jhelum tearing along, one mass of foam—dashing over fallen rocks and carrying all before it. The great Himalayan range, seen on the first day as a distant stretch of snow peaks, came nearer and nearer. Flowers were everywhere—wonderful maidenhair fern covered the rocks in most places, and jessamine, scarlet pomegranate flower, wild roses, and hosts of other flowers grew in profusion. Huge butterflies of gorgeous hues—only seen before in natural history books, flew about, for it was spring-time and everything was coming out in its first beauty. There we really heard cuckoos and larks which made us rather homesick, but otherwise were a joy. I had set my whole affections on seeing a bear—for all the Jhelum valley is a great bear-hunting ground in the spring—but we never did. The nearest approach to it was seeing one being skinned outside a hunter's tent. In the last day's drive the valley broadened out and we drove through fields which were one blaze of wild orchids and buttercups. You can have no idea of the effect that this wealth of flowers had on one, after life in the plains. They grow there certainly in the winter, but only after much trouble. Here they grew as if they couldn't grow big enough, or be perfect enough in colouring. I always thought that I was fond of flowers, but I had no idea what an intense—almost painful joy it would be to see them again in such beauty.

At last we reached Srinagar—the Venice of the East. Two of the party had gone on in advance, and when I arrived we were provided with our next resting-place—a *dunga*. This is a sort of small barge with straw roofs and sides. At the back of the boat the Kashmiri boatman and his family live, and they have to tow or paddle the boat along. The rest of the boat is divided into a sitting-room and a bedroom. It is a tight fit to get in with the furniture, but there is an open space in front where one can lie in the daytime. We had an exciting time buying stores and everything we wanted for camping, and saw very little of the town until the next day when we started to go down it in our boat. There is one central canal, and all the chief houses and the Maharajah's Palace come down to the water as they do in Venice. Off it are numbers of small canals chiefly noted for their extreme dirtiness. But it is a wondrously beautiful city seen in the clear Eastern light, with great masses of snow peaks as a back ground wherever you look. The people too are most picturesque. The women are very tall and active-looking and dress very much like the pictures of Saxon ladies—a long flowing robe of scarlet, or green, or purple, hanging sleeves turned back with a broad white cuff, and a head-dress that

goes up into a peak at the top of their heads. They usually wear massive silver girdles and silver chains round their necks. There is no "purdah" system in Kashmere, and so they can be seen sitting in their latticed windows or washing clothes on the steps leading down to the canals, making brilliant bits of colouring. Coming out of Srinagar we got on to the lakes—stretches of water covered with huge lotus flowers and circled by snow ranges. Though some of them were fifty miles off yet they were reflected in the clear water of the lakes in a most marvellous way.

After three days of boat life we got off so as to start on our five-days' march up to camp in the mountains. Some fourteen or fifteen horses were laden with our tents, provisions, and camp furniture, and, with two riding horses for ourselves, we started off. The first two days were easy walking as the ascent was gradual, through broad valleys just ablaze with flowers. Mulberry, cherry, and walnut trees were in abundance, and you could eat as many as you wished of the two former, though the walnuts of course were not ripe. The river was always dashing along at the side of the path, fed by numberless mountain streams and waterfalls. At the end of the second day's march we had pitched our tents and gone to sleep when it came on to rain. I had turned over comfortably and was thankful that the tents were watertight, when I heard piteous shouts for help. I jumped up and put on the first thing that I could lay hands on, and rushed out in torrents of rain and pitch darkness to find that our two Delhi companions' tent had collapsed and the poor things were struggling to crawl out. I rushed off to try and find our servants' tent, and, wading them with great difficulty, brought them to the rescue. No one was hurt, but everything in their tent was soaked through. We took our friends into our tents and shared our beds with them, for nothing could be done with the fallen tent until the rain had stopped. The next day the tents were too heavy with wet to be carried on, so we had to spend the day as best we could in a verandah over a cow-house, while the servants lit large fires to dry the tents and furniture. Luckily no more rain fell, so we were able to get off the following day. As we got higher we were continually meeting wild-looking Thibetians driving yaks laden with grain. Their faces are almost black with exposure to the cold of the mountains, and they wear a kind of skull cap of rough serge and a loose serge smock, always with a tuck in it. They try to palm off curious tinder boxes and spoons and stones on every one they meet. The marches became more difficult now, as the valley narrowed in and the path became very steep. Riding was a most acrobatic feat, for, one moment one was going up and clinging round the beast's neck to prevent falling off its tail, and the next moment had to cling to its tail to prevent falling over its head, as it picked its way down a precipice. It had been a very late spring and the snow was only just beginning to melt, and our way, two or three times, had to be

cut over avalanches. But this however added to the excitement.

At last we reached Sonamarg where we meant to camp for a fortnight. We pitched our tents near a glacier stream, sheltered by pine woods from the wind. Tent life is most attractive. There is an astonishing amount of room in a tent when once one has got tidied up. Shops of course there were none, but we could get milk and eggs in abundance, and the coarse meal that the natives eat made excellent brown bread when mixed with Paisley flour. For meat we had carefully brought up some chickens, but we got so used to them trotting in and out of our tents that we could not bring ourselves to kill them, but carefully took them down again. To get other meat you have to go to the head man of the village and he sends for a flock of sheep from the hill-side. With as much assurance as you can muster you choose out one, and it is then weighed alive and delivered to the butcher. It then hangs outside your tent until you have finished it. Luckily they are quite small and also very cheap, the one we got only cost 3s. for the whole sheep. The days flew by, as there were endless expeditions to make. The valley we were in was completely surrounded by magnificent snow peaks and glaciers, and the ground was carpeted with forget-me-nots, edelweiss, gentians, lilies, and hundreds of rock flowers. The drawback was the intense cold when it rained. The day came only too soon when we had again to pack up our goods and get on the march. But we thoroughly enjoyed the beauties of the journey down, and after a few days in Srinagar to buy our Christmas presents to send home, we called our carts again and set off for another year's spell of work in the plains. I feel the best way of finishing this meagre description of the beauties of Kashmere is by quoting a translation of an old Hindu, writing on the Himalayas, "These are the regions of Paradise, the seats of the righteous, where the wicked do not arrive even after a thousand births. There is no sorrow, nor weariness, nor anxiety, nor apprehension. In those regions there is no succession of ages, and Time is no more. . . . In a hundred ages of the gods I could not tell thee of the glories of Himachal. As the dew is dried up by the morning sun, so are the sins of mankind by the sight of Himachal."

PHOEBE BURY.

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UNIVERSITY EXTENSION ESSAYS.

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TWO NOVELS BY CHARLOTTE BRONTE.

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I. "JANE EYRE."

"JANE EYRE" the book, like Jane Eyre the woman, is full of charm, character, and power. It is not a book to be taken up, and to be put lightly down again unfinished; there is no turning back here when once the hand is put to the plough; the reader, filled with eager anticipation, is carried along swiftly to the end.

The originality of the book claims attention, the realism holds it, and the intensity rivets it.

When "Jane Eyre" first appeared it produced a great sensation. Plain-faced governesses, it was said, were positively encouraged to forget their lowly station, and were given ideas that, if fostered and acted upon, would uproot the very foundations of social life. Still worse than this was the fact that a woman who professed to be self-respecting actually acknowledged her love to herself and declared it to her lover before he had given the first word! What is more—she was not a whit ashamed of her behaviour! "Janet, by the bye, it was you who made me the offer," says Mr. Rochester. "Of course, I did. But to the point, if you please, sir,"—says unrepentant Jane. Originality such as this always demands and receives attention. Another departure from the beaten track was the fact that the heroine, far from being beautiful, tall and stately, was green-eyed, irregular featured, puny, and insignificant, and instead of trying to conceal these misfortunes, constantly paraded them, and also the fact that she was a paid subordinate. Again, it has been pointed out that the tone of the courtship of Jane and Rochester introduced an entirely new element into the sentimental courtship of the eighteenth century. "You examine me, Miss Eyre, do you find me handsome?" from Mr. Rochester, was met with no polite evasion or half-truth from Jane, but a round, "No, sir!" and when, later on Jane demands that her lover should satisfy her curiosity, he rudely replies, "What have you to ask, thing?—out with it!"

The originality in "Jane Eyre" certainly "created a decided draught in certain stuffy quarters."

The realism in "Jane Eyre" is shewn especially in the character drawing. Every living character is a portrait or a mosaic taken from life. Charlotte Brontë herself must have had something very akin to Jane's personality in her own; she seems to put her very self into her portrayal. Jane, in her plain, frail frame has a strong, beautiful, passionate heart, a clear resourceful mind, a will so determined that it conquers even that of Rochester.

It has been urged against "Jane Eyre" that the morals are bad. The hero, Mr. Rochester, was stopped through pure chance from committing bigamy; it was, in fact, his full and conscious intention to be a bigamist.

The occasion, undoubtedly, was unusual, and Jane herself doubted whether it was "better to drive a fellow-creature to despair than to transgress a mere human law—no man being injured in the breach." But it was here, where a weaker woman would have failed, that Jane's indomitable strength of will came into play. For it is always in such a case as this, when judgment is rendered powerless, and an instant decision is necessary, that character asserts itself. "Preconceived opinions, foregone determinations, are all I have at this hour to stand by: there I plant my foot."

was Jane's answer, and, planting her foot with great firmness, she gives an uncompromising "No!" to the temptation. In the face of such an answer from the determined little heroine, it is absurd to say that the morals of "Jane Eyre" are anything but good.

Rochester is evidently drawn more from imagination than from real life. He is exactly the kind of man that a lonely, passionate woman, with practically no experience of mankind outside her own family, would imagine. His chief characteristic both of mind and of body is haughty, sometimes overpowering strength. Before his great catastrophe he appears sometimes to be too selfish in his love, too anxious, though unconsciously, to humiliate Jane by loading her with grand presents which she can never repay, to be a model hero, but it is in these traits, probably, that the influence of Bramwell Bronte tinged the vivid imagination of Charlotte.

St. John Rivers represents an uncommon, but nevertheless, a real type of character. Severe and exacting towards himself, he is so, in the same degree, towards others. Even his two devoted sisters acknowledge the impossibility of living up to his ideals. In a form of rare physical beauty he had many of the elements of the Puritan mind, for, though he could appreciate culture and beauty, yet his uncompromising sternness to all sins, his determined self-suppression, his unwavering obedience to the dictates of his own conscience, and his self-sufficiency are all characteristics of fanatical puritanism.

As it has been said, Rochester's advice to Jane, "Keep to yourself, and don't venture on generalities of which you are intensely ignorant," might well have been followed by Charlotte Bronte herself. When her characters are drawn from her direct knowledge of life, they are unquestionably excellent, but when she attempts characters such as that of the aristocratic Blanche Ingram, she is wading out of her depth, and gets carried off her feet. It is not in keeping with her customary realism when she makes the dignified Blanche say to the footman, "Cease that chatter, block-head, and do my bidding."

The crowning merits in "Jane Eyre" are its energy and intensity. It is unmistakably alive, fresh, frank, eloquent, bold, and unconventional. The book comes, white-hot, straight from the furnace of its author's imagination. All Charlotte's personal experiences have been intensified and enlarged in her active and vivid mind before being transferred to the pages of "Jane Eyre." The account of Jane's unhappy experience at the "Lowwood" School, were evidently taken from Charlotte's own residence there; "Helen Burns" was her delicate elder sister Maria. The impressions Charlotte received at Cowan Bridge were burnt deep into her mind; if the experiences of Jane were literally true, she must have suffered agonies at school. But Charlotte had a child's distorted view of the events, and some features were grossly exaggerated. Though probably unconsciously, she did her old school a great deal of unmerited harm through the publication of "Jane Eyre."

"Jane Eyre" is a book "superb in vehemence and energy of phrase." It is a great book not only because of its charming and vigorous style, but also because of its passionate spirit. "It is a book to make the pulses gallop and the heart beat."

RUTH FLOWERS,  
SECOND YEAR STUDENT.

*Extension Essay.*

II. "SHIRLEY."

ALTHOUGH "Shirley" cannot be considered as the most powerful of Charlotte Brontë's novels, it is without doubt one of the most fascinating of them, being free from the intense passion and tinge of melodrama which characterises "Jane Eyre," and at the same time being of more interest to the English mind than "Villette." From beginning to end there is nothing in it which is not possible, nay probable, and this intense realism is in a great measure due to the fact, that both characters and incidents were, in the main, taken from real life. The whole book seems to breathe the pure, fresh, healthy spirit of the Yorkshire moors; it is cheerful, humorous, coherent, and "full of pictures from real life artistically treated." Shirley, the heroine of the novel, is supposed to be the authoress's conception of her sister Emily under happier circumstances, and certainly she is a type of woman seldom met with in the world, although in Charlotte Brontë's book there is nothing in the least unnatural or overstrained about her. Beautiful, generous, impulsive, she had the intellect of a man coupled with the penetration and tactfulness of a woman. Her robust health, and happy vigorous life tended to make her somewhat unsympathetic with the starving poor of her own county, and sometimes forgetful of the feelings of others. Although she knew perfectly well that Caroline was bound up heart and soul in Robert Moore, she continued to encourage him, and either failed to see the pain she caused her friend, or at any rate to alleviate it in any way; and when that same friend lay at death's door there was no Shirley to nurse and comfort her. Still, she had a brave and cheerful heart, and courage of a strength not often found in women.

Caroline, the joint heroine of the book, is in many respects a marked contrast to Shirley; sweet, gentle and reserved, she was more womanly than her breezy and somewhat boisterous friend. Hers was a keenly sensitive nature, and a thoughtless word or a cold look from those she loved was enough to cloud her sky completely. Although in some respects her mind was more pliable than that of Shirley, she had certain fixed principles and ideas to

which she adhered with all possible firmness. Clever, without being brilliant, her warm heart and quick understanding enabled her to form a just and kindly opinion of the Yorkshire peasants, and if Robert Moore had taken her advice in his treatment of them he would have saved himself much trouble and suffering.

Caroline's love for Robert was the deepest and strongest passion of her life, and although her powers of self-control were not sufficiently strong to hide this from him, the reader thinks none the worse of her for it.

The brothers Moore are both intensely interesting characters—Louis is the nobler of the two and his aims in life were far higher than those of his brother. Strength of will and powers of self-control were his in a marked degree, and certainly his intellect was such as to make him a fit match for brilliant, imperious Shirley. These powerful traits, coupled with a lively imagination and a love of Nature in all its forms, render him a fascinating and picturesque character.

Robert Moore, on the other hand, was a man of the world; his great aim in life, at least until he had learned hard lessons, was to gain means and position, and he was at first ready to sacrifice anything, even his own heart, to obtain it. Cool and calculating at all times he was often hard and unsympathetic, but such little incidents as that of his procuring work for William Farren serve to redeem his character in the eyes of the reader. In spite of his passion for money-making and his frequent lack of sympathy, he is intensely human, and capable of strong affection. Then too, his strong will, undaunted courage, and steady perseverance were such that even his shameless proposal to Shirley is not enough to alienate the reader's interest.

Helstone and his curates are cleverly drawn; the Rector is a splendid picture of the hard-headed, phlegmatic Tory parson of the last century, and Doone, Sweeting, and Malone are portrayed with vivid and masterly touches. Indeed, one of the most delightful features of the book is the marvellously graphic pictures which the authoress gives of all the persons and places mentioned therein; Helstone, short, spare, eagle-eyed; Caroline's fair, sweet face, the athletic form of Robert Moore, and Shirley's dark beauty are all seen clearly and distinctly by the reader, and the wind-swept hills and moorland stretches of the West Riding rise before his eyes as often as he thinks of Whinbury, Briarfield, and Nunnerly.

Although there is very little real plot, the interest in the book never flags, for the movement and life never flag; picture follows picture in rapid succession, and the reader is charmed and amused by the strong vein of humour which runs throughout. This latter characteristic is most remarkable when Charlotte Brontë's own words are called to mind. Writing of "Shirley," she says, "Great part of it was written under the shadow of impending calamity, and the last volume was composed in the eager, restless endeavour

to combat mental suffering." Still, glimpses of her own sad life are to be seen in the book: surely the cry of Caroline Helstone as she lay on her bed of suffering came straight from the brave heart of Charlotte Brontë; "Great Spirit, help the weak creature of Thy hands! Give me strength! Give me patience! Give me—oh! give me faith!"

The authoress's artist soul and keen love of the beautiful in nature, as well as her love for Yorkshire, are clearly shown in the many descriptions which occur in the book. What a vivid and striking picture is called up by these words: "The distant hills were dappled and the horizon was shaded and tinted like mother-of-pearl; silvery blues, soft purples, evanescent greens, rose shades all melting into fleeces of white cloud, pure as azury snow.

The marvellous imagination of Charlotte Brontë is perhaps not so apparent in "Shirley," as in "Jane Eyre," but there are many passages which suggest it, none being more striking than her wonderfully poetic interpretation of the words from Genesis, "When the sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair."

The impressions made upon the reader by "Shirley" are many and varied, but all bright and healthy, and he feels that it is a book to which he may turn again and again with the certainty of finding something beautiful and refreshing in its pages.

JESSIE BROOKS,

SECOND YEAR STUDENT.

## COLLEGE NOTES.

### STAFF.

We have to record with great regret the resignation of Miss Vaughan, who left in January, 1908, for a year's holiday in Mexico. Later, however, Miss Vaughan decided to join her sister who is working in the Diocesan High School at Auckland. We are hoping for an account of her journey there, in the next number of the Magazine.

Miss Martin has succeeded Miss Vaughan as Mistress of Method, and Miss Violet Searby who has been appointed as Assistant Governess, will give special help in the Kindergarten and Infant Teaching. Miss Webb, who came to help for the year of Miss Vaughan's absence, has been appointed to the headship of an important school in Margate.

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BIRTH.—On January 17th, to the Rev. Canon and Mrs. Rowe, a daughter, Barbara Margaret. Baptized in the College Chapel, on Saturday, February 13th.

*Oxford University Extension Lectures. Lecturer—R. ASHE KING, M.A.*  
*Subject: "English Novelists."*

*Examiner's Report.*

Twelve questions were set, from which each candidate was to select not more than six to answer. Out of the thirty-four candidates only eight did less than six questions. The papers showed clearly that the candidates, speaking generally, had profited by their instruction and study; all but one satisfied the Examiner, and six reached distinction. The satisfactory nature of the work is clearly shown by the fact that of the two hundred separate answers shown up, about one hundred and fifty were classified as good or fair, and only twelve could be called bad. There was no question which was not taken by some candidates. The subjects most generally attempted were those relating to the History of the Novel, to the Brontë family and Charlotte Brontë in particular, to Dickens, Thackeray, and George Eliot. On all these subjects decidedly good answers were written.

(Signed) ARTHUR SIDGWICK, M.A.,  
*Examiner.*

*Lecturer's Report.*

The average excellence of the papers sent in by this Centre was more than creditable. I cannot remember receiving from any Centre so large a number of promising essays.

R. ASHE KING, M.A.,  
*Lecturer.*

LIST OF SUCCESSFUL CANDIDATES.

*Passed with Distinction:—*

*Prize Winner:—*Clarke, Mary A.

Blake, Gladys K.	Heath, Margaret
Dickens, Florence	Watson, Ada F.
Flowers, Ruth	

*Satisfied the Examiner:*

Baldock, Emily	Jordan, Clara	Reddish, Lottie
Bambridge, Beatrice	Kingan, Daisy	Searby, Winifred
Bellamy, Ethel	Kirby, Henrietta K.	Staniforth, Dorothy
Brooks, Jessie C.	Kirk, Ivy V. A.	Village, Annie
Codd, Eveline E.	Mobley, Edith M.	Watson, Lucy M.
Fountain, Lilian E.	Moss, Winifred M.	Webb, Florence
Godfrey, Melita M.	Neale, Grace	Wood, Alice
Grosvenor, Helen V.	Neaverson, Florence	Wright, Jessie
Iddon, Alice	Newton, Mabel	
James, May	Parry, Lucy E.	

A. SIDGWICK, M.A.,  
*Examiner.*

*The University Extension Lectures.*

The course of University Extension Lectures in the Christmas Term was this year devoted to literature. Six lectures were given on great English Novelists, by R. Ashe King, Esq., M.A. The subjects were:—The Rise of the Novel, Dickens, Thackeray, The Brontes, George Eliot, and Stevenson as an Essayist.

In his first lecture, Mr. King showed how the printing press by "making reading cheap and universal, and by making the eye and not the ear the chief channel of intellectual instruction and recreation," did much towards supplanting poetry by prose, and greatly influenced the birth, growth, and development of the modern novel. As the novel "takes the very form and pressure of its own time," and is not necessarily influenced by the novel of a previous period, the literary causes contributing to its development, are comparatively unimportant.

With regard to Dickens, the lecturer showed how the novelist's sad childhood had everything to do with his taking the point of view, as well as the part of, the poor, how his wonderful imagination, observation, and humour, were precociously developed in that period of his life, and how, throughout his after-life these three qualities remained childlike. "For Dickens," said Mr. King, "saw everything enlarged and in detail, his imagination was microscopic rather than telescopic, he magnified the minute, and made the insignificant interesting. Thus his creations are characteristics impersonated rather than real characters.

The main point in the next lecture, was the emphasis laid on the fact that Thackeray was not a cynic, but a satirist, and this probably because of the bitterness caused by his early literary and other struggles. The humour, sometimes sunny, and the intense pathos found in the works of this novelist were also dwelt upon, and the lecturer showed the advisability of possessing, especially at the outset of life, Dickens' point of view rather than Thackeray's, for the latter, by looking on the seamy side, had neither a happy nor a healthy outlook, and moreover missed one aspect of every question.

The Brontes proved a very much appreciated subject. One could not but admire the perseverance and strength of will of these sisters, who, in spite of trying domestic ties and a life of enforced solitude, gave to the world such masterpieces as "Wuthering Heights," "Villette," "Shirley," and "Jane Eyre."

Mr. King attributed the lack of appreciation of George Eliot to-day to the change in the tastes of the average reader since her time, for the generation which appreciates Hall Caine and Marie Corelli, cannot possibly recognise *her* genius. He affirmed that though inferior in some points to Jane Austen and Charlotte Bronte, she saw not only deeper than they, but at once farther and nearer. She gave wonderful and true pictures of English middle-class life, and combined "something of a Shakespearean

knowledge of human nature generally with something of a Shakespearean power of impersonating it in characters the most diverse."

Stevenson, the lecturer presented as a great stylist, possessed of a marvellous imagination, but some of whose work savours, as perhaps is inevitable in the case of an almost chronic invalid, of the "land of counterpane."

To say that the lectures were interesting would be to describe them but inadequately. The fascinating way in which the subjects were presented, the lecturer's wealth of illustrations, and perhaps above all, his humorous sayings and racy anecdotes were keenly enjoyed by his hearers. As the course advanced, lively discussions took place before each lecture as to Mr. King's probable views on its subject. Lovers of any particular novelist looked forward keenly to the lecture on their favourite, and were in no case disappointed in it. To many the lecture on Dickens proved a very special literary treat, but it would be difficult to say which of the lecturer's discourses was most widely appreciated.

The writing of the essays was highly instructive, and involved much pleasant reading, while Mr. King's method of going over spelling and other errors, with individuals, resulted in much "looking over" of essays beforehand by particular friends.

The books were, as usual, of great assistance, and all were heartily sorry when the end of the lecture on Stevenson announced the close of the course, and the proximity of the examinations.

IVY KIRK,  
Second Year.

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### *Inspector's Visits*

Miss Dickson came for the Needlework Examination, on Nov. 6th. Mr. Newton paid his first visit in the College year, on Nov. 12th.

The present term is a full one. Mr. Newton and Mr. Wilson heard the Teaching and Reading early in March, and we are now looking forward with more or less pleasure to (1) The Second Years' Preliminary Examination. (2) The Religious Knowledge Examination. (3) Dr. Somervell's visit on April 5th and 6th. After which we hope to depart with joyful hearts on April 7th for our Easter holidays.

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### NEW WATER SUPPLY FOR LINCOLN.

"SATURDAY, October 24th, 1908 is a date that must be written in large capitals in the history of Lincoln. Twenty-two miles west of the city, in the presence of almost the complete membership of the Council—there were only three absentees—the Mayor of Lincoln turned with a silver spade the first square of turf in a field in the parish of Elkesley; on that plot of ground will speedily rise a busy colony, preparing to convey to Lincoln a supply of water

pure and clear, unquestioned in quality, and abundant in quantity. Naturally the ceremony of turning the turf was made much of, and altogether the day was one of the happiest promise for the City.

A radius of a few yards had been pegged out, and around this the company gathered. The senior member of the Council, Ald. Hugh Wyatt, J.P., then stepped forward to request the Lord Bishop to invoke the Divine Blessing on the undertaking. They were all, he thought, men of Christian principle, believing in a common Father, and believing that in this undertaking they should have the Divine guidance and the Divine approval.

The Lord Bishop, after offering a Collect, recited the following special Prayer of Invocation: "O Almighty and Merciful Father, Who wast pleased through Thy servant Moses to bring water out of the rock for the relief of Thy people Israel, be pleased to look graciously upon us, Thy servants, and bless our undertaking to provide water for the health and comfort of our fellow-citizens. Give strength and skill, we beseech Thee, to all those who shall be employed in carrying out this good work, protect them from all sickness and accident; and grant that all they who shall enjoy the benefit of this salutary work may learn to look up to Thee from Whom all good things do come, and be refreshed with the living waters that flow from the wells of salvation, for the sake of Thy dear Son, Jesus Christ our Lord and only Saviour. Amen." The impressive prayers closed with the pronouncement of the Benediction."

[Reprinted from the *Lincoln Gazette*.]

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*Lectures, &c.*

Dr. Purves is giving a course of twelve lectures on "School Hygiene."

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On October 16th, a lecture on "Birds" was given in the Central Hall, by Richard Kearton, Esq., F.G.S. A large contingent from the College repaired thither, and all agreed that they had enjoyed a treat of no mean order. As on a previous occasion, it was illustrated by a large number of most beautiful lantern slides, representing British land and sea birds in their natural environments, and the patience and ingenuity which must have been needed in procuring these views, called forth our wonder and admiration. But the great feature of this year's lecture was the addition of a series of "Living Pictures" of birds and animals. These were so realistic and fascinating that the audience sat in a breathless state of ecstasy, as peep after peep into Nature's realm was afforded us. We watched guillemots, gulls, etc., disporting themselves on the summits and slopes of beetling cliffs, against which the Atlantic breakers dashed and foamed. Suddenly, some unusual sound startled the birds, and with a flash of hundreds of pairs of gleaming wings they were transported to the billows below,

where presently, their fears having subsided, they dived and floated to their heart's content, quite oblivious of their interested audience. It was not till the picture left the screen that we realized we were in a crowded lecture hall, and not really breathing in the ozone from the sea; for to aid in the illusion which the pictures effected, some mechanical contrivance behind the stage produced most naturally, the swishing and soughing sound of the waves as they dashed against the base of the cliffs.

Almost as enchanting were the living pictures of springtime among the inland birds. We saw hunger rampant among the young broods in the nests of many of our British birds, and the untiring energy of the parents in obtaining the necessary food and popping it impartially into the monstrous and apparently insatiable mouths of the fledglings. We could almost imagine we heard the chirps of the tiny ones asking for "more," and the reproving twitters of the parent birds. Possibly in Mr. Kearton's next lecture even this will not be left to our imagination, for he has already tried to register the songs and sounds of the birds on the gramophone. So far he has not succeeded, owing to the tap of the needle on the wax cylinder so interesting the birds, that they stop singing to listen. Some means of deadening the sound may be devised, and such is our faith in the lecturer's ingenuity and perseverance that we feel justified in looking forward with confidence to another peep into Nature's realm, *with musical accompaniments.*

F. A. E.

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On Tuesday, November 10th, the Benson Shakespearian Company drew a large contingent of students to the Theatre Royal, to see a performance of the ever-interesting play of "Hamlet." Mr. Henry Herbert almost surpassed himself in the title rôle, and hardly less impressive was the acting of Miss Gladys Vanderzee as "Ophelia." The audience at the Saturday's matinee was swelled by another large body of "College girls" intent on a study of Julius Cæsar as represented on the stage. Their keen interest was well rewarded by the delightful performance, although the hyper-critical thought the acting of the part of Brutus distinctly inferior to that of Hamlet.

M. T.

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On a Saturday of the autumn term, Miss A. Yelland, Mistress of the Demonstration School in connection with the London Frœbel Institute, gave us a Kindergarten Demonstration in the Lecture Hall. Her class consisted of fifteen of our Class I. Infants, and she took with them three correlated lessons based on the story of "The Five Knights." The adventures of the knights led to a Kindergarten Game, and then to an Expression Lesson in which the children modelled a stick for the candle which the 'good' boy lit for his grannie at night.

The course was of fascinating interest both to children and audience, and besides lessons in more or less formal method, we learnt others of perhaps wider reach from Miss Yelland's delightful manner with her children and the courtesy and helpfulness which were displayed by these members of the Round Table. A. M.

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On Advent Sunday, the Lord Bishop of Lincoln preached at Evensong in the College Chapel.

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The Rev. E. G. Wainwright, Diocesan Inspector, was the preacher at the Missionary Intercession service on December 3rd.

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On December 2nd, a large party from the College was present at the Musical Society's Concert, at which a very fine performance of Elgar's "Dream of Gerontius" was given, under the conductorship of Dr. Bennett. The following notes, reprinted from the *Lincoln Gazette*, may be of interest:—

"It has been well said of Sir Edward Elgar's "The Dream of Gerontius," that it is unlike any other oratorio or cantata, in that the music serves to bring home to the listener the greatness of Cardinal Newman's sublime poem. Every one of the magnificent audience who heard the masterpiece performed by the Lincoln Musical Society in the Corn Exchange, on Wednesday evening—the hall was filled to overflowing—must irresistibly have come to a similar conclusion. The work is, of course, intensely religious, yet full of human interest, and its story may be briefly sketched. In the first part Gerontius is on his death-bed, surrounded by friends. His utterances, assigned to a tenor soloist, tell in broken phrases of the sick man "near unto death." His wails, mingled with the prayers of those around him, are almost agonising, and at length he passes away. The Priest (baritone) and assistants (chorus and semi-chorus) chant "Go forth upon thy journey," and in that way the first part is brought to a serene and prayerful conclusion. In the second part the soul of Gerontius is winging its way towards the celestial regions, holding converse with an Angel (mezzo-soprano), who accompanies him and explains many things that are puzzling. A chorus of demons, "gathering souls for hell," is overheard by the pair, but Gerontius is encouraged by the Angel, echoes of voices in prayer for him are borne up from the earth, and eventually, as suggested by the awe-inspiring "Judgment" theme, he is permitted, for one moment only, in the presence of the Almighty. Then the soul of Gerontius is affectionately delivered over to purgatory by the angels, to be prepared for a state of heavenly bliss, the end of the cantata being reached with the exquisite hymn, "Praise to the Holiest in the height." All this and much more is vividly and powerfully expressed in his remarkable work by the composer, who, in the development of his ideas, notably in regard to the orchestration, has brought to his aid all the resources of modern music."

*Second Years' Entertainment to First Years.*

"So many hours must I sport myself."—*Shakespeare.*

After a hard term's work, on the evening of December 17th, 1908, we had a very pleasant relaxation in the form of an entertainment given by our Second Years

The great success of the actors was clearly shown by the keen interest and appreciation of their delighted and applauding audience. Throughout the whole entertainment a feeling of merriment prevailed and bursts of laughter were frequent.

The programme consisted of scenes from "Twelfth Night," a very discriminating selection being made which gave the audience a good idea of the main plot of the play. It was very noticeable how all the girls who took part in the acting, seemed to throw themselves wholly into their rôle with cleverness and vivacity. The high standard which was attained was very largely due to the skilful management and untiring energy of Mary Clarke, the stage manageress.

The dresses too, were very becoming and in keeping with the characters. They added greatly to the success of the evening's entertainment. Some of them had been very kindly lent by the Lincoln Pupil Teachers' Centre, for the occasion.

In the introductory scene, Alice Walkden played her part excellently as Orsino, the Duke. He is reclining on a couch, rapt by the beauties of some soft, plaintive strains of music. Helen Grosvenor served as the musician, playing on the piano some low, melancholy music, well adapted to the sentimentality of the Duke's temperament, and to the words of his reverie:—"It had a dying fall." Beatrice Bambridge and Edith Milner made an admirable "background" to the "picture" and, although they had neither much to say nor took prominent parts in the working of the plot, yet they made very handsome and attractive "picture gentlemen." Olivia, the object of Orsino's passion, was represented splendidly by May James, who, haughtily beautiful and dignified, totally ignored the ridiculous advances of her sentimental lover.

There are one or two scenes which seem to stand out prominently for the high standard of the acting and the pleasure and amusement they afforded. Perhaps one was the scene in Olivia's garden where Sir Toby Belch (Elsie Norris), Sir Andrew Aguecheek (Hetta Kirby), and Fabian (Jessie Brooks), are enjoying themselves immensely over the joke they have played on Malvolio; and, "concealed behind the box-tree," are witnessing the rhapsodies of this infatuated but sadly deluded hero. The acting was helped largely by the fidelity of the scenery, the 'box-tree' being well substituted by large plants from the conservatory. The audience were delighted at Sir Toby's boisterous and swaggering good humour and love of fun, and the ridiculous dialogues between him and his friend Sir Andrew caused them unceasing amusement. Elsie Norris was throughout a great success. She seemed to put herself wholly into

the spirit of Sir Toby, with excellent results ; presenting an admirable picture of the ridiculous old gentleman, wholly foolish and wholly laughable. The rôle of his friend Sir Andrew was also very skilfully played by H. Kirby, who gave us a good representation of Sir Toby's timid but boastful partisan, while the part of Fabian, the third plotter, was admirably acted by J. Brooks. The rather difficult part of Festus the clown, was very well managed by Lucy Watson, who caused much amusement and brought loud applause from the audience. Her dress, too, was very appropriate and added greatly to the charm of her acting. The clown's songs were also a very great success, and were greatly applauded.

Lucy Parry, as Malvolio, was one of the great successes of the evening ; her powers of acting were remarkably well shown in the same scene, where Malvolio reads with joy, what he really believes to be a love letter from the Countess Olivia, and, with his head cocked disdainfully in the air, in the seventh heaven of delight and puffed up by a ridiculous conceit, reads aloud :—"Some are born great ; some achieve greatness ; and *some have greatness thrust upon them.*"

The part throughout was acted with great spirit and vigour and drew the highest admiration from all present ; finally he departed, smiling, with the words :

"Jove, I thank thee, I will smile,  
I will do everything that thou wilt have me."

At his exit the audience cheered and clapped loudly. His intense happiness and lightheartedness seemed to be reflected on all present as he exclaimed with a 'broad beam,' "I *am* happy."

The real instigator of this plot we must not forget to mention, namely, Maria, who playfully and cleverly sets the three plotters to their task. Florence Watson was in all points a perfect Maria, and bore herself excellently as such throughout.

Later on in the play the appearance of Edith Mobley, as Priest, was greeted with laughter and cheering. Dressed in a dark, hooded robe, her face peering out with an amusing solemnity, she was both attractive and imposing, and acted up to her part capitally.

Lottie Reddish made an excellent 'Viola,' while the part of 'Sebastian' (Viola's brother), was well acted by Dora Davison. The similarity of dress, and the fact that both girls were rather dark, made them not impossible brother and sister. Lottie Reddish perhaps played her part best in the scene where, disguised in the attire of a youth, she is in vain endeavouring to appear brave and manlike and, tremulous and excited, tries to steel herself to fight 'the bold Sir Andrew Aguecheek.' As 'Cesario' and as 'Viola,' she was both dainty and attractive.

Melita Godfrey made a splendid 'Sea Captain,' and played her part very successfully. This was especially noticed in the scene where she is dressed as an officer and comes in with Antonio. The latter was also a success, and was represented by Jessie Beevers.

What was especially noticeable through the whole play was the excellent combination on the part of the actors, and the exceptionally high standard of the individual acting. The general effect was refreshing and exhilarating and gave great enjoyment to all who were present.

DORIS STONE,  
First Year.

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The "Breaking-up" Dance at which we welcomed the presence of a good many old students, brought a long but happy term's work to a close, and "Home, well pleased we went."

\* \* \*

On January 20th, some of the Staff and Students availed themselves of the opportunity of hearing Sir Frederick Bridge, organist of Westminster Abbey and Gresham Professor of Music, lecture on "Pepy's Diary and its Musical Notes." The lecture was given in the racy and interesting manner for which Sir Frederick is so well known, and there was a wealth of musical illustrations, very beautifully rendered by Miss Creasey, Mr. Dunkerton, and Mr. Woodward.

\* \* \*

On February 5th, 1909, Mr. Forth, Headmaster of Christ Church Terrace School, once more gave us his lecture on "Historic Lincoln and Lincolnshire," Mr. Cox showing the lantern slides which he had himself prepared.

The lecture was intended primarily to interest the school children in the wealth of historic matter existing in this neighbourhood, but was given here with the further aim of showing us how *we* could use such material in our history lessons in school. In view of the vigorous discussions now being held about the teaching of this subject, the lecture was particularly interesting, and we thank Mr. Forth and Mr. Cox for the help that they gave in this as in other ways.

A. M.

\* \* \*

The First Year Students were able to enjoy the Organ Recital given by Dr. Bennett on February 22nd. Stress of work kept the Second Years at home, but we are all looking forward to the special service at the Cathedral, on March 19th, when Bach's "St. Matthew" Passion Music will be rendered by the Cathedral Choir and the Lincoln Musical Society.

\* \* \*

The usual holiday was given on Shrove Tuesday, and advantage was taken of the lovely weather which we were then enjoying, for long country expeditions. The time-honoured Shrove Tuesday dance followed, and since then examinations have been the order of the day.



Eveline Cockshaw and Maud Till. The sound of a bell energetically rung from behind the curtain—a gentle hint that the performers were ready—only seemed to give the artistes fresh gusto, and, to the delight of the audience, the duet was finished in fine style. To the last two performers are also due our thanks for the kind way in which they lent their services in accompanying the various songs.

Old Father Time, at College, sometimes seems to be going on a slow-race with some unknown competitor, and at other times, as is well-known, he "flies." From the time when the curtains were drawn upon the first scene of "She Stoops to Conquer," to the time when Kate Hardcastle hoped, with a demure little curtsy, that she had conquered all our hearts—which she certainly had—he must have been sprinting with all his might. Silly old man! had he known how the audience were enjoying the scenes that were being acted so delightfully, and how they were absolutely aching with laughter, he would surely have stopped his mad race and come to listen too.

Elsie Hall, as 'Kate Hardcastle,' was simply bewitching, and won all our hearts at once. Both she and 'Charles Marlow' (Eva Merchant), acted their parts to perfection. The imperiousness, the bashfulness, the sudden and ardent falling in love, the protestations, bewilderment, and apologies of the unfortunate Charles were all heartily and realistically portrayed. Alice Semper made an ideal 'Tony Lumpkin,'—if that out-spoken practical joker could be called 'ideal.' She seemed to take her part as naturally as the proverbial duck takes to water.

Both 'Mr. and Mrs. Hardcastle,' Alice Davies and Annie Watts, acted their parts splendidly. Their respective attempts at match-making for Kate and Tony were very amusing. Maud Burnham and Gertrude Hipwell as 'George Hastings' and 'Constance Neville' were also a couple who deserved great praise. Emma Richardson made a very *chic* little maid—as evidently Tony Lumpkin thought, while Lily Cleve as the landlord delighted us all by her strong brogue and landlordish ways.

The intervals between the scenes were filled up by Molly Field, who gave us samples of the violin, the banjo, and the gramophone.

It is only left now to say how very heartily we enjoyed both the scenes from "She Stoops to Conquer," and the previous concert, and to give all those who provided such an agreeable evening for us our "Thanks and thanks and thanks again."

In conclusion may I wish good luck to the First Years and to all who have anything to do with College, in the real old Lincolnshire way?—

"'Ere's to our sens, all on us.  
May noãn on us want nowt, noãn on us,  
Nor me neãther."

RUTH FLOWERS,  
Second Year

## GAMES.

The following are the Hockey fixtures for the season 1908-9; the later matches have not been played at the time of going to press.

Club.	Ground.	Date.	Goals.	
			For	Agst.
Crooks .. .. .	Away	Sept. 12	.. 2	2
Lines v. World (World)	Home	Oct. 7	.. 2	0
Grimsby Municipal College	Away	.. 10	.. 3	2
Nelson v. Wickham .. ..	Home	.. 24	.. 1	1
S. Lincoln Ladies .. ..	Home	.. 31	.. 0	2
Sheffield Training College	Away	Nov. 14	.. 4	7
Lincoln Ladies .. .. .	Home	.. 19	.. 2	2
Age v. Innocence (Age)	Home	.. 26	.. 3	0
Gainsborough Ladies .. ..	Home	Dec. 5	.. 2	2
King v. Wickham (King)	Home	.. 10	.. 1	0
King v. Nelson .. .. .	Home	Feb. 18	.. 1	1
Gainsborough Ladies .. ..	Away	.. 20	.. 3	1
Second Year v. First Year (Second)	Home	.. 24	.. 3	0
Nelson v. Wickham .. .. .	Home	March 3		
Sheffield Training College	Home	.. 6		
S. Lincoln Ladies .. .. .	Away	.. 13	.. 3	1
East v. West .. .. .	Home	.. 17		
Staff v. Students .. .. .	Home	.. 19		
Grimsby Municipal College	Home	.. 20	.. 8	0
Lincoln Ladies .. .. .	Away	.. 24		
Dwarfs v. Giants .. .. .	Home	.. 26		
Blonde v. Brunette .. .. .	Home	.. 31		
Globe-Trotters v. Stick-in-the-Muds	Home	April 2		
Oxford v. Cambridge .. ..	Home	.. 3		

## SECOND XI.

S. Lincoln Ladies' 2nd XI.	.. Away	Oct. 31	.. 4	0
Gainsboro' Ladies' 2nd XI.	.. Home	Feb. 27		
Gainsboro' P.T. Centre	.. Home	Mar. 27		

No match was played in March until the 13th owing to the Arctic nature of the weather, but it is hoped that a date may be fixed for the return match of the Sheffield Training College. A team not hitherto played is that of Grimsby Municipal College. The 'away' matches have been very enjoyable this season, not the least pleasant part being the railway journey especially when returning home. So far out of 9 outside matches 2 have been drawn, 2 lost and 5 won.

Owing to one cause or another net-ball has not often been played this term, hence no matches were possible; just when more practices were in progress the snow provokingly prevented all outlet for net-ball enthusiasm.

There has been only one paper-chase so far, the course being along the Common, up through Burton and across country home. The hares easily outstripped the hounds, a great reason being that the wind blew the paper away. G. H.

\* \* \*

#### APPOINTMENTS OF STUDENTS WHO LEFT JULY, 1908.

- Edith Aliband, Torthorwald Public School, Dumfries. £75.  
 Annie Bailey, West Liverpool St. Girls', Salford. £75.  
 Lily Bedford, Austen New Provided School, W.R.C.C., near Sheffield. £75.  
 Emily Bielby, Holy Trinity C. E. Girls', Sheffield. £75.  
 Florence Binns, All Saints School, Gordon Square, W.C. £90.  
 Bessie Burrans, Preston Mixed School, Hull. £75.  
 Kate Burton, West Torrington C.E., Wragby. £80.  
 Elsie Clifton, Welholme Senior Girls', Grimsby. £75.  
 May Clifton, St. John's Infants', Grimsby. £75.  
 Lilian Clifton, South Parade, Junior Girls', Grimsby. £75.  
 Mary Cox, L.C.C. Frankham St. Girls', Deptford, S.E. £90.  
 Ada Evans, L.C.C., "The Timbercroft" School, Plumstead. £90.  
 Edith Farmer, (Temporary), Leicester Street Girls' Council, Leamington Spa. £78.  
 Dorothy Field, L.C.C. Cator Street Infants', Peckham, S.E. £90.  
 Alice Fisher, Sutton-in-Ashfield, Hardwick St. Council. £75.  
 Annie Gawthorpe, Halton Provided Schools, Leeds. £80.  
 Amelia Gillatt, Ashby Council School, Doncaster. £75.  
 Katie Hebblewhite, Infant C. of E. Southam Road, Bambury. £70.  
 Kathleen Hewitt, Lea School, Gainsborough. £70.  
 Anuie Hutchinson, Cabourne, near Caistor. £70.  
 Maud Jackson, Haughshaw Council Boys', Halifax. £75.  
 Katharine Johnson, L.C.C. Netley Street, St. Pancras. £90.  
 Laura King, St. John's, Keswick. £70.  
 Jane Kitchen, St. Mary's, Fuller Street, Kettering. £70.  
 Helena Little, Hightown Girls' School, Crewe. £85.  
 Ethel Mackman, Holy Trinity C. of E., Kilburn, N.W. £105.  
 Jessie Maguire, St. Stephen's Mixed, Salford. £75.  
 Winifred Marden, High St. Council Girls', Kingswood, Bristol. £70.  
 Beatrice Marshall, (Temporary), Dore National, Sheffield.  
 Amanda Newey, Welbeck Street Girls', Castleford, W.R. £75.  
 Phyllis Paget, Norton Street Council, Birmingham. £75.  
 Alice Payne, Practising Girls' School, Lincoln. £70.  
 Clara Poole, Little Bentley, Essex. £70.  
 Etta Powell, Kingsley Street, Girls', Lincoln. £70.  
 Jessie Pritchett, P.T.C., Hucknall Torkard, Nottingham. £80.  
 Esther Rawcliffe, Stormy Corner Council School, Lancashire. £95.  
 Ethel Read, Keble Memorial C. of E., Harlesden, N.W. £60.  
 Elsie Roberts, Swallow C.E., near Caistor. £75.  
 Maud Robertshaw, Carr Lane, Lowmoor, near Bradford. £75.

- Gertrude Rowe, Regent Road Council School, Mixed, Salford. £75.  
 Clarice Rushforth, Selby St. West Girls', Hull. £70.  
 Helena Samuels, Arlington School, Sussex. £80.  
 Kessie Saunders, St. Andrew's Girls', Ancoats, Manchester. £75.  
 Katie Searby, Colls Road Asylum Road, Peckham, S.E. £90.  
 Nora Seward, S.S. Mary and John Girls', Oxford. £75.  
 Elsie Shoubridge, L.C.C. Wood Street, Woolwich. £90.  
 Laura Siddons, Buckfastleigh, Devon.  
 Gertrude Spencer, North Cotes C.E., Lincolnshire. £80.  
 Jennie Stewart, Caldergate Boys' Council, Carlisle. £80.  
 Ethel Stokes, West Bridgford, Trent Boulevard School.  
 Emily Taylor, Strand St. Girls' Council, Grimsby. £75.  
 Edith Thompson, Stanley Common, C. of E. Infants', Derbyshire, £75.  
 Winifred Westland, High Street C.E. Girls', Heanor. £75.  
 Edith Whitehead, Chaucer Street Council School, Ilkeston. £75.  
 Annie Whitham, Wincobank Mixed Council, Sheffield. £75.  
 Hilda Willett, Spotland Infants' Council, Rochdale. £70.  
 Rose Wilson, Practising School Girls', Lincoln. £70.

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*The following additions have been made to the Reference Library.—*

The Bible and Modern Criticism—*Anderson*; Mankind and the Church—*Montgomery*; St. Paul and the Traveller—*Ramsay*; Historical Geography of the Holy Land—*Smith*; Illustrations of British Flora—*Fitch and Smith*; British Flora—*Bentham and Hooker*; A Cycle of Nature Study—*Penstone*; Physiology of Plants—*Darwin and Acton*; Expansion of England—*Seeley*; Cambridge Modern History, Vol. v. & xi.; England under the Stuarts—*Fearenside*; Life and Times of Lord Falkland—*Marriott*; English Colonisation and Empire—*Caldecott*; History of British Empire—*Sanderson*; History of United States—*Fiske*; Brief Survey of European History—*Hassall*; Concise History of Europe—*Forbes*; Outlines of English History—*Cunningham and MacArthur*; Epochs of American History—*Hart*; Expansion of the British Empire—*Woodward*; Duties and Rights of Citizenship—*Aston*; Government of the United Kingdom—*Hogan*; Life of Gladstone—*Morley*; History of England—*Oman*; Makers of English Fiction; Makers of Modern Prose—*Dawson*; Four Poets—*Stopford Brooke*; Browning as a Philosophical and Religious Teacher—*Jones*; Nineteenth Century Literature—*Saintsbury*; Age of Milton—*Masterman*; R. L. Stevenson—*Raleigh*; Literary Studies—*Bagehol*; Charlotte Bronte—*Mrs. Gaskell*; Beaconsfield—*Sichel*; Jane Austen—*G. Smith*; Life, Art, and Characters of Shakespeare—*Hudson*; Mexico of the 20th Century—*Percy Martin*; Growth and Greatness of our World-wide Empire—*Dawe*; British Isles—*Lyde*; Tropical Africa—*Drummond*; Teaching of Arithmetic—*Turnhill*; Great Educators—*Pestalozzi, Pinlocke*; Power of Play—*Archibald*; Education of Man—*Frœbel*; Principles of Class Teaching—*Findlay*.

## FICTION LIBRARY.

*Renewals.*—Lovey Mary—*Alice Hegan Rice*; Doreen—*Edna Lyall*; To Right the Wrong—*Edna Lyall*; In the Golden Days—*Edna Lyall*; Prisoner of Zenda—*Edna Lyall*; Phroso—*Anthony Hope*; The Sowers—*Seton Merriman*; The Vultures—*Seton Merriman*; In Kedar's Tents—*Seton Merriman*; Strong Mac—*Crockett*; Cinderella—*Crockett*; The Scarlet Pimpernel—*Baroness Orczy*; Cloister and the Hearth—*Charles Reade*; Lover or Friend—*Rosa Carey*; Audrey—*Mary Johnstone*; Peggy of the Bartons—*Croker*; The First Violin—*Jessie Fothergill*.

*Additions.*—Sunny Side of the Hill—*Rosa Carey*; Andrew Marvel and his Friends—*Sibree*; The Elusive Pimpernel—*Baroness Orczy*; I Will Repay—*Baroness Orczy*; Off the Skelligs—*Jean Ingelow*; Don John—*Jean Ingelow*; Mr. Crewe's Career—*Winston Churchill*; Fair Margaret—*Rider Haggard*; Captain Desmond, V.C.—*Maud Diver*; The Great Amulet—*Maud Diver*; A Lame Dog's Diary—*Miss MacNaughton*; Thalassa—*Mrs. Baillie Reynolds*; An Escape from the Tower—*Mrs. Marshall*; The Ship of Stars—"Q"; Six to Sixteen—*Mrs. Ewing*; Alicia—*Katharine Tynan*; Her Ladyship—*Katharine Tynan*; The Benefactress—*Authoress of Elizabeth and her German Garden*; A Solitary Summer—*Authoress of Elizabeth and her German Garden*; A Princess of Vascovy—*Authoress of Elizabeth and her German Garden*; Lady Evelyn—*Max Pemberton*; Abbess of Vlaye—*Stanley Weyman*; Cousin Cinderella—*Sarah Jeannette Duncan*; House of Lynch—*Leonard Merrick*; A Country Road—*Alice Brown*; Alice for Short—*William de Morgan*; Song of Hyacinth—*John Oxenham*; The House of Crickets—*Katharine Tynan*; The Supreme Test—*Mrs. Baillie Reynolds*; Clevedon—*Mary Linskill*; The Wind in the Willows—*Kenneth Grahame*; Whither Thou Goest—*J. J. Bell*; The Wild Geese—*Stanley Weyman*.

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The Editor begs to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of Magazines from the following Colleges:—Warrington, Saffron Walden, Derby, Home and Colonial, Cheltenham, Avery Hill, Grahamstown, Goldsmiths' College, Sheffield.

\* \* \*

*Gift to the College.*

The present Students were desirous of offering the panelling (in great part) of the south wall as their parting gift to the College, following the usual custom that the money should not be given until the Easter after they had left. The work done at the west end, however, emphasized the bareness and roughness of the south wall, and as the firm doing the work expressed their willingness to wait for payment until Easter 1910 and 1911 respectively, the work was put in hand and completed in February, and the Students are therefore now enjoying their own beautiful gift to the Chapel.

## ASSOCIATION MEMBERS.

- College Year—before 1897—Elizabeth Lowndes (Mrs. Edwards), Alice P. Twist (Mrs. Twigg), Margaret Blair (Mrs. Collitt), Sarah Ann Wright (Mrs. Dawber), Louisa Hamm, Mary Rawding (Mrs. Smith), Harriet Mounteney (Mrs. Stallibrass), Rebecca Haynes (Mrs. Hemsley), Annie Elizabeth Whitworth (Mrs. Hutchinson), Sarah Pearson, Alice Kent (Mrs. Howe), Elizabeth Brummitt, Sarah Elizabeth Sutcliffe (Mrs. Watson), Sarah Thorpe (Mrs. Shelton), Margaret Elwell, Emma Shotton, (Mrs. Edward Done), Fanny Utting (Mrs. Norman), Susannah Doughty (Mrs. Linney), Annie Georgina Selvage, Martha Ann Greaves, Clara Brummitt, Elizabeth Satchell (Mrs. Williams), Fanny Burton (Mrs. Milner), Selina Goodwin, Annie Harrington (Mrs. C. J. Robbins), Elsie Robb (Mrs. A. Logsdail), Hannah Bell, Ellen Wilson (Mrs. Hoades), Flora Ford, Lucy Humphreys, Selina Dix, Alice Whiteley, Maud Bourne, Annie Morley (Mrs. Clayton), Maud Etchells (A.T.S.), Jane Platt (Mrs. Dean) (A.T.S.), Ann Hague (Mrs. Holden), Mary Turner, Jessie Bourne, Amy Beddoe, Susannah Brown, Eliza Crossland (Mrs. Barratt), Margaret Parratt, Essie Ruth Conway, Florence White, Eliza Bass, Mary Ellerington (Mrs. Blamey), Eunice B. Turner, Annie Glover, Emma Cook, Ada Mary Whitehead (Mrs. W. G. Wright), Caroline Smith (Mrs. Richardson), Hannah Thomason (Mrs. J. W. Shaw), Frances Annie Elwell, Jane Martin, Frances Wells, Rosa Preston, Emma Johnson (Mrs. Hamer), Frances Calver, Emma Wilkinson, Jessie Hutchinson (Mrs. T. Layne), Sarah Dawes, Eleanor Castle (Mrs. Yates), Florence Aughtie (Mrs. Summerton), Charlotte Watson Mary Heape, Ada Pepperdine, Kate Barker, Mary Bell, Gertrude Whattam (Mrs. Mackinder), Laura A. A. Wilkinson, Emily Whetton, Kate Hoggard (Mrs. Slater), Mary Gossling (Mrs. Wolstenholme) Margaret Moreton, Albina Elston, Agnes Radford, Kathleen Huddleston, Carrie Poole, Agnes Short, Edith Dawes, Margaret Holding, Gertrude Radford, May Kent (Mrs. Hadfield), Elizabeth Robinson, Edith Martin (Mrs. Croft), Eleanor Johnson (Mrs. Chester), Ada Aughtie, Emma F. Whattam, Sarah Calver, Eliza Dyson (Mrs. F. T. Clarke), Minnie Potts, Edith Macdonald (Mrs. Turner), Frances Crombie, Alice Greening, Frances Bishell (Mrs. Banks), Bessie Dawson (Mrs. Whitfield), Mary Wileman, Annie Meadows, Annie Harvey, Amy Swift, Rosa Hill (Mrs. Horton), 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), Gertrude Kenning, 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 (Mrs. Horton), Bertha Wilding (Mrs. Moxon), Florence Howard, Annie Amelia Harrison, Mary Ellen Lamming, Augusta Tanner, Margaret A. Glenn, Susannah Dewis, Helen M. Simons, Elizabeth Taylor (Mrs. Hastings), 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 Miraim Johnson, Alice Child, Gertrude Stallibrass (Mrs. A. C. Clark) Edith Mary Hibbitt, Grace Harlock, Annie King, Mary Simmonds.

- 1900 Alice Mackintosh, Edith Nightingarl, Grace Hemsley, Rhoda Wallis, Rose Knowlson, Alice Perkins, Georgina Walker, Gertrude Billett, Frances Randle, Amy Wright, Lucy Roberts, Daisy Jenner, Annie Bird, Edith Newton (Mrs. Williams), Alice Shirley (Mrs. Garner), Florence Scarlett.
- 1901 Mary Bannister, Annie Bugg, Ethel Bimrose, Beatrice Boulton, Cerise Cameron, Ethel Cheshire, Margaret Cooper, Marian Clayton (Mrs. Tyas), Kate Chapple, Mary Dent, Jessie Drake, Elsie Drake, Lilian France (Mrs. Powell), Henrietta Griffiths, Florence Harrand, Clarice Hughes, Emma Austen, Alice Langford, Jennie Leonard, Ethel March (Mrs. Umeauff), 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, Phœbe Bury, Frances Clarke, Elsie Dawtrey, Annie Drury, Eleanor Donson, Minnie Févre, Lily Hacker, May Hulse, Maud Johnson, Gertrude Judd (Mrs. Burnicle), Evelina Lamb, (Mrs. Cross), 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 (Mrs. Berry), Irene Gelsthorpe 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 (Mrs. Thickett), 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, Florence Davies (Mrs. Hargrave), Ethel Dent, Lilian Dickinson, Alethea Durant, Charlotte Fenwick, Mabel Fountain, Ethel Gibbs, Edith Halliday, Mabel Hamm, Lucy Hartley, Mary Hoole, Eleanor Ives, Sarah Kenworthy, Edith Laver, Ethel Maguire, Ethelind Morris, Alice Muddimer, Hilda Oliver, Mabel Panton, Edith Parlett, Elsie Penzer, Janet Pressick, Rachel Rawnsley, Kate Richardson, Edith Sheckell, Gertrude Smith, Florence Tipping, Theodora Trotter, Rose Wade, Eva Waller, Winifred Waller, Ethel Ward, Maud Weaver, Ruth Wheatcroft, Elsie Wilkinson, Constance Williams, Emily Wood, Matilda Wood.
- 1905 Elizabeth Bailey, Helena Bott, Ethel Brickell, Elizabeth Bunting, Elizabeth Burge (Mrs. Lewis), Ada Clarke, Elizabeth Comer, Florence Dawe, Bertha Dickens, Ethel Drury, Ethel Fox, Ida Gibbon, Lilian Gibbs, Dorothy Gibson, May Gibson (Mrs. Stamp).

1905—*continued.*

Lily Gouldthorpe, Jennie Greenep, Ida Hartley, Margaret Harvey, Lilian Henchcliffe, Ethel Heslop, Eva Hinton, Ellen Hornsby, Mabel Househam, Gertrude Hurst, Jessie Jones, Margaret Jones, Charlotte Langford, Jessie Linnell, Laura Mann, Rose Mawer, Beatrice Mortlock, Mabel Noble, Violet Nuttall, Connie Penzer, Elizabeth Polwarth, Madeline Reader, Lily Richardson, Isabel Rigby, Lilian Rosson, Hilda Seymour, Louise Shirley (Mrs. P. W. Goodwin), 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, 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 (Mrs. Allsop), Beatrice Newbould, Esther Newton, Kate Oldfield, Mary Palmer, Ellen Perks, Mary Pinck, Ethel Podmore, Elsie Preston, Alice Robertshaw, Alice Rogers, Violet Searby, 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 Coxon, 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 Henry, 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 (Mrs. Leaman), 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.

1908 Edith Aliband, Annie Bailey, Lily Bedford, Emily Bielby, Bessie Burrans, Hannah Burton, Elsie Clifton, May Clifton, Lilian Clifton, Mary Cox, Vera Cross, Ada Evans, Edith Farmer, Dorothy Field, Alice Fisher, Nancy Flowers, Annie Gawthorpe, Amelia Gillatt, Katie Hebblewhite, Kathleen Hewitt, Annie Hutchinson, Maude Jackson, Katharine Johnson, Laura King, Jane Kitchen, Lena Little, Ethel Mackman, Jessie Maguire, Winifred Marden, Beatrice Marshall, Amanda Newey, Phyllis Paget, Alice Payne, Clara Poole, Etta Powell, Jessie Pritchett, Esther Rawcliffe, Ethel Read, Elsie Roberts, Maude Robertshaw, Gertrude Rowe, Clarice Rushforth, May Samuels, Kessie Sanders, Katie Searby, Nora Seward, Elsie Shoubridge, Laura Siddons, Gertrude Spencer, Jane Stewart, Ethel Stokes, Emily Taylor, Edith Thompson, Winifred Westland, Edith Whitehead, Annie Whitham, Hilda Willett, Rose Wilson, Bessie Withey.

## 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 the 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.

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Annual Subscriptions 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.

