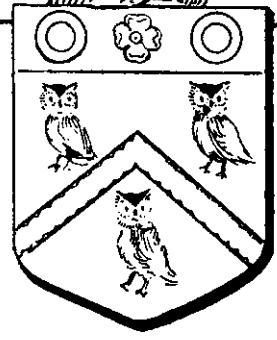


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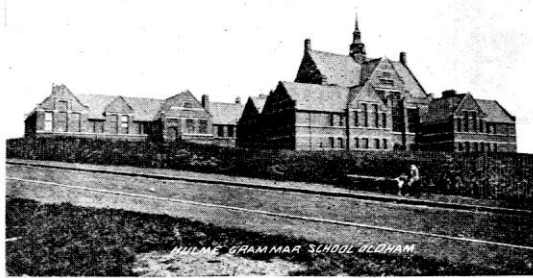


The
Gulme
Victorian.



FIDE SED. CUI VIDE

E. Elliott
D.R.



MILNE GRAMMAR SCHOOL GLENHAM

The Hulme Victorian.

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Price 6½d.

SCHOOL NOTES.

Two new books have been added to the Literary Club Library—"The Pillars of the House" and "Nuttie's Father," by Miss C. M. Yonge.

* * *

We are indebted to the kindness of Mr. W. E. Clegg for the permission to use the block for the accompanying print of the School, which is taken from the "Souvenir of Oldham."

* * *

The Debating Society has held one meeting this term—a sharp practice. The Annual Picnic is to be on Saturday, July 20th, when all the members hope to go to Dovedale for the day.

* * *

CRICKET.—The Cricket Club is greatly indebted to Mr. F. A. Hugon, who, besides kindly consenting to choose their new bat for them, also presented them with an excellent one of his own.

* * *

NURSING.—The nursing course was concluded at the beginning of this term by an examination, an ordeal through which every candidate from Dr. Wilkinson's class passed successfully.

* * *

SWIMMING.—A swimming class has been started this term. Miss Bott has kindly taken the girls every Thursday to have their lessons from Miss Dare, and the swimmers are growing quite proficient.

* * *

On May 8th, Miss Kerly took a party of girls to Manchester to go through the Chetham Hospital. Mr. Brown, the governor, kindly conducted us himself, and explained many very interesting details.

* * *

On Tuesday, April 23rd, we held our first commemoration of St. George's Day, and in particular Shakspeare's birthday. Recitations and songs from Shakspeare were given by various girls, and scenes from the "Tempest" and "The Taming of the Shrew."

* * *

The monitresses this term are :—Forms I. and II., D. Taylor and D. Wilde; Form L. III. A. Wolstencroft and M. Horsfall; Form III., M. Letham and A. West; L. IV., M. Fletcher and A. Tinker; IV., A. Cockroft and H. Whittaker; V., S. C. Lees.

* * *

STORY CLUB.—The Upper Third has held one meeting of the Story Club this term. We sat out in the grounds for the first half of the programme, when papers were read on "Flowers," and flower poems recited and read. The Club has bought one new book for the permanent library—Miss Yonge's "Daisy Chain."

* * *

Once more we have to thank Mrs. George Lees for her kindness to us. Last term the Third Form rejoiced in a pretty silver thimble for the champion of their sports. This term the First and Second Forms are in great excitement over a croquet set, which she has just sent to them, and we expect to see the little ones playing croquet every afternoon now, when it is fine enough to go out at 3 o'clock.

We must heartily congratulate Miss Kerly on her new sphere of work in the Oxford High School, and we hope that she will always keep a warm corner in her heart for the school which owes her so much and for the girls in whose interests she has never spared herself. So great will be our loss that it is only with a very great effort we can unselfishly rejoice that next term will find her in such an ideal town. Her place here will be taken by Miss Strange, of Somerville College, who has just taken the Final School of History—that is, the Honours B.A. degree of the Oxford University.

A. B. CLARK.

* * *

LEAGUE OF PITY.—We are glad to hear that our girls have made two little efforts this term on behalf of the League of Pity. On Friday evening C. R. and D. Wilde, with P. Rye, B. Hardman, A. & I. Bodden, H. Marcroft, D. Taylor, and E. Viner, gave an interesting little play called the "Fairy Gifts." It was given at Werneth House in aid of the League. About forty friends were present, and the sum of £4 os. od. was subscribed towards the funds. Mary Hanson and some school friends are also having a little sale of work in aid of the same League. It is to be held at Mary's home on Saturday, July 6th, and we hope to hear the result later on. We wish them every success.

* * *

TENNIS.—The Tennis champions this year are Mary Schofield and Janet Lawton. They have already played in two school matches. The first, June 21st, resulted in a serious defeat for Oldham, though our pair played well, and enjoyed a very good game. Pendleton won two sets to none, 6—0, 6—1. On Friday, June 28th, the Eccles champions came to play us. We were very glad to win our second victory since the club began. The victory was very hard fought, and three sets were played, Oldham winning 10—8, 2—6, 6—1. There is to be a School Tournament this year; the finals are to be played off July 10th. Mrs. Emmott has kindly offered two half-guinea prizes for the winners. We are very glad to be able to send a pair to take part in the Lancashire League Tournament this year. This is to be played on Saturday, July 6th, in Manchester.

* * *

OLD GIRLS' ASSOCIATION.—The fourth and perhaps the most enjoyable meeting of the Old Girls' Association was held at the School on Thursday, July 4th. A Tennis Tournament was arranged, and the prize-winner, Ada Neild, received a very pretty clock as prize, E. Atkins coming second. Other members found amusement in croquet, cricket, and conversation. Later in the evening a short programme was gone through, consisting of songs by A. Cooper, A. Sugden, and L. Rye; a piano solo by M. Lansdell, and scenes from "Pride and Prejudice," in which the parts of Elizabeth, Mrs. Bennett, Mrs. Collins, and Lady Catherine de Burgh were well taken by H. Haigh, G. Millington, N. Anderton, and S. C. Lees. Miss Clark took the opportunity to remind the members to send their garments for distribution in Hulme by Friday, Nov. 30th. A very pleasant evening was brought to a close in the usual way by singing "Auld Lang Syne."

* * *

BAND OF MERCY.—A branch of the Band of Mercy has been formed at school this term. This is the children's section of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The members undertake to regularly supply their own home pets with food and water, and to guard them from the neglect or ill-treatment of the juniors—so that even the toddling baby will learn to respect the feelings of the kitten, and no longer be found weeping because that "kitty-cat has gotted pins in her feet." They will not only scatter crumbs in the garden, but will also provide a saucer of water—a great boon, especially in the hot weather, when one sometimes sees quite a small crowd of well-mannered little sparrows waiting their turn to quench their thirst. In these and other ways the members of the Band will seek opportunities for being used as the instruments through whom these helpless ones are tended by the Almighty Father, "Who made and loveth all."

The subscription is fourpence a year, paid quarterly, and for an additional sixpence each member is supplied with a monthly magazine devoted to the interests of her four-footed and feathered friends.

OUR SPORTS.

On the afternoon of Tuesday, June 25th, there was to be seen in our playground a large gathering of ladies who had come to witness what we hope will be the first of a long series of Annual Sports held by the girls of this School. The programme began with the high jump. This took place in the girls' play-room, and great was the excitement as the rope rose higher and higher in spite of the murmurs of "They can't possibly get over it *this* time." But over they went till the rope stood at 4-ft. 1-in., a height cleared by M. Newton only. Her very pretty style of jumping made her a popular winner, though she was run very close by M. Hanson and M. Schofield. The little ones also jumped well, P. Rye reaching 3-ft. 2-in. After that the events followed quickly. While the flat races were going on, hurried preparations were being made on the lower playground, and visitors were mystified to see umbrellas, teacups, mustard pots, and other such articles as are not usually associated with athletic sports, being strewn along the course, and the answer "O that's for the Domestic Races" seemed scarcely to satisfy enquiries. But when the start was given the competitors were seen hastily trying to fold an umbrella neatly, run on and cover a book, only to be confronted with a jacket to be folded or a needle to be threaded, while further on there was mustard to be made or a bow to be tied, and finally a milky tumbler to be washed. Some mothers were heard to wish that domestic races happened once a week. The tandem race caused great amusement. Here one girl drove two others nursery-fashion winding in and out of an avenue of Indian clubs—the horses being blindfolded. In one or two instances, in spite of the despairing tugs of the driver, the too eager horses wrought ruin among the clubs, but in most cases their very tentative movements as they gingerly moved up the cricket field made some enquire if this were the tortoise race. In one team a refractory horse which refused to move was the cause of much laughter, but the valiant driver was not to be beaten, and, by getting in front, pulled her team past the winning post some few minutes after the race was over. The little girls entered for a sack race, which was easily won by D. Wilde, who seemed to find a sack a very slight impediment to free movement, while as for the throwers of the cricket ball, if they did not throw far, at least they threw straight, and once for all confuted those scoffers who had previously announced their intention of seeking safety from being hit by standing in the line along which the ball was aimed. By four o'clock all was over, and we gathered round the front steps where Miss Clark gave away the prizes, and then invited us all to the Recreation Room to a most welcome tea.

Our thanks are due to Miss Ellis who organised and arranged the whole programme, and to all the mistresses by whose help she was enabled to carry it out so successfully. We are also greatly indebted to the older boys who kindly did all the carrying of heavy weights, as well as the hammering into the ground of several iron props—a task which had proved to be beyond the strength of the girls.

The list of events and prizes are as follows:—Event 1. High jump (over 12 years): M. D. Newton, bee clock in case. 2. High jump (under 12 years): P. Rye, writing case. 3. Examination race (over 12): S. C. Lees 1st prize, fountain pen; M. Hodgson 2nd prize, book "Tales of a Grandfather." 4. 100 yards' race (over 13): M. Hanson, inkstand. 5. 100 yards' race (under 13): M. Prosser, gold brooch. 6. Flat race (over 13): M. Hodgson, silver serviette ring. 7. Flat race (under 13): A. Wolstencroft, paint box. 8. Blindfold tandem race (senior): M. Hanson, M. Fletcher, H. Taylor, 3 purses. 9. Blindfold tandem race (junior): M. Prosser, H. Marcroft, M. Brearley, 3 penknives. 10. Bicycle Tortoise race: M. Hanson, fountain pen. 11. Long jump: M. Hanson, silver photo frame. 12. Domestic race (senior): G. Millington, brush and comb in case, presented by Mrs. H. Wilde. 13. Three-legged race: A. Wolstencroft, M. Bentley, paint boxes. 14. Throwing the cricket ball: D. Higgs, picture in frame. 15. Sack race: D. Wilde, box of paints. 16. Egg and spoon race: M. B. Schofield, picture in frame. 17. Domestic race (junior): D. Millington, serviette ring. 18. Consolation race: L. Neild, bicycle basket. We are glad to have this opportunity of thanking Mrs. Herbert Wilde for her kind thought in presenting us with such a handsome prize.

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

In the whole of Irish history Daniel O'Connell is perhaps the most striking figure. He is remarkable in his personality, in his position, and most especially in the work to which he devoted his life. His position was perhaps such as no other man ever occupied. The most powerful man in Ireland, his power was entirely moral; he gained none of it by the accidents of his birth or his social position, for he was—like so many others of his countrymen—only a successful lawyer. Like Aristides, in Greek history, he was powerful in the possession of many qualities which were lacking in his countrymen, and yet he was a thorough Irishman. He possessed the gifts of perseverance, of singleness of aim, of industry, and above all, the power of laying aside his religious animosities for the sake of his country. "I know," he says, "that the Catholics of Ireland will remember that they have a country, and that they will never accept of any advantages as a sect which would debase and destroy them as a people." These qualities won for him the support of the people, and it was their support solely which gave him his power. One remarkable instance shows us that he was fully conscious of this. In the year of his release, on October 14th, *apropos* of the subject of Federation against Repeal, he wrote, "For my own part I do at present feel a preference for the Federation plan." On November 24th he said, "Federalists, I am told, are still talking and meeting. . . . Let them work as well as they can, but they are none of my children. I have nothing to do with them." During that short time he had investigated the feeling of the country on the subject.

But after the support of the people the most reliable sources of his power were the priests, and to them he stood in a political relationship which is almost unique. The Irish Roman Catholic clergy were sagacious enough to estimate his character exactly, and they felt quite safe in bringing all their ecclesiastical authority to aid him, because they knew that not for one moment would his early French training and his devotional nature allow him to use his power against his Church. They were right, and throughout O'Connell's history nothing is more worthy of notice, as affording an insight into his character, than the mutual cordiality and confidence which existed between the clergy and O'Connell. They worked on each other's behalf, and both profited by the arrangement.

But, indeed, O'Connell's nationality must never once be forgotten, for his typical Irish characteristics—of which he possessed many—did much to bring about the failure of his work in the English Parliament. His oratory fascinated and excited an Irish mob. To an English Parliament accustomed to Brougham, Canning, Grey, and Macaulay, it had no charm of novelty to commend it. His violence disgusted, his ill-concealed contempt alienated, and "his ail" of followers aggravated the English middle-class, then gradually growing into the most influential English body, and of whose existence he was almost entirely ignorant. Moreover O'Connell was absolutely ignorant of the English methods of passing a resisted Bill, which had been employed with so much success by Macintosh and Russell to obtain a reform of the Criminal Laws and of Parliamentary Representation.

When we come to study O'Connell's work its uselessness stands out with a clearness which cannot be overlooked, but he had to work through a hostile Parliament. For nearly five-and-forty years was O'Connell the king of the Irish people, and yet what measure of his has been of lasting benefit to Ireland? It cannot be said that Catholic Emancipation was his work, for the best part of English opinion had been turning in favour of it for many years. He probably merely anticipated it by a few years. He said he would obtain the repeal of the Union; he boasted that he had made an Irish nation. He opposed the introduction of the Poor-laws into Ireland (where at the present moment they are in full force), and yet made no provision for his starving fellow-subjects in a time of famine. What traces have any of his associations left on the country? It cannot even be said that the nation has profited by his lessons of moderation or unity.

At the same time, O'Connell was not entirely to blame for his failure. Two things must be remembered. First, with regard to Repeal, that he—with his uneducated, almost uncivilised, followers—attempted to break down the calm, settled determination of the English not to grant Repeal—a determination supported by the authority of Pitt, who was justly mistrustful of the good faith of the sister country. Only in one way could such a struggle end. Secondly, we must remember the nature of the material with which he had to work. The inherent want of unity which originally brought the English into Ireland robbed O'Connell of any good

lieutenants ; the religious dissensions of the country prevented any simultaneous action ; and finally, his own methods of action alienated the Young Ireland party. He had only just seen this alienation, which meant the downfall of his influence, when he died—a man who had spent his life to reach one aim, and had failed because his judgment was faulty, conditions adverse and his opponents too strong.

NELLIE NEILD, Oldham Centre.

A VISIT TO H.M.S. GALATEA.

When staying in Grimsby one summer, I had the pleasure of visiting one of Her Majesty's men-of-war, called the Galatea. My sister and I went with our hostess, and as the ship was about a quarter of a mile out at sea, we had to sail down the river in a steamer. We stopped at the ship, crossed the gangway, and stepped on board the Galatea. The sailors all looked most happy, most of them running about bare-footed and clad in holland suits (their working clothes). One of them was most obliging, and showed us all the points of interest on board. The deck was beautifully clean and white, and the sailor told us that they were scrubbed as often as three times a day ; he also told us that the Galatea was only a third-rate boat, and I was rather astonished, for it was fitted with electric light, and was really a splendid ship. There were ten guns in all—a very large one, whose shot weighed about a hundred pounds, and nine smaller guns. In time of war the gunner presses an electric button, and the gun is ready in position at once. The sailor showed us the conning tower, which he told us was the safest place on board in time of battle. We then went downstairs into the messroom, where we were greeted with several cheery remarks from the sailors, who were at the time having their tea. Each sailor had a basin or mug of tea, and large pieces of butter were placed down the centre of the tables for the men to take what they required. I was not at all impressed by the cooking stoves, where they were cooking herrings in frying pans, and I was horrified to see the cook turn the fish over with his fingers. There was also another messroom for the marines, who are not quite like ordinary sailors. The quarters of the officers looked much more comfortable, but we were not permitted to go through them. In the meat-room there was a great quantity of beef and mutton hanging up. We were also allowed a peep into the doctor's surgery, which was very similar to any other, except that there were curtains instead of a door. As another place of interest we were shown the cells where naughty sailors are imprisoned : we were not shown in, however—perhaps because they were already occupied. I thought that we had then seen all, but the sailor informed us that there was still another "storey" below, if we cared to go, so we followed him down another flight of steps, and came to the place where the torpedoes are kept. Our guide explained to us how they were worked, their use, and the speed at which they shot through the water. It was then time for us to return, so we had a peep at the engines which worked the ship, and then stepped once more on to the steamer, to be carried back to Grimsby.

MARY B. SCHOFIELD, Upper IV.

THE GLASGOW EXHIBITION.

The Glasgow Exhibition is a great success. Many countries have exhibits in it, and most of these are in the main building. The Exhibition itself is built in a park through which the River Kelvin runs. There are several different entrances. Walking down to the principal of these, in the main building we pass first on our right the Russian section ; it consists of four buildings, all made of wood, three of which have roughly carved figures on the top. A little further we come to the Irish section, and the exhibits consist of Irish manufactures and ship models. Next we come to the Canadian section ; their exhibits consist of agricultural implements, great quantities of preserved fruits, and different kinds of grain. To the right of the Canadian section is the Grand Hall, which holds four thousand people. Nearly all day there are entertainments going on, generally an organ recital in the morning, and bands in the morning, afternoon, and evening, or sometimes a lecture. While we were there we heard a lecture by the famous Dr. Johnson, who travelled across Africa on foot with some negroes. The subject of the lecture was "Jamaica," where he has lived for twenty-six years. He said one of the finest sights he ever saw was five hundred blacks standing shoulder to shoulder and volunteer for service in South Africa. He also told us about the products of Jamaica, showing photographs which he had taken there. From nine o'clock to about a quarter to ten is a biograph display ; then the Hall is always quite full.

Coming out of the Grand Hall, to the right is the Japanese section, where there are Japanese wares. Opposite is the main building, which is very fine indeed, with a splendid entrance. First we go up a wide flight of steps, and on the top are rows of pillars with arches. Entering the building, we find ourselves in the dome, which is very beautifully painted; in the middle is the King's statue surrounded with plants. High up round the dome are written the names of many famous people—Michael Angelo and Shakespeare are among the number. Starting from beneath the dome are many avenues with exhibits on each side; beautiful skins of animals from Rhodesia, stuffed animals from Russia in very life-like positions, gold from Queensland and Klondike, beautiful china from Austria. All the main building is decorated with flags of the different countries.

Of all these the Art Gallery is the only permanent building; it was built with the profits made on the last Exhibition, and is really a work of art. It has two storeys; downstairs are the statues and a historical part, upstairs are the pictures. On our way to the pictures we see hanging on the walls of the stairs pieces of old tapestry. On our way to the Art Gallery we pass some trophies from South Africa—two Boer guns, one a Long Tom. They have been lent by Lord Roberts, and one was used against us at the Battle of Spion Kop. Inside the Art Gallery there are several Boer rifles and some shot in a case.

The machinery is one of the most important and interesting sections. It is a very large building, and has a bridge right across, on which you can walk and get a bird's-eye view of the whole building. There you see engines of several different countries, and many other pieces of machinery which are in motion at certain times of the day. You can also see sweets being made, and all the different processes they have to go through. There are amusements—outside the water chute and the switchback, and several entertainments during the day by some Indians. At nine o'clock in the evening there is a searchlight from the College, which is thrown all over the Exhibition.

M. NEWTON, Form III.

TOBOGGANING IN SWITZERLAND.

Far away above the roaring torrent of the Rhone there stands a large hotel, which, even in the midst of winter, has its crowd of visitors, who not only come to see the mountain country in its wintry grandeur, but who come for the tobogganing which is famous all over Europe. The building of a hotel has somewhat spoiled the beauty of the snow-covered peaks, and the ring of human voices sounds out of place in those magnificent forests of tall pine and fir trees.

On the south side of the Rhone the "Dent du Midi" rises to a great height, and its five sharp points seem almost to pierce the sky. From the hotel there is a short distance to walk before coming to the snow-track, but if you choose you may walk for miles and miles without seeming to get very much higher, as the path winds about to a great extent. If you are not experienced in tobogganing, it is much better to go over a short and not very steep course before venturing on a long-voyage. The "luges" or sledges are very light, being made of wooden bars, but though so light they are rather troublesome to drag along for a great distance, especially those which are made to carry three or four persons. On starting the sledge goes very slowly, and is quite easy to control, but after it has gone a few yards it begins to gain speed, and soon one has the feeling of almost flying through the air. Cries of "Gare!" and "Attention!" are heard all over the course, and in the excitement a plain English "Look out!" or "Take care!" is often heard. Very often you meet a party of tired-looking people with their sledges on their way back, and more often than not you are greeted by a shower of snowballs. Owing to the speed with which the sledge goes along it cuts up the snow and ice along the track, and the sledger is sometimes almost blinded by the snow he disturbs. The road winds about a great deal, and this makes great corners which need a considerable amount of skill if you are to turn them successfully. On seeing the end of the track you must begin to slacken speed at once, for if anyone arrives at the end at full speed he is almost sure to meet with a serious accident. It is great fun to go down on a large sledge with two or three others, for the heavier the load the quicker the sledge goes. It is a very pretty sight to see the woodcutters coming down in front of a heavily-laden sledge, nearly always to an accompaniment of the ringing of many bells. Sometimes the sledges are drawn by sure-footed horses, which

look as if they would fall almost every moment, and yet they never do so. Tobogganing in Switzerland is indeed a glorious sport, and very few of those who go to take part in it will be sorry to have had a winter instead of the more popular summer stay there.

ESTHER STOTT (Lausanne).

THE CHINESE FEAST OF LANTERNS.

The feast is kept up on the day of the first full moon of their New Year, which occurs early in the autumn. Everybody buys lanterns, either to carry about with them or to hang up on poles outside their houses. Even the very poorest people manage to get two or three lanterns to put above the roof of their cottages. The cities on this Feast Day look like "fairy lands." On the rivers long processions of boats, hung with lanterns along the sides and over the tops, float continually up and down the river.

These boats contain the priests, who are clothed in scarlet robes beautifully embroidered. Prayers are chanted by these priests, and the beating of gongs and cymbals can also be heard. Gilt paper is lighted and thrown into the water, making a very pretty effect as it falls into the dark river.

The lanterns are wonderfully made, some representing animals, others men on horseback, and birds. The figures can be made to move by little wheels which are placed inside the lantern, and when lighted the draught (due to the heat) causes the wheels to move and set the figure to work. Some have glass sides, and their framework is of brass, ornamented with pretty coloured tassels. The prices of these various lanterns range from 4d. to £12. Some of the cheaper ones are fashioned in the shape of a globe, which is made out of a preparation of rice called "lumjee," which is perfectly transparent.

The Feast does not end with the dying out of the lights, but all over the city are heard fireworks far more in number than we hear at home on Guy Fawkes Day.

ADA COCKROFT, Upper IV.

THE LITERARY PICNIC.

On the 15th of June the Literary Society had its annual picnic to Hardcastle Crag. The outlook in the morning was not very promising, but the day turned out much better than was expected. We left Oldham by the 9-15 train, and arrived at Hebden Bridge about 10-30. After a pretty country drive along a hilly road (which was also rather exciting, as one of the horses would persist in putting its nose inside one of the carriages), we arrived at the entrance to the Crag. We walked along a picturesque road for about a mile, and then crossed a bridge on to the bank of a stream. We selected a suitable camping ground on the rocks by the river, and there we ate our luncheon. Having finished this refreshment, we proceeded up the stream over very rugged ground, and through magnificent scenery. On reaching the Crag we crossed the stream by means of stepping stones, and then, after another delightful walk, we ascended a steep rock—one of the Crag—on the top of which we took a much-needed rest. Being thoroughly rested, we made our way down to the road, where most of us joined in some lively games. These being ended, it was now time to go to the place where we had arranged to meet for tea. Tea over, we began our homeward journey, the conveyances meeting us at the entrance to the drive. After a pleasant drive and train journey we reached Oldham about 6-15, having spent a most enjoyable day. We all hope that the Debating Society's picnic will prove as great a success.

H. TAYLOR & M. FLETCHER, Lower IV.

SOME SPORTS.

The animals were going to have some sports. The news went all through the jungle very quickly. At last the day arrived. The sports were to be held on a plain just in front of King Lion's palace. Only wild animals were to go in for them. None of the animals were to fight or eat each other on that day. Some of the races and other things were for cubs, and some for the big animals. First of all were the running races. Oh, how fast they ran! The little lions were looking out of one of the palace windows, and how they cheered! Then came a threading-the-needle race. Some moles were foolish enough to go in for this race. They had

to feel about for the needle and cotton, and, of course, they were all left behind. Then came the high jump and the long jump. Of course, the panther went in for this, and he won; he jumped eight feet, although he was only a little panther. The kangaroo won the long jump. The climbing race came next. Bagheera the panther, and some of the monkeys, went in for this. The monkeys had to climb a monkey tree, and the panther an oak tree. A monkey called Longtail Shortnose won this. The creeping race was next, and many snakes of all sorts and kinds went in for it. Kaa, the boa constrictor, won this. The obstacle race was the greatest fun of all. All sorts of animals went in for it—hares, tigers, King Lion, monkeys, kangaroos, and a great many others. First of all was a rope to jump, a stream, bushes, hurdles, hoops to go through, under and over. A tug of war finished the animals' sports, and the animals crowded round King Lion to see the prizes given away, feeling thoroughly pleased with themselves for imitating the humans so well. MARGARET MAW (III).

"THE EAGLE STIRRETH UP HER NEST."

DEUTERONOMY XXXII., II.

High at the top of an inaccessible rock the eagle builds her nest. She chooses first long sticks, and these she weaves into a strong basket-like outer structure; then within she interlaces smaller twigs.

Next she gathers a mass of prickly thorns and gorse and makes a firm lining, and within this she spreads a layer of the softest down to protect the tender little birds, and here she lays her eggs.

The little ones are guarded with tenderest care, till one day Mother Eagle thinks it is time for the young ones to make a start in life. She flutters over them and urges them to try, but they look down the sheer precipice into the yawning chasm below and tremblingly shrink back into their soft bed.

This will not do. No eaglet must be a coward. The mother comes back to the nest, and with her beak and talons tears away the soft down, stirs up the nest, and the poor little half-fledged bodies find a bed of thorns a very uneasy resting place.

So they tremblingly venture out, and as the little wings flutter and droop the mother circles round to give the needful support of her own strong pinion, until—with ever-increasing confidence—they ride on the high places of the earth and soar upward and sunward, "true Kings of the Air."

E. S. SEMMENS.

A PLEASANT SURPRISE.

I don't know anything about sports; no, nothing. I always used to want to get my lessons done when the others were going out to play tennis and rounders, and such stupid games, as I thought. But when I found my school was really going to have some sports of its own I supposed I must be there. I could take a book and have a quiet turn at Cube Root or the character of Mary Queen of Scots if they proved very dull. Well! do you know, they were quite exciting? I never looked at my Smith's Arithmetic once, and there was actually an Examination race. Of course, I went in for that. I thought perhaps I should win. When I came to start we were all placed in rows, and I saw a number of papers of questions were arranged for me to take up in turn and answer in my book. The first one was easy enough for a cook, but how was I to know what a plum-pudding was made of? Plums, I suppose, and pudding. Well, I put that down. Then I was asked to draw the face of a clock. The idea! Of course . . . but, let me see, how do they go? I suppose I must begin at the top, 1, and then a little further round 2. O, bother it! I wish I might take out my watch. But the others are getting on; I must hurry to the next. Yes, I can do that. Naturally a pound of lead and a pound of feathers weigh the same; but, after all, do they? I do not feel sure, feathers are so light; no, I will cross that out, and put that feathers are lighter. Next, if I smelt gas, the gas is turned on: I should find which burner it was with a lighted taper or a match and turn it off. That's done. Now for these last two. How did the apple get into the dumpling? What an insult to my intellect! I think it is a shame to give me such nonsense as this to write. I do know that. I saw mother making one, for a wonder. And now I am

to write a long answer, this will give me a chance to do something well. I guess from that large piece of paper. Oh! horrible! Write a verse of the poem, "Froggy would a-wooing go!" Dear, dear, is it Longfellow? I don't know it a bit. I think it must be Tennyson. Everyone knows we all read Tennyson because Lower IV. has it in class, and we had the Princess for our play; they would be sure to give us some of that. It might go—

"The Frog, he would a-wooing go; one time
His harsh voice sounded unmelodiously at even
Upon the marshy lands ere night was come."

But it does not sound right, and the others are giving in their papers. What, am I last? I am afraid I have not done really well. I cannot try many of the other races, but I will watch the girls. There is plenty of interest in sports; it is splendid to be able to jump four-foot-one so easily, and I should like to run as lightly and quickly as Katie; it is really like Atalanta, and I think I shall try and drive a team of girls next year. I will run and find some girls to promise to be my horses. Good-bye! ————— "NIL DESPERANDUM."

A WALK OVER THE MOORS.

A long walk over the moors towards the end of the summer is one of the most refreshing things in nature. It invigorates you, and everything around you seems to be fresh, although you may have seen it many times before. A splendid moorland walk for us is to go from Greenfield to Crowden and Woodhead, and back again to Greenfield by way of Stalybridge. It is a long way, about seventeen miles, but anyone who can walk so far is well repaid by the scenery. If you like you may take the train at Crowden or Woodhead to Stalybridge. But first let me describe the walk. You start from Greenfield about noon. There is a narrow pathway to follow as far as Chew House, but after that you must find your own way and be guided by the small heaps of stones which are to be seen at short distances from one another over the moorlands. It is now that the real moorland scenery is seen. It is almost level, undulating just a little, but you can see for miles. Now, in October the heather is in full bloom, and is one rolling mass of purple as the wind blows over it. The brook (Chew Brook) has to be crossed over thirty times in different places, and if you are not very careful you will get an unexpected free bath in the clear water. You may meet one or two solitary wanderers in the course of your walk—a gamekeeper, perhaps, or others bent on a good walk like yourself. You will see plenty of grouse, however, which call after you their peculiar cry—a cry sounding much like "Go back!" These birds cannot be distinguished from the heather until they begin to fly. I write this in October, when the shooting season has begun, and the sportsmen and their dogs are to be seen here and there. It is very pleasant to rest by one of the many springs which are to be found on the way, and, if you have your lunch with you, you need nothing better than the clear, sweet water to drink. As you get to Crowden the ground slopes a little, and if you look back over the way you have come you see the purple heather apparently touching the blue sky. At Crowden you may have tea if you like. It is only a small place, but the surroundings are very nice, even if they are a little rugged. At Woodhead there is a very small church and school. The school is no larger than an ordinary cottage, and the church is not so big as the chancel of some churches in Oldham. There, too, are the large reservoirs which supply part of Manchester with water. For a long way between Woodhead and Mottram you have the reservoirs on one hand and the moor on the other. Near Mottram is a road which leads to Glossop and the places round about it. Between Mottram and Stalybridge the scenery is just ordinary—fields and cattle, with here and there a cottage or a farmhouse. At Stalybridge you will probably take the train, as it will now be about seven o'clock in the evening. If you wished, you could come from near Woodhead on a narrow footpath which brings you back again over the moors by way of Tintwistle, Carrbrook, Micklehurst, or Mossley. This way is shorter than coming by Stalybridge, but the path is not easy to follow, and there is not much to guide you. You could not come by train if you chose the latter way, because it is almost all moorland. When you get to Tintwistle you see again the familiar factory chimneys, and when you get to Carrbrook you see the smoke of many chimneys which are connected with a large calico-printing works there. Coming the latter way, you would probably arrive in Greenfield about 6.45 p.m.—travel-stained, weary, and hungry—but nevertheless good-tempered and refreshed after your long walk. A. TINKER (L. IV).

AN IMPRESSION OF HADDON.

Very great are the glories of the moorland, but when we have agreed with you that that is true, how are we to describe to you the winning beauties of a misty day in Derbyshire and the fascination of the smile with which the gracious dales greet you when they beam forth after rain? It is enough to make the most unpoetic grow sentimental, while the lover of music and poetry thinks on the gems with which his thoughts are studded. Beethoven's semi-sacred music seems to float in the air, the brook echoes Tennyson's words, the cows sleeping in the meadow are from Cooper's canvas, and that quiet pool is the pool Leader showed in the Academy some years ago. Books! Away with them! Let us rest here on this tree stump and watch others gathering forget-me-nots and wild roses, the beauty of the country lending a new charm to the down-bent faces. The field we pass through is adorned by a winding river; we do not see its turns and twists until we notice that the path seems to take us away from the river, only to discover later that we are upon it again. The fields on the banks are strangely flat and green, but a little further off the ground is broken, and every little hummock bears its bank of wild roses or a tree or two, or again a tuft of feathery grass. Further off the tree-clad slopes call on us to explore. We plunge through a group of trees and come to the prettiest building it has been our lot to see for many a day. We had often heard of the loveliness of Haddon, but it is more beautiful than we had dared to expect. The quaint footbridges, the backways, the mound by which the hall is held up above its neighbours, all render it unusual. We expect a castle—we find a cheery old rough stone home. Genial and kindly to those who loved it, no doubt the old house could be "lofty and sour" to those who loved it not, for life must have been very public in those old days. The most delightful old feudal gateway is opened for us to enter. When we are inside we find we are in a large courtyard, where no doubt the household assembled when the "hapless Queen" entered it as a captive. She would be led on, past the great dark kitchen, to the plain banqueting hall, with its minstrels' gallery, to the more beautiful hall behind it, where are to be seen the carved portraits of Henry VII. and his wife. Upstairs is the famous drawing-room and the pages' room, where no doubt the young folk yawned many an idle hour away, looking out of the pretty windows. Then we come to the wonderful low-ceiled, long ballroom, where Dorothy Vernon danced on the night when she sealed her fate. The room is 109 feet long, and the recessed windows give it an air of great size. The oak panelling seems to keep it for ever ancient, for ever sacred to fair Dorothy; until it shall crumble away it will remind us of the romance once enacted within it, as "Kenilworth" is remembered for the sake of Scott's Amy Robsart. There is something forbidding about the canopied four-poster bedstead in which Queen Elizabeth slept, and we are glad—like Dorothy—to pass out of Haddon by the little anteroom and down the smaller stone staircase—but our happiness remains with us—for we never can forget the fair picture of that most beautiful hall. Our last view shows it ivy-clad, surrounded with green trees and sweet-smelling flowers. M. E. K.

KENSINGTON PALACE.

One of the most interesting places in England is Kensington Palace, which was Queen Victoria's birthplace. It is a large palace standing in a park, and as we enter the grounds we can just imagine the little Princess and her mother sitting on the lawn having breakfast as they usually had. We then enter the building, which was built by William and Mary, and in order to reach the state rooms we go up the Queen's staircase, which is very wide and spacious. We then pass through Queen Mary's Gallery, in which are many portraits from the time of Mary and William to George II. The next room is Queen Anne's private dining room, and after this Queen Mary's privy chamber. Another of the rooms is called the Cupola, or Cube Room, in which the Queen was baptised. The ceiling of this room is most beautifully painted by Kent, and on six niches in the wall there are statues of Ceres, Mercury, Venus, Minerva, Bacchus, and Apollo. One of the most interesting rooms is the nursery of the Queen, where she used to play. The Queen's bedroom is also of great interest. It was in this room that the Queen was sleeping when she was awakened by her mother to go down into the drawing room, where the Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Conyngham were waiting to tell her of her uncle's death, and then to tell her that she was Queen of England.