

NORTH LONDON COLLEGIATE SCHOOL
FOR GIRLS,
SANDALL ROAD, CAMDEN ROAD, N.W.

Our Magazine.

EDITED BY MRS. HILL.

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OUR MAGAZINE.

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THE TERM'S MOTTO.

“In studies, whatsoever a man commandeth upon himself, let him set hours for it; but whatsoever is agreeable to his nature, let him take no care for any set times; for his thoughts will fly to it of themselves; so as the spaces of other business or studies will suffice.”—*Bacon, “Of Nature in Men.”*

EDITORIAL.

ALL our readers know how much this Magazine owes to Miss Burstall, who with Miss Toplis has held the post of Editor since June, 1887. Miss Toplis resigned at the end of 1893, and now, owing to the pressure of work, we are to lose Miss Burstall's valuable help. For many years “Our Magazine” did not pay its expenses (the deficit was always met with her usual generosity by Miss Buss); at Christmas, 1894, there was a surplus of £11! It is difficult for anyone who has not tried the editing of even a School Magazine to realize the time and trouble it requires. These Miss Burstall has given ungrudgingly. But while thanking her most sincerely for all she has done in the past, we venture to beg her not to desert us wholly in the future, and if she is no longer to appear as Editor that she will certainly continue to be a contributor.

OUR NEW HEAD MISTRESS.

“At their meeting on Tuesday last, the Governors unanimously elected Mrs. Bryant, D.Sc., Head Mistress of the North London Collegiate School for Girls, in succession to Miss Buss, deceased. Mrs. Bryant has long been connected with the School, and is

intimately acquainted with the plans and wishes of the late Head Mistress, and we are assured that under her able guidance, the School will maintain the foremost position which it has always taken in the education of girls."

Such is the formal notice sent to the press, of the fact which will, we are sure, be welcome to every reader of "Our Magazine." On Wednesday, July 10th, the Rev. A. J. Buss, as Clerk to the Governors, made the announcement to the School after prayers, adding that for himself he must say that there was no one he would rather see in his sister's place. Before his speech was over, the girls had burst into spontaneous applause, which spoke their feeling, but he concluded by calling for three cheers for the new Head Mistress. We gave it, heartily enough, though our voices were but a poor index to our joy. Mrs. Bryant in replying said that she could not make a speech then; she had made many a one before from that platform, and would doubtless make many another; but the girls would know how dear the interests of the School, and of every girl in the School, were to her heart. It was a very quiet and very simple ceremony; there was something of the sweetness and ease of home in it all, and indeed we all felt as if we were a family rather than a School; and as in the beautiful and sacred life of home we do not speak our loyalty and devotion, but act on them as principles so certain as to need no expression, so it was here. The day was a very happy one, everyone went about her work with a new impulse of earnestness, a new assurance of peaceful continuity. For the rest, the future will speak, and the past is witness that the future will be good.

S. A. B.

In Memoriam.

AN ADDRESS TO THE SCIENCE CLUB.

THIS meeting of the Science Club has been called with the object of electing new officers. Such a constantly recurring necessity for "speeding the parting" Captain or Secretary or Treasurer, as the case may be, is one of the trying things about school life. And yet as a rule, though we cannot help regretting constant breaks-up, we say good-bye cheerfully; for those whom we lose are leaving us in

the natural order of things, and going to enter upon a wider, fuller life of greater opportunity. We feel it is right and good that they should go. Work *here* is ended; work *there* awaits them, and opportunity, and happiness we hope. Some must go, but others are ready to take their place, and though it always seems as if the new girls were *such* little girls compared with what the old had been, still the world wags on.

But to-day we have more than this ordinary and, as it were, natural blank to fill up. I think you all know that besides the Secretary whom we are losing because Eva Blyth has left school, the Science Club has lost its Founder and President. This seems a fitting opportunity to say a little about Miss Heath. Of course I can only speak of her from one side, but there are some things I should like to say about her. I did not know her till I came to teach here three and a half years ago, and we were both of us so fully occupied, that it was only gradually we came to know one another. Now that the opportunity has gone by, I feel how much more I might have made of it, for indeed I think Grace Heath had one of the sweetest dispositions I ever encountered. To me coming in as a stranger to share work which she had been doing already for some time, she was invariably so gentle, so kind, so unassuming, so willing to adapt herself to my ways, so helpful in every difficulty. Looking back I am glad to think that this friendship was never marred by one harsh or hasty thought or word, but indeed it would have had to be a quarrelsome person to quarrel with Grace Heath. I am always glad to think that her name was Grace, for it suited her so well. Her gentle, helpful manner, what can one call it but gracious? and I think the most striking characteristic of that outward presentment which some of us got to love so much was its gentle grace. I soon began to find what a conscientious and painstaking teacher she was as I saw the trouble she would take to illustrate her lessons. Till one begins to teach oneself one does not realize how much trouble and thought is involved in this kind of thing; so that here perhaps I could appreciate her better than you could.

I think it was in connection with the Science Club that she first talked to me about her ideas with regard to learning science. But here it is difficult to separate her intellectual ideas from that strong fearless devotion to truth and what she thought duty, which was her

chief moral quality. Truth for truth's own sake, knowledge of truth at first hand—these were her leading ideas, and they were adopted by her with a noble enthusiasm which made her very indignant with cram for examinations and all the spirit of greedy commercialism, trying to learn a little, just enough and not a bit more than is necessary, and not to know, but to get some worldly selfish benefit out of the information. I think she despised this sort of thing as one despises a person who tries to be friends with someone not because they love that person, but because they hope to get some benefit. Grace Heath loved truth, and constantly rebelled against any mere attempt to use it for low ends. I know that her constant aim in teaching was to awaken a love for truth and to show the way of working to get at truth, to present material to her pupils and to show them how to work upon it themselves with their own minds, never taking things for granted to save trouble, but honestly and fearlessly thinking the whole thing out—finding out all we can, and when we cannot find out more, saying so. Truth is infinite, we can only know a little; it is no shame to be ignorant, but we lose our power of really knowing anything if we once get the habit of being insincere as to what we know and how we know it. This habit of trying to get hold of knowledge by cheap second-hand methods for second-rate motives was one she steadily set her face against.

She wrote to me in the end of February and speaking of the Science Club said, "I hope the girls will work at the Club. They don't realize, and I suppose one can hardly expect them, what a value it is to do a little piece of independent work and what a generous study the life of Nature is. There is such a large return, isn't there? I am so glad we both like it."

And the same spirit of rebellion against unreality she carried into social matters. She believed fervently in the universal brotherhood of man and did all in her power to work towards a state of society which shall express this better than the alas! largely selfish and money grubbing society of to-day. Her sister told me that when she was dying a servant in the house at Le Cannet came to her and said, "J'ai toujours aimé Mademoiselle. Elle ne m'a jamais traité comme une menagère mais toujours comme une amie." I think love of truth and social enthusiasm were the two dominant passions of her life. I wonder of how many women this can be said? To say this

with truth means so much ; for I suppose it was because her mind was full of noble enthusiasm for great things outside herself that she seemed with all her gentleness so full of dignity and so absolutely devoid of any trace of meanness.

Lately, alas ! only too lately, I began to realize the tenderly affectionate side of her character, that she loved people dearly and that she cared to be loved. She was so delightfully artistic looking. Do you remember the greeny grey dress she wore last year, that seemed to match her eyes in colour, so that they flashed out from an exactly harmonious background ? It always gave me pleasure to see her in that dress, and once when I had flowers that seemed to complete the picture I stopped and pinned them in her dress ; I thought she would consider the matter too trivial and almost despise the idea, but to my surprise she was greatly pleased, and referred more than once later to the matter, showing that she too cared to be cared for even in little things. Again last summer she talked to me a good deal of her home and sisters, and I found how very fond she was of her home, and how devoted especially to one dear companion sister. She told me of her plans for the summer holiday, which she spent in Edinburgh, attending a summer session of the University there. She made many friends and had one of the happiest times of her life, picnicing on the Pentland Hills, taking scientific walks with Professor Geddes, discussing the fundamental unity of all science—learning to row on the Forth. Life seemed very bright and to be opening out to more and more happiness and usefulness. And then—I can hardly bear to speak to you of the rest, for though my loss is small compared with that of others, I too have lost a friend, “faithful and just to me,” one who was more and more a friend as time went on.

She caught a bad cold just before School began again and never got over it. She was evidently and painfully ill, but at first the doctor thought it was not serious and encouraged her to keep on at School. At last in the beginning of November it was decided that there was a threatening of consumption and she must give up work at once, and winter abroad. I only saw her once more, and then it was wonderful that she could have kept up so long, for she seemed to have no strength left. She sat there so weak yet still so bright, and talked of Dr. Armstrong’s chemistry class and the flora of the South of France as well as her cough would let her. She was so

fond of home, and yet it was impossible for even her specially loved sister to go away with her. I hoped she would have much pleasure in the beautiful surroundings and climate of her place of exile. She did write once "I am so glad you know the look of the olives against the blue sky; you can sympathize." But she never was well enough to really be out much to enjoy it. Ten weeks she was in her room. She was alone, except for those who had grown to love her there, as indeed they all had, and especially her nurse. She got a little better and went out once and then—the doctor telegraphed home to say she could only live twelve hours. Think what it must have been to be there far away from everyone—to know that all her life here with its hopes and aims was at an end—to look forward alone to the great change! It is a comfort to think her sister arrived to be with her some days before she died.

Even at this time she thought of us. She dictated to the doctor many messages of love; amongst other things he wrote down—"Her school children—she would like them to be told that she has also been thinking much of them. She would like them to be told once more from her that it does not so much matter what they learn as how they learn it. That they ought to give their whole heart to finding out truth—all being a revelation." Her sister told me that in her last hours of semi-consciousness she talked constantly of you all, more than of anything else.

I began by saying that we generally say good-bye to those leaving us at School cheerfully, because we know they are entering on a wider, fuller life of greater opportunity. I cannot be quite cheerful to-day, for I feel so much that I have lost a real friend whom I hoped to have for many years. But for the rest, I know no one who has lived the life here more faithfully, no one who, however unfinished her work may seem, better deserved the Master's "Well done, good and faithful servant." I can only think of her as promoted to higher life, leaving us her last special message—That we ought to give our whole hearts to find out truth—all being a revelation.

EDITH AITKEN.

Those who had come into close contact with Miss Heath will feel a sense of great personal loss in her death. As an old pupil I can

scarcely realize what School is like without her. We all knew she was very delicate, but until last autumn we did not know how ill she was, and we had been hoping all through the winter that she might be spared to come back to us again. Then came the news that she was worse, and her sister went out to her. She suffered a great deal, as she could never lie down, but her mind was wonderfully clear, and she sent messages through her sister to all her friends, telling them she was thinking of them all. The ladies in the house where she was staying were devoted to her, and when she passed away on the 7th of April, even the housemaid felt she had lost a friend.

Miss Heath was a born teacher. She put her whole self into her subject, and made it interesting. Her chief aim in teaching was to make us think, and for this reason she objected very strongly to the system of working simply for examinations, because of its tendency to produce work all of one pattern, without real interest and attention being given to the subject. Chemistry was the subject she devoted most of her time to. She was enthusiastic about it, and tried to make all her pupils so, to develop their faculties of thinking and working out everything for themselves. This was especially so in the practical work in the laboratory. She tried to insist on each one doing the work for herself, and understanding each experiment and the reason for it, so that we should not be content with learning what the results should be.

Her great point was thoroughness and accuracy in work. If there had been time she would have liked us to do every experiment with exact quantities, because we should learn so much more, and the work would be more carefully done; but with examinations before us, this was almost impossible.

It was one of Miss Heath's great ambitions to settle down in a country village, and work up a School for the children of those engaged in farm life. She wished to teach them subjects outside the ordinary curriculum of the Elementary School, to widen their interests and develop individuality and thought. Whether she would have been able to carry out this plan if she had lived we cannot tell, but it was a noble ideal, and it would have been work in which she with her great gifts might have succeeded where others could not.

Miss Heath has gone, but she has left behind her a memory and an influence which will not soon fade away, and she will always be

remembered by her old pupils with love and gratitude for the high ideals she set before them, and for the influence of her example.

DORA E. L. BUNTING.

Girls who would like to have photographs of Miss Heath are requested to give in their names to Agnes Robertson. Price:— Large size, 5s., carte-de-visite, 1s.

THREE LADIES IN ALGIERS AND TUNIS.

THE direct route from England to Algiers is through Paris and Marseilles; and from the latter excellent steamers run daily to Algiers, the voyage occupying about 36 hours, varying with the vessel and the state of the weather. Undoubtedly the best view of Algiers is obtained as you approach it from the sea. It appears from a distance like a succession of dazzling white steps or terraces rising from the water, so massed together that they look as if cut from one block of marble, forming a really imposing mass of buildings. The hills and valleys round about Algiers are all beautiful with gardens and country seats, little white houses and Turkish palaces, shaded with a variety of fruit trees and evergreens and all having a delightful prospect towards the sea. We are in the "land of Kismet." The best place to watch all the queer people who meet in it, is the Place du Gouvernement. What fine and stately figures are the Arabs though they are mostly in rags! and the Kabyles, the Moors and Jews, and the Negroes, some of whom are absolutely black, some of lighter shade, are always here in evidence. Then those strange looking women all in white, their legs like two moving bolsters, and the face cloth drawn across their features with only a slit left for the eyes, how new and strange to newly landed Europeans!

The streets are tortuous and irregular, and so steep as to be inaccessible for carriages, but are cool and shady, owing to their extreme narrowness and the height of the houses on each side. The longest of them, the Rue de la Kasbe, is ascended by 497 steps! The houses are perfectly symbolical of the private life of the occupants; everything like external decoration is studiously avoided, whilst the interior is picturesque and elegant. The outer door usually gives entrance to a vestibule, on each side of which is a stone

bench divided off by marble or stone columns supporting the graceful flat arch peculiar to Algiers. Here it is that the master receives his male friends. Beyond this is the open court, generally paved with marble or tiles, and having an arcade running round it formed by the pillars and the horse shoe arches which support the upper gallery. The pavement of the court enclosed by the arcade is usually sunk a few inches in order to carry off the rain water. In this central court, the great domestic festivities such as marriages, etc., are held. The rooms around it are more or less of a public character and are not used as dwellings by the family, they are usually kitchens, store rooms, baths, etc. The more private apartments are all above, leading off from the upper gallery, which is similar to the lower one, but having between the pillars an elegant wooden balustrade, just high enough to lean upon. The rooms have generally large folding doors reaching from the floor to the ceiling, with a smaller aperture in each leaf which may be used when it is too cold to keep the whole open. In the older houses you will meet with very delicately carved woodwork and mouldings in plaster of most artistic design, especially on the ceiling—in the old days it is said the Turkish or Arab owners used to make some sort of shake-down on the floor, and lie there for hours, smoking, or delighting themselves with the ornaments above their heads!

One house seems very like another, though they are distinguishable as being larger or smaller, or as the property of a richer or poorer owner, or by the beautiful marble pillars or cheap white washed ones as the case may be. All are white and seen from the sea have much the appearance of a flight of white steps ascending from the port to the Kasbah (or Citadel). Dr. Shaw, who was Consular Chaplain at Algiers about 1720 and whose travels and researches in Barbary are deservedly esteemed for their accuracy and fidelity, illustrates many passages of Scripture by reference to Moorish architecture. For instance, "the middle of the house" (Luke v. 19), where our Saviour was in the habit of giving instruction to his disciples, was no doubt the open Moorish court or "oust" (literally, waist, middle). This in summer was covered over with a curtain running on ropes, to which the Psalmist may have alluded in speaking of "spreading out the heavens like a curtain." The Prophet Jeremiah exactly describes Algerian houses when he says that they "were ceiled with cedar and painted with vermilion."

Anyone who has seen a Moorish court can understand the allusion to Samson having pulled down the pillars of the Temple of Dagon, while "three thousand persons were on the roof to see him make sport." Indeed, a walk through the old town where such illustrations occur is of greater interest to the stranger than any of the sights of modern Algiers. But perhaps what most strikes the traveller from Europe on first walking through the city is the variety and picturesqueness of costumes he meets in the streets. French soldiers and officers, Zouaves and Turcos with their smart uniforms, the Jew with dark coloured turban, jacket and sash and blue stockings and shoes, the Moor in smartly embroidered jacket, full short trousers and white stockings, bare-legged Arabs wrapped in their white burnouses, Negroes from the Soudan, Spaniards and Maltese—all jostle one another in the crowded streets, while Moorish women dressed in white with full trousers, slippers, and their faces covered to the eyes, mingle with ladies in fashionable toilets, and with Jewesses whose faces are bound with a muslin handkerchief and whose straight silk robes reach from the neck to the slippered feet. In fact, the streets show a curious mingling of Old Testament Patriarchs and the characters in the "Arabian Nights." You turn up some steep alley, with the houses meeting overhead, and some lovely old brass-worked door opens and Morgiana flits out veiled in white with her copper water jar on her shoulder, giving you a momentary glimpse of cool courtyards with slender pillars and bright tiles. The woman in Arab society occupies a position similar to that which she fills in Mohammedan countries; amongst the rich she is the slave of her lord's pleasure, amongst the poor she is the household drudge and the manufacturer of almost everything required in daily use.

"Who has not seen Kabylia has not seen Algeria" is a Kabyle proverb. So after spending four delightful weeks in "la blanche Alger" we started on our journey to the Kabylia Highlands, and found the proverb perfectly true, for no part of Algeria can compare with that magnificent country. Our first stage was Bougie, the chief port of Kabylia. This is the impression of Thomas Campbell, the poet, who visited the country in 1834—"I drop my pen in despair in giving you a description of the grandeur and scenery of the surrounding country of Bougie. No accurate conception can be given of it in black and white. One must see it to be convinced.

I declare that I never before acknowledged the glory of mountain scenery until I came to this delightful spot. Scotchman as I am and much as I love my native country, this statement may be taken as an accurate testimony of my feelings at the sight of these African Highlands, not only much bolder than our own, but they borrow colours from the sun unknown to our climate and they are mantled in clouds of richer dye. The furthest off summits appeared in their snow like the turbans of gigantic Moors, whilst the nearest masses glowed in crimson and gold under the light of the morning." It is said that this town gave its name for the French word for a candle first made from wax exported hence. All the races who have successively inhabited Bougie during 2000 years, Carthaginians, Romans, Vandals, Berbers, Arabs, Spaniards and Turks, have left many traces of their dominion, and the Roman wall is still visible in several places round the town which fell into the possession of the French in 1833. The name Kabyle is given to the people of Berber origin who inhabit the mountains of the littoral; there can still be traced amongst their customs the traditions of *Roman law and municipal institutions, and some have supposed that the crosses which Kabyle girls are in the habit of tattooing on their faces and arms are remnants of the Christian faith, as also perhaps the very different position occupied here by the women to that usual in Mohammedan countries.* In almost all their essential characteristics, the Kabyles are the very opposite of the Arabs; they are neither nomads nor pastoral, but they are strong and industrious, excellent farmers, cultivating their land with the care usually bestowed on market gardens. They are industrious mechanics and manufacture several articles such as pottery and jewellery with great taste and elegance. Moreover, the Kabyle character lends itself more readily to social progress than that of the Arab; he is less distrustful, more industrious and less disposed to that life of lazy indifference which is characteristic of the latter. The Kabylia of Bougie, like those of all the other valleys, have been subject to frequent invasions; but those in a district bristling with savage and rugged mountains had never before 1857 yielded their independence. Entrenched in the villages perched on the crests of almost inaccessible mountains, its inhabitants saw every attempt at invasion arrested at their feet.

From Bougie we started in a landau with three horses abreast for

a two days' drive through the famous Chabet Pass to Setif, along a fine and splendidly engineered French highway. On entering the gorge the first feeling that crosses the mind is the powerlessness of words to depict scenery so grand. A huge defile, about seven miles in length, winds in a tortuous manner between mountains from 5000 to 6000 feet high. At the bottom an impetuous torrent has worn itself a deep and narrow channel, from both sides of which the rocks rise, sometimes almost perpendicularly, sometimes actually overhanging the bed of the river to a height of nearly 1000 feet. So narrow is this gorge, that, although the road is cut in the side at from 100 to 400 feet from the bottom, there is hardly any spot where a stone could not be thrown from one bank to another, and so steep is it, that, before the first track of the road was made by the French, an Arab could not pass along it on foot! The only means of approaching it was by descending and ascending the lateral valleys and exploring a small portion of the main ravine on each side of them. For about half its length the road passes along the right bank, it then crosses to the left side by a curved bridge of seven arches and follows that bank for the rest of its course. There are numerous valleys, each adding its tribute of water to the main stream, often by the most beautiful cascades. Wherever there is a slope sufficient to retain a little earth, it is covered with luxuriant vegetation, and as the road approaches the end of the gorge, trees become more abundant, while maidenhair ferns clothe the rugged rocks for more than half the way through. On a rock where the gorge ends is carved the inscription, "Ponts et Chaussées Sétif, Chabet-el-Akkira, Travaux executés 1863—70."

Our second day's carriage journey was less interesting, but, as Brete Hart says somewhere, "most of the miles stood on end," owing to the nature of the country, till we reached Sétif, the ancient Sitifis Colonia of the Romans. It was formerly one of the most important cities which that nation possessed in Africa, but what remains in the present is entirely modern; and although traces of the ancient walls and ramparts are still visible, most of the Roman ruins which remained at the time of the French occupation have disappeared. We made no lengthened stay here, but proceeded to Constantine, the capital of the province. Its ancient name was Cirta and it was the seat of the Massylian Kings. Constantine cannot be seen till you are close upon it, and the first view from the

railway is disappointing, but it is second to no city in magnificence of situation. To see it to the best advantage it must be viewed from chosen positions, when it shows itself to be a very eagle's nest amidst the rocks ; Nature seems to have constructed it entirely with a view to defence and picturesque effect. It stands upon a plateau high up, and unapproachable on any of three sides. Imagine yourself walking up Beachy Head or Shakespeare's Cliff from the sloping land side. We are on such a gradual slope. Go on and peep over the edge of the cliff, at Constantine on two sides you would peer into a narrow ravine, the river Roumel rushing below, and from its bed the cliff rises perpendicularly nearly 1000 feet. The third side is a steep cliff just like that on which the castle of Edinburgh stands. It has only been in possession of the French since 1837, and like Algiers is divided into an Arab and a French town ; I need hardly add the Arab town is the only one interesting to visitors. The different trades have each a special quarter assigned to them, as at Cairo and Tunis but, as I am about to describe our visit to the latter, we will hasten on. We determined to break the long railway journey of seventeen hours between Constantine and Tunis by a visit to Hammam Meskoustine, having been told that no traveller in Algeria, who could spare the time, should fail to spend a few days there. It was known to the Romans under the name of Aquae Tibilinae, so called from the neighbouring town of Tibilis afterwards Annonna. Some of the Roman baths here cut out of the rock are still used, and the temperature of the water is said to be no less than 203° Fahrenheit! This, taking into consideration the height of the source above the sea level, is just about boiling point ; and is only surpassed by the geysers in Iceland and Las Trincheras in South America. The whole scene is most extraordinary. The surface of the rock where the waters flow in a still waterfall is everywhere thickly encrusted with carbonate of lime as white as marble. They fall in a succession of little cascades into a thickly-wooded glen shut in by hills, and above the cascades are numerous little natural basins of a creamy white colour bubbling over with boiling water. The rock over which the water falls is rough and uneven, owing to the thick calcareous deposit, and looks like a petrified rapid.

The city of Tunis, which is the largest and most commercial in Barbary, stands on an isthmus separating two salt lakes, and was

originally surrounded by a wall, but of this a great part has now disappeared. The native bazaars are most attractive, and notwithstanding all the changes which have taken place around them, still retain their original native character. They are narrow and tortuous, well shaded by the houses above them, and frequently covered with planks. The trades keep together, the principal being the perfumers, and the bazaar where carpets and all manner of gaily coloured garments are exposed for sale, and the saddlers' bazaar full of splendid embroidery on leather. The Resident General has expressed his determination to preserve this part of the town intact, a boon to travellers who enjoy the picturesque. The English Church of St. Augustine is a neat little iron building lined with wood and standing in a pretty tropical garden granted by the Bey. The east window was put in by the English community in memory of John Howard Payne, author of "Home, sweet Home," who was Consul for the United States of America in Tunis, and died there April 1st, 1852.

Naturally one of our first excursions was to the site of the mighty Carthage. This is reached by carriage in two hours. Nothing remains of the great city but a few cisterns and some shapeless masses of masonry, but the situation was singularly well chosen on the shores of a magnificent and well sheltered bay. The French nation have recently erected a Cathedral in a commanding position, and in it is the tomb of Cardinal Lavigerie consecrated by himself, and which all well-wishers of Africa trust may long remain untenanted. The Chapel of St. Louis, erected on the spot where that Prince (Louis IX.) died in 1270, is another object of interest at Carthage, also a most interesting museum formed by the indefatigable explorer and learned archæologist, the Rev. Père Dolattre, one of the White Fathers and Chaplain of St. Louis, who has been occupied in exploring the site of Carthage for many years under the auspices of Cardinal Lavigerie. From Tunis we took the steamer back to Marseilles and were unfortunate in encountering a mistral, which drove us to the wrong side of Sardinia and Corsica, detaining us three nights at sea. We finished a very delightful trip by a little dip into the Riviéra as far as Monte Carlo, too well known by anyone to warrant any further description.

Alice Bellin.

“THE LOST DREAM.” A LAMENT.

I HAVE been dreaming ; now the morn hath come
 The dream, its purport lost, is in the past,
 For with her woven net hath Fancy fled
 And to the soft night winds her thoughts hath cast.
 The waters pass unheeding, streaming on,
 The night hath faded and my dream is gone !

I have been dreaming ; still I see the gold
 Gleam thro' the shadow of the falling rain,
 I hear the mystic music rolling forth,
 The nightingale sing on as if in pain.
 I was but dreaming, and the hours went on,
 And the night faded, and my dream was gone.

I was but dreaming—as the hours went by
 The peaceful night was broke by voices sweet,
 And figures passed me in the western wind,
 Long robed they came, with softly treading feet,
 And ere I knew their purport, daylight shone,
 And the night faded and my dream was gone !

NAOMI SAUNDERS.

THE HUMBLE-BEE'S FUNERAL.

Most likely all of you have heard of “The Butterfly’s Ball and the Grasshopper’s Feast,” but perhaps “The Humble-bee’s Funeral” may be something of a novelty. One day, when I was staying in the country, I went to see some little girls, neighbours of the friends with whom I was staying. There were three of them : one of seven, another of six, and a baby of four years old. They were thorough country children, full of fun, and ready to find amusement in anything. A little six-year-old boy, called Arthur, came in to spend the afternoon. We played in the garden, and then went into a neighbouring wood, in which was a delightful swing, When we were tired of swinging, we came back to the garden.

On our way one of the children espied a humble-bee lying dead beneath a tree. They all crowded round to look, and little Arthur almost wept, when, happily, someone suggested that we should bury it. Several small pairs of hands were ready to dig a hole and search for leaves. The hole was half filled with grass, and tenderly the poor little bee was laid in it and covered up. Then little Arthur, who is looking very solemn, says,

“ Perhaps he was the king of all the bees. The other bees will be glad that he has such a lovely grave,” for bits of chickweed and flowers are being stuck in the little mound.

Then May, the six-year-old girl, says, “ I should like to be buried like this when I die ; isn't it a pretty grave ? ” and again the search for flowers goes on.

Suddenly an idea strikes Arthur, and kneeling down, he begins to sweep away all the dead leaves and pine needles round the mound ; and when asked what it is for, he says that it is for the other bees to come and mourn ; and as a little beetle scuttles across, he cries, “ See, this little beetle *is* coming to mourn ! ” Gladys, the baby, is very much interested, and wishes to bury the beetle too, and to “ catch some more ickle bees to bury,” or else to dig the bee up and bury it again.

“ When I'm grown up,” says Dorothy, the eldest, “ I shall have a hundred bees, and bury them all like this when they die.”

But now all is finished, and Arthur says, “ Now let's sing a song ; ” but no one can think of one sad enough ; and just at this moment the tea-bell rings, and we all run in, and before ten minutes are over, I have no doubt that bees and funerals are all forgotten in the engrossing subject of tea and bread and butter.

MARGARET ROBERTSON.

A DAY IN WORCESTER.

WHILE staying in Malvern last summer, I went for the day to Worcester to visit the porcelain works. We were first shown the flint, felspar (which comes from Sweden), Cornish stone and bone, which compose the clay of which the china is made. Generally the bones used are those of the ox, occasionally human, but never those of the horse. These are all ground down with heavy stones in mills worked by steam, and are then passed through a fine silken sieve. Powerful magnets draw out all the iron before the clay is fit to be moulded.

Then a lump is handed over to the man who works at the potter's wheel, which is almost the same as that used by the Egyptians, and by pressing and manipulating over the revolving wheel with his thumb, he forms cups and bowls, ready to be passed on to dry

before being fired. The handles are made separately, and put on with a thin solution of the clay; in the same way the figures, flowers, etc., are put on the vases and ornaments. After forty-eight hours' baking, the cups are glazed with a preparation made of glass, which is chemically prepared of borax, lead and flint, ground so fine, that it is like cream in its smoothness, so that it will not crack on the surface of the china.

Then they are ready for the decorating department. The painting, enamelling and gilding is all done by hand, and by skilled workmen; women do the polishing and varnishing of the gold with an agate pointed tool or bloodstone. The printing on the porcelain is a quicker process, which we were not shown, but believe the metal plate first prints on paper and then on the china.

The works are most interesting. People know so little of the art producing such beautiful vases and figures in such various shapes and colours. We are accustomed to see and use so much china, that few of us give a thought to the time and labour that is spent in bringing it to such perfection. It is worth a visit to Worcester, if only to see the works.

LUCY HENRY.

PANSIES.

DAME Pansy and her sisters all
Stand dainty and demure,
With kirtles green of homespun sheen
Bee gallants to allure.

My modest little thoughtful flower,
In velvet richly drest,
With purple snood and dark blue hood,
My garden's sweetest guest.

AGNES ROBERTSON.

WINTER—AN ALLEGORY.

'Twas in a wood they met—Autumn, with her fair garb of ruddy gold apparel, and Winter, from whose mantle fluttered the snow-flakes, which, falling to the ground, cover it with a soft, silver quilt, keeping the flowers warm and cosy till cold shall pass and birds

shall sing again, and all the world be once more young. In one hand he bore a wand, which he waved once, and Autumn vanished ; and o'er the world was winter, and on the trees lay a soft covering of silver sheen. On his other arm lay the Christ-child, who brings, at this drear season, great peace and goodwill to the hearts of men. By his side there walked the children's saint and hero, Santa Claus, carrying his load of toys, which he prepares and gives to all good children of the earth.

Time passes, and then comes a day when there is rejoicing in every home, for this is the day of days, when the dearly-loved Christ-child is remembered, and to the little ones are told the stories of the first Christmas Morn, and of the Star of Bethlehem.

Again a period passed, till, above the snow and frost, a snow-drop raised its modest head, and said—

“Look at me, O children, and see, for I have come to herald the fair Spring, who will now soon return to you. Look, and rejoice!”

And the children looked, and said—

“Let us rejoice, for Spring, the flowery Spring, with all her youth, will soon be here.”

Now the time passes quickly, as it will do when hope is in the heart ; and one day, about the time of Winter's passing, he, treading a grove, from which frosts were fast vanishing, beheld in the distance the fair Spring, now bringing to birth sweet strains, which issued from a golden harp, now stooping to whisper to some faded leaf—

“Raise your head, O faded beauty, for I, the Spring you love, am coming.”

Then she looked up and saw Winter, and spake again—

“See, O Winter, Monarch of the snow and ice, I, the Queen of Buds, the giver of life and youth to the poor, cold earth, the lover and bringer of joy and brightness, I am returning to reign once more on earth, where I am loved for this my work.”

But Winter replied, as he faded away like a dream, half-gone, half-remaining—

“You are young and bright and merry, and are loved by all men for it ; yet I also share their love, for I bring joy to their hearts and peace to their souls, as I recall to them the thought of the birth of their Saviour, the Babe of Bethlehem.”

VIOLET ROUND.

THE RIVALS.

ON the last Monday of last term the Literary Society met in the Hall to witness the performance of some scenes from Sheridan's "Rivals" by some of its members. The first scene chosen was the one in which Julia visits Lydia Languish, and hears from her a long story of love and misery. For Lydia is in love with Ensign Beverley, whom she imagines to be penniless, while he is really the rich young Captain Absolute. She has invented a quarrel, alarmed at the unusual smoothness of the course of their love, and before she could make it up with her lover, her aunt and guardian, Mrs. Malaprop, has discovered her niece's secret, and Lydia is being kept a prisoner. She is recounting this to Julia when her aunt enters with Sir Anthony Absolute, who is anxious to arrange a match between Lydia and his son Jack. Lydia proves obstinate, but Mrs. Malaprop promises to do her best to bring the girl to her senses. In the next scene we are introduced to Jack; his father pays him a visit and tells him he must marry, refusing to mention who the lady is till the Captain gives his consent. Jack naturally objects, and thereupon Sir Anthony's violent temper is aroused, and while he professes great coolness, he rates his son roundly, and finally leaves him, swearing never to "call him Jack again." But soon Captain Absolute finds out from his servant, Fag, that the lady his father wishes him to marry is the very one he, as Beverley, is plotting to run away with. He at once submits to his father, who thereupon, as the very height of reward, calls him Jack again, and tells him that the beautiful Miss Lydia Languish is the girl he is to marry. Jack pays a visit to Lydia; Mrs. Malaprop receives him as Captain Absolute, and tells him long stories of the villain Beverley, even reading a letter she has intercepted from Beverley to Lydia, in which she herself is disparaged—which even contains "an aspersion upon her parts of speech." Lydia is delighted to receive a visit from her beloved Beverley, and Mrs. Malaprop suspects nothing. But in the next scene Jack is dragged by his father to pay a visit to the young lady, and before Mrs. Malaprop and Sir Anthony the secret is disclosed. Lydia is horrified to find that there will be no elopement after all; Mrs. Malaprop is enraged to find that Jack Absolute is the author of the offending letter; Jack himself professes to be greatly confused as to his own identity. Even

when the young people are left alone they cannot come to terms. This was the last scene chosen. The parts were very well sustained, and the audience laughed unceasingly. Margaret Turner, as Sir Anthony Absolute, acted the capricious, hot-tempered old gentleman with great success; the scene in which Sir Anthony quarrels with his son was particularly good. Eva Blyth, as Captain Absolute, acted very well; her embarrassment when Sir Anthony was raging and when she paid a visit to Lydia with him, made everyone laugh. Mrs. Malaprop found an able interpreter in Amy Lamborn-Cock; all that good lady's remarkable sayings were well brought out, especially in the scene where she tells Sir Anthony how Lydia was educated and for what reasons. Then we learnt that Geometry is useful as giving a knowledge of contagious countries, and other information equally novel and exciting. The part of Lydia Languish was filled by Hetty Lee, who acted admirably, doing the sentimental novel-reading girl to the life. Louie Thacker, who was to have taken the part of Julia, was absent, but Alice Barber managed to read the part very cleverly, and did all that was possible to cover Louie's absence. Amy Hicks was Lucy, Lydia's maid, and made a good thing out of a small part. Fag, the Captain's servant, was taken by Nora Trayes.

I am quite sure all present very much enjoyed the play, and were sorry when it was over. Our thanks are due to the performers, who gave us an hour's real amusement.

WINIFRED COOPER.

I.—THE MANNERS OF HIGH SCHOOL GIRLS.

AN ATTACK.

A PAPER READ BEFORE THE DEBATING SOCIETY.

"THE young ladies from a school are a class of human beings whom we flatter ourselves we know the instant they are presented to our cognizance." If this were quoted from a flattering account of school-girls, it might equally well find a place in the paper of my friend the adversary. But Dickens is no flatterer; therefore, as the species is so noticeable, its defects must be even more so. The many and varied accusations brought against us school-girls, proceed partly from well-grounded prejudice against the infant germs of

the New Woman, but mostly from a substantial basis of facts. The general charge is that we are, as a class, too "rough and ready." Our manners are brusque, awkward, independent and uppish. This is expressed in our deeds, in our words, even in our carriage. We swing our arms to show our absolute freedom from the trammels of tradition; we push by and obstruct business men to show the importance of our own occupation; we drop our books and umbrellas generally in order to have the satisfaction of seeing one of the sterner sex grovelling on his mother-earth. With royal condescension we bow to the edicts of society so far as to oscillate backwards and forwards in the street on meeting one of our own sex, finally rushing into a collision, irritating and injurious. At school we tear along the corridors, "knocking people down." Large girls annihilate small girls; small girls trip up large girls. Our recognition of persons in the street is at once ridiculous and ungraceful. Many of the teachers we refuse to acknowledge, whether from absurd shyness or absolute lack of manners is a matter of little importance. On meeting a school-mate, a broad grin creeps across our visage and fades away again, but our head either retains its gymnastic perpendicular or else suddenly drops forward, like a pumpkin with a broken stalk. The conduct of some of us who travel by train has been aptly described by the Editor of a well-known evening paper. Speaking of the High School girl he says—"I meet her in the train, where she loves to jump into a carriage, a smoking-carriage by preference, in which ten of the despised sex are already seated. Should one of them be polite enough to offer her his seat she frowns upon him, but takes it. By herself she is taciturn, but should two find themselves in the same compartment they keep up a ceaseless chatter, punctuated with giggles, until the station is mercifully reached. The topic of conversation is usually the mistress."

Complaints are being continually brought against our conversation. First, that we talk "shop." Girls have, and ought to have, interests outside their school-life, and yet much, nay most of our conversation, is confined to school. Among ourselves, our speeches consist largely of criticism on teachers and friends. To quote a popular poet of the day, "It is not so much the thing we say, it's the nasty way we say it." Could not the Divine Right of Kings be

incorporated into our school etiquette, and it be deemed a dis-loyalty to "speak evil of dignities"? With outsiders our conversation is boring. The majority of us either speak not at all or else regale our hearers with talk consisting in great part of such unintelligible expressions as "stall," "imp," "sign" and suchlike. Then our conversation is slangy. A certain amount of this may be allowable, even justifiable; but too much is weariness. Surely there is some golden mean, some *via media*, between the "awfully jolly" style of the masher school-boy on the one hand, and the "quite too pretty" ecstasy of the fashion journals on the other.

Girls may be divided into two classes in point of thought. Firstly, girls with an opinion on everything whether they know anything about it or not; and secondly, girls with an opinion on nothing, "mugwumps," to use the American phrase. The former genus is annoying to elders, the latter irritating to companions. We girls run into extremes in everything, in politics, in dress, in infatuated attachments; and wonderful to relate, we are rather proud than otherwise of this feature. We pounce upon confiding strangers and interrogate them on divers subjects, more for the purpose of displaying our own opinions (especially if they are of democratic tendency), than of obtaining theirs. We entertain an unmitigated contempt for that "neutral animal"—the private pupil; and I am not sure but that this contempt does not often extend to the passing generation. Scientists and economists we delight to honour; adepts in domestic economy and house-work we despise. Ignorant of much, we are, as Dickens says, ignorant of nothing so much as of our own ignorance. Such are we; such are the High School girls of our day, rough, pushing, critical, petty, conceited; such are the girls, "some of them" (I quote from O. Wendell Holmes) "to be recognized as young ladies going forth as missionaries of civilization among our busy people." Cannot our fitness for that exalted office well be questioned? But manners are the outward expression of morals; therefore our morals are defective. The author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," makes the following avowal:—"I do solemnly aver, having seen more than one generation of young girls grow up into womanhood, that the fairest and best specimens of our sex that I have ever known have been among those who have never gone to school, or scarcely ever had a regular governess." If this is to be

so, then our education is a mistake, then we have not realized its alphabet. If this is the general opinion of intelligent observers, then it is high time for reform. I believe the root of the whole matter is self-absorption, selfishness. Therefore I am convinced that all, upon mature consideration, will agree with me in putting the motion to the meeting that the manners of High School girls of the present day are unsatisfactory, offensive, and ought to be corrected.

HETTY LEE.

II.—THE MANNERS OF HIGH SCHOOL GIRLS.

A DEFENCE.

IN considering the subject of the manners of girls who attend public day schools several points have to be noticed. First, what do we mean by manners? We can roughly divide manners into two classes, real heart courtesies and outward conventionality. The first of these is of course the best, for it is as Tennyson says, "the flower and native growth of noble mind." In this connection we cannot do better than quote Miss Thackeray's words:—"A sweet natural manner is a sort of sunshine, lighting up the way and making everyone happy. Even artificial politeness is better than none at all, but it somehow bears the same relation to sunshine that gas lamps do. It is a positive pleasure to remember the charming grace and unconscious well-bred kindness of some people we have come across now and again; the clear, crisp, intelligent precision, soft and yet steady, and that quick, delicate instinct, which is beauty in itself, and does not always belong to the beautiful nor to the best born, but which comes to perfection where the good seed falls into good and fruitful ground."

Very often what Mrs. Grundy calls manners are no more than a mere external polish which causes people to restrain their own feelings and often to efface all individuality in their characters in order to turn a smooth, immobile, complaisant countenance to the world; often crushing back their thoughts and feelings until there are no more of them left. Surely it is more pleasant to feel that a person with whom you are conversing is showing you her real thoughts and feelings, than that she is concealing them from you, and thus gradually learning insincerity in small things, and so after-

wards in greater. The premature veneer, which is so often the result of a boarding school training is, in too many cases, only obtained at the sacrifice of a certain amount of reality, sincerity, and truthfulness in the character, and the result is to make the refinement so absolutely superficial that it is apt to disappear before any very pressing emergency. I give an extract from a story dealing with the reign of good Queen Anne, which, though modern, seems, as far as I can judge, to be historically accurate. One girl describes her home-life to another in the following words:—

“There’s a posture master comes once a week, and mother’s maid looks to my carriage at all times. ’Tis an endless round of— ‘Gatty, hold your head up.’ ‘Gatty, put that plate down, and take it up again with your arm rounded.’ ‘Gatty, you must not laugh.’ ‘Gatty, you must not sneeze.’ ‘Gatty, walk slower.’

And if the poor girl shows any emotion—“‘Gatty, my dear! ’tis so unmodish to be thus warm over anything! Compose yourself and control your feelings, my dear, do compose yourself, or your face will be quite wrinkled.’”

Surely the modern school-girl, though she may be a little rough and ready, is a better, healthier type of humanity than the girl whose character has been thus pushed and pulled into a conventional pattern. If this is in any way a correct account of the life of even a few English girls at this period, it is enough to make us feel that the statement made by the opener that “our education is a mistake,” is at least an exaggerated one.

Another point to be dealt with is this: Can we draw a clear line between the manners of those girls who go to High Schools, and the manners of those who go to private schools or are taught at home?

It seems to me that this is practically impossible, and that home influences have far more effect on girls’ manners than the school which they attend. If a girl goes to a boarding school she is under the supervision of her teachers all the time, and if she is educated at home she is constantly with her mother; but if she goes to a day school the responsibility is shifted from home to school and from school to home, the parents often considering that the school should be answerable for the girl’s manners, and the school thinking it decidedly the province of the parents to look after such matters. The result of this is that girls attending large day schools often get

a less definite training in manners, if we may call it so, than other girls. Girls at a day school have comparatively little intercourse with each other, so little that it can hardly have much effect upon their manners. In fact, I do not think that even slanginess is entirely traceable to High Schools, for girls mostly learn their slang from their brothers, and slang was in vogue long before the era of High Schools.

How is it that while the manners of the growing public school boy are proverbially detestable, he ends by being the public school man, "famous for his real courtesy and high breeding?" We must answer this by thinking of the particular characteristics of public school life, whether for boys or girls. The root of genuine refinement is unselfishness. Now the massing of large numbers, which is one of the most important characteristics of public school life, certainly does not tend to teach "selfishness and self-absorption," but on the contrary it teaches public spirit, *i.e.*, the merging of the individual in the mass. It also shows us how important it is to be independent and self-contained.

"Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
These three alone lead life to sovereign power."

A lady, who went through a High School training, then took her degree at Cambridge, and afterwards became a lecturer in another large school, has thus summed up her experience on this point:—"It is a matter of absolute fact that whatever High School girls may be during the growing stage, when they are matured and finished they are far better behaved in a public place, far less given to expecting troublesome courtesies from strangers, far more amenable to public rules and convenience, far more willing to efface themselves for the good of the whole, than the old-fashioned 'young lady,' who thinks that being an eternal feminine justifies her in making herself a public nuisance. You would never find a woman trained at a High School keeping a whole *queue* of people waiting for their tickets, while she asked insane questions of the booking-office."

In a large school we so quickly find our level that most of the conceit, which the opener seems to consider as a characteristic of High School girls, "gets knocked out of us," to use a school-boy phrase. Again, is it not a little hard on the "species," as Miss Lee dubs us, to be divided so absolutely into the two classes of those

who have an opinion on nothing, and those who have an opinion on everything? If we adopt this system of classification we may succeed in placing a certain number of girls in each of these two classes, but I think we shall still find a very large remainder unclassified. It seems to me to be rather on the lines of the small child beginning to learn history, who always asks, "Was he a naughty king?" or "Was he a good king?" and expects his teacher to be able to classify the whole human race as absolutely as if they were black and white marbles.

The opener starts with the assumption that the manners of High School girls are defective, and thence proceeds to the conclusion that their morals are defective. This, however, is contrary to that most solemn and standard of works, Webster's Dictionary, for therein we read, in the definition of refinement, that "refinement of manners is often found in persons of corrupt morals."

As to Miss Lee's statement that we drop our umbrellas and books generally for the sole purpose of seeing some creature of the male persuasion pick them up, all that I can say is that as far as my experience goes it is not based on fact. Such silly nonsense is certainly not characteristic of High School girls. The opener tells us that "large girls annihilate small girls." Wishing to find out whether this statement was to be taken literally I enquired of the youngest girl in the School, who said she had never been knocked over or upset by any big girl, and furthermore that the girls were very kind to her, and laced her boots and put on her pinafore. When school-girls travel by train they are particularly subjected to criticism, for in a railway carriage we are necessarily without occupation, and it is found a relief from the monotony of the journey to scrutinize the countenances of one's fellow-travellers, and then the old rhyme about "idle hands" coming into force, to pass a judgment on their behaviour, not over favourable perhaps, especially if we are travelling by the underground, and the carriage is very hot and stuffy. School-girls are a particularly good subject for criticism, partly, as Miss Lee justly remarks, because of the "well-grounded prejudice against the infant germs of the New Woman;" partly because there are so many school girls travelling by train, that there are sure to be a few ill-behaved ones among them. Naturally only the ill-behaved girls are noticed, for the essence of bad manners in a railway carriage is to make oneself noticeable. One badly behaved

girl is quite enough to cause a whole school to be stigmatized as ill-mannered. It is quite a common thing to hear a lady say, "I would never let my daughters go to such and such a school, for the girls behave so badly when they go by train," simply because she has seen one instance of rudeness on the part of a pupil of the school.

School-girls are often rather obtrusive and opinionated, but we must remember that "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing," and that the conviction of how little they know will come in time and bring with it a wholesome humility.

I am sure that all who have thought seriously about this subject will agree with me in concluding that the faults in manner committed by school-girls are almost entirely due, not to the school system, but to the absence of courtesy in the family, and the softening home influence. When they *do* exist, they are unpleasant and annoying, but not bad faults, and they are preferable to those which lie deeper and are more permanent, and which often result from a training which would put on the polish before it has seasoned the wood.

AGNES ROBERTSON.

PRIZE DAY.

PRIZE DAY this year fell on June 27th ; Lady Frederick Cavendish, who is a member of the Royal Commission on Secondary Education, gave away the prizes, and Professor Jebb, M.P., presided.

The annual report was read by Mrs. Bryant. We cannot do better than quote her opening words.

"It may be of some interest on this occasion to revert briefly to the history of this School, a history which, in many respects, is unique. In the middle year of the present century the School was founded as a Private School, with fifty or sixty pupils. In those days there were no Public Schools for girls, no colleges, no University degrees, no provision or recognition for feminine scholarship of any sort for Secondary teachers. In the 'fifties' there was nothing to distinguish the North London Collegiate School from other Schools, except the greatness of the personality on which its life depended, and the workmanlike conception of education which inspired her. But this was a distinction fraught

with consequences. As one of these she required her teachers even then to be trained. And so as, one by one, opportunities offered, the modest Private School of 1850 was moulded and established as the great School we know—the pioneer of Girls' High Schools in England—with traditions of loyal discipline and honest learning of which we who, not having first created it, have entered into it, may be unfeignedly proud. North London girls are busy in many fields of labour scattered through the world. Often they, like their old School, are pioneers opening up new ways.

“This thought of our School's past—the pride in it, the regret for it as past—must be specially present with us all to-day. For the first time in forty-five years we meet together for our yearly distribution of prizes, without the gracious presence of the founder, a presence so familiar, that cannot be replaced. A great teacher, a wise administrator, a strong and sympathetic leader, she held a place almost as unique in the educational world as in the history of the Schools she founded. Nevertheless, the loss to us in this School is deepest, widest, most intimate. To those who have been her colleagues the sense of it is ever present, in all the details of work and affecting all the relations of friendship. But noble work like hers remains in effect for all time, and great inspirations are immortal, passing on from mind to mind. The neighbourhood knows, and will long know our building as ‘Miss Buss's School,’ and our traditions have already lived too long ever to lose the stamp of the character that moulded them. To guard them with care, to act on them with zeal, will be the pleasure and duty of every true ‘North London’ girl.”

After speaking of the “Frances Mary Buss” Memorial, of which an account is given at the beginning of the Chronicle, Mrs. Bryant went on to the general work of the School during the past year, and of the honours gained by the pupils past and present. Of these it is not here necessary to speak further.

After Lady Frederick had distributed the prizes, the Chairman congratulated the School on its high position and especially on the successes gained by pupils after leaving. He considered that no School could claim to prepare more thoroughly for the Universities. Referring to the number of names in the Classical Tripos, Professor Jebb, who is said by those who know to be our greatest Greek scholar, remarked that there was no reason why women

should not excel in Classical scholarship. He also mentioned the interesting fact, probably known but to few present, that the late Lord Lyttleton, the father of Lady Frederick Cavendish, had been one of the Schools Enquiry Commission.

A vote of thanks to Lady Frederick Cavendish and to Professor Jebb was moved by Dr. Wormell, the Head Master of the Cowper Street Central Foundation Schools, and seconded by Mr. Horne, one of our Governors, and by the Rev. Alfred Buss.

Lady Frederick Cavendish in replying spoke of the great influence Miss Buss had had in the educational world. Although she had never known her personally, she could gather from the Memorial number, which she had read with great interest, how great had been her sympathy, and above all how strong an influence her religious feeling had had on all her life. She ended by quoting the following lines by Fanny Kemble—

“ What though the brightness dim, the glory fade,
 The splendours vanish? Not of these is made
 The holy trust that to your charge is given,
 Children of God, inheritors of Heaven!
 Mourne not the perishing of each fair toy:
 Ye were ordained to *do*, not to enjoy;
 To suffer, which is nobler than to dare—
 A sacred burden is the life ye bear.
 Look on it, lift it, bear it solemnly,
 Stand up, and walk beneath it steadfastly,
 Fail not for sorrow, falter not for sin,
 But onward—upward—till the goal ye win.
 God guide you, and God guard you on your way,
 Children of light, set forth, set forth to-day!”

We give the programme of the proceedings:—

PSALM XXIII.

PRAYER.

Chorus..... “The Fate of the Roses.”

REPORT.

Chorus..... “Lullaby.”

DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES BY THE LADY FREDERICK CAVENDISH.

Chorus..... “Where the bee sucks.”

CHAIRMAN'S ADDRESS.

SPEECHES.

VOTES OF THANKS.

Commemoration Hymn...“The Saints of God.”

COLLEGE LETTER.

WESTFIELD COLLEGE,
FINCHLEY ROAD, N.W.,
May 14th, 1895.

DEAR EDITOR AND GIRLS,—I believe that this is the first letter you have received from this College, but I hope that it will not be the last. At present there are only two students here from the N.L.C.S.G., Richenda Gillett and myself. I can only say that my expectations of the life here and its pleasures have been fully realized.

The College is healthily situated on a spur running out from the West Heath at Hampstead. It is very easy to get into London, and at the same time there are very nice country walks either by road or field-path.

I suppose the hours are very much the same as at other Colleges, but our terms are a little longer, averaging ten weeks. It is quite a small College, only holding about forty-four students when full; but I think this is an advantage in many ways. Everyone gets to know everyone else more or less, and it would be difficult to find a happier set of students anywhere. I would add that the College was founded with a view to providing women with a University education on Christian principles.

As regards our rooms we are most fortunate, each student having a study, with a bedroom opening out of it. There are two or three larger sets of rooms, which are shared by two students.

The chief game here is tennis, and we have two asphalte courts and one grass, so that we can play all the year round. In the summer we have matches with Girton, Holloway, and other Colleges. In each of the winter terms we have two public debates, to which we may invite friends; they are very interesting.

We have four resident lecturers and about ten visiting lecturers and private coaches.

In conclusion, I would add that I hope to see some more North Londoners here before long. Two Scholarships of £40 a year for two years are offered for competition in September. Might not some North Londoner secure one of them? Candidates must have passed the Matriculation in Honours or First Division.

If anyone would like to see the College, I should be very

pleased to show it about three o'clock, if they would kindly let me know on the day before.

With best wishes from a grateful Old Girl,

MARION J. PRICE.

THE CHRONICLE.

THE Frances Mary Buss Memorial Fund has reached nearly £1900, and it is hoped that by the end of the year it may be possible to begin the realisation of all the objects proposed. The Clothworkers' Company have generously undertaken the whole expense of the stained glass for the middle window of the Hall; and the design for the window is now under consideration. For the Camden School there will be a bust, and the remainder of the sum subscribed will be devoted to a Travelling Studentship for Teachers, an object in which Miss Buss always took a warm interest. If, without closing the fund, which may continue to grow for some time afterwards, the sum of £2000, over and above the cost of the window and bust, could be realised soon, it would seem possible to start the Studentship with that sum.

The next number of "Our Magazine" will contain a list of those old pupils who have subscribed to the fund. The amount of each subscription will not be given.

We may add that there are still copies of the Memorial number, which may be had by application to the Business Editor.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

The N.L.C.S.G. was well represented at Burlington House on Presentation Day. In the first place, Miss Burstall was presented by Mrs. Bryant for her certificate, having specially distinguished herself in the Examination in the Art, Theory and History of Teaching, an examination open only to graduates. Then Mrs. Bryant also presented Amy Hicks, who is still at School, and who took the fifth place in the Matriculation List in June, 1894, and Rose Monkhouse, who took the sixth place in January, 1895.

UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.

Mathematical Tripos.

This year only two old pupils appear in this Tripos, as against four last year. They are Dora Hinton, who is equal to 68th among

the Junior Optimes, and Sophie Nicholls, also among the Junior Optimes, equal to bracket 88—90. In Part II., Elsa Ashbee is placed in Class III., Division I.

Classical Tripos.

In 1894 Mary Boyd was the only old pupil who took this Tripos; this year there are four.

Ethel Moxon,	Class II.,	Division I.
Edith Barker	„ II.	„ II.
M. Helen Powell	„ II.	„ III.
Dora Morton	„ III.	„ II.

Moral Science Tripos.

Ethel Mathieson was placed in Class II., Division I.

Modern Languages Tripos.

Dorothea Pinney was placed in Class II.

Local Examinations.

By some mistake, for which we tender our sincere apologies, the following names were omitted in the April number from the list of those who obtained Second Class Honours in the Senior Cambridge:—

- Margaret Frodsham (Arithmetic, Religious Knowledge, English).
- Edith F. Welch (French, Music).
- Frances A. Westhorp (English, Drawing).

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

Gertrude Frodsham (O.P.), of Holloway College, has been placed in Class II., and Melicent Wilson (O.P.), of Somerville Hall, in Class III., in Honours Moderations, Mathematics.

OPEN SCHOLARSHIPS.

Amy M. Hicks has gained the St. Dunstan's First Senior Exhibition of £100 a year for three years. She will go up to Girton next October, and read for the Classical Tripos.

Cecilia Ridley has gained the Clothworkers' Scholarship in Mathematics of £50 a year for three years, tenable at Somerville College, Oxford.

Margaret Turner has gained the Reid Scholarship of £30 a year for three years, tenable at Bedford College.

Annie Billing has gained a Founders' Scholarship of £30 a year for two years, for Mathematics, open to students at the Royal Holloway College.

FORM SCHOLARSHIPS.

The Form Scholarships, which cover the fees for one Term, have been awarded as follows :—Form V. Upper, Matriculation, Mary Trimen ; Form V. Upper, Senior Cambridge, Ella Graeff ; Form IV. Upper, Violet Round ; Form IV., Mary Mason and Fanny Bennett.

SINGING.

Singing Prizes have been gained by the following girls :—Ethel Bayne, Winifred Cooper, May Gammell, Hetty Lee, Florence Reeves and Constance Weekley.

DRAWING.

The following Honours have been awarded by the Royal Drawing Society of Great Britain and Ireland to pupils in the Exhibition, 1895 :—to Ethel M. Cook and Enid M. Hanhart, Bronze Stars for Original Designs, both presented by the Clothworkers' Company ; to Frances A. Westhorp, a Bronze Star for Painting in Water Colours from Nature, also presented by the Clothworkers' Company.

In the examination of the above Society, conducted by Mr. Ablett, in March last, there were from this School 100 candidates, of whom 70 passed, 25 in Honours.

LECTURES.

According to custom, we had several lectures towards the end of last term. Mr. Allport gave us "Famous Scenes in the British Parliament," which was greatly appreciated. Mr. Blackburn talked to us of "The Influence of Photography on Modern Art;" this lecture was illustrated by limelight. Miss Paget gave a lecture on "John Sebastian Bach," with vocal and instrumental illustrations ; Miss Edna Jackson on "Turner and Landscape Art;" both of which were much enjoyed. Finally, Mrs. Bryant discoursed to the Upper Corridor on "Real Fairies." At the beginning of this term we had a most delightfully interesting lecture from Mr. Poel on "The Elizabethan Stage." A model of the stage was shown. We will say no more of this at present, as we hope in our next number to reproduce the substance of the lecture.

LIBRARY.

The branch Libraries in the various rooms on the Hall Floor have lately been re-arranged according to subject-matter. In one

room are to be found poetry, fiction and essays, in another history, in another books of reference, and so on. It is, therefore, now much easier to find any particular book that may be wanted.

The following additions have been made to the Library since our last number appeared:—Presented by the girls leaving at Easter : National Dictionary of Biography, Volume XLII. Presented by the Literary Society : “ Middlemarch,” “ Romola,” “ Adam Bede,” “ Mill on the Floss,” “ Silas Marner.” Presented by the Gallery Floor Literary Society : “ Catriona,” “ Treasure Island ” (R. L. Stevenson), “ Under the Red Robe ” (Weyman).

FOUNDERS' DAY.

April 4th, Founders' Day, has always seen a great gathering of old pupils and friends of the School ; and this year there was no falling off in the numbers. In other respects, however, it differed greatly, as was indeed to be expected, from previous anniversaries. We do not speak of the great change, though that could not but be present in the minds of all, but of the differences which naturally followed from that change.

In looking back, it seems as if, whatever the real weather may have been, inside the School Founders' Day was always bright and sunny, as befitted the pleasantest day in the School year. It may be that this impression was strengthened by the fact that not only was the Hall decorated with daffodils, but, by an unwritten law, everyone, teachers and girls alike, wore the School flower. This was all changed last Founders' Day ; white flowers were worn, not yellow, and the Hall was not decorated ; it seemed more fitting that it should not be. Immediately after prayers, instead of a lecture from Mr. Allport as in previous years, Mrs. Septimus Buss read the paper on “ Some Founders of the School,” which she had before read to the old pupils in February, and which appeared in the Memorial number.

Both in the morning and afternoon a sacred concert took the place of the usual acting, etc. The programme was as follows :—

- | | |
|------------------------------------------|---------------------|
| Prelude and Fugue in A minor | <i>Bach.</i> |
| MISS ADA GREEN, A.R.C.O., A.R.C.M. | |
| “ I know that my Redeemer liveth ” | <i>Handel.</i> |
| MISS AGNES NICKOLS. | |
| Mass for treble voices | <i>Rheinberger.</i> |
| SCHOOL CHOIR. | |

- Slow movement from Symphony in F *Widor.*
 MISS ADA GREEN.
 Chorale, "The Saints of God"
 Toccato from Symphony in F *Widor.*
 MISS ADA GREEN.

The exhibition of toys and work was held, as usual, in the Gymnasium. Forms VI., Upper V., Matriculation and Cambridge, made outfits for four girls in connection with the Women's University Settlement, Southwark; and the other forms dressed dolls, which were sent to various hospitals, etc., a list of which will be found at the end of the Magazine. There were "all sorts and conditions of dolls," in every variety of costume, conspicuous among them being some in fancy dress, exhibited by Form IV., Remove B; and the extremely pretty dolls dressed by the united efforts of the Upper Corridor. Some dolls were, as in previous years, sent to Miss Manning to be given as prizes to the native children in Schools in India. Each boarding-house had its own stall of useful and ornamental work, and altogether £69 12s. 0d. was realized, an increase of nearly £12 on last year. The statement is here given.

	£	s.	d.	
Miss Elford	34	7	0	Poor Children's Country Holiday Fund.
Miss Edwards	18	0	0	" " "
Miss Palmer	6	15	0	Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.
Miss Toplis	5	0	0	Montague House Cot in Miss Pailthorpe's Hospital in Benares.
		0	10	0 Girls' Friendly Society.
Proceeds of Tea	3	0	0	The Rev. Alfred Buss towards the Children's Country Holiday Funds, St. James', Curtain Road.
		2	0	0 The Rev. Septimus Buss towards the Children's Country Holiday Fund, St. Leonard's, Shoreditch.
	<hr/>			
Total	£69	12	0	

COOKERY CLASS.

The Cookery Class conducted by Mrs. Severs has been continued this term. There are fourteen girls attending, which is a satisfactory number, considering that this is the summer term, and the course more advanced. The demonstration lessons are held on Friday, followed on Tuesday and Wednesday by actual practice.

We give the syllabus, thinking it may prove of interest and fire the ambition of some of the other girls.

- I. Boiled fish, egg sauce, raspberry pudding, pancakes.
- II. Scotch eggs, fruit tart, boiled custard, barley water.
- III. Tomato purée, mushrooms farcis, cheese soufflée, queen cakes.
- IV. Boiled fowl, sauce, gooseberry fool, lemon jumblies.
- V. Veal cake, port wine jelly, kedgerree, short bread.
- VI. Lobster outlets, salad, mayonnaise, cocoanut biscuits.

We may add that Mrs. Severs, who is Diplômée National Training School of Cookery, gives either class or private lessons, demonstration or practical, at 2, Maitland Park Road, Haverstock Hill.

OLD PUPILS' ASSOCIATION.

The summer meeting of this Association was held as usual on the last Wednesday in May. This time it took the form of a pleasant social evening organized by Miss Elford. There was a short concert in the Gymnasium given by old pupils, the programme of which we give below.

SONGS	{ "Cradle Song"	} <i>Max Stange.</i>
	{ "Spring Song"	}
	MISS BESSIE JONES.	
VIOLIN SOLO.....	"First Concerto".....	<i>Charles de Beriot.</i>
	MISS MABEL LLOYD-PRICE.	
RECITATION	"Lorraine Loree"	<i>C. Kingsley.</i>
	MISS ELLA CASTOR.	
VIOLIN SOLO.....	"Legende".....	<i>Wieniawski.</i>
	MISS FLORENCE MAYS.	
RECITATION.....	"The Usual Way".....	<i>F. Weatherley.</i>
	MISS ELLA CASTOR.	

Everyone's thanks were felt to be due to the old pupils who so kindly performed, and to Miss Elford, who arranged the concert. Reversing the usual custom, tea and coffee were served first, and the last hour or so was spent, apparently to the general satisfaction, in talking.

MARRIAGES.

We congratulate the following old pupils on the occasion of their marriage:—

Millie Buss	to Mr. E. F. Champion.
Esther Castle	„ Mr. C. H. Lea.
Lilla David	„ Mr. C. W. Copland.
Florence Hoare	„ Mr. A. V. Faull.

Effie Hunt	to Mr. G. F. Daldy.
Edith Read	„ Dr. A. Mumford.
Emily Ries	„ Mr. C. H. J. Acret.
Beatrice Russell	„ Mr. G. S. Fleetwood.
Mary Salt	„ Dr. Eccles.
Ada With	„ Mr. J. Hattersley.

CAMDEN SCHOOL DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES.

On Tuesday, June 25th, the distribution of prizes of the Camden School was held in our Hall. Mrs. Maclure gave away the prizes and the Dean of Manchester, a member of the Royal Commission, presided. After Miss Lawford had read her report, in which she stated that the prizes that Miss Buss had been in the habit of giving in the Camden School would for the future be continued by Mrs. Alfred Buss, the prizes were distributed. Then the Dean addressed the girls, and warned them especially against wasting their time in the years immediately after their leaving school. The Vicar of St. Pancras, who moved a vote of thanks, and the Rev. Alfred Buss also spoke.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A fair number of old pupils, either engaged or interested in teaching, were present at the Annual Conference of the Teachers' Guild, held at Birmingham, April 23rd to 26th, 1895. The School was represented by Miss Findon and Miss Burstall, and the Camden School by Miss Bare. Miss Burstall read a paper on the "Teaching of History." Among the list of members of the Conference appear the following:—Mrs. Burbury, one of our Governors, and the Misses J. S. Gill, M. F. Hawkins, C. Herford, K. K. Moakes, A. Pridham, M. V. Thomas, old pupils. The last named was one of the openers in the discussion on "Blackboard Drawing."

Annie T. Weston (O.P.), formerly an Assistant Mistress at the Edgbaston High School and who left there to obtain further musical training from Mdme. Schumann in Frankfurt, has an appointment on the musical staff of one of the best Private Schools in Brighton, which has ninety boarders and is conducted on College lines.

We offer our hearty congratulations to Frances M. Bartholomew, whose name we saw in one of the daily papers as the winner of the second prize for a carved jamb for a mantelpiece. The prize

was given in connection with an Exhibition of Wood Carving on view during June, at the Carpenters' Hall, London Wall. The Company have established an annual Art competition in carving and woodwork for the encouragement of artistic design and workmanship. A number of prizes and medals are offered for different classes of work, both to professional carvers and to students. About 170 exhibits have been sent in this year.

We notice with pleasure that Mrs. Wright (O.P.), whose painting name is still Catherine M. Wood, has four pictures in the Academy this year. No. 1 "Hortus Siccus," No. 627 "Wall-flowers," No. 645 "Still-life," No. 658 "Fish," and of these Nos. 627 and 645 are already sold.

We heartily congratulate Miss Toplis on her appointment as sole editor of the *Educational Review*. The formal announcement was made by the late editor, Mr. Arthur Montefiore, at a dinner given by Miss Toplis in the Duke's Saloon, Holborn Restaurant, on June 19th, at which were present representatives from the educational associations especially interested in the Review. Mrs. Bryant and Miss Burstall spoke on this occasion, and amongst the guests we may mention Miss Lawford and Miss Julia Cock, M.D.

It may interest our readers to know that Miss Marguerite Goldschild, B.A., has gained the 1st place and a prize of one guinea for Model Drawing at the Birkbeck School of Art.

Dora Hinton, since leaving Girton last June, has been appointed Assistant Mistress at Camp Hill King Edward's Grammar School, Birmingham.

In Memoriam.

GRACE HEATH.

Teacher in the School from September, 1888, to November, 1894.

Died April 7th, 1895, at Le Cannet.

ADA MARY TWENTYMAN.

Entered the School January, 1880, left May, 1883.

Died Easter Day, April 14th, 1895.

SEARCH QUESTIONS IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

RULES.

1.—There are two competitions for prizes : one open to girls in the School, the other to all subscribers.

2.—The first prize will be 2s. 6d. to be spent on a book ; a second will be given if there are ten competitors.

3.—Answers must be sent not later than September 18th, addressed to the Editor, at the School.

4.—Every set of answers must be accompanied by the Coupon which will be found on the cover of the Magazine, and by the name of the competitor. For girls in the School, the Form must also be given ; for other competitors, the address.

5.—Answers should be written on one side only of the paper.

6.—No one may take a prize more than twice in the same class of competition.

N.B.—It is desirable that the teachers should not be asked for help.

RESULTS OF APRIL COMPETITION.

	Highest Attainable	112
Prize.—Alice Barber, Form VI.	108	
Louisa Thacker, Form VI.	106	
Margaret Turner, Form VI.	103	
Jessie Gwyther, Form VI.	101	
Naomi Saunders, Form V. Upper	99	
Edith Weekley, Form V. Upper.....	97	
Gladys Margrett, Form V. Remove A.	83	
Nellie Williams, Form V. Remove A.	79	
Helen Potter, Form VI.	73	
Nora Traves, Form VI.	69	
	OLD PUPILS.	
Prize.—Florence Gammell	110	
Gabrielle Matthaëi	107	
Alice Raisin	96	
Blanche Berliner	91	
Kathleen Roberts	57	

One paper was sent from Brighton without the name of the competitor ; it is therefore impossible to classify it.

In consequence of an error in Question VII., in which *Mrs. Potts* was given instead of *Mrs. Pott*, it has been thought better not to include that section in the marks.

ANSWERS TO APRIL QUESTIONS.

I. (1) Lime, *Maud* ; (2) elm, *Sir Launcelot and Queen Guinevere* ; (3) coco, *Enoch Arden* ; (4) sycamore, *Audley Court* ; (5) cedar, *Gardener's Daughter* ; (6) poplar, *Mariana* ; (7) oak, *Merlin and Vivien* ; (8) acacia, *Maud*.

II. Silas Wegg, *Our Mutual Friend*, Dickens.

III. Sir Charles Grandison ; Miss Harriet Byron. *Sir Charles Grandison*, Samuel Richardson.

IV. (1) Sir Christopher and Lady Cheverel and Tina, *Scenes of Clerical Life*, Mr. Gilfil's Love-Story, George Eliot; (2) John Ridd, *Lorna Doone*, R. D. Blackmore; (3) Shirley Keeldar, *Shirley*, C. Brontë; (4) Sylvia Robson and her parents, *Sylvia's Lovers*, Mrs. Gaskell; (5) Squire Cass, *Silas Marner*, George Eliot; (6) Elsley Vavasour, *Two Years Ago*, C. Kingsley; (7) Will Cary, *Westward Ho!* C. Kingsley; (8) Mrs. Lirriper, *Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings*, Dickens.

V. (1) *Napoleon and the Young English Sailor*, Campbell; (2) *The Destruction of Sennacherib*, Byron; (3) *The Flag of England*, Rudyard Kipling; (4) *The Vicar*, Præd; (5) *Adonais*, Shelley.

VI. When Lady Blarney and Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs carried on a conversation about the nobility at Farmer Flamborough's on Michaelmas Eve. *Vicar of Wakefield*. Goldsmith.

VII. (1) Father of Catharine, *Fair Maid of Perth*; (2) Wife of the Editor of the Eatanswill Gazette, *Pickwick Papers*; (3) Son of Sir John Chester, married Emma Haredale, *Barnaby Rudge*; (4) Housekeeper of Lady Peveril, *Peveril of the Peak*; (5) Daughter of Sir Arthur Wardour of Knockwinnock Castle, marries Lovel, *Antiquary*; (6) Amy Robsart's lover before her marriage with the Earl of Leicester, *Kenilworth*; (7) A gambler who cheats Nell's grandfather, *Old Curiosity Shop*; (8) The Marquis St. Evrémonde, marries Lucie Manette and escapes through the self-sacrifice of Sydney Carton, *Tale of Two Cities*; (9) Servant of Redgauntlet, turns traitor and is killed by Nanty Ewart, *Redgauntlet*; (10) Parish Clerk who afterwards goes on the stage, *Great Expectations*.

QUESTIONS FOR NEXT COMPETITION.

1. Identify the following references to Shakespeare:—

- (1) "He was not of an age, but for all time!
And all the Muses still were in their prime,
When, like Apollo, he came forth to warm
Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm!
Nature herself was proud of his designs,
And joyed to wear the dressing of his lines!"
- (2) "Far from the sun and summer-gale,
In thy green lap was Nature's Darling laid,
What time, where lucid Avon strayed,
To him the mighty mother did unveil
Her awful face. The dauntless child
Stretched forth his little arms, and smiled."
- (3) . . . "Shakespeare on whose forehead climb
The crowns o' the world: O eyes sublime,
With tears and laughter for all time!"
- (4) "Others abide our question. Thou art free.
We ask and ask—thou smilest and art still
Out-topping knowledge."
- (5) "What needs my Shakespeare for his honoured bones
The labour of an age in piled stones?

Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
 What needst thou such weak witness of thy name?
 Thou in our wonder and astonishment
 Hast built thyself a lifelong monument."

2. Whose servants were the following—(1) Diggory, (2) Richie Moniplies, (3) Mr. John Smauker, (4) Maignan, (5) Kit Nubbles, (6) Sancho Panza, (7) Adam, (8) Tom Redruth, (9) Friday, (10) Littimer.

3. Who was said, by Mrs. Elton, to be very fond of exploring in a barouche-landau?

4. What particular vanity, in the way of taps, was not allowed to be sold in the Fleet Prison?

5. Fill up the blanks in the following passage, expressing the views of the jurymen concerning their prisoner. Give also name of prisoner:—

"And first among themselves, Mr. —, the Foreman, said:—*I see clearly that this man is an Heretick.* Then said Mr. —, *Away with such a fellow from the earth.* Ay, said Mr. —, *for I hate the very looks of him.* Then said Mr. —, *I could never endure him.* Nor I, said Mr. —, *for he would always be condemning my way.* Hang him, hang him, said Mr. —. *A sorry scrub,* said Mr. —. *My heart riseth against him,* said Mr. —. *He is a Rogue,* said Mr. —. *Hanging is too good for him,* said Mr. —. *Let us dispatch him out of the way,* said Mr. —. Then, said Mr. —, *might I have all the world given me, I could not be reconciled to him; therefore let us forthwith bring him in guilty of death.*"

6. Give author and source of following quotations:—

- (1) "Rose kissed me to-day,
 Will she kiss me to-morrow?
 Let it be as it may,
 Rose kissed me to-day.
 But the pleasure gives way
 To a savour of sorrow;—
 Rose kissed me to-day,—
 Will she kiss me to-morrow?"
- (2) "Alas, they had been friends in youth:
 But whispering tongues can poison truth;
 And constancy lives in realms above;
 And life is thorny; and youth is vain;
 And to be wroth with one we love
 Doth work like madness in the brain."
- (3) "Little of all we value here
 Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year
 Without both feeling and looking queer.
 In fact, there's nothing that keeps its youth,
 So far as I know, but a tree and truth
 (This is a moral that runs at large;
 Take it—you're welcome—no extra charge)."

- (4) "And they blest him in their pain, that they were not left to
Spain,
To the thumbscrew and the stake, for the glory of the Lord."
- (5) "A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth."

7. Who sang the following songs ?

- (1) "When lovely woman stoops to folly."
(2) "Bold Turpin vunce, on Hounslow Heath,
His bold mare Bess bestrode —er."
(3) "Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel and lower the proud."
(4) "When that I was and a little tiny boy."
(5) "'Twas near the fair city of Benevent,
When the sun was setting on bough and bent."

ELEANOR M. HILL.

SCHOOL SOCIETIES.

DEBATING SOCIETY.

THE debate of the term was held on Monday, March 18th, Miss Burstall, in the absence of Mrs. Bryant, taking the chair.

Before the debate began, the Secretary urged the members to take more interest in and to enter more into the discussion of the subjects chosen, or the Debating Society would lose its position and usefulness.

The subject selected for debate, *i.e.*, "The Pressure of Modern Life is healthier than the Stagnation of our Ancestors," was supported by Benvenuta Solomon and opposed by Winifred Cooper.

The one great objection to modern life, said the opener, is its want of leisure. In an age that has seen the invention of the railway it is at railway speed we live. There is no time to rest, no time to think, no time for anything but to act. To have too little leisure, however, is better than to have too much and to stagnate as our ancestors did; and it is not true to say we are all so busy with work we have no time to play, else why should the theatres and places of amusement be crowded as they are? Pessimists say the race is deteriorating, insanity and suicide are on the increase, nervous diseases are spreading. Professor Allbutt in an article in the *Contemporary Review* refutes these statements. He says, "Will any serious persons, looking round at our footballing young men, our tennis-playing and bicycling young women, our maturer Alpinists and golfers of both sexes, our 'Ancient Mariners' and sporting matrons, declare that the standard of physical health in the upper and middle classes is falling? . . . When I look back upon the young men and women of forty and thirty years ago I am amazed rather at the physical splendour and dashing energy of our young friends of to-day." If the number of the insane does increase we must bear in mind

that population also increases and that lunacy is as a rule hereditary. As for suicides men really have no time to go mad with troubles, and nerves are the fashionable ailment of the day on which doctors thrive. It is said that people die nowadays more from nervous diseases; Professor Allbutt justly points out that people must die of something, and if modern medical science so lessens the chance of their succumbing to cholera, small-pox, etc., they must die of something else. With regard to the position of women there could be no doubt of its advancement. They are beginning to enter into the competition of life and "Lydia Languishes" are not encouraged in spite of nervous diseases.

Winifred Cooper then took up the cause of our ancestors. She agreed with the opener that the amusements of the present day are superior in variety and number to those of former times, and yet she could not help feeling that there is not the same kind of hearty enjoyment there used to be. May-day was a great festival in the olden days and everyone, rich and poor alike, joined in the may-pole dance. Then the villagers often used to learn plays by heart to be represented at some fête such as the return of the over-lord. The average labouring man of to-day would be really incapable of learning and acting a part. Besides this recreation our ancestors delighted in hawking and archery, quoits and bowls. Increase of population was so small that competition, which is the cause of so much excitement, was not known; then everything was done by hand, now machinery has superseded hand-labour. In the rush of the present day it is a case of "chacun pour soi" and the weak go to the wall. But after all were our ancestors so dull and slow? Surely there was interest and excitement at the time of the Renaissance, when so many new ideas were formed. Perhaps there will come a reaction compared with which the stagnation of our ancestors will be as nothing!

Miss Burstall then formally declared the subject open for debate.

Hetty Lee wished to have it made clear, who were to be counted our ancestors and in what their stagnation consisted; Agnes Robertson also asked if monkeys were to be included. After some discussion it was agreed to take 500 years as the limit.

Agnes Robertson then spoke and disagreed with the point that men of the present day have no time to think, or how could men like Tennyson and Browning have written as they did.

Miss Robertson, Louisa Thacker, Alice Barber and others followed, taking up this point.

Miss Wood continued; she objected to the term stagnation as applied to our ancestors, it was slimy and suggestive. She thought the pressure of modern life was due to the speed of locomotion. The former method of travelling on horseback was distinctly healthier and more active than the modern railway.

After further discussion which was decidedly disconnected and "choppy," Miss Burstall summed up. She supposed that if no further improvements were made in locomotion, rush and hurry would be reduced, and that the opener had looked rather at the dull round of the everyday life of our ancestors than at the excitement of warfare.

The motion was then put to the meeting and carried.

M. A. TURNER, *Secretary.*

LITERARY SOCIETY

A MEETING of this Society was held on Monday, April 8th, in the Hall, when about 130 were present. Miss Hickey kindly presided. Several scenes were acted from "The Rivals" (Sheridan), which, with Oliver Wendell Holmes' "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," had been chosen for the term's reading. The following took part in the acting:—Margaret Turner, Eva Blyth, Nora Traves, Amy Lamborn-Cock, Hetty Lee, Alice Barber (in the absence of Louie Thacker) and Amy Hicks.

With the subscriptions the following books were bought and presented to the Library—"Romola," "Middlemarch," "Adam Bede," "Silas Marner," "Mill on the Floss."

ADA READ, *Secretary.*

THE SCIENCE CLUB.

THERE was a meeting of this Club on Friday, May 10th, that the members might be told about Miss Heath.

It was proposed and seconded that Miss Aitken should take the chair.

Miss Aitken then read a short paper which appears in the body of the Magazine.

Mrs. Bryant told us that it had been suggested that an enlarged photograph of Miss Heath should be bought to hang in the School, and the Science Club subscriptions were then voted for this purpose.

Before the meeting closed a President, Miss Aitken, a Vice-President, Miss Jeffry, and three new members of Committee, Fanny Westhorp, Ethel Willis and Louie Thacker, were elected. From the members of Committee a new Secretary, Louie Thacker, was elected, as Eva Blyth had to resign her Secretaryship on leaving School. Agnes Robertson was chosen to be Treasurer.

On Friday, May 24th, the Science Club had the first of its usual summer excursions. This was to visit and examine Hampstead Heath. We took the train to Finchley Road, and as there were no people about we stayed at the station for a few minutes while Miss Aitken told us about the geological formation of Hampstead Heath. Above the well-known London clay as we go up towards the Heath is a layer of sandy clay and the summits of the different branches of high ground are composed of Bagshot sand. The three chief spurs are Parliament Hill, Highgate and the West Heath. From the station we walked up through Froggnal, which was once the valley of the little river Bourne. This river gave the names of Bayswater and Westbourne Park to the suburbs it flowed through. On our way we passed the Old Parish Church, and near this spot was the boundary line between the sandy clay and the proper Bagshot sand. After staying to admire the view from the Flagstaff, we found a shady tree, and rested there while Miss Aitken told us about the fossil shells which had been found in the district. Many were similar to those now only to be found in tropical seas. This points to the fact that what is now Hampstead Heath was once under a warm sea like the Indian Ocean. This does not necessitate, however, any very great change in the earth's position with regard to the sun,

for as we are now dependent for our warmth on the Gulf Stream and warm winds, if by any means the cold east winds and currents could be shut out and the Gulf Stream brought nearer, we can quite easily see that our English Channel would not be as different from a tropical sea as it is now. In our walk over the Heath we saw quantities of tadpoles in a pool; funny little things they were with soft, round, black bodies and long feathery tails. Some little boys were fishing for leeches, but a policeman with a big stick sent them off, as people are not allowed to catch leeches till some time in June. We also found some tiny lizards near a sunny wall. While we were resting for a short time Nora Watherston gave us an account of the birds that are found on the Heath and Agnes Robertson told us about the plants which can be seen growing there. We then dispersed, thanking Miss Aitken, the Clerk of the Weather and each other for the most enjoyable afternoon we had spent on Hampstead Heath.

LOUISA G. THACKER, *Secretary*.

GAMES CLUB.

ON June 28th, we played a Tennis Match with the Skinners' School, Stamford Hill. Ethel Willis and Christine Perry were our champions, and gained the victory for us after a closely contested game. The setts were as follows:—

	SKINNERS' SCHOOL.	N.L.C.S.G.
1st Sett	6 games	8 games
2nd Sett.....	3 ,,	6 ,,
3rd Sett	5 ,,	7 ,,

On July 3rd, a Swimming Match took place between South Hampstead High School and the N.L.C.S.G. at the Finchley Road Swimming Baths. Two races were run, one between the Senior and the other between the Junior Champions. Our senior champion, Fanny Bennet, was victorious, but Muriel Mason, our Junior was beaten after a very close and exciting race.

At the beginning of the term, a large number of the members of the Games Club took part in a Fives' Tournament to decide the School champions. Lucy Tchaykovsky won in the final and is therefore the first champion, Margaret Turner was second, and Fanny Westhorp third.

MARGARET A. TURNER, *Captain*.

LITERARY SOCIETY, GALLERY FLOOR.

THE third meeting of this Society took place in the Lecture Hall, on Wednesday, March 27th. Miss Lyndon kindly took the chair, and the meeting commenced at 2.30 with a very enjoyable paper on "Fairy Tales," by Violet Round. This was followed by a scene from "King John," acted by Beatrice Forbes-Robertson, Sara Solomon, Maggie Robertson, and Letitia Rayner. Aimée Lowe then gave an amusing recitation, "The Owl Critic." An interesting paper on "Hood" was read by Katie Abrahams; then followed a recitation by Mary Bliss, "An Incident in the French Camp," and a pianoforte duet, "Je suis prêt," beautifully played by Florence Reeves and Lucy Wagner. This was much appreciated

by the audience. Mary Wood next recited "The Little Match Seller," and Millicent Bickley read a very interesting paper on "Samuel Johnson." Another recitation was given by Ella Lindow, entitled "Marie;" and a piano-forte solo, "Spanish Dances," played by Florence Reeves, brought this very enjoyable programme to a close.

The following books were then voted for, and have since been bought:—"Catriona" and "Treasure Island," by Robert Louis Stevenson; and "Under the Red Robe," by Stanley Weyman.

The books chosen to be read during the Midsummer Term are "Hereward the Wake," by Charles Kingsley, and Longfellow's "Evangeline."

MARGARET LAWRENCE.

THE LONGFELLOW SOCIETY.

ON Monday, March 25th, the first meeting of the Longfellow Society, started this term by the pupils of the Upper Corridor Classes, was held in the Drawing School. Sixty-four members were present besides several of the teachers, including Miss Elford, Miss Fawcett, Miss Lyndon, Miss Braham, Miss Chaffey, Miss Newman and Miss Paul.

An interesting and varied programme had been drawn up by Miss Braham and carried out by various members of the Society. Amongst those specially worthy of mention were—recitations, "The Building of St. Sophia" by Grace Blofield and "The Psalm of Life" by Emma Gedney, a song entitled "Come to me, O my Children," sung by Lilian Sainsbury, and a scene from the "Golden Legend," in which the parts were taken as follows:—

Gottlieb	Dorothy Ray.
Ursula	Lilian New.
Elsie	Edith Fendick.
Max	Jessie Lethbridge.
Bertha	Zeala Ross.

Miss Newman kindly sang "Day-break," which was greatly appreciated by the audience. Amongst other items on the programme were recitations by F. Dingle, I. Norton, A. Kam, D. Barter, O. Oppenheimer and G. Greaves; M. Cotton sang "Footsteps of Angels" and E. Wheeler played while the actors were preparing.

The proceedings ended with a hearty vote of thanks to Miss Braham for the trouble she had taken in organizing the meeting, and to Miss Newman for so kindly accompanying the songs.

It is hoped that at the next meeting there will be a still larger attendance and that some of the other members will also take part.

FOUNDERS' DAY, 1895.

HOSPITALS and other Institutions to which toys, clothes, etc., were sent:—London Temperance Hospital, St. Pancras' Workhouse, Indian Association (Miss Manning), London Fever Hospital, Women's University Settlement,

Southwark, National Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children, Royal Free Hospital, Homes for Waifs and Strays, North-Eastern Hospital for Children, Metropolitan and National Nursing Association, Great Northern Central Hospital, East London Hospital for Children, Alexandra Hospital, Belfast Hospital for Sick Children.

PREFECTS AND MONITORS.

OUR Prefects this term are :—Amy Hicks, Winifred Hanhart, Margaret Turner, Louise Thacker, Alice Barber, Helen Cockman, Ethel Nixon, Helen Potter, Nora Traves, Frances Westhorp.

The Monitors are :—Mildred Syer, Janet Gordon, Mabel Syer, Constance Weekley, Welthin Winlo, Nora Watherston, Dora Welch, Millicent Bickley, Bertha Goodall, Josephine Latey, Charlotte Child, Elizabeth Hollis, Bertha Rider, Jessie Bickley, Margaret Gandy, Beatrice Glover, Elsie Keen, Una Mutch, Helen Thomson, Daisy Weekley, Ethel Yeomans, Gertrude Colls, Bessie Poole, Lilian New, Nicholas Thomson, Maude Taylor, Gertrudé Dixon, May Kelly, Margery Warren.

CALENDAR FOR TERM TO APRIL, 1895.

Jan.	23rd.	Term begins.
Feb.	20th.	Matriculation results known.
"	27th.	Old Pupils' Meeting. Paper by Mrs. Septimus Buss.
"	28th.	Cambridge results known.
March	4th.	Half-Term Holiday.
"	12th.	External Examinations begin.
"	18th.	Debate, "That the pressure of modern life is healthier than the stagnation of our ancestors."
"	21st.	Science Club. Paper on "Birds' Eggs."
"	25th.	Longfellow Society (Upper Corridor).
"	27th.	Gallery Floor Literary Society.
April	2nd.	Lecture on "John Sebastian Bach," by Miss Paget.
"	3rd.	Lecture on "Real Fairies," by Mrs. Bryant.
"	4th.	Founders' Day.
"	5th.	Lecture on "Turner and Landscape Art," by Miss Jackson.
"	8th.	{ Lecture on "The Influence of Photography on Modern Art," by Mr. Blackburn.
"		{ Literary Society. Scenes from "The Rivals."
"	9th.	Lecture by Mr. Allpert, on "Famous Scenes in the British Parliament."
"	9th.	Term ends.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

WE beg to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following Magazines :—*Thistle* (2), *Marlburian* (3), *Girton Review*, *Our Chronicle* (*Skimmers' School*), *Sydneyan*, *Sagamore* (*U.S.A.*), *Queen's College Magazine*, *Highbury High School Magazine*, *King Edward's School Chronicle*, *Owen's College Union Magazine* (2), *Nottingham Girls' High School Magazine*, *Merchistonian*.