

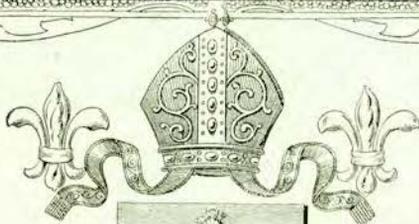
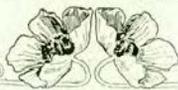


LINCOLN



Diocesan Training College

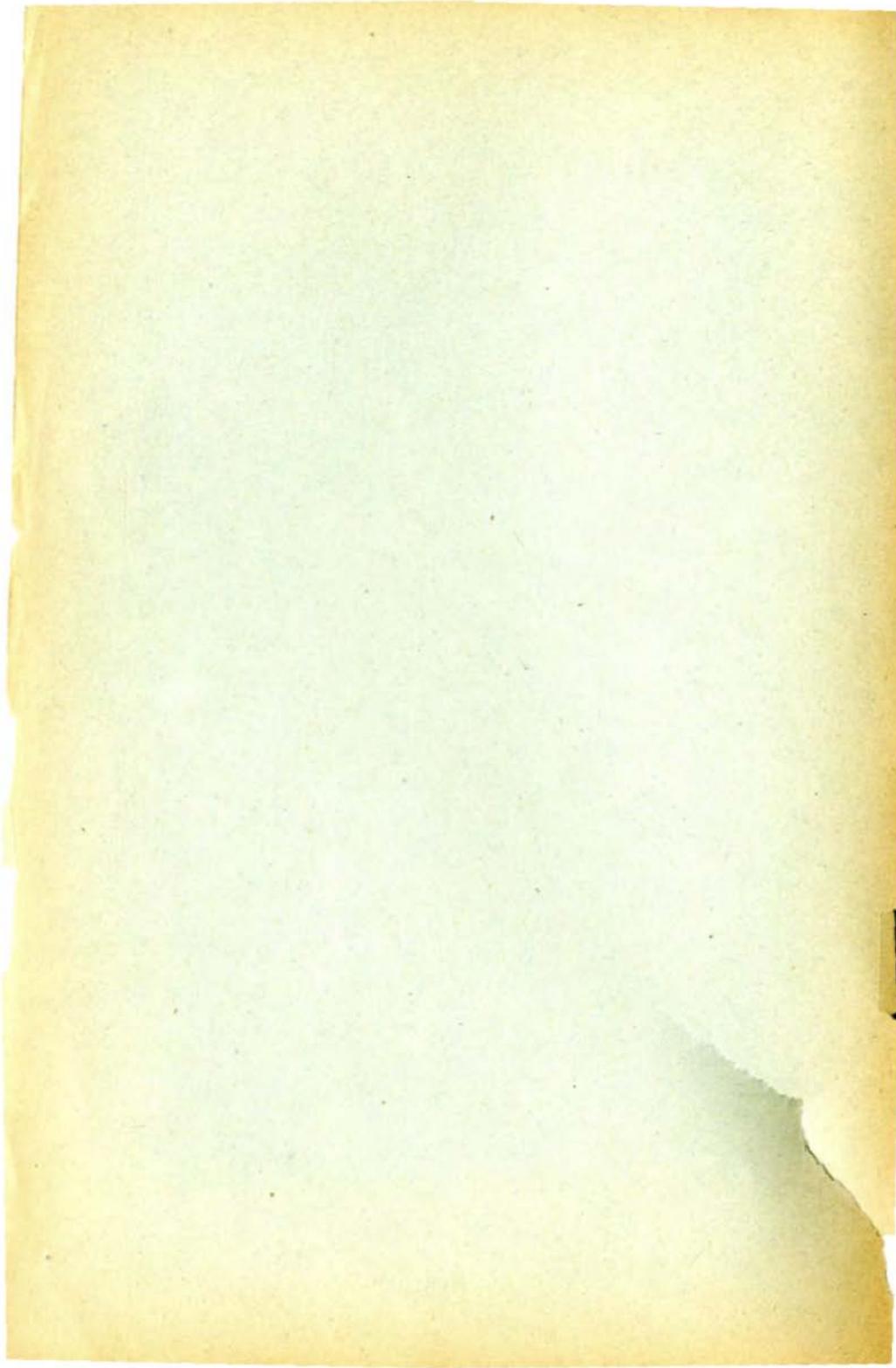
MAGAZINE



April,

1911.





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.

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.

Annual Subscription to Magazine, 1/- for Non-Association Members.

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

It is particularly 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.

ASSOCIATION CORRESPONDENTS.

<i>College Years.</i>	<i>Name of Correspondent.</i>	<i>Address.</i>
1864-1896	Miss Elwell	.. Training College, Lincoln.
1897	Miss E. Ayres	.. 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	.. 239 Monks Road, Lincoln.
{	1903	Miss Ada Doodson .. 15 Charles Street, Bolton Road, Pendleton, Manchester.
	1903	Miss Elsie Botterill .. School House, Wilnecote, Tamworth.
{	1904	Miss Mary Hoole .. 3 Horace Street, Boston.
	1904	Mrs. W. F. Frith .. 58 Chiltern Street, Aylesbury.
{	1905	Miss Ida Gibbon .. Oak Dene, Bolton Road, Irlams o' th' Heights, Manchester.
	1905	Miss Jessie Stringer .. 24 North Parade, Lincoln.
{	1906	Miss Gertrude Border 25 Sibthorp Street, Lincoln.
	1906	Miss Edith Jordan .. 17 Alcester Road, Moseley, Birmingham.
{	*1907	Miss Margaret Wickham Carlton Lodge, 10 Rasen Lane, Lincoln.
	1907	Miss Margaret Wilson Schoolhouse, Denham, Bury St. Edmunds, Norfolk.
{	1908	Miss Annie Bailey .. 20 Kemp Street, Fleetwood.
	1908	Miss Winifred Marden 15 Jubilee Road, Summerhill, St. George's, Bristol.
{	1909	Miss Margaret Heath .. 2 Frederick Street, Monks Road, Lincoln.
	1909	Miss Lottie Reddish .. "Tredyr House," St. Catherine's Road, Grantham.
{	1910	Miss Evelyn Cockshaw 230 Wellington Road, Eccles, Manchester
	1910	Miss May Redfern .. 33 Saxon Street, Lincoln.

* Please note change of address.

PRINCIPAL'S LETTER.

March 24th, 1911.

DEAR PAST AND PRESENT STUDENTS,

As the time comes round for the issue of another number of the College Magazine, it becomes more and more difficult to find something to say, for College life goes on happily in an uneventful round, and that round is so well known to you all that it needs no describing. We have, however, gladly welcomed our new Bishop and new Dean, for both are taking a great interest in all that concerns the College and its welfare. As I have already said, all is going on in much the same way, but I am glad to add that so far we have not had the same difficulty which other Colleges have felt, in getting our girls appointed to posts, as all who left us last July had gained posts by December last, and we have had scarcely any, if any, falling off in the number of applicants for admission in September next. I feel that for this in a great measure we are indebted to our past students for the excellent work they have been doing, and the excellent impression their way of setting about their work, and their high ideal and personal influence upon their colleagues and upon the children, has made upon those in authority, and upon those who are applying for admission, and I am thankful to say that I have every reason for thinking that those who will be leaving college next July will fully maintain that high aim and ideal. With my very best wishes for you all, both Past and Present Students.

Believe me to be,

Yours sincerely,

A. W. ROWE.

WHITSUNTIDE RE-UNION.

WE are again getting ready the invitations for the Whitsuntide Re-union, and hope to post them before the end of March. It is specially asked that intending visitors will reply in good time—if at all possible before May 10th. Miss Elwell will be glad if replies are not sent during the Easter holidays (April 8th—29th). 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.

Invitations are being sent out on the same lines as previous years, viz., to the two years who have left most recently, 1909 and 1910; to all Association Members living in Lincoln; the Correspondents of the various years; all Association members of years previous to, and including 1885, of 1906, and again going back to earlier years, 1897-1900, both inclusive.

We should like again to call attention to the earnest request of the Principal, that any student not coming 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 later to those who accept the invitation.

OLD STUDENTS' PAGES.

MARRIAGE.

FEAKES-SIVIL. On June 8th, 1910, at All Saints' Church, Ladysmith, Natal, by the Rev. C. Robinson, Frederick Henry Feakes, of Johannesburg, to Gertrude Sivil (Lincoln 1903-5), 5a Isleworth Road, Brixton, Johannesburg.

* * *

BIRTHS.

On April 9th, 1910, to Alfred James and Bertha Jane Moxon (Bertha Wilding, Lincoln, 1898-9), a son, Henry Wilding.

On July 19th, 1910, to Mr. and Mrs. A. Foster-Williams (Margaret Freeborough, Lincoln, 1893-4), a son, John.

On October 20th, 1910, at 3 Moundfield Road, Stamford Hill, N., to Frank and Edith Lockyer (Edith Sutton, Lincoln, 1904-6), a son, Frank Norman Walter.

On February 15th, 1911, at Casa del Arbol, San Pedro de Los Pinos, Mexico, to Thomas Hallows and Elsie Vaughan (Elsie Piper, Lincoln, 1900-1), a daughter, Margaret Lieschen.

* * *

DEATHS.

On October 2nd, 1909, Alice Churm (Lincoln, 1886-7).

"Many were sorry to hear of the death of Miss Alice Churm, which took place on Saturday morning, October 2nd, at Dr. McKenzie's hospital in Durban. Few thought the end would come so quickly, but for her sake it was a great relief from the pain which she had so bravely and uncomplainingly borne for some time.

"Only those who knew her well realized what her character was—quiet, unselfish, humble, good—but it is such characters which do so much for those fellow men and women with whom they come in contact.

"Her sister and her intimate friends have the sympathy of all in their bereavement."

[Copied from the *Ladysmith Parish Magazine*].

On February 1st, 1911, at 3 Holyrood Quadrant, Glasgow, Alice, wife of Ernest Robinson (Alice Marshall, Lincoln, 1881).

On January 23rd, 1911, Susannah Mary (née Doughty), wife of the Rev. W. E. Linney, Vicar of Settle, Yorkshire.

[CONTRIBUTED BY A PARISHIONER.]

Now that our minds are so full of the recent bereavement that has fallen upon the Vicarage, and we are all sorrowing for the blank which death has made there, it is only seemly that voice should be given to the general feeling, and the sympathy of the parish expressed.

Ever since the mournful news arrived of the illness, and its doubtful termination, there were from all sides the most anxious inquiries as to the progress made by the patient. You could not go into a cottage without hearing the liveliest interest and sympathy expressed, a true gauge of the feelings experienced towards the sufferer, who, during her residence in Settle, has made herself so highly esteemed by those who had the privilege of her friendship.

Not greatly in evidence, ever ready to serve others, and take the lowest place, Mrs. Linney had a character of great strength and energy, and when an emergency occurred, her good sense, her ready suggestions, her willing aid, were always to be relied on—as those who have worked with her know full well. To this was added a strong sense of duty, and when need required she would speak her mind freely and faithfully.

Very wonderful, too, was the courage with which this valiant soul faced the problem of the future, and endured her sufferings; she was energetic, thoughtful, unselfish to the last.

A devoted wife and mother, and a loyal friend, her loss cannot be over estimated.

Truly—sometimes—when the wings are spread, and we see them no more, we begin to realize that we may have “entertained angels unawares.” [Reprinted from the *Settle Parish Magazine*.]

* * *

PRESENTATION.

Mrs. Edwards (née Lowndes, Lincoln, 1863-4), who has retired from active service after having been connected with the teaching profession for about forty years, was entertained at a social gathering held under the auspices of the Oldham and District Head Teachers' Association, at the Café Monico, on 18th November, to celebrate her retirement. During the evening the president (Mr. J. W. Wareing) presented Mrs. Edwards with a beautiful oak canteen of cutlery and a case of silver fish eaters, as a token of the esteem in which she is held by her fellow-teachers. Sympathetic and appreciative speeches were made during the evening by Mr. Wareing, Mr. Stevenson, and Mr. Nield.

Mrs. Edwards, who has been Headmistress of the Parish Church Infants' School, Oldham, for twenty-five years, was also presented by the Vicar, the Rev. G. Perry-Gore, on behalf of the trustees and managers, with a handsome dressing-case with solid silver fittings, a silver tea-service from the staff and older scholars of both departments, and an oak time-piece from the Infants' school.

Mrs. Edwards has had a long and most successful career as a teacher. She entered Lincoln College with a first-class scholarship in 1863, and left with a first-class certificate. She was at once given the head-mistressship of St. James' Girls' School, Oldham, a position she held until her marriage in 1869, when she went with her husband to the Oldham Church School, Burnley Street, in which she has worked ever since.

Mrs. Edwards has sent us some of our best and most distinguished students. One of her colleagues, also an old Lincoln student, writes :—" I believe Mrs. Edwards was one of the first set of students to enter Lincoln, and her life and career have been in every way worthy of our beloved College. I always think such splendid records form object lessons to the present generation of students, who work under such vastly improved conditions."

* * *

RE-APPOINTMENTS.

Miss Ethelind Morris, National School, Wilmslow, Cheshire.
Head.

Miss Alice Perkins, Cornal Infant School, Farcet, Peterborough.
Head.

Miss Florence Stephenson, St. John's Girls', The Height, Manchester. Head.

Miss Elsie Hollom, Halston Road Mixed, Westcombe Park, Greenwich. Assistant.

Miss Winifred Moss, Long Eaton Girls'. Assistant.

Miss Ivy Kirk, Girls' Practising School, Lincoln. Assistant.

Miss Elsie Coppen, Mason's Hill Infants', Bromley, Kent.
Assistant.

Miss Laura Clifton, Chaplin Street, Lincoln. Assistant.

Miss Gertrude Hipwell, Chatteris. Assistant.

Miss Annie Herrick, L.C.C., Norlington Road, Leytonstone.
Assistant.

Miss Jessie Brooks, Carbrook School, Sheffield. Assistant.

Miss Katherine Close, Redhill, Surrey. Head.

Miss Elsie Harrison, Parish Church School, Gainsborough.
Assistant.

* * *

APPOINTMENTS.

Miss Lucy Anderson, St. Lawrence's Girls' School, York.
Assistant.

Miss Florence Belton, Far-Forth-cum-Maiden-Well, Nr. Louth.

Miss Mary Byron-Scott, Skegley; Stanton Ironworks Boys', Nr. Mansfield. Assistant.

Miss Florence Hague, Parish Church School, Oldham. Assistant.

Miss Lily Isaac, Emmanville, Co. Durham. Assistant.

Miss Margaret Moulds, Canwick School, Lincoln.

Miss Nancy and Miss Ruth Flowers sailed last month to take up work in Canada, and Miss Rose Wilson followed a week later. We wish them all success and happiness in their new life.

Miss Phœbe Bury who has been recruiting at home, has returned to India, and is working at the S.P.G. Orphanage of the Epiphany, Cawnpore.

* * *

LINCOLN STUDENTS' CLUB, SHEFFIELD.

DANCE.

The annual dance of the above club was held in the Co-operative Hall, on Saturday, November 26th, 1910.

There were present ninety members and friends.

Mr. King and Mr. Potts made excellent M.C.'s, and altogether a most enjoyable evening was spent.

* * *

WHIST DRIVE.

The annual Whist Drive in connection with the above club was held on Friday, February 17th, at Stephenson's Exchange Restaurant.

There were eighty-five members and friends present, including Miss Harvey who came over from Mansfield specially for the occasion. Mr. King kindly officiated as M.C. and contributed largely to the success of the evening.

As the majority of those present were Club members, the gathering was composed chiefly of ladies, whilst dotted here and there, in various parts of the room, a gentleman might be seen like an island in a sea of trouble. This predominance of ladies made it necessary for some to play as gentlemen, and consequently the question "Are you a gentleman?" could be heard on all sides at each fresh deal.

I believe, that, according to all rules, scientific whist should be silent whist, but whether or no the whist was scientific, it certainly was not silent. A pleasant buzz of conversation throughout the evening showed that the social side of the gathering was a great success.

At 9 p.m. an adjournment was made for supper which was daintily set out and duly appreciated. After supper, whist was resumed, and conversation was continued with renewed vigour.

At the close of the evening Mr. Webb kindly presented the prizes.

ONE OF THE "ISLANDS."

LETTER.

MY DEAR "OLD STUDENTS,"

I am wondering if you will bear with me, if I draw your attention to certain points in the "Editorial Announcement," which appears in each issue of the College Magazine. I can so well understand that formal and stereotyped notices do not supply very interesting reading, and are therefore "skipped," even by those delightful readers who assure me they "read every word." I have even been asked whether I did not think it would be a good thing if I inserted a reminder as to the time when subscriptions were due!

And first, may I emphasize the importance of sending any change of address at once, to the Correspondent who is responsible for that particular year? Magazines are lost every year through omission to do this. Of course I always send a second copy, if I have one left, to any subscriber who writes and says she has not received her magazine, but this second copy, and even the extra postage is an additional strain in the somewhat anxious task of "making both ends meet." The magazine in its envelope, does not look so very unlike a circular, and I feel sure that land-ladies do not always post on to the new address.

It is also a great kindness if the new address is sent to me direct, as well as to the Correspondent, as it is important for many reasons, that our College list of addresses should be kept up-to-date.

It goes without saying that those members who pay their subscriptions early in the year, without "reminders," endear themselves in a very special way to the sometimes harassed Correspondents.

The Spring number of the magazine should always reach the subscribers before the end of April, and the Autumn one at latest by the end of the first week in November, and I should be glad to hear *at once* if they are not received.

Please forgive the infliction of what I fear reads like a homily (perhaps it will remind you of old days!) and believe me,

Yours affectionately,

MARGARET ELWELL.

PASSION PLAY AT OBERAMMERGAU.

THURLESTONE,
KINGSBRIDGE,
DEVON.

MY DEAR EDITOR,

As the first sub-editor of the College magazine I discouraged accounts of travels, excepting when they dealt with the actual schoolwork of the writers, and here am I yielding to a request of my good successor to write something about my time at Oberammergau last year. Apart from it being a real pleasure to acquiesce, in such a small way to the wishes of one who has

carried on and developed so successfully the little humble magazine, it was my lot, I think I may almost say, to bring into existence, it is very pleasant to feel I may, through you, be brought into touch with so many to whom I should so like to send a message of warm remembrance, specially to all my own Students. These ever occupy a very grateful corner of my heart. It is always a pleasure to give oneself up to a thorough "read" of the magazine, when it arrives, and a double pleasure, when names of those one has known and cared for are mentioned in one way or another.

I think you would have hesitated to ask me to say anything about Oberammergau, had you when doing so some months ago, realized how much would be written about it in almost every magazine that is published, but a promise is a promise, and if you feel everyone must be tired of reading about it by now, you must use your editorial rights and cut as much or all of it out as you think well.

It had been arranged so long ago as 1900 that I should join a party of friends in 1910 to see the representation of the Passion Play, and it was delightful to feel, when the time came, that it was possible to do so, as I had given up my work at St. Peter's Orphanage for a less strenuous life. We were a party of six when we started one lovely still moonlight night in May, from Queenborough, and after spending a night or two at Cologne, Rothenburg, and Nuremberg, we settled down at Garmisch for a fortnight, such a lovely spot amongst the Bavarian mountains which were still capped with snow. The meadow land and mountain sides were gorgeous with flowers of every hue, the sight of which certainly added much to the joy of our visit there.

We found our way to Oberammergau by motor; it sounds a terribly modern way of doing so, but it was very pleasant to run so smoothly up the winding, well-made road on the mountain side. The village of Oberammergau lies high up amongst the mountains, with the little river Ammer, swift and full then from the melting snows, running through the midst of it. We had good reason to know before we left how swift and full it could be. We woke early on Sunday morning to the pealing of the church bells; there is almost impetuous haste in the ringing of bells abroad! Soon all were hurrying to early Mass; I believe all taking part in the Passion Play never miss being present during the months that the Play is being given. Of the Play I cannot do better than quote this extract from a letter in that most charming of magazines "The Watchword."

"I am now going to attempt the impossible, and try and tell you a little about the Passion Play. One *feels* it too much really to talk about it, but I know you will like to hear as much as I can tell. I am sending you a picture of Anton Lang, who

took the part of the Christus. I forgot if I have told you that we are in his house? It even increases the marvel to see him every day in his home life. He is so utterly simple, doing all the "odd jobs," quite unspoilt by all the adulation and most unsuitable praise. An actress congratulated him this week on his "acting of the part," and he simply replied, "Madam, I do not act, I only *feel*." I think he has the most beautiful smile I ever saw. It lights up his whole face, and is so full of the kindest kind of humour. His wife is delightful too, very practical, and with a lovely soprano voice, and there are three dear little children of seven, five, and three, all in the Play.

As to the Play itself—it is even more wonderful than one had heard. The music is most beautiful, and the singing so good. But what strikes one over and over again is how utterly everyone, down to the smallest child, is absorbed in what they are doing. They seem quite unconscious of the audience—all, that is to say, except the Reciter of the Prologues and the Leader of the Chorus (the latter a blacksmith with a most beautiful voice); they seem consumed with a most passionate desire to touch the hearts of anyone they can, and they do touch many, obviously, and many more who do not show it so much.

The village has only 1,500 inhabitants, and 700 are in the Play. No married woman is allowed to act, but almost everyone else does. I ought to have said that the stage is all open, except just in the centre, where the tableaux are shown and where some of the scenes are acted, and the "wings" are the streets of Jerusalem, apparently stretching away quite indefinitely, and down them the crowd comes pouring. You first hear the "Hosannahs" *really* far off, and the sound of the crowd. To me the most wonderfully impressive scene, hardly to be even written about, was the Last Supper. The hush that came over all the actors, their expressions of *intense* reverence, the beautiful, loving expression of the Christus, can only be seen and felt, not described. It really seemed almost too sacred to be looked at.

It is *quite, quite* impossible to give any idea of the 'atmosphere' of it all. The dignity of the chorus, some twenty-four men in the centre with about twelve women and girls at either end of the long row, their gorgeous coloured cloaks over their long, white tunics, and the sun catching their gold "fillets" or little crowns; the wind fluttering all the flowing robes; the birds and butterflies hovering or flashing across the stage; the constantly changing clouds and light; and the background of mountains and trees!"

This so admirably describes all one felt oneself that I have taken the liberty of copying it rather than using my own words.

We had a strange experience the following week, when after torrential rain the village was flooded and there was no coming

in or going out for a few days ; it was another phase of life in which to see the Oberammergauers, and the cheerful way they accepted this trial was as striking as everything else about them. There was no getting away by the railway, so we had to drive to a place where we could take train for a short distance, then by motor and train again we reached Munich after nine hours' travelling instead of three. We came north by way of the Rhine and had a lovely day to boat down that far-famed river.

Yours affectionately,

Feb. 23rd, 1911.

HELEN E. WADDINGTON.

POEM.

" There shall the way appear steps unto heaven."

* *Sacrificium Deo spiritus contribulatus.*

Alleluia. Alleluia. Alleluia.

Sanctus. Sanctus. Sanctus.

This do in Remembrance of Me.

The Good Shepherd giveth His life
for the sheep.

" Suffer the little children
to come unto Me."

" Jesus saith,
Feed My lambs."

Softly the footstep here ! it brings
Thy life to holy ground,
Where stillness born of hallowed things
Shall wrap thy soul around.

Within the silence lose the strife,
The conflict of thy will,
How useless seems the rush of life !
The Spirit says " Be still."

Be still, and know that He is God
Who led thee from the roar
Of worldly things ; Whose footsteps trod
The path for thee before.

Be still, and in the stillness feel
How poor the selfish thought
Of yesterday ; let Truth reveal
How small the object sought :

* East Window and Inscriptions in the Sanctuary College Chapel.

How little strength by thee displayed ;
 How few the hopes fulfilled ;
 And yet how willingly essayed
 The labours that He willed !

Be still until thy sad heart hear,
 After the rushing wind,
 The still small voice of Conscience clear,
 " Oh, Father, I have sinned."

Yes, thou hast sinned, but sinless He,
 Though He was tempted sore ;
 Thy life in His shall cleansed be,
 Then raise thine eyes once more.

For He is risen and now He lives
 And ever intercedes ;
 The Father, seeing Him, forgives
 Each sinful child who pleads.

Forgives, while sinless beings raise
 Their " Holy, Holy," cries,
 And angels join the threefold praise ;
 Then child of earth, arise !

Let thy notes with the Angels' blend ;
 Join thou with Cherubim,
 And gladly at His altar bend
 In memory of Him.

Thy God Himself was lifted up,
 The Shepherd for the sheep :
 To thee, partaker of His cup,
 He gives His lambs to keep.

To thee the thrice-repeated word
 " Oh, teacher, lovs't thou me ?
 Is thy heart by My life-blood stirred ?
 Then bring My lambs to Me.

Thou hast My little ones each day ;
 Thou can'st forbid or bring ;
 Thy love and patience shall display
 Thy truth in worshipping.

Then lose the bitterness of life,
 The conflict of thy will ;
 My Spirit, in the midst of strife,
 Breathes through thy soul, " Be still ! "

"ON THE WAY TO MANILLA."

P. & O., S.S. *China*,

PORT SAÏD,

29th November, 1910.

MY DEAR MISS ELWELL,

We are now at Port Saïd, waiting until the Brindisi mail comes in to-morrow before we can proceed on our journey. Rumour has it that there is a case of cholera on the Brindisi boat, so that we shall probably only take mails and no passengers on board. So far the journey has not been bad. The English Channel was cold, but as we passed through it at night we did not notice it much amid the novelty of the surroundings. The bay was smooth for it, in fact we had no need to close the port-hole. Gibraltar was very interesting. Approached from the Atlantic side the town is seen and looks very pretty. The houses are mainly painted white, have flat roofs and look well against the trees and grey rock. From the Mediterranean side the rock is very imposing, and at a distance looks like a crouching lion. Another girl and I went on shore together and chartered a carriage for which we paid four shillings. The driver, a Spaniard, was very intelligent and shewed us all the points of interest. We saw the English Cathedral and the Roman, but did not go inside either. The Almeda gardens are beautiful and are well laid out. Heliotrope, roses, chrysanthemums, oranges, and many other flowers grow there in the open. The English town seems largely made up of military stores, barracks, etc., with guns hidden in every place. In fact the whole rock is perforated by holes used for military purposes. The driver showed us the big 100-ton gun, only used at certain times when the governor comes round inspecting. The streets where the shops are situated are narrow, and the wares, lace, bed-spreads, kimonas, etc., are spread upon the walls, while a cosmopolitan race asks one to buy, buy, buy! The markets, European and Moorish, are interesting. There was some lovely fruit in the former, and a lot of nasty meat which the natives brought and carried proudly away. In the Moorish market were live poultry and many eggs, but we did not go far into it as it did not possess the most sanitary of smells; there is no wonder that Eastern people are so fond of garlic, for it covers many other disagreeables. Between the English and Spanish towns is about a mile of neutral ground belonging to no one, guarded at the English side by an English sentry and at the other by a Spanish one. Spaniards have to get a ticket to admit them to the English town. At the entrance to the Spanish town there is a wire fence about seven feet high, put there for the inconvenience of smugglers who used to conceal tobacco in their dogs' cheeks and make them jump inside the fence. A

row of rusty tumble-down railings guards the entrance to Spanish town, and the only energetic people are the beggars and those who lead them about. There are holes in the roads, and flies rise up wherever one walks. There is a nicer street, however, gaily painted, with the houses in apparently good repair, and adorned with advertisements, notably of Singers' Sewing Machine and Sunlight Soap. In fact, so far it seems doubtful whether Singers' Sewing Machines or Lipton's Teas are the better advertised. We did not penetrate far, however, and returned to the quay where sellers of flowers, fruit, and post-cards pestered us continually, lowering their prices as the time for the last tender to depart drew nearer. The sea was beautiful near Gibraltar, but as we approached Marseilles it grew more choppy and the wind grew very cold. We waited about twenty-four hours at Marseilles, so had a fair time in which to see it. A good deal of time is wasted in the long tram ride to get to the town. The post office is a fine modern building, with a cool and lofty portico. The trams only hold inside passengers, and if more board the car than there are seats to hold them, they are left to stand on the footboard behind the driver, and the guard makes a mad rush through the car to demand their fares. As it was cold, the drivers wore long whitish fur coats, looking very like polar bears. The Sailors' Church, Notre Dame de la Garde, with its huge gilt statue of the Virgin and Child, built on the highest part of the town, is the first thing to attract attention, and if the sun shines, it gives the harbour the appearance of being guarded by a being from another world. We reached the Church by the funicular, which is very steep and worked by cables, and where passengers are allowed to crowd on the driving board. The view from this hill is the nicest thing in Marseilles, as it commands the harbour with its many basins, cosmopolitan shipping, the Château d'If, and the red-roofed, white houses. The factories are placed in a semicircle round one part of the town, and we just saw the sun sink before the smoke closed in and hid the town. The church has beautiful bronze doors and some nice wood carving inside. The building is small compared with the big English churches and cathedrals, but very beautiful. There are six side chapels, three on each side of the nave, and the side walls are filled from top to bottom with pictures or marble slabs with gilt inscriptions, given by sailors in gratitude for a safe return. There are also ships suspended from the roof, and weapons and other things hung on the walls. We did not see the old cathedral down by the docks as there was not time. We left Marseilles a week ago, and until we reached Port Saïd I do not remember much except that the engines throbbed and throbbed unmercifully, the ship nearly rocked us out of our bunks, and plates were smashed, and nearly every one was ill. It was cool even in Port Saïd which is a most interesting place in which

to say "How do you do?" to the East. It is quite flat, and little basins are dug in which to build the houses, which apparently are dotted down here and there irrespective of the swampy approach to them. There are primitive trams with a very narrow gauge drawn by a mule and very dirty; in fact, dirt and smells seem the chief characteristics of Port Saïd, so that it is a wonder that cholera or plague is not always there. Some of the new houses look very nice, however, and fairly strong; all are plastered a light colour, generally white, cream, or pink. The post office is a fine place, with its cool quadrangle, planted with three trees on each side, and each tree surrounded by a little patch of carefully tended grass, which looked much happier after the sudden and steady downpour of rain which fell before we left, just to show us that it *does* rain there sometimes. The natives of German, Italian, Arabian, or Egyptian extraction stand outside their shops, many of which are very fine and contain good work, and have a boy to send after visitors, to beseech, "Mrs. Langtry" or "Mrs. Cornwallis-West"—or failing these names, "Mrs. Mary Ann" to come and see the best "Shinese" shop in Port Saïd, or the cheapest feather shop—every shop is the best, and every one will lead visitors to another shop in the hope of obtaining backsheesh. We had tea on the pavement outside the Continental Hotel, which was delightful after the ship's tea, and we were entertained by a string band and a conjuror, and bothered by people selling beads, feathers, fly switches, silver boxes, and who were periodically cleared away by a sabred policeman. But by far the most interesting part of Port Saïd is Arab Town through which we drove. Here the streets are narrow, dirty, and full of holes. Everything seems sold in the street, vegetables, meat, fruit, and here and there sweets put up in big English sweet-bottles. Little girls about eight or ten years old sat in a puddle in the road with a wooden tray of bread cakes for sale. The houses seem mere hovels and only to hang together by good luck, as they are built of thin strips of wood held together by plaster, and it seems immaterial whether they stand upright or lean over or bulge out. The shops seem to have no front windows, and now and again among the dirty, motley-coloured, picturesque array, one sees a neatly-arranged one, with stacks of Manchester cotton goods or a tailor industriously sewing with a treadle Singer machine. The pavements, especially in the better built parts of the town, are very much higher than the roads, the reason for which we saw after the rain had fallen, for orange boxes and rickety planks of wood were placed to span the wide muddy pool below. The amount of slang the natives use is amusing. "Hop it" or "Hook it" conveys much more to them than "go away," and they know more about "a bob" and a "tanner" than a shilling and sixpence. Another interesting class of people is the conjurors who are wonderfully clever. They cry,

“ gelli, gelli, gelli, no shicken, no rabbit, no nothing,” and carry little chickens, corks, and tumblers in their tunics. They are really very clever, and an hour soon passes when watching them. We were serenaded by people in boats playing guitars, banjos, and violins, and a harsh-voiced woman would sing. The “ Merry Widow ” and “ Dollar Princess ” waltzes were the usual things played. We were kept ten hours late at Port Saïd as the Brindisi mail came from a cholera-infected port and had to be in quarantine. Our boat is carrying the Christmas mails for the East and they took a long time to get on board. The “ Osiris,” the Brindisi boat, has to remain in quarantine eight days, and a lady is on board who came that way in order to get quickly to her daughter dying in Cairo. Owing to our leaving Port Saïd so late, we went through the canal at night, and it was some consolation for missing seeing it, to feel that one was getting over the journey without being tumbled about the cabin and grabbing at flying hair pins and brushes and clothes. We saw Snez, however, with the railway and carriage road, some cool trees, and some nice houses. It looked an ideal place to spend about a month at. Yesterday we entered the Red Sea, and I was not warm until the evening, though to-day is just lovely. We saw Mount Sinai, a terrible looking, scarred, bleak mountain—in fact the Arabian side looked monotonously dull, barren, reddish, and uninhabited. At sunset, however, a wonderful red glow lit up the hills, which lasted about twenty minutes, and then the darkness came quickly. We reach Aden on Sunday, and here the majority of the Anglo-Indians leave for Bombay. It will be a relief not to have to scramble for all meals except dinner, for which we have two sittings. I am afraid I have written a very great deal and it will reach you when you are busy with all the Christmas greetings, so I will conclude and wish you a very, very happy Christmas, and good health and prosperity in the coming year.

With love,

Yours very affectionately,

GRACE HIRST.

HOTEL KAROON,

FAYOUM,

UPPER EGYPT,

January 21st, 1911.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

It is a great pleasure to me to be able to write to you all again by Miss Elwell's kind invitation, for though unknown personally to most of you, the dear old College with its precious memories are never forgotten by me, and I am always very

delighted to hear and read of its successes. When I last wrote to you I was in Upper Egypt at Beni Souef, since then I have been in Santa, Cairo, and in this place. I have seen many beautiful cities, but to my mind none so beautiful, or so full of intense interest as Cairo—but *that* must have a separate letter sometime when I am there.

I came here nine months ago, and it seems as if somehow I had begun to live backwards and found myself in early Bible times. The Patriarchs with their camels and donkey are the men I meet on my way to school every day—the same features, the same dress, the same merchandise or burden. At present our wonderful canal, said to have been cut by Joseph and called the "Yusephe," is being repaired and widened, and in watching the men and their modes of working, the only times they resemble to me are those of the Pharaohs and the Israelites. The canal is almost emptied for the work—the beautiful soft dark earth from the sides and bed is all heaped upon the paths to a great height. The labourers are very numerous and do their work in most primitive fashion, but *as* work, the picture on the sides of the banks is such a one as I do not suppose I shall ever see again. The prevailing colour of the men's clothing is a lovely shade of blue, but the men are clothed in all shades of cotton from dirty white to dark brown and blue (only colour or shade, not dirt, tells in the distance). Their limbs are mostly bare, the legs to above the knees, and these are often beautifully shaped; can you imagine this ever-moving mass against the background of the rich brown earth? It is such a picture as Holman Hunt would have delighted in (and I have not even a kodak here). The canal is said to have been cut in a thousand days—hence "Fayoum" meaning a thousand days, but it is also said to have been cut a thousand years *before* Joseph's time. Strange to say there are at present no records—some manuscripts were found some years ago, but by fellahîn (i.e. labourers), who not knowing their value tore them in pieces and sold any bits they could for a small coin or two. This place is "Medinet-el-Fayoum," i.e. the city of Fayoum, capital of the province which is a large one redeemed from the Sahara as a great oasis by the great canal and its numerous tributaries fed from the Nile. So I *should* be happy, for I drink and wash in Nile water every day. I cannot tell you the number of inhabitants, as many (thousands, I should think) Arabs live here and they are never counted on any census, neither are any records kept of their births and deaths—it is against their laws.

The native corn is dhurra, growing much like maize, only taller, and the heads are larger and conical with a round seed somewhat larger than the large sago, and I should think a hundred to two hundred seeds on a head. I wish you could see the thrashing; it is done exactly as in Bible times either by treading out

the corn, or by being beaten with sticks; the larger farmers employ the former method, the peasants the latter; it is most interesting to watch the winnowing—the corn and chaff (which of course lie together) are gathered on a great spade or large round platter and tossed up into the air—the corn falls heavily on the ground or platter, and the chaff goes with the wind; this is repeated till the separation is complete, the pile of chaff in one place, the corn in another. For those of you who love colour, there would indeed be a feast—no colouring in the grey skies of England can equal the wonderful sunsets here. As the sun nears the horizon, it changes to a deep rosy light which spreads through the whole western sky and seems almost like a *living* light, the palm trees and buildings (if there are any) stand out like dream figures, and looking behind one, the eastern sky is taking a beautiful purple from the reflected light. This deep purple if you could see it on the desert would, I fancy, strike you not so much as a colour in the sky but as something marvellously real lying between earth and sky that our senses have not the power to grasp. I have seen it once but can never forget it. I have never been right into the desert, but I spent Christmas Day on the borders of the Sahara, and I have crossed patches of the desert from time to time. I am longing for the chance of a few days right *in* the desert, and of course on a camel. This is a capital place to start from, we are so near; this place is really a part of the Sahara, only made fertile as an oasis by the canal, its many branches, and the wonderful system of irrigation. Not even a weed grows that is not sown or planted; the farmer sows his seed, keeps it irrigated, and he has no weeds to battle with, only the corn that he sowed grows, and when reaped, he ploughs and sows or plants again. No dear little wild things come up unbidden, and half the charm of a country walk is lost—in fact I think more than half, for I have always loved the little wayside plants so much. No town charms ever made up for the loss of them to me.

Not far from here are the remains of an old Roman city, overthrown by an earthquake between the first and second century A.D. The people here call it "cum-el-Faris"—otherwise it is called "Crocodilopolis," as in it was a large temple erected to the worship of the crocodile, which was a sacred creature to them. They not only worshipped but mummified them when dead, both big and little (I have some mummy remains of quite tiny ones, and a friend here has two enormous heads). Some of the old pillars of the temple are still lying as they fell, though of course broken; they are of beautiful Assuan granite (Assuan must be four hundred or more miles from here). The whole district upheaved which is some miles in extent is a mass of debris with one great mound which the people here call "The Mountain." Antiquities of all kinds are found there, but it is in the hands of the Arabs, and they do not allow any one there if they can help it—

however, they have no *real* right to drive people away, and we go there sometimes—taking an Arab servant with us if possible. Valuables are of course expected to be given up, but not small common things. I have found many old coins, earthenware, etc., and one or two old lamps—we always enjoy a dig, as we call it, at Crocodilopolis. I wish you could see my baby crocodiles' teeth and claws.

I hope I have not tired you out with all this. Please accept my kind love for the sake of the dear ones of other days, and with best wishes for continued success

I am,

Your affectionate "great grandmother,"

MARY YEATES

(Lincoln, 1862-3).

* * *

VISIT TO THE COPTIC BISHOP OF FAYOUM AND GIZEH.

(Written July 21st, 1910.)

I HAD a great treat and honour this morning, the Coptic priest who is the acting manager and secretary at the school where I am teaching English, invited me to call on his wife, which I did, and had a chat with her, her sister, and a sister-in-law (the priest of course translating). Then he took me to the Coptic Church which I much wanted to see—an old Egyptian law forbade any Coptic Church being built in any principal thoroughfare or any conspicuous place, and consequently we had to turn and wind through all sorts of narrow streets and alleys till a house blocked up the end of one narrow dirty street. That was the Bishop's, and by the side of that was the church—it is outwardly a very plain building, with a principal entrance for men and two women's entrances at the side (they have a separate gallery with latticed screens—a wretched affair).

The church is modern, but there are two things of intense interest in it, the great screen which entirely cuts off the east side, and an old book—but oh, that screen! I should think it is priceless, and over a thousand years old; the date is on it, and how it has been preserved through all the years of turmoil and persecution I cannot imagine; it is of wood fitted into patterns, and the central piece of each is inlaid with bone or ivory, I fancy the latter, though it is very yellow with age, but considering the age I think bone would have decayed; it must have a wonderful history—but then—the only bit of history any body knows here is that Yusef (Jacob's son Joseph) had the canal dug—as far as I know no records have been kept.

When I had seen the church, the priest asked me if I would go and see the Bishop who lives in the house close by. I said "No." I thought it would be an impertinent intrusion, but he said the

Bishop would like it, so we walked into a large, dirty, untidy hall with several men, I suppose servants, lounging about, and then without ceremony we walked into the next room, also large and dirty, and with no furniture except a large settee, a writing table in the centre, and a few chairs—but I saw little of these for the big old man sitting cross-legged in the far corner of the settee ; it was the Bishop. The priest told him I was teaching at the school, and I was English ; he looked at me, gave me a pleasant welcome and asked me to sit on the couch—he does not speak English, so the priest had to translate. How I should like to have asked him all his history, he has been here since before Arabi Pasha's time—he is Bishop of Gizeh and Fayoum—he is over ninety years old and looks it (some say he is over a hundred). He is a big man, with large head and features, the latter not so much wrinkled as looking like a diminutive model of rounded mountain tops and deep narrow valleys, his eyes are grey, piercing but kindly, and from time to time he looks straight at you. He has a terrible cough, and I wanted to come away, I feared it tired him, but he would not hear of it—he said it gave him so much pleasure—he is a great admirer of England, and one thing pleases him much ; he says, when Englishmen go to his church they always take off their hats !

He has invited me to go to his private morning prayer on Sunday at half-past seven ; he gave me his hand to kiss when I came away. While we were there he was interrupted once or twice on business, and he seemed to give his replies or orders clearly and in few words. One time a letter was read to him, he took his signet ring out of his pocket, gave it to his secretary who signed the letter with it and returned it. Even yet, he can evidently transact business in his quiet and practical way.

He is much loved and revered by his people who attribute to him almost supernatural power.

M. YEATES,
Fayoum, Upper Egypt.

A FORTNIGHT'S VISIT TO "WOODSEATS INFANTS' SCHOOL, SHEFFIELD."

WOODSEATS Infants' School is situated on the outskirts of the city of Sheffield. The site is elevated and healthy. The building was erected to accommodate about three hundred and fifty children ; it is possessed of many advantages, being quite modern and in every respect convenient. The interior of the school is spacious, very bright and cheerful, while it is surrounded by a playground of considerable area.

The rooms are large and airy. A central hall occupies the middle of the structure. This is oblong in shape and has three

class-rooms opening from it upon each of the two longer sides. The middle class-room upon each side is separated from the central hall by a sliding wooden partition so that, if necessary, a large open space, in the form of a cross, can be obtained. The upper parts of the partitions between the class-rooms and central hall are of glass.

The upper part of the walls is coloured light green, and the lower part a reddish-brown. This has the effect of giving a bright appearance, while it prevents the lower portions of the walls presenting the not unusual soiled appearance. There are two entrances, one at each end of the building, and three wash-basins and a cloak-room near to each. The teachers' room is upstairs above one cloak-room, and the headmistress' room in a similar position, at the other end of the building. These rooms are approached by narrow staircases between the end class-rooms and the cloak-rooms.

The windows occupy almost one entire side of each room, the light in each case reaching the children from the left. The lower portions of the windows open inwards, the entering air is directed upwards, and the window so constructed that a draught is an impossibility. The rooms are warmed by means of radiators, but hot-water pipes are placed all round the cloak-rooms, and there is a fire in one class-room. This room is used for a special class.

Apparatus is plentiful in the school. Blackboards are fixed all round the walls for the use of the children, and broad ones above them along one wall for the use of the teachers. There is only one movable blackboard in the school. The pictures are bright and numerous, their subjects being chiefly animals and children. Many of them are sketches in plain colour with a thick outline. There is a maypole in the central hall, and a jumping frame is also placed there for physical exercise.

Children are not admitted now under five years of age. All are set a simple intelligence test, consisting of easy questions relating to home and everyday events. The majority of the children pass this test, the few who fail are placed in a special class. This exception class consists of the dullest children, who vary in age from five to seven years. These children are not necessarily mentally deficient, but slow, or unable to speak properly. As soon as they begin to brighten up, they are transferred to the ordinary classes. Special training in language is given in this class. For the first fortnight after the children are admitted into school they are allowed to play quite freely with provided toys, the teacher only generally supervising the play. It is found that the little ones soon shew a desire to take a share in the lessons going on, and to do as the other children are doing. Thus they are unconsciously to themselves drawn into the routine of lessons.

The discipline throughout the school is free, the children are allowed to ask any questions, but are taught not to interrupt the teacher while she is speaking. They are encouraged to speak in a

natural manner, and, unless it is absolutely incorrect, their language is not corrected. It is believed that continual correction of small mistakes makes the children self-conscious and restrained. The dramatising which takes quite a prominent place in this school, is a great aid towards maintaining freedom of speech.

In reading, the children are taught the sounds of the letters, and the name is not connected with the sound or the symbol, until formal writing is taken in Class I. The children are able to find out hard words, and so make good progress in silent reading. They are, however, unable to recognise the words easily, and are generally obliged to build them up. As soon as the children have learnt some words, and know how to discover others, they are set to work by themselves, while the teacher gives individual help. This system prevents the brighter children from becoming wearied and losing interest by waiting for the slower ones. Each child is reading a different part, and careful supervision is needed to see that no child is wasting time. The "look and say" method is being tried with a class of the slowest readers. The class supplies simple sentences, which are written on the blackboard. The words in these sentences are constantly introduced in different ways, the children's attention is concentrated on them, and they are soon learnt. The sentences are read just as they would be uttered in speech; for instance, the children are told that "the" must never be said alone. By this method, about four hundred words had been learnt by all of the duller children in less than three weeks.

The number lessons are taken practically throughout the school, chiefly with Tillich's bricks. Very little importance is attached to the written part of this subject, as it is maintained that the figures will be rapidly learnt, when the necessity for using them occurs.

Nature lessons are taken very simply, but are made very interesting to the children. This interest is aroused in the first place by the decoration of the rooms. During the season of autumn, autumn leaves and tints abound, the former being placed behind the pictures. Plenty of flowers are kept in jars, and the children take much delight in arranging these every morning. During the month of October there were, on the large blackboards, illustrations in coloured chalks representing virginia creeper and autumn leaves and berries. Similar seasonal sketches are put on the blackboard about once a month, as well as an artistically-decorated calendar. Nature calendars, depicting the state of the weather, are made daily by each child in Class I. These they do with coloured chalk, representing cold by a fire in a grate, rain by an opened umbrella, and so on. Wherever possible the descriptive word is placed beside the symbol; before the word is known, the initial letter alone is used. In the lower classes the calendar is kept by the teacher. Shortly after the children begin to keep their own calendars a list of words is put on the blackboard from which they are expected to choose the one

most suitable to the particular weather prevailing. This list consists of words likely to be new to the children, such as *dull, mild, pleasant, and unpleasant*, and so it helps to enlarge their vocabularies. There are many plants in the schoolroom, and the children are encouraged to bring as many flowers as possible.

In October, every child is asked to bring a penny. With the money thus collected, a number of bulbs are bought (this year they are daffodils), and one is given to each child. Full instructions as to how to plant and grow them are given, after which the children take the bulbs home and tend them themselves. At the proper time for blooming, the plants are brought back to school, and a miniature flower-show is held. Prizes are given to the owners of the best and healthiest bulbs. Nature walks are taken as often as possible. Two rabbits are kept in a hutch under the covered playground. One class is responsible for feeding them each week; the children, having been told what is good for them, are always able to bring sufficient food.

The drawing is mainly done with coloured chalks on wall blackboards. The youngest children are allowed to express their ideas freely; for example, the teacher speaks of having seen a little girl with brown hair, in a blue dress and white pinafore, and the children are told to draw her. This teaches the children to select their own colours and to draw freely. In such teaching as this, the teacher must correct individually, and each child must be led to see his own mistake or no benefit will accrue.

A combination of methods is used in this school, and answers well; for example, a free drawing lesson is given, then a demonstration lesson. This prevents the teaching becoming "one-sided." Similarly, to develop the individuality of the children and their powers of observation, free-cutting is taken. To balance this, and so obtain carefulness and precision, geometrical-cutting lessons are taken alternately with the freer lessons. In the upper classes where painting is taken, the children mix their own colours. This method, combined with the fact of each child having his own copy, does away with any fear of conventionality, and brings out the individuality of the children. The aim throughout the school is to obtain individual effort, and not good finished results.

Blackboard pictures are gradually made by each teacher as her nature and story lessons are taken. For instance, if one lesson is taken on chickens, these are drawn on the blackboard. Then suppose, a lesson on ducks follows, these are also drawn and a pond inserted into the picture. This picture remains upon the blackboard until the series of lessons is complete, as it helps to bring the lessons with which each object is connected readily before the minds of the children.

It is found beneficial to have three short breaks in the morning session, one of ten minutes, and the other two of five minutes each. During the shorter of these, the children run or skip once or twice

round the playground, while the longer time is given for free play. This system gives opportunity for thorough ventilation of the rooms, and also keeps the children fresh and bright.

When coming in to school the children march; when going out they run, skip, jump, or dance. All the scholars run splendidly, and for fire drill they can be got out of the school in thirty seconds. Little formal drill is taken, except for a few minutes on wet days, when skipping, running, hopping and so on, in the playground are impossible. The children are made to form in straight lines, and to take arm distance from the child in front when assembling for prayers. While they are thus standing in file, the headmistress spends about five minutes each morning inspecting the cleanliness of the scholars. Special attention is given to hands one morning, to the face another day, and so on. At dismissal, the children are required to say "Good afternoon" to the headmistress, and then each class to its own teacher, the words in every case being accompanied by a bow.

An open afternoon is held about three times a year, the parents and friends of the children of two classes, being invited upon each occasion. This enables the teachers to get into touch with their pupils' parents. It is also an encouragement to the children, and a source of interest and gratification to the parents. The children, at such a time, have some of their work in front of them to shew, and are engaged upon Kindergarten Occupations or in Reading. To shew their progress in language an example of dramatising is given, and a display of running, jumping, and games takes place to demonstrate their physical attainments.

Under these conditions, this school is the brightest, happiest place imaginable. Everybody is perfectly free and natural, and there is a strong feeling of confidence and friendship existing between the members of the staff, and of love and mutual trust between each teacher and her class.

GRETA TAYLOR,
Second Year.

A FORTNIGHT IN WELHOLME ROAD SENIOR GIRLS' SCHOOL, GRIMSBY.

THE Welholme Road School is very pleasantly situated on the outskirts of Grimsby, far removed from the bustle and stir of the town. An extremely pleasant time was passed here, the headmistress and class teachers doing all in their power to assist us and facilitate our work.

One very special feature noticed throughout the school was the full confidence placed in the girls by the staff. Monitors are chosen to help the class teacher during the week; they prepare everything necessary for the day's lessons so that there shall be no

delay between lessons. If the class teacher is called away for any reason, the monitresses change the lessons if necessary and assume full responsibility.

Every room is plentifully supplied with plants and flowers in which the girls take great pride; several girls are deputed to water them every morning and re-arrange the flowers where necessary. The older girls form societies in their own classes, thus helping to promote a healthy party spirit and uniting the girls in one friendly body, not only during school life, but afterwards. A committee is elected by vote, and on two of this number are conferred the duties of secretary and treasurer. All members are asked to subscribe one half-penny per month to defray any expenses which may arise. The committee make the rules of the club, which are rigidly and strictly adhered to. If a lesson is to be given on some special subject where no specimens or illustrations are available, the society provides funds to procure the necessary articles. Some of the money is also spent on pictures which are hung round the class-rooms. All members are expected to take *St. George's Magazine*, which they may read during private reading lessons, and which is a source of unbounded delight and interest to all.

One afternoon we were surprised and not a little pleased to hear that Standards VI. and VII. were going to act scenes from Shakespeare's plays for our entertainment. The headmistress and class teachers choose the scene for representation, and the characters are not assisted in the choice of costume. Each girl may "make up" until she attains her ideal of the character she is impersonating. The scenery is arranged according to the actors' tastes, they provide what they think is suitable. Standard VI. acted a part of "The Taming of the Shrew," and Standard VII. gave the lost letter scene in "Twelfth Night." The rendering of both scenes was admirable, and at the close the players received hearty and well-merited applause. All the visitors received programmes painted by the children who choose their own design.

The lower classes who do not aspire to plays act their recitation, and their apparel and conduct are as ingenious as they are amusing.

There is a Debating Club in connection with the upper standards, in which the girls take a keen interest. The subject under discussion is put before the club; a month is given in which to gather information and papers are written by the girls at home and read in the debate. The proceedings are conducted in a business-like manner, the teacher acting as chairman, and the various points are discussed. The subjects chosen are those on which the children may easily acquire knowledge, and the fact that there is no lack of orators testifies to the keen interest taken in the society.

The library in the school is very well patronized by the children. They are told what books will help their History and English, and these are consequently in great demand. The girls are very fond of reading, and their choice of books is distinctly good.

Drawing is the speciality in Welholme School. Pencil and brushwork is taken in the lower classes, and those who show marked ability in this kind of work paint in oils. The children provide the canvas and oils, and some very beautiful designs are done by them.

We spent a very pleasant and helpful time at the schools and left them finally with a sigh of regret. Our grateful thanks are due to the head teachers and assistants, who by their kindness and consideration ensured for us a happy and most helpful fortnight.

MARGERY KIRK,

Second Year.

UNIVERSITY EXTENSION ESSAY.

"The General Qualities of Coleridge's Romantic Poetry."

WITH the exception of that of the Elizabethan Age, no poetry surpasses in variety and magnificence that of the early nineteenth century, a period during which many bright stars rose in the literary firmament, lights destined never to be extinguished. Of these, Wordsworth stands out as the leader of that great movement, the return to Nature, but inseparably linked to him is Coleridge, who takes his place among our foremost poets by virtue of the bewitching music, the enchanting melody of his verse. Wordsworth's life was lived under conditions singularly favourable to the full development of his genius; far different was that of his friend Coleridge, a man of rare and varied gifts, in whose life the note of self-inflicted tragedy is predominant. A minute observer of Nature and of human nature, he portrays both with fidelity, but his power lay rather in the delineation of the particular than in generalities; he dealt with the subtleties of the heart, with peculiarities of character. From early childhood, he seems to have half-lived in a dream world created "by the shaping spirit of Imagination," Nature's gift at birth, and it is this fanciful, dreamy spirit, which so strongly characterizes his greatest poems. These are few in number, but possess a unique value in the height and perfection of their imaginative quality. There is in his verse a melody, a captivating originality, the hall-mark of genius, which is born of the very breath of inspiration. In all his poetry is the real sweetness of the poet's nature manifested; there is no touch of bitterness or complaint, though much of sorrow; his own disappointment and apparent failure did not prevent his genuine delight in Wordsworth's great achievements. He had a rare and lovely nature, and although his life was one of moral suffering, yet he was not soured; rather has he gained a tenderness which is sometimes absent in Wordsworth, and it is Coleridge who has the great and wide compassion of the Christian.

Like his life, much of Coleridge's work is fragmentary and incomplete, yet its range and variety bear witness to the greatness of his poetic genius. He is essentially the poet of Dreamland, and it is by those poems where the imagination is free and untrammelled, that he has achieved a unique position. The Spirit of Dreamland broods over his romantic verses; there is a wild phantasy in them, and withal a delicate grace. The subtle vivid imagery gives to the poem an intangible feeling; it is a dream fabric, liable to be blown away by a breath, or to melt in the glaring light of common-sense. Among these Romantic Poems, "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner," is distinguished by the breadth of its conception, and the beauty of its presentment. In it, Coleridge leads the reader beyond the border line of the unseen world, yet one never feels that it is beyond belief; there is in it a simple realistic force, which cannot fail to arrest the attention, and it is because to the Poet the so-called supernatural is the natural; there is no barrier between the known and the unknown. The true poet writes "from the principle within"; his works are an expression of himself, of his individuality. In "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner," the whole scene lives before us, called up by brief, yet vigorous, descriptive phrases. The fantastic and marvellous are brought into intimate contact with reality, yet there is no inconsistency, only the truest harmony, and through all a wondrous melody. There is a "strange phantasmagoric haze" about the ship and the lonely voyager, which prevents the contrast from being too sharply defined. In the title of the poem, the keynote is struck; by his choice of diction, the poet transports the reader into an unknown region. The mariner himself seems to have more than a human individuality. He is merged into the greater character of a haunted being. He has returned from regions of awe and solitude, having passed through strange and terrible experiences, and now is a wanderer on the face of the earth, seeking ever those to whom his story must be told. Such a one he finds in the person of the Wedding Guest. The gallant is in no humour to be detained; in the bridal music is heard the call of the World, but the compelling power in the eye of the sea-faring man subdues his will, and he is constrained to listen. There is an air of reality, of vigorous life about the beginning of the strange "Rime."

"The ship was cheer'd, the harbour clear'd,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the lighthouse top."

Then came a storm which blew the ship into a desolate region of ice and snow, devoid of any living creature, until the awful sense of solitude is relieved by the coming of the albatross. Good fortune comes with it, until the mariner by shooting the bird in wanton cruelty, breaks the bond of his own fellowship with God

through His creatures. Misfortune follows ; they are becalmed in a sultry ocean ; a hot and dreary stillness is over all, the sun shines fiercely in a copper sky, and they experience the tortures of thirst.

“ There passed a weary time. Each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye.”

In the midst of their awful agony, comes a gleam of hope, a ship is seen. With marvellous skill, the poet has caused the expression of anticipated relief to add to the horror of the scene ; their sufferings are but intensified.

“ With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
Agape they heard me call ;
Grammercy ! they for joy did grin,
And all at once their breath drew in,
As they were drinking all.”

Too soon, alas, their hopes are dashed ; it is a phantom ship, her crew, Death and Life-in-Death, and the two are casting dice. To the night-mare, Life-in-Death, falls the mariner. At the same instant comes the instantaneous descent of the tropical night ;

“ The Sun's rim dips ; the stars rush out ;
At one stride comes the dark.”

Then the full horror of his fate begins to overtake the Ancient Mariner. One after another, Death claims his companions. Two hundred souls pass to their account, but Life-in-Death has won him ; he cannot die, but lives on in utter dreary solitude ;

“ Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea.”

In his loneliness, he turns to the moon for companionship ; her soft light is a relief from the endless glare of the sun, and then by her gentle rays he sees the beauty of the sea creatures, born of the great calm. Unconsciously he blesses them, and in that act expiates his sin, his cruelty to the albatross. The spell is broken ; he sleeps, and when he awakens the terrible calm and drought are ended. Spirits inspire the ship's crew, and, to the music of the spheres, the ship moves on.

“ Around, around flew each sweet sound,
Then darted to the sun ;
Slowly the sounds came back again
Now mix'd, now one by one.
Sometimes, adropping from the sky
I heard the skylark sing ;
Sometimes all little birds that are,
How they seemed to fill the sea and air
With their sweet jargonings ;
And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute ;
And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the heavens be mute.”

From the land of mist and snow, to the fiery regions of the Line has the ship been carried, but at length it once more enters the quiet haven, alight with the calm silvery rays of the moon. The plash of oars is heard, and the pilot's boat approaches; once more reality and phantasy are in intimate contact, yet there is no sense of the incongruous. The spirits quit the lifeless bodies, and the phantom ship with its ghastly crew sinks beneath the waves, but upon the mariner's face is printed indelibly the story of the awful time through which he has passed, and the three spectators are impressed with a sense of the horror and mystery of Life-in-Death.

The strength of the poem lies in its intense reality—it is a cry from the depths of the poet's own heart, for he too had gone down into the depths, and with the Ancient Mariner, had realized that terrible loneliness, a feeling of desertion by God and man.

" O Wedding Guest ! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide, wide sea :
So lonely 'twas, that God Himself
Scarce seemed there to be."

"Christabel" partakes of the same romantic character, but the characters are more shadowy, they are the fitting figures of a dream, there is an air of unreality, of too little hold upon life; yet as a work of pure creative art, it is unrivalled. There is throughout a glow of mystical reverence, a harmony of words and similes which renders it pure music, a delicacy and subtlety which cannot but chain the attention. The spirit of the maiden, Christabel, shines through the poem; it is her purity which is the most powerful charm. There is a beauty of description, a strange fascinating melody in all its lines; it seems almost as if it were an expression of one side of Coleridge's own sweet nature; it has such a dreamy charm, and over all is the cold but subdued light of the moon.

Yet another dream-poem, "Kubla Khan," brings out Coleridge's power of picturesque but vague imagery. There is a melodious richness in the words gathered round his images, a wealth "formed and nourished in the recesses" of a deeply musing spirit. In direct contrast to this beautiful vision

" Of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves,
Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves,"

is a fragment—"The Pains of Sleep," which describes with equal truth and a tragic intensity, a dream of pain and disease; a hideous nightmare of

" Life-stifling fear,
Soul-stifling shame."

" But yester-night I prayed aloud
 In anguish and in agony,
 Upstarting from the fiendish crowd
 Of shapes and thoughts that tortured me :
 A lurid light, a trampling throng,
 Sense of intolerable wrong,
 And whom I scorned, those only strong !
 Thirst of revenge, the powerless will
 Still baffled and yet burning still !
 Desire with loathing strangely mix'd
 On wild or hateful objects fix'd,
 Fantastic passions ! Maddening brawl !
 And shame and terror over all."

The note of horror, the sense of overmastering terror, so vividly presented in the poem, are the outcome of an awful personal experience ; too often had the poet cause to say—

" O'ercome with sufferings strange and wild,
 I wept as I had been a child."

In all his poems, Coleridge was ever a singer as Wordsworth rarely was. The Romantic Poems had their origin in a youthful passion for the wild and wondrous ; he delighted in the obscure, and the abnormal, and his poetic utterance responded to his inspiration, so that throughout, the beauty of his work is unmarred by any weak lines, every word being the inevitable one. His poems bear the mark of genius, originality, and a wide sympathy. They are filled with those ghostly and mysterious elements, which in our forefathers found expression in folk-song and legend, and in them Coleridge represents the " Romantic Movement " in its great re-action against the prosaic spirit of the Augustan Age. Coleridge's subtle art carries us into a region of twilight, one hovering between the real and the unreal, the unseen and the seen. He creates in us a sense of nameless terror, but at the same time his narrative is never impossible. It is so realistically told, that for the time being, we are persuaded into a belief in his shadowy world ; it is so musically told, that in his words, we hear the melody of earth, and sea, and sky ; and it is so intensely told, that we are one with him, one with that

" Mind forever
 Voyaging through strange seas of thought alone."

—WORDSWORTH.

MABEL JABET,

Second Year.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Oxford University Extension Lectures.

Lecturer—E. L. S. HORSBURGH, B.A.

Subject—"THE ROMANTIC REVIVAL."

Examiner's Report.

The result of the Examination must be considered as highly satisfactory. In all thirty-nine candidates. There was no one who did not show a good acquaintance with some part of the text of Wordsworth and Coleridge, and the answers as a whole reached a high level of intelligence. The best papers were full, accurate, and thoughtful. The weakest answers sent in dealt with the general question upon the Eighteenth Century; these often showed lack of judgment in the facts selected for comment. The question on Wordsworth's relation with the French Revolution also showed lack of sufficient knowledge of the history concerned, and Wordsworth's delineation of men and women did not seem to have been reflected upon by many of the students, for their treatment of the subject was generally somewhat vague and indiscriminating. But the other questions were dealt with with much sympathy and understanding by a large number of the candidates, and I should like to say that the average of the work done was as high as I have ever seen at a centre which sends in a large number of students for examination.

E. DE SELINCOURT,
Examiner.

Lecturer's Report.

I know of no stimulus much more invigorating to me than a course of lectures for the students at the Lincoln Training College. The fact that one is dealing with an audience composed entirely of workers, that their enthusiasm is unbounded, that their work always seems to bear the mark of spontaneity and genuine interest in the subject, makes the work of the lecturer a labour in which he must delight. This term the students seem to be on the same high level which I have found existing in past times, and I have been more than satisfied with their performances.

E. L. S. HORSBURGH, B.A.

LIST OF SUCCESSFUL CANDIDATES.

Passed with Distinction :—

*Prize-Winner—*JENKYNs, BERTHA

Atkin, Alice
Banks, Vera

Brooks, May E.
Gray, Hebe C.

Kirk, Margery K.
Palin, Annie

Satisfied the Examiner :—

Barwell, Edith A.	Hardwick, Mary	Stott, Florence
Binns, Edna	Herringshaw, Jessie	Taylor, Greta
Birkett, Hilda M.	Hicks, Annie E. E.	Topham, Alice
Brunning, Rhoda	Jeans, Gertrude M.	Walker, Gertrude
Carless, Helen	Maltby, Rosamund	Walsh, Leila
Carter, Annie	Marriott, Kate	Walton, Alice
Crawshaw, Kathleen	McCormack, Theresa	Webb, Dorothy
Dawson, Alice M.	Mills, Muriel L.	Willett, Brenda
Dickinson, Sarah	Pigott, Frances E.	Williams, Louie
Edwards, Elsie	Stanley, Tilly	Wood, Edith E.
Guy, Bessie		

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OXFORD LITERATURE EXTENSION LECTURES.

THE subject of this year's Literature Extension Lectures, given by E. L. S. Horsburgh, Esq., B.A., was "The Romantic Revival of the Eighteenth Century."

In his introduction, the lecturer pointed out that the story of the "Romantic Revival" of the Eighteenth Century is that of the evolution of English poetry, thought, and expression from the time of Pope at its beginning, to the Lake School of poets at its end. Modern England, beginning to take shape even during the lifetime of Pope and Walpole, has a literature of its own. The prosaic spirit of the Age of Pope, in which intellect is warmed by no glow of passion, continues to express itself, but the changing spirit of England also finds expression, through literature, as it does through religion, politics, and social life. The original impulse of the whole movement is the desire to break down the bars which the writers of the Classical School have set up, and the new literature concerns itself distinctively with Nature, uncontrolled and undisciplined.

In the gradual process of evolution, Thomas Gray plays an important part. His poetry, though it shews, to a great extent, the influence of the Classical School, is distinguished by a deep love of man. In his *Elegy*, human nature is painted "As truth will paint it, and as bards will not," and by illustrations from this *Elegy*, the lecturer showed us that Gray's descriptions of Nature are clothed with a poet's imagination, that some of his verse, like that of Wordsworth, is "dedicate to Nature's self, And things that teach as Nature teaches." In his attempt to grapple with the mystery of the common things of life, Gray is approaching nearer and nearer to Wordsworth's mood, of sympathy with "the still, sad music of humanity," in his belief that there is

"A spirit and pulse of good,
A life and soul, to every mode of being
Inseparably linked."

Wordsworth's genius was shewn, by the lecturer, to be a result of the Spirit of the Age, the Spirit of Change, which pervaded all things. His poetry marks the transition from Art to Nature, and, born in a revolutionary epoch, Wordsworth himself is, in literature, a revolutionist. "The settled moods of lofty peace," breathed into him by the mountains, "the impulses of deeper birth," which had come to him in solitude were the outcome of his education by Nature. Nature is the key to Wordsworth's religion, philosophy, and ethical system. His boyhood, in the Lake District, fostered his inborn susceptibility to natural beauty, and the calm grandeur of his early surroundings entered deep into his life to become the very breath of his being.

When in 1795, Wordsworth, a wearied and disillusioned man, returned to his birthplace, he found comfort and consolation in the beauties of Nature. "The still, sad music of humanity" became of ample power to chasten and subdue. Nature had not been loved and studied in vain, for she taught him that all alike, the innocent and helpless lives in this world, are a means of good. His aim was not to lift above the common-place, but "to awaken the mind's eye from the lethargy of custom," and to shew that "Matter is the stairway by which the soul mounts to God." Wordsworth's great mission was to teach man to see the unity of design in all things, alike in animate and inanimate nature, and in all (leading to the same result) the recognition of beauty which resides in Nature, and in the moral character of man, in the pursuit of truth. This beauty shows itself in human life, as in Nature, so that a knowledge of Nature, linked with reverence for her underlying truths leads to the accordance of humanity and nature in one vast harmony.

In discussing the theories laid down in the Preface to the Lyrical Ballads, the lecturer reminded us that these were the production of a poet, who had re-discovered Nature and Humanity. The trivialities, the untrue conceptions of persons and things, the perplexing meanness of phrase or incident are amply atoned for in greater moments, when Wordsworth gives us his true best. It is in these moments that Wordsworth reveals to us that "Poetry has something divine in it, because it raises the mind and hurries it into sublimity, by conforming the shows of things to the desires of the soul, instead of subjecting the soul to external things as reason and history do."

The last two lectures of the course were devoted to Coleridge, as man and as poet. The lecturer shewed that Coleridge's poetry is purely subjective, the reflex of himself. Even as a boy, he regulated all his creeds by his conceptions, not by his sight. Dreams and melody seem to be the habit of his mind, and he indulges all speculations about Nature. Politics, metaphysics, theology, all distract, yet give a vital element to his poetry. In the golden days of Stowey, these alien elements are subjected to "the shaping spirit of his imagination."

His spiritualized Nature teems with colour and melody. Unlike that of Wordsworth, his poetry is invested with dreaminess. It is full of half lights and elusive suggestions, and, in a very interesting criticism, the lecturer brought the magical, fantastic world of "The Ancient Mariner" vividly before us. His hearers were transported from the world of fact into the weird realms of fancy. The regions of ice, solitude, and terror became strangely realistic, and the listener felt the call of the actual world of reality gradually dying away until the wild desolation of wastes of waters fell on the soul and the call of the immaterial world was all that was heard.

Although Wordsworth and Coleridge surpassed all others in delicacy of sense-perception, they differed in the *direction* of their sensibility. Both are great masters of poetic realism, both are prophets of Nature, both possess the region in which Romance and Nature meet, but Coleridge realizes it by "the ladder of the impossible," Wordsworth by "the steeper and more treacherous ladder of the commonplace;" while Wordsworth owes some of his human tenderness to Coleridge, Coleridge learns from Wordsworth to place more faith in the joy-evoking power of Nature. His later poems, with their haunting sadness, illustrate the innate sweetness of the man. "Hope, without an object, cannot live," yet Coleridge's regret for his lost youth is untainted by bitterness or complaint. His later poems are imbued with a spirit of tenderness, and a compassion which was evolved by his own experience of human suffering.

Though differences of imagination and expression separate Wordsworth's and Coleridge's poetry, the lecturer shewed that both alike recognise that love is the bond between all created things, that God is the "all-conscious presence of the Universe." Their poems thus become a beautiful expression of trust in the Divine Mercy, of that power which alike disciplines Nature and Humanity, and of that feeling of sympathy for all living things which is seen in the later eighteenth century literature.

Throughout the course, the lecturer, by his eloquence and appreciation, inspired us with his own love for poetry, and proved that its deep and sacred truths are revealed to those who seek them.

BERTHA JENKYNs,

Second Year.

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GRIMSBY SCHOOL PRACTICE.

OCT. 24TH TO NOV. 4TH, 1910.

THIS year for the first time, a number of Lincoln Students went for a fortnight into the Grimsby Schools for teaching practice. The

accounts we brought back to our Juniors of the extremely pleasant time we spent there will certainly make them look forward to the time when their turn will come, and our best thanks are due to all those who did their best to make the time pass so happily and usefully for us.

Monday, October 24th, was a holiday in the Grimsby schools, so we left Lincoln in the afternoon, and arrived at our destination in time for tea, of which, however, we could not partake, until we had found our respective lodgings. Miss Martin acted as pioneer for most of us, and led us along street after street, leaving here and there groups of three and four girls who had found their destination. Next morning we started work in earnest at nine o'clock. Each evening we were able to go for a short walk before preparing our lessons, though we generally had the sword of Damocles hanging over our heads in the shape of criticisms!

Friday afternoon is practically a holiday in the Grimsby schools, as the long morning's work ends at half-past one. The week end was therefore appreciably lengthened, though Friday and Saturday were not very fine days. In spite of the weather most of us took the opportunity of visiting Cleethorpes, going there either by car or on foot.

On Wednesday morning in the second week, we were all taken to see the docks and pontoon, and those of us who had not visited a fishing port before, were astonished at the great quantities of fish we saw in a single morning. On leaving the docks we were taken to see the stores where everything necessary for fitting out a trawler can be obtained. We saw girls at work knitting fishermen's jerseys and stockings, others making trousers, coats, and oilskins, whilst we were astonished to see buttons being sewn on, and buttonholes made by machinery! Next we were shown girls at work making nets, and the way a net is thrown out and hauled in was explained to us. We were also shewn the lamps used on the trawlers, and how a light is obtained from carbide of calcium by the action of water. Lastly we visited the rope factory, and saw all the processes through which the raw fibre goes before it becomes rope, ready to be used by the fishermen. The expedition was extremely interesting and instructive, but we were all very tired and ready for dinner when we returned.

Another treat we had whilst in Grimsby was the University Extension Lecture which we heard given in All Saints' Parish Hall. A course on Music is being taken, and the lecture we heard was on Haydn. Solos were given in illustration of the lecturer's remarks by local singers and a violinist, and the lecture itself was most interestingly delivered.

MARY HARDWICK,

Second Year.

The following students passed the School Teachers' Music Examination held in December, 1910:—

Vera Banks; Edith Barwell; Constance Brayford; Annie Carter; Kathleen Crawshaw; Alice Dawson; Sarah Dickinson; Edith Hardwick; Muriel Mills; Alice Walton; Dorothy Webb; Rosamond Maltby; Ivy Moss.

Florence Wright passed with "Distinction."

* * *

Organ Recital.

THE Staff and Students formed part of the large congregation which assembled at the Cathedral on November 16th (Eve of St. Hugh's Day), to hear a recital on the organ by Dr. Bennett.

"The programme opened with a masterly performance of Stanford's Fantasia and Toccata in D minor, followed by an exquisite rendering of Bach's lovely Sonata in E flat. An Elegiac March from the recitalist's own pen made a deep impression, and fittingly preceded the solo "Refrain thy voice from weeping," from Sullivan's "Light of the World," effectively sung by Mr. E. Dunkerton. Wagner's Prelude to "Parisfal" was succeeded by Liddle's sacred song "Abide with me," given with power and feeling by Mr. C. Woodward, and other numbers included the beautiful Andante Cantabile from Tschaikowsky's String Quartet, Widor's exacting Toccata Finale (Moto perpetuo) and Wolstenholme's dainty "The Answer," Sibelius's fine Tone poem "Finlandia," with its wealth of harmonies, bringing a most interesting and enjoyable recital to a close."

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The November Shakesperian week of 1910 was perhaps less inspiring than its predecessors. The company was a strange one, and there was considerable difficulty in getting any reliable testimony as to its reputation, consequently there was some little doubt about the advisability of booking.

However, the First Years, eager to secure all the help in their detailed study of Hamlet that a dramatic performance can afford, went almost *en masse* and found much that would assist in producing a clearer conception and fuller realization of the great tragedy.

A small contingent of the Optional Literature Class renewed their acquaintance with the theatre at the Saturday matinée and much appreciated the representation of the always popular comedy "As you like it."

M. T.

A large party of the Staff and Students attended the Musical Society's concert on November 30th, when a very fine performance of Sir Edward Elgar's highly dramatic and romantic work, "King Olaf," was given, under the conductorship of Dr. Bennett.

* * *

Bishop Corfe's Visit.

ON the evening of Friday, December 2nd, Bishop Corfe, whose addresses and visits to the College will be happily remembered by old students, spoke to us on the "Development of China." In 1874, he told us, he had the pleasure of travelling on the first railway laid in China—the one from Shanghai to the port of that city. Owing to the obstruction at the mouth of the river, it became necessary to provide some means of transporting the merchandise from the ships to the city. The whole of the plant used in the construction of the railway was shipped from England by enterprising Anglo-Chinese merchants, who had already obtained the consent of the Viceroy on the condition that, if successful, the railway should be transferred to the Chinese. At the end of the specified time—about four years after completion—it was taken over by the Viceroy, who was delighted at the good work it had done. The next day, to their surprise, the English residents found that the rails had been taken up, and two days later the land had been ploughed and was in process of cultivation. Much astonished, and still more annoyed, they demanded an explanation and were informed that the entire plant had been transmitted to Formosa where a railway was much needed at the time. From this small beginning China has become a network of railways.

The Bishop then proceeded to explain how the Russo-Japanese war tended to develop North-Eastern China, especially Manchuria, by opening the ports to the vessels of other nations, and, at the same time, introducing a new commodity to the world. The chief export of the province of Manchuria is the soya bean. As nobody present appeared to have heard of this bean, he proceeded to explain the uses to which it is put. In China it is used purely and simply for manure, but in England it is put to various uses. Some of these he saw while on a visit to Hull. The manager of one of the large mills in the city first showed him a bottle containing the oil extracted from the bean. This is largely used by Lever Bros. in the manufacture of Sunlight Soap. The refined form of the oil is a lubricant for the wheels of motor cars and other vehicles and is employed in the concoction of the best *olive* oil. After the oil has been extracted, the bean is crushed, the coarser flour being used as manure, while Messrs. Carr & Sons, the well-known confectioners, of Carlisle, use the finer as an ingredient in the two kinds of biscuits called after the bean.

He next pointed out the urgent need for clergymen in Bishop Scott's diocese owing to the large number of English who reside

in Northern China in consequence of the recent development. He himself had recently returned from escorting two more volunteers to the field of labour. To our surprise, he informed us that it is possible to make the journey out from London to Port Arthur in thirteen days, for the traveller may leave London on Monday morning and reach his destination the following Sunday week. The last part of his route is over the railways of Northern China. Europeans do not frequent the third class carriages more than is absolutely necessary because the native travellers take all their luggage—including food and bedding—into the carriage with them.

At the conclusion of Bishop Corfe's address, Canon Rowe thanked him for so kindly coming to speak to us, and suggested that some of the biscuits made from the Soya bean should be ordered for us.

KATE CASSON,

First Year.

* * *

Second Years' Entertainment.

WE First Years were in a state of great excitement and eager anticipation on Saturday, December 2nd. Until Ella Piggot gave us the programmes in the morning, not a hint had leaked out of what we were to expect, although mysterious whisperings had for some time past excited our curiosity.

The Second Years are to be congratulated on the prompt way the curtain went up—or, to be strictly truthful, was drawn aside—at half-past six, disclosing the whole group ready to open the entertainment with a unison song. The words, composed by Marjorie Kirk, Bessie Rowson, and Mary Hardwick admirably suited the fine swinging tune; our hearty appreciation secured an encore of the last verse.

Second Year Song, 1910.

Oh! the flying about, the rushing along,
 The bustle, excitement and fun!
 Oh, the scurrying! Oh, the flurrying,
 Up to the time when the concert's begun!
 With faces so cheery and tongues never weary,
 Many a welcome to you now we send,
 Joy without measure attend on your pleasure!
 We hope you'll enjoy it, right through to the end.
 Scenes so lively and songs so rollicking,
 Scenes and songs of a serious turn!
 Suitable costumes are lacking in places,
 But remember we've got to the end of the term.
 Making allowance for every discrepancy,
 Get as much pleasure as ever you can—
 Shake with laughter at everything funny!
 We vowed to amuse you, before we began.

When it's over, and lessons are finished,
 Term will be ended and holidays near.
 We wish you all happiness, peace, and prosperity,
 A merry Christmas and happy New Year!
 Every good wish to the Staff and the Students—
 Happiness follow wherever they go!
 Best of successes be with them for ever,
 And may the fame of our College still grow!

The first scene was chosen from Thackeray's 'Vanity Fair,' where Amelia Sedley and Becky Sharp bid farewell to Miss Pinkerton, and the satire which marks the novelist's writings was well brought out. The parts were admirably suited to the performers and the dresses were most effective. Connie Brayford portrayed well the pompous behaviour of Miss Pinkerton, whose manner formed such a contrast to her meek sister Jemima (K. Crawshaw). Rosamond Maltby looked charming as the gentle and affectionate Amelia, and nothing could have been better than the spirited way in which Annie Palin took the part of Miss Sharp. She only lacked the green eyes and sandy hair to be Rebecca herself, and, after an exciting interview with Miss Pinkerton, brought the scene to a close with a splendid climax.

Between this and the next scene Elsie Allen gave a most effective rendering of the pathetic song "Ailsa Mine," which was thoroughly enjoyed.

The next two scenes were taken from "Nicholas Nickleby." In the first part Gertrude Walker, as Mrs. Wititterly, was seen reclining on a sofa awaiting the appearance of Mrs. Nickleby and Kate. She acted the languid affectation of the invalid "exotic" beautifully. Elsie Price was excellent as the garrulous Mrs. Nickleby and Tessie McCormack took the part of the quiet Kate to perfection. Roars of laughter greeted the entrance of Mr. Wititterly (D. Webb), whose tender solicitude for his wife's welfare, and loving embraces were very amusing.

The next scene represented the work-room of Madame Mantilini's establishment with the young ladies, looking very charming in their muslin mob caps and aprons, busily at work. Alice Walton, who took the part of Madame Mantilini excellently, introduced Kate, still in her quaint quaker-like costume and accompanied by her mother, to Miss Knagg, whose part was taken in a most realistic manner by Kitty Marriott.

Rosie Maltby then gave great pleasure by singing "Open thy blue eyes," and her song was thoroughly enjoyed.

The next item was taken from "Silas Marner" where the ladies are dressing for the dance. The gentle manner of Norah, whose part was excellently rendered by Helen Carless, contrasted with the haughty arrogance of the other guests and the frank outspokenness of her sister. Sarah Dickinson took the part of the latter

capitally, causing much amusement by her comical speeches, and the whole scene was a great success.

Annie Carter and Dorothy Webb then delighted us with a duet, "Life's Dream is o'er," which was much appreciated. Their voices blended splendidly and the song was most effective.

There was now a short interval while the stage managers prepared for the final scenes, and Connie Brayford, dressed as an Indian maiden, sang an "Indian Love Lyric" in which her beautiful contralto voice was heard to great advantage.

The next two scenes from "Pickwick Papers" were intensely amusing. The first showed Mr. Pickwick pacing up and down somewhat nervously and even whistling, and at last making the supposed declaration of marriage to Mrs. Bardell (May Brooks). Mary Hardwick enacted Mr. Pickwick capitally with all the mildness and geniality required by the part, whilst Mrs. Bardell's embarrassment and air of pleased self-satisfaction were delightful. It was a most exciting moment when Mrs. Bardell flung her arms round poor astonished Mr. Pickwick's neck, uttering broken ejaculations whilst the poor man in vain tried to check her. An interruption was caused by the impetuous entrance of Master Bardell (Leila Walsh) who screamed and kicked in a most realistic manner, provoking much laughter from the audience. Poor Mr. Pickwick's unsuccessful attempts to explain matters to his friends closed a most entertaining scene.

A wonderful change now took place on the stage, and a realistic law court was presented before us in the trial scene of *Bardell v. Pickwick*.

The judge (Bessie Rowson), with a serious and dignified expression as became his high position, occupied the most important place, and below him were seated the counsels and attorneys. All were arrayed in wigs and gowns which added to the general effect. The jurymen created great amusement by their business-like attitude throughout the scene. The dock was represented most skilfully, and below, with her son and friends sat Mrs. Bardell, who wept and sobbed most piteously and perseveringly the whole time. Mabel Jabet as Sergeant Buzfuz is to be congratulated on the magnificent way she delivered her long speech, not even smiling when the audience was convulsed over the evidence.

The witnesses were very good, Florence Wright as Mrs. Cluppins and Edith Barwell as Mrs. Saunders causing great amusement, whilst the nervous trepidation of poor Mr. Winkle was very well shown by Alice Dawson. Florence Stott was magnificent as Sam Weller and entered heartily into the spirit of the part. Mr. Weller, senior (Rhoda Brunning) deserves a word of praise, his words from the back of the Lecture Hall being very amusing, and Vera Banks as the Usher also played her part very well.

We were all truly sorry when this scene and with it the whole entertainment came to an end.

After we had showed how greatly we had enjoyed the performance by our hearty applause, Canon Rowe, on behalf of the audience, thanked the Second Years for the delightful entertainment. He said that he was sure he voiced the general opinion when he said how much we were all indebted to the performers. He had greatly appreciated the last scene as it had worked up to a climax, and he specially was pleased with the by-play which had continued through the scene.

Florence Stott then proposed a vote of thanks to Miss Turner who had given all them such valuable hints, and been so kind in hearing the rehearsals, and after this had been heartily accorded, a most delightful evening ended.

JANET REED,
First Year.

* * *

Lecture.

"WILD BIRDS AND BEASTS AT HOME."

IN the Central Hall, on Friday, Dec. 9th, Mr. Richard Kearton, F.Z.S., gave a most fascinating lecture entitled, "Wild Birds and Beasts at Home." Mr. Kearton's lectures are always greatly appreciated in Lincoln, and in introducing the lecturer, Mr. A. S. Leslie-Melville, who presided, described him truly as an "old favourite."

The lecturer began by describing the manner in which he secured the beautiful pictures he had brought to illustrate his subject, and which he said were not obtained by exerting any magic influence over the creatures, but by the exercise of two little virtues, patience and perseverance. For instance, when he wished to photograph some brown rats that lived in a bank near his home, he had to overcome one great difficulty. The rats usually came out to feed in the evening when there was not sufficient light to take a photograph, but Mr. Kearton tried to induce them to come out for food which he placed for them during the day. At the end of a fortnight they had become so used to the daylight that he was able to take the photographs he required.

Next he showed some pictures of partridges and sea-gulls on their eggs, and gave examples of their intelligent habits in a way which showed great skill and intimate knowledge of the birds.

Speaking of the mole, the lecturer described it as the strongest quadruped on earth for its size, and said that when fairly well in the earth, it could, by means of a card attached to it, drag along a piece of lead its own equal in size with the utmost ease.

"Many people," said Mr. Kearton, "confuse the common grass snake which is quite harmless, with the poisonous adder," and he showed the difference between them very clearly. An adder may always be known by the V-shaped mark on its head, and a zig-zag line down its back. Such a creature will bite on the least provocation, and therefore should be let severely alone.

Referring to the habits of the turtle-dove, Mr. Kearton said

it was by no means so peaceful and gentle a bird as was generally supposed, and gave instances of its instinct to fight.

Following this, a series of very clever photographs were shown, the subjects being butterflies, lapwing and eggs, a curlew's nest, chaffinch, willow wren, dipper and ring ousel. These photographs were obtained as the result of great patience and perseverance, Mr. Kearton very often being obliged to hide in pits or stone huts, made temporarily for his purpose.

Animated pictures, illustrating much that the lecturer had said, followed. One photograph showed birds as gymnasts. Mr. Kearton hung a kernel by means of a piece of cord to a tree bough in his garden. There flew down a blue-tit which attacked the kernel by hanging upside down, and chiselling pieces off. A great tit which came along next was unable to attack the coveted morsel in the same way, so perched on the bough to think the problem out. He solved it by taking up the string reef by reef, holding each piece separately with his foot. The gymnastic blue-tit had been looking on, and was not too proud to learn, for when Mr. Kearton next saw him, he was doing the very same trick that he had seen performed by the great tit.

The concluding pictures showed hippopotami and a crocodile in water. They had been taken by Mr. Kearton's brother who has been abroad in order to pursue his study of wild animals.

MARGERY KIRK,
Second Year.

* * *

"Alas," we have no "Breaking-up Party" to record, and we have proved the truth of the poet's words that

"The best laid schemes of mice and men
Gang oft agley."

On Saturday, Dec. 17th, we felt with satisfaction that our "schemes" for a party were "well and duly laid." Invitations to old students in Lincoln had been sent, some had been accepted, the supper was arranged for, the Christmas decorations of holly and mistletoe and flowers were ordered. On Sunday morning four unfortunate students had developed mumps: by the doctor's orders, we were obliged to anticipate the Christmas holidays for three days, and Monday afternoon saw a College empty of students. We are glad to say that the invalids all made a good recovery at home, and in spite of everything, enjoyed their Christmas.

* * *

Lecture.

"WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY."

On Wednesday, the first of February, the "College" attended a most interesting lecture on "Wireless Telegraphy," given by Mr. Richard Kerr, at the Central Hall, Lincoln. In spite of the difficulty of the subject, the lecturer succeeded in explaining this

miracle of science with lucidity, and in conveying, even to the non-scientific portion of his audience a clear understanding of the experiments worked. Introducing his subject, Mr. Kerr said that wireless telegraphy was looked upon by many as the greatest invention of the nineteenth century, but he himself considered it the greatest of historic times.

James Bowman Lindsay (born 1799, died 1862), was the first to conduct experiments in the subject. He carried on his work in comparative obscurity, and his extreme poverty limited his researches. His greatest achievement was in conducting experiments in wireless telegraphy across stretches of water. This method is known as one of "conduction." Another system, identified with Sir William Preece, is known as one of "induction" and is based on Faraday's magnetic field which surrounds a wire along which a current of electricity is flowing. By sending a current along a wire, a current is induced in a parallel wire, though there is no connection between them, and in this way, messages can be transmitted over certain distances. The use of this method is however limited, since wires are required as long as they are far apart, and thus, to make it of any value for carrying messages, a great length of wire is required. These methods are the earlier and more imperfect ones.

The present system, known as the Marconi system is so called because Marconi was the first to use it for the purpose of sending messages to huge distances, even up to 6,000 miles. It is really the Hertzian system, being based on Hertz's researches, with ethereal waves. This system was gradually developed and improved, notably by Branley, who invented the "coherer" which is the principal part of the receiving instrument, and has been called the "electric eye." It consists of a small glass tube containing two silver blocks that fit the tube, in the space between which is placed a quantity of nickel filings. From the silver blocks, wires are carried out of each end of the tube and connected with the circuit of the bell that is desired to be rung by wireless, in the place where the switch usually is. When ethereal waves are created some distance off by the aid of battery and induction coil, the coherer, which is highly sensitive is affected. The nickel filings are magnetised, and, setting up a connection between the silver blocks (thus allowing the current to flow in the bell circuit), the bell is rung exactly as when the button is pressed at the door.

The lecturer then proceeded to demonstrate practically, and, to remove all doubt from the minds of the sceptical portion of his audience as to the genuineness of the experiments, removed all unnecessary wires to the back of the platform. The bell and clock required to be worked were placed at some distance from the battery and coil, with no medium for the transmission of the power save that of the mysterious ether itself. At first the bell refused to act, but to the delight of the fascinated audience it rang after a little persuasion. The working of the "wireless clock" was

even more interesting. When it was realized that the clock was being operated without mechanical contrivance for the transmission of the electricity, the full significance of the invention was understood.

FLORENCE STOTT,
Second Year.

* * *

Concert.

On February 8th, a party of Staff and Students attended a concert given by the Lincoln Orchestral Society, under the conductorship of Dr. Bennett. A delightful programme had been arranged, the principal item being Dvorak's beautiful Symphony, "From the New World."

* * *

The evening's holiday from work, following a long and arduous School-practice in the Lincoln schools made it possible for a large number of students to attend some very excellent amateur theatricals arranged by Mrs. Purves, in aid of the Diocesan Fund of the Girls' Friendly Society.

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The time-honoured half-holiday on Shrove Tuesday, followed by a dance in the evening, was enjoyed to the full.

* * *

Let it not be thought, however, that College life is made up of festivities such as have been recorded. Examinations have been many and various. Miss Dickson came for the Needlework on February 13th; Mr. Newton was with us from March 8th—10th, to examine the Teaching, Reading and Recitation. Miss Koetter took the drill on March 23rd. The Scripture and the University Extension Examinations come immediately before we leave for the holidays on April 8th.

* * *

The following letter was received by Canon Rowe in acknowledgment of the donation of £5 sent by the Principal, Staff, and Students in grateful appreciation of the kindness shewn by the Education Authority and the head teachers:—

Rev. Canon Rowe,

Revd. and Dear Sir,

I am instructed by the House Committee of the Page Hall Orphanage to convey to you the sincere and hearty thanks of that body for the handsome gift you sent to the Home through Mr. Quine.

The Committee are glad to note your continued interest in our Orphanage, and they hope that you will continue to visit the Home whenever you bring your students to Sheffield.

Again thanking you on behalf of the committee, the staff and the children,

I am, Yours faithfully,

JOSEPH BATEY,

Hon. Sec.

ADDITIONS TO FICTION LIBRARY.

RENEWALS.

Vanity Fair—*Thackeray*; Starvecrow Farm—*Stanley Weyman*; Villette; Jane Eyre—*Charlotte Bronte*; Martin Chuzzlewit—*Dickens*; Peggy of the Bartons—*Croker*; Captain Desmond, V.C.; The Great Amulet—*Maud Diver*.

ADDITIONS.

The Rosary; The Mistress of Shenstone; The Wheels of Time—*Florence Barclay*; The Andersons—*Miss Macnaughten*; Canadian Born—*Mrs. Humphrey Ward*; The Lady of Blossholme—*Rider Haggard*; Listener's Lure; Over Bemerton's—*E. V. Lucas*; Love unlocks the Door—*Annie Swan*; The Wisdom of Folly—*Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler*; The Dean's Daughter—*Cecil Adair*; Out of the Night; Broken Off—*Mrs. Baillie Reynolds*; Under the Thatch—*Allen Raine*; The Little Company of Ruth—*Annie E. Holdsworth*; Anne of Greengables; Anne of Avonlea—*L. M. Montgomery*; The one who came after—*David Lyall*; Petticoat Government—*Baroness Orczy*; The Golden Silence—*C. N. & A. W. Williamson*; The Princess Passes—*Mrs. C. N. Williamson*; Country Neighbours—*Alice Brown*; My Friend Prospero; The Cardinal's Snuffbox; The Lady Paramount—*Henry Harland*; The Osbornes—*E. F. Benson*; Freda; Betty Carew; The House of Secrets—*K. Tynan*; Rewards and Fairies—*Kipling*; The Glad Heart—*Albanesi*; Mistress Cynthia—*May Wynne*; Young Nick and Old Nick—*Crockett*; Stradella—*F. M. Crawford*; A Maid of the Silver Sea; Lauriston—*Oxenham*; The Lantern Bearers—*Mrs. A. Sidgwick*; The Man from America—*Mrs. de la Pasture*; A Snail's Wooing—*E. Sneyd Kynnersley*.

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MAGAZINE CLUB.

The following magazines and papers are being taken:—The Studio, Bookman, Punch, Great Thoughts, Harper's, Chambers', Cornhill, Windsor, Cassell's, Lady's Realm, Girls' Realm, Woman at Home, Girls' Own Paper, Church Family Newspaper, Associates' Journal.

The College Committee provide—The Weekly Graphic, Daily Graphic, Daily Telegraph, Spectator, School World, Musical Times, School Music Review.

* * *

The Editor begs to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of Magazines from the following Colleges:—Warrington, Norwich, Homerton, Grahamstown, Swansea, Home and Colonial, Cheltenham, Sheffield, St. Mark's, Chelsea, Avery Hill.

GIFT.

* * *

The Magazine Club have given the first volume of "The Nation's Pictures" to the College library.

HOCKEY, 1910-II.

		1ST ELEVEN MATCHES.		<i>For</i>	<i>Against</i>
1910.					
Nov. 10th.	Lincoln High School (h)	3	1
.. 12th.	Sheffield Training College (a)	2	2
Dec. 12th.	Lincoln Ladies (h)	2	9
1911.					
Jan. 28th.	Gainsborough (h)	0	2
Feb. 4th.	South Lincoln (a)	4	1
.. 11th.	South Lincoln (h)	5	0
March 1st.	Lincoln High School (a)	1	2
.. 4th.	Sheffield University (h)	6	1
.. 16th.	Lincoln Ladies (a)	1	8
.. 25th.	Sheffield Training College (h)	3	0
April 1st.	Gainsborough (a)
		2ND ELEVEN MATCHES.			
Feb. 1st.	South Lincoln 2nd (h)	4	0
.. 1st.	South Lincoln 2nd (a)	1	2
.. 18th.	Horncastle Grammar School (h)	4	5
March 2nd.	Lincoln Ladies 2nd (a)	2	8
..	Lincoln Ladies 2nd (h)	1	8
		HOUSE MATCHES, ETC.			
1910-II.					
Oct. 19th.	2nd Year v. 1st Year	0	5
Nov. 23rd.	Wickham v. Nelson	6	0
Dec. 16th.	King v. Nelson	5	1
	King v. Wickham

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TONIC SOL-FA EXAMINATIONS.

A Lincoln Centre for the Tonic Sol-fa College Examinations has been lately formed, and a Local Committee organized, consisting of the following:—The Rev. C. C. Buss, Vicars' Court; Mr. E. Dunkerton, 9 Eastgate; Mr. Chamberlain, Municipal Technical School; Miss Savill, Girls' High School; and Miss Elwell, Training College.

Students and Teachers in Lincoln and the neighbourhood, seeking Certificates of Musical training and acquirements, can now take the various examinations of the Tonic Sol-fa College (Elementary, Intermediate, School Music Teachers' Certificate) in Lincoln, without the additional trouble and expense of going to some other centre for their examination.

The Examinations will be held this year during the following weeks:—June 17th to 24th; November 11th to 18th.

Information concerning the date of entry, amount of fees payable, regulations with regard to the different examinations, and any other particulars will be furnished by the Hon. Local Secretary for Lincoln,

REV. C. C. BUSS, M.A.,
Vicars' Court, Lincoln.

ASSOCIATION MEMBERS.

- College Year—before 1897—Elizabeth Lowndes (Mrs. Edwards), 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), Annie Georgina Selvage, Martha Ann Greaves, Clara Brummitt, Fanny Burton (Mrs. Milner), Selina Goodwin, Sarah Marjason (Mrs. Gilliatt); 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, Ada Ward (Mrs. Colley), Annie Glover, Ada Mary Whitehead (Mrs. W. G. Wright), Caroline Smith (Mrs. Richardson), Hannah Thomason (Mrs. J. W. Shaw), Frances Annie Elwell, Mary Clayton (Mrs. Marriott), 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, Emily Mayall (Mrs. Taylor), Gertrude Whattam (Mrs. Mackinder), Laura A. A. Wilkinson, Emily Whetton, Kate Hoggard (Mrs. Slater), Mary Gossling (Mrs. Wolstenholme), Margaret Moreton, Albina Elston, Agnes Radford (Mrs. Hobson), 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), Margaret Freeborough (Mrs. Foster-Williams), Frances Crombie, Alice Greening, Frances Bishell (Mrs. Banks), Bessie Dawson (Mrs. Whitfield), Mary Wileman, Annie Meadows, Annie Harvey, Rosa Hill (Mrs. Horton), Mary Crowther, Ethelen King.
- 1897 Kate Whattam, Edith Hales (Mrs. Gossop), Eleanor Walker, Annie Taylor (Mrs. Charles Woods), Marian Trevitt.
- 1898 Alice Falkinder (Mrs. Handley), Gertrude Kenning, Marianne Thompson (Mrs. Hopf), Minnie Sells, Margaret Harrison, Harriet M. Coales, Jane Eggleston, Alice Upton, Minnie Rimmington (Mrs. Russon), Ada Rimmington, Susannah Sargisson (Mrs. Parker), Rose Naylor (Mrs. Tom Carter), Winifred Brown, Emily Ayres, Eleanor Walpole (Mrs. Gough).
- 1899 Ada Brown, Lucy Maud Marrows (Mrs. Horton), Bertha Wilding (Mrs. Moxon), Florence Howard, Annie Amelia Harrison, Mary Ellen Laming, 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 Miriam Johnson, Alice Child, Gertrude Stallibrass (Mrs. A. C. Clark) Edith Mary Hibbitt, Grace Harlock, Annie King, Mary Simmonds.

- 1900 Alice Mackintosh, Edith Nightingarl, Rhoda Wallis, Rose Knowlson, Alice Perkins, Georgina Walker, Amy Wright, Lucy Roberts, Daisy Jenner, Annie Bird (Mrs. Frank Derry), Edith Newton (Mrs. Williams), Alice Shirley (Mrs. Garner), Florence Scarlett.
- 1901 Mary Bannister, Annie Bugg, Ethel Bimrose, Beatrice Boulton, Cerise Cameron, Ethel Cheshire (Mrs. McFarlane), Margaret Cooper, Marian Clayton (Mrs. Tyas), Kate Chapple, Mary Dent, Jessie Drake, Elsie Drake (Mrs. F. G. Limmer), Lilian France (Mrs. Powell), Henrietta Griffiths, Florence Harrand (Mrs. Southwick), Clarice Hughes, Emma Austen, Alice Langford, Jennie Leonard, Ethel March (Mrs. Umeauff), Ita Peet, Elsie Piper (Mrs. Vaughan), Elizabeth Pendlebury, Ethel Riley, Jessie Wilson (Mrs. N. R. Hilton).
- 1902 Katherine Antcliffe, Mary E. Arscott (Mrs. Tilbrook), Edith Barker, Gertrude Bradwell, Emma Brewin, Mabel Bromhall (Mrs. Meech), Ethel Budd, Mary Burley, Phoebe Bury, Frances Clarke, Elsie Dawtrey, Annie Drury, Eleanor Donson, Minnie Fèvre, May Hulse, Maud Johnson, Gertrude Judd (Mrs. Burnicle), Edith Meats, Marjorie Mullins (Mrs. Longden), Helen Pearce, Sarah Parkes, Mary Parkes, Margaret Partridge, Annie Porter, Ethel Radford, Annie Roberts, Ellen Roberts (Mrs. Pysfinch), 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 Graëme Armstrong (Mrs. Luke Dixon), Ada Ashton, Evelyn Bakewell, Emily Barker, Elsie Beeching, Edith Berry, Elsie Botterill, Edith Burley, Margaret Clarke (Mrs. Vaughan Jones), Lilian Corbett, Mary Croasdale, Ada Doodson, Amelia Gascoigne (Mrs. Berry), Irene Gelsthorpe (Mrs. S. G. Turner), Rosa Gouldthorpe, Margaret Heritage, Frances Holmes, Jenny Hendry (Mrs. Hornsby), Amy Holroyd, Gertrude Holroyd, Elsie Hunt, Frances Inman, Julia Jarvis, Ada Johnson (Mrs. Braithwaite), Frances Eveline Johnson, Beatrice Leighton, Gertrude Machan (Mrs. Frank Hepworth), Helen Marden, Agnes Marriott, Edith Millard, Elsie Newill, Amy Oakes, Ethel Ogden, Ethel Peacock, Gertrude Pearson, Jane Pollard, Mary Rawcliffe, Gertrude Salt, 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 Wilkinson (Mrs. Henry Strong), Florence Williams, Ruth Wilson (Mrs. A. E. Jones), 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 (Mrs. W. F. Firth), 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 (Mrs. C. Lord), Ida Gibbon, Lilian Gibbs, Dorothy Gibson (Mrs. Deighton), May Gibson (Mrs. Stamp), Lily Gouldthorpe, Jennie Greenep, Ida Hartley, Margaret Harvey, Lilian Henchcliffe, Ethel Heslop, Eva Hinton (Mrs. A. Dodd), Ellen Hornsby, Mabel Househam, 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 (Mrs. Layton), Louise Shirley (Mrs. P. W. Goodwin), Gertrude Sivil (Mrs. Feakes), 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 (Mrs. W. Schofield), 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, Maud Cotton, Mary Coxon, Frances Crompton, Blanche Davey, Florence Dixon, Beatrice Dobson, Mary Dodgson, Elizabeth Doodson, Mildred Ellisson, 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, Emily Bielby, Bessie Burrans, Hannah Burton, Elsie Clifton, May Clifton, Lilian Clifton (Mrs. Walter Watson), 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, Jean Stewart, Ethel Stokes, Emily Taylor, Edith Thompson, Winifred Westland, Edith Whitehead, Annie Whitham, Hilda Willett, Rose Wilson, Bessie Withey

1909 Mary E. Atkin, Margaret Baker, Emily Baldock, Beatrice Bambridge, Jennie Beevers, Nellie Beevers, Ethel Bellamy, Gladys Blake, Jessie Brooks, Maud Broome, Mary Clarke (Mrs. Stacey), Laura Clifton, Eveline Codd, Dora Davison, Florence Dickens, Ivy Ellis, Ruth Flowers, Ethel Fountain, Edith French, Bertha Freshney, Helen Grosvenor, Margaret Heath, Etta Hollywood, Eva Hudson, Alice Iddon, Rosa Jackson, May James, Clara Jordan, Daisy Kingan, Ettie Kirby, Ivy Kirk, Edith Milner, Edith Mobley, Winifred Moss, Grace Neale, Florence Neaverson, Mabel Newton, Elsie Norris, Maria Ogden, Kate Ogle, Margaret Parks, Lucy Parry, Lottie Reddish, Gladys Reville, Grace Searby, Dorothy Staniforth, Amy Stimson, Dorothy Taylor, Annie Village, Ellen Wales, Alice Walkden, Florence Watson, Lucy Watson, Florence Webb, Mary Wilkinson, Emmie Winkup, Alice Wood, Dora Wright, Jessie Wright.

1910 Lucy Anderson, Mabel Auber, Clara Baguley, Nellie Baker, Daisy Banks, Florence Bannister, Winifred Barton, Marion Beck, Florence Belton, Kate Brooks, Maude Burnham, Beatrice Burrell, Marie Butt, Daisy Butterworth, Mary Byron-Scott, Helen Cary, Lily Cleve, Evelyn Cockshaw, Elsie Coppen, Alice Davies, Jennie Donson, Minnie Drew, Gladys Fell, Molly Field, Mary Fordie, Annie Fort, Winifred Grassam, Florence Hague, Elsie Hall, Maud Hartshorne, Annie Herrick, Gertrude Hipwell, Edith Howarth, Lily Isaac, Lilian Knight, Clara Lacey, Elsie Lever, Marjorie Mackman, Frances McCormack, Evelyn Merchant, Jennie Miller, Edith Mosley, Margaret Moulds, Ethel Newton, Eveline Nicholson, Lucy Ogle, Emily Parratt, Amy Peake, Winifred Penzer, Lilian Preston, May Redfern, Emma Richardson, May Robson, Ida Rowett, Constance Sandiford, Olive Scott, Olive Smalley, Elsie Stevenson, Clarissa Stokes, Doris Stone, Helen Streader, Annie Sutcliffe, Ethel Tallents, Maud Till, Georgiana Vickers, Dorothy Ward, Hettie Warren, Annie Watts.

