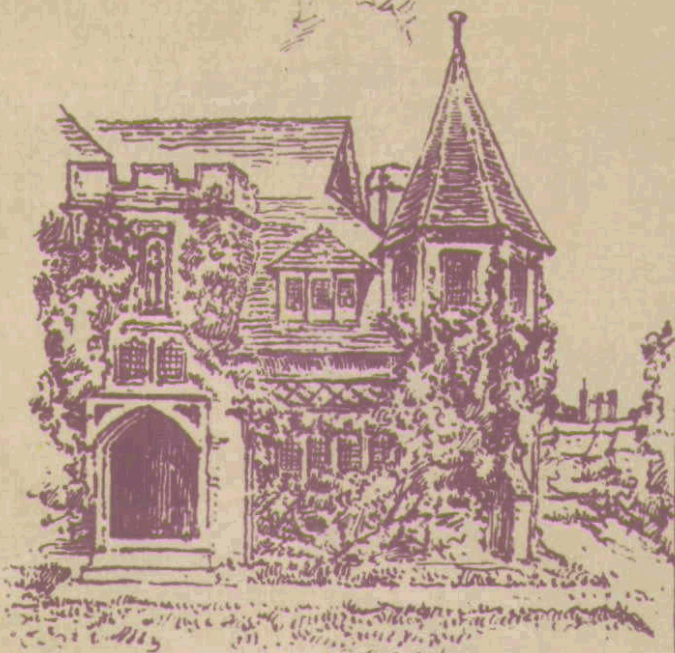




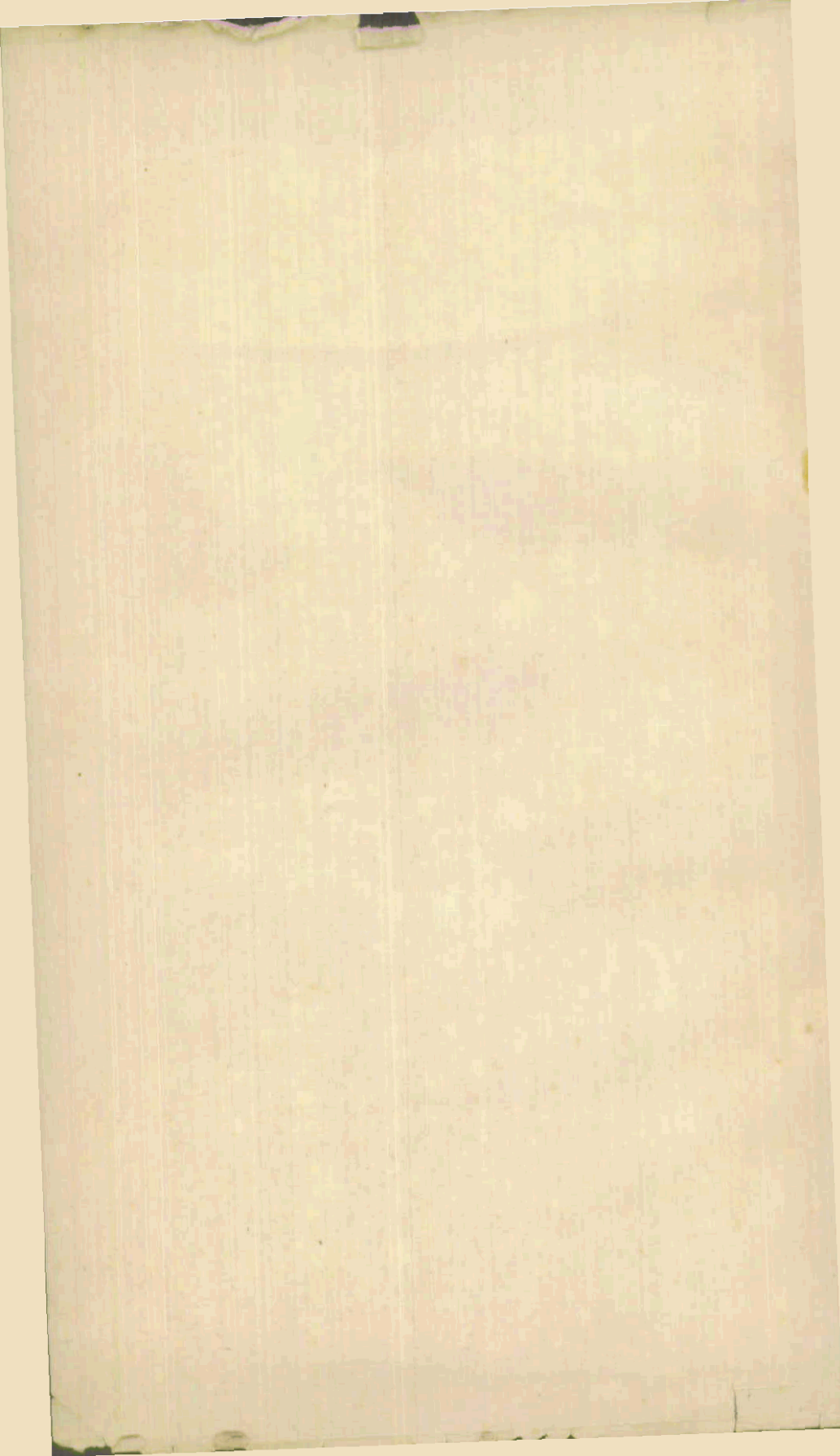
MAY

1901.



The Queen's School
Chester.







“Have Mynde.”



The Queen's School
Annual,

EDITED BY

MRS. HENRY R. P. SANDFORD.

May, 1901.

CHESTER:

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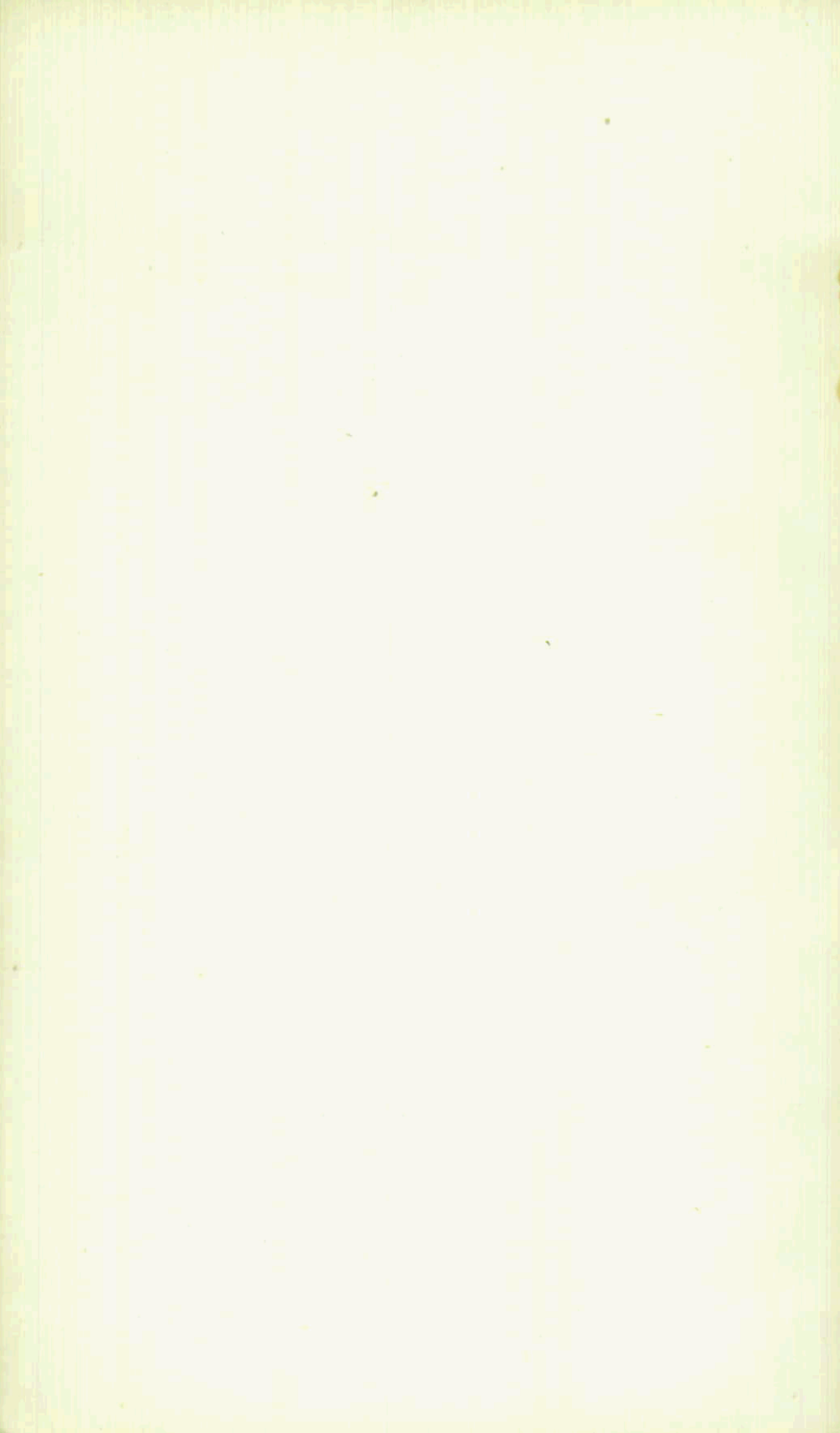
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Introductory Chapter.

BY MRS. HENRY SANDFORD.

THE Year 1901 has opened in a manner which must have made an indelible impression upon all our memories.

There had been, of course, for a long while, a certain quickening of emotion and expectation bound up with the consciousness that we were approaching the threshold of another century, and, on the first day of January, a keen interest in the opening of a new period of time was foremost in all our minds, and was the leading topic, not only in every newspaper, but in every home. It might have been imagined, certainly, it seemed probable that this idea of having said farewell to the Nineteenth Century, and having entered upon the Twentieth, would continue to occupy our attention and to colour our ways and doings, for some considerable time, at any rate, for some months; but, as you all know, it has been quite otherwise. Before that first month of January had reached its close, an event happened which so filled and absorbed the hearts and minds of the entire British race, that, for us, all else became merely a background to the one subject that engrossed all our thoughts, I mean, the illness and death of our beloved Queen.

The beginning of a century, the end of a century—this certainly is an important point in the course of time, as time is counted (let us say) among the nations of Modern Europe, and in America, and in the great British Colonies, such as Australia, New Zealand and elsewhere; and, no doubt these names do represent a large and very predominant portion of the population of the earth. But we must not ignore the rest of the universe, numbering untold millions, who reckon the succession of the years by entirely different methods, or, perhaps, never care to reckon them at all; nor must we forget the countless generations of bygone ages, to whom neither the letters A.D. nor any other combination of letters, had any chronological meaning at all. Truly there never is any real stop in the wheels nor any actual beginning anew, and all our human expedients for measuring the length of ages, can never be anything but artificial, arbitrary, and imperfect, though very precious to us as bonds of continuity, making history possible, and linking the generations of men one to another in an endless chain.

It was imagination, acting upon the forces of memory and association, that gave the solemnity we all felt to the closing days of the Nineteenth Century, and poor creatures should we be without that winged faculty, which raises us above the dust of daily detail to the higher points of vision, which can see things as a whole, and in connection with one another. But Reality must always take precedence of Convention, and the weeping multitudes that thronged the streets of London on Tuesday, January 22nd, listening to the strokes of the bell that told them that the Queen was dead, had forgotten all about time and the new Century. . . . That was something people were talking about a long time ago. Last week, was it? Oh, but that bygone age seems distant now. It was part of the great reign which is now over and ended. It is a strange reflection, that it is possibly true that the number of people by whom the news of the passing away of Queen Victoria has been felt as the closing of a great epoch, may actually far exceed the number of those who attach any meaning to that procession of the centuries from nineteenth to twentieth, which stands for so much to minds of Western origin.

.

Some of the above thoughts were suggested to me by the opening words of a sermon preached in St. Paul's Cathedral, on the last Sunday in the year 1900. The day was wet and cold; but an enormous congregation thronged the great building, and I had only secured my place, a very good place, under the Dome, by coming more than an hour before the service began. But the time did not seem long. The architecture of S. Paul's has a kind of beauty which cannot be taken in at a rapid glance, it needs to be felt, rather than viewed; and now that the Dome is clothed with glorious mosaics, the sense of the perfect proportions, which there find their centre of unity, is both awakened and enhanced by the presence of rich and gleaming colour, where once the unadorned interior was almost oppressive in its suggestion of bare, gigantic size.

I think I shall always remember a short formula, which the preacher, Canon Newbolt, gave us upon the *Right Attitude towards Time*.

QUESTION THE PAST, HE SAID, OCCUPY THE PRESENT,
TRUST THE FUTURE.

Trust is the only right attitude towards the Future, because Trust implies Faith; but this Trust, should be, cannot but be, greatly strengthened by a thoughtful Questioning of the Past.

This was illustrated by a rapid survey of the openings of the last four centuries, 1801, 1701, 1601, and 1501. To those who were tempted to look forward to the future with mistrust and anxiety, it might be said, was there any less reason for such feelings at the opening of former centuries? How about 1801, when the ambition of Napoleon was overshadowing the whole of Western Europe? Or 1701, the very year in which Louis XIV., master of the most formidable armies in Europe, chose to acknowledge the son of James II., as King of England? Or 1601, when Elizabeth's great reign was drawing to a close? Or 1501, when all men's consciences were crying out at the corruptions of the Western Church, and Luther's career had begun? And yet! . . .

Well! we must remember, and judge. See, even in the last-named instance, the good that conquers the evil. Those corruptions were the despair of pious hearts; but out of these the Reformation is brought forth. We are, indeed, yet enduring some evil effects, because, in that time of conflict, right things were occasionally done in a wrong way; but, upon the whole, what blessings have we not got to be thankful for! Then, the apathy of the close of the 17th and beginning of the 18th century may be contrasted with the great religious revival connected with the preaching of Wesley, and later on we observe a period in which there is a seeming loss of all perception of corporate Church life to be followed by yet another time of quickening and revival. On Easter Day, 1701, there were six communicants in St Paul's Cathedral. It was little better in 1801. Now, how different! The human name for such a wave of change is a Re-action . . . the truer description is to call it the Working of the Providence of God.

Time and space forbid me to enlarge further, and I cannot go on to tell you more of what the preacher said about *Occupying the Present* and *Trusting the Future*. What he said about *Questioning the Past* reminded me of an interesting address once given in Chester by the late Bishop of London (Bishop Creighton) in which he spoke of the seriousness which ought always to enter into the Study of History, and the duty of endeavouring to form moral judgments on the events and characters presented to our consideration. And there is one other thought connected with the questioning of the past, of which I wish to remind you: It is both right and wise to question the records of history, and to endeavour to trace the course of Providence in the upgrowing of our nation and empire; but it is also well to open the book of memory,

and look back from time to time into the course of our own lives, not only, as we sometimes do, to see our faults and failings, our errors, and our mistakes, and to be sorry for them, but, much more, that we may recognise and understand the mercy and goodness of our GOD, and "remember and not forget" to give Him thanks.

Short, pithy sayings, are often very useful, and at the close of his Sermon, Canon Newbolt said he would give us such a Counsel for the New Century, from an old Sundial on the front of a country house in Yorkshire: * yet one, so simple and so abrupt, as to be almost rude in its simplicity and abruptness; for the motto of the Sundial consists merely of the four plain words:

"GO ABOUT YOUR BUSINESS."

Your business, your *own* business, is your divinely appointed task. Do it! says the Sundial. *Must* is with us always, and we can generally see our way through it; but *May be* is visionary and unlimited, and ought not to be allowed to influence our lives to the extent of making us *dreamers* rather than *doers*. We should learn to say *I must*, where the voice of conscience says, *you ought*: Go about Your Business.

The day before I had been into the National Portrait Gallery, and after spending some considerable time in going through the portraits of the long series of remarkable men who have made the Victorian age so illustrious, I returned with heightened interest to the portraits of our beloved Queen, taken at different periods in her long reign. I felt that I cared the most for one of those that depicted her in her old age, looking so heavily burdened with the weight of years, and yet wearing that grave air of energy and high responsibility, so little to be looked for when the eightieth birthday has been passed. "We cannot expect to keep her with us much longer," I said sorrowfully to myself; but little dreamed how soon she was to be called away.

It is a great honour to us, and must ever be so felt and so considered, that it is after her that our Queen's School bears that name, and that she condescended to be our Patroness. It must be in the minds of all not only that we ought to have her portrait, but that also some special words concerning her ought to be placed on record in this number of our Queen's School Annual, not for ourselves only, but for those who are to come after us, to set the

* Also on a buttress of S. James' Church at Bury St. Edmund's, and on a sundial in the garden at Brook Lodge, Chester, but there the words are irregularly divided.

chords of memory to the right keynote, and to give the true direction to our thoughts. I have seemed to myself to find just what was wanted in another sermon preached in St. Paul's Cathedral by the Archbishop of Canterbury on the Sunday following her death. It lays stress on those very points in her work and character which I most desire that all pupils of the Queen's School, past, present, and future, should realize and lay to heart, and it is by his Grace's permission, most kindly and readily given, that I have the satisfaction of reproducing it in *Have Mynde*. One who was present has told me of the moving eloquence with which it was preached, and how every word seemed to go straight to the heart of the sorrowing congregation. *That* I cannot reproduce, nor, as it was delivered extempore, can I be sure of even giving you the exact words; but I believe the Report in the Times Newspaper, which I have been permitted to use, is a very good one, and almost *verbatim*.

Some of the readers of *Have Mynde* are very young, and very little given, perhaps, to the reading of sermons; but I know very well that, under all the light-hearted gaiety natural to their age, there must lie hidden that needful foundation of seriousness, without which neither can life be rightly lived, nor can character be rightly developed. There are, therefore, none so young that they will not understand the appeal of the present time to their graver thoughts and feelings, and I think it will be congenial to their deeper sympathies that the opening pages of the present number of this School Annual, should be framed in response to that appeal.

SERMON PREACHED IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, BY
FREDERIC TEMPLE, D D., ARCHBISHOP OF CANTER-
BURY, ON THE MORNING OF SUNDAY, JANUARY
27TH, 1901, BEING THE FIRST SUNDAY FOLLOWING
THE DEATH OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

"And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the Dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours and their works do follow them."—Revelations, xiv.

We are lamenting the loss of our beloved Queen who reigned over us for so many years. We are thinking of her as having been called away by GOD, and now in His holy keeping, and we are thinking of all that she did and all that she hoped, and what she was to us, and what her memory will yet be. She now rests from her labours, and her works do follow her, and therein is the blessing that is given to her, because she has died in the LORD.

At the same time that her labours have ceased there is, nevertheless, there is the fruit of her labours left here behind for our blessing, for our benefit, and the works that she did they follow upon her life, and they are still living, with the full power of her marvellous influence over the souls of men. It is well we should look back and think of all these labours, and think of the works that are still with us which are the fruits of those labours. She lived a life of toil if any man or woman ever did. She laboured for the good of her people with incessant assiduity, and never for a moment flinched from whatever duty called her to do. And why should her labours be so incessant? Let us consider them first, and ask ourselves to see what it is that she did, and what it is that she accomplished.

Her example as a Constitutional Sovereign.

She was a Constitutional Monarch, and we know how many there are who sometimes speak of a constitutional Monarchy as really an impossibility. If there are two wills, the will of the Sovereign and the will of the people, the two wills—such is human nature—must sometimes differ; and when there is that difference there is nothing higher still to reconcile the two, and therefore the constitutional Monarch will either be a Monarch who does nothing at all or else he will be a Monarch who interferes with the freedom of his people. So there seemed presented to all men a problem that could not be solved; but the Queen that has left us has, for the benefit of all that follow, solved that problem, and shown what a constitutional Monarch must be. She began with always making herself acquainted with everything that concerned her subjects. Her labour was constantly spent in studying the interests and the welfare of her people. She toiled night and day that she might know everything that concerned her subjects—everything that would be likely to do them good or to do them harm—and upon this careful study she formed her own opinion upon every action that was to be taken, so as to be ready to do her part, and she knew that the people were a free people, and that for that reason they must be governed by those whom they themselves had chosen. She knew that the Ministers who were to execute all that was determined upon must necessarily be the representatives of the people themselves. She was ready at all times—she made herself ready—to say what in her judgment was best to be done at every emergency as it came up, and she gave her advice freely to her Ministers, pressing it upon them enough to make them understand it and enough to make them feel what that advice was really prompted by; and she argued questions with them in

consequence of her knowledge and in consequence of her desire for the people's good, and she tried to convince them that her opinion was the right one if it appeared that their opinion differed from hers; but she kept within the lines marked out for her by the Constitution of the country. She wished her people to be a free people. If she could not convince she yielded, and still, in yielding, she always was looking to the good of the people themselves. She felt that it was better for the people to be ruled by those whom they had selected for their own rulers. She felt that, even if she was right in her advice and her Ministers were wrong, still it was better for the people—because this was their own choice, communicated by their representatives—it was better for the people that that should be done which was consistent with their freedom rather than that which, possibly at the moment, might be of better advantage even to the people themselves. She felt that it was better that mistakes should be made in the one direction than in the other; and at all times this freedom of the people was sacred to her, and she yielded to those who represented the people even when she thought they were mistaken, because it was best that freedom should be maintained. She knew that in the end a free people would govern themselves better than the wisest could govern them. She knew that this freedom of theirs was the true source of all real progress, of all real gain of advantage. She knew that this freedom of theirs was a precious possession, leading sometimes no doubt to mistaken policy, and sometimes no doubt bringing serious evils after it; but, for all that, still the freedom was better to have than the coercion which might possibly for the moment have been more to their own advantage. And so she governed within the limits of the Constitution, holding herself always free to speak plain truth to all those that were to execute the nation's will, holding herself free to make it perfectly clear what it was she thought, and what it was she would prefer; and yet, whatever she preferred, the freedom of her people came first. That is the position of a constitutional Monarch—that is the position which she chose for herself; and before the eyes of all the world she has solved that problem which has so often been pronounced impossible. She has solved that problem, and she has left to all Statesmen a wonderful lesson of the value of a Sovereign in such a position; and often and often she has made her Ministers feel that her sure instinct had foreseen the issue of what was to be done better than they had foreseen it themselves. And so, never again shall it be said that a constitutional monarchy is an impossible form; for be the man the strongest, the wisest, the greatest that ever lived, if he is to be a perfect ruler he will respect the free-

dom of those whom he rules, and he will guide himself by their resolve in order that that freedom may be preserved.

Her love for her people: "Her heart was theirs, and their heart was hers."

And in doing this she taught us all a lesson. And in doing this she taught her Ministers a lesson which it would be good indeed if all Ministers of the Crown would always follow—that **the very foundation of governing a free people is to be found in loving and caring for them.** She loved her people, she cared for them, she was constantly watching over their interests; and because she cared for them, her advice was always wise, even when it could not be taken. Her advice was prompted by love, enlightened with loving labour, to which she devoted herself from the time she ascended the Throne until God called her away to His special presence. But that is not all that she has left behind her; and the solution of this problem, excellent as it is, especially for this country, but for all the countries of the world, is still only part of the great art of her government, for in all she did where external advice was not needed, where she was herself absolutely free, she set herself to win the hearts of those who were subject to her. Her desire for their good, her sympathy, her marvellous readiness to express that sympathy, the instantaneous action which always followed upon everything that touched her heart in all that befell even humble individuals among her subjects—all this was shown to her people time after time, until it was impossible for any subject of hers not to know that the Sovereign had a heart, and that that heart was given to those she had to govern. And she was ready at all times with the gracious word, with the word of comfort, with the word of encouragement, with those wonderful expressions of her inmost feelings, which touched thousands upon thousands when they were put forth in those messages of goodness to any one who suffered. Was there some distressing accident, was there some unhappy disaster, was there anything which wrung the soul of any, even the humblest, and her ready words were immediately put forth. Was there anything which needed to express her deep affection, and it was not freely uttered? Shall we ever find anything better in the way of government than her messages to all her own people, to all her soldiers, to all her seamen, to all that were fighting for the country; messages to all her colonies, full of gracious words which drew them as nothing else could have drawn them into the heartiest loyalty to herself, into the closest union with the mother country from which they had gone forth? She ruled by love; by

love her labours had been prompted. She worked so hard because she loved her people, and would sacrifice herself for them. Statesmen have often expressed their astonishment at the strange instinct by which the Queen almost invariably knew just what the great body of her people would feel; but it was the instinct of loving sympathy which gave her that most remarkable power. **Every Minister that has ever had to deal with matters that came before the Queen, has spoken of the strange fact that she knew what her people would think of everything that was done or that was proposed. She knew it; she knew it as the mother knows what the children in her household would feel and say—as the mother is touched by everything that concerns her dear children, and, because she is so touched, can tell instinctively how they will act and how they will speak, and hears constantly the confirmation of her own hopes, of her own beliefs, because her heart is theirs and because their hearts are hers.** And so it was with the great Queen that has passed away; great Queen more because she loved and cared, and found in that the secret of true rule; great Queen more for the sagacity which is born of sympathy than for any inherent talent that she possessed to begin with. She had a powerful mind, but the power of her mind, as it were, disappears from our thoughts when we think of the way in which she entered into her people's feelings; and there was established between her and them a sympathy of hearts which will never be forgotten, a sympathy of hearts which shall be recorded in all the histories of this eventful time, which shall for generations hence make men look back upon this wonderful reign, and look back upon it with admiration as well as love.

Far reaching influence of the high standard of Christian Goodness which her conscience kept ever before her.

And yet there was something more; there was something which was even higher and holier than this, for **as there was the sympathy of hearts, so there was the sympathy of consciences.** Her conscience kept before her a high standard of Christian life. Her conscience always made her condemn everything that went against the pure law of Christian life. Her Court, little by little, by the sure and penetrating influence of her perpetual presence, became such a blessing to the people of this land as very few Courts have ever been before. She was emphatically the ruler described in the 101st Psalm, in which the Royal Psalmist of that time described the principles on which his own Court should be formed. She realized this in all her life, and this was, indeed, a blessing such as very few others can be compared with.

There was nothing in her surroundings which could jar the conscience of her people. She elevated the whole tone of society by this perpetual conscientious adherence to that law of right which she always had before her eyes; and her Court became gradually, but surely, the very source of an elevated tone of society, of purity of manners, of a lifting up of the whole character of all those that came near her; and from thence it penetrated through and through the great mass of those who knew her and loved her. **The love was much, but the love by itself without deep respect would have been comparatively a small factor in the government of her nation.** There was always that deep regard for the example which she set for the surroundings that she gathered about her. She was a ruler whom the people might copy—might follow with glad hearts, and with nothing to distress their minds. **It is impossible to measure the value of such works as these.** By millions of imperceptible channels did the influence of such a woman in such a place penetrate here and there, wherever her language was spoken, wherever her name was thought of, penetrating by the secret influence, and touching thousands upon thousands who knew not whence that influence came. She was a great Queen because she was so good a Queen. She respected our freedom, she gave her heart to us and won our hearts, and she held high the standard of conscientious conduct, and made us feel that our deep respect was due to one who in such a place could hold up such a standard before the eyes of all the world. It is a loss to us beyond all compare that she has been taken away, but her works will still stand. She will mark out for every ruler that shall rule henceforward, what are the conditions upon which the rule of men is really a blessing to those who are ruled, what are the conditions upon which men may find not only what they can readily obey, but also that which they can respect from their whole consciences, and that which they can love with the love of their whole hearts.

God be blessed for the blessing that He has thus bestowed. God be blessed for the blessing that shall last, and as long as her memory shall remain, shall follow that memory, and everywhere shall preach the great truths that she illustrated in her life and government. God be thanked, and let us all lift up the heart of gratitude for such a blessing as this—a blessing almost unparalleled in the whole history of the world—a blessing which God Himself has bestowed upon us, and which we trust and pray that, having once bestowed it, He will not henceforth cease ever to maintain it.

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A Great Spectacle.

(1). *Extracts from a letter written by Margaret F. Breffit describing the Funeral Procession of Queen Victoria from Cowes to Gosport.*

In company with my friends, I left St. Denys' Station, Southampton, for Gosport, early on the morning of Friday, February 1st, 1901; the train was, naturally, crowded to its utmost capacity. After an hour's journey we arrived at the quiet little town, which seems chiefly composed of rather poor cottages, and of barracks—naval and military. We made our way to Haslar Sea Wall, which rises sheer from the sea to a height of fifty feet, and extends along the coast for about two miles. At first nothing could be distinguished on account of the dense mist overhanging the water, but to our great relief about one o'clock the sun came forth, and the mist completely vanished—revealing a lovely view both of the Solent and of the Isle of Wight; Ryde and Osborne lay opposite to us. Then we saw that impressive array of Battleships ranged in parallel lines, through which the cortège was to pass. It was easy to distinguish the Japanese, French, and German Men of War, for the day was now so fine and bright, each flag could be seen quite clearly. After waiting three hours we heard the first salute fired from Cowes and immediately the flash passed like lighting from ship to ship, the report of the guns being almost deafening, the firing went on every minute with regularity; then, after a short pause, six torpedo boats came slowly between the lines of the Battleships; these were very striking on account of their being painted a dead black. After them followed the Royal Yacht, Alberta, bearing her solemn burden—then in succession the Victoria and Albert with the King and Queen on board, the Emperor of Germany's Yacht "Hohenzollern," and several others.

It was, indeed, the most magnificent and impressive spectacle one could possibly imagine to see this last passing of our noble Queen through the throng of stately warships, which bade farewell to their beloved Mistress in the light of a glorious sunset; the expanse and the beauty of the Solent lent a glory and fitness not to be surpassed.

(2.) *An account by Mabel E. Carney of the Movement of the Procession through the Streets of London.*

The death of our beloved Queen came as a great shock, not only to her own loyal subjects, but to the whole world.

With my parents and my sister I went up to London to see her Funeral Procession passing, on the eve of the memorable day. After a short rest we set out in search of seats, which we obtained in Buckingham Palace Road, opposite the Royal Mews. We had to get up very early the next morning, as we had heard that all traffic would be stopped on the line of route after 6 a.m. This rumour, however, proved incorrect. As we drove down the streets we saw hundreds of people taking up their positions against lamp-posts, walls, and along the edges of the pavement, some old ladies having taken the precaution to bring camp-stools with them; everyone, we thought, looked cold and tired. But although we had quite four hours to wait the time went very quickly, for it was very interesting to watch the soldiers and police taking up their positions in order to keep the line, and to see the throng becoming denser and denser until there seemed hardly room to stand.

The Ambulance Corps was doing a grand work in keeping a continual look-out for unfortunate people who had either fainted or been crushed, and taking care of them. Great as the gathering was the stillness was very remarkable. Only once did the crowd give vent to their pent-up feelings, namely, when Earl Roberts rode towards Victoria Station from Buckingham Palace, a muffled cheer went up, but only for a few seconds; then all was quiet again, until the pageant which was in part formed up along the road, passed on its way. Every division of the Army and Navy was represented. With arms reversed, and slow measured tread, the solemn procession moved onwards. Gradually the strains of Chopin's Funeral March drew nearer, and then the Gun-Carriage drawn by the celebrated eight cream horses, and carrying its precious burden came in sight. The Coffin was covered with the beautiful silk embroidered pall, on which rested the Crown, Sceptre and Orb. I was greatly impressed by the reverence shown by such a vast multitude; every hat was raised and the silence was intense.

Behind the coffin rode the King, looking sad and worn, but every inch a king. On his right and left rode the German Emperor and the Duke of Connaught. The

Crown Prince received a great deal of attention. Many Royal personages followed on horse-back, but one could hardly distinguish them all. Thus the sad procession carrying the last remains of our dear Queen and Mother went on its way, leaving us feeling sad and mournful, but with such thoughts of her noble life as will cling to the memory as long as life shall last.

Public Examinations passed by Pupils of the Queen's School,

during the last twelve months.

CAMBRIDGE HIGHER LOCAL EXAMINATION.

(This Examination is intended for Candidates over 18 years of age. To obtain a Certificate a Pass in Arithmetic and in three Groups is required).

June, 1900. A. D. D. Walthall. Group A (English Language and Literature including Anglo-Saxon).

Honours: Class II.

Group B (French and German, including Conversation). Honours: Class I.

Thus completing an *Honour* Certificate.

CAMBRIDGE LOCAL EXAMINATIONS.

December, 1900. *Seniors—*

Honours: Class II. E. H. Sandford, distinguished in French Grammar and Translation.

„ „ B. Cawley, distinguished in French, (Grammar, Translation and Composition.)

Passed: L. O. Burges, L. M. Marsden.

Juniors—

Honours: Class II. M. Ashton, distinguished in the Acts of the Apostles, Shakespeare, German Grammar and Translation.

Passed: A. L. Baker, R. V. Baker, distinguished in Model Drawing, P. C. Nevitt-Bennett, J. Ellison, E. M. B. Plummer, H. B. Spencer, A. M. Beswick, distinguished in Model Drawing, B. Nicholls, distinguished in Shakespeare.

LONDON MATRICULATION.

June, 1900.

Division I—Maud Cotterill.LOCAL SCHOOL EXAMINATIONS OF THE ASSOCIATED
BOARDS OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC AND
THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

July, 1900.

(Singing). *Higher Division*—Passed: Alice Caldecutt, (Mezzo Soprano),
F. B. Jones, (Soprano).

March, 1901.

(Pianoforte). *Higher Division*—

Honours: Marion Ashton.

Passed: G. Mill, M. Owen, M. Beswick.

Lower Division—

Passed: J. Beswick, D. Owen, E. Simpson.

Elementary Division—

Passed: Phyllis Owen.

(Violin). *Higher Division*—

Honours: Phyllis M. Owen.

Elementary Division—

Passed: G. Breffit, A. Darbishire.

The Queen's Scholarship, founded in memory of Her Majesty's Jubilee in 1887, gained last year by A. Dorothy D. Walthall, has this year been awarded to Ethel Helen Sandford.

The William Davies Prize was this year given for Drawing and Painting, and awarded to Margaret Birch.

THE ROYAL DRAWING SOCIETY OF GREAT BRITAIN
AND IRELAND.

June, 1900.

Division I.—Honours: E. J. Aston, M. L. Marsden, R. V. Baker,
P. Nevitt-Bennett.

Passed: E. K. Best, M. E. Holland, M. Viggers,
E. R. Gardiner, G. Nicholls, C. A. Williams,
R. Welsby, G. Finchett, N. Bellamy, A. Alvey,
E. Dobie, F. E. Baker, D. L. Ellis, J. Pierce,
M. C. Woolliscroft, M. Okell, E. M. Plummer,
A. S. Owen.

Division II.—Honours: O. E. Fraser, M. Francis, D. L. Holland,
H. Spencer.

Passed: E. Simpson, M. Jones, S. Horuby, S.
Lanceley, L. W. Williams, E. M. Duke, A. S.
Owen, F. N. Holland, M. Preston.

Division III.—Honours: M. E. Carney, J. Ellison, D. E. Evans,
E. Aston, D. Finchett, R. V. Baker, F. N.
Holland, J. Roberts.

Passed: E. M. B. Plummer, R. Bird, M. Ashton,
G. B. Breffitt, M. H. Oakes, A. M. Beswick,
O. Sherringham.

Division IV.—Honours: M. L. Marsden, M. F. E. Bowers, M. N.
G. Savage, G. Mill, J. Beswick, E. Davies.

Passed: E. M. Tiley, J. M. Nicholls, G. A. Jones.

Division V.—Honours: J. Beswick.

Passed: M. N. G. Savage, E. Davies, M. F. Bowers.

The Annual Exhibition of Drawings, Paintings and other Exercises, done by the Scholars in the various Schools that take the Society's Examination, was held in London, as usual, in the Spring of this year, all the specimens sent by Pupils of the Queen's School were accepted, and Ruth V. Baker (age 15), gained a Bronze Star, given by the Clothworkers Company, for Plant Drawing from nature. The following received Honorable Mention.—

Highly Commended: Doris Heywood, (age 9), Brushwork from nature.

Commended: J. Beswick (15), E. Davies (16), outline of Plants from nature.

LONDON INSTITUTE FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF PLAIN NEEDLEWORK.

The following have obtained Certificates:—

Grade I.—Very Fair: P. Owen, D. Stewart, C. Williams, R. Welsby.

Grade II.—Very Fair: J. Aston, E. Hamley, M. Francis, P. Owen.

Grade III.—Very Fair: Ella Baker.

Grade IV.—Good: Frances C. Ashley.

Grade VI.—(Patching and Darning). Good: E. Davies, G. Mill.
Very Good: Hilda Spencer.
Excellent: Gertrude Jones.



Leaves from an Old Friend's Letters.

RONDEBOSCH, OCT. 2nd, 1900.

I have just reached my new home, and miss the old one and my old friends very sorely. The new home reminds me of Italy, both the air and the vegetation. The School is just at the foot of grand peaks, difficult to climb without a guide.

We got up early this morning to see the view as we came into Table Bay. It was very impressive. I had a fairly good voyage, and met many pleasant people, and had very nice times when not sea-sick. I made friends with a little lady who was going out to fetch home her husband, who had been four months down with Enteric in the Hospitals. She was very nice indeed, and I was very sorry to say good-bye to her. . . . Miss — met me at the boat and brought me here. My room is on the ground floor of a little house they call the "Cottage." I hope I shall soon be able to make it snug. It is within the School grounds.

OCT. 5th.—My first day! Directly after my arrival I was asked to join a party driving round the Peninsula; we started in a four-horse waggonette along a drive very like the one round the Great Orme, only on a far vaster scale and ten times as long—it was most magnificent.

The shore is wild, very rocky, with huge boulders and a lovely sea. After lunching at an Inn we drove back over the hills which proved to be even more lovely; the Passes of Snowdon and the Trosachs are not so large, everything here is so vast and big, the scenery is perfectly lovely, from the top of the Coast range especially, there is a most magnificent view. The flowers are lovely too; arum lilies grow like dandelions. Michaelmas daisies of delightful colours cover the hills, pelargoniums, proteas, and splendid heather are in wild profusion.

OCT. 16th, 1900.—I like being here on the whole very much, though at times I long to be with you all again. . . . I have not yet seen Miss Johnson (that used to be), as I am afraid of carrying measles, which abound here, to her little child, but her sisters-in-law are teaching in the School, and, for the time being, she lives quite near, as she is at present a Refugee. . . . School organisation here is a mixture of Elementary and High School

methods. The lower forms are like our National School Standards, and the higher forms are still a little under the same influence, but we try to get as much "culture" as possible into the work. You will be amused to hear that I take the English work chiefly, and only have a very little Classical work. The Principal takes the Latin, and as she is noted for her good teaching in Classics, she naturally likes to stick to it. I felt disappointed at first, and I find the English needs a great deal of preparation. We have very long hours, nine to two every day, which means seven lessons. I sometimes get very tired before the end of the morning . . . indeed the last hour, one to two p.m., is trying for both children and teachers.

There seems to have been very good teaching done in the School; Botany is extremely well taught by the Vice-Principal, and we try to give as much History and Geography as possible, for that seems so essential for these children, much more so than Euclid and Algebra, but of course the Code demands a high standard of Arithmetic, Algebra, and Euclid, to be taught also.

The girls wear short frocks and immense pinafores, loose, and reaching to the bottom of their dresses, with frills round the necks. All of them wear their hair down, and even girls of 17 and 18 have the pinafores just like the younger ones. They are nearly all of them very stout, and the pinafores make them look more so, but some of them are finely made, and have very nice complexions. The estate of Mr. Cecil Rhodes is in Rondebosch, and is quite open to strangers. He must be a splendid man according to the accounts of the people here. . . .

OCT. 21st, 1900.—Do you remember in the "Seven Seas," one poem "The Flowers," and the verse about South African Flowers?—

"Buy my English posies!
Here's to match your need—
Buy a tuft of royal heath,
Buy a bunch of weed,
White as sand of Muysenberg
Spun before the gale—
Buy my heath and lilies
And I'll tell you whence you hail!

Under hot Constantia broad the Vineyards lie—
Throned and thorned the aching berg props the speckless sky—
Slow, below the Wynberg firs, trails the tilted wain—
Take the flower and turn the hour, and kiss your love again."

Rudyard Kipling can't be thoroughly enjoyed till the lands have been seen about which he writes. Now I know what the "royal heath" and the "weed," or "arum lilies," mean to South Africa; and I have seen

the "white sand of Muysenberg," and "hot Constantia" and the "firs of Wynberg." Yesterday I went with the Vice-principal and some of the girls on a botanising expedition to Simons Town, which is a foreign looking place built on the West shore of False Bay. It is a naval station and in the bay were lying the men-of-war "Doris," "Monarch" and "Barracuta," and a number of transports. The town is built on the sandy side of the hills, with a most glorious view in every direction. It was a bright sunny day and the hills, called the "Hottentot Holland," beyond False Bay, lay blue in the distance till they melted away in haze, the sea itself was a bright Prussian blue, reminding me of the Mediterranean. Muysenberg lies at the foot of Mice Mount, we passed it before reaching Simons Town. The line runs along the coast so near to the sea, that the spray tosses in at the windows. I should think it is one of the most beautiful railway journeys in the world. We got out near the Boer Prisoners' Hospital, where Miss Mary Kingsley nursed and where she died from enteric. They buried her, at her own wish, at the mouth of the bay, taking the body from the shore in a gunboat and firing a salute when they lowered it into the water. . . . We came, as I said, to botanize, and the hills are so sandy, that it seemed a marvel the flowers should grow on them; they were, however, most beautiful. Large bushes of Leguminous plants like gorse, but not prickly, lay in yellow patches, and among them were tall purple pelargoniums, bunches of Michaelmas daisies, small yellow irises and beautiful blue and white liliaceous flowers. We found on one rocky bank sundew about twelve inches high and beautiful crassulas and orchids two and three feet in height, but these are not all out yet and will be more luxuriant later on. We walked across these lovely hills till we came in sight of the W. Atlantic on the other side of the Peninsula, the air was most exhilarating and the sky a bright blue, the hills rose with that clear purple atmospheric colour which it is impossible to paint. Looking down towards the West could be seen a bare track of level shore stretching towards Cape Point, fascinating in its loneliness! It was indeed good to be there; and returning we had again the splendid view of the blue bergs across the bay and the bluer sea at our feet.

Nov. 2nd.—I have just been for an evening walk, there were hundreds of fire flies in the woods, it looks like fairy land to see these lights dancing about.

On Tuesday I met Mrs. Roger Price *. Several ladies have called on me, so my society is increasing. As

Née Miss Johnson, who was once Classical Mistress at the Queen's School.

yet, I have not been able to do any sketching—I can't find things small enough! but from the Veldt one gets a lovely view of Table Mountain and Devil's Peak which I hope one day to paint.

Nov. 12th.—Have been to lunch with Professor and Mrs. Freemantle, of Oxford; it was very enjoyable to have a thoroughly English meal again. On Saturday, Miss A. and I went to Camp's Bay, a most lovely place—we sat on the rocks watching the beautiful pale green breakers roll in—behind us were the peaks which are called the Twelve Apostles, it was most glorious! I have been to a Loyal Women's Guild Meeting, which was held in a garden, wherein grew a specimen of nearly every tree under the sun—most beautiful! Sir Alfred Milner and Gen. Sir Forestier Walker were there and spoke,—the former seems a splendid man.

Nov. 27th.—Have been up Table Mountain with Mrs. Roger Price and some friends—we sat on the edge of the Mountain gazing down on Cape Town. The ascent by Skeleton Gorge was very hard climbing, but the air is splendid, and I do not get at all tired despite hard work.

DEC. 12th.—We have Lord Roberts in Cape Town this week, the excitement has been intense. I saw him in the Cathedral sitting next to Sir A. Milner, it was delightful to see two such good servants of the Empire together. After the Service Lord Roberts unveiled a tablet to a former Governor of the Cape, he looked very sad—and we did not wonder at this—for, as you know, it was the anniversary of the battle of Colenso.

The streets were beautifully decorated and the crowds dense—they cheered well, but one misses the true British shout—the Malay women dressed themselves most gorgeously in his honour and made the crowds look pretty and gay.

The next day, Monday, I came into Cape Town to make arrangement about the School Girls seeing him, and had to go to the Hotel where he was staying to see his private Secretary. As I was sitting waiting Lord Roberts and his staff went by, so I saw him again. In the afternoon he made his triumphal procession through Cape Town, it was really splendid; troops lined the route—blue jackets and khaki men—we had splendid seats in balconies, and as he went by our boarders flung down bunches of red, white and blue flowers.

People say the ceremony of the Presentation of the Sword of Honour was very grand, but I did not see it.

Next day Lord Roberts said he would come to see the girls of first class Schools in Cape Town, so we and four others met—ours came down in three special trains hung with Union Jacks—we learnt Rule Britannia for the occasion, and they sang it splendidly as the carriage drove up. Then he was presented with two beautiful baskets of tricoloured flowers, and he said, the girls had given him the best cheer he had had in Cape Town! Then he spoke to them about patriotism, and said they would learn what that meant when they grew older and had to give fathers, brothers, husbands and sons to fight, we felt he knew what it was to do this, for both his sons had fallen fighting.

Lord Roberts had a bodyguard of Lancers, most of his staff looked very young. He asked for a holiday for the girls, which we had at the end of the week and all enjoyed it immensely, for it is intensely hot just now.

In the evening the soldiers had a parade, the town was beautifully illuminated and the decorations were lovely. Kipling's words "Empire to the Northward from Lion's Head to Line," being conspicuous.

CHRISTMAS DAY, 1900.—THE COLD BOK VELDT. We left Rondebosch on Christmas Eve and came by train to Ceres, the line I must tell you is guarded by soldiers, their watch fires were passed as we came up; last night we slept in a tiny hotel in Ceres and came on here in a post cart the next day to a very lovely farm, 18 miles from any town and high up in the mountains—it is a glorious country, beautifully lonely, with magnificent views of hills and ravines in every direction, over which roam wild animals and baboons.

All the black servants here had a feast and dance to-day—the feast consisted of curry and stew with yellow rice and raisins and white rice, then a sort of plum pudding (here they are boiled in a pot outside under the trees), the Queen's health was drunk and we sang "God save the Queen." Their dances are most weird—one peculiar round dance they sometimes continue all night, and the exertion is so great it is said that they even die from the effects. I have hopelessly lost my luggage and I have to borrow right and left. We are enjoying this place immensely, the loneliness especially.

JAN. 4th, 1901.—On New Year's Eve we climbed the hills near this farm, and watched the sun set for the last time in 1900. The view was glorious. Away to the north we could see five ranges of hills stretching away into Central Africa; and to the south were the spurs of the hills which form the great ranges intersecting the Karroo. East and west were stretches of veldt and hills, and a great loneliness everywhere.

It is difficult to guess what this year is likely to bring to this troubled land. We have heard to-day that martial law is being proclaimed in all the districts round, and that 5000 Boers have again invaded the Colony . . .

We went to a Dutch dance on New Year's Day. I am just reading Olive Shreiner's story of an African farm, and I really am glad I never read it before, for one cannot understand the customs of some of these people by description. . . . It is such a curious mixture of adaptability to civilization, and yet almost savage customs intermixed. The servants in this farm sometimes "upsit" with their suitors till the early hours of the morning . . . and some of the farm people don't know what a bath is like.

Old Dutch women of about sixty dance, putting their arms round the neck of their partner, and the man grips the woman round the waist with both hands.

JAN. 4th, 1901.—It is so strange to think of you all in the cold and snow in England, whilst we are in warm sunshine. Some days are meltingly hot, and it is hard to work, but where I am staying for my holidays it is quite cool and sometimes even cold, as we are high up in the hills. On Christmas Eve we even had to light a fire to keep warm. We only use wood here; all the cooking is done by wood. Coal is $2\frac{1}{2}$ guineas the ton. To-day there is tremendous excitement.—Martial law is proclaimed in this district, and we are hourly expecting some outrider or herd to come in and say the Boers are near, for they are coming down from the north on to Cape Town. We think we shall have to bury our treasures in the ground to hide them in case they come to loot the farm. . . . We have the Royal Standard waving, and I helped to make a Pennant with V.R.I. on it, and a Crown and two Anchors, which flies at the top of the mast. When we hoisted the flag, all the people on the farm were called out, and we sang God Save the Queen, and cheered lustily. It is strange to hear the black people cheer. They throw up their arms and give such hoarse shouts. They also find it hard to learn the tune of the National Anthem.

Undated.—We are still in this lovely place. The heat is very great, but the evenings cool and beautiful, and the Southern Cross very clear. On Christmas Day we actually had a fire, as it was wet and dull. There is no grass here, which we miss very much; the hills are covered with a heathy growth called *rhenoster bosch*, and there are some flowering plants which give pretty colour. The garden is full of poppies, cornflowers, roses and African marigolds. If I had my paint box here, I could sketch.

The other day firing was heard in the distance.

CERES, JAN. 7th, 1901.—We are living in a state of great excitement under Martial law! Our landlord did not consider it safe to have English ladies in such an unprotected spot, so we were obliged to leave the farm. To-day has been a busy one in Ceres, selling the horses which the farmers have brought in from the neighbouring farms. All the cattle have been driven into ravines, the horses sold from off the farms, and all ammunition given up, in case the Boers should come to loot. I see by the Papers that two guns have been dragged up to Devil's Peak just behind the School. I have had a delightful insight into Dutch life while staying at the farm. The Postcards are delightful, but jolt frightfully. . . . We are obliged to put out lights at 10-30 p.m., indoors at 9 o'clock; horses, food, guns, commandeered, and heaps of soldiers about! Scouts are out on the hills all round.

JAN. 23rd, RONDEBOSCH.—We had to get a special permit to come back. The news this morning of the Queen's death is terrible, and is much felt by everyone.

FEB. 10th.—A new scare has befallen Cape Town, bubonic plague has broken out among the rats. Of course everyone is beginning a furious crusade against them, selling traps and poison; the Government is offering 3d. per head for them.

We get most of our news from the English Papers in the Library here, there are really very good libraries about; I often go to Cape Town to read Greek books there; some very good editions of the Classics. . . .

FEB. 18th.—We have been declared an Infected Port, but I do not think it will affect us much. I hope the mails will not be interrupted; Australian letters have been stopped already. De Wet is over the border, and the invaded districts seem to realize the cruelty of the Boers.

FEB. 18th.—I have often thought of you all during this sorrowful beginning of this year. The mails from home were so very sad last week. We all dreaded their coming, for we knew how much people in England would feel the loss of our Queen. People out here feel it terribly, too, though it seems such a dream as yet, but the outward gloom is less sombre than it must be at home, for people wear white so much here when they are in mourning, because of the heat. On the day of the Funeral, there was glorious weather in Cape Town, and it was a wonderful sight to see people of so many nations gathered round the Statue of the Queen, bringing wreaths. Of course all were in mourning, except the Malay and some of the black population. The Churches were full, and there has been a good deal of indignation felt by the Dutch people, that their Minister would not open the large Dutch Church for a Memorial Service. He has been preaching in a very seditious way lately, but the Dutch people were very fond of the Queen, and many of them were extremely angry about it. They were waiting in crowds outside the Church, as they did not know that there would not be a Service.

The Proclamation of the King was a very interesting Ceremony, and his people 'Over the Seas' have keenly appreciated his kind message to them. We hope very much the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and York will come to Cape Town on their Colonial tour. . . .

The Boers have now shown the Colonials here their true colours, and the cruelty to Natives, and the wholesale looting and robbing in invaded districts, has opened the eyes of many, and made them wish the raiders a long way off. The Worcester Congress practically invited the invasion, and it is perhaps good for some people to see the result.

FEB. 26th.—Have just been to Bishop's Court; Mrs. and Miss Baden-Powell were calling there.

APRIL 9th, 1901.—We had an Entertainment here last night to cheer up our boarders, who had lost their (Easter) holidays through the Plague. We did the same scenes from "Alice in Wonderland" that we did once at the Queen's School. The girls enjoyed doing it immensely, and acted capitally. It was great fun getting it up with them. They are nice girls. . . .

Now I must say Goodbye.

W.F.A.

The Shakespeare Memorial Festival.

(These festivals are held at Stratford-on-Avon every year, in April, during the week in which Shakespeare's Birthday occurs.)

If there is the same keen enthusiasm about the study of Shakespeare, both on and off the stage, as there was at the Queen School during my own school days, I think some of the readers of "Have Mynde" will be interested in hearing a little about the Shakespeare Memorial Festival at Stratford-on-Avon, which I lately had the privilege of attending.

Shakespeare's birthday fell on Sunday that year, and several Memorial and Thanksgiving Services were held in the beautiful old Church standing so picturesquely on the banks of the Avon, in which the great dramatist's remains lie buried. The tablet to the left of the chancel which marks Shakespeare's resting place, was covered with flowers, laid there the day before at the Special Service to which only those who brought floral offerings were allowed to go.

On Sunday morning the Mayor and Corporation went in procession to Church, accompanied by a band, and followed by many who had come from afar to witness and take part in this great festival, amongst them Mr. Benson, who this year, as in many previous ones, had undertaken the dramatic portion of the Commemorations. The Church was crowded, and a most impressive sermon was preached by the Dean of Ely.

There are so many delightful things to do and to see during the Festival week that it is difficult to know what to select for description; but the interest, of course, centres in the performances, which take place each evening in the Theatre erected to the memory of the great poet. Henry VI, Part II, was the revival for 1899. It contains some wonderful scenes, but I think the bloodthirsty, desperate crowd of Jack Cade's followers was almost too realistic; their delight in murdering Henry's adherents and treating their bodies with every possible insult was truly horrible. Mr. Benson takes the comparatively small part of Cardinal Beaufort, but the agonized death of the wretched man after taking poison was marvellously rendered. He is carried in on a bed of straw and seems to imagine he is in the presence of the evil one, imploring him "to torture him no more."

Henry tries to banish these tormenting fears and entreats him—

“If thou think'st on Heaven's bliss
Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.”

But no—

“He dies and makes no sign. Oh God, forgive him.” A critic says of him, “Mr. Benson did not look coarse enough for that rough and brutal adventurer, to whom the Church was merely a trough, and whose clericalism stopped short at his crimson robes.”* But what was to me far more interesting than this Revival, was the reproduction of the *whole* play of Hamlet, which had not been staged for many years. This performance lasted all afternoon and evening, and never once did it seem at all wearisome or too long; what a pity it cannot always be done in its entirety; so many scenes are, as a rule, left out! It is impossible to describe “Hamlet;” to appreciate it, one must see it acted by a sympathetic actor, who not only says and plays the part, but who really seems to feel what Hamlet feels, and to think the thoughts that he utters.

“From the first” says a local critic, “Mr Benson established a magnetism of accord between himself and his audience, increasing its power as the acts passed, till at last, when Horatio exclaimed :

“Now cracks a noble heart—Good night, sweet Prince:” it was the real prince over whose lifeless form the requiem was breathed.”

Hazlitt in his “Shakespeare's Characters,” says he “does not like to see our author's Plays acted, least of all “Hamlet,” there is no play which suffers so much from being put on the Stage.” He goes on to show how one actor as Hamlet is too rash and splenetic, another too deliberate and formal, another too soldierly; but surely, had he seen it acted by one, who so truly interprets this most fascinating of Shakespeare's characters, he must have changed his opinion. There are such endless touches one misses in the reading of the Play, which are brought out on the stage.

The historical plays naturally enable us to take a much more personal interest in our sovereigns, and to realise better their characters and the manners and customs of their various courts.

* Readers of “HAVE MYNDE” will remember Cardinal Beaufort as the second founder of St. Cross, from whose pavement our motto is derived. This illustrates the saying, that “*the worst* is never true of any man.”

Richard the Second is a good instance of this. What a splendid idea of mediæval life is given by the scene representing the Lists at Coventry, where Mowbray and Bolingbroke meet to decide their quarrel, according to the King's command.—

“Be ready, as your lives shall answer it,
At Coventry upon Saint Lambert's day;
There shall your swords and lances arbitrate
The swelling difference of your settled hate.”

Trumpets sound, banners wave, and the King and Queen enter, followed by their gaily dressed courtiers, amid cheers and cries of “Long live our noble Sovereign,” they ascend the throne to watch the issue of the combat. Mowbray enters first, his visor down; the Marshal demands of him:

“In GOD's name and the King's, say, who thou art,
And why thou comest thus knightly clad in arms;
Against what man thou comest and what thy quarrel;
Speak truly, on thy knighthood and thy oath;
And so defend thee Heaven and thy valour.”

Mowbray replies, he comes—

“Both to defend my loyalty and truth
Against the Duke of Hereford that appeals me,
And by the Grace of GOD and this mine arm,
To prove him, in defending of myself,
A traitor to my GOD, my king and me:
And, as I truly fight, defend me heaven!”

The trumpets sound again; Bolingbroke enters and proclaims as Mowbray has done his reasons for fighting.

All is now ready, a charge is sounded, and the gallant Knights are just about to close in deadly combat, when—“Stay!” the Marshall cries—“The King has thrown his warder down.” Richard rises and proclaims that:—

“Our kingdom's earth should not be soil'd
With that dear blood, which it hath fostered.”

but that his sentence is, they both be banished. Bolingbroke for “twice ten summers—whilst for Mowbray

“remains a heavier doom—
The sly, slow hours shall not determinate
The dateless limit of thy dear exile.”

What a lack of justice and fair administration this sentence shows, and with how many would it make the King unpopular! It was impossible, that both should be guilty! Thus, the incident shows how entirely unequal poor Richard was to his great position.

But in time of danger, the King was no coward. When he heard of the Irish rebellion he at once collected an army which, with himself as leader, set forth to crush the rebels. When we see, however, by what unprincipled, illegal measures, Richard obtained money for these wars—for instance, on hearing of John of Gaunt's illness he exclaims:—

“Now put it, God, in the physician's mind
To help him to his grave immediately!
The linings of his coffers shall make coats
To deck our soldiers for these Irish wars—”

we cannot wonder that many of his once faithful nobles, realizing how unjust was Richard's rule, gladly forsook him, and, assembling their vassals, hastened to Ravenspur to offer Bolingbroke their fealty and acknowledge him as their King.

On first hearing of the rebellion, and before he realizes its true meaning, Richard exclaims:—

“Not all the water in the rough, rude sea,
Can wash the balm from an anointed king;
The breath of worldly men cannot depose
The deputy elected by the Lord.”

But in spite of this royal confession of faith, when news of actual disaster reaches him, all self-confidence vanishes, and he cries out—

“All souls that would be safe, fly from my side,
For time hath set a blot upon my pride;”

then he bids his followers turn:

“From Richard's night, to Bolingbroke's fair day.”

It is a thrilling scene, when Richard has to debase himself before Bolingbroke in Flint Castle. He stands upon the battlements, his small force of worn-out followers can no longer withstand the overwhelming numbers of the usurping army, and Richard needs must surrender.—The Royal Standard is lowered, the gates open, and the King stands a prisoner before Bolingbroke. Thus he, the true and lawful sovereign, “whose name is twenty thousand names,” has to be protected at the point of the sword, from the subjects who should have been ready to obey his every word, and who now rush towards him to try and take his life. The scene in Westminster Hall is wonderfully enthralling. Richard is led into the Court, and of all his once faithful followers, not one will say “Amen,” when he cries “God Save the King.” Though resigned in his dethronement, how hard it is when the time comes for him to give away his kingdom, his crown, his sceptre, his all! And when at the end of this most wonderful act, the new King and his adherents go out and Richard is left alone, he beats time to the vanishing

music, but all life and energy seem to have gone from him, leaving the hopelessness of despair imprinted on his face.

No wonder, if, after all the sorrow and cruel scorn he has had to endure, he can no longer bear with the rude, insulting gaolers! The violence done him at last arouses the high spirit of his ancestors:—he regains his kingly dignity in death, and rushing on his keeper exclaims:—

—“Go thou,
That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire
That staggers thus my person.
Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high
Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward here to die.”

Thus he expires. We feel how much there is in him that is truly noble and worthy of the great line to which he belonged; how tragic it is, that partly through faults of his own, partly through unfortunate circumstances, he failed so completely to be a worthy occupant of our great throne. . . .

Mr. Benson, in his most fascinating rendering of this Play, conveys clearly his own interpretation of Richard's character, which he gathers—chiefly from contemporary authorities—to have been rather incompetent and unfortunate than wicked, and he does not agree with the modern theory, that, had he lived long enough, Richard would have developed into an absolute monarch such as King John.

As to personal appearance, many authorities agree that Mr. Benson bears a striking resemblance to the one extant picture, believed to have been actually painted from the original.

At the close of this delightful visit to Stratford, and after having seen Mr. Benson's Company in so many different plays, it gave us great pleasure to meet Mr. and Mrs. Benson privately, which we did after the performance of Henry VI., as they very kindly sent us an invitation to an At Home on the Stage.

It is most interesting to hear Mr. Benson's views on the Drama. He has I think done more than any other modern actor to raise the standard of the English Stage, and has never stooped to act the fashionable Society Plays so much in vogue now-a-days, but instead has made Shakespeare's Plays and the old English Drama so attractive, that he everywhere draws large audiences, and his example has been followed by many other companies.

MARGARET E. BROADBENT.

March, 1901.

Life on Board an Ocean Liner.

All who have travelled any distance by water, will know that if you want real genuine *fun*, the place to go is on Board a modern Steamer, such as a Cunard or Orient Liner. On our particular ship—S.S. Omrah, I think we had more *fun* than people could form any idea of, even in their fairest dreams. Looking back, it seems almost impossible to me, that it was really all crowded into six short weeks.

Of course, the first day, the most any of the travellers could do, was to walk about, inspect their cabins, secure a seat in the Saloon, or try to imagine who would be their particular friend before the voyage was over. On the Omrah however, after the first few days, we *all* seemed to be friends, and I think this was because nearly all the passengers were either Australians or New Zealanders, who are much freer in their ways than the English.

A Committee was formed on the third day out, consisting of three ladies and ten gentlemen, myself being one of the ladies. The duties of the Committee were to arrange all games, and to get up matches and tournaments whenever possible. Also to fit in *some* entertainment for each evening, such as Lectures, Concerts, Dances, Balls, etc. We had two Concerts and one Impromptu Dance every week, the Concerts being a great success, as we had some Professionals on Board. Two Fancy Dress Balls took place, about a fortnight apart; the Captain and Officers came, the former remarking that they were the best he had ever seen at sea. We had the deck chalked, the awnings up all round, electric light arranged to resemble fairy lamps, and the whole decorated with patriotic flags. Splendid suppers were provided; and not the least enjoyable part of the whole thing was the Music, as we had an excellent band. A prize was offered at both the Fancy Balls, for the best dressed lady or gentleman. At the second Ball, the prize was awarded to "Lord Roberts," amidst great cheers, as we had ten Australian volunteers in the 2nd class. Euchre was very popular among the young people, specially six-hand Euchre; several evenings were devoted to "Progressive" Euchre, great excitement prevailing over the "Booby" prizes.

We had some very interesting lectures, one by a Returned Trooper, being particularly entertaining, as he related some of his experiences in S. Africa. He told

how their clothes wore out *very* quickly, in fact *so* quickly that a great number of the soldiers were hardly presentable to enter Bloemfontein. But, as their Officer had told them they could not march into that town unless "decently appalled," they made great efforts to improve their appearance. The Lecturer went on to say how he, himself, started on the march for Bloemfontein with a "pair of pants patched with a bit of blanket," but that he finished the journey with a "pair of blankets patched with a bit of his pants!"

As there were two London Actors among our Shipmates, an "Amateur Dramatic Company" was formed. It was decided to play "Our Boys," by Byron, and I was chosen to take the part of "Mary Melrose." We rehearsed under great difficulties, the only available place (for privacy) being the Top Deck, which, with the burning, tropical sun, pouring down upon us, was—to quote Miss Clarissa Champneys—"decidedly *hot*."

The entertainment was to take place the night before we reached Colombo; needless to say, great excitement prevailed, and elaborate preparations were made. The Stage was erected by the Ship's Carpenter at the stern of the 2nd Class Deck; the electrician very kindly provided us with footlights. The chairs for the audience, were arranged in rows, each person bringing his or her own. The prices were 4s., 3s. and 2s., the proceeds, £23 being sent to some Marine Charity. The performance commenced at 7-30 p.m., and was an *immense* success, the only drawbacks being the intense heat, and the noise of the propeller. Two days after we left Colombo, a "Mock Trial" was held in the Saloon, the Saloon, the Judge, Solicitors, and Clerk of the Court, being in full "rig," while those concerned in the Case, were "gorgeously" dressed, to say the least of it. It was a Breach of Promise case, and as the Defendant and Plaintiff were both actors, they caused a huge amount of fun; the former having to be held down, to prevent a personal attack upon the Judge, and the latter occupying her (*his*) time alternately between fits of hysteria and embracing the Clerk of the Court. I may add that the latter certainly looked irresistible in a flaring red wig and nose, and his best mackintosh as a substitute for a gown. The Plaintiff claimed £20,000 damages, but after the case had been heard, the Jury awarded the large amount of *one farthing*, while the Judge suggested that the Defendant should treat every one present in the Court. Other evenings were taken up with "Impromptu Speeches," "Reading of the Omrah Magazine," "A Model Parliament," etc.

There being an Editor in our Saloon, a paper called "The Omrah Magazine" was started, one number being written each week, and the whole was printed and bound in Australia, a copy being posted to each person who paid 1s. 6d.

The whole of the day, games such as deck-billiards, lead dumps, rope quoits, etc., were in progress, and prizes were given to the best player of each particular game. Several days were devoted to Sports, for which there were a great many entries, both from old and young, thereby causing a great deal of laughter.

When we had been at sea three weeks, a baby girl was born in the Third Class; her mother was a Syrian and could speak no English. She managed to make the passengers understand that she wished the child to be named "Omrah." It was a very pretty baby, with a wealth of dark hair, and had its photo taken by all the Amateur Photographers on Board. The Stewardess brought it round for inspection, together with a lucky bag, into which everybody was supposed to put a silver coin.

After supper we had such games as "Twos and Three," "Follow the Leader," "Jolly Miller," "Parson's Cot," etc., which though they may sound childish, were thoroughly enjoyed by grown-up people.

I think I have recounted enough about our doings on Board the "Omrah," to prove that nobody ever enjoyed themselves more energetically in any six weeks ever heard of, as the people of "Omrah Town." We were most fortunate in our weather, having only one day that could even be called tolerably rough.

EFFIE MENCE,
WANGANUI,
NEW ZEALAND.

March, 1901.



Poetry.

SEEDTIME AND HARVEST.

Work and wait, sad heart, and make
Faith and patience strong!
Though the unfruitful labour take
Weary days and long.

What though hope be past away,
Ardour chilled and cold?
Still the seed, long after, may
Yield a thousandfold.

Wherefore dost thou look to see
In one shortened hour,
Root, stem, leaf, and bud to be
Perfected, in flower?

Work and wait! the labourer lives
Months of careful toil,
Ere the earth its harvest gives
Even from the fertile soil;

Till, by growth through day and night,
Wind, and drought, and rain,
In the grateful reaper's sight,
Waves the ripen'd grain.

AN OLD GIRL.

Games.

1900—1901.

CRICKET.

The only Cricket Match of the season was played against the Northwich High School, on June 23rd, on the home ground. Both sides played up well, the fielding being good. The result was a victory for the Queen's School, by 3 runs. The Northwich High School won the toss and went in first. Score: N.H.S., 50; Q.S., 53.

TENNIS.

Three matches were played last season. Queen's School v. S. Elphin's, Warrington, was played on Saturday, 30th June, on the home ground. The visitors arrived rather late, and were obliged to leave early; consequently only two of the four events arranged were played.

1st Single. E. Sandford v. B. Headley.

Won by E. Sandford. Sets 6-3, 7-9, 6-4.

2nd Doubles. M. Donne } v. { G. Phillips
E. Brandreth } { M. Fletcher

Won by S. Elphin's, 2 sets to 1. Score, 6-4, 7-9, 4-6.

The result on counting games was a win for the Queen's School by 1 game.

The return match, between the Queen's School and S. Elphin's, was played at Warrington, on Saturday, 7th July. Four events were played.

1st Double. Won by S. Elphin's, 2 sets to 0.

2nd Double. Won by the Queen's School, 2 sets to 0.

The Queen's School representatives M. Carney and E. Brandreth played especially well.

1st Single. Won by S. Elphin's, 2 sets to 1.

2nd Single. Won by S. Elphin's, 2 sets to 0.

S. Elphin's thus won by 3 events to 1.

On Saturday, 21st July, a match was played with "Oaklands," Claughton, on the Oaklands ground. The Queen's School team had to leave for the train before the last set was finished. Of the finished events Oaklands won the two singles, and the Queen's School the 2nd double; M. Carney and E. Brandreth again well sustaining the honour of the school.

HOCKEY.

This year S. Elphin's, Warrington, challenged us for 1st and 2nd Elevens.

The first match was between the First Elevens, played at Warrington in the Autumn Term. We were very much handicapped owing to the absence of two of our strongest players. The result was a victory for S. Elphin's, the goals being 8-13.

The second match was between the Second Elevens. This team was composed mainly of girls who had not played hockey until this season. The result was a draw, no goals on either side. The defence of our team was good, but they did not attack boldly enough.

Three matches had been arranged for the Spring Term; but unfortunately each had to be abandoned in turn; the bad weather having made the ground unfit to play on.

MARRIAGES.

BACH.—On Saturday, September 8th, 1900, at the Temple Protestant, 46, boulevard des Balignolles, Paris, *Caroline Bach* to *Eugène Pintard*.

FINCHETT.—September 3rd, 1900, at S. Mary's-on-the-Hill, by the Ven. Archdeacon Barber, *John Furniss*, son of the late J. C. Furniss, Truro, Cornwall, to *Mary*, eldest daughter of the late W. H. Finchett, Chester.

FORD.—On Thursday, February 7th, at All Saints' Church, Wokingham, by the Rev. T. C. Edghill, D.D., Chaplain General, assisted by the Rev. R. de Müller Nixon, *Muriel*, younger daughter of Col. Ford, R.A., of Brereton Lodge, Wokingham, to *Guy Durnford, R.E.*, son of Col. Durnford, R.E., of Rackenford Lodge, Weybridge.

HAMLEY.—On the 3rd of January, at S. Mary's Parish Church, Chester, by the Rev. H. Grantham, Rector, assisted by the Rev. Prebendary Bellamy, *Kenneth Harrison Allan*, 3rd son of the late George Allan, of Maida Vale, London, and of Shanklin, Isle of Wight, to *Constance*, 2nd daughter, of Samuel Hamley, Curzon Park, Chester.

LEE.—On January 16th, 1901, in the Parish Church of Thornton-le-Moors, by the Rev. C. C. Prichard, Rector, assisted by the Rev. Canon Irving, Liverpool, uncle of the bridegroom, *Annie*, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lee, Thornton Hall, to *Irving Watson*, son of the late Mr. Joseph Watson, of Westward Parks, Wigton.

TAYLOR.—On the 10th January, 1901, in the Parish Church of S. John Baptist, Chester, by the Rev. Canon Cooper Scott, assisted by the Rev. F. Tilney Stonex, *John Gamon Brierley*, second son of the late J. C. Brierley, to *Alice*, youngest daughter of John Taylor, Queen's Park, Chester.

HOLLAND.—On the 15th May, 1901, at the Parish Church, Frodsham, by the Rev. H. B. Blogg, Vicar of Frodsham, *Leonard John Cozens*, son of the late Leonard George Cozens of Notting Hill, London, to *Elsie Margaret Holland*, daughter of the late Robert Holland, of Frodsham.

BIRTH.

BROWN.—July 12th, 1900, at 22, Dresden Road, Hornsey Lane, London, Mrs. F. A. Brown, (*Elsie Mill*) of a daughter.

Chronicle.

Our Chronicle this year must begin with an historic incident: the Proclamation of his Most Gracious Majesty King Edward VII., which in Chester took place at Noon, on Friday, January 25th, in the Market Square.

The request of the Mayor that the pupils of the Queen's School should be present, had been received the day before; a similar request had been addressed to the head teachers of every School in the town, whilst a large space, immediately fronting the Town Hall, had been roped off for their accommodation. It was a grey morning, chilly, and inclined to rain, not the kind of weather in which, as a rule, we should willingly let our young people wait about in the open air in winter; but this was no common occasion, and there was, I think, a universal feeling, that the children must have it to remember, for, besides the great gathering of the Schools, we saw in the crowd around us, many mothers, of all sorts and conditions, accompanied by quite little children, too young for school, and even bringing babies. There is a picture of the ceremony in the Illustrated London News, in which a baby, the little sister, too, of some of our own pupils, occupies quite a central position at the top of the steps outside the Town Hall. That baby will certainly not be able to remember it, but the day will come when she will like to be told that she was there.

We left the Queen's School before eleven o'clock, and were rewarded for our timeliness by finding ourselves first on the ground, and obtaining places at the very front of the line. There was some rain, but not much, and the time of waiting was shortened by the interest of watching the assembling of the crowd. Presently the Mayor, the Deputy-Mayor, the Sheriff, and the Recorder, accompanied by the Mace and Sword-bearers, appeared on the Balcony. The Mayor read the Proclamation; the Royal Standard, which, like all the other flags, drooped half-mast, was run up to the top of the flag-staff, cheers were given for the new Sovereign, and—we sang *God Save the King*.

Little printed slips had been distributed to make sure of the words; but except for the untrained trebles of that multitude of boys and girls, who knew that they had been brought there to sing, and sang their best, to everybody's great relief, with happy youthful simplicity, there might have been almost silence through the first two verses. It was the first time, and the Queen had not yet been dead a week, and, though we knew the immediate Proclamation to be the right thing, and our hearts were full of loyalty to Her son, tears rushed to the eyes of many, and not a few first attempts to sing were choked by involuntary sobs.

The Queen's School Cot in the Children's Ward at the Infirmary — The "Cot Fund" accounts have been audited and the Balance Sheet will be found on the last page. We are happy to observe that there has been an increase of £2 11s. 6d. in the subscriptions, and hope there may be a still further improvement this year. The Cot has been occupied for a considerable time during the past twelve months, by a little girl of eleven, Polly M., who is a great sufferer from hip complaint. Perhaps she can never recover entirely, but an operation has been performed through which much relief is hoped for, and a *long* sojourn in sea or country air is now recommended for her. Seven weeks are already provided for, and, after that, we think the Queen's School might meet the expense of another month or five weeks, out of the proceeds of our sale of work next July, so as to give this poor little invalid a full three months at West Kirby.

Queen's School Union of Past and Present Pupils — The Annual General Meeting took place at the Queen's School, on Friday, 1st June at 3 p.m.

Mrs. Sandford took the chair. There were 42 members present. The following officers and members of committee for 1900-1901 were elected. Committee:—Miss Glascodine, Miss Muriel Broadbent, Miss G. Williamson, Miss E. Hobgen, Miss N. Day, together with (Cot Secretary) Miss F. Andrew, (Cot Treasurer) Mrs. W. L. Davies; General Secretaries, Miss G. Cawley, Miss K. Day, and Treasurer, Miss W. F. Anderson.

After the business meeting, tea was served in the cloisters.

Some excellent singing and music was given at intervals during the afternoon by Miss Dorothy Atkinson, Miss Ella Douglas, and Messrs. Veerman and Moore.

There was also a tennis tournament in which 10 members of the association took part. Some very good play was shown by Miss E. Hobgen and her partner Miss E. Sandford, but they were in the end beaten by Miss C. Thornely and Miss N. Day, who received prizes.

In the Autumn Term a portrait of the late Duke of Westminster was placed by the Association in the School Hall.

In accordance with a plan which dates from the first formation of our "Union," namely, that good lectures should be given from time to time, in connection with the School, to which members of the Association should be admitted on special terms, a Lecture on Wagner's "Parsifal" was given by Mr. Carl Ambruster, at the Grosvenor Museum, on February 20th. We were rather disappointed that no larger a number of

our "past and present" pupils availed themselves of this rare opportunity of learning to understand the greatest work of one of the world's greatest composers. The following is the Report of the Lecture which was published in the *Chester Courant* :—

What proved to be a highly interesting Lecture was given by Mr. Carl Ambruster on Wagner's "*Parsifal*," at the Grosvenor Museum, on Saturday afternoon. Dr. J. C. Bridge was in the Chair. The Lecture afforded a rare treat to all real lovers of music who were so fortunate as to be present; and there was a very fair attendance—quite as large, perhaps, as was to be expected when the abstruse character of much of Wagner's music is considered.

Mr. Carl Ambruster has, however, the happy art of selecting just those points which are best calculated to bring the leading qualities of the great master's art within the comprehension of even the least instructed, and that in a most interesting manner. All that he seemed to ask of his hearers was that they should at any rate possess some sincere feeling of music. After some preliminary remarks describing Bayreuth, and touching upon the circumstances that led Wagner to fix himself there, Mr. Ambruster spoke of "*Parsifal*" as his greatest and latest work, such a "*Swan's song*" as can scarcely be paralleled. At present, and for many years to come, it cannot be performed, as a whole, anywhere except at Bayreuth, where alone it can be given under exactly those conditions upon which the composer had set his mind. Wagner would, indeed, like to have limited the performance of another of his greatest compositions, "*The Ring*," in the same way, but here preference had to give way to financial considerations. Better so, perhaps, for the world; but in the case of "*Parsifal*" we cannot regret that Wagner's own plan has been strictly carried out. "*Parsifal*" is a religious drama in which the esoteric element, which has always to be reckoned with in Wagner's work is not merely present, but predominant. To his own mind, the lecturer said, the presentation of "*Parsifal*" amid the surroundings and associations of an ordinary theatre would be as painfully incongruous as a ball in a cathedral! Like Tennyson, in the *Idylls of the King*, Wagner has made use of that well-known group of Celtic legends which includes that of the Holy Graal; but the continental version of that legend places the Graal not in Wales or Cornwall, but in a mystic castle in the Pyrenees. There the Knights of the Graal, presided over by Titrel, their King, keep watch and ward over the Cup which received the Saviour's Blood when He hung upon the Cross, and the Spear which pierced His side. Much depends on the safe guardianship of these sacred treasures, but while this is their chief task, the knights of the Graal also go forth into the world by turns to do good deeds. Lohengrin is one of these Knights. The evil Magician, Klingsor, by and by raises a rival Castle surrounded by an enchanted garden of gigantic flowers,

and there lays snares to corrupt the Knights of the Graal, and by means of the wiles of Kundry he is able to wrench the Holy Spear from the hand of Amfortas, the son of Titurel, who, in his father's old age has succeeded to his office, and wounds him therewith with such a wound, as cannot be healed. Sorrow and suffering ensue for the knights, and for Amfortas, but there is a prophecy that a deliverer shall one day appear, pure in heart, but poor in intelligence, who shall both recover the spear and restore Amfortas, and also become himself the guardian of the Graal. This deliverer is "Parsifal," whose very name may be interpreted to mean "pure" and "a fool," and the accomplishment of his predestined task is the subject of this drama. At this point Mr. Armbruster played very beautifully the prelude to "Parsifal," pointing out before he did so the leading motifs and their meaning. An account of the first Act followed, when Parsifal is introduced into the Castle of the Graal and beholds the Unveiling, but with such stupid and speechless amazement that his conductor, a knight named Gurnemanz, dismisses him as a hopeless fool. Mr. Armbruster's rendering of the music of the changing scene, when Parsifal and Gurnemanz are approaching the castle, was admirably successful in compelling the piano to suggest to the imagination the effect of a full orchestra. The second Act gives the scene in Klingsor's garden, when Parsifal, strong in the simplicity of his heart, resist Kundry's temptations and recovers the sacred Spear. Kundry's narrative of the infancy and boyhood of Parsifal was sung by Miss Pauline Cramer, whose full soprano voice and perfect articulation are well fitted to interpret Wagner's music. Then Klingsor's enchanted castle disappears, the temptress Kundry is transformed into a humble and penitent being, and Parsifal, his whole soul fired with pity for Amfortas, turns to seek his way to the Castle of the Graal. In the third Act he has found it, but only after many years. He is recognised by the now aged Gurnemanz, baptizes the repentant Kundry, and is once more led by them to the Castle, where the prophecy is accomplished in all its fulness. The lecture concluded with the performance by Mr. Armbruster of the remarkable and touching music for the last scene. After this Miss Pauline Cramer sang two of Wagner's songs, "The Angel" and "Expectation." They were quite new to a many of her hearers, and were received with much enthusiasm. An interesting set of lantern slides were then shewn, comprising portraits of Wagner, views of Bayreuth, and especially of the Theatre, together with scenes and personages from "Parsifal." In conclusion Dr. Bridge said he was sure Mr. Armbruster had the thanks of the entire audience for his most interesting lecture. Mr. Armbruster's knowledge of his subject was singularly complete, but not everyone who possesses knowledge possesses also a wonderful gift for making a very wide and very complicated subject both clear and interesting to his hearers. He thought Mrs. Sandford also deserved thanks for initiating the arrangements which had enabled them to listen to so delightful a lecture.

The Annual Prizegiving was held on Monday, November the 26th, 1900, when the Chair was taken by Mr. R. A. Yerburch, M.P., and Mrs. Yerburch gave away the Prizes and Certificates.

A brief report of the Headmistress's Address, and of Mr. Yerburch's Speech are here subjoined :—

"Mrs. Sandford said it could not but be a satisfaction to her to see the hall so full and to be able to begin her address with the comfortable statement that the Queen's School continued to do well and to increase in numbers. (Applause.) Among those she saw before her, a considerable number were present for the first time—new pupils (between 30 and 40 since last November), parents of new pupils, and some few parents of pupils who might come to the School next term. There were also—and this, perhaps, is the most interesting feature of the present occasion—a large proportion of the lately re-constituted governing body of the School. Referring to the new scheme for the governing of the Queen's School, she said this was not the time, nor was she the person, to say more than that she was glad of the opportunity of expressing her confident hope, which she knew must be shared both by the old and new governing body, that the School would continue in the future as in the past with ever-progressing prosperity. (Applause.) The chief advantage for such a re-setting and revising was the strengthening of the elements of permanence. It was her earnest desire that the School should be a permanent blessing for many generations in Chester, and that it should be a true place of education on the best and most intelligent lines of this day and of any day in the future, where there should be a continuous training of the young hearts and minds for the varied responsibilities of a Christian woman; for the duties of family life; for the larger duties of citizenship in our world-wide empire; and, above all, for faithful service in the kingdom of CHRIST. (Applause.) Mrs. Sandford proceeded to say that she was not one of those who considered the giving of prizes to be a concession on the weak side of human nature. She believed the taking home of a prize gave such a moment of pure pleasure, alike to parents and children, as would be treasured in their memories almost as long as they lived. She always thought it advisable to limit the competitive element, and she had adopted a system whereby a large proportion of the girls competed not against one another, but against a standard. Almost all the prizes were given on the results, not of one, but of two examinations. She alluded individually to one or two of the principal prize-winners, including Dorothy Walthall, whose success was deserving of special mention. She expressed the wish that her present success would be a prelude to future successes at Cambridge. (Applause.) After briefly referring in grateful terms to the late Duke of Westminster's interest in and liberality to the School, Mrs. Sandford mentioned that Miss Anderson, an old pupil, and afterwards for four years a teacher at the Queen's School, had received

an appointment and gone out to South Africa. (Applause.) They hoped her career in that distant land would be all she could wish. Next year there was good reason to expect that the new block of class-rooms, to be called the Hastings' wing, so much talked about and so much needed, would begin to rise out of the ground." (Applause.)

"Mr. Yerburch, who had a cordial reception, asked if he might in the first place express what he was sure was in the minds of everybody present after the words which had fallen from Mrs. Sandford in her most interesting and educating speech—words in regard to the late Duke of Westminster. (Hear, hear.) Might he say how deeply they all felt his loss? They all knew what a good friend he was to all causes that were advantageous to the advancement and the welfare of the people, and they had every hope that the grandson, who had succeeded him, would follow in his footsteps.

Alluding to the school, Mr. Yerburch said there was every prospect of its being largely increased, and upon that he offered his warmest congratulations, and joined in expressing the wish that the institution might indeed improve and become a permanent one. It had done such good work that if any untoward event checked its career, they would all feel that a calamity had fallen upon the city. That he trusted was far distant. (Hear, hear.) He was very interested to hear what Mrs. Sandford thought with regard to the different objects that those who educated the young put before them. She had said with reference to the training of girls, that they should be taught the duties of family life; they were to be taught that they had great responsibility as sharing in the citizenship of a great empire; and they were also to learn the lesson of the right use of life. He heard those words with the greatest possible interest, and when he looked at the motto, "Vivat Regina," he thought how happy our country was in having reigning over it a Queen—a great Queen in whom were embodied all those qualities which Mrs. Sandford had dwelt upon. As illustrating the second of the points which Mrs. Sandford had put before them, that they all had a share in this great Empire—and the girl of to-day to-morrow would be called upon to take her part in the advancement of this Empire—he was interested to hear that from their ranks one had gone out to play her part in South Africa. That was a good omen. (Applause.) Mrs. Sandford was to be congratulated that one of her pupils and one of her teachers had gone out to take part in the advancement of that great colony. He wished the school every possible success. He knew it had done a good work in the past, and he trusted it would do an even greater work in the future. (Applause)."—*From the Chester Courant.*

A Dramatic Entertainment and Concert was given at the Queen's School, on Tuesday and Wednesday, the 17th and 18th of December.

The Performance opened with a very pretty little "Masque of the Months and Seasons," specially composed for the occasion by Dr. J. C. Bridge. This was followed by two Pianoforte Solos, Henselt's Nocturne in G flat and two Studies by Rubinstein, beautifully executed by Mr. Gerard Veerman, and a charming song from an old pupil, Miss Ella Douglas. Miss Phyllis Owen's violin playing was also much admired.

An amusing Duologue by Miss Justina Long and Miss Ethel Hobgen concluded the First Part.

The Second Part consisted of the performance of a Fairy Operetta, "The Enchanted Palace," which is a musical version of the well-known old story of "The Sleeping Beauty," just a little bit burlesqued. The principal characters were as follows:—

King	M. Carney.
Queen	P. Davison.
Princess Crystal			E. Sandford.
Prince Emerald	A. Caldecutt.
Jester	M. Bowers.
Poet	G. Mill.
Wise Man		M. Marston.
Chancellor		G. Gordon.
Fairy of the Palace			M. Owen.
Fairy of Life	N. Gunning.
Fairy of Darkness			U. Butler.

Very hearty thanks are due to Miss Hilda Giles and also to Dr. Bridge for their untiring energy and interest as well as for their valuable aid in training the performers; and also to all those who contributed in so many ways to make the Entertainment the success that it proved to be.

We beg to return our hearty thanks to the donors of the following volumes to the School Library:—

The Pleasures of Life, by Sir John Lubbock, given by Daisy Elwell.
 Treasure Island, by R. L. Stevenson, given by Mabel Carney.
 The Isle of Unrest, by Merriman, given by Lizzie Naylor.
 Leaves from the Queen's Highland Journal, given by Miss Glascodine.
 From Cape Town to Ladysmith, G. W. Stevens, given by Dorothy Walthall.
 Early History of New Zealand, by R. A. A. Sherrin, given by Effie B. L. Mence.

Also to the Reference Library:—

Larger Commercial Geography, by G. Chisholm.
 Elwell's French and English Dictionary, given by Miss Florence Bisley.

A very lively account of Miss Effie Mence's voyage to New Zealand may be read in the foregoing pages. It is just six years ago since she first came to the Queen's School, her mother having brought her to England for education. Now she has returned to the land of her birth, where we wish her all happiness and prosperity. We think she will always keep a warm corner in her heart for the old country and the old school. She is now living at a place called Wanganni (Astwood, River Bank, Wanganni, N.Z., is the address)—"Such a pretty place," she writes, "with a splendid river."

Another old pupil, Miss L. P. Humfrey, who returned last year from South Africa, with the intention of taking her M.A. degree at the London University, was offered in March a Pfeiffer Fellowship (£30), tenable only by Graduates, which enables her to go into Residence at College Hall, Gordon Square, W.C.

Miss Constance E. Ashburner, a former pupil of the Queen's School, has been appointed Head-mistress of the High School, Lincoln.

Miss Nessie Brown's Scholarship (£30 a year for three years), lately held at Girton College, Cambridge, by Ethel McNeile, has this year been won by Ethel H. Sandford.

Miss W. F. Anderson, who was for so long a pupil of the Queen's School, and afterwards for four years, a valued member of the Staff, accepted last summer, the post of an Assistant Mistress at Rondebosch, near Cape Town, and sailed for South Africa in September last. She is very much interested in her new work and surroundings, and we hope that a useful and successful career may be before her.

The name of Miss Anné R. Tinkler, (B.A., London), appeared in June, 1900, in the First Class of the Final Honours School of English Language and Literature, at the University of Oxford. Miss Tinkler was educated at the Queen's School, Chester, whence she gained a Bursary at Holloway College, where she studied for her London Degree.

In conclusion, we have to remind both Past and Present Pupils, that our Biennial Sale of Work, is to take place next July. Two-thirds of the proceeds will be devoted partly to the usual purpose of giving Country Holidays to the children of the poor, and partly to making small donations in aid of the "Waifs and Strays," or of a few cases of individual need that may come to our notice. The remaining third will, as in former years, be devoted to School purposes.

COT FUND ACCOUNT, 1900.

RECEIPTS.		EXPENDITURE.	
	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
To Cash brought forward from 1899	7 13 5	By Chester General Infirmary, for	
" Donations	0 15 6	"Cot Fund"	25 0 0
" Subscriptions	19 6 6	Postages, Printing, &c. ..	0 12 2
		Cash in bank and in hand ..	2 3 3
	<u>£27 15 5</u>		<u>£27 15 5</u>

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Audited and found correct,

WALTER CONWAY,

AUDITOR,

March 22nd, 1901. *Chartered Accountant.*

