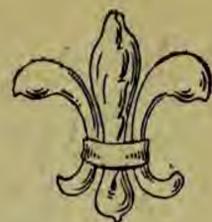


College Copy

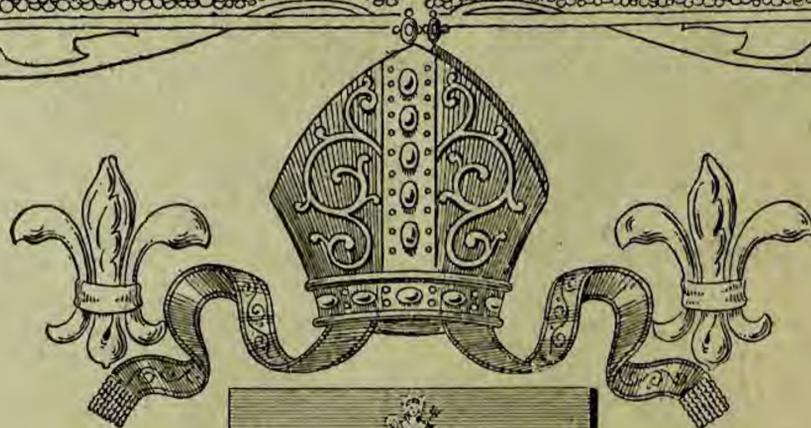
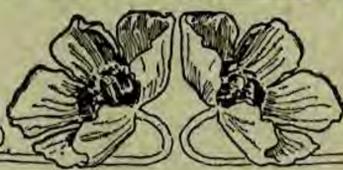


LINCOLN



Diocesan Training College

MAGAZINE



October,

1912.



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 in silver 5/3 (pendant), 6/3 (brooch), including postage, can be obtained through the Secretary, Miss Elwell.

ASSOCIATION CORRESPONDENTS.

<i>College</i>	<i>Years.</i>	<i>Name of Correspondent.</i>	<i>Address.</i>
	1864-1896	Miss Elwell	.. Training College, Lincoln.
	1897	Miss E. Ayres	.. 17 Milman Road, Lincoln.
	1898	Miss W. M. Brown	.. "Opawa," Monks Road, Lincoln.
	1899	Miss Ada Brown	.. 32 Stafford Avenue, Melton Mowbray.
	1900	Miss Alice Mackintosh	"Whynscar," Yarborough Road, Lincoln.
	1901	Miss Jessie Drake	.. c/o Miss Cotton, 78 Curzon Street, Long Eaton, Nr. Nottingham.
	1902	Miss Edith Barker	.. 239 Monks Road, Lincoln.
	1903	Miss Ada Doodson	.. 15 Charles Street, Bolton Road, Pendleton, Manchester.
	1903	Miss Elinor Stewart	.. Holly Bank, Croston, Lancashire.
	1904	Miss Mary Hoole	.. 18 Mount Street, Lincoln.
	1904	Mrs. W. F. Frith	.. Wilmhurst, Manor Rd, Aylesbury
	1905	Miss Ida Gibbon	.. Oak Dene, Bolton Road, Irlams o' th' Heights, Manchester.
	1905	Miss Jessie Stringer	.. 24 North Parade, Lincoln.
	1906	Miss Gertrude Border	25 Sibthorp Street, Lincoln.
	1906	Miss Edith Jordan	.. 17 Alcester Road, Moseley, Birmingham.
	*1907	Miss Annie Royce	.. School House, Beckwithshaw, Harrogate.
	1907	Miss Edith Hurry	.. "Whynscar," Yarborough Road, Lincoln.
	1908	Mrs. J. L. Stubbs	.. 108 Station Road, Swinton, Manchester.
	1908	Miss Winifred Marden	15 Jubilee Road, Summerhill, St. George's, Bristol.
	1909	Miss Margaret Heath	.. 2 Frederick Street, Monks Road, Lincoln.
	1909	Miss Lottie Reddish	.. Ivydene, West Skirbeck, Boston.
	1910	Miss Evelyn Cockshaw	Lindum; Gilda Crescent Road, Eccles, Manchester
	1910	Miss May Redfern	.. 33 Saxon Street, Lincoln.
	1911	Miss Ella Pigott	.. "Cymba," Burton Rd., Lincoln.
	1911	Miss Louie Williams	.. 4 Sandy Grove, Pendleton, Manchester
	1912	Miss Dorothy Clubb	.. 77 Mildenhall Road, Clapton, London, N.E.
	1912	Miss Dorothy Kemp	.. 10 Church Lane, Lincoln.

*Miss Margaret Wickham, who has given valuable help as correspondent for nearly five years, is compelled to give up the work in consequence of her approaching departure for India, where she is to teach in a school for high-caste girls in Agra. The need for trained teachers in India is very great, and our warmest good wishes and prayers go with her in her new work.

Miss Annie Royce has kindly undertaken to act as correspondent in Miss Wickham's place.

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.

Miss Elwell would be grateful if the Correspondents would kindly compare their own lists of Association Members with the printed one which appears at the end of this number of the Magazine, and let her have any corrections or omissions which require to be made.

She also wishes to say that she will be very glad to receive from the Correspondents and other Members any interesting information with regard to Old Students.

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

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

It is most important that all changes of address should 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.

PRINCIPAL'S LETTER.

DEAR STUDENTS, PAST AND PRESENT,

I owe you very sincere thanks for the hearty welcome you have given me. Your strong and loyal support of a stranger is an added witness to the faithful work of my predecessors and of a devoted staff. Many of you can, from past experience, form some idea of the generosity with which Miss Elwell and Miss Turner, and the other members of the staff, have spent themselves for us at this time ; then, too, I have been so fortunate as to have Canon Rowe's ready help and advice.

But behind all such tangible aids, there has been a strong and uplifting sense of the Power dwelling in a Christian community, and invoked for the help of one naturally diffident in facing a great responsibility. It is for this that I would especially express my gratitude.

To the work of old students for Church and State, I render homage ; I believe that we teachers are realizing more and more clearly that the difficulties of our work can only be overcome through reliance on spiritual forces, and that we may hope to emerge "as one by a dark stair to a great light," only in so far as we long for more sympathy, a clearer vision, and truer consecration in daily work.

To present students I would say that what we desire most for you here is that you should not live in a mere material atmosphere, but that you should ascend the mount of vision and "enter into the cloud." For the greatest palace, and the whole world itself, is a narrow prison-house, if it be not a sanctuary, a meeting-place of earth and heaven.

Let us who have inherited so richly of the labours of others in chapel, garden, buildings, strive to live worthily of them by banishing from us all that is sordid or unfitting, artificial or false, and by setting ourselves in small things as in great, to forward the building of the Sanctuary not made with hands, "whose Builder and Maker is God."

WINIFRED TODHUNTER.

OLD STUDENTS' PAGES.

MARRIAGES.

SEED—IDDON. On March 30th, 1912, at St. Mary's Church, Penwortham, Richard Seed, son of Mr. and Mrs. Seed, Brooklands, Fulwood, Preston, to Alice Iddon (Lincoln 1907-9), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Iddon, Summerfield, Penwortham, Preston.
"Fairfield," Ardington Road, Northampton.

NEWELL—BICE. On April 17th, 1912, at Holy Trinity Church, Louth, by the Rev. Newton Heelas, vicar, assisted by the Rev. H. S. B. Jollye, William G. Newell, son of Mr. G. Newell, Wimpole, Cambs., to Katherine E. Bice (Lincoln 1905-7), youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. Bice, of Louth.
Wimpole, Royston, Cambridge.

RINGHAM—SMITH. On April 17th, 1912, at St. Martin's Church, Stamford, by the Rev. Gerald Goodwin, James, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. James Ringham, of 37 Priory Terrace, Stamford, to Celia Rosalind Smith (Lincoln 1901-3), third daughter of the late George Smith, and Mrs. Smith, of 8 St. Mary's Hill, Stamford.
5 St. Leonard's Street, Stamford.

BARLOW—LANGFORD. On June 9th, 1912, Bernard Basil Barlow to Louie Langford (Lincoln 1904-6).

MORRISS—WATSON. On June 15th, 1912, at Clapham Parish Church, Wilfred Fitz-maurice Morriss to Gertrude Helena Watson (Lincoln 1905-7).
30 Elmfield Mansions, Elmfield Road, Balham, S.W.

STEPHENS—LANGFORD. On July 27th, 1912, at St. Ann's Church, Nottingham, by the Rev. — King, Arthur G. Stephens to Charlotte Langford (Lincoln 1903-5).
Newton Villas, Dudley Road, Grantham.

DRIVER—PERCY. On July 27th, 1912, at St. Mark's Church Plumstead, by the Rev. D. Christopherson, vicar, E. Leonard Driver, son of Mr. Edwin Driver, of "Lindholme," Claremont Road, Bristol, to Marion Percy (Lincoln 1905-7), daughter of the late Henry and Mrs. Percy, of 262 Plumstead Common Road, Woolwich.
"Sylvester," Harcourt Road, Redland, Bristol.

STEWART—BOTTERILL. On July 31st, 1912, at Wilnecote Parish Church, Tamworth, Charles Edward Stewart, to Elsie Gertrude Botterill (Lincoln 1901-3).
The Moor, Kersall, Manchester.

STEVENS—TREVITT. On August 3rd, 1912, at St. Botolph's Church, Boston, by the Rev. H. E. Stancliffe, M.A., James Stevens, of London, son of Mr. David Stevens, Edinburgh, to Marion Trevitt (Lincoln 1896-7), daughter of the late Mr. Job Trevitt, of Queen's Terrace, Haven Bank.
124 New River Crescent, Palmer's Green, London, N.

LEE—BRICKELL. On August 12th, 1912, Frank W. Lee, to Ethel Florence Brickell (Lincoln 1903-5).
104 Dudley Road, Grantham.

STAMMERS—SEARBY. On September 14th, 1912, at St. John's Church, East Dulwich, by the Rev. A. Eglington, vicar of St. Paul's, Lorrimore Square, assisted by the Rev. A. Howe-Brown, vicar of the parish, Archibald, eldest son of Mr. John Stammers, of Camberwell, to Katharine Searby (Lincoln 1906-8), fifth daughter of Mr. George Searby, of East Dulwich.

2 The Crescent, Westmead Road, Sutton, Surrey.

BARRON—GROSVENOR. On September 18th, 1912, at St. Saviour's Church, Shepherd's Bush, London, W., by the Rev. W. Tryson Dickenson, John Barron, of Lodgeland, Jarvis Brook, Sussex, to Helen V. Grosvenor (Lincoln 1907-9).
Lodgeland, Jarvis Brook, Sussex.

WATSON—PORTER. On October 5th, 1912, at St. Matthew's Church, Rugby, by the Rev. C. T. Aston, Herbert John, eldest son of the late John Watson and of Mrs. Watson, of Antingham, Norfolk, to Annie, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Porter, of 6 William Street, Rugby (Lincoln 1900-2).
Rectory Farm, Antingham, North Walsham.

CLARKSON—GREENE. On Saturday, October 12th, at Capetown Cathedral, Hugh Clarkson, of Duxbury Farm, Lomagundi, South Rhodesia, to May Isobel Greene (Lincoln 1904-6). By cable.

* * *

BIRTHS.

On Sunday, November 4th, 1911, to Mr. and Mrs. Foster-Williams (Margaret Freeborough, Lincoln 1893-4), a son, Joseph Charles.

On March 21st, 1912, at 1 Dovercourt Road, Herne Hill, to George and Emily Tingley (Emily Clayton, Lincoln 1905-7), a son, George Richard.

On March 25th, 1912, at 269 Lees Road, Oldham, to Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Taylor (Emily G. Mayall, Lincoln 1890-1), a daughter, Marjorie Lilian.

On March 28th, 1912, at Woodland Place, Cherry Tree, near Blackburn, to Ernest and Lilian Powell (Lilian France, Lincoln 1899-1901), a daughter, Florence.

On April 15th, 1912, at 48, Greenhow Street, Sheffield, to Frank and Marian Tyas (Marian Clayton, Lincoln 1899-1901), a son, Ralph Francis.

On May 25th, 1912, at 189, Roman Road, Failsworth, near Manchester, to George Edgar and Sarah Esther Perry (Esther Newton, Lincoln 1904-6), a daughter, Ethel Mary.

On Whit-Monday, May 27th, 1912, at Offord Cluny, Huntingdon, to Thomas and Emily Wayman (Emily Wales, Lincoln 1897-9), a son, John Mackarness.

DEATHS.

On April 4th, 1912, at Sleaford, Edith Mary Nightingarl (Lincoln 1898-1900).

On August 20th, 1912, at Springfontein, Dudley Road, Leicester (while on a visit to his sister), John, the beloved husband of Annie Wood Rowley, 68 Queen Street, Hull. (Annie Coope, Lincoln 1878-9).

RE-APPOINTMENTS.

Miss Elsie Edwards, Holy Trinity Mixed, Warrington. Assistant.

Miss Mary Coxon, Lincoln Education Authority. Assistant.

Miss Katie Hebblewhite, Lincoln Education Authority. Assistant.

Miss Minnie Nunn, Bredbury Council Infants' Head.

Miss Lilian Westland, Greasborough St. Higher Standard School, Rotherham. Assistant.

Miss Dorothy Ward, East Riding County Council Authority. Assistant.

Miss Mary Hardwick, Henley-in-Arden, Warwickshire. Head.

Miss Elsie Clifton, Silver Street School, Grimsby. Head.

Miss Magdalen Ross, Smallwood Road Girls', Tooting, S.W. Assistant.

Miss Minnie Fèvre, who has been working in the Grahamstown Mission for some time, was admitted on St. John Baptist's Day as a member of the Community of the Resurrection. Letters should be addressed—Sister Minnie Theresa, C.R. St. Peter's Homes, Grahamstown, South Africa.

Miss Eva Hudson has gained "Honours" in Practical Teaching, in the examination for Teachers of the Deaf.

Old students of 1869-71 who remember Fanny Watson, one of Lincoln's best students, will be interested to know that Mr. Charles Francis Welsh, her son by a second marriage, was ordained in Wakefield Cathedral on last Trinity Sunday. Mr. Welsh was educated as a boy at the Lincoln Grammar School, from which he won a scholarship to Worcester College, Oxford, later going from there to the Leeds Clergy School.

Mrs. Welsh died in 1899.

LINCOLN "CONFERENCE" RE-UNION.

Hull Conference has been and gone! Among the many delightful memories remaining, none is pleasanter than that hour of re-union which Lincoln students spent together over tea on Easter Tuesday, when, by the arrangements Miss Selvage so kindly makes, they were afforded the opportunity to meet for the thirteenth "Conference" Re-union, a unique record-for students in women's colleges. Every year brings some change of *personnel*, and looking back, as some

of us can, to the first of these Conference gatherings, and remembering the extremely far apart centres in which they have been unbrokenly held, one is convinced, were conviction necessary, of the ubiquity of Lincoln Students. From Plymouth to Aberystwyth, Aberystwyth to Hull, now to Weston-super-Mare, no matter where, we still gather. We gather and part again, always feeling that the time has been far too short, that although much has been recalled and related of past achievements, present hopes, and future responsibilities, more has been left unremembered, unsaid. We hear of marriages, births, the exploits of precocious sons and daughters, tinged with the recital of other sadder news of those upon whom the "dark hand" has been laid. Only those attending these gatherings can appreciate the strength of the link that binds us all, understand the pleasure of recalling the wondrous happenings of "our year" or realise how long a bridge a single hour can span! Representative indeed was this year's gathering, including 1862 and a present student, all echoing the same delightful memories of Lincoln, the same warm appreciation of the happy years spent there. We were glad to welcome Miss Martin as representing the College, and she expressed her pleasure in being able to be present. Greetings and good wishes were received from "Old Yorkists," and cordially reciprocated. Mrs. Hemsley, though expected, did not arrive, and the dislocation of railway traffic was blamed for this disappointment; indeed, the tedious, wearisome journeys of Easter, 1912, will emphasize the date in the memories of delegates. A signed message of remembrance was sent to Miss Elwell, about whom many inquiries were made, and of whom many thought during visits to Beverley. The time to part came, and with our usual alacrity, Miss Conway and I moved and seconded the vote of thanks to Miss Selvage (an honour we may not deserve, but which now seems to be our peculiar privilege), a vote of thanks we are glad to voice, and which Miss Selvage realises as true and hearty. Again we were promised the opportunity to meet at Weston-super-Mare, and again I will invite all Lincoln women in that district, and those who attend as delegates, to gladden the heart of Miss Selvage by "coming to tea" next Easter Tuesday, at the place which she will announce through the *Schoolmaster* and the Conference Programme, and to acquaint her with their intention by writing a postcard to her at Hainton School, Lincoln.

Present—Mrs. Goodyear (M. B. Clarkson), Mrs. Hodges (Jennie Banks), Mrs. Shelton (Sarah Thorpe), Mrs. Allison (Jennie Whitaker), Miss A. G. Selvage, Miss S. Dix, Mrs. A. W. Rowley (A. W. Coope), Mrs. Wright (Helen Carlton), Miss E. Conway, Miss Jenny Schollar, Miss A. Moat, Miss Jenny Pollard, Miss C. Penzer, Miss W. Penzer, Miss A. H. Stimson, Miss C. A. Rushforth, Miss A. Penzer.

Visitors—Miss Martin (College), Miss Gawith (Ulverston), Miss Burdett (Louth), Miss Hodges (Hull).

S. DIX.

LETTERS FROM OLD STUDENTS.

(1) *From Miss Laura King,*C/O MRS. WYNN JOHNSON,
ALKALI LAKE RANCH, B.C.,

May 24th, 1912.

MY DEAR MISS ELWELL,

To-day's mail brought me the notice about Canon Rowe's presentation. I do hope I shall not be too late to add my own little subscription. We shall all miss Canon Rowe so very much, as he was always kind and good to us all. But as you say, he certainly deserves his well-earned rest, and we hope he may live several years to enjoy it.

I had every intention of writing for the magazine before, or at any rate sending you a short letter—in fact, I started one, weeks ago. Then it came to my mind that I have no school experiences to interest everybody, so delayed finishing till I could tell you more.

At first my pupils were two little girls, fifteen and thirteen respectively. I prepared the elder for entrance to school. She left here for Paris only last week. Now I only have the charge of the younger one. We all live very happily out here, though our life is very different from that in the old country, and we are miles away from anywhere. Only just lately was it brought home to me how wild this part of British Columbia still is. Two Indian outlaws, accused of three murders, are at large in this district, \$5,000 reward is placed on their heads, whether caught dead or alive. To-day we hear they have taken a final stand, as it were, in the middle of a big wild lake on an island. Numerous police and others have hurried up to the spot, so doubtless they will be caught soon.

Spring arrived very early in this part of the world. We seemed to jump out of winter into summer, and the ice had scarcely melted before we saw beautiful butterflies and birds. We could almost watch the crops growing. Now it's quite hot, and numerous insects fill the air with a continual buzzing. The mosquitoes are bothering at times; I wonder vaguely what grudge it is they bear me.

In the winter-time we experienced 30° below zero, but somehow it did not appear *very* cold; we seemed to get used to it. At any rate we amply made up for it with skates, toboggans, and sleigh-bells. In winter, too, the ranch was surrounded by "coyotes," or prairie wolves, whose howls at night sounded weird and uncanny, and suggestive of all kinds of horrors. As I may have told you before, we are 118 miles from the Canadian Pacific Railway, and our nearest white neighbours live about thirty miles away. But we never feel lonely; something novel, Indian or otherwise, keeps cropping up to engage our attention. This is a cattle ranch of about 30,000 acres. It is worked almost entirely by Indians, but the foreman is a white man. There are a few Chinese, but not many,

and they talk English very badly. The other day I overheard a quarrel between the Chinese cook and Indian washerwoman, and I think it was in the most peculiar apology for the mother tongue I ever heard. The Indian women are very picturesque, and carry their babies in long baskets across their backs. How the poor little mites grow at all, tied up constantly so tightly, is quite a mystery! Two of the most interesting features of ranch life are the "round-up" and the chasing of wild horses. The former takes place about twice a year. All the cattle, numbering some 1,500-2,000 head, on this particular ranch, are collected into "corrals," or fenced enclosures. They are then sorted and numbered off into their respective pastures on the ranch. Last time we all rode over the hills to watch them and enjoy helping to keep them in their places. Wild horses abound in this district; the Indians are very clever in lassoing them, even when they are on the run. They generally live in bunches, have a leader, and avoid entrapping as far as possible. When caught they are broken in and used for work on the ranch.

Of course there is much, much more to relate of life in British Columbia, but I fear already my letter is too long.

Hoping to enjoy another Re-union at dear Lincoln Training College before very long, and with every good wish to all, and love to all I know.

Yours very sincerely,

* * *

LAURA P. KING.

(2) *From Miss Kitty Oldfield, who writes a description of*
 SPRING AND SUMMER ON THE PRAIRIE.

Nobody was sorry when at last the snow began to disappear; after seeing nothing else for six months, even the mud it left behind was almost welcome; it was a change anyway. But that did not last long, as the strong winds soon dried up the ground. At first the prairie looked dull and dreary; the dead grass and stubble from last year's harvest did not tend to produce a very picturesque landscape. The weather, too, was often cold and stormy.

Very soon, however, a change took place. As soon as the ground was thawed sufficiently to work, the farmers began their ploughing, etc., in readiness for sowing the grain. The blue anemones, which, like the English primroses, are the messengers of spring, began to appear all over; then the new grass began to show, and the face of the whole country was renewed. By this time the farmers were busy sowing the grain. The days, too, were getting longer and warmer, though summer seemed a long time in coming. Birds came back after spending the winter in warmer lands; many beautiful flowers bloomed on the prairie, the predominant colours being yellow and blue, and gorgeous indeed was the effect. The fields by now were all like huge bright green carpets, in place of the dull brown surface of a few weeks before.

As time went on, the days grew longer and warmer, though, even in the hottest weather, the evenings as a rule were deliciously cool and refreshing. But the heat brought something else—mosquitoes! They certainly were a pest; one could not go out without being almost eaten up by them, and on days when they were the worst, they literally were like swarms of bees. They are such tiny things, too; no one would imagine they could bite so fiercely, unless they had gone through the experience. It is almost useless to cover up, either, as they can bite through clothing, and when the temperature is anywhere between 90° and 104° in the shade, a person does not feel inclined to wrap up too warmly. Everything comes to an end, however, even the mosquitoes; and as summer advanced, they gradually decreased in number, until they finally disappeared except now and again on warm, damp days, when they would reappear, as if they wished their victims to keep their memory green.

The prairie was a picture when the wild roses were in bloom. They are similar to the English ones, only the bushes are rarely ever more than about a foot or so high. The air was scented with their sweet perfume, and their colours ranged from almost pure white to the deepest red. Numerous other lovely flowers also added their colours and fragrance to the scene.

Meanwhile, the various kinds of grain made rapid progress in the way of growth, and it was a beautiful sight to see acres and acres of green moving up and down in the wind like the waves of an ocean. Then the ears appeared on the wheat, and the blossoms came out on the flax; a field of flax in bloom is one of the loveliest pictures anyone could wish to see, a very carpet of delicate blue. Soon a change was perceptible, rain and sunshine doing their work in bringing on the grain. The green began to be tinged with yellow, and very soon, gold had taken the place of emerald. The ripening advanced so rapidly, that the change could almost be perceived day by day. Then the farmers began to be busy, preparing their machinery for the harvest. Once started, it did not take long to cut down the ripe grain, and the fields were full of rows and rows of stooks, awaiting the coming of the threshing machine. That done, the fields will once more be bare, ready and waiting to be covered with their white blanket for another winter.

KITTY OLDFIELD.

* * *

GREEN NOOK FARM,
MT. LEHMAN, B.C.,
September 18th, 1912.

DEAR MISS ELWELL,

Now that we are well settled in the Far West, we think you will be interested in an account of our journey here.

We left Liverpool on July 20th, on board the White Star liner "Megantic." I suppose the embarkation scene at Liverpool, with

all its rush and bustle, and tearful good-byes, is quite familiar to you. The "Megantic" proved to be a very comfortable, steady ship, and the voyage was very quiet and uneventful. There was the usual reserve and stiffness of the first few days, and then the sports, concerts, and whist drives, at the end of the week. The passage was pretty smooth, but we had considerable fog, and that made everything rather cold and dreary, so that we were delighted, on rising on Saturday, July 27th, to find ourselves in sight of land. It was quite laughable to see the change that came over all the passengers; all was cheerfulness and merriment, and we had a day of beautiful sight-seeing. The coast scenery of the St. Lawrence is lovely, high hills sloping down to the shore, where pretty French villages nestle in the sunshine.

We retired on Saturday night, eagerly looking forward to a grand view of the famous heights of Abraham, upon rising. You may imagine how keen was our disappointment to find ourselves, on waking at 4.45 a.m., alongside the wharf in the harbour of Quebec. The view of the city from that point was not a very good one, and I think we took it as a bad beginning to a most trying day.

The rising bell sounded at five a.m., as we had to assemble at six to pass the doctor and immigration officer. This examination was very cursory, but can you imagine anything more trying to the temper, than to wait from five until after eight without even a cup of tea? It is very doubtful whether, by the time breakfast was served, there was one amiable passenger aboard. After breakfast came the order to have all baggage ready to be removed from the cabins at noon, so that the greater part of the morning was spent in packing. The rest of the day we spent in a restless desire to be ashore.

We reached Montreal soon after 6.30 p.m., and then began the worst part of the whole journey—passing the customs officers. All day, the dread of this had been upon us, and the heat and bustle of the shed, the anxious waiting for packages that had been misplaced, and the apparently hopeless task of finding them, were things to make the day memorable. The actual passing of the baggage by the officers was much easier than we had anticipated. It was Sunday evening, and the officials were anxious to be gone, and checked all our baggage without opening anything. What a relief that was after all the previous anxiety!

We very quickly put all into the hands of the Canadian Pacific Railway baggage man, with the exception of the hand luggage allowed in the train, and then fondly imagined our troubles were over. It was very vain imagining. When we prepared to convey ourselves to the Canadian Pacific Railway 'bus, we looked around for porters, only to learn that there are no porters in Canada. Imagine the feeling of consternation which came over us. We could very accurately have been described, at this moment, as two "helpless women," for we were saddled with six good-sized packages, to say nothing of a very tired little child in a "pram." We were

almost ready to welcome with open arms a fellow-passenger, who came to our aid, and although in the effort to get ourselves and belongings into the 'bus, our little party became divided—we eventually found ourselves *and* our baggage at the Canadian Pacific Railway station.

At 10 p.m. the train arrived, and we managed to get aboard before the train left at 10.30 p.m. The first impression of the sleeping-car was almost appalling. There are upper and lower berths down each side of the car, and a very narrow corridor down the centre. This was filled with anxious, travel-stained passengers, all pretty hot and weary, and at first it seemed an utter impossibility to stow away the baggage. However, when the train moved out of the station, and a breeze came to freshen us a little, we began to discover "ways and means," and in half-an-hour's time everybody was smiling at all the difficulties. The feeling of good comradeship that springs up with an hour of such intercourse, is very striking. We felt like friends of a lifetime.

Before midnight we were ready to retire, and then began one of the most difficult, but amusing, tasks of the whole journey—undressing *on the bed*, where there was room, only to sit, not to stand. After rising in the morning, we could not decide which was the more difficult of accomplishment, wriggling out of, or wriggling into, our attire. Certainly the experience was a novel one, but I think bed was never more welcome, and except that we awoke each time the train pulled up in a station, we slept as soundly as on the softest feather bed, in the most peaceful of bedrooms.

The next morning our difficulties began again. There are two diminutive ladies' rooms at one end of each car, and in the case of our car, these had to do duty for twelve ladies. It was a case of "the early bird——" and was a wonderful lesson in patience for the later risers.

The sleeping-car and the day-car are one and the same, a most ingenious arrangement being devised for shutting up the top berths, and stowing away all mattresses, pillows, etc. This is done by negro porters, each car carrying one porter. Those accustomed to it, soon work the transformation, but our man was new to the work, and was exceedingly slow. The passengers could only stand patiently in the corridor and wait for a more convenient place. It had its interesting side, for the slowest of slow Englishmen could not move as slowly as did that man, and his sundry perplexed rubbings of his woolly pate were at once amusing and exasperating.

At last, in desperation, we went to the dining-car for breakfast, although we had intended having breakfast in picnic style. Many of the passengers take their meals in this way, small tables being provided for all, as the expense of having all meals in the dining-car is considerable. It had been our intention to have our mid-day meal in the dining-car, and prepare our other meals ourselves; but the first morning we found the breakfast so appetising, and such

a good foundation for the rest of the day, that we continued this plan throughout the journey. By the time we had finished breakfast, our car was sufficiently in order for us to find room to bestow ourselves, and then began our first day aboard the train, a day much pleasanter and shorter than we had anticipated. We had heard that we should either have to shut the windows and be suffocated, or open them and be choked with dust. We decided on the latter alternative, and certainly the dust and dirt were terrible; but we had dressed ourselves accordingly, and we were so pleased at not having the scorching heat we had expected, that other trials seemed more or less trifling.

The scenery the first day was very attractive, although it was flatter than we had imagined. We passed lake after lake, all with thickly-wooded banks, and most of them dotted with small islands. We were rather unfortunate in missing a sight of Ottawa, as we reached it during the night, but we had a beautiful view of Lake Superior. Every few hours the train made a stop of fifteen or twenty minutes at some station of importance, and these stops were very eagerly anticipated. It was a relief to walk about for a few minutes, and quite exciting to make a dart for the nearest bread shop, or a place to buy fresh milk, especially as it is the custom here to give passengers practically no warning that the train is about to depart. There is no blowing of whistles, but just as the train is on the point of starting, the conductor calls out: "All aboard!" and the train moves off, with half the passengers scrambling in as best they can. This is a feat much more difficult of accomplishment than it is in England, for such things as platforms do not exist at most of the stations. It is puzzling to know how ladies, attired in hobble skirts, manage the lowest step.

We had been rather eagerly looking forward to the journey through the great prairie lands, but it proved to be the most disappointing part of the whole journey. One had imagined vast fields of waving corn, and fine pasture, but instead of that, we saw mile after mile of absolutely uncultivated land, dreary in the extreme, with very few human habitations to be seen. We learnt later, that the prosperous prairie homesteads lie far back from the railway.

We reached Winnipeg at ten o'clock on Wednesday evening, and consequently most of us were too tired to go out and see it. Those who did venture out, seemed to be much struck with the air of prosperity that pervaded everything, and with the fine wide streets. The last day of our journey was the most enjoyable of all. We awoke to find ourselves in the midst of the Rockies, and we continued climbing and winding in and out for the rest of the day. The scenery is indescribable, peak after peak of snow-covered mountains towering up into the clouds, with pine-clad bases, and rushing torrents in all the narrow valleys.

We had splendid views of great glaciers, and altogether this day's journey was an experience to be remembered and treasured.

We awoke on the Friday morning, all bustle and hurry, as we were due at our destination (New Westminster) at 7.45. Our excitement and thankfulness were intense, for much as we had enjoyed the journey in many ways, we were very happy to think that we should at last be able to rest quietly and peacefully.

Our ultimate destination was Mt. Lehman, thirty miles from New Westminster, on the British Columbia Electric Railway, a beautiful spot consisting of lumber-mills and ranches. Up to the present we are making our home on one of the ranches, a lovely place, surrounded by pine forests. British Columbia is a wonderful country, full of possibilities for the young and energetic. Many things are in a very primitive state at present, but space will not permit us to enlarge upon this. As it is, we are afraid we must plead guilty to having been somewhat tedious; but the journey was so full of novelty and interest to us, that it has been difficult to know what to omit.

Trusting that some of this may be interesting to the readers of the Magazine.

We are,

Yours affectionately,

BERTHA J. MOXON.

(Bertha Wilding).

MARGARET F. ARSCOTT.

THE WHITSUNTIDE RE-UNION, 1912.

On Saturday, May 25th, numbers of old students arrived in Lincoln for the Whitsuntide Re-union. Not only were the two most recent years represented, but there were many students of earlier days, who had been tempted to spend a week-end in Lincoln in order to take part in the last Re-union at which Canon Rowe would be present as Principal of the Training College. Fine weather prevailed, and there was the usual fever of excitement and anticipation of meeting, in the minds of both "mothers" and "daughters." But the joy of Re-union this year was perforce a mixed one, for none could help a feeling of sadness at the thought of the coming retirement of Canon Rowe.

There was the usual reception in the Common Room on Saturday evening, when students renewed their acquaintance with each other, and with the staff, and chatted over their tea and coffee. The College had been very tastefully decorated by the First Year Students, and all had to be inspected by the visiting "Past." These, however, were eagerly looking forward to the operetta, when they would be able to take their places and enjoy the entertainment without the recollection of endless rehearsals and mistakes without number. Consequently there was the usual rush for seats, and elevated positions of all kinds were eagerly sought after. Every-

thing went off splendidly, and all agreed that the effort was a conspicuous success. The plot was briefly as follows :—

“ A company of fairies had fallen into the hands of the Kobold King (Mary Williamson), and he and his wicked subjects took delight in torturing their fair captives. They threatened them with terrible sufferings, and in order to terrify the poor creatures more completely, they indulged in a grotesque and impish dance which was executed with admirable skill. The wicked and warped natures of these cruel Kobolds was shown by their weird and unusual movements, and the Kobolds, especially Gladys Littlefair, by their odd antics, excited at once the risibility of the audience and the terror of the poor fairies. These latter fell to weeping and wailing, but at last their cries were heard by a Messenger (Gwynne Miell), who impersonated a dove, and brought tidings of their pitiable condition to the Fairy Queen (Edith Hughes), who acted and sang charmingly. She went in haste with a great train of followers to the rescue of her subjects, and finally showed her benevolence by granting a free pardon to the whole Kobold community. The dresses throughout were remarkably well designed, and a conspicuous feature was the colour scheme chosen for the dresses of the fairies who represented the four seasons, Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter. The applause was prolonged, and the various votes of thanks accorded heartily ; the past students showing in this way that they had thoroughly enjoyed the operetta.

On Sunday many old students met at the early celebration in the Cathedral. Afternoon tea was, as usual, in the Lecture Hall, and then a pleasant hour was spent in the Recreation Ground and Canon Rowe's garden, which he had kindly placed at the disposal of the visitors. Following on this came the annual Re-union Evensong in the College Chapel, which was filled to its utmost capacity. All joined heartily in the service, and the Whitsuntide anthem, “ Come, Holy Ghost,” was sung.

Canon Rowe, in his sermon, made a very touching reference to his approaching retirement, and gave a parting blessing to all connected with the College.

It is interesting to note that no fewer than eight generations of chapel-wardens were present, and it was a great joy to see them all again taking part in their happy service for the sanctuary.*

At last came Monday, the day in which all the joys of Whitsuntide culminate. The day was begun in the time-honoured way by attendance at morning chapel. Shortly after ten o'clock, Whitsuntide weather having declared itself, “ Past ” and “ Present ” met once more on the familiar cricket pitch. Nor were spectators wanting, and according to custom, places in the “ dress-circle ”

* 1904, Ethel Gibbs and Elsie Wilkinson ; 1905, Lilian Gibbs ; 1907, Edith Hurry ; 1908, Amelia Gillatt ; 1909, Gettrude Hipwell ; 1910, Mabel Jabet and Brenda Willett ; 1911, Gladys Drewy and Beatrice Goodin ; 1912, Kathleen Allen and Dora Hartley.

were eagerly sought. This year another pleasant surprise had been provided. Booklets of college photographs and picture postcards, were to be had on application to Miss Dobson, who with true Lincoln spirit, cheerfully superintended the sale of books and cards, while the rest of the gay world disported itself in the Recreation Ground, Diligent readers of notice-boards (attracted in the first place by orderly lists!) had learnt where these mementoes were to be obtained, and, if wise, straightway betook themselves to the sitting-room of the staff, for in dark corners of the College and its grounds, lurked enthusiastic co-operators with Miss Dobson, and the unsuspecting student—Past or Present—was unceremoniously seized. "Have you been to the sitting-room to get your book?" was the stern question. If the answer were in the affirmative, "Pass on" was the response, but if in the negative—then came the order "Marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the staff sitting-room." The morning's sports ended with an equal division of honours—to the Present fell the cricket championship—to the Past, the tennis.

Towards five o'clock a brief season of peace was vouchsafed to the College while preparation for the crowning triumph of Whitsuntide went merrily forward. As the appointed hour approached, wondrous visions appeared from all parts, and gathering together in the corridors, formed a singularly silent crowd! Then the doors of the banqueting hall were thrown open, and we passed into an enchanted region. Surely none but those who were—or had been—behind the scenes would have recognised the Lecture Hall—the abode of learning—under its unwonted aspect. Willing hands, urged on by merry hearts, had banished all signs of the workaday world, and prepared for us a flowery bower—a lovely dainty welcome to a sumptuous feast. One thing alone was wanting to complete our happiness—the presence of the First Years. Alas! the numbers of the Past were so great that some of the Present held high revel elsewhere while we enjoyed the fruits of their labours. Honour and thanks to the First Years!

The banquet concluded with a short time-honoured speech by the Principal, but this year it had, for all gathered there, a special significance, for we knew that it was for the last time he would so address us. In somewhat graver mood we sought the ballroom, but in such a merry throng, serious thoughts could not long claim us entirely, and in addition there was the "surprise" which had been prepared with so much secrecy. A tall screen occupied a prominent position on the dais—behind it, was the "surprise," and it was whispered that during the feast, it had had two stalwart guardians, and nobly had they done their duty, for it was still intact. Without Mr. Dunkerton's songs, Re-union would not be Re-union, and right heartily did we welcome his appearance at the piano. Other musical treats, including a song by Dr. Purves, and a violin solo by Miss Segar, came in the intervals of dancing, all much appre-

ciated. Then as the hands of the clock silently pointed to ten, the signal was given, and as we gathered round the dais, a wave of excitement passed over us. The business of the night was at hand!

In a few, but essentially telling words, Miss Elwell, to whose untiring efforts the old students owe their part in the presentation, spoke of the great and good work which had been silently accomplished during the last twenty years; work which had left its mark on many a hundred lives. Of our Principal's affectionate interest in College, Staff, and Students, everyone in that great gathering had had personal experience, and it was needless to say more. In the name of the Staff, Miss Elwell begged Canon and Mrs. Rowe's acceptance of a memento of the happy years spent under his guidance. Dorothy Clubb, as head girl, then came forward on behalf of those then in residence; Miss Huddleston followed as a representative of the past students. Lastly came a token of appreciation from the maids. Canon Rowe then answered us as we would wish to be answered, in his own kindly sympathetic manner—in few words, yet expressing all that we knew both he and Mrs. Rowe felt, and his words found an echo in every heart.

The festivities were renewed, and at nearly midnight Re-union ended with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne." What matter if the "circle" were not a circle! Once more we stood hand in hand, linked to each other and to our college by yet another happy memory. As we passed one by one from the hall, Canon and Mrs. Rowe had for each and all a warm grasp of the hand, and a kindly farewell word—the seal to their life's work. The good wishes and loving thanks of countless students go with Canon and Mrs. Rowe in their new life, and that peace and happiness may be theirs is the sincere wish of all who within the last twenty years have been gathered within the old College walls.

Tired, but with many a host of joyous memories, we sought our temporary homes, and as we passed through the darkness in merry bands, we thought with gratitude of the one to whom we owed it that we went not solitary to cheerless lodgings, but to comfortable rooms with chosen companions—not the least important part of our Re-union.

Tuesday saw the breaking up of our party, after a Whitsuntide in no way behind its predecessors in pleasure and comfort. Thanks seem but poor things, when we would express deep and sincere gratitude for endless thought and planning—untiring effort, and a very hearty welcome, yet such as they are we would offer them to Miss Elwell, and all our kindly entertainers, on behalf of the old students who gathered under the old roof-tree with our Principal as host for the last time. As an earnest of our grateful appreciation of all the kindness shown to us, we say in all sincerity—May our College and its new Principal still flourish and prosper; may we, on our return still see familiar well-loved faces, and next Whitsuntide even be privileged to see once more "our" Principal; and may

work, happiness, and peace still walk within the old walls, hand in hand as of yore.

MABEL JABET, } *Lincoln,*
MARGERY KIRK, } 1909-11.

The following Old Students were present :—

Year
Before

1900. Mrs. Hemsley (Rebecca Haynes), Mrs. Sattin (Mary Rollinson), Mrs. Clubb (Elizabeth Vickers), Miss Lucy Humphreys, Mrs. Clark (Emma Bartram), Mrs. Blamey (Mary Ellerington), Mrs. W. G. Wright (Ada Whitehead), Mrs. Yates (Eleanor Castle), Mrs. Mackinder (Gertrude Whattam), Miss Kathleen Huddleston, Mrs. Atkinson (Amy Tassell), Mrs. Glossop (Edith Hales), Misses Kate Whattam, Emily Ayres, Winifred Brown, Mrs. Hunter (Ethel Stapleton), Miss Helen Simons, Mrs. Eayrs (Ruth Wooddin).
1900. Mrs. Frank Derry (Annie Bird), Miss Alice Mackintosh.
1901. Misses Ethel Bimrose, Annie Bugg, Mrs. Hilton (Jessie Wilson), Misses Clarice Hughes, Kate Webb, Mrs. Vaughan (E. Piper).
1902. Miss Annie Porter.
1903. Misses Elsie Beeching, Edith Berry, Lilian Corbett, Mary Croasdale, Amy Holroyd.
1904. Misses Emily Brown, Violet Brown, Alethea Durant, Mabel Fountain, Ethel Gibbs, Mary Hoole, Elsie Wilkinson, Constance Williams.
1905. Misses Ada Clarke, Lilian Gibbs, Jessie Jones, Erica Stuart.
1906. Misses Lilian Jones, Edith Jordan, Gertrude Leeming, Mary Wileman, Amy Wyatt.
1907. Misses Margaret Antcliffe, Agnes Garratt, Mildred Gosling, Mrs. Goulding (Alice Smith), Misses Edith Hurry, Nora Kimbell, Mrs. Melhuish (Mary Dodgson), Misses Mary Palin, Maude Pell, Marion Percy, Magdalene Ross, Annie Royce, Frances Thomas, Edith Wand, Daisy Wyatt.
1908. Misses Amelia Gillatt, Katie Hebblewhite, Jennie Kitchen, Winifred Marden, Alice Payne, Ettie Powell, Jessie Pritchett, Edith Whitehead.
1909. Misses Emily Baldock, Beatrice Bambridge, Gladys Blake, Maud Broome, Lilian Fountain, Edith French, Mrs. Gromke (Ethel Bellamy), Misses Margaret Heath, Rosa Jackson, Daisy Kingan, Henrietta Kirby, Ivy Kirk, Winifred Moss, Florence Neaverson, Mabel Newton, Winifred Searby, Amy Stimson, Florence Watson.

1910. Misses Lucy Anderson, Mabel Auber, Winifred Barton, Marion Beck, Beatrice Burrell, Marie Butt, Daisy Butterworth, Mary Byron-Scott, Evelyn Cockshaw, Jennie Donson, Gladys Fell, Annie Fort, Elsie Hall, Maud Harts-horne, Gertrude Hipwell, Elsie Lever, Jennie Miller, Eveline Nicholson, Lucy Ogle, Emma Richardson, Constance Sandiford, Olive Smalley, Clarissa Stokes, Doris Stone, Ethel Tallents, Maud Till, Dorothy Ward, Hettie Warren, Annie Watts.

1911. Misses Elsie Adderley, Elsie Allen, Edith Archer, Alice Atkin, Edith Barwell, Vera Banks, Gladys Bentley, Edna Binns, May Brooks, Rhoda Brunning, Annie Carter, Teresa McCormack, Kathleen Crawshaw, Alice Dawson, Sarah Dickinson, Mary Hardwick, Louie Hardy, Mabel Jabet, Gertrude Jeans, Margery Kirk, Marjorie Lomax, Annie Lovell, Rosamond Maltby, Kate Marriott, Muriel Mills, Amy Moore, Ivy Moss, Elizabeth Oulton, Annie Palin, Ella Pigott, Jean Polwarth, Elsie Price, Bessie Rowson, Florence Stott, Gertrude Walker, Leila Walsh, Alice Walton, Dorothy Webb, Brenda Willett, Edith Wood, Louie Williams.

The following were present on one of the Re-union days :—

Mrs. Stamp (May Gibson), Mrs. Sanderson (Helen Marden), Mrs. Glossop (Mary Brewer), Misses Helen Carless, Elizabeth Doodson, Minnie Nunn, Lilian Westland, Winifred Westland, Annie Taylor (Oldham), Emily Taylor, Annie Village, Frances McCormack, Alice Greening, Frances Crompton, Winifred Penzer, Emma Whattam.

“ THE MODERN TEACHER AND THE BOOK OF GENESIS.”

(Written by CANON ROWE in answer to Mr. Holland's paper in the “ School Guardian.”)

Letter to the Editor.

SIR,—Mr. Holland's paper in your issue of August 3 with the above heading, is interesting as a personal reminiscence, but one felt considerable doubt, in reading it, as to how far it would help the modern teacher in dealing with the chapters in Genesis ; and the same may be said of Dr. Headlam's advice and the Methods of the Inquisition, Hugh Miller's writings and the Conflict between Religion and Science. These are all more or less reminiscences of the past, and can hardly be of much use to the modern teacher. Indeed, the only solution of the difficulty felt in teaching these first eleven chapters which precede the call of Abram—viz. that they are parables, or picture-stories, as one would rather call them—he dismisses as unworthy of consideration, regardless, as it seems, of the well-known fondness of all Eastern people for this method of

teaching great and important truths. He says, very truly, that the children love these stories of old ; but, again, he does not seem to know that they love them, because they are to them picture-stories, and the details are all as real to them as are the details of any stories which are told to them ; and, provided they are taught to see the great truths which underlie these picture-stories, there will be no more danger of their faith in God failing them when they are old enough to know that the stories, with their details, are not real, but are pictures setting forth great truths, than in the case of any other stories which do not set forth such living truths.

Moreover, one feels that Mr. Holland's somewhat emphatic assertion that " conflict does exist between what we call science and what we call revelation " is likely to be somewhat misleading, unless those who read it understand how much depends upon the meaning attached to those words, " what we call." For there cannot possibly be any real conflict between knowledge derived from the careful and diligent investigation of the works of God which we call Nature, and the knowledge directly revealed to man by the voice of God. There may be differences, because in the one case the knowledge is gained by the use of God-given powers, which are yet limited, whereas in the other it is the voice of God speaking to us by His Holy Spirit in the minds of men. The aim of both is to reveal the truth, the one working upwards from below, the other coming downwards from above—the knowledge conveyed in both cases through men ; and what differences there are are due to the imperfections inherent in man's use of God-given powers, so that Science must be content to be the handmaid of Revelation and to recognise that there are truths which lie beyond its power to teach.

Among these truths are those which have been revealed to generation after generation in these first chapters of Genesis, and though their real meaning seems only now beginning to dawn upon us, in very early ages of the Church they were seen to be allegories. They stand there apparently as an introduction to the Bible, possibly with the purpose of leading up to the call of Abram, and to set forth the loving mercy of God in choosing one family from which the promised Saviour should come, and which should become a nation of missionaries to go forth and make Him and His love known in all the world. It is this, His loving purpose which is so clearly set forth in these chapters, and which in all our teaching is the one lesson to learn ourselves, that we may teach it to others.

The teacher himself who sets himself carefully and with prayer for help to read these chapters cannot help feeling that he is in a world of mystery. Then it will come upon him that the stories in them cannot be intended to be statements of facts—such, for instance, as the account of Creation, the description of the Garden, the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil, the Lord God walking in the Garden in the cool of the day. Expressions such as these make one feel they are picture-stories, and lead one to think what they

are intended to teach. But, in reading them and thinking over them, we must ever remember, first, that they form part of God's Holy Word, and we should be careful to impress this upon the minds of those whom we teach, that these stories may be treated with the reverence due to them as parts of the Bible; and, secondly, that the truth, or part of the truth, which they are meant to impress upon us is a revelation from God, and can only be grasped by the help and guidance of the Holy Spirit, through whom the revelation is made. What their origin may have been, how far they reach back in antiquity, whence they have come, and what relation they bear to very similar stories rife among ancient peoples—these are not really matters of nearly as much consequence as what they are intended to teach. The fact of there being very similar stories in almost every nation of antiquity is only what we should expect, and to us is only evidence of the working of the Holy Spirit in the world from the beginning. In studying them, one becomes gradually conscious that they may, and probably do, form one series, and that each one forms a part in one great revelation setting before us—First, the origin of life and its orderly development; its advance from simplest to more complex forms, leading up to man, endowed from the first with physical, mental, and spiritual powers which, though in primitive form, yet lift him above the rest of creation. This picture of Creation, containing within itself the seeds of gradual development, teaches us that all life comes from God and has been from the first overruled by His Providence; and in showing us that all that is good in the world and in human life comes from Him, it calls for thankful praise to Him, and loving trust in His power and His wisdom and providential care. Secondly, human beings are made in the image of God, for fellowship with God, as being united with Him and with one another, male and female, and for dwelling with Him, as is clearly shown in the picture of the Garden of Eden and its intimate union between God and man. Thirdly, this fellowship must depend upon unity of will between God and man, not by compulsion, but by loving use of God's great gift of freewill, for fellowship with God can only exist where there is the free offering in love of a willing heart. Hence comes the necessity of some test that human beings might feel the reality of freewill and the necessity for temptation in order to set before them a free choice; this, the picture of the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil and the Tree of Life, with the command not to touch them, brings before us. Fourthly, the picture of the Fall teaches us to know that temptation to go against God's Will can only come from outside, and reveals the personal existence of an evil spirit bent upon destroying the communion between God and man, and the necessary result of listening to and being led by that evil spirit—viz. the separation of man from fellowship with God—and that this separation has brought with it all the evil and misery in this world, summed up in death: thus, that it was man's disobedience and wrong use of freewill

which has brought all the evil into God's world. Fifthly, the effects of this are shown us in the murder of Abel and in all the sin and evil that followed and increased so quickly and spread so rapidly that it brought with it the destruction of mankind and the whole world, as is set forth in the story of the Flood. Sixthly, the story of Noah and the Ark shows us this was not God's will, but midst it all He was ever warning men, ever calling them ; and, when the warnings and callings were all disregarded, He set up His Ark of Refuge, as both a means whereby all who believed in Him should be brought safely through all dangers, and as a way in which the human race should be regenerated and brought back into fellowship with Him. And as a sign of His mercy and love He fixed upon the rainbow as the representation of His great act of mercy, and as that which should point, generation after generation, to His delivering the world from eternal death and reconciling man to Himself through Him who should be to the world the fulfilment of that sign.

Throughout all the sad story of that which brought misery and sorrow and selfishness and suffering into God's world, there shines forth the mercy and long-suffering love of God. It can be seen in the promise to Eve, in the acceptance of Abel's sacrifice, in the preservation of Noah in the ark, in the sign of the rainbow, and in the renewal of His promise and the regeneration of mankind. By dwelling on these points, one feels that these picture-stories will be of even greater value in the hands of reverent teachers who are in sympathy with the children, than they have been to past generations who have accepted them as statements of facts ; and, if possible, these stories will be loved even more than they have been.

Much more might be said ; but this will be quite sufficient as setting forth the real difficulties which a modern teacher of Genesis has himself experienced in his own endeavour to teach these first chapters of Genesis to large classes of students.

In writing his own experiences, he is quite conscious that he lays himself open to perhaps severe criticism on account of many faults and imperfections ; but he has written this in the hope that it may be of some help to others who have to deal with the same very real difficulties.

A. W. R.

REMINISCENCES OF THE CORONATION DURBAR.

(The following descriptions are selected from a letter written home by a lady who was present at many of the State functions).

MY DEAR RELATIONS,

I have written one joint letter to try and describe what we have seen. I hope that no one will try to wade through it out of politeness, as other people's tours abroad are such uninteresting reading when one does not know the place, but this being such a unique event may be of interest in giving my point of view.

“ On the morning of Monday, December 11th, the presentation of the colours took place at the Polo Ground, and as the place was a long way off, and we had to get there twice, we indulged in a two-horse carriage for the day (£4), so felt great swells, but hated the people in motors! We arrived in good time, and had good seats. The King rode up on a black horse—I *think* presented by Australia. It seemed quite indifferent to the fact that it had gold stirrups and a gold rein. The King got off and stood for the “presentation,” the Queen sitting in her box, which was lined by the Camerons, doing guard of honour. It was a most impressive scene. The new colours (eight regiments) were placed unfurled on the drums in the centre, and after the King’s arrival, the guards fell back and the clergy advanced to bless them—first, Church of England (Bishop of Calcutta), too long; second, Presbyterians, *much* too long; third, Roman Catholics, very short and sensible. (The regiments had had to stand for hours, and many men fell out).

Then the King presented the colours to the two senior majors who handed them to the two senior subalterns. (The colonels stood in a row behind the King). The officers carrying the colours drew up in front of the regiments, and then came a most pathetic thing. The bands played “Auld Lang Syne,” the old colours were carried to the rear of the regiments, and the new ones placed in front, and the National Anthem was played.

On Tuesday, December 12th, we had breakfast at 7.30, and started in the special train for the Durbar. We got there about 9.30, and found our seats were splendid ones—high up, which gave us a better general view, but just opposite the King and Queen, whose faces we could see the whole time. The waiting time went very fast, as we could walk about and look at the Royal Shamiana and some gorgeous native princes who were collecting there. The Shamiana was a white marble platform, with steps leading to it, and in the middle, two gold and red chairs; there was a space to right and left for the Viceroy and Lady Hardinge, the Duke of Teck, Commander-in-Chief, and the Staff, and a very brilliant company they were, what with uniforms, dresses, and some Indian chiefs who were on the staff. Eight boys acted as train-bearers—Indian children of evidently great importance. They were from ten to sixteen years of age, and all dressed in gorgeous cloth of gold.

At about 11.30 the entrance of the veterans caused the greatest enthusiasm. It was a most pathetic sight, as some were very old and decrepit. There were about forty white men, and quite three times as many black, and they presented a motley appearance. They were provided with seats in the arena, and many an eye was wiped as they came to their places. At twelve, the great moment arrived, and the gold umbrellas and fans were seen in the distance (which umbrellas I—— kept in his room at Bombay, and had to issue them to the head peon before their Majesties went out). The 10th Hussars acted as escort, and also the Imperial Cadet Corps.

The latter was one of the finest bodies of men I have ever seen, from an ornamental point of view. They are all sons or brothers of Indian chiefs ; their uniform was pale blue and silver ; they were all mounted on *very* fine black chargers ; so as there were about fifty of them, they were a most magnificent adjunct. The King and Queen got out of the carriage, and their trains were carried by Indian pages. The Queen wore a sort of silver and white brocade and ermine robes, and crown, of course, and diamonds, emeralds, and pearls on her neck. They sat down facing us, and we had a splendid view the whole time. What was *most* noticeable was the way any one could see that they were not thinking of themselves in the very least, but were looking out to recognize people and to see how everything was going off. This was most apparent throughout, and L——says the King is looking out the whole time to see that things are done properly, and an error is detected at once. At Bombay he saw some one not wearing the correct sort of uniform, and spoke about it, and all this is not in the least to magnify his own personal glory, but to have things done right and in order. It was most apparent at every show how little they were thinking of themselves. After the Royalties were seated in the Shamiana, the homage of the ruling chiefs began. It was curious to notice their different customs over this. Some just bowed low to the King and Queen, others laid their swords down at their feet, and so forth. There was great indignation at the way the Gaekwar of Baroda did (or did not do) his homage. He gave a sort of perfunctory touch to his turban, and walked, or rather swaggered, away with his *back* to their Majesties, twirling his mousatche aggressively. In the good old days he would have been killed then and there : as it is he was afterwards given the choice of losing his guns (his salute—that means) or a public apology must be made. He chose the latter, as the natives think a tremendous lot of the guns they get as their salute, and would pay *lakhs* to get one more gun added.

To revert to the Durbar. All the others backed from their Majesties, of course. Their clothes were a most wonderful sight—solid cloth-of-gold coats, shot with different colours, some with red, others plain gold, but the most beautiful were some shot with pale mauve ; gold turbans with sort of gold aigrettes, which I believe mean a lot. One Maharajah (Mysore) only wore a plain black coat with gold turban. He ranks third, after Hyderabad and Baroda, and though not very tall, had a most striking personality. Then came streams of representatives of the British Tributary States. Some were very strange sights, and their clothes weird in the extreme, notably Assam and representatives from places like that. As for the jewels, words fail me. Such a grievous waste of glorious emeralds, diamonds, and pearls, I never saw or imagined. Strings of huge uncut emeralds, ropes of huge pearls, made the female mouth water. One young chief, very tall and good-looking, had a necklace of emeralds and diamonds perfectly enormous, a rope of

very big pearls that went about five times round, the bottom circle hanging quite low, a diamond aigrette in his turban on one side, and a diamond star, at least four inches across, on the other. One ruling chief (I think Rajputana) was a child of about seven, fairly weighed down with cloth of gold and jewellery. After the homage was over, the King made his speech, of which we could hear every word, and in it he announced about Delhi being the capital, so we got it first hand! The King and Queen were taking in everything and everybody, and in every interval kept up a flow of conversation with each other, with absolutely unmoved faces, though some of the strange looking chiefs who did homage were very comical, and the nervous importance of lesser lights was most amusing. The Cameron contingent was on the right side where the poor wretches had to stand for hours. There was a guard of honour of the Black Watch, and they stood to attention for about three hours at a stretch, one quite tiny drummer-boy among them, who I never thought would last, but they stood it well, not a man falling out.

After the homage the King and Queen and suite all solemnly and most gorgeously processed to a very high pavilion up a flight of steps, where they sat with their backs to us, facing the other side of the arena, where the native crowds were assembled, and showed themselves. After some time they processed back, and then there was a royal salute, a *feu-de-joie* from the troops lining the streets, and finally everyone sang the National Anthem. I forgot to mention before, that the massed bands were playing the whole time, conducted by a tremendous swell who looked like a general at least.

By this time it was 1.45, and as soon as the Royalties had gone, we ate a biscuit and a piece of chocolate, and went off to catch our train. The native crowds were kept in their places until the white folk had reached the station, otherwise I don't think we could ever have got home at all. When we did, poached eggs and tea (in our dressing gowns) in our tent were most welcome. We then discovered invitations for L—— and me for the reception, so, hoarse with colds, we proceeded after dinner to the King's camp. There was a fearful crowd, and it was very hot, and we were very tired, but we enjoyed seeing some fine native clothes and jewels close, and also we met several mates. We took an hour to find our carriage.

The King's Reception Shamiana was enormous and very valuable. L——'s and my beauty were spoilt the whole time by very heavy colds, and I practically lost my voice, but did not stop talking.

On December 13th we drove to the Fort for the Garden Party. It is the most perfect place—large gardens with beautiful old buildings of Shah Jehan's time. The Diwan-i-Khas is an open hall of white marble decorated with gold flowers. The colouring is so delicate that the general impression from a distance is one of plain carved white marble with faint touches of gold. I think it is gold leaf beaten in, rather than inlaid, but it was difficult to tell. There

is something wonderfully striking about it, as, in spite of the detail of the work put into it, it gives an impression of simplicity, because of the *perfect* taste of the design and workmanship. On the wall is the inscription in Persian: "If there is a Paradise on earth, it is this, it is this." It is apparently doubtful whether the Peacock Throne (stolen by Nadir Shah in 1739, and valued at £12,037,500) stood in the Diwan-i-Khas or Hall of Private Audience, or in the Diwan-i-am, or Hall of Public Audience. The former seems a much more fitting place for it. I felt after seeing it for the second time, as I did a few days afterwards, that I should like to see it again and again and again—at every hour of the day to see the sun on different parts of it,—and also, it spoilt me for everything else, like a man, who having seen the Durbar, said he did not want to see anything else that could in any way blunt his memory of it.

The Diwan-i-Khas was set apart for the King and Queen to have tea in. At 3.30 they arrived, and we had a good view of them as they walked from the gate of the Fort, along grass walks with fountains on either side. From the wall of the Fort, along one side, stretching for a long distance, can be seen the valley where the Jumna flows, but between the Fort and the river there is a vast expanse of typical Indian flat dustiness, and on this expanse the people's fête was held. It was going on the whole week, but more particularly on the garden-party day, as their Majesties had consented to show themselves to the people. I have never seen such a sight. Thousands of people, all enjoying themselves, though being organised by troops and police, were having processions, and giving sorts of masques and dancing before the King and Queen.

There were two thrones placed in the open court of the Diwan-i-Khas, and their Majesties sat there and showed themselves, and not only did they show themselves, but they put on their crowns, and ermine and scarlet robes, so the multitudes saw them in all their glory, a sight they will not readily forget. It was all of a piece with the consideration shown by them. We met lots of friends, which was delightful, as we had time to talk to them. We stopped on for the illuminations and fireworks, and finally walked back a mile and a half, as the difficulty of procuring our carriage again in the narrow roads, near the fort, was too stupendous to be dealt with in the dark. With regard to all the shows, and especially the Durbar, I have not half described the *colour*, as I feel so incapable of a quarter doing it justice. To begin with, almost every man in the audience was in uniform, and that combined with the women's dresses was very effective, but we were as moles by the side of peacocks, compared with the natives. In the Durbar arena seats, right across opposite to us, there were great blocks of colour, brilliant yellow, blue and green, which really were the turbans of different schools, and the brilliance of the native regiments' officers' uniform made it so different from a military gathering at home. This wonderful blaze

of colour, with well-kept grass in front, and blue sky of great brilliance above, unbroken by a single cloud, gave a more wonderful effect than I can find words to describe. One feels that photographs are of little interest to those who did not see it, as the colours are unimaginable. It is curious that out here where you would think that greys and greens would be the only possible colours you could bear, one simply revels in the colour of the natives' turbans and scarves, brilliant yellow, dazzling white, magenta, red of every shade, bright greens, and purples, and olives. They seem thoroughly in keeping, and, of course suit a black face much better than a white one, as they do not have to worry as to whether such and such a shade suits their complexion.

I will finish with one story which you may not have read in the papers.

The night of the "Investiture" at Delhi, there was an alarm of fire. It was very awful, and if it had not been a disciplined crowd with so many soldiers whose training is conducive to self-control, there would have been a panic, in which case hundreds must have been killed. Some few people naturally lost their heads, and one lady did, badly, and ran to the entrance and tried to get out. A General near the door said she must go back to her seat. She replied she would not be burnt alive. The man took hold of her arm and said, "Look at the Queen." The lady looked and saw the ceremony proceeding and the Queen absolutely unmoved. That pulled her together, and she went quietly back to her seat.

PENELOPE GRAEME.

THE ART OF THE NETHERLANDS.

PART II.

"THE PAINTERS."

As most of the men I wish to mention were practically contemporaneous, there is no advantage to be gained in any chronological order. I therefore propose to divide the Dutch painters into groups—Landscape painters—Still Life—Genre painters, and Figure and Portrait painters. We will begin with the Landscape painters.

From the very dawn of Dutch art we have seen the love of landscape grow, and now that it has arrived at its fulness, we are led to wonder by what magic they hold one positively entranced and deeply stirred by the most simple and apparently ordinary aspects of nature. A meadow with a brook and a few willow trees; an old water-mill and a mill-race or an estuary of a river with a tumbling sea beyond and a few ships leaning over to the breeze! These may not seem subjects of which great masterpieces may be made, but somehow when interpreted by these men who were in love with every stone and leaf and blade of grass, and when they were rendered by men who were familiar with every aspect of the

sky at every hour of the day, and who, I am sure, quivered with appreciation of these manifestations, they really do have the power to transmit deep emotion to the spectator.

It might be said, I think, that Jan Van Goyen was really the Father of Dutch landscape painting, if we exclude the very primitive ones. He was born in Leyden in 1596. He was practically the first to discover the beauties and the possibilities of the low unbroken horizons of his native land, and he was the first to recognize the poetry and exquisite beauty which is to be found in a low cloud-laden sky and the dancing ripples of a river brightly lit up by shafts of silver light. His marvellously light touch gave his skies an exquisite transparency. He principally painted rivers or estuaries with ships, and village or town in the distance. I have said so much about him really because he was a discoverer of a new thing in art, but strange to say, in spite of that he was quite prosperous and esteemed! He died at the age of seventy, and claimed that he never missed painting a single day during his art career.

Jacob van Ruysdael, who is the next I should like to mention, stands at the head of Dutch landscape painters. We must be careful not to confound his name with that of his uncle, Solomon van Ruysdael, who though not without merit, was a horse of quite another colour. Jacob was born at Haarlem about 1625. He was an exception to the usual happy temperament of the Dutchman, as his works may be said to be the embodiment of the poetry of melancholy. He loved to paint wide stretches of land with sombre and threatening clouds and drooping trees over-hanging rushing and storm-coloured water-courses. No artist has ever succeeded in imbuing such subjects with a more tender and plaintive sadness. One would think that as his works are now so esteemed and valuable, he would have been appreciated in his own day, and that there would have been some records available to give us details of the life and doings of so great a man. Alas! such is not the case, for about the only fact one can be quite sure about in his career was that he returned to his native town in a most abject state of poverty, and died broken-hearted at the indifference with which he and his work were regarded. He died in the poor-house in 1682. It is good to know that many of his finest pictures are in private collections in England, but it would be better if they were all in public galleries.

Of almost equal fame, but blessed with a much more happy temperament, was Meindert Hobbema. He was a contemporary of Ruysdael, and like him was almost ignored during his lifetime, and ended his days equally sadly. It is only within the last century that justice has been done to his genius. Now, when his very rare works come into the market they fetch deservedly enormous prices. He was most fond of painting joyful looking villages with tree-bordered pathways, or primitive windmills surrounded by shady

trees, all bathed in a most mellow sunlight, which finding its way through the foliage, gives a delightful feeling of happiness. His execution was most robust, and although he did not scorn to give the most patient attention to detail, yet he always kept his masses simple and perfectly balanced. One never finds in his pictures, as one does in so much modern work, a consuming desire to put in *clever* touches, as though painting were a sort of conjuring. Quite devoid of any tricks, they are full of the art which conceals art. Hobbema's best works also are in England, which shows we know a thing or two. I must not weary you more than I am doing at present by giving a sketch of all the fine Dutch landscape painters, but must content myself by merely mentioning the names of Cuyp who so wonderfully rendered the light warmth of a misty summer day or the floods of golden sunset; Paul Potter, who was perhaps more an animal painter; Berehem, Van der Velde, and Van der Heyden.

Still Life. I do not propose to dwell long on the painters of Still Life, but as it was such a very national and much cultivated branch of art, I must just touch on it. As I have said before, the Dutch painted for the joy of painting, and not to advance any theories. I do not know how the name "still life" originated, for it applies not only to things which have had life, such as fish, game, flowers, vegetables, etc., but equally to pots and pans, etc. Morally, pictures of such things may have no interest, but aesthetically they may be extremely beautiful from the point of view of selection, composition, harmony of colour, and technical skill. I have often heard people say they cannot understand why an artist should waste his time in doing "still life," unless it was just an exercise to acquire skill in painting. I venture to think that the silver sheen on a fish, or the gorgeous colour on a freshly-caught mackerel, or the lovely bloom on the feathers of game, or fruit, or flowers, are as well worth the attention of an artist as other beautiful manifestations of nature.

It is very difficult for anyone to keep an open mind about what is beautiful; we are all too apt to be influenced by association of ideas, and to call things ugly only because they, without our knowing it ourselves, call up thoughts of things unpleasant. Roughly speaking, no one likes clammy, damp things, so all such things are pronounced ugly when they may in reality be aesthetically beautiful, *e.g.*, toads, fish, scum, mildew. Our sense of smell also prejudices us. All this is not an apology for those who paint "still life," but more an explanation. The first to practise this branch were sign painters, as in Holland nearly all the different trades displayed these pictures years ago as signs. Many of these signs now occupy good positions in all the great galleries.

David de Heem was the founder of this branch of art, and he painted principally flowers and fruit. His son Jan went one better than his father, and really his pictures are gems of colour, composition, and light and shade.

Genre Painting. We now come to the most interesting class, and quite the richest in gems. This branch of art was the invention of the Dutch, and so it holds a special place in the history of Art. It is rather difficult to define exactly what is meant by the word *genre*, but I would so call any subject-picture which embraced the various phases of contemporary daily life. That will serve to distinguish it from historical, allegorical, or symbolical, or anything in what is, or was, called the "grand manner." I would like to call your attention once more to the fact that the climate was a determining factor in the birth of *genre* painting, and played a great part in the nature of these pictures. As the Dutch did not possess a climate like Italy, where out-of-door life is so delightful the whole year round, their idea of happiness seemed to run more to snugness. A cosy room, a bright fire, a pipe and a glass, or a cup of something, were as esteemed as they are by us. So they preferred an indoor scene, as a rule, to an outdoor one. These pictures not being painted for exhibitions or galleries, but for private joy and pleasure, were quite small in size. The painters all took their subjects from people of their own station in society in their proper environment, which may be one of the reasons why they are so convincing. They knew what they were doing. They restricted themselves to a certain number of themes. "The Doctor and his Patient," "The Pangs of Love," "The Message," "The Concert," "The Inn," "The Visit to the Dentist." They are no story-tellers in quest of edifying anecdotes. They put no literature into their painting. They loved painting with an artistic sensuousness, and that is not a bad way for an artist to love it. They are not concerned with soul thoughts or hidden spirituality, but if they never penetrated into the ecstasies and agonies of the human soul, is it not also the province of art to show the beauty, the colour, the charm of the daily, the usual, the ordinary? After all it requires a bit of the poet's insight to see the beauty of common things.

"A primrose by a river's brim, a yellow primrose was to him, and it was nothing more." It is surprising how many people can only admit poetry and feeling to the myths of the past, or to what they call "fancy" pictures. I know some people accuse these Dutch *genre* painters of vulgarity and lack of taste. Well, it would take a long lecture to analyse "taste," but surely honest homeliness and simple-mindedness cannot be vulgar; ostentation, pretentiousness, and mock refinement *are* vulgar, or so it seems to me. Sometimes their choice of subject was a little naughty, but it was always redeemed by their artistry, and that is what we are concerned with at present. I hope you will pardon this digression, but it really has something to do with the subject of my lecture.

I am now quite at sea as to how I am to proceed.

Twenty names rise to my lips, but I know it would not be at all profitable to enumerate them without a few words to fix their

artistic rank. It is no use giving the shape of a catalogue to this talk. You know the story of the man who, having read a dictionary carefully for an hour, said it was very interesting, but he did not think much of the plot. I really don't know where to begin, and I assure you that this is the very first time in my life I have regretted there were such a number of wonderful painters living at the same time in Holland. I must, however, make the plunge, so I will start with Nicholas Maes. Not much is known of his life, but he was born in Dordrecht in 1632. He studied under Rembrandt, and it was from him that he learnt his mastery of light and luminous shadows, and his beautiful colour. I was most impressed with his works when I last saw them in Amsterdam. I was on a visit to Holland and Belgium with my poor friend, Walter Hadland. I shall never forget the moment when we turned into a small room in the Ryjks Museum and came suddenly on Maes's masterpiece, "The Never-ending Prayer." I have never been so moved at the sight of a picture. I do not think I show my emotion very easily, but I will admit the tears came to my eyes, as indeed they also did to Hadland's. I daresay we both looked very foolish, and pretended we had colds, but the sight of that old woman sitting alone at her simple meal, silently asking a blessing, gave me, I am not ashamed to say, one of those thrills of which one gets very few in a lifetime. The lighting is simple, and the arrangement also is quite simple, but most effective. But it was the deep feeling in the old peasant's face, the inward and real piety expressed in the frail old body before her lonely meal, the expression of the whole quiet scene, that made it one of the most poetical pictures I have ever seen. There were other beautiful idylls of Dutch home-life by him in the gallery, and we remarked how by their simple arrangement of light and shade, though only a few inches in size, they carried right across a large gallery. We have three or four in the National Gallery—very beautiful, but not so intense as the Amsterdam ones.

(The lecturer gave short sketches here of other celebrated *genre* painters—Jan van Steen, Gerard Dow, Van Ostade, Terburgh, and Gabriel Metyn, but space forbids their insertion).

Frans Hals. We are climbing up the golden stairs, and I daresay you are thinking it is time we did, for it is getting on to bedtime, I expect. We are now amongst the very great men, Hals and Rembrandt, not forgetting Van der Helst. It seems horrible to dispose of them in a few words, but honestly I have miscalculated things a bit. If I had started with them, I should never have left them, and then the other men who are less known would have been left out.

As a portrait painter, Hals can rank amongst the greatest painters of the world. If he has on the whole a less brilliant and scintillating palette than Velasquez or Van Dyck, in his own way, within certain self-imposed limitations he was possibly greater. No man so completely revelled in painting as painting, as he did.

No one else ever expressed such a joy in brushwork that he made the manipulation of pigment a great art. It is in this manipulation that he differs from all other painters. In breadth, in freedom, in dash, in surety, and in plastic power he stands alone. You notice I said in breadth, but not in depth. He never got down to the souls of his sitters like Rembrandt!

His sense of values was so accurate that his work looks as though he never had made a mistake of a tone in any thing he did. He loved painting every variety of smile from a pleased look to a broad grin, and he did it so successfully that they never became wearisome. He was not specially a colourist; his work was rather monochromatic at times. He was above all a handler. How he must have enjoyed himself! His greatest works are at Haarlem.

Rembrandt. In any other country, or at any other time, any of these great artists might have served to make a school illustrious, but they all pale before the glory which surrounds the name of Rembrandt. I am not going to attempt, for I have not time, to say anything of his life, either of the prosperous part of his career, or the sadness and neglect of his later days, but I do want to consider him from the artist side. This great genius was first of all, a great inventor. His imagination was inexhaustible, and each of the compositions for which he drew on it, possessed such a stamp of originality and sentiment, that one gets the impression at once that it belonged to him alone. He resembled no one. Not only do the people he represented belong to him alone, but also the light and air they moved in, their attitudes, their expressions. He might have seen them thus in the streets and the synagogue, and in the Jews' quarter, where he lived. But in putting them on canvas he transformed them. They are no longer mere men and women, but everlasting types of humanity whose innermost thoughts and emotions are revealed to our gaze. It would, of course, be absurd to pretend to explain the marvellous secrets of his sublime painting, but there are certain features so understandable, certain processes and principles so evident that I cannot pass by without a few words. To achieve these masterpieces, Rembrandt called to the aid of his imagination and searching observation, three methods unknown before him. Firstly, an accuracy and truthfulness in the composition of his picture which we will call *naturalism*; secondly, a simplicity of composition attained by his arrangement of light; and lastly the eloquence, often even the violence, of contrast of light and dark. We recognize his fidelity to nature at the first glance. Everything seems so right, it is impossible to imagine it otherwise.

The figures are so well arranged and so exactly in their places that it never occurs to one they could be anywhere else. There is no single person painted by Rembrandt, who is not represented in the action most characteristic of his life or profession. If he had to paint a portrait group of merchants, he did not represent them at a

banquet, but in the board room with account books before them as in "The Syndics." Surgeons he placed round a corpse, with one of them, forceps in hand, pointing out some discovery, as in "The Anatomy Lesson," and so on. This point explained, we go on to the simplicity of lighting by which he has been able to express his thoughts with such intensity and power. Rembrandt alone of the northern masters, thoroughly understood that nature must be simplified to be rendered impressive. The Greeks, the Egyptians, and the Florentines understood the great æsthetic law of synthesis. What they did by purity of line and simplicity of contours, he did by his distribution of light. Thus he placed the important parts of his picture in clear light, and plunged the rest into shade, and in this manner concentrated the spectator's attention on essentials, and prevented it from straying on and being wasted on minor accessories. It may be said that this lighting was arbitrary and conventional. So it was from a purely logical point of view, and as a question of rigid accuracy, but it was neither, when we consider the ideas it helped to express. The use of shadows was never a means of concealing weak points. It was no clumsy subterfuge. Everything is to be seen in these shadows, even if it is subdued, mysterious, and poetical.

Next to this use of light and shade, Rembrandt owes much of his strength and vitality to his study of contrast, not only of opposition of light to dark, but also to contrast of execution, some portion of a picture being only slightly sketched in, and the rest finished with the utmost subtlety.

These are some of the methods which Rembrandt invented and manipulated as his genius dictated, so creating a light all his own which is possible without being real, and which plunged all nature into a bath of gold.

In the course of his long and prolific career Rembrandt essayed nearly every subject which could invite an artist's brush. That his work was all equally good I would not say. No man's work ever was.

"He was Rembrandt, the marvellous technician, yet often the bungling workman. Rembrandt the greatest realist of his own or any other day, yet one of the idealistic dreamers of the world. Rembrandt, the unflattering argus-eyed portrait painter, yet Rembrandt the mystic. Rembrandt, the portrayer of the common, yet Rembrandt who made flesh look as if it were a golden glow from a light within. Rembrandt whose brushwork was thick, heavy, and muddy. Rembrandt whose surface and touch were as smooth and polished, as free and supple as Velasquez. Above all, Rembrandt the thinker, the originator, the free man, dependent on no one before him, thinking his own thoughts and expressing them in his own way, and leaving to the world a mass of works enough for six lifetimes." That is all I have to say about him, excepting that he died in extreme poverty and neglect.

"IN PRAISE OF SPRINGTIME AT VEVEY AND STRESA."

A wild, whirling storm of snow at Lincoln—a biting north-easter, "brave" and "black" enough even for Charles Kingsley! Snow and an iron frost in London—a crowded train to Folkestone—a gale over the Channel, and snow still falling as we landed at Boulogne! These things were the beginnings of the quest of spring. Crowded train again, and a missing dining-car, and snow falling gently all through the night across France, until we landed at Basle in the early morning with the cheering assurance from the conductor, that we had missed our connection to Lausanne, and with the prospect of several hours to wait.

And now surely our good genius began to bestir himself. A lucky mistake on the part of a benevolent *douanier* as to the route by which we were booked, the same mistake promptly acted upon by our porter, put two innocent culprits into a train which was just starting for Lausanne. Incidentally, the route was shorter and much more beautiful. The moment of reckoning was, of course, inevitable. "This was not our route: we must pay half a franc each and might go on." (The train at this moment was going at full speed!). Who will say after this, that railway officials have no heart? Further, we were told that a breakfast-car would soon be put on, and anything like penitence for our unconscious mistake was impossible as we sat in a comfortable carriage that was *not* crowded, and drank the fragrant coffee and ate the crisp hot rolls, basking in delicious sunshine, blue sky overhead, the blue lake of Neufchatel below, and the snow-covered Alps beyond. For the winter was past, the snow was over and gone, the flowers appeared on the earth, and the time of the singing of birds had come. Never, surely, was there such a transformation! The country from Basle had been lovely—but with a winter loveliness—pines laden with snow, a real Christmas card scene—then in a trice—the snow was left behind, and the miracle of spring was with us.

So fraudulently did two people arrive at Vevey at noon, at precisely the same time as if they had caught their right and proper train at Basle. They were met by anxious inquiries as to the whereabouts of another party of four who were also expected at our hotel. The missing ones arrived at five, and assured us they had had a glorious time!

Thus began one of the most delightful spring holidays I have ever enjoyed. Many were the causes of this happiness. The hotel where we stayed—the "Grand and Palace"—will always stand out in the memory as one of two which were perfectly ideal. One was an earthly paradise on Lake Como—the Villa d'Este at Cernobbio. This was the other. The situation on the outskirts of the town was pleasantness itself; the management was all that was courteous, attentive, and kind; the general atmosphere was one of quiet, homelike comfort. The spacious gardens with their wealth of

spring flowers, oxlips, violets, and primroses, which be-spangled the grass, and beautiful magnolia trees, with their white and purple blooms, sloped down to the lake-side, and across the blue waters rose the stately line of the Vaudois and Valaisan Alps. The beautiful Grammont, with its basin of snow, was directly opposite a pier at which the lake steamboats called, on one side of the gardens; and the terminus of the trams running to Montreux, Territet, and Chillon just outside the main entrance, made all excursions easy. The air, too, of Vevey, is deliciously bracing and exhilarating, reminding one more of Scotch moors than anything else, but without the fogs and rain which sometimes daunt even the warmest lovers and admirers of bonnie Scotland. Vevey stands at a height of 1,230 feet above sea-level, and is not, so it is said, intensely hot even in summer. We were told that we were exceptionally fortunate in our weather, even for Vevey. Certain it is that day after day we had glorious sunshine, and evening after evening the wonderful "after-glow" on the Alps, than which nothing more wondrous in its indescribable and unearthly beauty may be seen or hoped for in this world of ours.

The colouring, too, it seemed to us, is much more intense and vivid in the spring than in the summer. The lake was almost always a brilliant blue; the sky might have been an Italian one; the mountains stood out sharp and clear, covered with as yet much of their winter snow. One colour effect I shall never forget. It was late afternoon as we climbed the slopes of Mount Pelerin, behind Vevey, first through the cherry orchards, which were masses of blossom—a sea of fairy-white foam; then by the side of the funicular railway, which was lined with masses of arabes of every shade from pale lilac to darkest purple; then up through a quaint village, and out on to a point, from whence turning, we looked down through the golden light of the setting sun, over the exquisite, tender spring green of the trees and meadows and the white cherry orchards, to the bright red roofs and gaily-coloured houses of Vevey and Clarens, and Montreux, and Territet, each on their special promontory. Beyond lay the blue waters of the lake, and the glorious mountains framing it—the chief glory of them all, the Deut du Midi, rising majestically above the gap of St. Maurice.

We had only taken rooms for a week at Vevey, thinking it possible that we might choose to move on to Montreux or Territet, but we soon decided to prolong our stay at Vevey. Beautiful as Montreux and Territet are, the gay, fashionable life did not appeal to us, and the greater spaciousness and freedom of Vevey did; the mountains do not come down so close; there are many more walks without hard climbing, in the immediate neighbourhood, and the air is certainly crisper and cooler. This difference of climate was quite perceptible in the varying stages of vegetation; everything was much more forward at Montreux than at Vevey.

The town of Vevey is not without a certain quaint charm of its

own, and there is much in the life of the place which is interesting; the wide, open market-place with its beautiful surroundings, the picturesque country people coming in with their garden produce and cheeses in such numbers that one wonders if anything else is ever eaten. The walks along the lake-side quays with their borders of plane-trees, and the glorious panorama of lake and mountains always present, the Promenade du Rivage, and the terrace-walk above the Church of St. Martin, are all attractive for short walks. Then from Vevey, as from Montreux, all kinds of delightful excursions may be made. The tram-line from Vevey to Chillon, a distance of several miles, connects the different places on the shores of the lake, La Tour de Peilz, Clarens, Montreux, Territet, and Chillon, while the lake steamers also ply frequently between all these places. As for electric and funicular mountain railways, their name is legion, and we made numerous excursions among the mountains above Vevey and Montreux—the ascent of Mount Pelerin, with its incomparable view, Chamby, and Les Avants, with all their lovely narcissus fields. One could not help longing to see them in flower, but this is not until late May or early June, and in spite of the descriptions of novelists, one cannot have everything at once, and if one has cherry blossom and the first exquisite spring green, and a good deal of snow on the hills, one cannot have narcissus in bloom. But it must be a lovely sight when the meadows are in flower. Another interesting excursion was to Chatel St. Denis, a small Fribourg town, prettily situated on the Veveyse, with a very fine church. These are but a few among many expeditions which can be easily undertaken.

It was very pleasant, too, when one had walked and climbed and admired the views, to come across, as one generally did in some beautiful spot, the welcome sight of afternoon tea-rooms, sometimes *English* tea-rooms. This fashion is of modern growth in Switzerland; the tea was always good, and sometimes we had hot cakes! A day in Geneva, though interesting, was chiefly to be remembered by the extraordinary colouring of the lake, the most intensely greenish blue I have ever seen, and, as we returned in the evening, the wonderful Mount Blanc range, looking in the golden light of sunset like some celestial city of dazzling purity.

Our fortnight in Vevey sped all too quickly away, and so full of joyous pleasure had it been, that we felt loth to leave, even though we *were* going to Italy. One remembered the Rhone Valley in August, and how trying the heat had been after a sojourn up in the mountains at a height of 5,000 feet.

But the Rhone valley in April is a very different story. In looking back to that journey it seems as if one must gather together everything that is in the spirit of the spring; air that almost intoxicated with its fresh fragrance, blue sky, blue mountains capped with silver snow, a blue river that sparkled and rushed like a living thing, emerald green grass, the tender green of the trees, miles

and miles of cherry blossom, with now and then the pink of an almond tree, and the glorious sunshine over all.

All this the Rhone Valley gave us that spring morning ; and " all was beauty in the world as God had made it." On we were carried, all too quickly, through Sion, Sierre, Martigny, up to Brigue and Domodossola, and the long Simplon Tunnel. About thirty-five minutes, very hot ones, took us through into Italy, and we began to descend towards Lake Maggiore. Passing through Baveno, a few minutes' run brought us to Stresa, and presently we were landed at our destination, the Hotel des Iles Borromées

This beautiful hotel is situated on the banks of the lake, and has large and magnificent gardens on all sides. And now, the air was that of early summer in England, and while we had not lost our old friends—the " English " spring flowers, and the lilacs were in bloom, there was a wealth of trees and flowers, fascinating from their novelty as well as their beauty, huge tree-palms, bushes of camellias over twenty feet high, laden with blooms, single and double, crimson, rose, pink, cream, and white ; large bushes of " bridal bloom," scented azaleas, with now and then a mimosa tree in late flower.

We had intended to rest after our journey, but we wandered on and on, captivated by the beauty and strangeness of it all. The lake was lovely, so were the mountains, and there was still snow on them, but the blues were softer in tone, turquoise instead of the Swiss sapphire, and everything was less sharply defined.

A ramble in the neighbourhood next morning, and then after lunch, we engaged a boat for the Borromean Islands. Our boatman was a typical Italian in his pleasant and graceful courtesy, and his enjoyment of *our* enjoyment. He landed us first at Isola Madre, where a guide was ready to take us through the gardens, with their orange and lemon trees, camellias, mimosas still in bloom, and magnificent magnolias—one superb tree looked like a huge mass of water-lilies uplifted in the air..

The Isola Bella, with the palace and its gorgeously-decorated rooms, and curious shell grottoes and terraced gardens was next explored, and after that came what was in some ways, the most interesting and delightful of all. Our friendly boatman went beyond his bargain, and took us to the Isola dei Pescatori, or Superiore, where a colony of about three hundred people, mostly fisher-folk, live in the quaintest of all quaint villages. There our boatman told us gleefully we could have tea in a garden, and very fragrant and refreshing tea it was. Afterwards our friend took us round the island, through all the narrow streets, past the quaint houses with their glorious masses of wisteria, and then into the church where with great pride he showed us a new image of the Virgin, which the Bishop was coming to bless the very next day.

Then came the sail home in the sunset light, and the Angelus

was ringing, and we felt again that this is a very good world to live in, especially in springtime at Stresa.

From Stresa it was only a few hours journey to Milan in the centre of the great plain of Lombardy—to Milan of

The chanting Squires,
The giant windows' blazoned fires,
The height, the space, the gloom, the glory!
A mount of marble, a hundred spires!

I climbed the roof at break of day,
Sun-smitten Alps before me lay:
I stood among the silent statues,
And statted pinnacles, mute as they.

How faintly flushed, how phantom fair,
Was Monte Rosa, hanging there,
A thousand shadowy pencilled valleys,
And snowy dells in a golden air.

We too "climbed the roofs," if not at "break of day," and gazed on the groves of pinnacles and spires, on the wealth of decoration that is almost bewildering, and on the journey back to Stresa, Monte Rosa stood before us, too, dazzling and glorious in the sunset light.

Well, holidays cannot go on for ever, and at last the morning came when we left Stresa, and, laden with lovely flowers, the gift of our kind hosts, we turned our faces homeward. We broke the long journey at Vevey, for two days and a night, and after that went straight through. We landed at Charing Cross on Saturday night in a pouring rain, but we felt that in all our travels we had not found a better thing than an English welcome.

Monday was the first of May. The Royal Academy was open; there was time for a visit, and we found the glamour of Italy was in London. Facing us was David Murray's fine landscape, "The Call of the Spring: Stresa, Lago di Maggiore." We understood. We also had been in Arcady!

MARGARET ELWELL.

PRESENTATION TO CANON ROWE.

(Reprinted by kind permission from the "Lincoln Gazette").

Whitsuntide is annually the occasion of a great re-union at Lincoln Training College, and interesting indeed are the meetings of old students with each other and with the Principal and members of the staff with whom they had been associated during the period of their studentship. This year the gathering was of special interest, as this was, of course, the last occasion on which the Rev. Canon Rowe would be there as Principal, his resignation shortly taking

effect. There were upwards of 160 old students present from all parts of the country, the senior visitor being a student who left in 1868, and the gathering being the largest numerically since the Rev. Canon Nelson left. On Saturday evening there was a reception of the visitors in the students' common room, followed by a performance in the lecture hall, by second year students, of the examination operetta, "Queen Mab and the Kobolds" (*Braun*). On Sunday the visitors attended the early morning Celebration in the cathedral, there was tea at the college in the afternoon, and many memories were recalled by the attendance at evening service in the college chapel.

Monday, however, was the great day of the re-union. In the morning, service in the college chapel preceded cricket and lawn tennis matches in the college recreation ground, between past and present students. A short organ recital in the cathedral after evensong was the event of the afternoon, and the gathering culminated in a wonderful scene at the college after supper, and following one or two dances. The Principal, who had not been permitted to have the faintest idea of what was toward, was conducted, with Mrs. Rowe, to a dais in the dining hall, which, with the common room adjoining—thrown open by the folding back of the great double doors—was crowded, and an interesting little ceremony was enacted which obviously took the Principal entirely by surprise.

Miss Elwell, head of the staff, at the outset said they had that evening an addition to their programme, which, she was afraid, was quite unauthorised by the head of the college—she had never even consulted Canon Rowe on the point. Their feelings at that special re-union were a strange mingling of happiness and sadness—happiness in the meeting of so many old friends, sadness in the knowledge that that was the last re-union when Canon Rowe would be with them as Principal. As a friend, and as a member of the college committee they could look forward to his presence on many such occasions, for happily he and Mrs. Rowe were settling in Lincoln, but it would be different. It had seemed to her and others that it was a specially suitable time, when so many old students were gathering together, for asking Canon Rowe to accept from the staff, the old students who had been trained under him, from the present students, and from the servants, some gift which would serve to remind him in years to come, that Lincoln students were not ungrateful, and which would recall his twenty years of work for the best welfare and progress of the College, work which they were glad to think, had been happy work, both for himself and those who had served under him. They all knew something of what Canon Rowe had been there; they had seen his sympathy and kindness. They of the staff knew better than perhaps the students could know, what the value of Canon Rowe's work had been through those years of development and enlargement, and what it had meant to the College they loved so well, to have his sound sense guiding and

directing finances and other practical matters to a successful issue. They all united in wishing Canon and Mrs. Rowe many long and happy years in their retirement. In the name of the staff Miss Elwell then asked Canon Rowe to accept a silver coffee pot, a case of silver tea knives, and a silver match box as a mark of their regard and gratitude. Further, Miss Elwell, in the name of the servants, presented to the retiring Principal and Mrs. Rowe, a pair of handsome silver vases.

Miss Huddleston, one of the High School Staff, followed on behalf of the students trained under Canon Rowe (between 1892 and 1911), and in their name presented a set of four most beautiful silver candlesticks, a silver teapot, sugar basin, and a purse containing £21.

Nor was this all. The Principal had not recovered from his astonishment, when Miss Dorothy Clubb, who is the head student of the present day seniors, stepped up, and asked Canon Rowe on behalf of the students now in College, to accept a most handsome and graceful silver epergne.

The retiring Principal evidently felt the situation, as amid warm and long-sustained applause, he rose to endeavour to express his thanks for the splendid gifts and the thought that had prompted them. His thanks were serious and evidently heartfelt. He felt, he said, he was indebted to those present, not merely for those beautiful gifts, but for the fact of his being all those twenty years mixed up with young life, which had kept him more or less young himself, and made him forget advancing years; which had kept fresh in him the greatest sympathy with them and their life's work, and with all that he had to do with them, not merely at the college, but in their school-life afterwards. It did not need what they had so kindly given to him to keep him in recollection of them all, because his life had been so mixed up with theirs that he could never forget them. The Principal added that as the Diocesan Board had been good enough to make him a member of the governing body of the college, he should not feel that he was cut off from them, even in resigning his post. He should always be able to feel that he was in touch with them. In closing, he thanked the staff very much not only for their kind gift but for the very great help they had been to him in all his work, and especially to Miss Elwell, whose assistance to him during all the time he had been there was simply invaluable.

Perhaps the most remarkable scene was that at the close of the gathering. Linked in an endless chain, which included the Principal and Mrs. Rowe, the Staff, Mr. E. Dunkerton, Dr. and Mrs. Purves, several of the parents, and the whole of the past and present students in the rooms, the assembly, which extended all round both rooms and out into one of the side rooms also, sang with great spirit the strains of "Auld Lang Syne." It is safe to say that none of those present can ever forget the memorable human picture.

LIST OF CONTRIBUTORS TO OLD STUDENTS' PRESENT.

- | | |
|-------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| Miss Edith Wand | Miss Patty Tilston |
| „ Edith Whitehead | „ Kathleen Crawshaw |
| „ Florence Habbijam | „ Annie Hicks |
| „ Mary Caine | „ Gladys Bentley |
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| Miss Daisy Jenner | „ Margaret Partrige |
| „ Hetty Kirby | „ Alice Fisher |
| „ Maude Burnham | „ Elsie Beeching |
| „ Beatrice Bambridge | „ Mary Wilkinson |
| „ Agnes Garrett | Mrs. Stewart (Elsie Botterill) |
| „ Ada Clarke | Miss Mary Hoole |
| „ Augusta Tanner | „ Elsie Shoubridge |
| „ Winifred Penzer | „ Marjorie Lomax |
| „ May Samuels | „ Lilian Corbett |
| „ Amy Stimson | „ Olive Scott |
| „ Florence Wright | „ Emily Baldock |
| „ Hebe Gray | „ May Brooks |
| „ Jennie Miller | „ Annie Harvey |
| „ Emily Brown | „ Ethel Podmore |
| „ Emma Whattam | „ Emily Ayres |
| „ Mabel Auber | „ Winifred Brown |
| „ Ethel Brickell | „ Rhoda Brunning |
| „ Edith West | „ Hettie Warren |
| „ Gertrude West | „ Lilian Westland |
| „ Ethel Bimrose | „ Mary Lamming |
| „ Nellie Donson | „ Alice Dawson |
| „ Jennie Donson | „ Olive Smalley |
| „ Ada Evans | „ Lilian Knight |
| „ Helen Simons | „ Edith Barwell |
| „ Minnie Nunn | „ Mary Atkin |
| „ Ethel Willdig | Mrs. Southwick (Florence) Harrand |
| „ Minnie Potts | Miss Annie Herrick |
| „ Lily Isaacs | „ Kate Whattam |
| „ Jeannie Wood | „ Kathleen Hddleston |
| „ Gertrude Pearson | „ Lizzie Bunting |
| „ Edith French | „ Winifred Moss |
| „ Maggie Cooper | „ Edith Mosley |
| „ Florence Watson | „ Annie Bugg |
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| „ Elsie Newell | „ Clarissa Stokes |
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| „ Laura Clifton | „ Flossie Webb |
| „ Violet Bedford | „ Elsie Hollom |
| „ Gertrude Border | „ Cerise Cameron |
| „ Isabel Shiach | „ Elsie Price |
| „ Ivy Ellis | „ Annie Village |
| „ Mabel Jabet | Mrs. Glossop (Mary Brewer) |
| „ Ella Pigott | Miss Ivy Moss |
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| „ Jean Polwarth | „ May Redfern |
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| „ Ada Brown | „ Lily Cleve |
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| „ Vera Banks | „ Gwendoline Clapp |
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| „ Florence Bannister | „ Rosa Gouldthorpe |
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„ Bessie Watson	„ Minnie Drew
„ Leila Walsh	„ Ada Ashton
„ Ethel Gibbs	Mrs. Clark (Gertrude Stallibrass)
„ Lilian Gibbs	Miss Helen Cary
„ Edith Atkin	„ Frances McCormack
„ Mary Byron Scott	„ Theresa McCormack
„ Grace Neale	„ Edith Farmer
„ Jessie Pritchett	„ Clara Baguley
„ Metta Jabet	„ Bessie Guy
„ Bessie Hague	„ Winifred Marden
„ Margaret Antcliffe	„ Mollie Palmer
„ Kessie Sanders	„ Louie Williams
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Miss Helen Carless	„ borough)
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„ Hilda Willett	„ Muriel Carr
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„ Edith Berry	Miss Judith Hopkinson
„ Alice Atkin	Mrs. Woods (Sarah Shepherd)
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Mrs. Horton (Rosa Hill)	Miss Kate Oldfield
„ Clark (Lily Mottram)	„ Jennie Pollard
Miss Louie Pettifer	„ Laura King
„ Annie Waugh	

Contributors to the Old Students' present will be interested in hearing that the contents of the purse were expended on the combined book-case and bureau, which appears in the illustration, together with ten beautifully illustrated books, specially chosen by Canon Rowe.

PRIZE DAY.

(Reprinted by kind permission from the "Lincolnshire Chronicle" and "Lincoln Gazette").

There was a very large gathering at the annual prize distribution of the Lincoln Training College, on Saturday, June 29th, over which the Bishop of the Diocese (the Rt. Rev. Dr. Hicks) presided. Added interest was lent to the event by the fact that it was the last occasion on which the Rev. Canon A. W. Rowe would attend in his official capacity as Principal, owing to his having decided to retire at the end of the present term. The proceedings were held in the large hall, which was crowded. Among those who had accepted invitations to attend were the following:—

The Dean of Lincoln and Mrs. Fry, the Sub-dean and Mrs. Leeke, Canon and Mrs. Vines, Rev. E. and Mrs. Akenhead, Canon and Mrs. Bell, Rev. E. G. and Mrs. Wainwright, Rev. W. E. and Mrs. King, Mr. Arthur Garfit, Canon Skelton, Rev. W. and Mrs. Hedley,

Mr. and Mrs. Torr, Rev. R. and Mrs. Echalaz, Rev. E. and Mrs. Giles, Rev. C. and Mrs. Usher Wilson, Rev. E. M. and Mrs. Bland, Rev. C. C. and Mrs. Weekes, Rev. C. and Miss Warren, Rev. E. J. Leeke, Rev. T. L. Kemp, Mrs. Bennett, Rev. C. C. and Mrs. Buss, Rev. E. S. and Mrs. Smith, the Sheriff of Lincoln and Mrs. Cottam, Dr. and Mrs. Purves, Mrs. R. Mason, Sir Eric Buchanan, Mrs. Blenkin, Mrs. Hallows Vaughan, Miss Piper, Miss Vaughan, Hon. Edith St. Leger, Misses Clements, Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Minton, Mr. and Mrs. Maudson Grant, Mr. and Mrs. Dunn, Misses Kennedy, Miss S. Vaughan, Mr. and Mrs. Dunkerton, Mrs. Tollemache, Miss Kaye, Mrs. and the Misses Scorer. Many old students also were present.

The proceedings were commenced by the annual report, which was given by the Principal, Canon Rowe. As this was the jubilee of the institution as a college for women students, he would give a short sketch of the history of the College. In its site its history was pre-historic if he might speak as an Irishman, for it stood upon an ancient camp. There were disputes as to whether it was a British camp, but there was evidence in its favour, as the Roman road cut right through it. It was a training college then, only they taught physical exercise (Laughter.) To come to historic times, in 1840 Bishop Kaye built the large hall and the Principal's house, and started a college for masters and county school for boys. The college for masters failed, and in 1853 the school was also given up as it became such a great rival to the Grammar School. For over ten years it remained empty, then in 1862 Bishop Jackson opened a training college for women, and it had been a success ever since. From 1862 to 1892 Canon Nelson was the Principal, and in the latter year he (the speaker) had the pleasure of succeeding him. When it was opened in 1862, there were thirteen students for one year. The number went on gradually up to forty. When he came in 1892 there were that number, and from then until now it had gradually increased to 130, 1900 and 1904 being years of special enlargement. During this time, more than £10,000 had been spent in enlargement of the college, £7,000 of which was raised by donations in the diocese, £700 collected by Miss Elwell (for the enlargement of the chapel), £3,500 borrowed from the bank on mortgage, and £750 on the new Drill Hall. It was pleasing to know that every penny had been paid and the college was quite free from debt. There were improvements still needed, however—a library and proper cloak rooms. Their thanks were due to those who started the college, those who gave the site for it (about six acres)—the Right Hon. Robert Thos. Christopher Hamilton and Sir Chas. John Anderson—to those in who 1862 subscribed to build the south front, to those who in 1899 and 1902 gave so freely to the enlargement of the college and the north aisle of the chapel, and last, but not least, the generosity of him who endowed the college with half the rents of the Mere estate. Canon Rowe went on to speak of the fruits of the

work since 1862. In considering these very much must be considered as due to the first Principal, Canon Hector Nelson.

During the period since 1862, the college had sent out over 1,500 church teachers, 699 between 1862 and 1892, and 919 from 1892 to 1912. Of these, a considerable number were now heads of large schools, seventy were in Sheffield (15 or 16 of them heads), others were at large schools in London, many in country schools, or in the colonies. What did this mean? It meant a wide-reaching and never-ceasing effect on the English people. The students in church schools were free to teach the whole gospel of truth as revealed by Christ, taught by the Apostles, and handed down by the church—so altogether different from mere moral teaching which would never enable us to meet the stress of life's temptation and struggle. But in council schools where there was so-called Bible teaching, the students' own personal faith and personal Christian influence must and did affect the life of hundreds of children, and their parents through them. Whether in one or the other school, the effects of definite teaching, and the strong religious influence of a church college such as that, was, through its students, simply incalculable, and for that they heartily thanked God.

He would like to say in regard to the students who would at the end of next week have completed their course of training, and to those who had completed their first year, that the high standard which had become traditional among the students of that college, had been fully maintained, both in their studies and general tone and principle. He had had special reason for saying this in respect of religious knowledge studies, for in the religious knowledge examination, of the sixty-six students who took the examination at the end of March, from the lists just received, he found that fifty had gained a first-class and the remaining sixteen had passed. This tended to confirm what he had long noticed and felt, namely, that underneath all the college life there was that true depth of religious feeling which gave that life its real lasting value, and made their course of training there of inestimable importance to themselves, to those with whom they would work, to the children entrusted to them, and to the whole church in this land. It only remained at the end of twenty years, once more to thank the governing body most heartily for their constant and ready support and guidance, and for all they had done to advance the best interests of the college. No Principal could have more reason to thank them than he. As to the staff, he hardly knew how to thank them enough for their unswerving loyalty, their never-ceasing thought for the advantage of the College, the good of the students, and the best interests of the work, and their earnest endeavour to maintain the College's high character for steady work, good tone and principle. Where all were so good it would seem invidious to single out, but he must mention specially Miss Elwell, Miss Turner, and Miss Martin. (Applause.) Lastly, as to the students themselves, all had given the very greatest help to himself and the

staff. In conclusion, he said he could not give up a work of twenty years without great regret, but, through the kindness of the Diocesan Board, he had been put upon the governing body, so that it would make him feel he was still in touch with the college, and he could assure them that the deep interest in the college and students would never pass away from him as long as he lived. (Applause.)

The Bishop followed with an instructive address to the students. His keynote was "Joy," and he began by emphasizing the fact that they were now spending the most delightful time of their whole lives. They were day by day imbibing fresh knowledge, and that was one of the most abiding joys. He hoped they would never leave off learning, for if they left off learning they would soon forget how to teach. Let them carry away with them the aptitude for getting new knowledge. They would thus prolong the joy throughout their lives. This might seem like a selfish joy, but they must combine with it the joy of benevolence—that of doing good to others. That was their especial joy throughout life, they were going to take up one of the greatest callings; they were going to give to others a share of their knowledge. Then they would have the joy of hard work, for theirs was a strenuous vocation. They would have the joy of friendship, for in after years all the old friendships made at the college would remain, and there would be friendship with those who had been their teachers. Referring to the retiring Principal, he said that by his energy he had raised the institution to be one of the most trusted and popular training colleges throughout the land. (Applause.) Everything had grown under him as the students had done, and they could see how great had been his influence. He would have the joy of looking back on many years of strenuous, happy, successful labour.

In the course of further remarks, his Lordship read a report which had been received from Canon Bernard Reynolds, Archbishop's Inspector, in regard to the college. In this the writer stated that, personally, he would feel the loss of Canon Rowe more than he could express, and officially, he must say that the Church was losing one of its most faithful servants in the important work of training the teachers of our children. He (the writer) did not know of any work of greater importance, and during all the years he had visited the college the thought had never once crossed his mind that Canon Rowe was not doing the very best for the students, and for religious education, and with marked success.

The Dean also spoke. After paying a warm tribute to Canon Rowe's work, he alluded to the appointment of the new Principal. It was the policy of the Board of Education, he said, to desire that lady principals should be appointed to ladies' colleges. He did not wish to comment upon it, but he thought, after a man, they could not possibly have a better teacher than a lady. (Laughter.) He did not think he could pay a higher compliment than that. (Laughter.) But the governors had chosen a most eminent lady to meet the

Board of Education's rule. She was most distinguished, and he had Canon Rowe's private opinion that the governing body had done well in their choice. (Applause.)

Tea was afterwards served in the Dining Hall and Students' Common Room.

PRIZE LIST, 1912.—SECOND YEAR.

RELIGIOUS KNOWLEDGE.

Violet Laman. The Bishop's Prize—Cathedrals of England and Wales.

Dorothy Kemp. The Dean's Prize—Cathedrals of England and Wales.

FIRST CLASS.

Mary Williamson	Life of Jesus of Nazareth.		
Mabel Atkinson	"	"	"
Elsie Lowson	"	"	"
Edith Hughes	"	"	"
Edith Musson	"	"	"
Maud Border	"	"	"
Ethel Bennett	"	"	"
Nellie Moreton	"	"	"
Annie Bowskill	"	"	"
Beatrice Pack	"	"	"
Mabel Wheldon	"	"	"
Mary Button	"	"	"
Alice Lowther	"	"	"
Janet Reade	"	"	"
Ada Williams	"	"	"
Doris Buck	"	"	"
Clarice Armitage	"	"	"
Jessie Hudson	"	"	"
Rose Laycock	"	"	"
Beatrice Goodin	"	"	"
Lucy Andrew	"	"	"
Hilda Clifton	"	"	"
Dorothy Brown	"	"	"
Lily Moss	"	"	"
Eleanor Brown	Gospels in Art.		
Iris Banks	Life of Jesus of Nazareth.		
Marguerite Wortley	"	"	"
Emily Shrewsbury	"	"	"
Freda Brown	"	"	"
Effie Wilcock	"	"	"
Mabel Martin	"	"	"
Margery Carless	"	"	"
Lydia Village	"	"	"
Gwynn Miell	"	"	"
Ethel Sergeant	"	"	"
Phyllis Taylor	"	"	"
Maggie Podmore	"	"	"
Dora Staples	"	"	"
Ethel Robson	"	"	"
Gladys Castle	"	"	"
Dorothy Clubb	Gospels in Art.		
Edith Dobson	Life of Jesus of Nazareth.		
Laura Hooper	"	"	"
{ Jessie Parry	"	"	"
{ Gladys Smethurst	"	"	"
Gladys Glossop	"	"	"
Matilda Cook	"	"	"
Winifred Marsh	"	"	"

ENGLISH LITERATURE. Mr. Shuttleworth's Prize.

Honours Division : Dorothy Bown. E. B. Browning ; Four Classics
—Everyman's Library.

Pass Division : Doris Buck. Shelley and Keats.

COMPOSITION.

Pass Division : Doris Buck. Our Island Story.

HISTORY AND GEOGRAPHY. The Chancellor's Prize.

Honours Division : Jessie Hudson. Myths of the Norsemen.
Myths of Greece and Rome.
Romola.

Pass Division : Edith Musson. Five Classics—Everyman's Library.

MATHEMATICS.

Upper Division : Dorothy Kemp. Myths and Legends of the British
Race.
Child's History of England ; The
Warden.

Lower Division : Ethel Bennet. Longfellow.

SCIENCE. Physics.

Pass Division : Rose Laycock. Our Empire Story.

Nature Study. Pass Division : Janet Reade. Illustrated Natural
History of the World.

HYGIENE.

Pass Division : Jessie Parry. Child's History of English Literature.

MUSIC.

Honours Division : Rose Laycock. Mozart's Sonatas ; Selections from
Grieg.

Pass Division : Edith Hughes. Miss Elwell's Prize. Pianoforte Selec-
tions ; Representative Composers.

THEORY OF TEACHING.

Pass Division : Janet Reade. Girls : Thring's Life and Letters, and
The Golden Staircase, Parts III. and IV.

Pass Division : Dorothy Kemp. Infants : Golden Staircase.

PRACTICAL TEACHING. Girls.

Margaret Ette. Our Empire Story ; Gateway to Romance.

PRACTICAL TEACHING. Infants.

Edith Southwell. Golden Staircase ; Gateway to Romance.

READING. The Sub-Dean's Prize.

Janet Reade. Six Classics—Everyman's Library.

DRAWING.

Honours Division : Hilda Clifton. The British Genius. Child's Garden
of Verse.

Pass Division : Margaret Ette. Kipling's Poems. Seven Seas.
Stevenson's Across the Plains.

HANDWORK AND NEEDLEWORK. For Girls' Schools.

Maud Border. Our Island Story.

HANDWORK AND NEEDLEWORK. For Infants' Schools.

Lucy Andrews. The Golden Staircase.

FRENCH.

Honours Division (oral and written) : Doris Buck. Five French Classics.

POSITION PRIZE.

Maud Border. Eight Classics—Everyman's Library.

GENERAL KNOWLEDGE. The Principal's Prize.

Seniors : Edith Hughes. Canada, by T. M. Martin and Wilfred Campell.

Juniors : Jessie Pinches. Northern Spain, by Wigram.

HEAD GIRL'S PRIZE.

Dorothy Clubb. Silver College Badge and Chain.

CHAPEL WARDENS.

Gladys Drewry. Silver Cross and Chain.

Beatrice Goodin. " " "

UNIVERSITY EXTENSION LECTURE PRIZES.

Literature : Janet Reade. Shelley.

History : Edith Musson. Curious Myths of the Middle Ages.

DORMITORY PRIZE (Divided).

Upper Wickham : Prefects, Dorothy Clubb and Lydia Village. A Picture.

Lower Five : Prefect, Phyllis Warner. A Picture.

College House Prefect, Elsie Spencer. A Picture.

" Norwood." Prefect, Rose Laycock. A Picture.

CUBICLE PRIZE.

Beatrice Goodin. A Picture.

HOCKEY CHALLENGE SHIELD. Nelson House.

Captain, Marguerite Wortley.

CRICKET CHALLENGE SHIELD. King House.

Captain, Gladys Littlefair.

COLLEGE NOTES.

PRINCIPAL.—Miss Winifred A. Todhunter, B.A. (London). First-class Honours ; Derby Prizeman, 1901 ; Gilchrist student, 1903 ; Oxford University Teachers' Diploma ; London University Teachers' Certificate.

The new Principal began her work here at the opening of the autumn term. We are sure that all Lincoln students, past and present, are at one in wishing Miss Todhunter " God-speed " in her new and responsible work, and in their earnest wishes and prayers for the happiness and highest well-being, both of her and of the College which they love so well.

EXAMINATIONS AND REPORTS.

The Certificate List came on September 20th. The following students gained distinction :—

Clarice Armitage	..	English
Iris Banks	Music
Ethel Bennett	Music
Maud Border	Music, English, History and Geography
Dorothy W. Bown	History and Geography, Optional English
Annie L. Bowskill	..	English
Doris M. Buck	Teaching and English
Margery Carless	English
Edith H. Chambers	Music
Hilda M. Clifton	Optional Drawing
Edith M. G. Dobson	Music
Beatrice I. Goodin	Music
Edith Hughes	Music

Dorothy L. Kemp	..	Music, English, History and Geography
Violet I. Laman	..	English
Rose Laycock	..	Optional Music
Alice M. Lowther	..	Music, History and Geography
Ada G. Miell	..	History and Geography
Lily Moss	..	Music
Edith M. Musson	..	Teaching, English, Optional English
Maggie G. Podmore	..	Teaching
Janet E. H. Reade	..	English, History and Geography, Optional English
Edith Southwell	..	Music
Lydia Village	..	Teaching
Mabel Wheldon	..	Music
Marguerite A. Wortley	..	Music

The following students passed in the following optional subjects:—

Lucy M. Andrew	..	English
Cecilia Antcliffe	..	Music
Clarice Armitage	..	English
Dorothy Binner	..	Drawing
Maud Border	..	French
Eleanor M. Brown	..	English
Doris Buck	..	History, French
Margery Carless	..	French
Dorothy M. Clubb	..	English
Edith M. G. Dobson	..	Music
Beatrice I. Goodin	..	Music
Jessie Hudson	..	History
Dorothy L. Kemp	..	French
Violet I. Lamen	..	French
Gladys Littlefair	..	Drawing
Alice M. Lowther	..	English
Winifred M. Marsh	..	English
Janet H. Tate	..	English
Mary E. Williamson	..	English

As the examinations in Singing, Drawing, and Practical Science were excused this year, there are no reports to record.

Canon Reynolds' Report.

DEAR CANON ROWE,

There are no changes to notice this year except the most important change of all, viz., that you are leaving the College. Personally I feel that loss more than I can express here, but officially I must state that the Church is losing quite one of its most faithful servants on its important work of training the teachers of our children, and I do not know any work more important. In all the

years I have had the privilege of visiting your College, there has never a thought crossed my mind that you were not doing the very best for the students and for religious education, and doing it with marked success, and with a devotion that I cannot comment upon. You leave the College in quite an excellent condition. The answering of the seniors showed the influence of the College; it was free, general, and pleasing. They have been excellently taught, especially from a spiritual point of view. The juniors are very good; they showed interest and intelligence, but as in most of our colleges, have not brought as much knowledge with them as in the past, but you have taught them to be ready to learn. As my visit was in the school holidays, I could not hear lessons, but eight students prepared very careful notes which I criticized with them. The notes of a lesson not given are by no means a criterion of what the lesson would be if given. I marked four lessons excellent, and four very good. All the church students are confirmed. Only one junior, from a Council School, received no religious instruction as a P.T.

I sincerely hope the College will maintain the excellence it has always shown under your guidance.

Yours sincerely,

BERNARD REYNOLDS,
Archbishop's Inspector.

Oxford University Extension Lectures.

Lecturer—REV. R. BAYNE, M.A.

Subject—TENNYSON, BROWNING, AND MATTHEW ARNOLD.

Examiner's Report.

There was a considerable equality in the work done, and most of the papers were satisfactory. The criticism I should make is that there was too little sign that the poets had been read, and that the opinions expressed were the opinions of the candidates.

GEORGE S. GORDON,
Magdalen College.

Lecturer's Report.

The essays were very even in length and quality, and having a good many to read in a short time, I found it difficult to class them accurately; but I received an unusually large proportion of really good work, while none was bad. It was a pleasure to lecture to students so earnest and thorough in their work.

RONALD BAYNE.

Passed with Distinction.

Prize-winner—Janet E. Reade.

Lucy M. Andrew
Maud Border
Eleanor M. Brown
Winifred M. Brown
Doris M. Buck

Margery Carless
Marjorie I. Gilliat
Jessie Hudson
Dorothy L. Kemp
Violet I. Laman

Satisfied the Examiner.

Clarice Armitage	Dorothy M. Clubb	Edith M. Musson
Mabel Atkinson	Margaret M. Ette	Jessie Parry
Iris Banks	Edith Hughes	Elsie C. Periam
Ethel Bennett	Rose Laycock	Janet H. Tate
Dorothy Binner	Alice M. Lowther	Ada A. Williams
Dorothy W. Bown	Winifred M. Marsh	Mary E. Williamson
Annie Bowskill	Nellie Moreton	Marguerite Wortley
Hilda M. Clifton	Lily Moss	

G. S. GORDON,
Examiner.

Oxford Literature Extension Lectures.

We second-year students had looked forward with keen delight to our Literature "Extension Lectures," especially as the subject, "Tennyson, Browning, and Matthew Arnold," was comparatively new to many of us. Mr. Bayne, the lecturer, succeeded in fully realizing our expectations, and by his skilful and masterly treatment of the subject, kept us all interested and enthusiastic throughout the course.

In his first lecture, Mr. Bayne gave us a brief but comprehensive account of Tennyson's life, and then discussed in some detail his lyrical work. Born at Somersby, near Spilsby, where his early years were spent, Tennyson seems to have received a permanent influence from the Lincolnshire scenery, which is depicted constantly in his poems. As a boy he was constantly writing verse, and as early as 1827, a Louth book-seller published the "Poems by Two Brothers," written by Alfred and Charles Tennyson, which are, however, of little literary value. Later he won success at Cambridge for his prize poem "Timbuctoo." His early poems, particularly his lyrics, are reminiscent of Mrs. Hemans' smooth, sentimental verses. The poems of 1832, in spite of much harsh criticism from the reviews, quickly attained popularity, and amongst them are to be found some of Tennyson's most beautiful verses.

A brief survey of the "Lotus Eaters," as an example of the poet's wonderful use of appropriate language and word-painting, brought the lecture to a close.

From a consideration of his lyrical work, the lecturer passed, in his second lecture, to a survey of Tennyson's blank verse idylls, which are either classical, like "Tithonus," or dealing with simple English scenes like "Enoch Arden." Although the lyrical poetry is of more importance than the blank verse, yet this latter has a peculiar beauty of its own, which is nowhere more deeply felt than in the "Idylls of the King." The lack of unity, which is so noticeable a feature of the Idylls, is owing to the fact that they were written at different times in a period extending over ten years, and in a different sequence to that in which they were finally published. Apart from any value as an epic or an allegory, the Idylls will always

be loved and studied for their artistic beauty and the magnificent quality of their verse.

A short sketch of Robert Browning's life, and an account of his lyrics as compared and contrasted with those of Tennyson, formed the subject of the third lecture. Although Browning's work is as much, if not more, admired as Tennyson's to-day, he did not at first obtain recognition to the same extent as did his contemporary. The common complaint that he is not musical, is true, inasmuch as the melody and smoothness which characterize Tennyson, are often lacking in Browning's verse where dramatic effect demands it. This Gothic quality of his art is very striking and shown in many of his "Dramatic Lyrics" and "Romances," where very often his fondness for the grotesque and uncommon impresses itself upon the reader. Frequently, as in the case of "Porphyria's Lover," or "The Grammarian's Funeral," an incident, dramatic in itself, is selected and made the subject of a poem.

In his fourth lecture, Mr. Bayne showed how Browning's blank verse poems tended more and more to take the form of dramatic monologues. In these, which deal as a rule with out-of-the-way incidents and characters, Browning shows not only his powerful imagination, but much intellectual research and speculation. In his later poems he is inclined to become too occupied with intellectual and psychological problems, and consequently much of the flexibility and beauty of the earlier poems is lost. The lecturer brought this account of Browning's work to a close in a most delightful way, by reading "Abt Vogler" to us, explaining all difficulties and allusions, and making us realize, as we could never have done by ourselves, the beauty and full significance of the "Palace of Music."

In the two last lectures, Matthew Arnold was the subject of discussion. His early sonnets show a keen interest in religion and philosophy, an interest which is characteristic of all his work, but which sometimes mars the artistic value of the poems. All through his life, Matthew Arnold was troubled by religious doubts, and deeply affected by the wave of scepticism and moral speculation which swept over the whole of England. Wherever he does not allow these personal feelings to have undue place, as in the "Sick King of Bokhara" or the "Forsaken Merman," the poems are remarkable for their exquisite delicacy of touch and perfection of form. The lecturer concluded, as in the preceding lecture, by dealing in detail with a particular poem—"Sohrab and Rustum." This magnificent poem is reminiscent of Homer, not only in the account of the battle, but in the use and frequent repetition of similes, many of them exceedingly beautiful. Particularly fine is the concluding stanza which describes the quiet scene after the combat and the steady flow of the river through the desert to where

"— the new bathed stars
Emerge, and shine upon the Aral Sea,"

We were sorry that the last lecture had to be shorter than the

others, but owing to the coal strike and the consequent upset of the train service, Mr. Bayne was unable to reach us at the usual time. What it lacked in length, however, the lecture made up fully in interest. The constant revolt at the "something that infects the world" dominates nearly all Matthew Arnold's poems, especially the personal ones. There are, however, occasional subjective poems which are full of a bright courage, and contain much that is strong and helpful. Chief amongst these is "Rugby Chapel," a tribute from a famous son to a no less famous father, and giving us a glimpse of those qualities and power of Dr. Arnold which were so much admired by the son.

With this, the course of lectures came to an end, much to our regret, for we all had thoroughly enjoyed both lectures and classes, and felt that we had indeed greatly benefited by them.

JANET READE,

SECOND YEAR.

concert on Extermination Music.

(Reprinted by permission from the "Lincoln Gazette").

The annual concert given by the students of the Lincoln Training College, and held on Monday evening, June 3rd, was splendidly successful. Heavy rain prevented the attendance of a good many friends, but the fair number who did brave the elements were well rewarded by hearing singing of a very high order. In addition to the retiring Principal, Canon Rowe, and Mrs. Rowe, there were present many old friends of the college.

The programme opened with some part songs by the second year students, which were tackled in a fearless and praiseworthy manner. Especially fine was the splendid singing in four parts of "The Death of Trenar" by Brahms. The other songs by the second year girls were, "O Springtime, I greet thee" (Martini), "Sing me a Song of the Spring" (Martini), and "Greetings" (Brahms). The first year students followed with renderings of several classical songs, and it can safely be said that the assembly was charmed with the wealth of expression the girls introduced into the pieces. The following will give an idea of what they took in hand: "To Music" (Schubert), "By Celia's Arbour" (Mendelssohn), "For Ever" (Rubenstein), "Don Juan's Serenade" (Tschai-kowsky), and "The Soldier's Bride" (Schumann). In addition to these songs, they again delighted the company with some simple folk songs. It is quite surprising how much more attractive than the classical songs these simple but tuneful melodies are to the untrained musical ear, and those rendered on Monday evening lost nothing of their effect in the splendid manner in which they were presented by the girls. The songs they gave were "Flowers in the Valley," "Blow away the Morning Dew" (a lilting melody which sets the feet in motion almost against the owner's will), "Hares on the Mountains," and "Sweet Nightingale." The first year girls also

sang in capital style, one verse of that stirring Scottish national song, "The Campbells are comin'."

After an interval for tea and coffee, in the students' common room, the operetta, "Queen Mab and the Kobolds," was presented. It is a dainty little piece, and gives scope for plenty of fun and frolic, which, by the way, these Training College girls seem to possess in full measure. The enthusiasm of the various characters was boundless, and the spirit they put into their work was quite as great as the *abandon* and absence of artificiality which they showed. The words of the piece are by Shapcott Wensley, and the music by Charles Braun. Edith Hughes made a wonderfully sweet and charming "Queen Mab," and, indeed, one was struck by the manner in which the various girls seemed to exactly fit the character they had assumed. In addition to her excellent singing, Edith Hughes can be congratulated on the clearness of her enunciation, every word she uttered being heard distinctly. "Honeysuckle" was another outstanding character, cleverly impersonated by Lily Moss, and the pleasure and *abandon* Gladys Littlefair threw into her work as the "Jester of the Kobolds" was quite a treat. She kept the audience in a laughing humour all through. Then Mary Williamson was wholly successful as "Pooka" (King of the Kobolds). She appears to be a born actress, and the little attentions she bestowed on "Queen Mab" in the closing stages of Act II. were worthy of a better fate. But it is quite unfair to pick out the various characters, for every one of the girls was extremely good. We append the characters and the plot:—Queen Mab, Edith Hughes; Beeswing, Effie Wilcock; Honeysuckle, Lily Moss; Peasblossom, Mabel Wheldon; Pooka (King of the Kobolds), Mary Williamson; Jester, Gladys Littlefair; Fairy Chancellor, Gwyn Miell; Jailer, Dorothy Bown; Kobold Sentry, Mabel Evans; Heralds, Laura Hooper and Elsie Spencer; Chorus of Fairies (Guards, Flowers of Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter, Captives, Attendants). Act I.: Chorus, "Lament of the Captive Fairies"; song (Honeysuckle) and chorus, "The White Dove"; song (Pooka) and dance, "The Kobold King"; chorus of fairies, "Sisters, dear"; song (Jester), "Pooka and the Fairies"; instrumental, "March of the Fairy Guards"; chorus, "All Hail! great Mab"; chorus, solo, and dance, "Away, away to Fairyland." Act II.: Chorus, "Spirits of light and air are we"; trio and chorus, "'Twas in the earliest hour of night"; solo (Queen Mab), "Sacred Love"; finale, "Stars are twinkling."

A most enjoyable evening closed with the singing of the National Anthem. It might be stated that Miss Turner designed the dresses, which were really splendid in their effectiveness, and Miss Searby arranged the dances which were introduced, and which were quite as effective as the dresses. Mr. E. Dunkerton wielded the bâton with his usual skill, and Miss Bedford made an able accompanist throughout the concert.

On March 29th the students had, as in former years, the great privilege of hearing a very fine rendering of Bach's immortal "St. Matthew" Passion Music, given by the combined forces of the Cathedral Choir and the Lincoln Musical Society, under the conductorship of Dr. Bennett.

On Ascension Eve, staff and students attended a special service at the Cathedral, at which Brahms' "Requiem" was sung. The wonderful music, beautifully rendered, was invested with a special pathos and an intense and solemn significance for all who heard and sang, by the thought of one who had been present at the final rehearsal only two days before, and was now numbered with the "blessed 'dead, who die in the Lord." The Precentor of the Cathedral, Archdeacon Bond, was suddenly called to rest only a few hours after he had said a closing prayer, and given the Blessing to those who were to take part in the special service. He had been for many years a valued member of our committee, and was a most kind and faithful friend to the College.

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

* * *

Our old friend, Miss Essie Conway, of Liverpool, again kindly came in the summer term and addressed the students on the subject of N.U.T. In her own clear and racy way she explained the work of the Union, and set forth the advantages to be gained by joining its ranks.

First Year Concert.

The First Years are to be congratulated on the noble way in which they bore up against the many misfortunes which overtook them this year. In spite of various alterations of the date, and changes in the cast, owing to an unlucky case of mumps, they succeeded in giving us a very pleasurable evening. The occasion was quite a memorable one, as being the first on which we at Lincoln welcomed Miss Todhunter in our midst.

The concert opened with a song from the whole year, sung with much heartiness, the words composed by Freda Chisholm :—

We've talked of College orchestras,
We've talked of masquerades,
We've thought of having jesters
And fancy dress parades.

Our aim—to entertain you
 With song, with dance and mirth!
 As amateurs we greet you,
 An audience of great worth.

Then let us all be merry
 Upon our concert night;
 We First Years here before you
 Do wish with all our might
 Success may crown your future,
 And fortune banish tears,
 So hip, hip, hip hurrah, girls,
 For our worthy Second Years.

After this we were treated to a most amusing recitation, "Cheering up an Invalid." Annie Weedon was capital in the character of the old lady who calls to cheer up an imaginary friend, and her lugubrious head shakes were most realistic.

A song followed, "The Three Fishers," very sympathetically rendered by Ethel Martin, and much appreciated by the audience. The curtains were then flung apart to disclose the first of the scenes from "The Scarlet Pimpernel"—Lord Grenville's Ball. The scene was most gay and charming, and the company looked quite picturesque in the costumes of the period as they performed a delightful little dance. Much light chatter went on between the host, Lord Grenville (whose part was excellently taken by Marian Cockshaw) and the Prince (ably presented by Hilda Bown), whilst the dialogue between Lady Blakeney and the Comtesse de Tournay was excellently done. Marjorie Thurtell made a most charming and gracious Lady Blakeney, who in spite of her apparent gaiety is really undergoing great anxiety on behalf of her brother, a prisoner in the hands of the French Government. The price of his release has been set by Chauvelin, the French agent, also present at the ball, who will grant it in return for the discovery of the famous Scarlet Pimpernel. Observing Sir Andrew Foulkes to be busy with a scrap of paper handed him by Lord Hastings (whose part was adequately taken by Ethel Singleton), Marguerite feigns a swoon, and by demanding Sir Andrew's attention, obtains possession of the paper. Later, she manages to convey to Chauvelin the news that the Scarlet Pimpernel himself will appear in the supper-room at one o'clock. When Chauvelin appears, however, at the correct time, the only other occupant of the room is the apparently innocent Sir Percy Blakeney, snoring heavily on the sofa. Alison Penzer performed the difficult part of the title rôle to perfection, with just the requisite amount of indolence and debonair, whilst her heavy snores were most realistic! As Chauvelin, Margaret Bentley exhibited fine dramatic powers and made a most impressive villain, whilst Gladys Stocks acted the part of Sir Andrew very successfully. Amy Pigott took the part of the Comtesse de Tournay in a most spirited manner, and Connie Travis made a very dainty little Suzanne.

Whilst the "scene-shifters" were busily at work, May Fish

charmed us with a delightful pianoforte solo, playing with much artistic skill and feeling.

Next we were transferred across the channel to the inn at Calais, where we were introduced to Père Brogard and his wife, the latter discovered sitting over a large black pot, and occasionally lifting the lid to stir the delicious soup it contained. Père Brogard, whose part was taken capitally by Bridget Cooper, made quite a picturesque figure in his peasant's dress, sabots and red cap, and smoking a large pipe. No amount of laughter from the audience could disturb "his" solemnity as he stumped about and stolidly prepared supper for Marguerite and Sir Andrew, who had come there in search of Sir Percy. The meeting between Chauvelin and the Scarlet Pimpernel gave scope for some fine acting on the part of the principals, and great amusement was caused by Chauvelin's terrible fit of sneezing, caused through Sir Percy offering pepper in place of snuff. Hilda Cocking as Dègas made a fine soldier, with truly military salutes and a martial bearing.

The second part of the programme opened with a quartette excellently rendered by Gladys Stocks, Beth Bartram, Sissy Smith, and Maud Brockbank. The effect was very pleasing; the voices had been well chosen and blended together perfectly.

The inimitable scene from the ever fresh "Merchant of Venice," in which Lancelot Gobbo deserts his old master, the Jew, next claimed our attention. Kathleen Allan took the part of Bassanio most effectively, whilst Ethel Rodgers, as old Gobbo, tottered about the stage and quavered requests on behalf of Launcelot in a most natural manner. A word of especial praise is due to Annie Weedon, who with indefatigable energy, pluckily volunteered at the last minute to take the part of Edith Lockwood who was unavoidably absent. The whole scene was conducted with much vigour and spirit, and we wondered that old Gobbo ever survived the energetic pulls and twists he received from his sprightly son.

Whilst a change was being made on the stage, Eva Buswell sang "The Fisher Children," and her sweet voice caused so much enthusiasm that she was obliged to give us an encore of the last verse.

Once more the curtains were drawn aside to disclose a party, but this time of a very different nature. All the company were dressed in their best and looked very nice, especially the "lady from the back parlour" who with great ostentation came attired in book muslin and kid gloves. Even if we had not learned from our programmes that this was the Kenwigs' party, the presence of four little girls (Nellie Gambles, Clarice Woodward, Ethel Pottage, and Elsie Garlick), each with two beautiful pigtails, would have aroused our suspicions. The indefatigable Newman Noggs—splendidly portrayed by Shirley Piggott—kept the children amused the whole time, blowing out his cheeks with great energy. His futile attempts to aid Mrs. Kenwigs (Gladys Henry) caused great amusement. Connie Bingham made a capital Mr. Kenwigs, and acted very well

with his "wife." The appearance of Mr. Lillyvick was the signal for much laughter from the audience, and we found it difficult to recognise Dora Hartley in the portly, grey-bearded old gentleman who tenderly embraced his niece and the children. For the special benefit of Mr. Lillyvick, Morteena performed her step dance, and Miss Petowker recited a most blood-curdling poem, with her hair down. Ellen Fountain took the part of Miss Petowker very well, and in spite of the gravity of her theme, roars of laughter greeted the news that "the drink had claimed one victim more." The supper was a great success, though the company seemed to finish far more quickly than could have been good for their digestions. We laughed very heartily during the whole of this scene, and were truly sorry when it came to an end.

As a pleasant ending to an enjoyable evening, Florence Kesteven sang with much strength and sweetness "The Wind Chorus," in the character of a star fairy. A very pretty effect was obtained by the chorus being sung very softly behind the curtains. With this, and the National Anthem, the concert came to an end after we had shown our gratitude by hearty applause.

Canon Rowe then proposed a vote of thanks to the First Years for the pleasant evening they had given us, and was warmly seconded by Miss Todhunter. A hearty vote of thanks was bestowed by the performers on Miss Turner for her invaluable help, and with renewed cheering the entertainment ended.

JANET READE.
Second Year.

French Evening.

The evening of Prize Day was the occasion of the entertainment given by the Second Year French Class. Besides the students, Mrs. Fry, Miss Robinson, and several old students were present. The programme was full and varied, and opened with a scene from Molière's "*Les Femmes Savantes*." Doris Buck acted splendidly the part of the vain and self-important poet who was seen reading his latest composition to his humbly adoring worshippers, *Les Femmes Savantes* (M. Border, A. Miell, and E. Shoemith). In striking contrast to this laughter-provoking scene was the second item. This was the scene from Corneille's "*Le Cid*," immediately following the incident of the insult received by Don Diegue from Don Gomez. Don Diegue (M. Carless) was shown in conversation with his son, Don Rodrigue (D. Kemp) upon whom he was urging the duty of demanding satisfaction for the wrong done. Short as was the scene, the whole situation was vividly brought before the audience—the old nobleman quivering with passion, having no thought but of the injury his honour has received, and thirsting for the vengeance which his age will not allow him to take in person; the son, at first all on fire with eagerness and enthusiasm, waiting only to learn who is the offender, then plunged into despair by hearing that it is the father of his beloved Chimène.

Following this, came "*Une Ronde*" entitled "*Roseline*," in which all took part. The four seasons were represented, indicated by their prevailing colours and appropriate flowers, and paying in turn their tribute of song and graceful dance to the lovely Roseline.

Whilst the stage was being prepared for the last and principal part of the programme, the audience listened with pleasure to two French songs sung by Miss Turner, and to Stevenson's ever-delightful "*Shadow Song*" given by Mr. Dunkerton.

The play which followed was written by Miss Turner specially for this occasion. Four English students were seen *en route* for a French university to take part in a holiday course. The first scene represented a harbour where the unfortunate travellers arrived just in time to hear the final hoot of the departing steamer which was to have taken them to their destination. Two determined to wait for a train, while the others set out to cycle. It was with the adventures of the two cyclists (M. Border and D. Kemp) that the audience was chiefly entertained. Their journey was, to say the least of it, eventful. Punctures, difficulties in finding accommodation at night, narrow escape from motor mishaps, these were some of their troubles, but none of these could compare with the trials they suffered at the hands of the ubiquitous French policeman, with his everlasting note-book and mechanical demand for "*vos noms, prénoms, ages, et qualites.*" Their companions meanwhile had arrived safely at their *pension*, where the wearied and harassed cyclists found them seated comfortably at breakfast. Rapturous were the greetings, and many were the adventures to be related. In the midst of the excitement an unrehearsed incident happened in the arrival of a telegram for one of the party, announcing the coming of a friend. Conjecture was soon set at rest by the arrival of the friend herself in the person of Miss Turner. More excitement and more explanation followed, and with this the play ended.

Doris Buck was specially good as the *commissaire de police*, and Maud Border and Dorothy Kemp as his unfortunate victims. Violet Laman acted very realistically the part of the old hawker, whose barrow of oranges was overturned by the careless motorist (Ada Miell). Margery Carless, in her capacity of *marchand de bicyclettes*, greatly amused the audience by her workman-like examination of the damaged machines.

Votes of thanks were proposed by Canon Rowe to all those who had taken part in providing such an enjoyable entertainment, and in particular to Miss Turner to whom the success of the evening was in such a great measure due. These were enthusiastically accorded.

L. W.

The Rev. W. P. Gurney's Lecture on "Corea."

An interesting lecture was attended by the Second Year students on Monday, September 23rd, at St. Martin's Parish Room. The lecturer was the Rev. W. P. Gurney, and the subject of his address was "*Corea.*"

Mr. Gurney has spent several years as a missionary in Corea, and is keenly interested in the people amongst whom he works.

The first part of the lecture was devoted to a description of the physical features of the country, illustrated by lantern slides.

Corea is a land of mountain and valley, and, judging by the lantern slides which were shown during the lecture, the scenery is very beautiful.

The lecturer then went on to show what part Corea played in the Russo-Japanese War. During the course of this war, Corea passed from the hands of the Russians to the Japanese, and it now forms part of the Japanese Empire.

The people who inhabit this mountainous peninsula lead very simple primitive lives in their mountain fastnesses, and they have many quaint and interesting customs. The men marry at a very early age, and on their wedding-day their hair is dressed in a very peculiar fashion, somewhat resembling a "top-knot." It is on this occasion that they wear for the first time the famous Corean hat. All weddings take place in the early morning, and the bridegroom invariably rides to the church. Men who do not marry are treated as boys all their lives, and are never allowed to wear a hat or to adopt the "top-knot" style of head-dress. The Corean hat is of very ancient origin. The colour is usually black, but white hats are worn in times of national mourning. When mourning the death of a parent, the man wears a huge hat over a white cap, the latter alone being retained in the house.

The Corean women lead very dull and depressing lives, full of drudgery. When a Corean woman marries, she is treated as a servant by her mother-in-law, and it is not until she reaches middle age that she is treated with any degree of respect or consideration.

The Corean religion is one of terror and superstition. The gods which these people worship are all evil spirits, whom they must conciliate by every means in their power, in order to avoid disaster and misfortune.

The fact that their own religion fills their lives with such misery and terror, partly accounts for the rapid strides which Christianity is making in this country. The fundamental principles are so entirely different from those of their own religion that they are eager and willing to adopt them, as they soon realise how much happier and brighter their lives will be.

In conclusion, the lecturer stated that the mission was in urgent need of funds, and considering that the work of the missionaries has been so successful during the past few years, he claimed that his cause was worthy of generous help. A small model of a Corean hat, to be used as a collecting-box for the mission, was shown, and the lecturer suggested that one way of helping the mission would be to take one of these missionary boxes.

This brought to a conclusion a most interesting lecture.

HILDA C. BOWN, Second Year.

On Friday, September 27th, the College went *en masse* to hear a lecture given under the auspices of the Lincoln Public Library Committee, by Mr. Arthur Christopher Benson, on "Hans Christian Andersen." Mr. Benson is well known as a writer, and chiefly perhaps by his delightful essays—essays which present the loftiest ideals of life; which show together with critical powers of the highest order, a kindly tolerance and a well-balanced judgment, a vivid and delicate sense of beauty both in the world of sense and in the spiritual world; which give us strong and tender, helpful and hopeful thoughts in the midst of the dark and mysterious problems of life, and all this in perfectly pure and beautiful English, musical, clear, and forcible.

The name of "Benson" is a name to conjure with in Lincoln, and it was a great joy, specially perhaps to those "old inhabitants" who remember Chancellor Benson, to listen to this great son of a great father, as he discoursed on the life of "the man who was a poet though he did not write poetry." "Hans Andersen," said Mr. Benson, "was one who had the precious gift of humour, a wonderful power of personification, and a deep fund of wholesome sweetness. He was a strange mixture. If," said the lecturer, "the world contained more of the sort of Hans Andersen, it would be a sweeter and a better place. He loved everything that was sweet, simple, and pure, and although it was not these things to which the kingdoms of earth were given, yet of such was the kingdom of heaven."

* * *

On Monday, October 7th, Miss Marie Shedlock, the well-known expert in the art of story-telling, visited the College.

A preliminary notice had served to prepare us somewhat for the general plan of the lecture, and we assembled in the Lecture Hall at five p.m. in a highly-expectant mood.

Miss Shedlock, addressing us as "fellow-students," began by dwelling on the great need for the story to be studied as a veritable work of art in order that it may be delivered as perfectly as possible. She spoke of the many pitfalls into which the unprepared are liable to fall, and of the valuable help gained by a little attention to technical points.

All Miss Shedlock's axioms were made doubly impressive by the admirable illustrations given *en passant*, showing how much may be learned from one's own early failures.

After setting forth various rules to guide the story-teller, Miss Shedlock proceeded to put her "modus operandi" into practice.

The first story of "Buddha and the Timid Hare" was new to the majority of us, and was received with delight by all. This was followed by two stories from Hans Andersen—"The Scandal in the Poultry Yard" and "The Real Princess," each of which was greeted with vociferous applause.

Two more stories were given after supper, the beautiful legend of "The Slow-Moving Tortoise," and "The Story of the Wolf and the Seven Kids." Miss Shedlock made her escape from the hall during the perfect storm of applause which followed this last revelation of her marvellous powers, but we could not let her leave us so quietly, and the applause continued until she returned. After a word of thanks for our hearty reception, and of regret that she could not give us any more stories, Miss Shedlock made her final departure amid renewed expression of our gratitude and appreciation. We retired to our rooms to tell stories to the tables and chairs as we had been advised, and to realize that to talk like an elephant or tiger or camel, or even to give vent to a kid's stifled snigger, is not so easy as it appears.

V. A. S.

* * *

Lecture in Central Hall on "Bioscope Wonders from Nature."

"Patience Rewarded" might have been the title of the delightful lecture given by Mr. Richard Kearton in the Central Hall on October 9th, for each of his interesting pictures was the result of much patience and hard work. The sight of Mr. Cherry Kearton up to his shoulders in a Scotch loch with a camera gave an idea of the difficulties of photographing wild animals in their natural home, and to hear that he had to stay there for two hours, taught the absolute necessity for patience in a naturalist.

Mr. Kearton told some interesting and amusing anecdotes in connection with his work, but the great feature of the lecture was undoubtedly the pictures. Some of these were of the common British birds, some had only been obtained by living in an uninhabited island off the coast of Ireland, others by travelling in water-logged jungles in Borneo. Mr. Cherry Kearton's experiences in Borneo were most exciting—photographing from the back of an elephant, risking his life to get good pictures of the tiger, cinematographing pythons, monkeys, bats, and butterflies. The enormous strength of the elephant was well illustrated; one push from that huge head, and a tall tree lay felled on the ground.

But perhaps the British pictures were the most popular. There was the squirrel in its conventional attitude eating nuts; the timid red deer in their treeless Scotch deer forests; birds and their nests, from the common starling to the rare black-throated diver; dear little fluffy chicks and their anxious mothers.

The lecture was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone, and we all hope to have the pleasure of hearing Mr. Kearton lecture again in the near future.

MADLINE SHIRES,
Second Year.

Formation of Recreative Society.

On the evening of September 18th, a meeting of the Senior Year was held in the Common Room, at which Miss Todhunter presided.

It was proposed and seconded that a General Recreative Society with various branches should be formed.

The form the different sections were to take was then discussed, and the decision was followed by the election of the chief officers in connection with each ; small sub-committees to be elected for each branch as soon as the lists of membership were drawn up.

The results of the meeting were as follows :—The formation of a

GENERAL RECREATIVE SOCIETY.

<i>President</i>	Miss Todhunter
<i>Secretary</i>	May Unwin
comprising :—				
1. DRAMATIC SOCIETY—				
<i>Secretary</i>	Madge Bentley
<i>Stage Manager</i>		Miss Turner
<i>Deputy Stage Manager</i>			..	Miss Bedford
2. DEBATING SOCIETY—				
<i>Secretary</i>	Ethel Singleton
3. GAMES SOCIETY—				
<i>Secretary</i>	Miss Searby
4. MUSICAL SOCIETY				
<i>Secretary</i>	Miss Bedford
5. READING CIRCLE—				
<i>President</i>	Miss Watson
<i>Secretary</i>	May Thompson

After the business of the meeting was finished, May Fish delighted her audience with a pianoforte solo, and Maud Brockbank gave equal pleasure by a song. This close of the evening augured well for at least one branch of the society, and in some future number, we shall hope to hear of interesting "happenings" in connection with all.

MAY UNWIN,
Second Year.

On Tuesday, October 15th, the First Year Students had the privilege of attending an organ recital at the Cathedral. As usual, Dr. Bennett provided a rich musical treat, and gave very fine renderings of works by Bach, Rheinberger, etc. The programme included two interesting works by old pupils of Dr. Bennett. The Second Years were unable to be present. At the present moment they are seeking other delights in the schools of Grimsby and Sheffield.

Games.

HOCKEY.

(Late results from last season).

GOALS.

		F.	A.
March 25th.	College "A" v. Lincoln Ladies "A" ..	0	1

HOUSE MATCHES, ETC.

(Winner placed first).

March 26th.	"Sheds" v. Wickham	4	3
" 30th.	2nd Year v. 1st Year	2	2

The Championship Shield was won by Nelson House. Captain : C. Wortley.

The College House and Norwood Combined Team, commonly called "Sheds," has made its first appearance this season, but only played the weakest house, Wickham. Next season the "Sheds" team intends to compete for the Shield.

SEASON 1912-13.

Found!—A goal-keeper.

The prospects for this year are not discouraging, but with the loss of so many forwards we shall have our work cut out to keep up the reputation we made last season. Among the new students half-backs and backs abound, but so far very few forwards have been discovered. The House matches have already (October) begun, and "Sheds" and Nelson have respectively beaten King and Wickham.

SUMMARY FOR LAST SEASON.

	P.	W.	L.	D.
1st XI.	11	9	2	0
2nd XI.	4	0	4	0
"A" Team	3	2	1	0
"Junior" Team	1	1	0	0

CRICKET.

COLLEGE MATCHES.

May 27th. Past v. Present.

Present, 50 runs ; Past, 17 and 13 runs.

June 10th. College v. Lincoln Ladies.

Lincoln Ladies, 61 ; College, 45.

" 17th. College v. Lincoln Ladies.

Lincoln Ladies, 54 ; College, 40.

" College v. Lincoln High School.

College, 23 for 2 wks. ; School, 17.

(The College just succeeded in winning this match before a terrific hailstorm put an end to the play).

July 4th. College v. Lincoln High School.

College, 37 for 6 wks ; School, 17 and 28 for 8 wks.

HOUSE MATCHES, ETC.

- May 20th. King *v.* Nelson.
King, 38 ; Nelson, 25.
- June 6th. King *v.* Wickham.
King, 87 ; Wickham, 26.
- „ 13th. Nelson *v.* Wickham.
Nelson, 43 for 3 wkts ; Wickham, 29.
- „ 13th. King *v.* "Sheds."
King, 75 ; Sheds, 15.
- „ 18th. 2nd Year *v.* 1st Year.
1st Year, 51; 2nd Year, 42. 7

The Championship Shield was therefore won by King House.
Captain : G. Littlefair.

Best batting average, C. Wortley. 10.3.

Best bowling average, S. Smith. 2.05.

S. Smith also succeeded in doing the "hat-trick" on one occasion.

TENNIS.

May 27th. The Past Students beat the Present Students.

Other matches were scratched on account of the mumps.

The Tennis Championship Cup was won by P. Taylor, and the Medal (2nd) by E. Robson.

NET BALL.

(Late Result).

March 30th. College beat Miss Cannon's team.

SUMMARY, 1911-12.

Matches played 2, won 2, lost 0, drawn 0.

M. SEGAR.

SEASON 1912-13.

The net ball season has opened in earnest. The players of the Second Year seem to be in very good form, and it is cheering to find not only that several of the newcomers are experienced in the game, but also that there is no lack of recruits.

Practice is enthusiastic. The actual site for the game has been transferred to a more even part of the ground, near the drive. It is reassuring to find that there need be no trepidation consequent upon the loss of our last year's excellent shooter, for Alison Penzer has already proved a strong successor, whilst Annie Thomas, her First Year opponent, shows promise of becoming equally skilled.

The first match of the season, played on October 2nd, between the Second and First "Years," was well contested. The victory, however, remained with the senior students, the score being 19 goals to 10.

E. M. BUTTERWORTH.

Sports Day.

The Sports took place, as usual, on Empire Day, the preliminary heats being disposed of during the preceding fortnight.

There were a great many entries for the various events, the total number being three hundred and twenty-three.

Various new items in the obstacle race, especially the "storm in the ditch," were much appreciated by the spectators.

The following are the winners :—

100 yards	(2nd Year)	M. Ette.	Time $13\frac{3}{5}$ secs.
"	(1st ")	S. Smith.	Time $13\frac{2}{5}$ secs.
Quarter-mile	(Open)	S. Smith.	Time 1 min. $24\frac{1}{5}$ secs.
Half-mile	(Open)	H. Bown.	Time 2 mins. $20\frac{3}{5}$ secs.
J. Parry ran in all three races, was 2nd in the 100 yards and the half-mile, and 3rd in the quarter-mile.				
Hurdle race (100 yards)		(2nd Year)	J. Parry.	Time $25\frac{1}{8}$ secs.
"	"	(1st ")	V. Sparrow.	Time $19\frac{4}{5}$ secs.
Throwing the Cricket Ball	(2nd Year)	A Ireton.	Distance 28 yds. 10 ins.
		(1st ")	H. Bown.	Distance 39 yds. 1 ft. 5 ins.
High Jump	(Open)	J. Hudson.	Height 4 ft. $5\frac{1}{2}$ ins.
Standing Long Jump		(Open)	L. Andrew.	Length 6 ft. $5\frac{1}{2}$ ins.
Hockey Dribbling Race		(Open)	M. Carless	
Net Ball Goal Shooting		(Open)	E. Lowson	
Slow Bicycle Race	(Open)	H. Bown	
Obstacle Race	(2nd Year)	I. Banks	
"	"	(1st ")	H. Bown	
Walking Race	(Open)	M. Evans	
Egg and Spoon Race	(2nd Year)	E. Lowson	
"	"	(1st ")	N. Gambles	
Blind Chariot Race	(2nd Year)	I. Banks, J. Parry, and M. Carless	
"	"	(1st ")	S. Piggott, E. Pottage, and F. Carter	
Four-legged Race	(2nd Year)	C. Antcliffe, M. Button, and G. Smethurst	
"	"	(1st ")	W. Bateman, C. Woodward, and S. Smith	

(In this race the middle one of the three runs backwards).

Skipping Race	(2nd Year)	E. Wilcock
"	(1st ")	W. Hewson

The Missionary Circle during the past year (June 1911—June 1912) has been very successful in its efforts. Meetings were held in College during the winter and spring, and thanks to the industry of the "present student" members, and the generosity of the "past student" members, the sum of £4 was raised, this being an increase of nearly £1 on the previous year's work. As before, the contribution was forwarded to the Universities Mission to Central Africa, and the members of the Circle have the pleasure of knowing that Yusuf Chaka, "a sturdy boy and independent, with good stuff in him," is being trained in the Mission School at Msalabani (Magila), largely, though not altogether, as a result of their efforts. The Rev. W. E. Philpotts writes very gratefully on behalf of the Universities Mission, thanking the members of the Circle for their much-needed help.

E. M. B.

Church Teacher's Benevolent.

The donation sent up this year from the Training College Association amounted to £30. Our 160 votes were divided as follows:—

Miss L. Stanwell	} Old Lincoln students	90
Miss M. Jarvis		30
Mrs. Frost		10
Mrs. Miller (recommended by Miss Conway and Miss Dix)	20
Miss R. C. Banks	5
Miss Marchant	5
		<hr/>
		160
		<hr/>

APPOINTMENTS OF STUDENTS WHO LEFT JULY, 1912.

Andrew, Lucy M.—Temporary appointment, Oldham.

Antcliffe, Cecilia—Racecommon Road Boys', Barnsley. £70.

Armitage, Clarice—Holy Trinity School, Rusholme, Manchester.

£75.

Atkinson, Mabel—Hetton-le-Hole Council, Co. Durham. £80.

Banks, Iris—Lodge Estate Council Boys', West Bromwich. £70.

Bennett, Ethel—Hetton-le-Hole Girls' Council, Co. Durham. £80.

Binner, Dorothy—Burghley Road Central, Highgate Road, London.

£90.

Border, Maud—St. Peter's-at-Gowt's Girls', Lincoln. £70.

Bown, Dorothy W.—Godfrey Erwen Memorial School, Eccles.

Manchester. £65.

Bowskill, Annie L.—Wheatley Hill Girls, Durham. £80.

Brown, Eleanor M.—Lincoln Education Authority. £70.

Brown, Winifred M.—Huthwaite Voluntary School, Mansfield. £75.

- Buck, Doris M.—Oswald Road Council, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester. £75.
- Button, Mary A.—Sharlston National School, Wakefield. £75.
- Carless, Margery—Chicksand Street Girls', Brick Lane, Whitechapel. £90.
- Castle, Gladys L.—Salmon Pastures Co. School, Sheffield. £75.
- Chambers, Edith H.—Nether Street Girls' School, Beeston, Notts. £75.
- Clubb, Dorothy M.—L.C.C. St. John's Road, Girls', Hoxton, London, N. £90.
- Cooke, Matilda—Woodbourn Girls', Sheffield. £75.
- Craven, Bessie B.—Wheatley Hill Council School, Thornley, Co. Durham. £80.
- Cutts, Christabel—Ashby Council Schools. £75.
- Dobson, Edith M. G.—Worksop.
- Drewry, Gladys—Holme Hill Girls', Grimsby. £75.
- Ette, Margaret—St. Barnabas, Cecil Road, Sheffield. £75.
- Evans, Mabel L.—Carbrook Temporary School, Sheffield. £75.
- Gilliat, Marjorie I.—Seaham Harbour Council, Co. Durham. £80.
- Glossop, Gladys E.—Chopwell (East) Council, Infants', Co. Durham. £80.
- Goodin, Beatrice I.—The High School, Bedford House, Ely. £60.
- Hooper, Laura—Lincoln Education Authority. £70.
- Hudson, Jessie—Beverley Road Girls' Council, Hull. £70.
- Hughes, Edith—Abbeydale Junior, Sheffield. £75.
- Ireton, Adeline—Sheffield. £75.
- Kemp, Dorothy L.—Lincoln Education Authority. £70.
- Laycock, Rose—Salmon Pastures Council, Sheffield. £75.
- Littlefair, Gladys—St. Mary's School, Hulme (C.E.), Manchester. £75.
- Lowson, Elsie—Chilton Buildings, Ferryhill, Co. Durham. £80.
- Lowther, Alice—Lincoln Education Authority. £70.
- Marsh, Winifred M.—West Ashby Mixed, Horncastle. *Head.* £75.
- Martin, Mabel—Barnsley.
- Miell, Gwynn A.—Temporary at St. Martin's, Lincoln.
- Moreton, Nellie—Uppingham, Church of England, Infants'. £65.
- Moss, Lily—Edward St. Senior Girls', Grimsby. £75.
- Musson, Edith M.—Lincoln Education Authority. £70.
- Pack, Beatrice M.—Witcham C.E. School, Isle of Ely. *Head.* £75.
- Parry, Jessie—Birmingham Council School. £75.
- Periam, Elsie C.—Tindal Street Infants', Reserve Staff. £80.
- Podmore, Maggie G.—Middleton Street Infants' Council School, Hull. £70.
- Power, Elsie M.—Collycroft Church of England. £75.
- Robson, Ethel G.—St. John's School, Grimsby. £75.
- Sergeant, May E.—Darnall Road Council, Sheffield. £75.
- Shoosmith, Emily M.—Warsboro' Common Council School, Barnsley. £75.

- Shrewsbury, Emily—Clown, near Chesterfield. £75.
 Smethurst, Gladys M.—Northmoor Church School, Oldham.
 £70.
 Southwell, Edith—All Saints, Infants', Sheffield. £75.
 Spencer, Elsie—Southmoor Road Infants' Council, Hemsworth.
 £75.
 Staples, Dora—St. Paul's Mixed School, Grimsby. £75.
 Tate, Janet H.—Springfield Council Infants', Sheffield. £75.
 Taylor, Phyllis—Silver Street Girls' School, Grimsby. £75.
 Village, Lydia—Carbrook Council School (Girls'), Sheffield. £75.
 Warner, Phyllis W.—Lancastrian Council, Sheffield. £75.
 Wheldon, Mabel—Hunslet Parish Church School, Leeds. £75.
 Wilcock, Effie—Netherthorpe Council Girls: Sheffield. £75.
 Williams, Ada A.—Northorpe School, Gainsborough. *Head.*
 £67 10s., and house, etc.
 Williamson, Mary E.—Beech Street Council School, Eccles, Lan-
 cashire. £65.
 Wortley, Marguerite—Carbrook Church of England, Sheffield. £75.
 Wright, Edith E.—Winlaton Infants' Council, Newcastle. £80.

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OFFICERS FOR THE YEAR.

- HEAD STUDENT.—Marian Cockshaw.
 CHAPEL WARDENS.—Second Year: Kathleen Allen, Dora Hartley.
 First Year: Hilda Marsh, Alice Moxon.
 MUSIC.—Florence Kesteven, Amy Pigott.
 COLLEGE MAGAZINE CLUB.—Librarians: Winifred Bateman, Bea-
 trice Smith. Collector: Gwendoline Atherton.
 COLLEGE LIBRARIANS.—Reference Library: Miss Bedford. Fiction
 and Sunday Library: Miss Butterworth.
 SUB-LIBRARIANS.—Reference Library: Ethel Singleton, Marjorie
 Thurtell. Fiction Library: Winifred Hewson, May Unwin.
 CHAPEL BRASSES.—Bridget Cooper.
 PLANTS.—Mary Cooling, Constance Bingham, Ethel Hutchinson,
 Ethel Pottage, Patty Redfearn.
 INVALIDS (to report).—Hilda Tooley.
 SUPERINTENDENTS:—
 DINING HALL.—Eva Buswell, Ellen Fountain.
 LECTURE HALL.—Helen Brewster.
 COMMON ROOM.—Hilda Cocking.
 FIRST YEAR CLASSROOM.—Florence Carter.
 ART ROOM.—Violet Sparrow.

SCIENCE ROOM.—Madge Bentley.

DRILL HALL.—Nellie Gambles.

APPARATUS.—Alison Penzer.

STATIONERY.—Dorothy Blamey.

FOOD LOCKERS.—Elsie Garlick.

PREFECTS. NELSON HOUSE :—

Upper Eight.—Dorothy Blamey, Amy Pigott.

Lower Eight.—Winifred Hewson, Beatrice Smith.

Nine Room.—Florence Carter, Bridget Cooper.

Upper Five.—Mary Lake.

Lower Five.—Mary Cooling.

Two Room.—May Thompson.

KING HOUSE :—

Upper King.—Dorothy Bradley, Eva Buswell, Lilian Fountain, Gladys Stocks.

Lower King.—Constance Travis, Dora Hartley, Joyce White, Mildred Yates.

WICKHAM HOUSE :—

Upper Wickham.—Marion Cockshaw, May Unwin.

Lower Wickham.—Kathleen Allen, Ethel Pottage.

HEADS OF TABLES :—

No. 1.—Margaret Bentley, Winifred Hewson.

No. 2.—Elsie Garlick, Ethel Singleton.

No. 3.—Hilda Tooley, Joyce White.

No. 4.—Gladys Stocks, Clarice Woodward.

No. 5.—Marion Cockshaw, Violet Sparrow.

No. 6.—Dorothy Bradley, Constance Travis.

No. 7.—Alison Penzer, May Unwin.

No. 8.—Jessie Pinches, Mildred Yates.

No. 9.—Eva Buswell, Ellen Fountain.

* * *

The Editor begs to acknowledge, with thanks, the receipt of magazines from the following colleges and schools :—Warrington, St. Mark's, Lincoln High School, Homerton, Sheffield, Home and Colonial, Avery Hill, Derby, Grahamstown, Norwich.

Death.

* * *

On May 24th, at Ryde, Isle of Wight, suddenly, George May Lowe, M.D., F.R.C.P., Edinburgh, in his 69th year.

Dr. Lowe was for many years Medical Officer of Lincoln Training College.

LIST OF NEW STUDENTS

75

STUDENTS ADMITTED SEPTEMBER, 1912.

NAME.	SCHOOL IN WHICH A PUPIL TEACHER.	QUALIFICATIONS.
<i>a</i> Marian Armitage	..Barrowby C. of E., near Grantham	..Matric. (London) Class II., 1911, Oxford Senior Local 3rd Class Honours 1910
Clara Lees Bagot	..St. Mark's C. of E., Winton, Eccles, Lancs.Matric. (Victoria) Class I., in ordinary subject Eng. Higher Honours 1910
<i>a</i> Elsie Baguley	..Broomhouse Lane, Eccles Old Rd., PendletonPrelim. Cert. Exam. 1912, Distinction in History
<i>a</i> Blanche E. Bannister	C. of E. Girls' School, Scunthorpe	..Prelim. Cert. Exam. 1912
<i>a</i> Elizabeth A. Binns	Ranmoor Council Infants', Sheffield	..Prelim. Cert. Exam. 1912
Charlotte A. W. Brown	Welholme Junior Girls', Grimsby	..Camb. Senior Local 2nd Class Honours, Matric. (London)
Florrie Burridge	..Newhall Council Junior Sch., Sheffield	Prelim. Cert. Exam. 1912
Grace N. Burt	..Kirton Infant School, nr. Spalding	..Prelim. Cert. Exam. 1911, Camb. Senior Local 1911
Elsie J. Butcher	..Keyhouses End. Schools, St. Anne's-on-SeaMatric. Victoria Class II. Oxford Senior Local 1912
<i>b</i> Millicent B. Cank	.. —	..Ox. Sen. Local Exam. 1911, 3rd Class Honours
Dora Carrington	..Osborne St. Council School, Hull	..Ox. Senior Local Exam. 1910
Edna Clarkson	{ Christ's Hospital Terrace School, Lincoln Free School Lane Council, Lincoln	..Ox. Senior Local Exam. 1910
Mabel A. Coltman	..Christ Church School, Burton-on-Trent	Prelim. Cert. Exam. 1912
Ada L. Coop	..Haughton End. School, Retford	..Prelim. Cert. Exam. 1911
<i>a</i> Clarice Crawshaw	..Monks Rd. Council School, Lincoln	..Prelim. Cert. Exam. 1912, Oxford Senior 1911
Edith Crosby	..St. Botolph's Infants' Church School, LincolnOxford Senior Exam. 1910 and 1911
Ethel E. Darnell	..Undenominational Infants' School, LouthPrelim. Cert. Exam. 1912
Muriel S. Entwisle	West Liverpool St. Council School, SalfordPrelim. Cert. Exam. 1911-12
Florence E. Farmer	Tamworth Girls' Council School	..Prelim. Cert. 1909
Margaret Giles	..Cossall National School, Notts..	..Oxford Senior Local Exam., 3rd Class Honours, Distinction in Geography
Amy W. Greensmith	{ Carter Knowle Council School, Infants', Sheffield Woodseats Council School, Sheffield	..Prelim. Cert. Exam. 1912, Oxford Senior Local 1910
Mary A. Grimshaw	Leicester Rd. Council School, Infants', SalfordMatric. (Victoria) II.
Eva Hakes	..Warsop C. of E. School, nr. Mansfield	..Camb. Sen. Local 1909 & 1910
Ada R. Hallam	.. —	Camb. Senior Local 1910
Mabel M. Higgs	..St. Faith's Girls', LincolnOxford Senior Local 1910, Matric. London 1911
May C. Holloway	..Huntingdon Council SchoolCamb. Senior Local 1910, Matric. (London) 1911
Mabel I. Howe	..St. James' Girls' School, Louth	..Prelim. Cert. Exam. 1912
Isabel M. Humphries	Long Sutton Girls' Council School	..Prelim. Cert. Exam. 1912
<i>a</i> Norah K. Jabet	..Yardley Rd. Council School Birm'ham.	..Matric. (Birm.) Class II. 1911
Dorothy F. Johnson	Silver St. Girls' C. of E., Grimsby	..Camb. Senior Local 1911
Winifred Larder	..Barrow-on-Humber C. of E. School	..Prelim. Cert. Exam. 1912
Annie M. Laughton	Tuxford Council SchoolPrelim. Cert. Exam. 1911
Gradys Lennon	..Crookes End. Infants' C. of E., Sheffield	Prelim. Cert. Exam. 1911-12
Martha Lewis	..St. Mark's Infants' C. of E., Oldham	..Prelim. Cert. 1912, Distinction in English and History

LIST OF NEW STUDENTS

NAME.	SCHOOL IN WHICH A PUPIL TEACHER.	QUALIFICATIONS.
Mabel Lynch	..Langsett Road Council, Sheffield	..Prelim. Cert. Exam. 1912, Distinction in Science
Hilda E. Marsh	..All Saints' Infants' School, Gainsboro'	..Prelim. Cert. Exam. 1909
Hilda McCabe	..Halton Bank Council School (Infants' Dept.), Salford..Matric. (Victoria) Class II.
Edith Mellor	.. —	..Matric. (Victoria) Class I.
Fannie M. Metcalf	.. —	..Camb. Senior Local 1911, 3rd Class Honours
Alice M. Moxon	..C. of E. School, Holy Trinity, Louth	..Prelim. Cert. Exam., Distinct. in English 1910 and 1911
Gladys H. Needham	Middleton Street Council School (Infants' Department), HullOxford Senior Local, 3rd Class Honours 1910
Dorothy M. Nichols	..Clarendon Road Council School (Infants' Department), Eccles, Manchester	..Matric. (Victoria) Class II.
Mabel M. Ogle	..Thornton Dale C. of E., nr. Pickering	..Prelim. Cert. Exam. 1911
Alfreda D. Ollerhead	..Horbling Brown's C. of E. School	..Prelim. Cert. 1912
Bertha S. Pearce	..Bracebridge Girls' School, nr. Lincoln	..Oxford Senior Local Exam. 1911
Ethel M. Pexton	.. —	..Prelim. Cert. 1912
Maud Pitcher	..Girls' School, Butterwick, nr. Boston (Infants' Department)Prelim. Cert. 1909 and 1911
Louie Poole	..St. Luke's C. of E., Weaste, Salford	..Prelim. Cert. Exam. 1912
^b Florence M. Ramp-ton	..Hainton C. of E. School, Lincoln	..Camb. Senior Local 1911 and 1912 Oxford Senior Local 1912
Dorothy M. Sammons	..St. John's Infants', Gainsborough	..Prelim. Cert. Exam. 1911-12
E. Doris Shipman	..Norton Lees and Woodseats Council Schools, Meersbrook Bank, Sheffield.	..Matric. (Joint Board, 1911) Class II., Prelim. Cert. Exam. 1912, Oxford Senior Local 1910
^a Carletta E. Shrewsbury	..Stretton Council School, Burton-on-TrentCamb. Senior Local Exam., 3rd Class Honours 1911
^a Lilian Staveley	..St. Andrew's School, WiganOxford Senior Local 1910
Elsie M. Street	..Woodhall Spa C. of E., Lincoln	..Prelim. Cert. 1911 and 1912
Winifred Sullivan	..Marlboro' Road School (Infants'), SalfordMatric. (Victoria) Class II.
^c Edith M. Tear	..St. Nicholas' Girls' and Monks' Road Council, LincolnOxford Senior Local 1909 and 1910
Gertrude Annie Thomas	..Newland Avenue Council, Hull	..Oxford Senior, 1910
Mabel Topham	..Duke Street Girls', Manchester	..Prelim. Cert. Exam. 1911, Distinction in Mathematics, Matric. (Victoria) Class II.
^b Nora M. White	..Cotgrave Cope, Notts.Prelim. Cert. Exam. 1910 and 1911
Lizzie Wightman	..St. Thomas' Mixed School, Salford, Lancs.Prelim. Cert. Exam. 1911-12
Jessie C. Wilson	..Assist. Teacher in Park Rd. Girls' Council, West HartlepoolCamb. Senior Local Exam. 1911, with Matric. Standard
Ada Woolcock	..Long Sutton Council Girls' School	..Prelim. Cert. Exam. 1911 and 1912

^a Sister of old student.^b Niece of old student.^c Cousin of old student.

College Year.

ASSOCIATION MEMBERS.

- Before 1897**—Elizabeth Lowndes (Mrs. Edwards), Margaret Blair (Mrs. Collitt), Sarah Ann Wright (Mrs. Dawber), Mary Rawding (Mrs. Smith), Harriet Mounteney (Mrs. Stallibrass), Rebecca Haynes (Mrs. Hemsley), Annie Elizabeth Whitworth (Mrs. Hutchinson), Sarah Pearson, Alice Kent (Mrs. Howe), Elizabeth Brummitt, Sarah Elizabeth Sutcliffe (Mrs. Watson), Sarah Thorpe (Mrs. Shelton), Margaret Elwell, Emma Shotton, (Mrs. Edward Done), Fanny Utting (Mrs. Norman), Annie Georgina Selvage, Martha Ann Greaves, Ellen Crowther (Mrs. Ralphs), Clara Brummitt, Fanny Burton (Mrs. Milner), Selina Goodwin, Sarah Marjason (Mrs. Gilliatt), Annie Harrington (Mrs. C. J. Robbins), Elsie Robb (Mrs. A. Logsdail), Hannah Bell, Ellen Wilson (Mrs. Hoades), Flora Ford, Lucy Humphreys, Selina Dix, Alice Whiteley, Maud Bourne, Annie Morley (Mrs. Clayton), Maud Etchells (A.T.S.), Jane Platt (Mrs. Dean) (A.T.S.), Ann Hague (Mrs. Holden), Mary Turner, Jessie Bourne, Amy Beddoe, Susannah Brown, Eliza Crossland (Mrs. Barratt), Margaret Parratt, Essie Ruth Conway, Florence White, Eliza Bass, Mary Ellerington (Mrs. Blamey), Eunice B. Turner, Ada Ward (Mrs. Colley), Annie Glover, Ada Mary Whitehead (Mrs. W. G. Wright), Caroline Smith (Mrs. Richardson), Hannah Thomason (Mrs. J. W. Shaw), Frances Annie Elwell, Mary Clayton (Mrs. Marriott), Jane Martin, Frances Wells, Rosa Preston, Emma Johnson (Mrs. Hamer), Frances Calver, Emma Wilkinson, Jessie Hutchinson (Mrs. T. Layne), Sarah Dawes, Eleanor Castle (Mrs. Yates), Florence Aughtie (Mrs. Summerton), Mary Heape, Ada Pepperdine, Kate Barker, Mary Bell, Emily G. Mayall (Mrs. Taylor), Gertrude Whattam (Mrs. Mackinder), Laura A. A. Wilkinson, Emily Whetton, Kate Hoggard (Mrs. Slater), Mary Gossling (Mrs. Wolstenholme), Margaret Moreton, Albina Elston, Agnes Radford (Mrs. Hobson), Kathleen Huddleston, Agnes Short, Edith Dawes, Gertrude Radford, May Kent (Mrs. Hadfield), Elizabeth Robinson, Eleanor Johnson (Mrs. Chester), Ada Aughtie, Emma F. Whattam, Sarah Calver, Eliza Dyson (Mrs. F. T. Clarke), Minnie Potts, Margaret Freeborough (Mrs. Foster-Williams), Frances Crombie, Alice Greening, Frances Bishell (Mrs. Banks), Ruth Wooddin (Mrs. Eayrs), Bessie Dawson (Mrs. Whitfield), Mary Wileman, Annie Meadows, Annie Harvey, Rosa Hill (Mrs. Horton), Mary Crowther, Ethelen King.
- 1897** Kate Whattam, Edith Hales (Mrs. Gossop), Eleanor Walker, Annie Taylor (Mrs. Charles Woods), Marian Trevitt (Mrs. Stevens).
- 1898** Alice Falkinder (Mrs. Handley), Gertrude Kenning, Marianne Thompson (Mrs. Hopf), Minnie Sells, Margaret Harrison, Harriet M. Coales, Jane Eggleston, Alice Upton, Minnie Rimmington (Mrs. Russon), Ada Rimmington, Rose Naylor (Mrs. Tom Carter), Winifred Brown, Emily Ayres, Eleanor Walpole (Mrs. Gough).
- 1899** Ada Brown, Bertha Wilding (Mrs. Moxon), Florence Howard, Annie Amelia Harrison, Augusta Tanner, Margaret A. Glenn, Susannah Dewis (Mrs. Pendlebury), Helen M. Simons, Lily A. Mottram (Mrs. B. Clark), Ethel Rose Stapleton (Mrs. Hunter), Marian S. Grundy (Mrs. Watson), Alethea Hildred, Emily Wales (Mrs. T. Wayman,) Mildred Vaughan, Ada Miriam Johnson, Alice Child, Gertrude Stallibrass (Mrs. A. C. Clark) Edith Mary Hibbitt, Grace Harlock, Mary Simmonds.
- 1900** Alice Mackintosh, Rose Knowlson, Alice Perkins, Georgina Walker, Amy Wright, Lucy Roberts, Daisy Jenner, Annie Bird (Mrs. Frank Derry), Edith Newton (Mrs. Williams), Alice Shirley (Mrs. Garner), Florence Scarlett.

- 1901 Mary Bannister, Annie Bugg, Ethel Bimrose, Beatrice Boulton, Cerise Cameron, Margaret Cooper, Marian Clayton (Mrs. Tyas), Kate Chapple, Mary Dent, Jessie Drake, Henrietta Griffiths, Florence Harrand (Mrs. Southwick), Clarice Hughes, Emma Austen, Alice Langford, Jennie Leonard, Ethel March Mrs. Umeauff), Ita Peet, Elsie Piper (Mrs. Vaughan), Elizabeth Pendlebury, Ethel Riley, Jessie Wilson (Mrs. N. R. Hilton).
- 1902 Katherine Antcliffe, Mary E. Arscott (Mrs. Tilbrook), Edith Barker, Gertrude Bradwell, Mary Brewer (Mrs. Glossop), Emma Brewin, Mabel Bromhall (Mrs. Meech), Ethel Budd, Mary Burley, Phoebe Bury, Frances Clarke, Elsie Dawtrey, Annie Drury, Eleanor Donson, Minnie Fèvre, May Hulse, Maud Johnson, Gertrude Judd (Mrs. Burnicle), Edith Meats, Marjorie Mullins (Mrs. Longden), Helen Pearce, Sarah Parkes, Mary Parkes, Margaret Partridge, Annie Porter (Mrs. H. J. Watson), Ethel Radford, Annie Roberts, Ellen Roberts (Mrs. Pysfinch), Lallah Robertson (Mrs. Bairstow), Annie Schofield, Sarah Shepherd (Mrs. A. W. Woods), Isabella Shiach, Ellen Simpson, Alice Smith, Nellie Smith, Ruth Spencer, Lilian Underhill, Kate Webb, Ethel Willdig.
- 1903 Graëme Armstrong (Mrs. Luke Dixon), Ada Ashton, Evelyn Bakewell, Emily Barker, Elsie Beeching, Edith Berry, Elsie Botterill (Mrs. Stewart), Edith Burley, Margaret Clarke (Mrs. Vaughan Jones), Lilian Corbett, Mary Croasdale, Ada Doodson, Amelia Gascoigne (Mrs. Berry), Irene Gelsthorpe (Mrs. S. G. Turner), Rosa Gouldthorpe, Margaret Heritage, Frances Holmes, Jenny Hendry (Mrs. Hornsby), Amy Holroyd, Gertrude Holroyd, Elsie Hunt, Frances Inman, Julia Jarvis, Ada Johnson (Mrs. Braithwaite), Frances Eveline Johnson, Beatrice Leighton, Gertrude Machan (Mrs. Frank Hepworth), Helen Marden (Mrs. Sanderson), Agnes Marriott, Edith Millard, Elsie Newill, Amy Oakes, Ethel Ogden, Ethel Peacock, Gertrude Pearson, Jane Pollard, Mary Rawcliffe, Gertrude Salt, Christine Skinner, Celia Smith (Mrs. Ringham), Florence Stephenson, Elinor Stewart, Mabel Stuttle, Margaret Toulmin, Annie Turner (Mrs. Thickett), Maggie Walker, Nellie Walker, Bessie Watson, Annie Waugh, Frances Wilkinson (Mrs. Henry Strong), Florence Williams, Ruth Wilson (Mrs. A. E. Jones), Edith Wood, Margaret Wood.
- 1904 Mary Antcliffe, Margaret Arscott, Bertha Bannister, Eveline Best, Emily Mary Brown, Violet Brown, Gwendoline Clapp, Frederica Clissold, Maud Collitt, Florence Davies (Mrs. Hargrave), Ethel Dent, Lilian Dickinson, Alethea Durant, Mabel Fountain, Ethel Gibbs, Edith Halliday, Mabel Hamm, Mary Hoole, Eleanor Ives, Sarah Kenworthy (Mrs. Kirk), Ethel Maguire, Ethelind Morris, Alice Muddimer, Hilda Oliver (Mrs. Arthur Smith), Mabel Panton, Edith Parlett, Elsie Penzer, Janet Pressick, Rachel Rawnsley, Kate Richardson, Edith Sheckell (Mrs. W. F. Firth), Gertrude Smith, Florence Tipping, Theodora Trotter, Rose Wade, Eva Waller, Winifred Waller, Ethel Ward, Maud Weaver, Ruth Wheatcroft, Elsie Wilkinson, Constance Williams, Emily Wood, Matilda Wood.
- 1905 Elizabeth Bailey, Helena Bott, Ethel Brickell (Mrs. Lee), Elizabeth Bunting, Elizabeth Burge (Mrs. Lewis), Ada Clarke, Elizabeth Comer, Florence Dawe, Bertha Dickens, Ethel Drury, Ethel Fox (Mrs. C. Lord), Ida Gibbon, Lilian Gibbs, Dorothy Gibson (Mrs. Deighton), May Gibson (Mrs. Stamp), Lily Gouldthorpe, Jennie Greenep, Ida Hartley, Margaret Harvey, Lilian Henchcliffe, Ethel Heslop, Eva Hinton (Mrs. A. Dodd), Ellen Hornsby, Mabel Househam, Jessie Jones, Charlotte Langford (Mrs. Stephens), Jessie Linnell, Laura Mann, Rose

1905—*contd.*

Mawer, Beatrice Mortlock, Mabel Noble, Violet Nuttall, Elizabeth Polwarth, Madeline Reader, Lily Richardson, Isabel Rigby, Lilian Rosson, Hilda Seymour (Mrs. Layton), Louise Shirley (Mrs. P. W. Goodwin), Gertrude Sivil (Mrs. Feakes), Maud Stimson, Jessie Stringer, Erica Stuart, Lucy Thurlby, Edith Tomlinson, Dorothy Walker, Gertrude West, Louisa White, Sarah Winnall.

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

1907 Sarah Ainley, Margaret Antcliffe, Edith Atkin, Katherine Bice (Mrs. W. E. Newell), Mary Caine, Muriel Carr, Emily Clayton (Mrs. Tingley), Mary Cook, Maud Cotton, Mary Coxon, Frances Crompton, Blanche Davey (Mrs. A. L. Robinson), Florence Dixon, Beatrice Dobson, Mary Dodgson (Mrs. Melhuish), Elizabeth Doodson, Mildred Ellisson, Agnes Garratt, Marion Golby (Mrs. Tite), Mildred Gosling, Bessie Hague, Ethel Henry, Ada Hinton, Elsie Hollom, May Hopper, Edith Hurry, Metta Jabet, Mary Jackson, Nora Kimbell, Florence Milner (Mrs. McClelland), Marie Moore, Clara Mountford, Wilhelmina Nunn, Mary Palin, Louisa Peart, Maud Pell, Marion Percy (Mrs. E. L. Driver), Dorothea Playl, Annie Reddish (Mrs. Leaman), Magdalen Ross, Annie Royce, May Shapley, Alice Smith (Mrs. Thomas Goulding), Frances Thomas, Florence Tue, Edith Wand, Gertrude Watson (Mrs. W. F. Morriss), Lilian Westland, Margaret Wickham, Margaret Wilson, Daisy Wyatt, Alice Yeomans.

1908 Edith Aliband, Annie Bailey (Mrs. J. Lees-Stubbs), Emily Bielby, Bessie Burrans, Hannah Burton, Elsie Clifton, May Clifton, Lilian Clifton (Mrs. Walter Watson), Mary Cox, Vera Cross, Ada Evans, Edith Farmer, Dorothy Field, Alice Fisher, Nancy Flowers, Annie Gawthorpe, Amelia Gillatt, Katie Hebblewhite, Kathleen Hewitt, Annie Hutchinson, Maude Jackson, Katharine Johnson, Laura King, Jennie Kitchen, Lena Little, Jessie Maguire, Winifred Marden, Beatrice Marshall, Phyllis Paget, Alice Payne, Clara Poole, Etta Powell, Jessie Pritchett, Esther Rawcliffe, Elsie Roberts, Gertrude Rowe, Clarice Rushforth, May Samuels, Kessie Sanders, Katie Searby (Mrs. A. Stammers), Nora Seward, Elsie Shoubridge, Gertrude Spencer, Jean Stewart, Ethel Stokes (Mrs. Wardle), Emily Taylor, Edith Thompson, Winifred Westland, Edith Whitehead, Annie Whitham, Hilda Willett, Rose Wilson (Mrs. R. Kaspar), Bessie Withey

1909 Mary E. Atkin, Margaret Baker, Emily Baldock, Beatrice Bambridge, Jennie Beevers, Nellie Beevers, Ethel Bellamy (Mrs. Gromke), Gladys Blake, Jessie Brooks, Maud Broome, Mary Clarke (Mrs. Stacey), Laura Clifton, Eveline Codd, Dora Davison, Florence Dickens, Ivy Ellis, Ruth Flowers, Ethel Fountain, Edith French, Bertha Freshney, Helen Grosvenor (Mrs. Barron), Margaret Heath, Etta Hollywood, Eva

1909—*contd.*

Hudson, Alice Iddon (Mrs. Seed), Rosa Jackson, May James, Clara Jordan, Daisy Kingan, Ettie Kirby, Ivy Kirk, Edith Milner, Edith Mobley, Winifred Moss, Grace Neale, Florence Neaverson, Mabel Newton, Elsie Norris, Maria Ogden, Kate Ogle, Margaret Parks, Lucy Parry, Lottie Reddish, Gladys Reville, Winifred Searby, Dorothy Staniforth, Amy Stimson, Dorothy Taylor, Annie Village, Ellen Wales, Alice Walkden, Florence Watson, Lucy Watson, Florence Webb, Mary Wilkinson, Emmie Winkup, Alice Wood, Dora Wright, Jessie Wright.

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

1911 Elsie Adderley, Elsie Allen, Edith Archer, Alice Atkin, Vera Banks, Edith Barwell, Gladys Bentley, Edna Binns, Hilda Birkett, Constance Brayford, May Brooks, Rhoda Brunning, Helen Carless, Annie Carter, Kathleen Crawshaw, Alice Dawson, Sarah Dickinson, Elsie Edwards, Annie Gouge, Hebe Gray, Bessie Guy, Mary Hardwick, Edith Hardwick, Louisa Hardy, Jessie Herringshaw, Annie Hicks, Mabel Jabet, Gertrude Jeans, Bertha Jenkyns, Margery Kirk, Majorie Lomax, Annie Lovell, Rosamond Maltby, Kate Marriott, Teresa McCormack, Muriel Mills, Amy Moore, Ivy Moss, Elizabeth Oulton, Annie Palin, Ella Pigott, Jean Polwarth, Elsie Price, Bessie Rowson, Blanche Sampson, Tilly Stanley, Florence Stott, Greta Taylor, Alice Topham, Gertrude Walker, Leila Walsh, Alice Walton, Dorothy Webb, Brenda Willett, Louie Williams, Edith Wood, Florence Wright.

1912 Lucy Andrew, Cecilia Antcliffe, Clarice Armitage, Mabel Atkinson, Iris Banks, Ethel Bennett, Dorothy Binner, Maud Border, Dorothy Bown, Annie Bowskill, Eleanor Brown, Winifred Brown, Doris Buck, Mary Button, Margery Carless, Gladys Castle, Edith Chambers, Hilda Clifton, Dorothy Clubb, Matilda Cooke, Bessie Craven, Christabel Cutts, Edith Dobson, Gladys Drewry, Margaret Ette, Mabel Evans, Marjorie Gilliat, Gladys Glossop, Beatrice Goodin, Laura Hooper, Jessie Hudson, Edith Hughes, Adeline Ireton, Dorothy Kemp, Violet Laman, Rose Laycock, Gladys Littlefair, Elsie Lowson, Alice Lowther, Winifred Marsh, Mabel Martin, Gwynn Miell, Nellie Moreton, Lily Moss, Edith Musson, Beatrice Pack, Jessie Parry, Elsie Periam, Maggie Podmore, Elsie Power, Janet Reade, Ethel Robson, Ethel Sergeant, Emily Shoemith, Emily Shrewsbury, Gladys Smethurst, Edith Southwell, Elsie Spencer, Dora Staples, Janet Tate, Phyllis Taylor, Lydia Village, Phyllis Warner, Mabel Wheldon, Effie Wilcock, Ada Williams, Mary Williamson, Marguerite (Cissie) Wortley, Edith Wright, May Yeomans.

