

SAPERE AUDE



The
Gulme
Victorian.



FIDE SED. CUI VIDE

E. Elliott
D.R.

The Hulme Victorian.

Vol. II. No. 5.

JULY, 1900.

Price 6½d.

SCHOOL NOTES.

THE YEAR OF JUBILEE.—In our Magazine, whose name celebrates the Jubilee of our honoured Queen, we must not omit to mention the Jubilee of the movement which is eminently a production of the Victorian Age, to which we owe the formation of schools for the higher education of girls. Fifty years ago a "College" education for women had a novel sound, but now it seems quite as natural for a girl to continue her education at College as for her brothers.

It will be sufficient for our purpose to state the fact that in St. Paul's Cathedral, on April 3rd, 1900, was held a Jubilee Service "in commemoration of the Founder and Benefactors of the 'Frances Mary Buss Schools' (founded April 4th, 1850), and of thanksgiving for all the benefits for the education of women during the half century 1850-1900."

The Jubilee of the North London Collegiate School should interest us in particular, as that school supplied us with our first Head Mistress and three of the first members of the staff. Those who wish for a full account of the interesting Ceremony will find it in the Jubilee number of the North London Magazine, or the June number of the Manchester High School Magazine, whose editor (the Head Mistress) is an old North Londoner.

* * *

At a meeting of the Cricket Club held at the beginning of the term, the following officers were elected :—Vice-president, Miss Ellis; captain, M. Schofield; vice-captain, L. Rye; treasurer, A. Neild, and secretary, V. Phillips. A new set of wickets has been bought, some stumps of the old set having been broken, and we have also invested in a new bat. We now possess three bats, and we hope to find as many groups of girls every fine afternoon in different parts of the playground vigorously practising batting and bowling. Our present system of practice frequently results in the majority of the team standing up to one ball each, and consequently our recruits fail to make any progress in the art of cricket. We trust that the great beating we have received at the hands of the Withington High School will bring about an immediate reform in our methods, and that we shall give a better account of ourselves in the coming match with a team of our own Old Girls. The following are the members of our first eleven :—M. Schofield, L. Rye, A. Neild, V. Phillips, M. Hanson, E. Johnson, J. Lawton, G. Hollingworth, B. Nicholson, E. Shaw, and G. Smith.

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A meeting of the Rounders Club was held on April 27th, when officers were appointed as follows :—Vice-president, Miss Hugon; treasurer, Miss Kerly; secretary, H. Taylor; committee, M. Schofield (IV), E. Johnson (L. IV), B. Shaw (III) M. Newton (L. III) and P. Rye (II and I). Play has improved this term, there is not only more combination to be seen among the fielders, but also greater quickness in their movements, and though the rain has greatly interfered with the practices, the following matches have been played :—

April 28th, L. III versus II and I, won by L. III by 22 rounders to 3.

May 1st, III " L. III " III by 20 to 7.

" 11th, IV " L. IV " L. IV by 19 to 1.

" 23rd, III " L. IV, a time match, L. IV won by 1 rounder.

" 29th, L. III " II, won by L. III by 20 to 12.

June 26th, V and IV versus L. IV " V and IV by 11 (not out) to 10.

FORM L. III.—Our first rounders match was played before the half-term against the Upper Third. They made twenty rounders and we made only seven. The second match was against the Lower Fourth, and was arranged to be played on the 25th of June, but on account of the weather it had to be postponed to the 27th. We were beaten by four rounders to one. We hope to play some more matches before the term is over.

M. NEWTON, Captain. M. HODGSON, Vice-Captain.

[The School Correspondents have not received any further reports from the captains of the various teams. They would be glad if the captains of the clubs would each term send in reports of the matches played, and also the names of those in each team.]

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At a meeting of the Tennis Club, held on June 30, the following officers were appointed:—Secretary and treasurer, Miss Bott; committee, N. Neild (VI), E. Thackeray (L. VI), V. Phillips (V), M. Schofield (IV), L. Rye (L. IV), L. Newton (III), and D. Higgs (L. III). Our school tournament is taking a different form this year. The whole club is divided into two classes. The numbers in classes I and II being limited to two and six girls respectively. The girls in each class play together till each division is arranged in order of merit, after which the top girl in one class may challenge the last girl of the class above, and if she succeeds in beating her the two change places. If, however, any class does not contain its full number the top girl of the division below may be promoted into it on gaining five games in her tie with the girl above. The two who finally stand at the head of the list are the school champions for the year.

We very much regret that we were not strong enough this season to take part in the tournament of the Lancashire Girls' Schools Tennis League, which was played at Bolton on Saturday, June 30th. Fourteen schools competed for the shield, but, owing to the rain, the finals (between Manchester and Bolton) have still to be played.

Let all our members practise their very hardest, for we must not be left out of the League Tournament another year, and should our best champion again fall ill we ought to have a reserve of at least four girls, all capable of entering the lists.

In spite of our new asphalt court matches have been conspicuous by their absence, so our report this time is a very dull one, and we can only crave the Editor's pardon and promise to do better next time.

* * *

On the result of the examination, held on Saturday, June 16th, the following Entrance Scholarships have been awarded by the Governors:—Two Hulme Scholarships of £15 a year for two years to Ella Gartside, Waterhead and Derker Board Schools, and Emily Waddington, Baptist British School and Waterhead Board Schools; and also Two Assheton Scholarships, giving exemption from tuition fees, and tenable for three years, to Bertha Price, Werneth and Waterloo Board Schools, and Helen Clayton, S. Margaret's School, Hollinwood.

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DEBATING CLUB SOCIETY.—A debate was held on May 2nd, when Emilie Thackeray moved "That the Age of Chivalry is now Dead." Nellie Neild vigorously opposed, and nearly all the members spoke in support of one side or the other. When the votes were taken at the close, the motion was lost, about two-thirds of the members being inclined to think better of the present generation than did the honourable proposer.

The picnic has been postponed until July 14th. We intend to visit Bolton Abbey, and hope that Miss Fox will meet us there.

We are expecting to have Miss Fox with us again in January, and in the meantime her work is being taken by Miss Richards, M.A., London.

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THIRD FORM READING CLUB.—A meeting was held on May 15th, when "Undine" was read. The second meeting is to be "All About Lewis Carroll's Books."

On May 17th, Miss Bott and Miss Evington took Form L. IV to see Owen's College Museum. The Australian curiosities of all kinds, which we went especially to see, are very numerous. The little opossums were much admired. Afterwards we had tea at the Art Gallery, and had a hurried glance at the pictures.

Part of Form Upper III also visited the Museum in May, under the leadership of Miss Kerly and Miss Bott, who have promised to take the remainder of the Form later.

The whole school turned out on the afternoon of May 28th, to view the eclipse of the sun, which was clearly visible without the aid of coloured glasses.

* * *

BIRTH.—SALT: On February 27th, 1900, at Handsworth Wood, Birmingham, Mrs. John Salt (formerly Miss Smith, of the Hulme Grammar School), a son.

On the last day of last term we had, as usual, a little entertainment in the Recreation Room. Beside the usual songs and recitations, a scene was acted at very short notice by some of the Upper III, entitled, "A Novel School." The teacher was Mistress Europe, and her class consisted of France, Italy, Russia, &c. Marjorie Martland as Mistress Europe, made a good, if somewhat diminutive, Mistress, and rated her pupils soundly when they were quarrelsome, as France and Germany seemed especially to be. Britannia was absent, being away in South Africa, "down with war fever," and the little ones, Bosnia and Herzegovina, were in the Kindergarten, and so not in this advanced class. All the other pupils were present, and each had her home-work to show. When it came to the time for drawing there was a little difficulty about rulers Spain's being such a little one, and Norway and Sweden only having one between them.

Some of the dresses were very effective, and the little play was so greatly enjoyed as to evoke a desire that on some future occasion we should be introduced to Dame Britannia's School, and inspect the work of her many children.

* * *

MONITRESSES.—The monitresses for this term are:—Lower VI and V, Mary Wareham; Upper IV, Eva Kay and Gladys Millington; Lower IV, Edith Andrew and Mary Viner; Upper III, Marjorie Martland and Muriel West; Lower III, Annie Tinker and Dorothy Viner; Lower II, Ethel Neild (half term) and Florence Mills (half term); I, Phyllis Rye (half term) and Dorothy Wilde (half term).

* * *

OLD GIRLS' ASSOCIATION.—The second meeting of the association was held on July 5th. Tennis and cricket matches had been arranged between past and present pupils, but to the great disappointment of all they had to be postponed on account of the rain, and the alternative wet-weather programme was gone through. There was dancing in the hall; A. Sugden, L. Rye, and M. Lansdell sang; and much amusement was caused by the vain efforts of some to act a word which should rhyme with "sane" (reign).

It was pleasant to welcome so many of the old faces, 35 girls having responded to the invitation. This is most encouraging when we remember the extreme youth of the society, and we think it shows a desire on the part of many to keep in touch with the old school when their direct connection with it is at an end.

The Treasurer, Miss Evington, will be glad to receive subscriptions from those members who have not yet paid, and to enrol new members.

* * *

On Wednesday, June 27th, the First and Second Forms held a Bazaar in the Recreation Room. There were three stalls—for toys, flowers, and refreshments. Towards the close of the sale an amusing little entertainment was given; four Third Form Girls acted the "Mad Tea Party" from "Alice in Wonderland," while the organisers of the bazaar contributed songs and recitations. Nearly everything was sold, and £2 15s. 3½d. was realised for the Children's Penny Fund, which has been initiated by the Princess Christian for providing homes for disabled soldiers and sailors. This sum, together with the amount already subscribed by the girls, made a total of £3 8s. to be forwarded to London. Subjoined is the letter which Miss Clark has received acknowledging our contribution.

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SOLDIERS AND SAILORS' HELP SOCIETY—PATRON: HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

THE CHILDREN'S PENNY FUND.

Offices: 17, King Street, St. James's, S.W.
June 30th, 1900.

MADAM,

I am directed by The Princess Christian to ask you to thank the girls of Hulme Grammar School very much on Her Royal Highness' behalf for their liberal donation to this fund. The Princess is much gratified.

Yours faithfully, HELEN DICK-CUNYNGHAM,

Miss Clark, Hulme Grammar School, Oldham.

Hon. Secretary.

SEARCH COMPETITION.

There have been a few more answers sent in for the Search Competition this time. E. Anderton has the full number of marks, and therefore takes the prize. N. Neild comes next, and L. Neild and E. Thackeray also are in the first class, with over 50 out of a possible 60 marks. D. Mayall is in the second class. The prize given by the Literary Club is one volume of the "Temple" edition of Shakespeare.

COMPETITION No. 2.

In judging the answers, their arrangement and accuracy are taken into consideration.

1.—Of whom was it said :

"Triumph, my Britain! thou hast one to show,
To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe."

2.—Where do the following lines occur? Name the author.

(A) "The night is calm and cloudless,
And still as still can be;
And the stars come forth to listen
To the music of the sea."

(B) "With God a day endures alway
A thousand years are but a day."

(C) "He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small."

(D) "Is she kind as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness."

(E) "Press where ye see my white plume shine."

3.—Name, with author, as many poems as you can, on the lark, the swallow, and the nightingale; and also on the daisy.

4.—For those under 14: Quote as many lines of poetry as you can on music and dancing.

5.—For those over 14: Give as many short quotations as you can on the subject of poverty or slavery.

MY DOVES.

We have a dove-cote in the garden, and it is wired round with wired netting. It is very nice for the doves to fly about in. We began with only four birds, but now we have eleven and two eggs. The first we ever had came from St. Annes, which was flying about the shore, and as it came to us father brought it home for us to keep, then we bought three more. When they lay eggs they lay one at a time—the first one they leave for two days, then lay another. They sit on these two eggs for a fortnight and two days, and then the young doves chip the eggs and come out. At first the young doves are very ugly, but grow much prettier as they grow older, and at six weeks old are able fly. When it rains they will not go into their dove-cote, but stop on their perches and spread their wings to get a bath, unless, of course, you go and drive them in. It is very nice to see them feed. If you throw some seed on the floor of the pen they will fly down and eat it. When they ruffle their feathers they look very funny. One day I went into the pen to put the doves away, but the door was not fastened and it fell down. The dove which I call "Grandfather" slipped out and flew away. My cousin, my brother, and I had to go and catch it. After a little climbing we caught it in the next garden. This was the third time it had gone. The first time it flew out on a very wet day and we easily caught it again. The second time it flew out we had all the other doves in the greenhouse. When the runaway dove heard them cooing it flew straight back into the greenhouse. The third I have already mentioned. One of the doves is called "Fluffy" because it is often fluffing up all its feathers. Another is called "Beauty" because it is specially graceful—for the others are graceful too. To the little ones I have given no names as yet. They coo a great deal all night, but not quite so much during the day. Now I think I have told you all about my pets, and I am just going to put them into the dove-cote as it is raining, and they might catch cold.

HARRIET SMETHURST, Lower III.

WHALLEY.

The Literary Club seems always very fortunate in choosing places for its picnics. This year we went to on Saturday, June 16th, to Whalley. We started from Oldham with Miss Kerly, at a quarter to eight, and had to wait nearly three quarters of an hour at Victoria Station for our train to come in. We were joined there by Miss Evington, Miss Hugon, Miss Richards, and Miss Mitchell and her sister, these making our number up to thirty. When we arrived at Whalley we went first to the Abbey. This is a very old place with no trace of its roof left, but only the high thick walls covered with ivy. In one part of the ruin stands an old stone cross evidently marking the grave of one of the monks. The Abbey kitchen has in it three immense fireplaces and chimneys, each at least six feet wide. On leaving the Abbey we went to Whalley Church and succeeded, after some delay, in obtaining the key of one of its numerous doors. The church is fitted up with old-fashioned square pews, where people sit facing one another, some with their backs to the preacher. The choir stalls are beautifully carved in oak, and have small seats purposely made not very comfortable lest the choir should fall asleep. Near the pew of the Assheton family is the grave of Abbot Paslew, of Whalley Abbey. An old tradition said that if any of the Assheton family passed over the tombstones he would die within a year. This was fulfilled in two cases, and then the stone was removed and placed in the wall.

When we had quite explored the church we thought about beginning our climb up the hill called the Nab which is behind Whalley. We had intended to have our lunch on the hill-side, but as it had been raining and the grass was wet, we took possession of a cottage garden, and there lunched and rested.

The ascent of the Nab is rather steep but very pretty, as the road leads through a wood. On the way we gathered wild flowers, for Miss Evington offered a prize for the best bouquet. We went to a house on the hill-side where they were going to provide tea for us, and, leaving our cloaks there, separated into different parties, some to play and others to find flowers.

The wood here is very pretty, with lofty trees well covered with foliage, and grass and bracken two or three feet high. From the top of the Nab a splendid view is obtained of the surrounding country. At half-past three we met again for tea, and after that came the judging of the bouquets. There were not many of these, as unhappily a naughty little urchin had thrown two or three very fine bunches over a wall within the reach of a small dog and a very large pig, and they were therefore rather spoiled. Susan Rothwell's bunch of white May-blossom took the prize, a box of chocolates.

On the way back to the village we had plenty of time, and some of our party went for a short walk. On our return journey we had to change trains at Bolton as well as at Manchester. At the latter station we had just missed a train and had some time to wait for the next, but it did not seem long before our train steamed up, and we took our places and came on to Oldham.

The day had been delightful and the country splendid, and we all wished that we had another picnic to look forward to for the following Saturday.

S. C. LEES.

IRELAND AND THE QUEEN'S VISIT.

Canon ROUSTREE has most kindly consented to write us an account of the Queen's Visit to Ireland.—ED.

The subject is a large one, and one which, to have justice done to it, would require more space and time than I have at my disposal. Social, religious, economic, and political questions in connection with it are full of interest and very complex; but I must strenuously resist the temptation to deal with these, or rather to attempt to do so, and content myself with treating my theme in a very sketchy way indeed.

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody good," and it must be a bad movement that has no beneficial side; and so the recent political and social troubles that have vexed Ireland have not been wholly devoid of usefulness to her in that they have served to bring her, with her questions and difficulties, into the light of public attention and compelled her critics in this country at all events to aim at obtaining a fuller knowledge and more precise information than they formerly possessed regarding her.

The South African War has given indirectly a further impetus in the direction of compelling public attention to Ireland. Our honoured and beloved Queen, with the mother wit or instinct of a woman, the sagacity of a statesman, and the gracious tact of herself, conceived what may, without exaggeration, be described as the brilliant idea of paying a compliment to the military genius and devotion of Lord Roberts, and the bravery of the Irish soldiers serving under him, by visiting their country. This visit was made early in April, and already an immediate effect, is seen in the stream of tourists to Ireland which has set in, and which promises to be during the season unprecedented.

For lack of any limit imposed upon me by the kindly and indulgent Editor of this Magazine in the treatment of my subject, I will confine its range for the most part to the visit of Her Majesty.

Let me say, then, that by that visit the Queen has done two things of no little importance. She has taken an important step towards conciliating what may be called the sentiment of Ireland, and she has also done much to encourage a movement which in more ways than one may be expected to add to the material advantages of the country.

It is idle to think that we can deal successfully with any nation or people without taking sentiment into account. And this is pre-eminently true in the case of a quick, warm-hearted, and generous people like the Irish. Things which might appear comparatively unimportant, or even negligible, to people of sluggish or phlegmatic temperament, will acquire a higher place in the estimation of enthusiastic natures. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at if anything like a slight or indifference to their country should be resented by the Irish, and on the other hand it was only to be expected that an action shewing consideration for their country on the part of the Sovereign would be rated at the highest possible value.

The generous hospitality of the Irish is proverbial, and their loyalty to those who have a real claim upon it is not less genuine. The visit of the Queen then, appealing as it did to those two sentiments, and being at the same time a concession to the Irishman's love of country and also of a little display, was hailed with the most enthusiastic expressions of welcome and respect. The road along which her procession passed from Kingstown to Dublin, a distance of six or eight miles, may be described as one blaze of colour and artistic ornamentation. The route, at all times a pretty one, looked perhaps its best in the brilliant sunshine of that lovely spring day, and everything that was needed or that could be done to enhance its beauty was effected by the display of banners and festoons of flowers hung out with more or less profusion at frequent points all along the way.

But perhaps the most interesting and effective incident in the Queen's entry was the approach to the city proper. The point at which this took place was Baggot Street Bridge, spanning the Canal. Here was the gate of the city, and here was erected an elaborate representation of the ancient Castle of Baggotrath, the battered and time-worn battlements, the loopholes, the old, grey, moss-covered stones of the fortress all being depicted with the most faithful accuracy.

The gates were kept closed till the Queen drew near. Presently there rode forward a personage known as the Athlone Herald, whose approach and request were announced by the sound of the trumpet. The herald requested that the gates should be opened for the entry of the Sovereign, and in immediate response the command was given that the Queen should be admitted, and as soon as Her Majesty with her retinue passed through the gates her carriage halted, and the quaint ceremony took place of presenting to her the ancient keys and sword of the city by the civic authorities. The Queen at once directed that they should be handed back to their proper custodians, and the procession passed on through the picturesque and profusely decorated streets, bright with sunshine and glitter and gladness, the air laden, if not musical, with shouts of "Cead Mille Failthe."

The Queen's destination was the Vice-Regal Lodge, the Lord Lieutenant's Residence in the Phoenix Park, which was placed at Her Majesty's disposal by the Viceroy, and where she stayed during the whole of her visit. The Park is well-wooded and beautifully situated, commanding lovely views of the Dublin Mountains. Quite close is Kilmainham, where Lord Roberts, as commander-in-chief of the forces in Ireland, had his official residence till he went to South Africa.

Every day the Queen, accompanied by one or both of her daughters, drove out in an open carriage in the most unostentatious manner, constantly varying her route through the beautiful

suburbs of Dublin, and thereby giving the inhabitants of the various districts, with deliberate considerateness, an opportunity of seeing their Sovereign.

The Royal Visitors, indeed, had not much idle time on their hands during their stay in Dublin. Each day had its hospitals or other philanthropic institutions or schools to be visited, and this was done in the most conscientious and considerate manner possible, and with perfect impartiality, so far as political party or religious creed was concerned. Then loyal addresses had to be received from various localities and corporate bodies throughout the country, and one of the most interesting incidents in the whole visit was the inspection by the Queen of several thousands of Sunday School Children who were brought from all parts of Ireland to see Her Majesty. It may, I think, be said with confidence that few things in recent years have done more than the Queen's visit to captivate the sentiment of the Irish, and they are essentially a sentimental people, and also to draw to them the generous and unprejudiced attention of their neighbours.

What Ireland wants is to be better known, and all that has been said in connection with the Queen's visit, and said justly, with regard to the beauty of Irish scenery, ought to have the effect of drawing hosts of visitors during this and succeeding holiday seasons, with the result, not only of delighting the English tourist, and bringing much needed money into the country, but also of making the Irish to be better understood.

JAMES P. ROUNTREE.

ONE SUMMER DAY.

It was a broiling afternoon, the sun hotter than anything I had met in the "Land of Fogs," and I was too sleepy to think. A harsh sister roused me, however, to leave my uncomfortable resting place in a bare convent-salon, and, putting on my largest hat, I walked lazily round the hot though shady garden out on to the hillside. Of course it was dry and humming with life, lively little flies and busy ants were hard at work showing me how unwise I was to sit upon a lovely lump of grass-covered sand and do nothing. Reading was impossible, but I must do something. Should I clamber down on to the rocks below and watch my industrious sister sewing? Ha ha! her work is on her knees, and she is gazing out over the bluest of blue seas. Then I perched myself on a ledge of rock with a bit of shade just for my back, and we both watched the lizards darting to and fro among the yellow and grey boulders. Soon the tide will be up, and the lizards will, like us, have to leave the sun-baked rock. We try, spasmodically, to talk French. What is the French for lizard? I want to point out that little bright greeny long-tailed monster with the sparkling eyes. Ah! he has seen me, he has gone into some crevice before invisible.

Now the tide is driving the busy shrimpers in. These are no dilettante damsels, but old weather-beaten dames, ready to tramp a couple of miles out after the receding sea, crossing a creek here to get to better shrimping grounds, tramping a mile or two home when the great net is full, and not averse to a quiet pipe on the shore when work is done. The red handkerchief which covers the peasant's head is not to be seen on Sundays, or when they are dressed for church. Then appear the famous Breton caps, varying in shape and elaboration according to the town to which they belong. Some are large, some quite small, some are plain, others are lace-edged. All are of white muslin, and have been worked by the mothers and grandmothers of the village maidens, ready for the young woman as she grows to sedate years. Fashion does not change, and no Breton woman is ashamed to wear a cap that her ancestors have worn before her. Going to Mass on Sunday morning, the freshly-ironed lappets give grace to the plainest face.

Coming along the village road one Saturday I was surprised to meet the priests evidently bent on some important errand, and they benignantly bade the heretic Englishwoman "Bon jour." Later on I saw them again. Everyone is talking of the "fête." What is it? Very soon I discovered what it was. We heard sounds of music and of tramping feet. The priests, now in their red and white robes, followed by the choristers and all the young girls in their white first-communion veils, and most of the peasants in Sunday attire, marched in procession over the cliff road to the sea shore. They stood on the little jetty, whose steps are covered with the lazy lapping waters. The priest then pronounced a blessing on the sea, and cast "Holy Water" upon it, and prayed the Good God for high tide and fair winds. Next, turning, they blessed the

fishermen and their families, bidding them be thankful for the harvest of the sea. Then they scattered, and while the tide was at the full the fête began. I took up my position on a grassy ledge, made by a road cut along the edge of the tall cliff. There were no prickly hedges to prevent visitors from sitting in comfort, and the road side was accordingly well lined. From where I was, thanks to a turn in the line of the cliff, we could get a beautiful view of the deep sea and the jetty down in the bay.

Soon a row of excited friends were cheering the swimmers, who stood ready below. These were wiry-looking, black-haired, brown-skinned young fishers, ready to swim as long as you please in the clear waters, especially when there were such fine prizes! Half a dozen ducks, fat and glossy, were set free at a signal, and the competitors dived in after them, and kept up a very lively chase. The ducks used their wings, and, when caught, their bills too, in vain effort to escape; and it was a very long time before any of the swimmers brought a duck back to the starting point in safety. One duck flew ashore and took refuge among the boulders, but was pursued and driven to sea again by his enterprising captor. Each man kept his prize, of course. Several of them came up, and were greeted with a flood of Breton as they wrung their dripping garments and held up the ducks to show to their relations and friends. Close to me one young man put his duck up to auction, and a brisk bargain was driven.

The peasants' talk is very difficult to understand at first, but after a time they see that you must be indulged, and treat you to slower and more precise French than they ever speak to each other. I held many conversations during the day of the fête. One obliging "bourgeoise" lent me a paper with the programme for the day, and thus I was prepared for the pig-chase, which came next. A pig was thrown into the water, well greased, and the swimmers tried to catch him. This was soon over in spite of the grease, and I felt less sorry for poor piggy than you would have thought. He was taken out to sea in a boat and the captor was allowed to climb into the boat with him.

The sailing races were the events of the day for the fisher-folk, but they lasted so long, and were so complicated, that the beauty of the picture they made pleased me more than the race itself. I wish I could paint the scene for you; a cloudless sky, a deep-blue sea, broken up by projecting cliffs clothed in restful green, across the bay a long line of boats with red-brown sails, manned by blue or white clad fishers. They are evidently making for a little island right out in the deep, the sails at times dip down almost to touch the water. On the island itself, and on the cliffs around, and in the little row-boats here and there on the sea, were those to whom the wind and the waves were friends and subjects: who hang up in their church a model of a ship, full-rigged, as an offering to the God who governs the sea. But the tide is ebbing and the people are streaming homewards, the bell of the convent in the sheltered hollow of the hill calls to the evening meal, and white-capped, coarse-robed lay sisters are ready to serve you with the ubiquitous egg, spinach, and garlic, and long loaves of sour, "unleavened" bread, with home-made cider to crown the simple banquet.

At nine o'clock you must all be in your bed-rooms, or risk being lost in a maze of low unlighted corridors, wherein your head, if too aspiring, will suffer many crushing blows, and you may trip over unexpected steps and rouse the "Mère Supérieure" from her well-earned rest.

Rather go and sleep quietly, for all too soon comes the clanging bell summoning the good sisters to early prayer, long before your sleepy head is ready to welcome the morning.

M. E. K.

WOLF.

Once beautiful and gay,
Now getting old and gray,
Faithful he has always been,
Loved by all he's ever seen.

Spoilt beyond measure,
He's lived at our pleasure
For thirteen long years,
Through laughter and tears.

M. NEWTON, Lower III.