

SAPERE AUDE



The  
Gulme  
Victorian.



FIDE SED. CUI VIDE

E. Elliott  
D.R.

# The Hulme Victorian.

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## SCHOOL NOTES.

H.G.S. LITERARY SOCIETY.—At a Committee Meeting held in January, it was decided that in this, the short term of the year, the number of meetings of the Society should be three instead of the usual four. The first meeting was held on January 21st, when the chair was taken by the Vice-President. Scenes were read from Goldsmith's "She Stoops To Conquer," the chief parts being taken by A. Sergeant, O. Garfitt, M. Schofield, N. Anderton, B. Fryer, and N. Neild.

The Society met again on February 21st to discuss the Salic Law. E. Anderton proposed "That the Salic Law should be in force in all countries at the present time." This was opposed by E. Thackeray, and finally defeated by twelve votes to two.

The third meeting was held on March 21st. Papers on the songs of England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales were read by E. Thackeray, N. Neild, O. Garfitt, and Miss Mitchell respectively, and were vocally illustrated by E. Elliott, L. Rye, A. Sugden, and a choir formed of members of the School Singing Classes.—NELLIE NEILD, Secretary.

The following books have been added to the School Library this term, and may now be taken out by the members of the Literary Club:—Dickens' "Pickwick Papers" and "David Copperfield," Miss Yonge's "My Young Alcides," Ruskin's "Crown of Wild Olives," More's "Utopia," Shakespeare's "Richard III" and "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Scott's "Lady of the Lake," Keat's Poems (Canterbury Poets), Selections from Wordsworth (Golden Treasury Series), "Stories from the Northern Sagas," Dryden's "Virgil," "Thucydides" (Ancient Classics for English Readers), "The Story of South Africa," "The Story of Australia," and Translations of "Beowulf," and of "Sintram" and "Undine," the last two illustrated by Gordon Browne.—E. THACKERAY, Deputy Librarian.

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HOCKEY.—The Hockey Club is very active this term, and we have played two matches within the last month against the Pendleton and North Manchester High Schools. The first was played on March 2nd at Pendleton, where we had a splendid full-sized ground and played with a full team of eleven. The game was extremely exciting, and though we scored no goals, we made it as hard as we could for the other side to win them. The match lasted an hour, and at half-time we had five minutes rest. The goals were 5 to 0, which was not at all bad considering that it was our first match. The Pendleton girls gave us three cheers which we returned, and then we were taken to the school to have tea. Everyone enjoyed the match, and we all looked forward to the next one. This was played on March 9th, at North Manchester. We were all greatly surprised, and I think not agreeably, to find that the ground was asphalt, and, as none of us had ever played on asphalt before, we felt rather disheartened. However, we were not daunted, but played our best. The game was played with nine on each side, and though exciting, was not on the whole enjoyed as much as was that of the previous week. We lost by 8 goals to 0.

We are looking forward to two more matches, one to be played at Crompton on the 29th March, against the Crompton Ladies' Club, and the other on the 5th April at Eccles, against the Victoria College. So far we have not been successful in our encounters, but we are not discouraged and we feel quite ready for the next one. Our captain, Miss Ellis, has very kindly acted as our umpire. We greatly regret that, owing to illness, Alice Sergeant, one of the best members of our team, will not be able to take part in the coming matches.

LILIAN RYE, Vice-Captain.

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HOLIDAYS.—As the half-term was so wet, it was all the more delightful to have a half-holiday on Friday, March 2nd, in honour of the Relief of Ladysmith. The girls share the general enthusiasm, and the portraits of heroes of the war are very popular decorations.

**THIRD FORM READING CLUB.**—The last meeting of the Reading Club was held on the 20th of January, and was very well attended. The subject of the meeting was Scott's "Lady of the Lake," and everybody read a short passage from the poem. L. Anderton wrote a very nice paper on the life of Scott, and altogether the meeting was thoroughly enjoyed.

MADGE NEWTON, Secretary.

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**DEBATING CLUB.**—This term a "Debating Club" was formed for Forms V. and VI. The first meeting was held at the beginning of the term. It was decided to hold two meetings a term, one at the beginning and the other towards the end. One meeting is to be a "sharp practice," and the other a debate. Miss Bott kindly consented to be the Vice-President, and Ellen Anderton is the Secretary. Every member of the club must speak at each meeting, or else pay the sum of 3d. as a fine.—E. ANDERTON, Secretary.

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**DANCE.**—On Saturday, the 17th of February, the school girls were invited by the staff to a dance at the school. A few of the friends of the staff were present, and very kindly played some of the dance music during the evening. Three or four girls came in fancy dress, and the large hall looked very pretty, well lighted up, and full of bright colours. The invitations to the girls was sent out on a fancy parchment roll, written in old-fashioned style, and in old English letters, and was tied with ribbons of the school colours—white and yellow—with red seals. Very pretty programmes were provided, white, with pencils attached by yellow coloured ribbon. Everyone very much missed and regretted the absence of Miss Bott, who was ill, and therefore unable to be present. The guests arrived at half-past six, and the dancing soon began and went on gaily until nine o'clock, only stopping when everybody went downstairs to the gymnasium, where supper was prepared. The dance came to an end with the well-known Sir Roger de Coverley, in which everyone joined. The weather was very kind, and it was quite fine and clear when, at nine o'clock, all returned home, having spent a most enjoyable evening.

S.C.L.

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**SCHOOL SUCCESSES.**—We congratulate Alice Sergeant (Upper VI) on her success in the Oxford Extension Lectures Examination. Alice was bracketed first for the prize awarded by the University Extension for a paper on the "French Revolution." She has selected Morley's "Burke" for the prize. It is especially pleasing to record this, as Alice will be spending next term in Barcelona, and will not be with us. We hope that a summer in Spain will fully set her up after her severe illness, brought on by one chill following immediately on another.

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**ENTERTAINMENT.**—One of the surprises of the term lately has been the last day's entertainment. The last day of the Christmas term we had a long and interesting programme. Forms I and II recited a poem all together, and Lower III supplied several recitations and songs. Lower IV and Upper IV and V gave scenes from Richard II. All did well, but M. Lansdell, G. Smith, and V. Phillips were most moving as Gaunt, Mowbray, and Bolingbroke. L. Rye and A. Sugden also did very well. Four girls from the Upper III (M. Martland, L. Newton, D. Lee, A. Watson) acted the scene of the Mad Tea Party from "Alice in Wonderland." One of the most interesting performances we have had was that of scenes from Tennyson's "Harold" by the Sixth Form. A. Sergeant as "Harold," and E. Anderton as "Edith," deserve special mention. B. Fryer made a stormy and effective William.

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**SEARCH COMPETITION.**—It has been decided that the balance in hand for the Literary Club shall be expended on a small prize for the best answer to the Search Competition. This prize will not be awarded unless a sufficient number of competitors enter.

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The Monitresses this term are as follows:—Form V : A. Nield. Form Upper IV : Mary Letham. Form Lower IV : L. Rye and H. Whittaker. Form Upper III : L. Horrobin and M. Fletcher. Form Lower III : E. Buckley and E. Hulton. Form Lower II : E. Neild, N. Pogson, and M. Scholes. Form I : A. Bodden.

## SEARCH COMPETITION.

1.—Who were and in what work appear :

Captain Cuttle.	Grip.	The Goblin Page.	Rikki-tikki-tavi.	Will Wimble.
Puss and Tiney.	Toomai.	The Milk-white Ass.	Adonais.	Sohrab.
Little Nell.	Pip	Elizabeth Bennet.	Sir Kenneth the Scot.	

2.—Complete the following by adding next lines and giving author :

- (i) "He is gone on the mountain  
He is lost on the forest."
- (ii) "Drink to me only with thine eyes."
- (iii) "All the many sounds of nature  
Borrowed sweetness from his singing.  
For he sang of Peace and Freedom."
- (iv) "Dear harp of my country,  
In darkness I found thee."
- (v) "If we are marked to die we are enough  
To do our country loss."

3.—Of whom was it said :

- (a) "God has a few of us whom he whispers in the ear."
- (b) "Her angel's face  
As the great eye of Heaven shined bright."
- (c) "He spoke, and . . . easily believed,  
Like simple, noble natures, credulous  
Of what they long for."
- (d) "Me thinks he seems no better than a girl."
- (e) "They bit the babies in their cradles."
- (f) "A primrose by the river's brim  
A yellow primrose was to him,  
And it was nothing more."

### A VISIT TO IRELAND.

Leaving Oldham at a very early hour one day in August, I set out with my friends for Belfast, via Manchester and Fleetwood. Our boat was large and the sea was very calm, and we had a splendid passage. It was a lovely sight to see the vessel enter Belfast Lough. As we came in we saw hundreds of sea-gulls wheeling and dipping and uttering their weird cries, while on each side of us we saw the Antrim Mountains. Several vessels were being built, and the steamship "Oceanic," which has since been launched, was then being fitted up. We entered Belfast at 7-30 a. m., and then passed through Enniskillen.

It is a very long and tedious journey to Enniskillen, but the beautiful scenery quite made up for it. We were in the train 3 hours, and after that, when we reached Enniskillen, we had to walk through the town. I thought that it was very quiet, but I have since altered my opinion. It was the fair day when we were coming home, and the town was crowded. In front of the prison men were trying their horses, and you had to be very careful not to be knocked down. You could hardly hear yourself speak above the loud cries of pigs, cows, sheep, calves, &c. In the Cathedral are the old banners of Enniskillen, all torn and stained with blood. We were also interested in the Roman Catholic Chapel. The day we paid our visit the nuns were decorating the altar with lovely white flowers. Near the door was an old font containing holy water. One of the most delightful things in a visit to Enniskillen is a sail down the Lough. We went down the Lower Lough. It is studded with the most beautiful little islands, among them being Devonish Island, Orange Peggy's Island, Enniskillen Island, and the Isle of Rosclare.

Devonish Island is unique in having a Round Tower, which is said to be the most beautiful and perfect structure of its kind in Ireland. It lies next to the ruins of a priory built in 563 A.D. It has several times been sacked by Danish freebooters. The peasants bring their dead to the graveyard here from considerable distances.

Orange Peggy's Island was the home of an old Irish peasant of that name. One rough day when her husband and two sons were crossing to the mainland, a distance of about 3 miles, they were all drowned. This turned her brain. She lived on the island by herself after this, and used to cross to the mainland for provisions in her little boat. She always wore an orange-coloured sash and orange ribbons, hence the name Orange Peggy. She was 108 years old when she died. Her little thatched cottage can still be seen. We passed the "Sanatorium" on the Isle of Rosclare where people are treated for consumption. The patients practically live in the open air.

When we left the boat we went to Belleck and saw the famous potteries. The workmen explained the whole of the process to us. Belleck China is fine and transparent. It is only manufactured there and is very expensive to buy. We saw the great kilns where the china is burned. The river Erne can be seen here. It looks very beautiful from the bridge. When we went back we saw several soldiers in their little boats on the Lough. One evening we went to Balladullah Lough, about a mile away. We had to cross the bog and lost the path. Ennis-killen is supplied with water from here. In the centre of the Lough is some pumping apparatus, which is built round and looks just like a little house in the middle of the waters. Another day we went to the top of the hill to see an old fort, the origin of which is not known. The peasants would tell you that the fairies used to dance there. The forts are believed to have been the strongholds of the old Irish chieftains. They are all situated on the tops of hills. There is a space surrounded by a deep circular ditch, in which the people are supposed to have lived. The ditch is now only a few feet deep, but it is known to have been 3 times as deep. Then there is an outer circle, and this is enclosed by a still deeper ditch. There is just one opening for the people to get out. One day we drove to Beragh, a distance of 20 miles. It was a very pleasant drive all through the country. We passed several fields of flax. The flax smells very unpleasant, so we were glad to get away from it. We went to the top of Beragh Hill. There is a young sycamore tree there which was planted by a gentleman over the grave of his favourite horse. We went to one of the new Irish creameries. They are splendid buildings, and all the Irish farmers take their milk there now, as they find it is much cheaper and saves them a great deal of trouble. This was a most delightful excursion, we helped to gather in the corn, rode on the top of the hay, were busy blackberrying, and hundreds of other delightful occupations made our holiday go only too quickly.

G. SMITH, Upper IV.

## JOHN RUSKIN.

Our great social reformer, John Ruskin, was born on the 8th of February, 1819. Recollections of his early life are found in "Fors Clavigera." His home life was almost Puritanic in its severity. He tells us: "For toys I had a bunch of keys to play with as long as I was capable of pleasure in what glittered and jingled. As I grew older I had a cart and a ball, and when I was five or six years old two boxes of wooden bricks. With these modest possessions, and from being always summarily whipped if I cried, did not do as I was bid, or tumbled on the stairs, I grew up, with rapturous intervals of excitement during the filling of the water cart through its leathern pipe from the dripping iron post at the pavement edge, or the still more admirable proceedings of the turncock when he turned and turned until a fountain sprang up in the middle of the street. But the carpet, and what patterns I could find in bedcovers, dresses, or wall papers, were my chief resources."

His acquaintance with art began early. His father had a great and discriminating love for pictures, and did all in his power to cultivate the same in his son, whom he never, if possible, allowed to look at a bad picture. His love of nature was also developed in his early life. His father, in driving about in his post-chaise to take his orders or settle his accounts, used to take him with him. Whenever they came upon a lovely landscape the father would direct the child's attention to the beauty of the scene. Thus passing through much of the

choicest English scenery he learned to love nature, and says : " In all mountain ground and scenery I had a pleasure infinitely greater than any which has been since possible to me in anything."

Public attention was first drawn to him by his rousing and eloquent defence of the principles of truth and beauty as shown in the art of Turner. Towards the close of the first volume of " Modern Painters" he appealed to the young artists of England to " go to nature in all singleness of art, and walk with her laboriously and trustingly—rejecting nothing, neglecting nothing, and scorning nothing." A band of youthful and gifted painters responded to this call, chief among whom were Holman Hunt and John Everett Millais. They were very severely criticised and spoken of with ridicule, but Ruskin warmly defended them. They were known as the pre-Raphaelites, and with Ruskin's support showed to the world that the highest beauty was to be found in nature, which was indeed closely allied to art. He claims that art has a noble sphere and is not a useless pursuit to fill up the hours of the idle ; that it tends to the moral cultivation of the people. The ever-recurring refrain of his writings has been—" Apply the principles of art to reformation of national life, train your sons and daughters to see and to love the beautiful ; cultivate their higher instincts, call forth and feed their souls "

Like all great reformers, his path has been blocked and his steps dogged by the blindness and selfishness of his fellow-men. His noble utterances have been burlesqued, and his plans for the improvement of the nation denounced as the ideas of an imbecile. On one occasion, when the whole nation seemed against him, he wrote : " Because I have passed my life in almsgiving, not in fortune hunting ; because I have laboured alway for the honour of others, not for my own ; because I have lowered my rents and assured the comfortable lives of my poor tenants, instead of taking from them all that I could force for the roofs they needed ; because I love the wood walk better than a London street ; and have been kind even to the unthankful and the evil, therefore the hacks of English art and literature wag their heads at me, and every-one talks of the effeminate sentimentality of Ruskin."

The opinion of the world, however, had no effect in inducing him to speak less strongly and fearlessly. He felt that his mission was to remedy the national mistakes and create a right impression of truth. " Everyone should be educated to appreciate beauty, especially in the fields—fields meaning grass, water, beasts, flowers, and sky. Unless he is thus trained he is not educated humanly. He may be made a calculating machine—a walking dictionary—a painter of dead bodies—a twangler or scratcher on keys or cat-gut—a discoverer of new forms of worms in mud ; but a properly so-called human being—never !"

There has come over the public a great change with regard to its opinion of Ruskin. Leading men in all classes and industries acknowledge their indebtedness to him, and there is an ever-increasing demand for his books. This is by no means entirely due to his style, though he is undoubtedly the most fascinating writer of his age. It is true that many turn to his works for the sake of the fine English, and this induced him in his later works to use simpler language. The later writings are certainly more severe and show more strength and sadness, although throughout his books he combines clearness and conviction with beauty and attractiveness of setting. He stands in the front rank of modern teachers. As an art critic he stands unrivalled. As a prose poet he is an acknowledged leader among his fellows.

The *Spectator* says : " He thirsted, as a thirsty land for rain,  
For beauty, and for God as men for gain.  
Now he may drink of the immortal tide  
Ever athirst and ever satisfied."

### SONGS OF IRELAND.

Far back in ages unreached by history, the Irish, like all great peoples, produced much poetry. In the beginning of history we hear that they had a triple order of Bards, viz.—Lawman, Historian, and Poet. These three divisions had each fixed functions and privileges. They were held in high honour, and wielded great power, and formed an important part of the national life up to the time of the Viking invasions. From that time their civilization began to decline, and by 1169 their highest culture was a thing of the past. The people were rough and barbarous, and the triple order of bards had disappeared ; the historian had developed into a transcriber, the lawman was nearly extinct, and the poet was a wandering minstrel, or a harper

attached to the retinue of some great chieftain. The minstrels and harpers survived up to modern times, for the English settlers in most cases adopted the Irish speech, manners, and customs, and until the time of Cromwell there was an Irish audience for Irish poets who wrote in the Irish tongue. Many men of Irish birth wrote in English, but then they came to England to seek their fortunes, and did not stay in the land of their birth. In the beginning of the 18th century many thousands of Irish people fled over the seas to escape from William III. and his government. The land was long in confusion, and it was during this period that the typical Irishman of romance was evoked. Even these troubles did not altogether destroy the natural poetical instinct which the Irish share with their Welsh kinsmen. Many delicate and musical little poems were produced, such as "The Fair Hills of Ireland," and "The Blackbird." The latter is the first really Irish song written in English, and the only Anglo-Irish Jacobite song extant. Its author is unknown. The first verse, a fair sample of the whole, begins as follows :

"Upon a fair morning for sweet recreation,  
I heard a fair lady a-making her moan,  
With sighing and sobbing and sad lamentation,  
And saying, 'My Blackbird most royal is flown!'"

About three-quarters of a century later several more typical songs were written in English, all of which are fairly well known. "Garryowen" and the "Rakes of Mallow" were composed respectively for the gentry and the tradespeople, and "The Sprig of Shillelagh" for the peasantry. After William III's time most of the songs of Ireland were written in English, but only a few of them are well known. "The Wearing of the Green" and "Molly Asthore" are the best known peasant songs. Some attempts were then made to blend the two languages in song, and this is successfully carried out in "Molly Asthore" and "Shule Aroon." Then we come to the era of Moore and Waller. Thomas Moore caught the ear of thousands, and his songs are more widely known than those of any other Irish poet, although his tone is decidedly English. Waller, Griffin, and Banim were more truly Irish, and wrote for the peasantry.

With the publication of the "Nation" in 1842 began a new life for Ireland, and for the national literature, in which songs and ballads took an important part. The three names most concerned with the "Nation" are well-known—Thomas Osborne Davis, John Blake Dillon, and Charles Gavan Duffy. In lyrics of love, war, and fancy, the Celtic singer appeals to all. His perception is keener, his touch lighter than that of poets of other nations. The Irish songs possess the musical modulations of the English Elizabethian poets. They are full of national feeling. "God Save Ireland" is perhaps as good an example as we can choose, while Frances Brown, in her "Songs of Our Land," points out what is the great attraction songs have for all.

"Songs of our land! ye have followed the stranger  
With power over ocean and desert afar,  
Ye have gone with our wanderers thro' distance and danger,  
And gladdened their path like a home-guiding star;  
With the breath of our mountains in summers long vanished,  
And visions that passed like a wave from our strand,  
With hope from their country and joy from her banished,  
Ye come to us ever, sweet songs of our land!"

Irish songs sing the fears, hopes, and aspirations of the common folk, and their chief beauty lies in this very simplicity. The laments written by the nearest bard for some local occurrence are the most touching, and were very frequently taken up by the ballad singers. Without doubt the Irish songs excel in the gift of sympathy; beautiful and graceful they are, yet songs that a peasant or a child might understand. OLIVE GARFITT, Lower VI.

## RUSSIA.

As I have been in Russia I will tell you about the country there. First I want to tell you about the houses. They are different from English houses in a great many ways, they are wooden houses, and do not have open fires, but large stoves made of white brick, with places for pans on the top. The windows are very thick and large, generally bow-windows, and the houses are very light. The people are dark-skinned, because when it is summer the sun is so hot that it makes the people sunburnt. In winter it is so cold that they wear coats of fur.

I will tell you a story of our brave servant. A few miles from our house was a large forest of tall trees; the grass is very long to walk through. The forest is full of bears, wolves, deer, stags, and plenty more kinds of animals, I do not know what they are called. None of these are tame. Once when it was winter the wolves were very hungry and could not get anything to eat, so they came out of the forest to where people were living to try and get something. One day our servant was going out to pump water (the pump was out in a yard by itself), and near it she met a wolf. As she was brave she lay down and held her breath until the wolf had smelt all around her. They will not touch anything that is dead, so when the wolf thought she was dead, he walked away and the brave servant got up and went home quite safely again.

The Russian ladies talk Russian and also French. They are very clever in making lace and other kinds of fancy work. They play very well on the piano, and are very fond of music.

When I was in Russia, and was about five years old, I was not allowed to go to the town by myself, nor go out of the garden gate. But one day, not having the feeling to know that I was in danger, I wandered away in play. I had gone a long way from home when I found myself out of sight of our house. I began to cry, as it was a lonely place, and there were no houses in sight. I did not know what to do. My father and mother grew very uneasy about me, they did not know where I had gone, so they let out our St. Bernard dog out of the kennel, and mother gave him one of my hats to smell. Mother said "Go and fetch," and the dog understood and set off as fast as he could go. He was not very long in finding me. When he reached the place where I was he began to wag his tail, for he knew me at once. I was very tired after my long journey, but I got on to the dog's back, and we rode home quite safely.

NATALIA POGSON, Lower II.

## TRISTRAM.

Perhaps one of the noblest and most interesting figures in the legendary *Morte D'Arthur* is that of the "peerless hunter, harper, knight, Tristram of Lyonesse," who has been immortalised in song by three of our greatest poets—Tennyson, Arnold, and Swinburne. Their conceptions of his character differ somewhat. Arnold and Swinburne idealise him, but Tennyson regards him not as a stainless knight, but as a man whose character has been sullied by sin. He pictures him as the victor of the last tournament, a time when the fair order was decaying, the knights grown careless, and when already the shadow of a coming fate had darkened the bright spirit of the king.

Tristram was a child of sorrow, yet "famous and full of fortune was his youth." He engaged in knightly jousts and deeds when still a boy, and freed Cornwall from its oppressors "for love of the country Cornwall, and for to increase my honour." The youthful knight gained such renown that he was said to be

"The noblest man that beareth life save Sir Lancelot of the Lake."

Alas! soon came the fatal voyage of the "Swallow," which brought anguish in its train, when

"The brilliant, youthful knight, in the glory of his prime,"

escourts the fair Iseult of Ireland to Cornwall, for she is

"Quitting at her father's will  
The green isle where she was bred  
For the surge-beat Cornish strand,  
Where the price whom she must wed  
Keeps his court at Tintagil."

Carelessly happy, delighting in the sunshine and the beauty of the sea, in mistake the twain drink of the fatal love cup, the potion sent to King Mare by the Queen of Ireland. Only too mortal Tristram and the Princess yield to the spell, then remembering the sin Tristram flies to Brittany, and for three long years wanders as a banished man about the wolds. The sad solitude comforts him, and there he meets the maiden of the fair white hands.

"The youngest, fairest chatelaine  
That this realm of France can boast,



Our snowdrop of the Atlantic sea,  
Iseult of Brittany."

Her sweet ways and innocent eyes cheer the conscience-stricken knight

"In his stately deep distress,"

and she becomes his wife. But Tristram soon grows weary of this inactive life, and wanders into the world again to fight once more for Arthur's cause against the Roman Emperor. At length he returns to Camelot, the cradle of chivalry, and wins the prize at the last tourney. The victorious knight bears the trophy to his early love, Iseult of Ireland, and then conscience-stricken he flees once more to Brittany, a fever-stricken knight, wounded and full of grief and pain. Death looms near at hand, and the sole desire of the knight is once more to see Iseult of the raven hair, the Queen of Ireland. Matthew Arnold gives us a wonderfully vivid picture of the wounded knight and his wife feverishly awaiting the coming of the Queen. Long suffering "the sweetest christian soul alive," Iseult, the fair, "the patient flower," tends her dying lord until he, unwilling to give her pain, begs her to leave him to save her from witnessing his final farewell to Iseult of Cornwall. At last she comes with the sea spray wet on her hair—

"Raise the light, my Page, that I may see her—  
Thou art come at last then, haughty Queen,  
Long I've waited, long I've fought my fever;  
Late thou comest, cruel thou has been."

He gasps, the fair vision already dim before his closing eyes.

"Tristram, for the love of heaven, speak kindly!  
What, I hear these bitter words from thee?  
Sick with grief I am and faint with travel—  
Take my hand—dear Tristram, look on me?"

But earthly sorrow is now of no avail, Tristram has crossed to the golden shore, and she

"Sinks upon the ground her head  
Is bow'd, half buried on the bed,  
O'er the blanch'd sheet her raven hair  
Lies in disordered streams,  
Their souls united in death.  
Peace they have that none may gain who live,  
And rest about them that no love can give,  
And over them while death and life shall be,  
The light, and sound, and darkness of the sea."

E.

### SPOT'S FAMILY.

"Now you must look at my puppies," said Spot,  
"I am sure you will think there a very nice lot,  
There is not a family half so fine  
In the whole wide world as these pups of mine.

There is Snip at the front, he's a terrible tease,  
And Snap at the back as good as you please;  
There's Flip and there's Flop, who chase every strange cat;  
They get many a scratch, but what care they for that?

There's Pincher and Punch, they make up the six,  
I am sure you would laugh if you saw them do tricks;  
And from what I have told you I'm sure you'll agree,  
There the very best puppies you ever will see."

EDITH HULTON, Lower III.