

"WHITE & BLUE,"

The Worcester High School Magazine.

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** * We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of contributors, but reserve a right of veto, should we ever think it necessary to exercise it.*

EDITORIAL.

Probably it is because our hearts are all so full that no one has much to say this Term! We are very glad to welcome some distinctly juvenile literature, *i.e.*, such as the younger children can appreciate. If one such is not accepted, it is only that "White and Blue" cannot admit any fun with the faintest stain of vulgarity to mar it, any more than it can poetry that will not "scan," or English that is ungrammatical!

The "Grail" story we insert, warning the writer against a vagueness, which gives an impression that she does not quite know herself what she means, and believing that as life goes on, and the sense of the "Presence" deepens, this will disappear, and an intense reality will take its place, such as Arthur's own, who

"knows himself no vision to himself,
Nor the high GOD a vision, nor that One
Who rose again."

The Titanic poem seems a little light for so terrific a catastrophe, but it was as well to be reminded that such a side there must have been, and that some happy souls

passed in one happy moment to awake in the unspeakable peace of Paradise.

Letter from Miss Ottley.

My most dear children of the Guild,

It is impossible for words to convey a tithe of my loving gratitude for all the letters and the loving thought the last two months have brought me ; the delicate and perfect sympathy in our common pain of parting, I heartily accept, and with it, the joyful assurance that there can be no real separation ; the bond that knits us each to all is too deep and true ; we are one in the aim with which we started our little Guild, when we " dreamed dreams, and saw visions," which are still, day by day, being fulfilled, as each finds the particular calling in which she personally is to fulfil the general vocation common to us all, " called to be Saints " ; sharing the Life of the Master, in Him, for Him, with Him, expressing *Him* in every form of daily life—in the home, in the slum, in the ward, in the school, in the place of business, in the nursery, in the Mission, in the college, in the ball-room, and in the bedroom,—behind the outer life always the inner—the spiritual—the Ascension Life—the Life sustained at His Altar. Some of you thank me for help given, but I am sure you will all believe and know that it is not I, but the beloved School, which has helped us all, and will help still, lifting life for us into a pure atmosphere of love and joy and peace. And to all of you, whether in the Guild or not, let me send a word of loving and hearty congratulation, that GOD in His mercy has answered abundantly our prayers, in sending you a Head Mistress, who will more than carry on the traditions of the School, for she will bring to it the fresh life, which I could no longer infuse, and will be the centre and leader of

the onward movement, which I am confident is before you, for I know you are prepared to be "love-loyal to her lightest wish," and that she has a staff who will be her strong and willing helpers; so that I dare foresee a beautiful future for the School.

But please remember that a school is made of children! and that the loveliest ideas, and the most splendid teachers, cannot produce one without them; and it is for you to find the nice girls, who need what *this* School can give: culture, refinement, as well as the highest instruction and training in each subject. Only by those who know the School well, sticking loyally to it, and taking the trouble to speak up for it, can we hope to keep a stream of such girls. So be brave and never lose a chance of giving the new prospectus, when it comes out, to fresh parents and to former ones. Floreat æternum Schola puellarum Vigorniensis!

Your loving old Head,

ALICE OTTLEY.

P.S.—Since I wrote this, I have received the dear little note from those of you who were at the Guild Meeting. I could not write then, as Canon Claughton was with me; but I am really perfectly overwhelmed with all the love and kindness that have been showered upon me. I am sure that you (being you), will understand that the one thing I crave is your prayers that, if indeed GOD has willed, of His goodness, ever to send you any message of His Love through so worthless an instrument, my own words may not rise in judgment, in contrast to what He knows of my life; but that His vast forgiveness may enwrap us all, and so purify us that our old selves may be lost, and that we may stand at last complete in Him, in the Light of His perpetual Presence, through the infinite Merits of our LORD and Master, JESUS CHRIST.

Eve of S. Peter, 1912.

The Royal Visit to Calcutta.

Reprinted from the Pershore Parish Magazine (*by permission*).

Courage is of course the natural attribute of our Royal Family, and during the week spent by the King Emperor and his consort in Calcutta they had ample opportunities of giving evidence of it.

For the last few years, since the Partition of Bengal, Calcutta has been a hot-bed of sedition, from which has emanated the gospel of lawlessness and rebellion, which has been preached throughout the length and breadth of India, from Peshawar to Tuticorin.

Imperial Calcutta—Imperial, alas! no longer—is, after London, the largest city of the Empire, and with her shipping, her docks, and her trade, has won herself the proud title of the Queen of the Eastern Sea.

By the transfer of the Capital to Delhi, Calcutta has been shorn of something of her splendour, but she is essentially a city of the British, built by British capital upon the graves of Britain's sons, and she will rise superior to the slight which has been put upon her.

It needed no little courage for the King Emperor to visit a city disloyal to the core, and smarting under the indignity which had just been put upon her by the transfer of the Capital; but, in the teeth of opposition by many of India's wisest rulers, he made up his mind to come, and his decision was more than justified by the result.

Picture to yourself a cloudless sky, and a great, grassy carriage way cutting like a sword blade across the Maidan, Calcutta's park, the sides lined by troops, Highlanders, Riflemen, Gurkhas, and Pathans; and behind them all, stands for those who could afford to pay for them, and then rank after rank of the humble folk, the toiling millions of India, in whose eyes the Emperor is divine.

The King Emperor reached Calcutta by water, landing at Prinsep's Ghat, where were collected the Chivalry of Bengal to do him honour and to tender the city's homage, Maharajas and the Nobles of the land a-glitter with jewels and cloth of gold, ladies in summer dresses, officers in full uniform, and India's sun blazing upon gentle and simple alike, a sight once seen never to be forgotten.

"Boom" from the ramparts of old Fort William, and Calcutta had begun her iron-voiced welcome to India's Emperor, and we knew that he had landed.

Then slowly, four abreast, gallant in scarlet and gold, came the staff and equerries pacing up the centre of the arena. Then came the King and Queen, scarlet-clad chuprassies bearing the golden umbrella and the great gold fan, emblems of sovereignty. Right up to the dais they came, and there they turned and faced us, the first English Emperor and Empress to visit India and claim the fealty that is their due.

After the necessary speeches and presentations the King and Queen entered the state carriage, and under the escort of Royal Horse Artillery, Hussars, Native Cavalry and Light Horse, they drove across the Maidan to Government House. Your Oriental knows nothing about cheering, which is a western accomplishment, but, as they passed, the crowd bowed low, like corn before the wind, Hindu and Mahomedan, Sikh and Pathan, high and low, for once united in the common wish to do honour to the Emperor.

The next public function was the garden party at Government House, to which about 2,000 people came, the jewels of native chiefs, officers' uniforms, and ladies' dresses, all blending in a wonderful animated picture. The officers of the native regiments in Calcutta were next presented to the King: bearded warriors, the medals on each man's breast testifying to the courage of India's sons in England's quarrels on many a hard-fought field, no

servility among them, each man standing at the salute, looking the King square in the eyes, and tendering him the sword hilt in token of fealty.

That night came the Levee, when the King, in Field Marshal's uniform, received the homage of 1,500 gentlemen ; the civilians in sombre court dress with lace ruffles, native princes scintillating with diamonds and every imaginable jewel, and soldiers gay with gold and silver lace and flashing steel.

To my mind one of the finest sights was the Royal Visit to the Races. The three huge stands were crammed with people, and from them, as far as the eye could reach, one saw dense masses of closely packed humanity waiting for the Royal Carriage. Then, in the distance, there was a flash of steel on a lance point, and the head of the body-guard, huge bearded troopers in red and gold, on big bay horses, swung on to the racecourse, and the King and Queen, bowing right and left, drove up to the Turf Club Stand, the Indian crowd doing obeisance, and the English cheering.

That night there was a torchlight tattoo, followed by fireworks. This was the only occasion when the native crowd got beyond the control of the police, but though they broke the barriers they were orderly and civil, albeit they were estimated at half-a-million in number. It was a fairy-like scene, the bands of all the regiments in garrison massed in the middle, and about three thousand infantry with torches carrying out complicated evolutions in time to the music.

The following night the King and Queen held a Court, when 450 ladies made their curtseys, Mrs. T. H. Westmacott being among the number. The scene was a brilliant one---the men for once, in their uniforms and court dresses, outshining the ladies in splendour, and the gorgeous

dressess and jewels of the native potentates giving an additional touch of colour.

In the intervals of state functions, the royal pair were engaged in visiting the Hospital and Public Institutions, the King being never so happy as when he could give the slip to the police to visit and see things for himself.

The Pageant was an essentially Oriental Exhibition which represented Mahomedan and Hindu religious processions of a hundred years ago. It was held in a huge open space of three-quarters of a mile long by a quarter of a mile broad; one side was taken up by the royal pavilion, while the other three were open to the people, who were kept back by a light bamboo railing and a line of troops. The pageant was a kaleidoscope of colour, great elephants with jewelled howdahs and painted trunks and silken trappings, mail-clad horsemen armed with sword and mace, bodies of foot-men in every colour of the rainbow, horses which danced on their hind legs, camels, palanquins of gold and silver, brightly painted bullock carts, and last, but not least, a huge house-like carriage drawn by two elephants, and carrying about 30 priests, who blessed the King as they passed.

When the last elephant had defiled past the royal box, everyone thought it was all over, but then followed the unrehearsed and finest scene of all. At a foot's pace, without their escort, and practically unattended, the Royal pair drove round the great arena, and never have I seen such an outburst of enthusiastic loyalty. Time and again the crowd burst through the barriers and surged up to the carriage, but throughout showed only the deepest respect. Still it must have been a relief to the police when the Royal progress was over.

Of the great Review of 10,000 troops, I will only say that the sight of a battery of guns and three cavalry

regiments galloping past the King stirred the blood as little else could do.

When all was over and the King and Queen were gone, one realised how great is the loyalty of our Indian fellow-subjects to the Crown, and how much the extraordinary magnetism of the King had done to bridge over the gulf, which exists between our Aryan brothers and ourselves.

T. H. WESTMACOTT,
M. C. WESTMACOTT,
(Mary Lawson.)

A Blue Pinafore's Story.

You would like to hear a little of my life history, you say? Well, I shall try to tell you.

The first thing I remember is the day on which I was packed into large bales, in a noisy factory, with some other material the same as myself. We were sent to the railway station and put into a goods train. I must have fallen asleep then, for when I awoke I found myself lying on a shelf behind the counter in a draper's shop. There were many other rolls of the same forget-me-not coloured material. For a time I was very much frightened at all the strange things around me, for you must not forget that I was quite young in those days. I soon made the acquaintance of my neighbours, and they explained all the different people to me. I was of an enquiring turn of mind, so I set myself to learn a little of the language which Human Beings speak. After a few weeks I could understand such phrases as: "Good morning, madam, what can I get for you?" and "May I send it for you to-day, Madam?" That was all very well, but after a time I found my life becoming monotonous, and I was most

relieved when a lady came into the shop one day and asked for some "High School Pinafore Material." I was lifted from the shelf, measured, cut off, and sent to the lady's house. There I was made into a pinafore with square-cut yoke and long sleeves. Some kind person was good enough to embroider my yoke and sleeves.

But you will be more interested to hear something about my life at the High School. I was most excited at the prospect of living with more than 200 pinafores exactly like myself. Everyone wears us, from the tiniest girl to the biggest. When the girls are all assembled on the Apse on Tuesday mornings, for Mark Reading, Miss Ottley speaks about her "Bank of Blue Forget-me-nots." I go to so many different lessons, on an average four a day, and hear so many learned things that I feel that my mind must be developing rapidly in this scholastic atmosphere. When I came I knew almost nothing, but now I can even understand French. I enjoy the oral French lessons more than any others for they are so very exciting. One day I was supposed to be Sir Walter Raleigh's cloak, and I had to submit gracefully when Queen Elizabeth rudely walked over me. Another day I took the part of the sack in which Geronte was beaten by the rascal Scapin.

Every morning when my mistress has drill, I am hastily taken off and hung up on a peg outside the Gymnasium door. There I remain for a quarter-of-an-hour, and then I am again as hastily put on, and am not taken off until lessons are finished for the day. It is a strict rule that I must always be hung up by both shoulders, otherwise the Central Hall looks very untidy.

If you would like to hear any more particulars about us, please come to School any Wednesday morning at lunch-time, and we shall be delighted to see you.

WINIFRED ANTON, VIA.

The Angel of the Grail.

(From a picture.)

Out of the storm and night the minstrel came to the castle, and the children gathered round him while he waited the call to sing at the feast. "Shall I sing to you, children?" said he, as he tuned his harp. "Yea, of honour," said Bernard, the young heir. "Nay, of love," said his fair sister Bertha. The minstrel smiled, "Of both," he said, and touched his harp. And he sang of the Holy Grail, of the noble knights whose lives were spent in searching for it, and of their joy in the finding. His song awoke an irresistible longing in the hearts of the children, and presently Oswald, the seneschal's son, asked if it were still to be found on earth. "Ay," said the minstrel, "through sorrow and sacrifice, pain and toil, and many a hard learning." But then he was called away, and the children saw him no more.

Yet his song still rang in their ears, and one morning Bernard said to the others, "Listen, I met a company of noble knights, and I asked them where they were going. They said, 'To fight for the Cross.' Methinks among them we should find the Grail. Sister, come with me?" "Yea, but what of little Margaret who is crippled, we cannot leave her!" "Elsa, the armourer's daughter, whom she loves, will tend her." Thus Bernard and his sister departed. The days passed sadly at the castle, till one day Oswald told Elsa he had found a monk who had promised to lead all who came with him to the Holy City. "Come with me, Elsa, that we may find the Grail together." Her eyes filled with tears, "Nay, I cannot go," she said, "for since the others left, Margaret has pined away. If I go, she will die!" "Then I will go and find it for thee," said Oswald, and he, too, bade her farewell.

The long days rolled away, and again the minstrel came

to the children. "I have a message to you, O maidens," he said, and told them how Oswald had been seized by the sea-pirates, and was doomed to life-long slavery. "For," said he, "his captor, believing none will dare the dangers of the way, boasts that, unless a maiden from his home shall ask his freedom, he shall die a slave." Elsa was silent, then she answered, "Margaret, if thou wilt let me, I will go." Margaret would have refused, but something in the minstrel's face compelled her, and, with a sob, she replied, "I will."

So Elsa and the minstrel travelled over land and sea, and many a time she was in danger, and the way was hard, but he protected her. At length they reached the fortress in which Oswald was imprisoned, and demanded his release of the pirate, the owner of the fortress, who was bound by his promise and acceded to their demand. The minstrel put the lamp he carried into Elsa's hand and bade her go forward to Oswald's cell. With a cry of joy she recognised Oswald. As he rose his chains fell from him, and, in an awed voice, he exclaimed, "Elsa, methinks in thy hands thou bearest the Holy Grail, and behind thee is its Angel." "'Tis but the lamp," she replied, "and this is the minstrel who will guide us home." So they returned, and as they went the minstrel told them of the way wherein they might find the Grail. "I will seek Bernard and his sister," he added, "for they have strayed in their search also."

Once more the three children, now united at home, were sitting on the castle ramparts at dusk, looking over the lake to the woods beyond, when Bernard and his sister reached the castle. They told their story, how the knights had spoken false, and had stopped on the way to carouse. They mocked their search and made him a groom, and in spite of their misery, they could not escape till the minstrel had freed them.

"Elsa," said Margaret, "after thou didst depart I dreamed

a dream ; I think we shall one day see the Grail ! Look yonder among the water lilies," she whispered, awestruck. And for a moment there sprang a radiance from the gloom, and they beheld an angel in floating raiment. In his hands he bore the Holy Grail, and its glory was reflected on his face, and it was the face of the minstrel. And the Angel of the Grail spoke, " Blessed are ye, O children, for to you is vouchsafed a foretaste of the Vision of the Grail ; After sorrow and sacrifice, pain and toil, and many a bitter learning have ye seen it, and in this wise shall ye at last behold it in the Holy City for evermore ! "

K. WHITEHEAD, VIA.

Poetry.

THE LOSS OF THE TITANIC.

Swiftly, surely, through the mighty ocean
Steams the giant ship.

At her base below the tiny wavelets
Ever rise and dip.

All is peace and quiet in the cabins—
All is gay above ;

Bridge progressing, little children dreaming
Happy dreams of love.

Onward, onward steams the great Titanic
Through the mighty sea.

A fair child of the advancing ages :
Man's great work is she.

He is proud of what his hands accomplished,
And he does not think

That in all her pride and all her glory
She can ever sink.

Round the ship the air is blowing coldly,
 Ice is somewhere near ;
 "But," he cries, "my child can never founder,"
 And he does not fear.
 So the ship steams onwards, ever onwards,
 In the growing gloom.
 Yes, she goes—the queen of ocean liners—
 Proudly to her doom !

For already, like a ghostly phantom,
 From the land of snow,
 Comes the cold—the great, white, unremorseful—
 Harbinger of woe,
 Stealing slowly, surely, through the ocean,
 Ready for its prey.
 And, O man ! thy power is unavailing
 That grim form to stay.

Hark ! a noise—the ship has struck the iceberg
 At her massive base !
 And the hold is every moment filling
 At a dreadful pace.
 First they save the women and the children,
 While the men stand by
 Waiting, hoping that some passing vessel
 May receive their cry.

Now she sinks ! she goes—the great Titanic—
 Down into the sea !
 With those gallant bandsmen calmly playing
 "Nearer, God, to Thee."
 Both the millionaire and humble stoker
 In that moment passed
 Down into the still, cold sea together,
 British to the last.

There each lies alone, but not forgotten,
 In his last, long sleep ;
 With the great form of the lost Titanic
 In the mighty deep.
 Do not weep and mourn—be proud and joyful—
 Ye their sons and wives,
 For it was as British men and heroes
 That they lost their lives.

D. M. J., V.

School News.

END OF THE SPRING TERM.

THE CONFIRMATION.

Bishop Milne confirmed the following High School candidates on March 21st, in the Cathedral :—P. Bullock, V. Browne, G. Chappel, F. Clarke, D. Creese, D. Holland, W. Joseland, M. Leech, M. Lewis, J. Lister, C. Pearson, K. Preston, M. Quarterman, H. Smith, V. Surman, J. Swann.

THE ONE DAY'S RETREAT

which was fixed for March 29th and 30th, could not be held, owing to the illness of the Conductor, Archdeacon Greig ; but on the afternoon of the 30th, the Rev. G. Hooper very kindly gave an address in preparation for Holy Week, and the office of the S.H.N. was said.

MARK READING

was abandoned this term, owing to the coal strike and the many absences.

The School broke up on April 2nd. The following girls left :—C. Derry, V. Lane. A. Onslow, J. Peake, B. Skyrme, M. Wilson. Miss Margaret Bickersteth also left to continue her course at Oxford.

SUMMER TERM.

On Saturday, April 27th, the Council, with deep regret, accepted Miss

Ottley's resignation of the Head Mistress-ship; and on June 1st, Miss Margaret Spurling, B.A., Second Mistress of the Francis Holland School, Graham Street, was appointed to succeed Miss Ottley.

School re-opened on May 1st, with eleven new children, and another came at half-term.

It was a sad beginning of term, as we learnt that our beloved Head Mistress is resigning the School at the end of the term.

It is a great grief to us all, but Mistresses and Girls, Old and Present, must always be most thankful for having been allowed to work under her, and be her children.

Another grief was that Miss Weaver, who was taken ill in the Easter holidays, was not able to return. She is much missed, and it was especially hard for IVb., her Form, to lose her in the middle of the year.

Winifred Ragg is, we are sorry to say, very ill. She met with a serious accident in the holidays, when she was already suffering from whooping cough. She has had to undergo an operation, but is going on as well as can be expected.

SACRED CONCERT.

On May 18th, the Concert of Sacred Music, postponed from last term, was held in the Large Hall. About 200 tickets were sold, and £2 17s. od. was cleared, which was given to the Orchestra Fund, and an A clarinet is to be bought. We give an account taken from *Berrow's Worcester Journal*:—

“HIGH SCHOOL.—The Concert of Sacred Music in aid of the Orchestra Fund, and postponed from last term, took place on Saturday last, when a most interesting programme was performed. Pergolesi's ‘Stabat Mater’ and Mendelssohn's ‘Hear my Prayer’ (the latter was performed with the kind assistance of a few gentlemen), were the chief works for the Senior School Chorus and Orchestra, and in these both the expressive singing and beautiful tone of the Chorus, and the able and sympathetic playing of the Orchestra, gave evidence of the commendable work that is being done by Miss Bowles and Miss Hirschfeld respectively. Mrs. Glover-Eaton kindly undertook the Solo in ‘Hear my Prayer,’ at the last moment (because Miss Bowles was suffering from a cold), and gave much pleasure to those listening. The chief Solos in Pergolesi's ‘Stabat Mater’ were charmingly sung by Miss Bowles, in spite of her indisposition, and Miss Aimée de Saram and Miss Margaret Wilson shared in successful renderings of the other solos of the work. At the close of the Concert Miss Bowles also sang an old German Easter Hymn, the Chorus joining in the ‘Alleluias.’ One of the most enjoyable features of

the afternoon was the scholarly interpretation of the 'Andante' from Mendelssohn's 'Violin Concerto,' and Beethoven's 'Romance' for Violin Solo and Orchestra by Miss Hirschfeld. In the latter Solo Miss Hirschfeld was well supported by the School Orchestra (slightly augmented by a few players and kindly conducted by Mr. Chignell), and in this work, perhaps, was best shown the development that is taking place in the Orchestra work in the School under the enthusiastic guidance of Miss Hirschfeld. The following comprised the Orchestra :—Violins, Miss Freston, Miss Harvey, M. Chappel, P. Cox, M. Quarterman, Mrs. MacRae, Miss Lindley, Miss Foster, and K. Scales ; Violas, Miss J. Tree, Miss Browne, and P. Horton ; 'Cello, Miss M. Scott, ; Double Bass, Miss E. Cooke ; Clarionets, Mr. Martin, G. Chappel, and D. Sharpe ; Drums, Mr. Hirschfeld ; Organ, M. Cox ; Conductor, Miss Hirschfeld.

DRILL COMPETITION.

This was held in the Gymnasium on Wednesday afternoon, June 12th. Miss Scott kindly came over from Edgbaston to judge, and awarded the Shield to IVB., whose work was conspicuous by its energy and smartness. They have done good work throughout the year, and really deserve the Drill Shield, won by them for the second time in succession.

The following was the order of merit of the remaining Forms :—

IIIA. did good, smart work, and would have come up to the standard of IVB's work with a little more self-assurance and go.

V. and VI. The work was spoilt in both Forms by lack of smartness and go. Some individual movements were the best in the competition. Both Forms would do better if they forgot their age and dignity in drill.

II. will do good work, if they always try as hard as they have done this term.

IIIB. Their work was spoilt by the slackness of some members of the Form, but they show more promise at present than ever before.

IVA. Work only fair ; in most cases not smart.

IVC. were handicapped in the Competition by having to do too difficult exercises.

I. tried very hard, and their positions were all good.

The following true remark was overheard after the Competition, "What a pity they do not always hold themselves so well."

THE GARDENS.

The final judging took place on June 18th, and on June 19th, Mrs. Moore Ede most kindly came and presented the Shield and the Motto to the winning Forms, V. and IVA. It was sad not to have Miss Ottley there—she was not well enough to be present—and Mrs. Moore Ede spoke of this, and of her own visit to the School last year, and of how Miss Ottley had taken her round the gardens. She then said that the gardens were distinctly better than they were last year, and mentioned qualities essential to gardeners—patience and calmness of spirit. She then quoted T. E. Brown's poem, "My Garden."

"A garden is a lovesome thing, GOD wot !
 Rose plot
 Fringed grot—
 The veriest school of peace ; and yet the fool
 Contends that GOD is not—
 Not GOD ! in gardens ! when the eve is cool ?
 Nay, but I have a sign ;
 'Tis very sure GOD walks in mine."

After this, Winifred Auton presented Mrs. Moore Ede with a bouquet of blue and white flowers, which Miss Tuke had very kindly supplied from her garden.

The following are the marks gained by the different gardens this year :—

Maximum 75. V. 73, IIIA. 72, IVB. 69, IVC. 62, II. 61, IVA. 60, VI. 58, I. 50, IIIB. 49.

THE SCHOOL'S BIRTHDAY.

Sad to say, our dear Head Mistress could not be in the School for its birthday, as she has had to go to Miss Agnes Ottley's house in Britannia Square, to be nursed into better health by her. A bouquet of white and blue flowers from the School gardens, made up by Miss Stewart, was taken to Miss Ottley early in the morning by Miss Mackworth ; who brought back Miss Ottley's love and blessing to us. We had the Commemoration Day prayers as usual, then we sang two verses of the School Hymn, and ended by clapping the School with might and main. There was no drill, but in drill time everyone went out to the hockey field and saw the Lacrosse set that Miss Ottley has given, and began to practice catching.

MISSION GUILD.

During Lent, Collections were made by means of "Lent Savings" Boxes for the Waifs and Strays. The sum of £1 8s. od. was sent to the Society.

A splendid amount of needlework was done during Lent. Form IVB. provided a large store of bandages, eye-shades, and bed-jackets, which were sent to the Hospital in Delhi. Other Forms were no less industrious, as the piles of babies' bonnets, vests, and garments of all kinds bore witness. Some of the King's Messengers dressed dolls, made work-bags, and painted texts, all of which will be most useful as prizes in Mission Schools.

THE GUILD MEETING

was held in S. Oswald's Chapel on the Eve of S. Peter's Day, June 28th. Canon Claughton gave the Address ; and admitted the following new Associates and Members :—

Associates—Miss Badham, Miss Turner, Miss Bertha Woodhouse.

Members—Ailsa Adlington, Dorothy Beauchamp, Myfanwy Campbell, Isabel Mogridge, Adelaide Onslow, Mollie Ottley, Marguerite Rowe, Lilian Spencer, Kathleen Whitehead.

After the Address, Canon Claughton asked us to pray silently for a few minutes, remembering first those belonging to the School who are at rest, and then the beloved Head of the Guild.

There was tea in the Vestibule after the Service ; and before we began tea, Miss Mackworth explained that Miss Ottley was not well enough to be with us. This was a great disappointment ; but we know she was with us in spirit. The gathering was a delightfully large one, and it was a special joy that Miss James and Miss Woodall were there.

The Business Meeting was held in the Studio, and there were present :—Miss Mackworth in the Chair, and 69 Members and Associates.

1. It was proposed by Miss James, and seconded by Miss Beale, that a message should be sent to Miss Ottley. Miss James read aloud the message, which ran as follows, " We, Members of all ages of the Guild, send our great love, and the expression of our sorrow, at not having you with us to-day ; we want to tell you of our heartfelt gratitude for all that you have been to us during the many years of our existence, and you know how our thoughts and prayers are continually with you." This was taken to Miss Ottley at once by Mollie Ottley, who brought back to us a loving verbal reply.

2. Miss Mackworth read the names of those who had written apologising for absence ; and gave a message of love from Miss Bagnall to those present.

3. Miss Mackworth read Miss Ottley's account of the book lists sent in. They were good ; but Miss Ottley deplored the fact that few had read foreign literature, while she rejoiced in the serious study of social matters, and in the reading of records of missionary work and of good biography.

4. It was proposed by Florence Abell, and seconded by Mildred Webb, that a message of sympathy should be sent to Canon Claughton on his resignation of the parish of S. Andrew's.

5. An informal message of welcome, with an assurance of loyalty, was sent to Miss Spurling ; and she now begs us to convey her warm thanks to the Guild for it.

The rest of the business shall be reported in the Autumn Magazine.

EXAMINATIONS.

M. Barrère's Concours.

March.

Mention. Degré Supérieur.—S. Naylor, L. Spencer.

„ „ Élémentaire.—G. Edgington.

„ „ Inférieur.—G. Blakeway.

1er. Prix. Narration.—G. Clarke.

2e. Prix (Hors Concours). Narration.—L. Spencer.

April.

Mention. Degré Supérieur.—P. Horton, S. Naylor, L. Spencer, K. Whitehead.

Mention and Prix for three Mentions. Degré Inférieur.—G. Blakeway, V. Rea.

2e. Prix. Narration.—K. Whitehead.

May.

Mention and Prix for three Mentions. Degré Supérieur.—L. Spencer.

Mention. Degré Supérieur. L. King.

„ „ Intermédiaire.—J. Harding.

Prix (Hors Concours). Degré Inférieur.—G. Blakeway.

Mention. Degré Inférieur.—G. Taylor.

2e. Prix (Hors Concours). Narration.—K. Whitehead.

M. Wilson has passed the Advanced Grade, and J. Harding and E. Brewer the Intermediate Grade of the R.A.M. and R.C.M. Local Centre Examination (piano), and E. Brewer also the Theory.

Two girls have done well in the French Translation Competition of the Journal of Education ; L. Spencer was placed in Class I., and S. Naylor in Class II.

GAMES.

TENNIS.

The Champions for this year are G. Chappel, M. Ottley, Mary Chappel, and L. Spencer.

SCHOOL MATCHES.

On June 1st.—Inter-Scholarly Tournament at Birmingham. Worcester came in second.

On June 15th.—Match *v.* S. James', West Malvern. Won by Worcester, 4 sets to 0. Played at Worcester.

On June 22nd.—Match *v.* Monmouth High School. Played at Hereford. Won by Worcester, 4 sets to 1.

NEWS OF OLD GIRLS AND MISTRESSES.

Miss Bagnall stayed a night at Lis Esgol last term, so that we had a glimpse of her. She has gone back to the Godolphin School, Salisbury, as Librarian, and also to organise the teaching of English.

Gertrude Sharpe and Dorothy Karn are both being trained at S. Anne's Nursery College, Cheltenham.

We heartily congratulate Elsie Usher, who has a miniature in the Royal Academy this year.

Ethel Gem has been obliged to give up her hospital work and come home, as her mother needs her.

Isabel Mann is at a small school at Passy, near Paris.

Alice Christian is training at the Chelsea Physical Training College.

Dorothea Coombs is teaching in a private School, called Linden Hall, at Clapham.

Vivienne Horne has won the Ottley Scholarship, which was open for competition again this year. Her subject was Natural Science; and we congratulate her most heartily. She has now passed her Science Preliminaries.

Edith Johnson is now Head of a small School at Cutnall Green, near Droitwich.

Stephanie Beven has been staying in the hills at Newera, Eliya, she says:—
“There are some beautiful rides and drives round Newera, Eliya, and I have seen some of them for the first time this year. The rides are mostly through jungle, and occasionally one gets a glimpse of the hills and mountains in

the distance. Sometimes the jungle leads on to wonderful Patnas (hills covered with thick, coarse grass), and then there is a stretch of smooth green hills, with no tall trees or jungle to hide the view. The waterfalls are looking grand just now after the rains, and I saw one of the best up here yesterday."

Mabel Haywood has finished her training at the Princess Christian College, Withington, and is now nurse to a baby boy at Kempsford in Gloucestershire.

Helen Seddon, who has just gone out to join her mother and brother in New Zealand, writes from her new home, "Ranui," Waihao Downs, Canterbury:—

"I had a very pleasant voyage out, travelling with cousins as far as Sydney, and then with some friends of the voyage as far as Wellington.

We are still in a very unsettled state as we are building on several rooms, and consequently have all our belongings crammed into half the space they ought to occupy. The builders came last week, and already the skeleton of the new rooms is up; the first part always seems to be done so quickly with these bungalows, as they make the skeleton walls lying flat down, and then rear them up as they are, after which they nail on the boards.

They have begun altering the roof to-day, so we have been nearly deafened by the noise, and, as luck would have it, an unfortunate gentleman came to call, and he and mother had to carry on a conversation with the workmen hammering on the iron roof just above. I, luckily, was able to escape to get the tea.

We have no servants at all at present, except a small boy who does work outside, so mother and I have all the housework to do, including the washing. My speciality is the cooking, and the rest of the work we share. I have to give the boy his breakfast at seven o'clock, and we have ours at half-past, so it means pretty early hours.

The country all round here is very fine, nothing but hill after hill for miles. In one direction we can see the sea, and in the other there are snow-capped mountains, but we have very little view from the house itself, as we are in a valley, 700 feet up, but with hills higher still all round. We are twelve miles from the nearest 'town,' but there is a store and a local station three miles away, so we have the baker out twice a week and he brings us our mails, and the postman also calls twice. Dick has a motor which he drives himself, so we can easily run into Waimate, our nearest town, or even Timaru which is forty miles away.

Dick and I go out mustering sometimes. It is such fun riding over the rough tussocks up hill and down dale the whole time, and the dogs are so pretty to watch, and so clever the way they bring all the sheep in, and seem to know exactly where to drive them. The other day we started early in the

morning and took our lunch with us, not returning till about four o'clock. It was such a beautiful sunny day, and the distant hills were looking so blue. The only thing I do not like about this country is its bareness; there is scarcely a tree to be seen except just round the homesteads, which are surrounded by firs and willows.

We are still having quite summery days, but as soon as the sun goes down it becomes bitterly cold. From what I hear you seem to have been having very changeable weather in England. I hope everyone has kept well at School. I was so sorry I could not fit in a time to come over and just see you all before I left; I did want to so much."

Joyce Webb, who has been studying at Paris for the past year, is Diplômée de la Sorbonne (Certificat des études Françaises). To gain this, she had to pass a very difficult examination for English girls, an oral examination in French before a French audience.

Dorothy Mackworth has gone for three months' training to a Hospital in Newport.

Dorothy Hodge, who has been to her first Head Mistresses' Conference, writes to Miss Ottley:—"I think you will like to know how much I enjoyed my first Conference, tho' I sadly missed my sponsor. Miss Douglas said that as I came up to shake hands she had had visions of a form-room with little desks, and a very little girl! It was most inspiring to feel one's self one of such a body, and makes it even worth while to have become a Head Mistress! . . . Miss Woodall took good care of me, and came to lunch with a 'blue' ticket labelled Playroom, for the young Head Mistresses, Miss Gray said! so that she could keep an eye on me. . . . There were six Worcester people and five St. Hugh's (both including me)."

Mildred Martin has been appointed Head 'Mistress of the High School, Normanton; she and D. Hodge were in the same Form at School, and recalled the fact when they met at the Head Mistresses' Conference.

Many Old Girls have been back to the School this term, including Meta Bolland (who is at present on furlough and is going back to South Africa in the Autumn), Kitty Moore, Helen Johnson (Helen Stanton), Dorothy Mackworth, Enid Morgan, Minnie Jacomb, Elsie Clarke, May Goodwin (May Hanson), Doris Hollowell, and more are coming.

We have also had visits from five Old Mistresses—Miss Burton, Miss Terry, Miss A. Hatton, Miss Woodall, Miss Kerr.

D. Chappel and J. Tree have passed Pass Moderations.

L. Stocks is Vice-President of the "College by Post," which aims at helping girls in the systematic study of the Bible ; and also in secular subjects.

D. Holt has passed 84th out of 318 candidates in the examination for women clerkships in the General Post Office, London, and will obtain a post.

G. Dolben has a post at S. Margaret's College, East Grinstead, where Florence Walford is also teaching.

BIRTH.

May 9th, Mrs. Pitman (Ethel Norton), a daughter (Alys Rita).

MARRIAGES.

April 10th, at _____, Charles Cantrill to Dorothy Newill.

April 10th, at Holy Trinity Church, Worcester, George Lawrence Simes Stockman to Esther Annie Usher.

April 16th, at the Parish Church, Stone, J. F. Sabine Meachem to Daisy Donne.

April 25th, at Christ Church, Malvern, Daniel William Standley to Eleanor Maude Stephenson Peach.

April 30th, at S. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge, Donald Johnstone, I.C.S. to Helen Stanton.

June 6th, at S. Martin's Church, Worcester, Charles Shuttleworth King to Mary Emlin Southall.

June 27th, at S. Peter's Church, Worcester, by the Rev. Canon Cloughton, Alfred John Hughes to Christabel Lizzie Sharpe.

GIFTS.

For the School, on its birthday, from Miss Ottley—

A complete set of Lacrosse.

For the Museum, from Meta Bolland—

Wooden flower, from Francistown.

Mahogany bean, from the Victoria Falls.

Kaffir piano, from the Victoria Falls.

Love bean or lucky bean, from the Victoria Falls.

For the Butler Library, from Miss Mackworth Dolben—

Thomson's "Seasons,"