No. 25. **April, 1907.**

THE COLLEGE ASSOCIATION.

Aim of Association.

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

Its Constitution is as follows:—

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

Rules of Membership.

1.—Members of the Association shall receive the Holy Communion at least once a month.

2.—They shall use the College Prayer said daily in Chapel.

College Prayer.

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

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

4.—They shall pay a yearly subscription of 2/6, 1/- of which will be given to the Church Schoolmasters' and Schoolmistresses' Benevolent Institution.

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

MEMBERS.

1864 Elizabeth Lowndes (Mrs. Edwards)

1866 Alice P. Twist (Mrs. Twigg), Margaret Blair (Mrs. Collitt)

1867 Sarah Ann Wright (Mrs. Dawber), Louisa Hamm, Mary Rawding (Mrs. Smith), Harriet Mounteney (Mrs. Stallibrass)

1868 Rebecca Haynes (Mrs. Hemsley)

1870 Annie Elizabeth Whitworth (Mrs. Hutchinson)

1871 Sarah Pearson, Alice Kent (Mrs. Howe)

1872 Elizabeth Brummitt

1873 Sarah Elizabeth Sutcliffe (Mrs. Watson), Sarah Thorpe (Mrs. Shelton), Margaret Elwell, Emma Shotton, Fanny Utting (Mrs. Norman), Susannah Doughty (Mrs. Linney)

1874 Annie Georgina Selvage, Martha Ann Greaves, Clara Brummitt

1875 Elizabeth Satchell (Mrs. Williams), Fanny Burton (Mrs. Milner), Selina Goodwin

1876 Annie Harrington (Mrs. C. J. Robbins), Elsie Robb (Mrs. A. Logsdail)

1877 Hannah Bell

1878 Ellen Wilson (Mrs. Hoades), Flora Ford, Lucy Humphreys

1879 Selina Dix, Alice Whiteley, Maud Bourne, Annie Morley (Mrs. Clayton)

1880 Maud Etchells (A.T.S.), Jane Platt (Mrs. Dean) (A.T.S.)

1881 Ann Hague (Mrs. Holden)

1882 Mary Turner, Jessie Bourne, Amy Beddoe, Susannah Brown, Eliza Crossland (Mrs. Barratt), Margaret Parratt

1884 Essie Ruth Conway, Florence White, Eliza Bass

1885 Eunice B. Turner

1886 Annie Glover, Emma Cook, Ada Mary Whitehead (Mrs W. G. Wright), Caroline Smith (Mrs. Richardson)

1887 Hannah Thomason (Mrs. J. W. Shaw), Frances Elwell

1888 Jane Martin, Frances Wells, Rosa Preston, Emma Johnson (Mrs. Hamer), Frances Calver

1889 Emma Wilkinson, Jessie Hutchison, Sarah Dawes, Eleanor Castle (Mrs. Yates)

1890 Florence Aughtie (Mrs. Summerton), Charlotte Watson, Mary Heape, Mary Jones (Mrs. Thickett), Ada Pepperdine, Kate Barker

1891 Mary Bell, Gertrude Whattam (Mrs. Mackinder), Laura A. A. Wilkinson, Emily Whetton, Kate Hoggard (Mrs. Slater), Mary Gossling (Mrs. Wolstenholme)

1892 Albina Elston, Agnes Radford, Kathleen Huddleston, Carrie Poole, Agnes Short, Edith Dawes

1893 Gertrude Radford, May Kent (Mrs. Hadfield), Elizabeth Robinson, Edith Martin (Mrs. Croft), Gertrude Askew, Eleanor Johnson (Mrs. Chester)

1894 Ada Aughtie, Emma F. Whattam, Sarah Calver, Eliza Dyson (Mrs. F. T. Clarke), Minnie Potts

1895 Frances Crombie, Alice Greening, Frances Bishell, Bessie Dawson

1896 Mary Wileman, Annie Meadows, Annie Harvey, Amy Swift, Rosa Hill (Mrs. Horton), Alice Hill, Mary Crowther, Ethelen King

1897 Kate Whattam, Edith Hales (Mrs. Gossop), Eleanor Walker, Mary Foottit (Mrs. Crabtree), Annie Taylor, Marian Trevitt, Jemima Mountford

1898 Alice Falkinder (Mrs. Handley), Gertrude Kenning, Marianne Thompson (Mrs. Hopf), Minnie Sells, Ethel Craft, Margaret Harrison, Harriet M. Coales, Jane Eggleston, Alice Upton, Minnie Rimmington (Mrs. Russon), Ada Rimmington, Susannah Sargisson, Rose Naylor (Mrs. Tom Carter), Winifred Brown, Emily Ayres, Gertrude Hemsley (Mrs. Foxon), Eleanor Walpole (Mrs. Gough)

1899 Ada Brown, Lucy Maud Marrows, Bertha Wilding, Florence Howard, Annie Amelia Harrison, Mary Ellen Lamming, Augusta Tanner, Margaret A. Glenn, Susannah Dewis, Helen M. Simons, Elizabeth Taylor, Lily A. Mottram, Ethel Rose Stapleton, Marian S. Grundy (Mrs. Watson), Alethea Hildred, Gertrude Tall, Emily Wales (Mrs. T. Wayman), Mildred Vaughan, Gertrude Goulding, Ada Miriam Johnson, Alice Child, Gertrude Stallibrass, Edith Mary Hibbitt, Grace Harlock, Annie King

1900 Alice Mackintosh, Edith Nightingarl, Grace Hemsley, Rhoda Wallis, Agnes Hornsey (Mrs. Hargreaves), Rose Knowlson, Alice Perkins, Georgina Walker, Gertrude Billett, Frances Randle, Amy Wright, Lucy Roberts, Daisy Jenner, Annie Bird, Jane Leach, Annie Burton, Edith Newton (Mrs. Williams), Alice Shirley (Mrs. Garner), Florence Scarlett

1901 Mary Bannister, Annie Bugg, Ethel Bimrose, Beatrice Boultbee, Cerise Cameron, Ethel Cheshire, Margaret Cooper, Marian Clayton, Kate Chapple, Mary Dent, Jessie Drake, Elsie Drake, Lilian France, Henrietta Griffiths, Florence Harrand, Clarice Hughes, Emma Austen, Alice Langford, Jennie Leonard, May Libby, Ethel March, Arabella Nield, Ita Peet, Elsie Piper, Elizabeth Pendlebury, Ethel Riley, Jessie Wilson

1902 Katherine Antcliffe, Mary E. Arscott, Edith Barker, Gertrude Bradwell, Mary Brewer, Emma Brewin, Mabel Bromhall (Mrs. Meech), Ethel Budd, Mary Burley, Phœbe Bury, Frances Clarke, Elsie Dawtrey, Annie Drury, Eleanor Donson, Minnie Févre, Lily Hacker, May Hulse, Maud Johnson, Gertrude Judd (Mrs. Burnicle), Evelina Lamb, Edith Meats, Marjorie Mullins (Mrs. Longden), Annie Helen Pearce, Sarah Parkes, Mary Parkes, Margaret Partrige, Annie Porter, Ethel Radford, Annie Roberts, Ellen Roberts, Lallah Robertson (Mrs. Bairstow), Annie Schofield, Sarah Shepherd, Isabella Shiach, Ellen Simpson, Alice Smith, Nellie Smith, Ruth Spencer, Lilian Underhill, Kate Webb, Ethel Willdig

1903 Graëme Armstrong, Ada Ashton, Evelyn Bakewell, Emily Barker, Elsie Beeching, Edith Berry, Elsie Botterill, Edith Burley, Margaret Clarke, Lilian Corbett, Mary Croasdale, Ada Doodson, Laura Enderby, Jessie Fawcett, Amelia Gascoigne, Irene Gelsthorpe, Rosa Gouldthorpe, Mary Hawthorne, Margaret Heritage, Emily Holmes, Frances Holmes, Mary Holmes, Jenny Hendry (Mrs. Hornsby), Amy Holroyd, Gertrude Holroyd, Elsie Hunt, Frances Inman, Julia Jarvis, Ada Johnson, Frances Eveline Johnson, Beatrice Leighton, Gertrude Machan, Helen Marden, Agnes Marriott, Edith Millard, Elsie Newill, Edith Norris, Amy Oakes, Ethel Ogden, Ethel Peacock, Gertrude Pearson, Jane Pollard, Mary Rawcliffe, Gertrude Salt, Emily Shead, Christine Skinner, Celia Smith, Florence Stephenson, Elinor Stewart, Mabel Stuttle, Margaret Toulmin, Annie Turner, Maggie Walker, Nellie Walker, Bessie Watson, Annie Waugh, Frances Alice Wilkinson, Florence Williams, Ruth Wilson, Edith Wood, Margaret Wood

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

1905 Elizabeth Bailey, Helena Bott, Ethel Brickell, Elizabeth Bunting, Elizabeth Burge, Ada Clarke, Elizabeth Comer, Florence Dawe, Bertha Dickens, Ethel Drury, Ethel Fox, Ida Gibbon, Lilian Gibbs, Dorothy Gibson, May Gibson, Lily Gouldthorpe, Jennie Greenep, Ida Hartley, Margaret Harvey, Lilian Hencheliffe, Ethel Heslop, Eva Hinton, Ellen Hornsby, Mabel Househam, Gertrude Hurst, Jessie Jones, Margaret Jones, Charlotte Langford, Jessie Linnell, Laura Mann, Rose Mawer, Beatrice Mortlock, Mabel Noble, Violet Nuttall, Connie Penzer, Elizabeth Polwarth, Madeline Reader, Lily Richardson, Isabel Rigby, Lilian Rosson, Hilda Seymour, Louise Shirley, Gertrude Sivil, Maud Stimson, Jessie Stringer, Erica Stuart, Lucy Thurlby, Edith Tomlinson, Dorothy Walker, Gertrude West, Louisa White, Sarah Winnall

1906 Violet Bedford, Jessie Birchenough, Gertrude Border, Alice Bristow, May Burgess, Minnie Callender, Alice Charters, Katherine Close, Frances Cooper, Bessie Corfield, Christabel Crossland, Ethel Ellisson, May Fenton, Florence Friswell, Charlotte Gallimore, Ethel Gibson, Isobel Greene, Elsie Hacker, Elsie Harrison, Gertrude Hipwell, Florence Hotham, Olive Jackson, Lilian Jones, Edith Jordan, Maud Jubb, Louie Langford, Gertrude Leeming, Violet Lynn, Irene Marden, Kerr Maxwell, Ina McWhan, Viola Moore, Beatrice Newbould, Esther Newton, Kate Oldfield, Mary Palmer, Ellen Perks, Mary Pinck, Ethel Podmore, Elsie Preston, Alice Robertshaw, Alice Rogers, Violet Searby, Annie Spencer, Caroline Spencer, Edith Sutton, Louise Swales, Jessie Thomson, Gladys Thornton, Louie Vezey, Editb West, Jessie West, Ruth Wilkinson, Rhoda Winterbotham, Amy Wyatt

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ASSOCIATION CORRESPONDENTS.

College Years.	*Name of Correspondent.*	*Address.*
1864-1896	Miss Elwell	Training College, Lincoln
1897	Miss E. Ayres	235 Monks Road, Lincoln
1898	Miss W. M. Brown	235 Monks Road, Lincoln
1899	Miss Ada Brown...	1 Charles Street, Hinckley
1900	Miss Alice Macintosh... ...	78 Rasen Lane, Lincoln
1901	Miss Jessie Drake	18 Lower Grove Road, West Park, Chesterfield
1902	Miss Edith Barker	Pupil Teachers' Centre, Gainsborough

1903	Miss Ada Doodson	15 Charles Street, Bolton Road, Pendleton, Manchester
1903	Miss Elsie Botterill	School House, Wilnecote, Tamworth
1904	Miss Mary Hoole	30 Station Street, Boston
1904	Miss Edith Sheckell	49 Clayton Street, Grimsby
1905	Miss Ida Gibbon	Oak Dene, Bolton Road Irlams o' th' Heights, Manchester
1905	Miss Jessie Stringer	6 Richmond Road, Lincoln
1906	Miss Gertrude Border ...	1 Alfred Street, Lincoln
1906	Miss Edith Jordan	299 Moseley Road, Birmingham

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

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

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PRINCIPAL'S LETTER.

DEAR PAST AND PRESENT STUDENTS,

In again writing my letter of greeting to you all, I need scarcely say that we feel we are living in a state of considerable anxiety as to what is coming next. What with Mr. Birrell's bill and Mr. M'Kenna's bill, and the promise of others of the same kind, both the Training Colleges and the Teachers, specially Church Colleges and Church Teachers, scarcely know what to expect; however, as I have said in my former letters, we here feel that we have much to be thankful for in being able to carry on our work steadily and quietly from year to year, and in recognizing that the changes which the Board of Education have been from time to time making in their arrangements for the Colleges have been distinctly to their advantage, and to the gain of their Students. We have just been having a whole week's inspection by an Inspector, so thoroughly in sympathy with the work of the Colleges, and with the Staff and the Students, and so ready to recognize their difficulties and encourage all that is good, that we have all felt what a real help to us a good and careful Inspector is, and are most grateful to him for that help. We are, as you know, now face to face with a very great difficulty, and that is how to select 54 Students for next year out of 150 who have already applied, and with nothing but an alphabetical list of those who may have

passed to guide us in our selection, no classes, and only a few marks of distinction, none of which will tell us whether a candidate is likely to turn out to be a good teacher, and I am sure we shall have your full sympathy in our difficulty. But all our past Students will be able to help us very much, if they will only let us know what they themselves know about candidates who may apply, and will recommend to us girls who will be likely to maintain the high reputation which their dear old College has so long had. So I commend to you the best interests of the College, being quite sure that we shall have your full sympathy with us in our efforts to keep abreast of all improvements in the educational world, and in our still greater desire to send out from it, year after year, teachers who will, by their life and teaching, show themselves worthy to be called Lincoln Students.

Yours very sincerely,

March 19th, 1907. A. W. Rowe.

WHITSUNTIDE RE-UNION.

We are again looking forward to a happy meeting with old friends at our Whitsuntide Festival. Invitations are being sent out to the two years who have left most recently (1905-1906), all Association Members living in Lincoln, all Association Members of years previous to 1885, and all Students of 1901—a total of about 220.

Though considerations of space necessarily limit the numbers invited, we should like again to call attention to the earnest request of the Principal, that any individual student who does not come in the invited section, but who for any reason specially wishes to be present this year, will write to Miss Elwell, who will at once forward an invitation.

Programmes will be sent, as before, to all who accept invitations. It is specially requested that intending visitors will reply in good time—if at all possible *before* May 1st, especially if lodgings are required. Miss Elwell will be glad if replies are not sent during the Easter holidays (March 28th to April 27th). It is also most important that if any one is prevented from coming, after accepting the invitation, the earliest possible notice should be sent.

OLD STUDENTS' PAGE.

Marriage.

On April 12th, 1906, at Brougham Road Church, Southsea, John William Burnicle, to Gertrude Judd (Lincoln 1902).

Births.

On September 2nd, 1906, to James and Mary Wolstenholme (Mary Gossling, 1890-1), a son, John Mercer.

On September 12th, 1906, to Mr. and Mrs. Slater (Kate Hoggard, 1890-1), a son, Ernest Oswald.

On July 19th, to Mr. and Mrs. J. Owen (Ethel Child, Lincoln, 1889-90), a son, Edward Lionel.

To Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Gilleard (Laura Lewis, Lincoln, 1886-7), a son, Hector.

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RE-APPOINTMENTS.

Miss Mary Antcliffe, Adwick-on-Dearne, Rotherham. Head.
Miss Kate Barker, Welbeck Road Council Infants' School, Newcastle. Head.
Miss Annie E. Roberts, St. Peter's Infant School, West Bromwich. Head.
Miss Georgina Walker, Infant Department, Ropery Road Council School, Gainsborough. Head.
Miss Ruth Wilkinson, Lincoln Education Authority.
Miss Violet Bedford, ,, ,, ,,
Miss Gertrude West, St. John's Church School, Sheffield. Assistant.
Miss Alice Charters, Council School, Sheffield. Assistant.
Miss Rose Mawer, ,, ,, ,, ,,
Mrs. Bairstow (Lallah Robertson), St. Peter's Infant School, Chester. Head.

Miss Helen Marden has obtained the Certificate of the Fröebel Higher Examination.

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PRESENTATION.

To Miss Frances A Elwell, on leaving the Pupil Teachers Centre, Salford, a silver tea service and silver tray, and six volumes of the English Classics, from the staff and scholars; silver waist buckle and jam dish from an old Form.

* * *

The pupils of Miss Georgina Selvage's School, Hainton, Lincoln, gave a most successful entertainment in aid of St Hugh's Home, Lincoln (Church of England Home for Waifs and Strays). The amount realised was the very creditable sum of £2.

* * *

Much sympathy, we are sure, will be felt for Mrs. Bairstow, (Lallah Robertson), in the loss of her husband, after a few weeks of married life.

* * *

The following letter from Mrs. Hopf (Marianne Thomson), together with the sketch which follows it, will, we think, be

interesting to all readers of the Magazine, and, of course, specially to the students of her own year :—

KALKBANK, PIETERSBURG, TRANSVAAL,

MY DEAR MISS ELWELL, *March 21st*, 1906.

Just a few lines once more from an old pupil. You asked me to be sure to send the announcement of my marriage, when it came off, for the College Magazine. I've been rather a long time over it, have not I ? I enclose the announcement to-day, for I believe it is "better late than never." I am living now, just on the borders of civilization, in the land of the wild buck, zebra, antelope, puff adder, eagle, vulture, lizard, and creeping and flying things innumerable. Our house is quite a cosy little bungalow, a mile from the post office and store, which is our nearest neighbour's residence, on our side, and three-quarters of a mile from Mr. Pell's farm and the school on the other side. It is a quiet life, but a happy one, and a bit exciting too. I enjoy it ever so much. I keep hens and ducks and get quite a lot of amusement out of them ; they meet with some strange adventures too. A few weeks ago one of the hens was bitten by a snake, and I found her sitting on her nest of a dozen eggs—just dead. Then three days ago one of the others ran right into the dining-room bleeding and frightened, with my open-mouthed Kaffir boy after it. An eagle had tried to carry it away, but had dropped it. I just saw the bird flying off in the distance. Mr. Hopf was at school at the time, or he would have shot him, but as it was he got away, and I expect he will return for one more of my poor chicks some day ; then we have a nice dog and donkeys braying all round the house, horses and Kaffirs for company. It is quite a jolly life, and I like the Kaffirs. They are such an interesting, funny, and happy people. They never worry over anything. One old boy outside is called Moses. Moses' nephew, Mtoli, brought two pumpkins—enormous ones—in this morning for the "missis," and a little time afterwards Moses came with a tin for me to give him some sugar. I filled his tin, and he went away quite happy, with a "Donkey, Missey" (thank you.) I like the black people better the more I know of them. Our boy came in crying on Saturday morning—a scorpion had bitten him, and I had to poultice his hand with mustard. I hope it was the right thing. I'm sure I don't know—at anyrate it is getting better. We do not see many people here, except the Boer farmers who live round, and they are almost every one of them very poor. They used to come here to see me in battalions when I came out at first. The day after I arrived, seventeen trooped in one afternoon, and I had to shake hands with every one of them. They had driven here in a wagon drawn by four donkeys and eight zebras. I have to go to visit them occasionally, too, and I think I get on with them very well. I always refuse their

proffered cup of coffee, though. I teach the girls needlework and knitting, they come down for lessons twice a week. I think I must close now. With love to Miss Turner and yourself, and kind regards to Canon Rowe.—I remain, yours affectionately,

MARIANNE HOPF.

Kalkbank, where we live, is a little place lying to the north-east of Pietersburg, in the Northern Transvaal. It is merely a conglomeration of farms, with a little barn that serves as a school-room, and a store with post office and calling station combined, on the main northern road leading from Pietersburg to the diamond fields and copper mines, and along which donkey wagons pass frequently laden with provisions or sacks of earth, according as the donkeys' heads are turning north or south.

Our home is all alone in the middle of the veldt—which in this locality is pretty thickly studded with bushes and trees, most of them not bigger than a holly or a hawthorn tree, though—and our northern horizon is bounded by the Blauwberg and Zoutpansberg ranges of mountains, which at the present time are the stronghold of thousands of Kaffirs. We are on the verge of civilization, in a new country where we make our own roads, as necessity arises, bake our own bread, make our own butter, or put up with the tinned alternative, and often fish or hunt for our dinners.

Our neighbours are for the most part Boers of the most typical time, Boers who have trekked farthest, have fought with the fiercest and strongest Kaffir tribes, had the finest hunting field of any of their race, and have lived the most narrowed of intellectual lives of any of their countrymen.

Their past has naturally had its influence on the characters of these people, and many of them are as ignorant as far as school education goes, as anybody can imagine a people coming originally from Europe to be. Schooling set at the valuation of some of these farmers is of very little account, too; one of them the other day could not be brought to believe that the earth went round the sun, for anything—that was a fine yarn, he thought. Another asked, "How many year's schooling have you had?" On being told "ten or a dozen years," he held up his hands in amazement, and exclaimed, "My! what dull people you must be, why I went to school for six months, and then the teacher could not teach me any more."

Yet these people are clever in other directions. Necessity has so often been to them the mother of invention that they have gained some kind of knowledge through her mediation. They have had to doctor themselves and their animals through all kinds of sicknesses, some peculiar to this part of the country, some caused by snake or insect bites, some by bad water or climatic

differences, sicknesses of all sorts; they have been obliged to fight against drought and all kinds of insect and agricultural hindrances. They have never had a chance of anything like a prolonged period of schooling; some have had none at all, and they have never been brought into contact with anything concerning any other part of the world.

Under these circumstances, the Boers of the Northern Transvaal, as I see them, notwithstanding the ignorance, astounding ignorance of many of them, are very self-reliant, very capable when working at anything in their own sphere, very conservative and independent in a way, lazy too, but this chiefly because they do not realize how time goes, the days to them are all alike, and many of them have no clock or watch in their houses, and the sun is hot, there is no need to hurry.

They have been most kind to us since I've lived here, often sending us little things for the pantry or cupboard, while, if one of us is not well, they one and all are most pressing with their attentions, and bottled concoctions.

Kalkbank, up till the time when the war broke out, was a perfect paradise for its hunting and farming population. Even now there are numbers of lions, antelopes, zebras, bucks, and swarms of partridges, koeraans, guinea fowls, and pheasants just beyond the mountain less than thirty miles from here, though since the war hunting laws have come into force, and people are not allowed such perfect freedom as they used to enjoy.

Just round here the lion is extinct, but there are plenty of birds and wild buck still, but nobody is allowed to shoot at this time of the year. No wonder these people dislike government.

Hunting stories are plentiful enough, many of the older inhabitants having quite a collection of unique ones. One always amuses me when I think of it, and the hero (?) is often in here. He was out with three or four others on a little hunting trip, and they had been successful in catching a fine buck, which he was left to guard while his companions went back a little to fetch their waggon. He had no gun with him, and so was very dismayed when he saw a huge lion sauntering in his direction. Flight was out of the question, so he did the best thing he could do in climbing to the top of the only bush within reach. Here he sat shivering, with his feet a few feet from the ground, while the lion turned his attention to the buck. Presently, however, the lioness arrived on the scene, and immediately cast approving glances in his direction. Driven to despair, the poor man in his extremity tore off his brown felt hat, put the brim of it between his teeth, and pulled as grnesome a face as he knew how, whereupon the lioness turned tail and fled. When the other hunters arrived, the lion disappeared, too, leaving behind him a very mangled buck and a white-faced man, who told his tale between sips of brandy, and who was several days recovering his equanimity.

"FORTY YEARS ON."

Dear Friends and Comrades,—I mean by the latter specially those who, together with me, have reached our "Forty Years On." By the kindness of Miss Elwell, I am allowed a small space in the Magazine to dwell a little on those days, when we as First years, of the date 1867, looked forward.

I wonder if any of you have heard the boys of a Public School sing on their breaking-up days, the song called "Forty Years On." It always interests me greatly to mark the gusto with which they sing it. To them, the present is so full of life and vigour, and the years stretch out so slowly, that "Forty Years On" represents a point of time as far away as the millennium—nevertheless, with all earnestness they dwell on the scenes in which they hope to take part then; they will meet—they will renew old friendships—revive old memories, and altogether spend a jolly time in smoking the pipe of peace, and living over again, for a brief space, those "other days," which lie so far back in the past. Well, dear comrades, once *we* were like those boys in spirit and feeling, *now* we have reached our "forty years on," and the looking back seems but as across the span of "yesterday."

Perhaps you may be interested to know that on December 13th last, which was the fortieth anniversary of our entrance to sit for Scholarship, I had a great longing to look into the old place, and especially into the study—so I walked up to the College, and rang the bell at the same door that we entered with such trepidation all those years ago, and asked to see the Principal, who told me I might not only go into the study, but anywhere else I pleased.

The study is not altered (except that there is no writing table under the window—I missed that table much) and the look out over Riseholme way is as familiar as if there were no bridge between the "then" and "now."

After leaving the study, I wanted to walk through all the old rooms that we knew, but, with the exception of one or two dormitories, the lecture hall is the only one that is not changed. There certainly are additions in the way of curtains and pictures, and books, but the room itself remains the same—familiar and homelike to those who at any time have known it daily for two years.

Do you, Jenny Banks, and you, Emily Flint (excuse my using the old names—the new ones I am not so sure of), and all the others of that year, who read these lines, do you remember how, on that Dec. 13th, we (after returning from the Cathedral—our first visit to that loved place) seventy of us—strangers met together—some only as "ships that pass in the night," sat round the big open fires of the lecture hall, and heartened ourselves up for the fray of examination by singing Christmas hymns, and after the hymns, sent forth a babel of sound springing from the central thought which dominated each and all, "shall we get in?" Shall we be

of the eighteen successful ones, or of the fifty-two, who, having done their best, are mournfully left outside? Ah! the lecture hall is cram full of memories—services (there was no chapel then), lectures, readings, criticism lessons, dancings, prize-givings (though in our time only one prize was given in each year, and that for needlework), meetings, partings, dear old lecture hall!

I next went over the oldest part, that in which *we* lived and moved, and now appropriately called "The Nelson House." The long five, with the "select three," now form one room, known as "the bottom eight" The "top eight" is just the same, except that a doorway opens out at the eastern end, into a corridor of the "Wickham House," but the beds, the drawers, and the chairs look antiquated enough to have been of our time. I think I like them the better for that. The "top three" is converted into a servants' dormitory. The "square fives" have not changed, but of the old dining-room nothing now remains for Students' use.

The Governesses' sitting-room; the small class-room; the practising schools—are all altered out of remembrance—all for the better, though, and vastly improved. I cannot describe the new parts, they are perfect; for use—for comfort—for health—almost for luxury, and I think that only one more thing is necessary to make the College as complete and splendid as any in the kingdom, and that is a gymnasium. How I wish all those who knew the place in 1867 could see it now. They would, I am sure, rejoice at the developments that have sprung from the march of progress; and at the thought that many of the trials which existed in our day, with that day passed, or began to pass, away.

We *did* think it hard, that for three days a week in our recreation hour, from 12 to 1-15, we should have to turn the mangle in the laundry; we *did* think it hard that our allotted portion of butter was the fortieth part of a lb., and that with difficulty we could make it cover a round of bread.

We likewise thought it hard, and somewhat *infra dig*, that we had to go out for walks daily in a long string of two and two, the Governess at the end. I fear we thought many things hard, but seen through the mists of years, the hardness is mellowed, and recognized as, not an aggressive, or altogether lost, part of our training.

I should, indeed, like all old Lincolnites to see the College under its present aspect, but most of all, I wish that all the Students of the present day could have experience of it as it was in 1867. They would appreciate all the more their beautiful Common Room—we had none; their luxury of baths—we had none; their delightful dining-room (with the big pats of butter); their lifts; their stoves upstairs and down in the dormitories and passages; their lovely little Chapel; their recreation ground; their everything; and they would surely say, "*Our* lines have fallen in pleasant places," and in happier times.

But I would not have them think we were unhappy—for that we were not. Our work was the pivot on which we all turned and apart from that, we had many pleasures. Once in each year we spent the day at Riseholme Palace, where in our first year Bishop Jackson, and in our second, Bishop Wordsworth, entertained us right royally at lunch and tea, between which we had boating and croquet, and other diversions. Many other pleasures also we had. Before passing from these "Old Times," I must just mention the Cathedral, which was so large a part of our life. We greatly enjoyed Saturday and Sunday afternoons, which were our special times for going to the services, and if those Students of 1867 could look in at a four o'clock service now, they would find it as beautiful and helpful as ever. They would also probably recognize two faces—those of Canon Hutton and Archdeacon Kaye, who still perform the same duties as they did forty years ago. The Cathedral does not alter; there have been improvements in detail of services and music, but apart from that, it stands out in all its grandeur and glory, Lincoln's one unchangeable possession—the connecting link between the ages.

In spirit I am writing to my old comrades—would that I could see them all in the flesh, but some, I know, have passed "beyond the veil;" others have been so silent, that I have never even heard of them since we said "good-bye," and went our several ways; a few, however, there are who take the Magazine—to them, and to all who knew me during my later residence of seven years, I give affectionate greeting; they may like to know that all these years I have lived almost in the shadow of the Cathedral, that I have five sons and daughters— all away from home, and all doing well.

These things are pleasant to think of, and amid all the storms and stress of life, with its many "ups and downs," there is abundant room for thankfulness and gladness in living.

There are mothers amongst those to whom I write, and they will agree with me that the great trial of a mother is to see her flock pass out from the old home—one by one; but recognizing the law of life and of God, she sends them forth hopefully and trustfully, believing that "all things work together for good."

But what of myself, some of you may say. Well, I am fast going down the "slant of life," and at no time am I more conscious of this than when at the College "break-up," and see around me all those young, bright, happy girls, full of energy and hopeful enthusiasm. At such an occasion, though the sight of them makes one feel young in heart, and glad with their gladness, one perceives that the difference lies in the bridge between—*they* at the beginning and *I* at the end of "Forty Years On."

Now, dear friends of other days, I will say farewell, and, in conclusion, will ask your acceptance of these lines (offered with all diffidence on my part), which I wrote three months ago when sitting alone by the fire, after the day's work was done. Perhaps in some way they fit us all. Again farewell!

LOVE AND SELF.

No room for "self" in love,
For "self" *in* love is lost,
Not seeking "treasure trove,"
Nor counting gain nor cost.

Love never shrinks from care,
Nor thinks large effort ill,
If it but win a share
Of good, from loved one's will.

Love shuts out "self" and smiles,
Should all the world appear
To look on love as wiles—
Such love is but veneer.

The real thing bears all,
Hopes all, and will endure,
Till comes the Higher Call
To love, which is more sure.

Love is not "self," but trust,
And trust is love, we know;
If sep'rate each is dust,
So hand in hand they go.

Ah! love's not "self," but life,
Its root, its flower, its star;
Love bides through life, and on
When we have "crossed the bar."

REBECCA HEMSLEY, Feb. 19th, 1907.
(R. HAYNES, of '67 and '68).

A SECOND SPRING HOLIDAY IN ITALY.

FIRST PAPER.

ROME—I write the word and then pause, overwhelmed with the magnitude of the task I have set myself. What do I know of Rome? What can I know after a stay of a week? And how dare I record my confused impressions here, for confused they must most certainly be? Assuredly the wisest and only course will be to resolutely shut my eyes to the magnitude of the subject, and rest content with simply living over again that week of wonder, of awe, of delight. Every one of those seven days was filled full and brimming over with pleasures that well-nigh intoxicated us, pleasures that set us wondering why we should be so favoured, and yet likewise set us ardently longing for their indefinite continuance.

Italia, with "her fatal gift of beauty," casts a spell over the senses, but Rome takes captive mind and heart and soul. "We would not depart" from one or the other, and when cruelly torn away by relentless circumstances, we register a solemn vow to return *some* day. Would we could sing like Byron of the fascina-

tions of "the city of the soul," for we too have learnt to feel that time hath given to it a power, a magic, a spirit's feeling—that only moonbeams are fit to illume her ruin'd battlements—that only "the azure gloom of an Italian night, where the deep skies assume hues which have words," are fit roof for her wondrous monuments.

Two whole paragraphs, and we have not yet started on our journey, but one fact at least may be gleaned from this lengthy preamble, that Rome was and is our destination.

On the Tuesday before Easter, history repeated itself, and the College entrance was once more the scene of a hearty send-off. The chorus of good-byes lingered in our ears as the cab bore us off to the station, and pleasantly linked the end of a happy term with the beginning of a still happier holiday.

At nine a.m. on Wednesday, the pre-arranged meeting with the two other members of the party took place at Victoria station, and at ten, the various preliminaries of registering luggage, making last enquiries, securing seats were over, and the full train steamed out for Folkestone. We bore the sea crossing with unusual equanimity, and made the monotonous railway journey to Paris without incident. The pandemonium at the Gare du Nord soon compensated for the dullness, and added one more to the unpleasant recollections with which that station is by now rather closely associated in our minds. However, this particular incident had the charm of novelty, so perhaps we ought not to complain. It was not lack of seats that disturbed us this time, but the lack of our luggage, a lack that made seats totally unnecessary, for every moment of the long waiting time was fully occupied in making circular tours round the great station. Again and again the weary and fruitless search for our two porters and our precious belongings ended at the same starting-point, until at last when all hopes of its re-appearance were at zero, the belongings were found under the care of a gendarme in a remote and apparently private and inaccessible part of the station. When and where, and why the said porters had first left it was a mystery it was hopeless to try to fathom, so we readily assented to the gendarme's remark that we were lucky to get it, and thankfully accompanied it to the hotel omnibus.

Brilliant sunshine and a delightful drive round Paris on Thursday morning did much to make us forget the various mishaps of the evening before, and we were all in excellent spirits as we left the Gare de Lyon about two p.m. for our long journey south. A midnight supper at Modane on the frontier, was very refreshing, and likewise very exciting, owing to the exceedingly limited time in which its various courses had to be "got through." Excitement of another kind followed when we found ourselves tightly squeezed in the middle of an expectant crowd, impatiently awaiting the *visite des bagages*. At nine a.m. on Friday we arrived at

Turin, an hour too late to make the desired connection with Genoa, the delay giving us, however, an unexpected half-day in the great Piedmont town. An earlier visit had made two of us acquainted with this handsome, though somewhat ordinary Italian city, so we attempted to act the part of guide to the others.

Being permitted to "board" the train for Genoa about an hour before starting time, we had a delightful opportunity for making and enjoying our tea without interruption. After a long run through the mountains, the beautiful suburbs of Genoa came in view, and brought comforting thoughts of an hotel and a good night's rest. The reality was even more comforting than the prospect, and had the desired effect of making us ready to appreciate everything that Genoa had to offer. And she offered much, so that we longed to show our appreciation by lengthening our stay, but alas! hard and fast plans had long been made, so we had to content ourselves with a hope that we should some day re-visit this fascinating spot, and in the meantime to make the utmost use of the few hours at our command.

I do not think I should like to explain exactly what I mean by Italian, and yet I must give vent to the thought that Genoa was the most Italian place I had yet seen, unless, indeed, I make the exception of Bellagio. The charm of colour finds here its fullest expression—sea and sky vie with each other in brilliancy of hue, while the softer tones of the encircling hills enhance the beauty of both and help to blend them into the harmonious whole. Ejaculations of delight were frequent and expressive as we wended our way along its most important line of streets where a succession of stately palaces seemed broken only by magnificent churches or venerable public buildings. Façades of every imaginable tint of yellow and pink, venetians of an entirely unimaginable tint of green—where else but in Genoa would such a range of shades be possible, and who else but the denizens of those blue roofed lanes would dare to add that vivid finishing touch? That no conceivable combination of colour is impossible here was only too apparent as we gazed down those picturesque bye-ways that so continually arrested our progress. The parti coloured garments that adorned both the frequenters of these narrow lanes, and also the innumerable clothes lines crossing them was a veritable lesson in colour—its varieties and its possibilities in Italian hands.

The glowing interior of the Church of the Annunziata, and the enchanting enclosure known as the gardens of the Villetta di Negro continued this lesson by a magic change of illustrations. Golden lemons, gorgeous flowers, graceful green palms, and the bright rays of the burning southern sun impressed it, and began another on the southern aspect of the slopes of the Riviera.

Italian, as well as English and other tourists, flock to Rome in great numbers at Easter time, hence the Saturday noonday train was practically mobbed when it steamed into Genoa station.

Had it not been for two gentlemen passengers who had been commissioned by Dr. Lunn's courier to look out for us, we four females should most assuredly have been left behind. It was a huge relief to find ourselves unexpectedly taken care of, and safely hauled up out of the excited crowd, and provided with seats for our twelve hours' journey. Travelling anxieties for the time seemed over, for the last change had been made, and we were finally *en route* for Rome.

I need not repeat the charms of the journey along the Riviera, though I *did* repeat the enjoyment of every one of them, an enjoyment which happy recollections deepened and intensified.

A glorious sunset etherealised the Tuscan and Umbrian Apennines in the late evening, and gave us a panoramic succession of exquisitely tinted scenes while we dined, but the last five hours of the way brought nothing more interesting than glimmering darkness. Half-audible, half suppressed longings betrayed much inward impatience, and at last efforts at self-control began to give way, and the gentlemen, as is their wont, fumed audibly, while the ladies, as is theirs, looked unutterable things. Would the last stage of this interminable journey ever end? Was Rome a myth, or had we all strayed on to a wrong route? Reiterated cries of "Civita Vecchia" proved the inaccuracy of the last surmise, and indicated to our delight that Rome was not far distant. We four were effectually and pleasantly roused by the welcome tidings that we were to be domiciled at the famous Hotel de Russie, a privilege for which we had longed yet hardly dared to hope, and which we doubtless owed to the early application made by Miss Elwell, the indefatigible *doyenne* of our small party.

As it was 1.30 a.m. when we steamed into Rome we were by no means displeased to find our hotel omnibus the first to quit the station. It had seemed very incongruous to hear "Roma" bawled out in stentorian tones by a railway porter, and the further incongruity that *Cook's Tourist offices* should be the first and only printed sign decipherable from the omnibus windows seemed still more unnatural. But both the long journey and thoughts on incongruities found an abrupt ending in restful sleep, and Easter Sunday morning dawned in Italian splendour.

St. Peter's was the burden of our thoughts, and a tramcar to "*San Pietro*," the burden of our uncertain Italian speech, as we took our seats in one of those useful but sleep-disturbing vehicles about ten a.m. Now St. Peter's is the burden of my pen, and what a heavy burden it is! Fortunately for me, I had not even begun to think of what lay before me, as I looked for the first time across the vast piazza that stretches in front of that mighty edifice Indeed, we were all too fully occupied in admiring the stately sweep of the wide encircling arms of those magnificent colonnades, to think of aught else. It would be impossible to imagine a more imposing courtyard, a more superb approach than the immense

oval plane thus enclosed. Space leads an indescribable dignity to the scene. As we stood that morning at the entrance to the piazza, a wide tract of glaring sunlight lay between us and the huge obelisk and fountains of the centre, a second fervid tract lay beyond, and both must be traversed before we reached the broad flight of marble steps that leads up to the sacred edifice at the opposite extremity. The fierce rays of burning sunshine made it difficult to enjoy the details of the panorama spread out before us, so we speedily sought refuge under one of the colonnades where the softened light permitted a clear view of the interior of the one great curve and the exterior of the other. Fignres do not exactly assist the impression of the eyes, and yet we felt that our minds had a better grip of the magnitude of these arcades when we had counted the columns supporting them, and found that the long curves of four deep produced a grand total of nearly three hundred. The long pile of gigantic statues that stand in solemn silence along the entablature was likewise doubly imposing when we remembered that they were nearly three times the height of a man of average stature.

But we must venture now as then across that shadeless plain, mount the wide perron and try to get some conception both the exterior and the interior of the largest Christian church in the world. Colossal as is the façade, it does not seem colossal enough, partly, I believe, from the very perfection of its proportions, partly, that on a near approach, its majestic dome, the crown and culmination of the whole fabric, steadily recedes and sinks finally out of sight. Memory's pencil outlines the front of St. Mark's with marvellous clearness and exactitude, but it produces only a blurred impression of this façade of St. Peter's. The row of fine Corinthian columns is the only feature that comes back with any clearness to the mind, and the dignity of these is so far diminished by the two stories, comparatively small windows intersecting them, that the *ensemble* is rather that of a palace than a cathedral.

But what of the interior ! if we dare to speak of defects of the outside, we must hold our peace as we gaze on the glories within those sacred precincts. Silent awe is the highest and only tribute we are capable of offering, an awe that grows and deepens as a fuller sense of the vastness of the building takes possession of us. Rome and vastness became in time almost synonymous terms, but it was long before a true appreciation of the vastness of St. Peter's was possible, and longer, far longer, before the vastness of all Rome's monuments came home to us in its almost oppressive reality.

The length of the journey down the vaulted nave revealed its immense proportions as no guide book or lecture could have done, and revealed too the surpassing splendour of its gorgeous decorations. Every inch of surface of the stately double line of lofty, rounded arches and fluted pilasters that support and separate the

nave and lateral aisles, every wall, cornice, and frieze are all so many opportunities for richest decoration, for panellings of glittering mosaic or costly coloured marbles, while gilded shrines and splendid altars fill the arched recesses, and gigantic statues people the frequent niches. The soft glitter of the far-away canopy of the embossed roof, and the still deeper, warmer tints of the bronze baldacchino and its twisted columns blend with the soft colourings of the rich marbles and richer paintings, and produce as perfect a harmony of colour as the interior of St. Mark's itself. Mendelssohn's idea of the possibilities of rambling in St. Peter's until one is tired is no exaggeration as we found to our cost when we had made a complete tour of the numerous side chapels. The very evident possibilities too, of a series of crowds, of a number of congregations being simultaneously engaged in worship, without fear of embarrassing each other were further proofs of its infinite capacities.

"But lo! the dome—the vast and wondrous dome"—words fail utterly as I think of it, and so I must follow the example of many another scribe and fall back on a certain architectural authority whose description seems almost as beautiful as the structure itself. "The cupola is glorious. Viewed in its design, its altitude, or even its decoration, as a whole, or as a part, it enchants the eye, it satisfies the taste, it expands the soul. The very air seems to eat up all that is harsh or colossal, and leaves us nothing but the sublime to feast on, a sublime peculiar to the genius of the immortal architect, and comprehensible only on the spot."

It is natural to find in the great Church of St. Peter, built on the traditional site of the spot where he was buried, much that is specially commemorative of him. In front of one of the pillars on the right side of the nave, is the famous bronze statue representing him in sitting posture with the right foot extended. Bronze, though it is, this foot has been much worn away by the kisses of generations of devout worshippers.

Beneath "the haughty dome" is the most sacred spot in the Church—the shrine in which repose the remains of the great Apostle, over which is elevated the baldacchino already alluded to, the canopy 120 feet high, made of bronze taken from the roof of a far more ancient temple, that temple of all gods from "Jove to Jesus," the Pantheon. Near it is the high altar at which the Pope alone is permitted to celebrate Mass. A circular marble balustrade surrounds the sunken space called the *confessio*, which is reached by means of magnificent gilt bronze gates, and a double flight of marble steps, and which itself gives access to the actual shrine immediately under the high altar. On the floor of this marble-lined confessio, facing the shrine, kneels a statue of Pope Pius VI., a marble master-piece by Canova. The balustrade supports a

hundred golden lamps, which day and night shed their soft light over the glories of this sacred enclosure.

Behind and above the altar, in the tribune or apse of the Church, is a third bronze-gilt memorial, the chair of St. Peter, which is said to enclose the one used by the Apostle and his immediate successors, and which is supported by four great fathers of the Church, S.S. Augustine, Ambrose, Chrysostom, and Athanasius. Like the bronze canopy, it was the work of the celebrated Italian artist, Bernini, and like so much else in St. Peter's, looks not more than a quarter its real size.

One of the keenest delights of foreign travel is the after privilege of seeing with, and almost thinking with some of our greatest writers, hence the re-reading of the following lines on St. Peter's was and is an indescribable pleasure, and one that I cannot refrain from sharing with all those who peruse this magazine.

"Thy mind
Expanded by the genius of the spot
Has grown colossal . . . . . .
Thou seest not all, but piecemeal thou must break,
To separate contemplation, the great whole;
. . . . . Condense thy soul
To more immediate objects, and control
Thy thoughts until thy mind hath got by heart
Its eloquent proportions, and unroll
In mighty graduations, part by part
The glory which at once upon thee did not dart.
This
Outshining and o'erwhelming edifice
Fools our fond gaze, and greatest of the great
Defies at first our nature's littleness
Till, growing with its growth, we thus dilate
Our spirits to the size of that they contemplate.'

An afternoon in the Pincian gardens enabled us to see something of the fashionable Rome of to-day, as well as to enjoy a promenade along the shady avenues of the beautiful terraces which command magnificent views of the city. High-stepping thoroughbreds and perfectly-appointed carriages found themselves side by side with sorry steeds and dilapidated vehicles, for it is "all Rome," and not fashionable Rome only that takes the air at this hour of the day.

Our Easter Monday on the Appian Way deserves a paper all to itself; how to compress all its charms into a few short lines is a question more easily asked than answered. Everything fascinated us that glorious morning from the moment of arrival at our rendezvous, perhaps, because everything seemed so intensely Roman, whether it were the Roman coachman of the luxurious landaus, or the handsome and persuasive vendors of post cards, or the wide Piazza Colonna with the gigantic column in its midst; and the fascination became an ecstasy of delight as we drove off

and found ourselves almost immediately alongside the Forum, the veritable Forum Romanum. Its wonders were to be reserved for a later day, so the enchanting drive continued, and soon our conductor announced the Palatine Hill above us on the left, then in front, the site of the ancient Porta Capena, the former entrance to the historic Appian Way. The dusty road, the tall and thick hedges made it difficult to realise that this military highway to the south, this "Queen of Roads" had once been solidly paved, and lined with the stately tombs of illustrious Roman families. The Porta San Sebastiano, a massive gateway in the still more massive Aurelian wall, a fine example of the Roman columbaria, the great "dove-cote" or chamber with innumerable pigeon-holes for the ashes of the dead, and the church of Domine Quo Vadis, shortly arrested our progress. The beautiful legend associated with this latter seemed doubly touching, told on the spot by our enthusiastic lecturer.

A short detour on the outward route, had enabled us to begin the delights of the morning with a visit to the picturesque and "mountainous ruins" of the Baths of Caracalla, the most perfect and stupendous mass of ruins in Rome with the single exception of the Colosseum.

It was well that our minds had already begun to expand in the contemplation of St. Peter's, otherwise they must have been staggered by this fresh example of immensity. Our modern civilisation began to look more and more puny as we rambled along "the flowery glades and thickets of odoriferous blossoming trees" that now beautify the series of great halls, courts, and open spaces of this vast Roman club, for bathing was only one of the functions fulfilled by this sumptuous establishment. Reading, writing, dining-rooms, and what in modern Italy would probably be called casinos, as well as grounds enclosed for athletic sports, provided for the comfort and amusement of the luxurious Romans of that day. According to our lecturer, very practical use was made of the different kinds of baths in training the soldiery, those intended for service in our cold Northern clime taking a course from *caldariam* to *tepidarium*, and from *tepidarium* to *frigidarium*, while those whose destination was the more tropical regions of Empire, took a course in inverse order.

"From the Baths of Caracalla" became a sort of refrain in the lectures during the remaining part of the week, for many of the magnificent bathing vessels of polished porphyry and granite, or basalt, and an infinite number of masterpieces of sculpture or of mosaics that once adorned its walls and floors are now deposited in the museums of the city. What the great baths can have been in the days when they housed all these and many other treasures scattered now in far distant European cities, it is impossible to realise. Accommodation for sixteen hundred bathers, and the existence of eleven other such establishments in Rome at the same

time, are facts that startle the dwellers in a modern English city that is as yet a stranger to the luxury of public baths of any kind.

Amid the long succession of ruins on the Appian Way,

> "There is a stern round tower of other days
> Firm as a fortress . . . .
> And with two thousand years of ivy-grown,
> The garland of eternity. . . . .
> What was this tower of strength? Within its cave
> What treasure lay so lock'd so hid? A woman's grave.
> Thus much alone we know—Metella died,
> The wealthiest Roman's wife. Behold his love or pride."

The history of Cecilia Metella was scanty enough, and yet like Byron we are strangely interested in this well-preserved remnant of the avenue of sepulchres. A realisation of the form of Roman tombs, and of their strength and solidity was made easy by this illustration; the square basement has lost its stone covering, but the round tower with walls 20ft. thick built thereon is in perfect preservation. and it seemed no matter for surprise to hear that so strong a building had been transformed into a fortress in the nineteenth century, but it was a surprise to find there the origin of the name and form of the *Martello* towers on parts of our English and Irish coasts, English military engineers having been so struck with their suitability and durability as to advise the use of similar structures for our coast defences.

An *al fresco* lunch, in the garden of an *albergo* (inn) on the roadside, gave to us a fine opportunity of a sun bath, and, to the irrepressible Italian vendors of curios, an equally fine opportunity for exercising their witcheries on the susceptible English tourist, and driving advantageous bargains.

After another drive we once more descended from the carriages to explore the ruins of the Appian Way. This time the glaring sunlight was exchanged for the cool, subterranean galleries excavated by the early Christians in the bowels of the earth. It soon became evident that the endless labyrinth of the Catacombs dwarf into insignificance the mausoleums of the surface which had so much interested us in the morning. A long procession, armed with lighted tapers, cautiously threaded the dark, narrow passages, peered with almost morbid interest into the niches and shelf-like apertures on either hand, tried to decipher the fragments of names and inscriptions, and even related alarming stories of visitors who had strayed from their party, a finally re-assembling at the starting-point, the Basilica of St. Petronilla, relieved to find their number quite complete.

In spite of the absorbing interest of the Catacombs, we were not sorry to return to the upper air and the bright sunlight, and to begin the return drive along the pleasant lanes leading to the Church of St. Paul-outside-the-Walls, which, like St. Peter's, is built on the traditional place of burial. An oratory existed here as early as 78 A.D., but the earliest basilica was erected by

Constantine, and enlarged and beautified by succeeding emperors and popes. The greater part of the structure was burnt down in 1823, consequently the present Church is absolutely modern, dating only from 1854. The exterior is like so many of the Roman Churches, plain almost to unsightliness, but the magnificent simplicity of the design of the interior is strangely impressive. The four stately rows of columns that divide the enormous nave into one great central aisle, and four lesser ones, are all of shining granite. To learn that each of these eighty massive pillars cost the sum of £500, startled us into a fuller appreciation of their intrinsic worth, but it required no such knowledge to make us enjoy the unbroken view of them. Only the briefest examination of the details of the interior is necessary to prove, both that it is a marvel of richness, and that the contributions received from the whole Catholic world for the re-erection and decoration of this Church, have been of the most generous, nay of the most lavish description.

The profusion of rare marbles and precious stones is bewildering, and it is easy to believe those who tell us that every inch of the vast space enclosed by the Church is worthy of inspection, but here our inspection must be limited to the two or three most striking features—the glistening marble floor; the pillars of oriental alabaster supporting the altar canopy, presented by a former Khedive of Egypt; the pedestal supporting the columns, inlaid with lapis lazuli and malachite, further royal gifts; the malachite altars at the end of the transepts, and lastly, the long succession of medallion portraits of the Popes in fine mosaic, above the pillars of the nave. Of all these, the alabaster attracted us most, for beneath the gleam of its semi-transparent surface we caught glimpses of what seemed to suggest the interior of wonderful sea-caves, mermaids' grots, a veritable fairy world. No more pleasing contrast to this gleaming whiteness could have been imagined than the intense green of the malachite, and the peculiarly rich and deep blue of the lapis lazuli in the pedestals below.

The west front of the Church is still unfinished, but will form, when complete, an entrance well worthy of this noble building. It consists of a square atrium, open to the sky, enclosed by more granite columns, connected by plain, round-headed arches, which, according to our lecturer, are peculiarly suited to this sunny clime, admitting a wider and more unbroken expanse of its blue skies than is possible with the more decorated gothic arches of the north.

In contrast to all this modern magnificence, the ancient cloisters present a scene of quieter, more restful beauty. Worn and weathered as are the arcades, the delicate, almost intricate and wondrously varied designs of their columns, at once arrest attention and charm with their symmetry and exquisite detail.

A half-hour's drive along more delightful lanes brought us back to the walls of the city, which we re-entered by the massive

gateway called Porta San Paolo. Just outside this we paused a while to examine that strange imitation of the Egyptian Pyramids, the tomb of a wealthy Roman, Caius Cestius, a tomb which was already old when St. Paul left this gate of the city on his way to martyrdom. On a mound under the shadow of this pagan tomb, and the massy mouldering walls of ancient Rome, is the little God's Acre, covered with violets and daisies, that made Shelley "in love with death to think that one should be buried in so sweet a place," the cypress-planted English Protestant Cemetery, in which his ashes were laid only one short year after he had written his lament on Keats.

It is impossible to dwell in thought on so sweet a place, or so sweet a song, without reproducing the inimitable lines in which that sacred spot is described :—

"Go thou to Rome . . . . . .
Pass, till the Spirit of the spot shall lead
Thy footsteps to a slope of green access,
Where, like an infant's smile, over the dead
A light of laughing flowers along the grass is spread,
And grey walls moulder round, on which dull Time
Feeds, like slow fire upon a hoary brand ;
And one keen pyramid, with edge sublime,
Pavilioning the dust of him who planned
This refuge for his memory, doth stand
Like flame transformed to marble ; and beneath
A field is spread, on which a newer band
Have pitched, in heaven's smile, their camp of death,
Welcoming Him we love with scarce extinguished breath."

Here, among other epitaphs of deepest interest to Englishmen, may be read the pathetic, self-chosen inscription over the tomb of Keats :—

"Here lies one whose name was writ in water,"

words that reveal a world of bitter disappointment and the blighted hopes of the youthful poet.

The glory of Papal Rome on Sunday, and such a slice of Imperial Rome on Monday, would, one might have thought, have been of a sufficiently generous provision for two days, but expansion of mind had gone on so rapidly, that our lecturer ventured to add the mighty morsel of the Colosseum on our homeward route.

For a few moments I wondered if the outlines of these "arches on arches" were actually too familiar to impress us with a due sense of their dignity, but all such wonders were forgotten when we stood at the foot of the fragment that remains complete and gazed upwards. Never before have I felt so utterly overwhelmed, so crushed by any work of man, as by that mighty wreck, which seemed at once a trophy of man's power, and an emblem of his mortality. Two days in company with the giants of Rome had not been long enough, and the spirit could not at first dilate to the

size of what it contemplated. But the stupor passed, and mental enlightenment and grasp came with time, and "in mighty graduations, part by part," the wonders of the Florian amphitheatre unrolled themselves. The massive circular walls of travertine rise in four tiers of arches to a stupendous height, their whole surface is riddled with holes as though Titans had here played the game of war, and discharged their volleys of artillery for mere amusement.

It sounds like fiction to hear the historic explanation of these holes, of Totila commencing the destruction of the pile in 526 for the sake of the iron clamps which held the stones together. Though the clamps have been torn away, the stones remain firmly embedded in the wall without their support.

An engraving of the 'Colosseum as it was,' in the days of its glory, displayed in a window in the city, made it easier to understand the former magnificence, and also how it could for many centuries have been a quarry whence materials were drawn to build palaces and churches. Statues filled a thousand niches on its surface, and statues stood in serried rank along its sky-line. Still better did we comprehend the resources of this quarry as we passed through to the interior of the great fabric. A long series of solid arches intervenes before the arena is reached. Evidently the thickness of the structure was well proportioned by its imperial builders to its enormous height.

There is little now in the inteior to suggest the splendour of its former decorations—its costly marbles, its glittering bronzes, its gay silken awnings, or its fragrant perfumes—but the arena is spacious as ever, the traces of its tiers of seats bespeak unparalleled possibilities of accommodation. The scene when its arena was given up to gladiatorial combats, or at other times when filled with water for sham fights and naval spectacles, and when the vast auditorium was crowded with some fifty thousand spectators, must have been beyond description.

Two days only formed the limit thus far of our stay in Rome, and already we felt as though we had discovered a world, not a new world, but an old one, beautiful with the bloom of ages, and we felt also that we understood at last something of the immensity of this new-old world—and why a residence of twenty years at least is necessary to explore its wonders, to appreciate, to know, and to love them.

M. Turner.

UNIVERSITY EXTENSION ESSAYS.

"The Puritan in Arcady."

The Puritan in Arcady! One can hardly imagine anyone so utterly in his wrong place. A Puritan would have been wretched there; scorning that amongst which he lived; disapproving of it, and entirely failing to understand it.

The Puritans represent life shorn, as far as possible, of external beauty. They shunned it and innocent pleasure as if they were evil things. They would have even seemed to see a virtue in ugliness, so much did they fear beauty. Even in their worship of God they would allow no external beauty of any kind.

Arcadia was a province of Greece, and it was taken by poets as the type of pastoral life at its best and purest. It represents life made up of beauty and joy, innocent and charming—ignorant of the evil in the world. Puritanism and Arcady may perhaps be compared to mountains and valleys, Puritanism being represented by rugged, splendid, desolate mountains, and Arcady by sunny, fertile valleys. The danger to the dwellers in the mountains was that they were generally so close to them that they could see nothing else. Even the sky was hidden, and much more the beautiful valleys towards which they would scorn to look.

Milton, however, represents a Puritan dweller in Arcady, and in two ways. Firstly, we can think of him as in Arcady during the "Horton period" of his life. During that time he was living in and loving country life. Critics delight in his mistakes in natural history, for example, the skylark who came to his windows, but it is not every one who sees and counts it a joy to see and hear birds. The strength of his love for the country is shown by the fact that he lived in the country, and gave utterance to poems of unparalleled lyric beauty, when he was a keen politician while England was passing through the first part of her long season of "*sturm und drang*." No one can doubt, who reads the poetry written by Milton, at Horton, that he was in truth a Puritan dwelling in great happiness in Arcady.

But the words may be taken in another sense, for they represent two sides of his nature. Milton was a Puritan and an artist. Later in his life his Puritanism became sterner, and Arcady would hardly represent his artist side, but for the time now under consideration it is perfectly true.

The poem where this double-sided nature is most clearly shown is *Comus*. *Comus* was a masque written by the poet firstly in answer to the request of his friend Lawes; but its more real purport was to expose the vileness of the Cavaliers and the Court. The whole scheme of the allegory is Puritan. Comus, himself a type of all possible wickedness, is the representative of the Court party, and to have any dealing with him meant losing for ever all that was best and highest in human nature. The denunciation of the Court party is so strong, that it is difficult to realize that it was meant to be a denunciation of them—yet, all through we have the great artist, the wonderful word-painter, softening, controlling, breathing the sweetest music into this Puritan denunciation. At times, even the artist makes beautiful what the Puritan would have made revolting—as for instance, Comus' first speech.

Again, in *Il Penseroso*, the artist makes a beautiful thing of melancholy where the Puritan alone would have made it grim and ugly. The artist cried for beauty in religious worship—for

> "Service high and anthem clear
> As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
> Dissolve me into ecstasies
> And bring all heaven before mine eyes."

No sentiment could be farther from the understanding and appreciation of a Puritan.

Lycidas is considered by some the high-water mark of English poetry, and by all as a gem of great beauty, but there is no piece of poetry or prose in our language where a more violent attack is made on an opposing party than Milton here makes against the Church. It is an essentially Puritan attack, for it has the narrowness of Puritanism. If Laud could be considered by Puritans as a dangerous villain, no wonder the Church of England seemed in a bad plight to them, and Milton fully endorses their bitterness.

These are but a few illustrations of a great and important fact that must be realized in studying Milton. He was a "Puritan in Arcady." He had two equally strongly-marked and opposing sides in his nature, which, blended together, made him what he was. It was the very fact of their being opposite which made them of such value.

The Puritanism in his nature gave him a strength and loftiness—the artist side gave him a sense of proportion as well as a love of beauty. To go back again to the simile used before; the Puritans round him could not see that mountains gain in beauty through the valleys which show off their splendour, while the beauty of the valley is enhanced a thousand-fold by the strength and majesty of surrounding mountains. This was what Milton saw and felt. His Puritan ideals—the strength of character and strenuous effort to live up to his ideals, made his art what it could not have been without it while his artist nature gave to the sternness of his Puritanism the beautiful foreground of bright flowers and green fields, and above all the blue sky, which were unseen by the majority of his fellow-Puritans. He knew that art and music, and the beauty of nature are God's gifts, and must be honoured and cherished.

Milton was a Puritan—he lived amongst and loved the great ideals of Puritanism, which he followed more nearly than most of his contemporaries; but he was also an Arcadian—a lover of beauty, of sight and of sound. A Puritan and an artist—a lover of the works of God in the visible world, as well as a faithful follower of the "Great Taskmaster."

MARGARET WICKHAM.

MILTON'S MASTERY OVER THE USE OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

ILLUSTRATED FROM HIS EARLY POEMS.

No poet, with perhaps one exception, Tennyson, has shown so great a mastery over the English language as Milton. His poetry is music, sometimes sweet and low, sometimes rich and full like the tones of a great organ. It possesses a magical charm, carrying us at times to the shepherds on the hills, up to the heavenly regions, or down to the abode of the evil one.

Many illustrations of this mastery are to be found in his early poems. Macaulay has said of "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso," that "it is impossible to believe that the mechanism of language can be brought to a more exquisite degree of perfection." From the titles of these two poems we are led to expect a note of gaiety in one and solemnity in the other, and the mastery consists in the striking of these notes. Take the lines—

> "Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
> Jest, and youthful jollity,
> Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,
> Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,"
> "Come and trip it, as you go,
> On the light fantastic toe."

The crisp, ringing words give the note of life and action. Now take the following from "Il Penseroso"—

> "Come, pensive nun, devout and pure,
> Sober, steadfast and demure,
> All in a robe of darkest grain,
> Flowing with majestic train"

It is the long vowel sounds, the *a*'s and *o*'s that give the idea of stateliness and sobriety in this case. The poet's power of describing, or rather of suggesting—for he uses very few words, ordinary everyday pictures of common life is really wonderful. This is seen in the picture of the fowls in the farmyard at early morning, and again in those four "thumb nail" pictures of the ploughman, the milkmaid, the mower, and the shepherd in "L'Allegro"—

> "While the ploughman, near at hand,
> Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
> And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
> And the mower whets his scythe,
> And every shepherd tells his tale
> Under the hawthorn in the dale."

Neither are examples of Milton's mastery wanting in "Comus" and "Lycidas," for, from the technical point of view, "Lycidas" is "the high-water mark of English poetry." The strength and

expressiveness of some of the passages in these poems is very striking. Take, for example, the passage in "Comus," in which the lady tells Comus his fittest punishment—

> "And thou art worthy that thou shouldst not know
> More happiness than this thy present lot,
> Enjoy your dear wit, and gay rhetoric,
> That hath so well been taught her dazzling fence;
> Thou art not fit to hear thyself convinced."

And again the passage in "Lycidas" on *Fame*—

> "Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
> (That last infirmity of noble mind)
> To scorn delights and live laborious days."

Repetition is used to great advantage by Milton, and in this Tennyson may be favourably compared with him. Good examples of this are the lines in the elegy—

> "For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
> Young Lycidas and hath not left his peer,
> Who would not sing for Lycidas?"

And the following from "Comus"—

> "Was I deceived or did a sable cloud
> Turn forth her silver lining on the night?
> I did not err, there does a sable cloud
> Turn forth her silver lining on the night."

Milton paid great attention to the cæsura. It has been said that the symbol of Milton's cæsnra is "the line of beauty." This is indeed true of the following lines—

> "Now Lycidas the shepherds weep no more;
> Henceforth thou art the genius of the shore
> In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
> To all that wander in that perilous flood."

Such lines as—

> "Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw;"
> "Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears,
> And slits the thin spun life."

are good illustrations of onomatopœia.

The poet's clever way of suggesting the strange and uncanny is seen in the passage—

> "A thousand fantasies
> Begin to throng into my memory,
> Of calling shapes and beckoning shadows dire,
> And airy tongues that syllable men's names
> On sands and shores and desert wildernesses."

It is interesting to compare this with Tennyson's description of the cries of the three mysterious queens in "The Passing of Arthur."

Too much cannot be said in praise of Milton's choice of words; one has only to snbstitnte another word for one of his to show that wonderful choice. Ruskin has several fine paragraphs in the first

lecture in "Sesame and Lilies," which show the extraordinary suitability of the words he choses to describe the state of the church in "Lycidas." In conclusion, a few of the beautiful passages in Milton's early poems may be given. Notice the way in which he describes the song of the lady in "Comus"—

> "How sweetly did they float upon the wings
> Of silence, through the empty vaulted night,
> At every fall smoothing the raven down
> Of darkness till it smiled!"

It would indeed be difficult to find anything more beautiful than the above lines, and the passage in which Comus tells the lady he has seen her brothers. It is too long to quote fully. It begins—

> "Two such I saw, what time the laboured ox
> In his loose traces from the furrow came,
> And the swinked hedger at his supper sat;"

and ends with these beautiful lines—

> "I was awe-struck,
> "And, as I passed, I worshipped; if those you seek,
> It were a journey like the path to heaven,
> To help you find them."

They are truly "words of enchantment."

MURIEL CARR,
Second Year Student.

LINCOLN TO SCOTLAND BY MOTOR.

BY DR. PURVES.

OUR first day's journey was a short one, Selby being our destination. This, a 67 mile run, was easily negotiated in the afternoon. Leaving Lincoln by the racecourse, we followed the road through Saxilby and Fenton to Gainsborough, thence over the river, through Beckingham, where many a hackney winner is bred, and on to Bawtry.

After winding through Bawtry we came to one of the finest stretches of road in the county, namely, to Doncaster. Not being on a high-powered car, we could let her go her best without much fear of attracting the attention of the watchful "Robert," who, uneasily lurking in plain clothes, frequently ornaments the hedges and dykes along this main road. Through Doncaster the going is bad, and beyond to Selby we found very rough roads for the first few miles. It was here that we were impressed by the beauty of the stacks on many farms, each one thatched after the pattern of a pagoda roof, and each sporting its own weathercock. They were so neat that one became convinced that the final touches had been carried out with fine toothed-comb and scissors.

On this road we met a Hog, a Road Hog, and, to my sorrow I record it, a Motor Road Hog, who, on a curve kept the crown of the road, and being of heavier metal than we, drove us into a stony, bumpy gutter. On the spur of such a moment words to adequately express the situation in its true light are not easily found, and silently we hoped his tyres would burst, and his engine miss fire for ever more.

Six miles from Selby we came on a motorist in trouble—a 20 horse-power car with a broken driving shaft. Nothing short of a new shaft was possible, and this, we heard next day, was made by the local blacksmith, the car starting again after a five hours delay.

At Selby we halted for two days, and on the evening of the second day went on to York, 15 miles. This was the most trying part of the whole trip, for there was a dense fog, which made even five miles an hour a dangerous pace at times. We had one narrow escape from a waggon and four horses, which, unprovided with lights, suddenly appeared in front of us. Had the horses not been quiet, it would have undoubtedly been an awkward fix, the fog at that moment being so dense that from the edge of the macadam it was impossible to see where the fence was.

Early next morning we started from York, intending to make the run of 146 miles in one day. Five miles out of York a sudden clatter in the engine and slowing of the car made us gasp. Consideration for a moment indicated the inlet valve to be the culprit. On inspection, the suspicion was found to be correct, but we had a narrow escape from being stopped for at least three hours. The small pin, which had been inaccurately fitted the night before, had shaken out and was lying on the perforated framework of the valve. Had it slipped through one of the perforations instead of lodging across it, it would have dropped into the inside of the engine, and three hours taking to pieces and re-assembling would have resulted. However, in five minutes we were off again, and without a halt ran through Thirsk, Northallerton, and Darlington to Durham. We had to enter Durham to fill up with petrol, and incidentally Durham is a city to be avoided when motoring. The hills and roads are prehistoric. Newcastle was reached at midday, entering over the high level bridge Lunch, a rest, and more petrol was the order of events, and at two o'clock we entered the last stage. For fifteen miles the road was excellent, followed by a climb of three miles to the Ottercaps, whence we had a splendid view of the valley of Otterburn and the Cheviot range beyond. Our road was seen winding north west along the hill face and disappearing round the eastern shoulder of the Carter Fell on the horizon. A steady ascent took us past the great waterworks supplying Newcastle. The road gradually became steeper, with fewer intervals of level and downhill, and at some eight miles from

the summit every inch was uphill. It was slow going, as the road was too steep for any but the lowest gear, and half-way to the top we realized that we had not got a spare tin of petrol at Newcastle. On inspecting the tank it appeared doubtful if the contents would take us to Jedburgh, the nearest source of supply, and the prospect of running out of petrol in the middle of the Cheviots was awful to contemplate. Sixteen miles to go to Jedburgh, four miles of which was hard collar work, and which would consume the precious essence at an appalling rate; moreover, the afternoon was waning. On we went, and in silence faced the hill, when suddenly, to our great joy, a huge car hove in sight, sliding toward us at some forty miles an hour. Without a moment's delay we stopped, and stood up in the car signalling distress. This good Samaritan poured oil into our tank, and wine (the light variety peculiar to the country we were approaching) into our mouths, and departed, having earned our deepest gratitude.

Carter Bar at last, but no toll-house such as used to exist; a ruined hut alone marks the site. Below us winds the road towards Jedwater, and with a sigh of relief, no doubt heartily echoed by the car, we slipped in the top gear and set her going. Soon we ran free, and slid on at a good thirty an hour through the bleak moorland, past Camptown and Mossburnford, a district still inhabited by Douglases, though engaged in a much more peaceful occupation than their ancestors.

Jedburgh is reached in the dark, and after replenishing our petrol tank, and lighting lamps we followed the Jed by a winding and very hilly road, which crosses and recrosses the river every mile or two. The bridges are for the most part steep and narrow, many of them being the handiwork of the great General Wade, whose bridges still stand the ravages of time in many districts of Scotland. The Jed is crossed for the last time by Ancrum bridge, and then a long pull brings us to Liliardsedge. On the summit of this long ridge running east and west is a monument to the memory of Maid Liliard, who at the battle of Ancrum Moor, in 1544, turned an imminent defeat into a victory by leading the women and camp followers to the assistance of the Scottish forces.

The following inscription marks the tomb of this female warrior:—

> "Fair Maid Lilliard lies under this stane,
> Little was her stature but muckle was her fame,
> Upon the English loons she laid mony thumps,
> And when her legs were cuttit off she fought upon her stumps."

From Liliardsedge a long switch-back run brought the lights of our destination into view. Through the village of St. Boswell's we go, and reach the house at 7-30.

THE BEAUTY OF FENLAND.

The spirit of the land of mist
Is only by her children known,
Not to the merely curious
Are glimpses of her beauty shewn.

But those who strive to know her well,
Who watch her changes through the year,
They see the flutter of her robes,
Faint echoes of her voice they bear.

And thus they learn, that spite of mists,
Of level reaches, wide and bare,
Of long straight roads monotonous,
This land hath still a beauty rare.

Each season has peculiar charm,
In Spring, awaked by sunny light,
Acres of golden daffodils,
And pure narcissi break in sight.

Or, hidden by its dark green leaves
The fragrant violet coyly dwells,
And mingles with the fresh-turned earth
The scent that ever from it wells.

The Summer sky fades in the West,
To palest shades; and clouds of snow,
Rich-tinted, red and gold, stretch far
To North and South, in fiery glow.

Then sinks the golden orb, and hues
Pale, till the glories pass from sight,
A pearly radiance floods the sky,
Which early stars like diamonds light.

Silent and white, the Autumn mist
Shrouds all the land with silvery gloom,
Illumined by the moon's soft beams,
Through which the trees gigantic loom.

In Winter, heavy-laden clouds
Drive through the sky before the gale;
At morning light the soft, thick snow,
Spreads o'er the country like a veil.

The dry snow sparkles in the sun,
One little robin, chirping clear,
With rosy breast and merry song
Gives token of the coming year.

Alice Payne,
First Year Student.

COLLEGE NOTES.

UNIVERSITY EXTENSION LECTURES ON MILTON.

By J. A. Dale, Esq., M.A.

Examiner's Report.—All the Lincoln Training College papers have two features in common. The first is, all the elementary features of good writing, all that can be obtained by sheer diligence seems to have been done. The handwriting is clear and often beautiful, the orthography is correct, the style is grammatical and clear. The second feature common to the papers is, the students have read Milton's works for themselves, and they have answered the questions sensibly and relevantly. They have avoided such mistakes as making Satan the hero of Paradise Lost, or making Milton an Arminian.

There is also much interesting variety in the papers, in grasp and strength, in knowledge, in maturity of judgment, in grace, and incisiveness of style.

The candidates seem to me to be a hardworking, and an able set of students.

O. M. Edwards, Examiner.

Lecturer's Report.—A most successful course. The general level of the paper work was very fair indeed, some of it was excellent. This centre is an excellent example of the way in which Extension courses may be fitted into Training College work.

J. A. Dale, Lecturer.

The following Students passed with distinction :—

Prizewinner :—Alice Yeomans.

Muriel Carr	Metta Jabet	Annie Royce
Maude Cotton	Mary Jackson	Gertrude Watson
Mary Coxon	Nora Kimbell	Margaret Wickham
Mary Dodgson	Florence Milner	Margaret Wilson
Edith French	Mary Palin	Daisy Wyatt

The following satisfied the Examiner :—

Edith Atkin	Beatrice Dobson	Clara Mountford
Margaret Antcliffe	Elizabeth Doodson	Wilhelmina Nunn
Katherine Bice	Mildred Gosling	Maude Pell
Mary Caine	Ethel Henry	Marion Percy
Emily Clayton	Ada Hinton	Dorothea Playl
Janet Cooper	Elsie Hollom	Annie Reddish
Mary Cook	May Hopper	Magdalene Ross
Frances Crompton	Edith Hurry	May Shapley

Frances Thomas ; Edith Wand.

University Extension Lectures.—Literature

Yes! at last *we* were sitting on the front rows, and *we* were going to write those delightful essays, and *we* were waiting with a large stock of enthusiasm for the first extension lecture arranged principally for *our* benefit, and, above all, we were going to be lectured on Milton—these were some of the thoughts which passed through the minds of a very happy set of Second Years on the afternoon of October 3rd.

To many of us Milton was little else than a name, and most of us felt that we had a very imperfect acquaintance with his works and place in English literature, but by the end of the first lecture he stood out as a very distinct personage, and by the end of the course he had loomed into something like a giant to our minds; indeed, looking back it seems as though the whole term was filled with Milton, essays, study, and even the common topics of conversation were all Milton.

The lectures themselves were thoroughly enjoyable, for besides their own great intrinsic charm, they had, for us, the charm of freshness, and the interesting manner with which they were given by Mr. Dale made them still more delightful. In Mr. Dale, we found not only all that could be desired in a lecturer, but also a kind and courteous instructor; we were especially grateful for his patience while we were taking notes. We feel, too, that we owe a debt of gratitude to those who so carefully arranged our literature syllabus, and enabled us to give the greater part of our study time during the term to the delight of reading and studying the masterpieces of the poet.

Scarcely less enjoyable than the lectures have been the essays. How we envied our seniors these last year, and how we longed for the time when we should be allowed to grapple with the beautiful subjects proposed by the lecturer! Perhaps we rather underestimated the amount of time and trouble which they demanded, but on the whole we have found them a source of intense pleasure. It must be confessed that there were often anxious frowns on the brow of the worried essayists about 9-15 p m. of the night when their effusions were required, but the faces became clear and smiling by 9-30, as the finished productions were laid, after a scurry and struggle, on the top of the daïs. The subjects proposed by Mr. Dale were of a most interesting character, and allowed amply for the particular taste and bent of each girl.

There is much to quote in Milton, and we have quoted him to our heart's content; the usual college catch-words paled into insignificance beside the high-sounding Miltonic phrases which now resounded through the dormitories. Many interesting little discussions have taken place with Milton as the subject, and we had thrashed out (to our own satisfaction at all events) the question as to whether Satan was the hero of "Paradise Lost," long before

we encountered it on the examination paper. We have (let us be honest) in our more "gamesome moods" parodied Milton, caricatured him and misquoted him in a shockingly sacrilegious manner, but we feel, each one of us, that we understand something at least of the grandeur and beauty to be found in the works of the great master of English poetry, and that we have gained, through the lectures, an interest and delight in Milton which will be a life-long pleasure to us.

Of the examination and its results, other voices than ours must speak, but we are glad to think that the deep sigh, almost amounting to a groan, which greeted the paper of questions, was the first and last which the extension lectures cost us, and that at all events we have not brought disgrace on ourselves and our respected College ancestors. May we all be equally, and more successful in the History examination which now confronts us.

A. M. Royce, Second Year.

* * *

School Practice at Sheffield.—The Sheffield Education Authority have again been kind enough to allow us to send some of our Second Year Students to spend a fortnight in observation and practice in their excellent schools. Twenty-five students, accompanied by Miss Vaughan, accordingly went over to Sheffield on September 10th, and were soon at work in one or other of the following schools:—Western Road Senior, Duchess Road Mixed and Infants', Abbeydale Girls, Springfield Girls, Woodseats Junior and Infants', and Bolehill Junior and Infants. The two last-mentioned schools lie on the outskirts of the city, and the view over the hills and moors from the latter is perfectly glorious. Fortunate indeed are those whose lot it is to work under such conditions.

On the Saturday we had a delightful day on the moors, after which Miss Vaughan returned to the students who were practising in Lincoln, and Miss Grist took her place in Sheffield. During the second week we were shown over some large electro-plate works, and also paid two most interesting visits to fire stations, where we saw horses and men going through drill and getting ready to turn out to a fire at a pace which took our breath away.

Mr. Quine spared no pains to make our visit both valuable and pleasant. To him, to the Education Authority, and to the head teachers in the various schools, we tender our best thanks.

* * * M.A.V

Sheffield "Old Lincoln Students' Club."—A most delightful evening was spent at Sheffield on February 1st, when the Lincoln Students' Club gave their annual Conversazione. Canon Rowe and Miss Elwell had both hoped to avail themselves of the kind invitations they had received, but unfortunately Canon Rowe was

seized with an attack of influenza, and the doctor thought it wiser for Miss Elwell also to remain at College. Miss Vaughan, Miss Martin, and Miss Bedford were deputed to carry regrets and good wishes to all the old Lincolnians, who, in spite of their disappointment, extended a most hearty welcome to the substitutes. We believe that all arrangements were in the hands of Miss Spencer and Miss Wilson; it therefore goes without saying that the evening was a complete success. There seemed so many old friends to meet, and so much talking over old times, that most interesting of all topics, to be done, that no one needed "entertaining." However, some very favourite songs were sung, and a stirring recitation, followed by a most amusing extract, very realistically rendered, from Oliver Twist, were kindly given during the course of the evening, and were much appreciated. These, together with a short dance, helped to bring a very happy evening, all too soon, to a close.

* * *

Lectures, Entertainments, &c.—On the Friday evenings of the autumn term, Mr. Banks, of Wragby gave a course of three most interesting lectures on "Bees and Bee-keeping;" the Principal gave readings from Dickens and Ian Maclaren's "Doctor of the Old School."

A large party of students and staff also availed themselves of the opportunity of hearing Sir Robert Ball's delightful lecture at the Central Hall, on "The Ice Age."

* * *

Lecture on the History of Lincoln.

On Friday evening, December 7th, a most interesting lecture was given by Mr. Forth, headmaster of the Higher Elementary School, on the history of Lincoln. The lecture was primarily intended for children of school age, and its aim was to stimulate interest in natural history, by connecting it with local history, for both girls and boys who live in an ancient city containing so many historical associations, and having so many glorious remains of bygone ages, naturally take a keen delight in the stirring events of the past in which their native town has taken a prominent part. A large number of splendid slides, under the able manipulation of Mr. Cox, were thrown on the sheet in the course of the lecture, and these brought before us very vividly the various buildings, &c., described by the lecturer. At the outset we learnt that the very name of the city carries us back to the borderland of history and rumour, to the period previous to the coming even of the Romans, for *Lindum*, a word of British origin, though Roman in form, signifies the "Hill Fort of the Pool." The second syllable of the modern word "Lin*coln*" brings us to that epoch when the Romans were all-powerful in Britain, and reminds us of their methods of conquest and colonization. The colony was held by veteran legionaries, who had to render military service if necessary.

An excellent photograph of Newport Arch, taken by Mr. Cox, enabled us to study some of the most conspicuous features of this remarkable monument of the past—the great wedge-shaped stones fitted without a keystone, and the courses of horizontal bricks to take the side-pressure. It was probably erected about seventeen hundred years ago, and the wonder is that it has managed to survive so many centuries of strife and neglect. Near the Roman arch are the remains of the ancient city wall, though very little of what in past ages must have been a magnificent means of defence is to be seen at the present day. The view showed that the wall has lost its stone facings, and that only the concrete rubble is left.

The next slide was one of special interest, namely, a plan of the Roman city, and from this it was clear that the original colony was very small indeed, as compared with the size of the modern town. Other remains of Roman occupation in Lincoln are to be found in Bailgate, the circular patches of stone in the pavement denoting the position of columns which were doubtless part of a great Roman public hall—the Basilica—whose area was almost as large as that of the cathedral nave. Under the roadway there is an excellently constructed sewer, arranged on a scientific plan, and mosaic pavements, coins, and other remains have been discovered.

It was during the fifth century that the Romans left Britain, and the undefended Britains were easily overcome by the Teutonic tribes of the Angles, Saxons, and Jutes, who combined to form the English people.

In the interesting village of Stow, near Lincoln—of which some slides were shown, there is a fine example of a Saxon doorway. Stow was the seat of the Bishop of Lindsey, and the mother church of Lincoln.

The next epoch of national history which left its mark on the city of Lincoln was the Norman period, and it was William the Conqueror who erected the Castle there. The two churches of St. Mary-le-Wigford and St. Peter-at-Gowts are characteristic of Norman architecture, although the style of these edifices is not so elaborate and massive as that which the Normans were just beginning to introduce into England. It was during this period of history that Remigius a monk of Fécamp, became Bishop of Lincoln, and in the year 1079 he founded the Cathedral.

Some most interesting slides of the Castle, a Norman fortress, and a Norman Church were shown, and then followed a view of a Norman domestic building, the well-known Jew's house. At this epoch of English history, the Jews had no rights or privileges as citizens, but were altogether dependent on the protection of the sovereign, and naturally bitter hostility existed between the Jews and the ordinary citizens. Thus their dwelling-places had necessarily to become fortresses on a small scale as it were, and the windows, unlike those we see now, were merely small slits in the walls.

Lincoln did not by any means escape the condition of general anarchy which held sway throughout the kingdom during the reign of Stephen. While that king was besieging the Castle during the war between his partizans and those of Matilda, he himself was taken prisoner. It was at the close of Henry II.'s reign that the great St. Hugh was nominated Bishop of Lincoln. It was he who introduced into England a new style of church building, and different parts of the cathedral remain as monuments of his work in England.

The next slide was one of unusual interest—a reproduction of the copy of Magna Charta that was sent to Lincoln, and at this juncture the lecturer gave an account of King John and that monarch's inconstitutional measures.

At the beginning of the reign of Henry III., Lincoln again figured prominently in national affairs, for in a severe battle, known as the "Fair of Lincoln," the forces of the Dauphin of France were ignominiously defeated by William Marshall, Earl of Pembroke.

It was while Edward I. was King of England, that the Angel Choir of the cathedral was completed, and an interesting reason is given for this enlargement of the Cathedral. St. Hugh had been canonized, and so great was the rush of pilgrims to his shrine, that a new eastern extension of the building was found to be necessary. Queen Eleanor, wife of Edward I., died near Lincoln, and part of her remains are buried under the great east window. At the bottom of Cross o'Cliff Hill was erected the first of a series of beautiful crosses, but unfortunately this one was destroyed in 1645, during the Civil War.

Several views reminiscent of the time of King Edward III. were shown, and one of these was connected with Wycliffe, the "Morning Star of the Reformation," who was at one time Rector of Fillingham, a small village about ten miles from Lincoln.

Another picture, which proved to be of special interest, was a photograph of the city swords. In 1387, King Richard II. paid a visit to Lincoln, and no doubt made a present of his sword to the Corporation. It bears his arms on the pommel, and from certain marks on the blade is known to be a sword of that period.

At Tattershall, there is a reminder of the times of Henry VI. in the castle that is still to be seen there. It was erected during the period when the wars of the Roses were raging throughout the land, and it differed from the Norman castles, such as the one built by the Conqueror in Lincoln, in so far as it was utilised more for a residence than for a fortress. Another memorial of the same epoch of English history is to be found in the Stonebow, parts of which date most probably from this reign. Similar gates are to be found in different parts of the country, notably at Southampton and York, and it is interesting to know that one of the Bars in the latter city still retains its portcullis.

Henry VII. observed a three days' thanksgiving at Lincoln after his victory at Stoke over Lambert Simnel, and probably presented the Corporation with a sword (now called the "Lent," or "Morning Sword.")

His successor, Henry VIII., visited the county in the year 1541, after the disturbances occasioned by the Pilgrimage of Grace, and the leaders of the rising were assembled at the Chapter House, when Henry's answer to their demands was received. He reproved them for their presumption and folly, and called the shire one of the most "brute and beastly" of the whole realm! On his way from Lincoln to York the King stayed some little time at Gainsboro' Old Hall, and we were enabled to see a very good view of this old manor house. This period of English history is marked by the great Reformation movement, and a view of the chained books at Sleaford was a reminder of the time when the Bibles in all the churches throughout the land were ordered to be securely fixed to minimize as far as possible all risk of removal.

Another relic of Tudor times is to be found in the Mayor's Ring, which, when taken round to the schools in the city, brings joy to the hearts of the boys and girls, for does it not betoken a holiday? This ring was given by Edward Sapcote, whose initials are inscribed on the inner side, before the Armada sailed, but during George II.'s reign it was stolen. Fortunately it was found later in London.

Views of the Great Mace, Deloraine Court, and Gainsborough Church were shown, and with these closed what was undoubtedly one of the most interesting lectures we have been privileged to hear.

A hearty vote of thanks was accorded to Mr. Forth for his most able and enjoyable lecture, and also to Mr. Cox, whose splendid views were greatly appreciated.

ALICE YEOMANS, Second Year.

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The Friday evenings of the Spring term have been mainly occupied by a course of instruction in "First Aid," most kindly given by Dr. Purves. The lectures, which were admirably clear, practical and helpful, were followed with the greatest attention, and the interest which they have aroused, is seen in the fact that ninety enthusiastic Students are voluntarily presenting themselves for the examination of the St. John's Ambulance Society. By way of preparation for this, unwounded victims give themselves up to be bandaged, undrowned persons allow themselves to be resuscitated (contriving, by the way, to keep a watchful and critical eye on the proceedings of their preservers). And we are hoping for a long list of passes, which shall be duly inserted "in our next."

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Musical treats have also not been wanting. The performance of Berlioz' "Faust," by the Lincoln Musical Society, was attended by a "collegiate" party, as was also the concert given on Shrove

Tuesday by the Lincoln Orchestral Society, under the conductorship of Dr. Bennett, with Mr. Eli Hudson as solo flautist. A very fine programme was rendered admirably, and those who braved one of the wildest nights of this severe winter were amply repaid. A still larger party attended a very fine performance of the "Messiah," on March 17th, given by the Musical Society, and here it was a great delight to Miss Elwell and Miss Turner to find themselves surrounded in the chorus by old Lincoln students—a line of no less than six in succession in the contraltos, while Miss Bedford had also a strong contingent near her in the sopranos.

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The evening of March 14th proved a delightful interlude to the ordinary College work, for the First Years then very kindly gave an entertainment to the Second Years, the items of which were beautifully varied, being in turn interesting, instructive, amusing, and restful.

The efforts of the First Years were fully appreciated by a rapt audience, and their success as "Entertainers" is undoubtedly assured. The pleasure of the evening, too, was enhanced by Mr. Kenney-Herbert's presence.

The Lecture Hall presented a most dainty aspect, and the artistic scenic effect was charming.

The programme opened by entertainers and entertained uniting in "Here's a health unto his Majesty." This was followed by a pianoforte solo, a "Scherzo" (Chopin), by Ethel Read, which was splendidly executed, and elicited the remark from more than one listener, "However does she manage to play it so well from memory?" A quartette, "I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows," was the next item, and was very sweetly rendered by L. King, B. Burrows, D. Field and K. Searby.

Not least in the charms of the evening were the songs by Florence Binns, "Beloved, it is morn," and "Love is meant to make us glad," which evoked rapturous applause. Kathleen Hewitt's song, too, "The Swallows," was very effective, as was also Lilian Clifton's recitation, "The little Quaker Sinner," whilst a dialogue, "The Geese," by Jennie Kitchen and Jeannie Stuart caused much amusement. The quaint appearance of the goose-lady and her friend was not more striking than their peculiarly broad accent; and the reiteration of the goose-lady's friend, "If it ain't one thing, it's t'other,' is rapidly becoming one of the stock College phrases.

The concluding and most considerable item in the evening's entertainment, was Tennyson's "A Dream of Fair Women." This was extremely interesting, and the various characters sustained their allotted parts admirably. The interest was heightened by the elaborate and beautiful costumes of the performers. As Mr. Kenney-Herbert afterwards remarked, their beauty was such, that if the proud possessors should, like Noah's wife, be deprived of many cherished possessions, and confined to the Ark for an

indefinite period, he was sure their first thought, when they again landed, would be to rescue those costumes.

May Clifton took the part of the "Dreamer," and her rôle was most successful. The wreath of poppies which she wore was appropriately suggestive. Hannah Burton made a splendid *Helen of Troy*, and Ada Evans, as *Cleopatra*, presented a decidedly regal aspect. A. Gillatt and A. Payne, as *Iphigenia* and *Jeptha's Daughter*, were capital. *Joan of Arc* (K. Searby), *Eleanor of Castile* (L. King), and the *Fair Rosamund* (E. Powell), too, deserve special commendation, and K. Hebblewhite, as *Margaret Roper*, was particularly striking.

The performers, too, deserve special praise for the skilful way in which they covered one or two amusing little contretemps. It is certain that those in the audience (who have since been told) never in the least suspected that one of the performers mislaid her necessary instrument, and put in a somewhat tardy appearance in consequence. Perhaps it would cause too much embarrassment to the enthusiastic, yet careful decorators, should pertinent questions be asked as to the real nature of the "tapestries," which so heightened the woodland effect, and caused Cleopatra's throne to present such an imposing appearance.

The one regret of the audience was that they could not have a repetition of each item. In their enthusiasm they were inclined to forget that the artistes were but human, and that time was fleeting.

After the first verse of the National Anthem had been sung, Mr. Kenney-Herbert, in the name of the Staff and the Second Years, proposed a vote of thanks, couched in most humorous language, to the First Years for their very pleasant evening's entertainment.

MAUD COTTON, Second Year.

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The usual "Breaking-up Party" was held on December 18th, and a very pleasant evening was spent in the usual way—dancing in the Dining Hall, which is always cleared for these festivities, and supper in the Lecture Hall. Mr. Dunkerton added much to the enjoyment of everybody by his delightful songs.

The following old Students were present:—Mrs. Sparke, Mrs. Hemsley, Mrs. Harmston, Mrs. Chester, The Misses Kathleen Huddleston, Kate Whattam, Mary Wileman, Frances Bishell, Annie Bird, Ethel Bimrose, Mary Dent, Annie Bugg, Bertha Wilding, Elsie Penzer, Kate Webb, Edith Berry, Margaret Arscott, Alethea Durant, Hilda Oliver, Rose Wade, Isabel Rigby, Jessie Stringer, Erica Stuart.

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The Rev. Canon Hicks, Diocesan Missioner, gave the address in Chapel at the Missionary Intercession Service, held on December 6th. He also preached at Evensong on Sunday, February 10th, the keynotes of his most inspiring address being:—Reality in work; Reality in life; Faith in results of work.

A Conference of School-Mistresses, on the moral training of the young, was held (by kind permission of the Principal) at the Training College, on December 1st, under the auspices of the Lincoln Rescue Society. Mrs. Wickham occupied the chair, and the attendance, though not large, was a thoroughly representative one of all classes of girls' schools in the city. Mrs. Wright (an old Lincoln Student), of Grimsby, read a very able paper, full of most practical suggestions, on this important subject, gathered almost entirely from her own long experience as a Head-Mistress. A very helpful discussion followed as to the best means of emphasizing and carrying out what is the most important part of a child's training in school.

It is hoped that it may be possible to print and circulate Mrs. Wright's excellent paper.

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Additions to the Fiction Library.

In God's Garden—*A. Steedman*
Silcote of Silcotes—*Henry Kingsley*
Put Yourself in His Place—*Charles Reade*
David Lyall's Love Story—*David Lyall*
The White Plumes of Navarre—*S. R. Crockett*
Hearts of Wales—*Allen Raine*
Honourable Molly—*Katharine Tynan*
The Doctor of Crow's Nest—*Ralph Connor*
Travels with a Donkey—*R. L. Stevenson*
Nancy Nicolson—*Annie Swan*
From one Generation to Another—*Merriman*
Clara Vaughan—*Blackmore*
Dr. Thorne—*Anthony Trollope*
Framley Parsonage ,,
Last Chronicles of Barset ,,
The Breakfast Table Series—*Oliver Wendell Holmes*
Bending of a Twig—*Coke*
The Lightning Conductor—*C. N. & A. M. Williamson*
My Friend the Chauffeur ,,
The Car of Destiny ,,
The Hill—*Vachell*
The Procession of Life—*Vachell*
The Heart of the Country—*Ford Madox & Hueffer*
Phra the Phœnician—*E. L. Arnold*
A Bonnie Saxon—*Hocking.*
An Inland Voyage—*R. L. Stevenson.*
The Book of Months—*E. F. Benson*
Our Village—*Mrs. Mitford*
A Son of the People—*Baroness Orczy*
Armadale—*Wilkie Collins*
Peter's Mother—*Mrs. de la Pasture*

Rebecca Mary—*A. Donnell*
Dearlove—*F. Campbell*
Kith and Kin—*Jessie Fothergill*
Queen of the Rushes—*Allen Raine*
Sir Nigel—*Canon Doyle*
Puck of Pook's Hill—*Rudyard Kipling*
A Benedick in Arcady—*Halliwell Sutcliffe*
Coniston—*W. Churchill*
No Friend like a Sister—*Rosa Carey*
David Copperfield—*Dickens*
Across the Plains—*R. L. Stevenson*
The Witch of Prague—*F. Marion Crawford*
Old Chester Tales—*Margaret Deland*

Additions to Reference Library.—First Course of Chemistry (Leonard); Practical Science (Leonard); Study of Plant Life (Stopes); Climbing Plants (Darion); Plant Life (Jones); Cambridge Modern History, Vol. III.; Milton's Political Works, 3 vols. (Masson); The World of To-day, 6 vols. (Hope Moncrieff); Womanhood, Professor Donaldson.

Magazine Club.—The Magazines for 1905-6 have been again sent to the Mission for Seamen.

The following magazines and papers are being taken this year;—

Weekly Graphic, Punch, Great Thoughts, Associates' Journal, Studio, Bookman, Pupil Teachers' Art Monthly, Harper's Magazine, Cassell's, Pall Mall, Windsor, Quiver, Treasury, Sunday Strand, Chambers' Journal, Girls' Own Paper, Lady's Realm, Girls' Realm, Woman at Home.

The Committee take the Daily Graphic, Daily Telegraph, and Morning Post for use in the College.

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Gifts to the College.—Mrs. Holden (née Hague), one guinea to the Chapel Improvement Fund.

S.P.C.K. Commentaries given by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

"Our Empire," by the Earl of Meath.

"The Upton Letters" (A. C. Benson), and Old Chester Tales (Margaret Deland), by the Magazine Club.

The Editor thanks the following colleges for Magazines received:—Grahamstown, St. Mary's Hall, Cheltenham, Saffron Walden, Avery Hill.

EDITORIAL NOTICE.

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

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

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

Annual Subscriptions to Magazine 1/- for Non-Association Members.

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

It is requested that all changes of address may at once be notified to the Correspondent for the year. Magazines constantly go astray from neglect to do this.

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