

# "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.

Several very creditable contributions have been received, of which one is held over for the next Magazine, as this issue is already somewhat over full.

Attention is drawn to the fact that all contributions must be signed, though the name is not necessarily published. They should also be written on one side of the paper only.

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### Letter from Miss Spurling.

My dear School,

We listened on Saturday to words of high hope and encouragement, as Miss Douglas showed us how, in the corporate life of the School, we could raise an enduring memorial to her to whom our School owes that life.

There is, indeed, little need for more words—the need is now for thought and action ; but I should like to say how

strong was the sense of encouragement and continuity which the presence of so many Old Girls brought with it.

Your affectionate friend,

MARGARET C. SPURLING.

First Sunday in Advent.

P.S.—By School, I mean past and present.

### Letter from Canon Claughton.

College,  
Worcester,  
October, 1912.

To the Members and Associates of the  
High School Guild.

My dear Friends,

I cannot allow the profound sense of loss, which we must all feel at the removal from visible communion with us, of Alice Ottley, the beloved Head of the Guild since its inception more than a quarter of a century ago, to pass without a few words from its Warden to the Members and Associates.

During the 20 years and more, since I succeeded Dr. Gott in that office, I have shared with all others who were brought into contact with her in relation to Spiritual things, an ever-deepening sense of indebtedness which cannot be expressed in words. It has "grown with our growth, and strengthened with our strength."

Many have written and spoken of other aspects of her life and character ; I will confine myself to this.

Her intense solicitude for the religious welfare of all entrusted to her care, not only in the primary stages of their School career, but especially at the time of their Confirmation, and first Communion, and after they had left

the School, was a source of untold strength to those who came under its influence.

No one who was associated with her in her great work, as were all connected with the Guild, could fail to feel it, and to thank GOD for it.

Definite teaching, the outcome of her own firm conviction and unfaltering faith, watered by her self-sacrificing love for souls, enforced by the example of her own consistent life, bore fruit abundantly in hundreds of other lives, and not least—may I not say in a marked degree?—in those who joined the Guild.

The best testimony that we can bear to the value we set on her teaching and example, and the love we bear for her, will be an unfaltering adherence to its rules and intentions, enshrining as they do all that she held to be truest and best, and most calculated to sustain and deepen our Spiritual life.

In proof of this, I am permitted to quote to you the following words, spoken by her to a friend, just ten days before her Call came:—

“My School! I love it so dearly. Each person in it, down to the smallest child, I love with all my heart and soul.

And even if I never get back my strength, I have one great joy left, and that is that each member of my Guild has given me her solemn promise, that at all times in her life she will try and do her very best.”

It is a source of supreme satisfaction that she is succeeded in her high office by one who is imbued with the same spirit, and will carry on the work on similar lines.

To her, as our new Head, we have already offered our warmest welcome. It remains that we testify to the sincerity of it, by our loyalty to her rule, and by our earnest and constant prayers, that GOD may abundantly bless it.

To this I call you, my dear Friends, as a special act of thanksgiving for the past, and as a proof of your desire to promote the future welfare of the High School and its Guild, in the name of JESUS CHRIST our LORD.

I remain,  
Your sincere friend and Warden,  
T. L. CLAUGHTON.

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### Reminiscences of Miss Ottley.

*This number of "White and Blue" is naturally something of a "Memorial Number"; and Old Girls and others have sent reminiscences, which we have put together without much attempt at arrangement, feeling that the informal and spontaneous way in which they were written best suits our purpose in printing them.*

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(A Reprint with some alterations).

The Godolphin School,  
Salisbury,  
Whit-Monday, 1908.

Dear Editor,

Thank you very much for asking me to write a letter to "White and Blue," about the dear and good first days of the School. How well I remember when "Berrow's Journal" came to Salwarpe Rectory one week, that it contained an account of an important Meeting in Worcester, at which Canon Butler had set forth the scheme for founding a High School for Girls. I went to my father's study, and told him I should like to see if I could teach in it, and almost the next day, a telegram came to me, in our sunny kitchen garden, telling me to go into Worcester to see Canon Butler.



Very shortly afterwards, Miss Ottley wrote to one of her new Council, asking if she could bring a private Secretary with her, to help her to get through some of the initial business, and Lady Alwyne Compton recommended me to her as a "handy girl." Poor Miss Ottley was very much disappointed, as I was not at all the person she had in her mind's eye, but with her usual way of making the best of material to hand, she did let me write for her. Not her *letters*, of course; but write I did, with all my might, and what I wrote was this: W.H.S.G., W.H.S.G., W.H.S.G., over and over and over again—on all the new School dusters. Then I helped Miss Ottley to arrange them in a very dark cupboard on the stairs, and whilst we both had our heads inside that cupboard, she explained to me some of her great thoughts about education.

About three weeks later came the Opening Day, and Kathleen Abell had the great distinction of being the very first girl to turn the handle and open the door of the School. Behind her followed ten others; and how many hundreds have entered since?

Our first XI.! How proud we were of them, and with what good reason! They vied with one another in trying to lay the foundations of the Worcester High School on the rock of loyalty and truth, so we cannot wonder at the beauty and strength of the building that has been going on ever since.

Now to return to that first morning when School was opened. We had prayers in the room which was afterwards the "Preparatory," and Lord and Lady Alwyne Compton (he was Dean of Worcester then), Canon and Mrs. Butler, and Mr. George Abell, members of the Council, were all there to pray for a blessing on the School. Canon Butler (afterwards Dean of Lincoln) gave us a short Address, and set us on our way with high thoughts and strong resolutions to do our best. And I come to the

kernel of the thing: *another person*, who not only prayed for the School that morning, but gave up her entire self to it. She gave *all* then, but the wonderful thing is that as the years rolled on, she gave more and more, and *more*.

We all felt that first week that we must try to follow after her ideals, and we had her own example ever before us. There she always was, marching on a long way in front, but leaving strongly-marked tracks for all who would, to see, and always ready to help anybody who was anxious to do her best.

M. A. DOUGLAS.

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Miss Ottley—the secret of her power; what was it? Surely her great love and her deep humility. She always gave of her very best, whether to GOD or man; her whole-hearted devotion and love. Her intense reverence for all that was highest in the Church, in the home, in the life of nature, even to the lowliest wild-flower by the way. All who knew her were sure of her sympathy, even the smallest child, for with a child “she became as a child.” In a letter to a small boy who once sent her some little monkeys on her birthday, which happened to fall on the same day as his own, she wrote, “they are such nice, loyal apes, all clutching the flag of England, that I have given them six names (his sisters’). You need not tell your sisters if you think it will make them angry!

Your affect. old twin,

Alice Ottley.”

Her thoughtfulness was one of her chief characteristics, surely. However busy, she always made time to remember the minutest detail that would add to one’s comfort or pleasure in any way, such as asking just the people one wanted to see to meet one when one returned to School; her memory for kindnesses such as these never failed.

*The following was unfortunately sent from abroad too late for insertion in the Magazine, but we feel sure that our readers will like to have it, even in this form :—*

It seems almost impossible to write about our Head, Miss Ottley ; and yet I suppose we all feel the same about it,—that when we are asked to do so, we must do our best.

My own recollections go a long way back, for I went to Worcester before the School was three years old ; but they are disjointed, owing to our having lived so much out of England.

From the first moment of seeing Miss Ottley, there was only one feeling possible—absolute belief in her, untouched by any fear. In talk, she always seemed to know just what was coming, always understood it, always gave what was needed. She inspired us with perfect trust in her love for us ; we were her children indeed ; and in that bond there was no room for fear. But with the love for her, all who knew her gave her reverence from the heart ; for she was not merely the loving mother of the School, she was its Head, and she could show the severity of love, as well as its attractive force.

She had a wonderful power of expression, and to hear her rebuke real wrong-doing was to have what she said burnt in upon the memory. But while we all knew that meanness, disrespect to a Mistress, any evasion of the truth, disloyalty, were things Miss Ottley could not put up with, nor allow her girls to do so, we felt also that she

always made the largest allowance for us, and that our faults and failings were covered by her in the shelter of her love for us. She could hate the wrong-doing, but love the wrong-doer, and she could make her feel that she cared for her. We felt it by instinct then ; we see it clearly now, looking back.

We were privileged, in those early days, to see a great deal of our Head, and to have many lessons from her. Divinity, of course, she then took throughout the School, and all she taught us had her own vitality in it. She never grudged us her very best, and in her lessons she gave us part of herself, so that we, in our small measure, could share some of her thoughts. All great affection brings the power of participation, and those who have been Miss Ottley's girls, past and present, know how she welcomed the least thing given to her in her lessons in the way of thought or understanding, and how she gave it back with her own power in it.

Her personality was stamped upon the School as the clear impression is on wax, so that over and over again it was said by outside people that the mark was unmistakable, and that any member of the High School would be known as such anywhere. Yet the wonder of it was, that she never interfered with the development of individual character, her strength was as gentle as it was great. Gratitude is a poor word indeed in connection with Miss Ottley, but the depth of all we mean by it stirs up the memory of that marvellous forbearance ; for a strong power of influence has the might of fire in it, and can burn out character into the merest shell of its personality.



Many of us would have been as clay in her hands, and instead of moulding us, she gave us to ourselves.

It is not possible to write all that memory brings back of that intercourse with the Head, unbroken and strengthening through years of absence ; every Worcester girl knows it for herself, and all can fill in their own forms of remembrance. The tie that held us to her can never be broken, although the happiness of the outward signs of it has been taken from us. The strength of it came, and comes, from *her*, not from us, as the greater must include the less ; and because it depends on her, and not on us, we know that the power and the beauty of it cannot be touched by death, and we hold to it now, and always.

And with that bond that holds us to her is entwined the undying loyalty to the School, given by her, and carried on by us, not to be shaken by time or circumstance. This, those of us who are "Old Girls" can offer, with those of this generation, to our present Head for acceptance, in the hope that she will take our pledge with theirs.

Of personal intercourse each one knows what she received from Miss Ottley ; these are only the poorest of words, touching the merest fringe of memory. But I know that all allowance will be made for the attempt to write of her, and even if it were better, it would not be worthy. The only words that seem to express what we feel in trying to write of our Head, are Browning's :—

" I touch,  
But cannot praise, I love so much,"

N.

Absolutely devoted as she was to the highest interests in life, she never neglected or thought lightly of the lowly ones. She *was* more, as a Head Mistress and a friend, than can ever be said or written even by those who knew her best.

ONE OF HER "OLD GIRLS."

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Copies of two letters from Miss Ottley, contributed by an "Old Girl":—

"Alverton, Truro,  
S. Stephen's Day.

My most dear Children,

How very sweet of you all! I do indeed value my dear Canon\*; and almost fancy I hear his beautiful voice again as I look at the face; for it is a splendid likeness. Is it not nice that our English S. Chrysostom had given us all his books himself? How I wish I could have you all here, to see this beautiful Cathedral! It makes one thank GOD that our dear Mother, the Anglican Church, is so instinct with the Life of Faith as to have produced such a building in this XIXth Century, and to be doing such work as is going on in this Diocese.

My greatest happiness in life is to see my dear children of the High School, growing up to be her faithful and loving children, and working loyally on her true lines. Then it matters very little what the work is; and we may wholly trust that the Chief Shepherd will shew each what is to be her work,—all the more, perhaps, when He seems to shut the door, for a time at least, in the direction we had thought to go in.

My great love and good wishes for the New Year to you all. My thoughts for you always run into those words of S. Paul: 'I thank my GOD upon every remembrance of

you, always in every prayer of mine for you all, making request with joy !'

A special kiss to Nelson, and thanks for his card.

Your very affectionate,

Alice Ottley."

\* Canon Liddon.

" Hotel Saratz,

Pontresina,

August 28th, 1888.

My dearest Kathleen,

We are taking "a day off" to-day, *i.e.*, making no long expedition, so I am going, instead, to have the pleasure of writing to you. I have been thinking of you day by day, longing that I could have my 'first brood' and some others here. We have had a glorious time, first on the Italian lakes, and now on the glaciers of the Engadine. Last Friday we made the Diavolezza Tour, which even high climbers admit is one of the most beautiful things in Switzerland. We got on to the first glacier at a quarter to seven, walked up that, a steep snow slope, for  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours, and then were at the top of the Col, with the wonderful semi-circle of snow-peaks beneath us, all glistening with the fresh snow that had fallen on Wednesday; then came down to the Pers-gletscher, where we had to be roped, and go slowly for about an hour, to the Insula Pers, and then down the Morteratsch glacier: it was eight hours' walk on the ice, but no one was the least tired, and every step was full of interesting things—the secret wonders of the great ice world. It is curious to see everything working *upwards* through the ice, so that things lost in the deepest crevasses are sure to come to the surface some day. A gentleman and his guide were lost many years ago on one of these glaciers, and, by degrees, all their bones and little properties have come up and been collected.

Then the flowers this year are exceptionally lovely. We have found about 270 different species, and hope for more yet, though it is getting late now, and people are fast leaving Pontresina ; but it is quite the nicest place I know in Switzerland.

There is a lovely little English Church with daily short Service at 8, and delightful Sunday Services ; and the air is so clean and fresh (for we are more than 6000 feet above the sea) that even the very hot sun never tries one, and life is one long thanksgiving for all the loveliness ; in fact, the only thing I want is to have my children here, too.

Great love to you all.

Your very affectionate,

Alice Ottley."

The letter from Pontresina which Kathleen Abell is letting us see, reminds me vividly of my first time in Switzerland with Miss Ottley, a year or two later than that letter, when she took me for the same glacier "tour" which she mentions, over the Diavolezza, the Pers, and the Morteratsch glaciers. We had to go to a hut in the mountains the night before, so as to make an early start, to get the most difficult part done before the sun spoilt the surface. I remember being greatly impressed with the way in which Miss Ottley had foreseen and planned for everything : our hot bottles kept us from freezing in bed, and provided us with warm water to wash with when we tumbled out at 2 a.m. ; and her spirit lamp made the coffee boil for our *very* early breakfast. The whole day stands out as one of the most delightful in all my experience. One of her very suggestive thoughts marks it too : we had to follow our guide in single file during a difficult bit of the way, among the pinnacles and crevasses of the ice-fall, and she made me go first, bringing up the rear herself.



We had to follow exactly in the guide's steps, and, in fact, "follow my leader" to get along at all. She said, "Isn't this a parable of the Christian life, and the importance of following our Guide exactly, so that we and those who are coming behind us may not go wrong?"—or something to to that effect.

The last part of the way, coming down the Morteratsch glacier, was so easy in comparison with the difficulties of the ice-fall, that we almost flew along, jumping the little crevasses with our alpenstocks, much to the delight of the guide, who had not expected to find this little, fragile-looking lady such a good mountaineer—"Sie laufen wie Gamsbock," he said with hearty approval.

Talking of Miss Ottley's sayings, there are two which we shall always connect with her—one, so often repeated when she was talking about the importance of careful "corrections," in written work, was, "'Cease to do evil' *first*, then you can go on to 'Learn to do well.'" The other, her suggestion for keeping a spirit of recollection during the distractions of school work in Holy Week, was, "When you are going up or down stairs this week, or waiting between classes, you would find it a great help to say in your heart :

' Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore,  
Oh make me love Thee more and more.'

One trait, which I am sure everyone must have noticed who ever travelled or stayed with her, was the curious contrast between her own disregard of creature comforts, and her tender carefulness that other people should have them. Her visitors found every possible need forestalled in the spare room. Her table was always so daintily laid, and furnished with the best, even when it was only one of ourselves who was asked to dine with her. And yet, if one happened to drop in when she was alone, she was very likely having a cup of soup on a tray. The little luxuries

that most people come to regard as necessities, were not so to her. It was not that she set out to deny herself ; she really did not care about them ; but then, it was the more wonderful that it was such a matter of course to her to provide every possible comfort and convenience, and even luxury, for her guests or companions. It was the real motherly instinct in her, I think ; and an inborn delight in exercising hospitality.

H. M. BAGNALL.

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In thinking back over our times with Miss Ottley, both in and out of School, so many memories arise, of things which made deep and lasting impressions, that it is difficult to decide which to write about. There were the serious "talks to the School" on Tuesday mornings or in Lent, the very words of which still constantly come back to one's mind to help ; there was the quiet of Confirmation classes in her room, or, later, of Communicants' classes, training us in devotional ways and thoughts ; or, again, there were the Divinity lessons, the remembrance of which always gives a particular meaning to the books we studied with her, when they occur in the Church' Lessons.

But we Old Girls who live in Worcester had a special help from her. Others besides myself know how, in doubt or difficulty, or in anything that touched our lives closely, one of the first thoughts was, "Miss Ottley will advise me," or, "Miss Ottley will be interested to hear that," and so on. And we were always sure of a loving welcome, an interest in our affairs as great as if she had nothing else to think about, and the advice or help we sought. I think it was this constant readiness and capacity for throwing herself into our interests that was so wonderful ; she was never too busy, never forgot who or what we were, as she

might so easily have done, among the multitudes of fresh faces she constantly saw.

We in Worcester had such ample opportunity of proving this, and realising that though we were only Old Girls, her interest in and love for us, was just as great as when we were in the School, and I sometimes felt almost ashamed of imposing on it, by running in so often for the talk that was such a privilege, in the midst of a busy morning's work.

And now that we can no longer seek her help in this way, I think we still feel that she is not far away. An Old Girl wrote to me the other day, "Doesn't it seem to you as if Miss Ottley is nearer than ever to the School?" Most certainly to us who were present at the Service on S. Matthew's Day, above the sorrow of parting there was a wonderful exultant feeling of triumph, and a strong sense that death for her was only the fulness of life.

R. W.

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As one of the many Præfects of the School during our dear Miss Ottley's Headship, I long to add one word of loving "appreciation."

She always made one feel the very best of oneself; in fact, it almost startled one at times to realise how, at any rate in her imagination, that "best" existed. It seemed to inspire one to try to live up to the ideal she had formed of her Præfect.

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#### Réminiscences.

Comme je me souviens encore du jour, déjà lointain, où, au lendemain d'un long voyage, Miss Bagnall me dit "Je vais aller vous présenter à Miss Ottley." Je ne la con-

naissais pas, mais, j'avais reçu quelques lettres d'elle et l'impression que m'avait laissée cette correspondance avait été fort agréable. Tous ceux qui ont reçu de ses lettres se souviennent combien elle écrivait d'une façon charmante à tout le monde, si vraiment affectueuse à ses amis.

Avec Miss Bagnall nous entrâmes dans la salle à manger. Aussitôt Miss Ottley se leva, me prit les mains et me les serra en me souhaitant une telle bienvenue que toujours je me suis sentie vraiment bienvenue dans son école après ce jour. Elle avait accompagné ses paroles de ce sourire qu'on ne peut oublier et de son regard si clair, si profond, si plein d'inspiration. C'était fini,—appréhension ou timidité—tout avait disparu, et je sentis que j'allais avoir une Directrice bonne, d'une extrême bonté et juste. Avec cela tout travail devenait un plaisir.

Dans les pages intimes de notre petit journal je puis avec vous, enfants, nos élèves, causer de ces mille riens qui vous rappellent si bien. C'est un peu triste, mais si doux.

Quelques jours après mon arrivée, jour de brouillard sans doute, je me trouvais de surveillance dans le grand vestiaire à deux heures et demie. Je me sentais très prise par le mal du pays qui nous atteint tous, plus ou moins, en terre étrangère. Miss Ottley vint à passer et malgré mon sourire de salutation, elle comprit que la petite Méridionale regrettait son soleil. Quelques minutes après je l'aperçus s'avancant vers moi, un plateau à la main. Je me préparais à le porter pour elle à quelque invitée de marque. Non, le plateau était pour moi. "Chère Mademoiselle, vous avez l'air triste. Voilà un peu de café noir pour vous rappeler votre belle France ; sans doute vous aimez le café ainsi, comme toutes vos compatriotes." Tout cela dit si simplement et avec tant d'affection, tout naturellement malgré les élèves qui arrivaient. L'attention si délicate m'avait tellement touchée au cœur, que je ne m'aperçus plus du gris de l'atmosphère et du milieu étranger qui m'entourait—le brouillard même me semblait du soleil.



Ce sont bien ces petits traits touchants qui nous rappellent notre chère Miss Ottley.

Malgré ses vastes occupations, son travail incessant, son école pleine de monde—elle avait le don, l'intuition de deviner, de voir ce qui pouvait faire plaisir à chacun et de toujours l'offrir avec une courtoisie parfaite et une générosité sans égale et cela venant d'une telle personnalité—C'était unique—c'était Miss Ottley.

Ces huit ans de travail sous sa direction sont tout remplis de souvenirs heureux, de souvenirs que je garde comme un trésor précieux et vous toutes qui l'avez approchée, comprenez ce que je veux dire et avez un trésor impérissable.

Le Mardi matin, avec son "Mark Reading," est notre souvenir commun que nous n'oublierons jamais. Vous la rappelez-vous, faisant face à ses enfants, entourée de son corps de professeurs. Que ce soit pour vous indiquer les règlements de l'école, quelle minutie, quelle précision—pour vous montrer comment former les lettres de l'alphabet, quel art, quel talent. Pour vous guider, non, pour *nous* guider, toutes, dans notre vie intellectuelle, morale, spirituelle, et alors quelle profondeur!—quelle grandeur!—quelle inspiration! Combien on sentait ce qu'elle entendait par une noble vie. Combien on désirait mener cette noble vie! Dieu nous l'a reprise, mais nous ne l'avons pas connue en vain, et cet ardent désir qu'elle avait de faire, non seulement des femmes intellectuelles, mais surtout des femmes accomplies,—nous sentons que son souvenir nous inspire à tâcher de le devenir.

La Worcester High School, telle qu'elle nous l'a laissée est toujours notre chère école bien aimée, qui nous a guidées et nous guidera toutes, professeurs et élèves, vers *son but*, le bien, le beau, le grand, le noble, et nous remercions Miss Spurling de vouloir nous la conserver ainsi.

J. DE S.-P.

It is a great honour to be asked to write of our dear Head, but how utterly unworthy one feels to say anything more than just a word of deep thankfulness for having known her !

One always associates her with Henry More's lines :—

“ But souls that of His Own good Life partake  
 He loves as His Own self ; dear as His eye  
 They are to Him : He'll never them forsake :  
 When they shall die, then GOD himself shall die ;  
 They live, they live in blest eternity.”

The mother of a Worcester High School girl once said, “ I always advise my friends to send their daughters to Miss Ottley ; it is an education to be near her ” ; and we, who have felt her influence, know how absolutely true that was. She was, in the best sense, one of the Great Ones of the earth ; one who saw clearly into the heart of things, while we were often blinded by mere outward shows ; one who had the rare faculty of *knowing* and *believing* the truths which we groped vaguely after, and who, therefore, walked firmly on the right path, followed, with wavering steps, by many young feet that could not find the way alone. To her, this life was no idle dream, but a great Reality, a time of strenuous work for others ; and the resulting good is incalculable. Her memory will live on in us, more valued, year by year, as our understanding grows ; a perennial source of inspiration, giving us, perhaps, when need arises, a little of her own wondrous courage and wisdom.

K. M.

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None of us who are devoted to our dear School and its Founder can fail to realize that the first great era of its history has come to a close, and that now we stand face to face with the future, full of hope in spite of our present sadness. Perhaps our first thought is that of thankfulness

for the life of "self-devoted love"; for the beautiful personality of Miss Ottley, who has so lately passed away from amongst us. It is almost impossible to express in words how we all loved her, from the baby of five in the Kindergarten to the Upper Sixth Form girl.

In the Kindergarten we used to look forward to Tuesday mornings, when Miss Ottley came for mark reading. We said our hymn, at the word 'thumbs' folded our plump little hands, with our thumbs crossed, and sat quite still to hear stories of Abraham, Jacob, or David, all told so beautifully and simply that we felt we could listen for ever. In the Lower School we regarded Miss Ottley with dreadful awe. We seemed often to meet her when we were wildly rushing along the passages to drill, and then we had to go all the way back and walk with proper control of our arms and legs.

Perhaps in the Middle School we first began to feel the force of Miss Ottley's character. Her inspiring talks on Tuesday mornings began to have a more real meaning for us. Then it was that we got our first glimpse of her intensely religious attitude of mind. At Confirmation time we got to know her as a friend, in the highest sense. Then it was that her spiritual fervour helped us to realize our position as members of the Church, and all the opportunities and responsibilities which lay before us. We look back with thankfulness for her wise counsel, help, and sympathy at that precious time.

In the Upper School we felt the difficulty of maintaining the high standard of purity and uprightness which she set before us. We learnt to look to her as our ideal, and surely we learnt from her that it was only by prayer and constant communion with GOD, that we could hope to be what she expected of us. We learnt to look to her for all that was right, holy and just.

In the Sixth Form we had the privilege of Tennyson

Tea when Miss Ottley read Tennyson's Poems and talked to us. Her interpretations instilled new meaning into the beautiful works of her favourite poet. We felt then how Miss Ottley looked to her Sixth Form for support in the discipline and tone of the School, and it made us long for power to fulfil her wishes. We felt her readiness to overlook our shortcomings, and the unlimited extent of her sympathies. In Lord Carlisle's words, she was ever

"Quick to perceive a want,  
Quicker to set it right,  
Quickest in overlooking  
Injury, wrong, or slight."

In truth, Miss Ottley is to us and our School "a veritable Mother in Israel."

A PRESENT GIRL.

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*Miss James asks us to make known that she is collecting material for a short "Memoir" of Miss Ottley, and would be grateful for any letters or recollections which Old Girls or others are willing to send her for the purpose.*

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### The Nightingale.

The air is still, the night is calm and clear;  
A spell of perfect silence reigns supreme  
O'er lands of wood and copse and open plain,  
Where mystic shadows of the moonlight fall,  
When floats from earth a shape ethereal,  
Which, 'gainst the moon a silhouette does form,  
Then lightly rests on fairy boughs of spring,  
This mystic bird of night—the Philomel.  
The tiny throat, uplifting, thrills and swells,



Then—forth its passion bursts—full, liquid, clear,  
 Which, ringing, rising, pealing through the night,  
 Flings far its echo'ng rapture, wild and free,  
 Till slowly, as a thought, it ebbs away  
 Amongst the woods,—and once more all is still.

A. C., v.

## Fairy Lily and Prince Faithful.

(A Fairy Story for Children).

Once upon a time the King of Fairyland was holding his Court in his great rainbow Palace. His subjects had come from all parts of his kingdom to pay him homage. There were the flower fairies, each of whom had wings and robes made of the leaves and petals of the different flowers they represented ; and the snow fairies, with their smooth, icy wings, which shone with all the colours of the rainbow. Also, standing far away on the other side of the palace, so that they should not melt the ice fairies, were the fire fairies. These looked like glow-worms, for each of them had golden hair, which shone like fire. Many other kinds of fairies were there also, and one of the king's attendants was counting them all, and telling them what the king wished them to do before he held his next court.

Each flower fairy had his own special bud to keep warm during the winter, while the water sprites had ponds and streams given into their charge to keep clean and fresh. Most of the fire fairies were made responsible for some needy family of mortals, whom they were expected to help by making their fires give out a great deal of heat, and yet burn little fuel.

As each fairy's name was called she stepped forward, and received her orders. All went smoothly till the name "Marguerite" was called, and then there was no answer. The name was repeated more loudly, and there was a

rustle among the fairies, but no answer. Then the king called out, "Does anyone here know what has happened to Fairy Marguerite?" Again there was a rustle among the flower fairies, and tiny Fairy Violet stepped out, and making a deep curtsy before the king, murmured softly, "Please, your Fairy Majesty, I was tucking up a little violet bud, so as to keep it safe from cold Jack Frost, when I saw wicked witch Grumper coming towards me. I hid myself under a leaf, and as she passed by I heard a little voice, coming out of her pocket, which cried, 'help! help!' and I recognised it as Marguerite's voice."

Then the king was very angry, and said, "I know that witch Grumper only too well; she hates me, and all my subjects, because we help mortals, and she tries to harm them. This is not the first time that she has captured one of our sisters, for she is very clever, and when she gets one of us into her hands, she turns her into a dog. Unfortunately, it is not in my power to release our sisters, for it can only be done by killing her, and no one, save a royal prince can harm her."

At these words all the fairies wept, and their sobs sounded like the wind blowing over a ripe cornfield. Suddenly a large fairy stepped forward, saying, "Oh! King, if you will give me leave, I will go down to the earth, and try to persuade a prince to slay Grumper."

"I will certainly let you go, Fairy Lily" (for that was the name of this brave champion), answered the king, "and may all the best fairy luck attend you." The other fairies clapped their hands, at this speech, to show that they also wished Lily success.

Lily immediately went down to the earth, and changed herself into an old woman. She then went to the palace of King Selfish, and told him about the witch, asking him to let his son come and kill her. Selfish, however, was too much occupied in his own pleasures, and would not let the

prince leave him. Poor Lily went away, and asked many other kings and princes to help her, but they were all too busy with their own affairs to take any notice. At last she heard of an exiled Prince called Faithful, who had been sent away because he wanted to marry Princess Gentle, and his father did not approve.

Lily went to him, and asked his help, and he immediately said he would come and kill the witch. They set off together, and she brought him to the witch's cave, and while he was asleep, left him.

When Faithful awoke he was surprised at being alone, but, on seeing the cave, surrounded by a number of dogs, he remembered his mission. So he went bravely in, and asked Grumper if he might lodge with her for the night. Grumper was only too much pleased, because she thought he would make a nice breakfast for her the next morning. That night, when Faithful got into bed, he heard a voice say, "Beware! do not sleep!" So he kept his sword in his hand, and waited, wide awake. Presently he heard stealthy footsteps, and saw the witch approaching him with a long knife, with which to slay him. He waited till she was just going to strike him, and then drew his sword, and cut off her head. Immediately all the dogs round turned into fairies. Faithful was much surprised, but soon, Fairy Lily, in her right shape, stepped forward, and explained everything to him.

Then she said to him, "Faithful! you may have one wish fulfilled, as a reward for your bravery." The prince, without hesitation, asked that he might be allowed to marry Princess Gentle, and Lily granted him his request. All the fairies then returned to Fairyland, where there was great rejoicing; but Faithful went home, and found that, as Lily had promised, the King, his father, was now quite willing to consent to his marriage.

So he wedded Princess Gentle, and they lived happily ever after.

## “For the King.”

(A story of the year 1651).

In the spacious dining hall of Morrisville Court, father and son faced each other in anger. The evening sun of early August, 1651, shone into the old hall, which showed, alas, no lovely tapestry or glittering plate, for all that had been sold to replenish the empty coffers of the luckless Stuarts.

“What! my son,” cried Sir Guy Morrisville, glaring at his son, Basil, “thou would’st marry the daughter of one of those crop-eared, psalm-singing, Roundhead dogs? Marry the daughter of a Colonel in the army of Old Noll himself!”

“Father,” began Basil, “you do not understand that—”

“Understand? I understand that you love Gwendolen Paston, the daughter of Colonel Paston in the army of Oliver Cromwell.”

“Father,” said Basil, “she is not the daughter of a Roundhead, she is the daughter of Sir Richard Claymore, who was killed at Naseby, and the niece of Lord Wilmot himself, one of Charles II’s greatest friends.”

“Odds bodikins,” said Sir Guy, “but how can this be?”

“When her father was killed, Mistress Paston, pitying the lonely girl, offered her a home, for during these troublous times Lord Wilmot is occupied with more weighty matters than the welfare of his niece.”

“Is Gwendolen no relation of the Pastons then?”

“She is Mistress Paston’s niece,” said Basil.

“If it be as you say,” said Sir Guy, “I give my consent to the marriage.” A loud knock at the door interrupted him. “Enter,” he cried.

Old John Hemble, the butler, hurried in. “Sir, a messenger has ridden up in haste with this,” presenting a sealed letter.

“See that he has proper refreshment.”



"Yes, sir."

Sir Guy read through the note, then jumped to his feet in great astonishment.

"Listen, Basil," said he, "this can mean but one thing: 'Let the friends of Cæsar meet Cæsar, well armed, at the Faithful City at once.' That is all it says. It can only mean that all loyal gentlemen must join his most sacred Majesty at Worcester. Alas, I am too stiff even to mount my horse, but you, Basil, you must go, go and fight for your rightful sovereign."

"That will I, right gladly, father, and I will take with me all the men whom you can spare. We must start to-morrow. I will but write a short note to Gwendolen, then I will go and consult Giles Moppett about the horses."

\* \* \* \*

Two months later, one October evening, Gwendolen Claymore was pacing up and down the garden of Paston House.

"Would that Basil were here with me," she murmured, "I know not if the battle has been lost or won. If only I had a chance to serve the King or help Basil. It is a woman's lot to watch and wait. Oh, that I were a man, that I might fight for His Majesty."

"Gwendolen! you can aid his Majesty in another way," said a voice behind her.

She started violently. "What is that? Who speaks?" she cried.

"Hush, 'tis I." Basil's head peered from out of the bushes. "There is great danger," said he. "The battle has been lost. The King, himself, has been forced to flee, and is here with me. The Court is surrounded, and troopers are searching all around. Could you manage to hide us?"

Gwendolen stood still, thinking. "Yes," she said.

"Basil, could His Majesty climb the old beech tree outside my bedchamber?"

"Methinks he could, easily," said Basil, "but why?"

"You remember that hiding place—a priest-hole so it would be called—that we found when we were children, in the chimney of my bedchamber?"

"Yes, 'twas while we were playing 'all hid' that we chanced upon it. Does not your aunt know of it?"

"We never told her, and, only the other day I heard her telling Old Tibby that she did not think that there were any hiding places in her house. If His Majesty can climb up the old beech, and through my casement, I will hide you both in this priest-hole.

Basil crawled out of the bushes. "Your Majesty, 'tis safe to come out," said he. There was a rustling sound. Presently a young man, of decidedly dishevelled appearance, emerged from the hedge. He was none other than Charles II.

While Gwendolen hurried up to her room, and placed provisions in the hiding place, Basil conducted the King to the beech tree, and, not without some laughter on the part of the unfortunate monarch, Charles entered her room.

"Well," joked the King, "we did not think we should ever have to turn tree-climbers, did we, friend Basil? Dame Fortune gives many a strange twist to her wheel. Now then, where is this priest-hole?"

Gwendolen pointed it out. Charles and Basil stepped into the hiding place. Gwendolen closed the sliding panel. None too soon. Scarcely had they disappeared when there came a loud bang on the hall door. "Open, in the name of the Parliament," said a gruff voice.

Gwendolen heard her aunt declaring that they, firm friends of the Parliament, would not be likely to shelter fugitive Cavaliers.

"Nevertheless, we must search this house," was the stern answer.

Then heavy footsteps, trampling all over the house, warned her that the search had begun.

Gwendolen's heart almost ceased to beat when, with a tap on the door, Captain Standfirm, with five or six troopers, strode into the room.

"Madam," said he, "I have orders to search every house in the neighbourhood. I crave pardon for thus intruding upon you. To your work, men. Obadiah, go guard the staircase. Nehemiah with Mahaniah Muzzleworth, see that none leave the house."

To Gwendolen's intense relief, the soldiers failed to discover the secret place, and soon marched away from the house. The next morning, Gwendolen released the King and Basil, who hastened away. But Basil soon returned, and as Cromwell, not knowing the part he had played in Charles' escape, did not molest him in any way, he was able to marry Gwendolen at once.

They lived very quietly till the Restoration, when Basil was made Lord Helvingdean by his grateful sovereign.

D. CREESE, V.

*We have been asked to include the following in our Magazine for this term :—*

#### THE CHRISTIAN EDUCATION OF WOMEN IN THE EAST.

The Christian education of women in the East is a subject both complex and urgent, and it is one which calls for the best thought and study which educated women in the West can give. A Conference to consider the problem was held at Oxford early in September, and was attended by about a hundred and fifty head mistresses and assistant mistresses; a full report of the addresses there given is shortly to be published.\* Miss Roberts, Head Mistress of the Grammar School for Girls, Bradford, and

Miss McDougall, Classical Lecturer at Westfield College, London, are spending six months in India this winter, in order that they may visit schools and learn as much as possible about the conditions of women's education. Books on the subject have been published ; the education committees of the missionary societies are glad to give information, and a special committee has recently been appointed which will consider the different ways in which English women and girls can help. The members of this committee are Miss Douglas, Head Mistress of the Godolphin School, Salisbury ; Miss Gray, High Mistress of St. Paul's Girls' School, London ; Miss Richardson, Westfield College, London ; Miss Wood, Principal of the Cambridge Training College, and Miss Woodall, Head Mistress of Milton Mount, Gravesend. The Honorary Secretary is Miss de Sélincourt, formerly Principal of the Lady Muir Training School, Allahabad, and any questions may be sent to her at 26, Belsize Grove, London, N.W.

Miss de Sélincourt will be glad to give details of educational posts that are at present vacant in the East, and to explain the "Short Service Scheme" by which teachers and others who cannot take up permanent work abroad may give valuable aid for a year or more. Great opportunities for helping the women of India are also open to girls who go out to stay with friends and who have had no technical training, and the interest, sympathy and thought of those who remain at home are no less needed. In this critical moment of the world's history the women and girls of the East are appealing to the women and girls of England, and there is not one of us who may not, if she will, take a share in the response to that appeal.

\* "*The Christian Education of Women in the East.*" Price 2/- Nett. Postage 3d. Student Christian Movement, 93, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.



## School News.

### END OF SUMMER TERM.

The last weeks of the Term could not fail to be tinged with sadness, shadowed as they were by the illness and absence of our dear Head ; but it was a relief to know that she was, at last, being properly nursed and taken care of by Miss Agnes ; and as she grew more rested and peaceful, she was able to take great pleasure in hearing of our doings.

Every child in the School—and every Mistress too—did her best to keep up the standard both of work and of conduct ; and special praise is due to the VIth for their loyal support through a very difficult time.

In token of their love for her, the School gave Miss Ottley a beautiful roll-top writing table, with which she was delighted, and which she put to immediate use.

#### MARK READING

was on July 26th, at 12.15, since we could not have our usual delightful “talk” from Miss Ottley ; and we separated for the holidays somewhat sorrowfully. The following girls left from the VIth :—W. Anton (Præfect of the School), K. Whitehead, I. Mogridge, D. Beauchamp, M. Brierley, G. Joseland, M. Rowe.

We had also to take farewell of three much-loved Mistresses :—Miss Moore, Miss Woodhouse, and Miss Dickinson, to all of whom we owe much for their devoted work among us. To Miss Woodhouse we wish many happy years of married life.

### AUTUMN TERM.

We met, as we had parted, under the shadow of a great sorrow. On the day School opened, Miss Spurling had to tell us that Miss Ottley had been taken very ill on her arrival in London, and that very evening she passed to her Rest, though we did not hear of it till the next morning.

On S. Matthew's Day we laid her to rest in the Cemetery, having first met in the Cathedral she loved so well for the greater part of the Service. We sang the Guild Hymn (274) in the Cathedral, and at the grave-side, “Now the labourer's task is o'er.”

Perhaps nothing could have helped more effectually to draw us to our new Head, than her sympathy and kindness to us through those sad days ; and the many Old Girls who have come to see us this term, have realized gratefully that a kind welcome still awaits them here as of yore.

Four new Mistresses have joined the Staff this term :—Miss Brown succeeds

Miss Woodhouse as English Mistress, Miss Baynes teaches Classics, Miss Payne, Science, and Miss Harrison, Drawing and Painting.

School re-opened with 8 new girls, and 2 more have entered since the beginning of Term.

Mollie Ottley is Præfect of the School this year.

### REPRÉSENTATION DE "LA GRAMMAIRE."

Le jour de la Comédie Française "La Grammaire," il faisait beau mais pourtant un peu chaud pour les acteurs de la troupe, qui portaient des manteaux dissimulant leurs jupes. On a joué la pièce sur l'asphalte devant le pavillon, dont une fenêtre formait le buffet. Il y avait aussi un bureau et quelques chaises. Deux grands paravents, formant coulisses, cachaient les acteurs ou plutôt les actrices, et au commencement le régisseur, Mademoiselle de Sabatier-Plantier, a fait un petit discours très modeste au nom de sa troupe. Alors le domestique est entré en tablier, les cheveux coiffés à la Française. Il a arrangé le buffet, et a cassé le fameux saladier doré avec beaucoup d'adresse. Après, sa figure innocente a donné à Machut le droit de dire qu'il avait de l'aplomb. Machut, le vétérinaire comme a dit Caboussat "savait très bien son métier" car il a persuadé enfin ce pauvre bonhomme à lui écrire un certificat,

L'audience s'est beaucoup amusée de la consternation de Caboussat quand Poitrinas lui a demandé d'écrire à une Académie, et du moyen employé "aïe" s'écrie-t-il "je me suis coupé" et il suce son doigt au lieu d'écrire. La scène entre le père et la fille dans laquelle elle corrigeait son orthographe était bien amusante.

Blanche avait l'air charmant quand elle parlait de son Monsieur Edmond, et la scène où elle dit à Jean de renverser le blanc d'Espagne sur Machut était bien risible. Il ne faut pas oublier Poitrinas, le pédant sérieux, il se croyait si savant qu'il pensa voir dans une vieille rôtisserie et un tisonnier rouillé, un bouclier et une épée romains. Nous nous sommes bien diverties des barbes et des moustaches des messieurs, elles étaient bien Françaises comme leurs mœurs. On a beaucoup applaudi les actrices ainsi que Mademoiselle de Sabatier-Plantier, ce qu'elles ont bien mérité.

K. W.

### CANON WILSON'S LECTURE.

On Monday, November 11th, Canon Wilson gave a most interesting Lecture in the Shirehall on some of the ancient manuscripts now to be seen in the Cathedral. The lecture was illustrated by lantern slides, and Canon Wilson spent a great deal of time in deciphering the different scripts for the benefit of the audience.

These manuscripts were discovered pasted on to the boards of some of the old monastic books, and had been cut down to fit them. Consequently the marginal letters are frequently missing, the text is occasionally blurred, and in places the thin parchment has given way ; but, in spite of all, the writing has been wonderfully preserved, and seemed quite easy to read when explained by Canon Wilson.

Among the plates there was one which showed a fragment of the writing of a Roman monk, Paterius, who lived in the time of S. Gregory the Great. The thoughts contained in this passage are so beautiful that Canon Wilson read us a translation of it. In it the monk has dwelt upon the likeness between the Ark and the Church. The Ark, wide at the bottom to hold the beasts, and narrow at the top for the men and birds, typified the Church opening her bosom wide to receive "all sorts and conditions of men," but narrowing as men become holier, for there are fewer like them, until the narrow ledge at the top symbolized the Perfect Man, alone "like the solitary sparrow on the housetop."

Canon Wilson pointed out the value of studying these manuscripts, for by means of them we can realize the different stages of knowledge, and the various modes of interpretation which have been applied to the Bible. "Such expositions as these are like milestones along that road which great pioneers like S. Gregory have made into the unknown, and along which the Church and mankind have travelled, and appeal to us to continue that pioneering with equal faith and ardour."

### MISS PERKINS' LECTURE.

On Monday, November 11th, Miss E. R. Perkins gave an interesting and instructive Lecture on Delhi, its past, present, and future, illustrated by lantern slides from her own photographs. The different phases of Indian History were carefully explained, and we were very much interested by the vivid descriptions and illustrations of Eastern architecture, relics, and customs.

### EXAMINATIONS.

The details of the results of the various Examinations will be found in the account of Speech Day, but we are also glad to chronicle that Bessie Phillips has passed the Senior Oxford Local Examination.

M. Barrère's Concours. September.

2<sup>e</sup> Prix (*Hors Concours*). Narration—L. Spencer.  
Mention. Degré Enfantin.—E. King.

## MISSION WORK.

The members of the Work Party have made, as usual, many garments during the year. Parcels of work will be sent before Christmas to the various Charities supported by the School. At the time of going to press the Mission Accounts have not been made up, but a Balance Sheet will be given in the next Magazine.

## GAMES.

## TENNIS.

## SCHOOL MATCHES.

On July 6th.—Match *v.* Oxford High School ; played at Worcester. Won by Worcester, 7 setts to 4. The School thus regained the Shield.

On July 17th.—Match *v.* Old Girls. Won by the Old Girls, 81 games to 53.

## FORM MATCHES.

The Form Matches were closely contested.

Form VIA. was successful in gaining the Tennis Challenge Cup for the year.

## HOCKEY.

## SCHOOL MATCHES.

On October 19th.—1st XI. *v.* Bridgnorth High School ; played at home. Won by Worcester, 6—0.

On November 9th.—1st XI. *v.* S. James', West Malvern ; played away. Won by Worcester, 1—0.

On November 16th.—1st XI. *v.* Edgbaston High School ; played away. Won by Worcester, 5—1.

On November 23rd.—1st XI. *v.* Malvern College for Girls ; played at home. Won by Worcester, 7—2.

On November 23rd.—2nd XI. *v.* 2nd XI. Malvern College for Girls ; played away. Won by Worcester, 2—1.

## FORM MATCHES.

On November 8th.—IVB. and C. *v.* IVA. Won by IVB. and C., 5—3.

On November 19th.—IIIA. and B. *v.* V. Won by IIIA. and B., 1—0.

On November 21st.—IVB. and C. *v.* VIA. and B. Won by VIA. and B., 7—0. (Semi-final).

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Lacrosse is now being practised diligently, and we hope soon to have a team capable of challenging other Schools.



## OLD GIRLS AND MISTRESSES.

Miss Stephenson has been appointed Head Mistress of the Baker Street (Francis Holland) School.

Dorothy Selby has been placed in the 3rd Class, Oxford Honour Moderations in Mathematics.

Miss Nicholls has been placed in the 2nd Class, Oxford Final Honour School of Modern Languages (French). She is now teaching in a large Secondary School in Sheffield.

Ruth Lawson is a Postulant in the Community of S. Mary the Virgin, Wantage.

Margaret Turner is a Novice at S. Denys' Home, Warminster.

Miss Beckingham has a post at Queen Margaret's School, Scarborough.

Miss Weaver has undertaken temporary work at S. Denys' College, Warminster.

Alice Evans has gone back to the Bedford High School as Mistress of Form I.

Margaret Tree has gone to Montreal as Warden of the Iverley Women's Settlement there. The chief work is among Working Girls' Clubs.

Peggy Smith, Dorothy Karn, and Gertrude Sharpe, who were all trained at S. Anne's Nursery College, Cheltenham, have good posts as Lady Nurses.

Maggie Moncur is teaching at the Bede Collegiate School, Sunderland.

Dorothy Gregson landed in England in October, after five years' work with the S.P.G. in Kobe, Japan. Her furlough will last for a year, and she hopes to come to Worcester early next term. We are much looking forward to hearing her speak about her work.

Monica Bell is training for Librarian work at the Cheltenham Ladies' College.

Bessie Phillips is at Whitelands Training College.

Dorothy Fox has obtained a post in the Women's Department of the Head Office of the Prudential Insurance Company.

Doris Hollowell has been placed in the 4th Class, Oxford Final Honours School of Modern History.

Marjorie Cox has gained a Scholarship at the Conservatoire of Music, Queen's College, Birmingham.

We were very glad to welcome at the School during the term many Old Girls, including Pen King, Olwen Lloyd, Edith Rubery, Connie Fry, Monica Bell, Winifred Anton, Marjorie Brierley.

It was also very delightful to see Miss Bagnall and Miss James on Speech Day.

## BIRTHS.

- March 6th, Mrs. Williams (Florence Acton), a daughter (Elizabeth Acton).  
 August 4th, Mrs. E. F. H. Evans (Fanny Brierley), a son.  
 August 17th, Mrs. H. M. Griffiths (Eva Williams), a son.  
 October 17th, Mrs. R. C. Lucas (Mary Gabb), a daughter (Ethel Gwendoline).  
 November 25th, Mrs. D. H. Pugh (Daisy Hough), a daughter.

## MARRIAGES.

August 14th, at Holy Trinity Church, Worcester, Tom Stinton to Catherine Mary Tree.

August 26th, at All Saints', Ennismore Gardens, S.W., Geoffrey Latham Corbett, I.C.S. to Gladys Kate Bennett.

September 14th, in Ceylon, Major Gwynne to Harriet Margaret (Meggie) Hutchinson.

October 8th, at S. Bartholomew's Church, Grimley, by the Lord Bishop of Worcester, Henry Vivian Shebbeare to Alice Isabel Woodhouse.

October 12th, at S. Martin's Church, London Road, Worcester, Percy M. Mitchell to Muriel Raymond.

November 9th, at S. Thomas' Church, Hamilton, Ontario, Herbert Holder to Agnes Gardiner.

## DEATHS.

September 18th, in London, Alice Ottley.

October 11th, in Calcutta (from the effects of a riding accident), Mary Caroline Westmacott (Mary Lawson) aged 28 years.

## GIFTS.

*For the Buller Library—*

- "A History of German Literature," by J. C. Robertson, from R. Lawson.  
 "The Letters of Queen Victoria," from the leaving Sixth.  
 "Selections from the Sources of English History," by C. W. Colby, from Mrs. Shebbeare.  
 "The Story of English Literature," by Andrew Lang, from Mrs. Shebbeare.  
 "The Women of Homer," by W. C. Perry, from Miss Graham.  
 "The Greek Genius, and its meaning to us," by R. W. Livingstone, from Miss Moore.

*For the Children's Library—*

- "The Heart of Rome," by Marion Crawford, from Dorothy Mountain.  
 "The Elusive Pimpernel," by Baroness Orczy, from Miss Dickinson.

*For the History Shelf—*

"The Story of Discovery," by M. B. Synge, from Miss Spurling.

*For the School—*

A picture of the Hermes of Praxiteles, from Miss Moore.

## SPEECH DAY.

The Annual Speech Day and Prize Distribution of the Worcester High School for Girls took place on Saturday afternoon, November 30th, in the presence of a large number of parents and friends, besides the pupils themselves. Viscount Cobham presided, and was supported by the Dean of Worcester, Canon Wilson, Canon Chappel, Miss Douglas, and Miss Spurling.

Viscount Cobham, at the outset, referred to the resignation and subsequent death of the late Headmistress (Miss Alice Ottley), which, to some extent, he said, overshadowed their proceedings that afternoon. He did not wish to strike any note of depression on that occasion, because he was quite sure that would be the last thing Miss Ottley herself would have wished. Notwithstanding their loss and the inevitable shock which it must give to the School, his colleagues and himself most strongly believed and had faith in the future of the School, which Miss Ottley also most strongly held. They did not believe that in an institution like theirs, which was founded and had been administered on sound lines and principles, anybody was absolutely indispensable, and nothing had been done, he might tell them, which had shaken their belief in the election they had made in the new Headmistress. (Applause.) They believed Miss Spurling would prove to be a worthy successor to Miss Ottley, and that the interests of the School would be safe in her keeping. He was quite sure that experience would confirm the confidence he was expressing in her. (Applause). He appealed to parents to help him to realise his prophecy by continuing their general support which had been forthcoming for the last 30 years. A great deal had been said about the life and character of Miss Ottley, and he would be sorry to trespass upon any ground which had been already covered, ably and well, but he had been associated with her in the administration of the School for more than 20 years, and he would like to say a few words about her from his own point of view. Everyone who had anything to do with a large School knew that the head of it had to be upon working terms with four different sets of people. They had to be on those terms with the governing body of the School, with the parents of the pupils, with the staff, and with the pupils themselves. That was not a very easy problem to solve, but he could not call to mind any case in which the head of

a school had been so well equipped to meet those difficulties and solve those problems as Miss Ottley was. (Hear, hear.) It was no exaggeration whatever to say that Miss Ottley had the absolute confidence of the governing body of the School. He could not remember, looking back upon the past 24 years, one single occasion upon which they hesitated to do what she asked them to, or what she wanted done, or a single occasion when they had regretted what they had done upon her advice. That was a great deal to say. He had been a member of the governing body of some 15 or 16 schools, from Eton College to his Parish School, and he thought (and it was no injustice to the other heads to say so) Miss Ottley was at least as well, and probably better, equipped than any one Headmaster or Headmistress for the task which was set before her. (Applause.) There were always a few unreasonable parents difficult to deal with. He believed that Miss Ottley told him every difficulty which arose between her and parents, and they were very few and very unimportant, and he believed with regard to every one of them that it was smoothly and satisfactorily settled. (Applause.) Without presumption he thought he might say that around Miss Ottley and her staff was an atmosphere of perfect confidence and love. He did not think that was so very difficult in Miss Ottley's case, because owing to her reputation and character she was able to attract the very best of the young teachers coming forward, and attracted them very often upon terms less advantageous to them than if they had gone elsewhere. They made sacrifices in many cases in order to be with Miss Ottley and work in her train. He could not attend those gatherings so many times as he had without observing that absolute reverence, love, and affection which existed between the late Headmistress and the pupils of the School. One of the greatest legacies Miss Ottley left was the most devoted intention of all the students of the School to be ready as they had been known to be in the past, to make almost any sacrifice for the School, and to continue unabated and active interest in it. (Applause.) That was one of the most valuable assets a school could have. (Hear, hear.) The relations between her and the four different sets of people were throughout absolutely satisfactory, and he hardly knew of a case where such a condition of things existed; in fact, in his large experience he had known occasions when all those four sets of people were pulling in four different directions.

How could Miss Ottley have brought about those great results? It was because she brought into all the work she took in hand four great qualities—a deep-rooted religious faith, an absolute incapacity to surrender or even compromise any principle which she thought vital, right and sound judgment matured by long experience, and lastly, but not least, profound sympathy with the work she had in hand, and with those with whom and for whom she worked. (Applause.) The Council of the School, although recognising that



it was quite impossible to give adequate expression to her worth and value, had determined that a tablet should be placed in the School in the most suitable place, that it might recall the great services and character of Miss Ottley. Secondly, they had initiated a fund for establishing a permanent memorial in the shape of one or more scholarships, and the response to their circular, he was glad to say, had been most gratifying, and he commended the object to their most warm and grateful support.

#### REPORT OF THE HEADMISTRESS.

The Headmistress (Miss Spurling), in her Report on the work of the School during the year ended September 30th, said in spite of the exceptional circumstances of the Third Term of the year, the School had, on the whole, maintained its high standard of work. This was due to the courage and devotion of the Staff, and, in part, to the fine influence of the Upper VI. In the Cambridge Higher Local Examination, one first and two second classes were gained, with two distinctions in spoken French, one in spoken German, and one in English Language and Literature—a remarkable result in an examination of so high a standard. The results of the Lower Joint Board were also very satisfactory. The work of the Lower Forms and Preparatory was seriously injured by an outbreak of whooping cough, which was, unfortunately, not recognised as that till great harm had been done in spite of the utmost vigilance on the part of the School. Miss Harrison, Miss Brown, Miss Baynes, and Miss Payne had joined the Staff, replacing Miss Dickinson, Miss Woodhouse, and Miss Moore, who left in July, and Miss Weaver, who was unable, through ill-health, to return after Easter. In the examination of Higher Joint Board, three full certificates were gained, three certificates were completed; in that of the Lower Board, eight certificates were gained, showing 36 first and 24 second classes. On the results of the Lower Board Examination, the Council's Scholarship was awarded to Mary Chappel. The Alice Ottley Scholarship was won, in July, by Jessica Grove. The Ottley Scholarship, tenable at S. Hugh's College, Oxford, had been won by Vivienne Horne. Miss Spurling mentioned some of the School successes. The following are those which are not in the prize list:—Cambridge Higher Local Examination: M. Moncur passed in Group A (first class); K. Whitehead, Group A (second class) with distinction in English language and literature; L. Spencer, Group A (second class) and Group B (second class) with distinction in spoken French and German; S. Naylor, Group B (second class) with distinction in spoken French; I. Mogridge, Group B (third class).

For the work of the School to which these results referred, Miss Spurling said she was in no way responsible. Their interest was as fresh for her as for the audience, and they enabled her to grasp the nature of the education given.

She thought they would agree with her that one outstanding characteristic was the breadth of that education. While advanced work had been done, and well done, in Classics, English, and Modern Languages, an unusually high standard had been reached in Music and Drawing, and the excellent results of the Plain Needlework Association proved conclusively that in educating the intellectual side of a girl, it was not necessary to neglect the domestic side. It happened that in the schools of her former experience the necessity for external examinations was small, and she at first feared that in the welter of examinations in the Upper VI. Form there could be no room for that consideration of wide interests which should be fitting the senior girls to play a worthy part in the world outside the School. She need have had no misgivings, for she had found a readiness of response, and a power of independent thought equal to that to which she had been accustomed, and she had been glad to hear the same opinion of the VI. Form girls expressed by more than one of the innumerable kind friends who had welcomed her to her work and to Worcester. She was impressed when she first came by the unusual excellence of the equipment of the School. The light, the beauty, and the perfection of detail so noticeable in the building were the clear impress upon it of the character of her who planned the whole. Of Miss Ottley and her work others who had a right (which she had not) had spoken. But Miss Spurling mentioned one incident. She asked Miss Ottley how she should meet some situation quite new to her experience, and her answer was, "Just be yourself." Absolute sincerity of purpose, life, and conduct—that was the lesson she gave. And this purity of motive, this absence of self-seeking was, naturally, characteristic of her staff, who had been her (Miss Spurling's) strong and willing helpers, whose courage and devotion to duty during the difficult term had left a mark upon the characters of the children. (Applause.) Miss Spurling expressed gratitude to Miss Douglas for attending to distribute the prizes.

Miss Douglas, President of the Headmistresses' Association, who was a member of the first staff of the School, and who for five years worked under Miss Ottley, presented the large number of prizes gained, and afterwards addressed a few kindly and thoughtful words to the School, taking as the theme, "thankfulness, hope, and faith." She adverted to the high positions which past girls had attained, and congratulated the present girls upon the excellent quality of their work. The good work could not go on unless the present girls were absolutely faithful to what they knew to be best. They could not live upon their reputation; they must venture forward and take the very best they could give into every day's work. Looking at things from the point of view of one elsewhere, who had heard and been told of the Worcester High School for Girls, she could say that the School's value was set very

highly indeed, and everyone knew quite well that their faith in it was not going to be shaken. The School was going forward ever more bravely, and was becoming, in the best sense of the word, great. (Applause.)

Mr. Thomas Southall moved a hearty vote of thanks to Miss Douglas for her kindness in attending the Speech Day, and for the good words she had spoken. He was sure they would all feel that she had rendered them a great kindness, and he was glad to learn that she was Miss Douglas, of Salwarpe, one of their own people. He congratulated her upon the good work she was doing in life, and the ability with which she did it. (Applause.)

Canon Chappel seconded, and said it was many years ago since he first met Miss Douglas. He had always had the greatest admiration for the splendid work she had been doing in Salisbury. One of the things the School was proudest of was the high positions attained by girls, and the way in which they had carried the traditions of the School into other parts of the country. (Applause.) No one present had done that so successfully and well as Miss Douglas. (Applause.)

The girls sang the School Hymn, at the conclusion of which the company adjourned to another part of the building for tea.

#### LIST OF PRIZES.

The following is a list of the certificates and prizes :—

*Council's Scholarships.*—F. Jones (2nd year), G. M. Chappel (1st year).

*Victoria Scholarship.*—D. Ninis.

*Alice Otley Scholarship.*—J. Grove.

*Oxford and Cambridge Joint Board Examination.*—Higher Certificates : M. Otley, passed in 5 subjects (distinguished in Scripture), gained exemption from Responsions ; W. Anton, M. Brierley, P. Horton (5 subjects) ; F. Jones, N. Smith, (4 subjects). Letters : D. Beauchamp, M. Campbell, Marjorie Chappel, M. Glover, (passed in 2 subjects), G. Joseland (distinguished in Biology), M. Rowe (3 subjects). Lower Certificates : M. Williamson (passed in 8 subjects, 1st Class in 6), M. Leech (8 subjects, 1st in 5), G. M. Chappel (8 subjects, 1st in 4), D. James (8 subjects, 1st in 4), W. Weston (7 subjects, 1st in 4), D. Carew (7 subjects, 1st in 3), L. King (7 subjects, 1st in 3), E. Graham (7 subjects, 1st 2), M. Jones (7 subjects, 1st in 1). Letters : M. Worster (passed in 5 subjects, 1st Class in 2), K. Mussen, (6 subjects, 1st in 1), R. Swann (5 subjects).

*Diocesan Examination in Divinity.*—Certificates : *Form IVa.*—W. Joseland, V. Surman ; *IVb.*—G. Chappel, R. Weston, K. Allen, G. Blakeway ; *IIa.*—P. Cox, D. Wells, D. Harrison, A. Abbott.

*French (Société Nationale des Professeurs de Française en Angleterre)*  
 11 Prizes.—Certificates : L. Spencer, K. Whitehead, M. Ottley, J. Harding, E. King.

*Music*.—L.R.A.M. Certificate : M. Stewart ; Associated Board of the Royal Academy and Royal College of Music ; *Central Examination, Intermediate and Advanced Grades, and Theory of Music*—Piano, M. Wilson ; *Intermediate Grade*—J. Harding, E. Brewer. *Schools Examination : Higher Division*—Piano, C. Tomlinson, A. Smith, D. Holland, P. Ottley ; Organ, W. Anton. *Lower Division*—Piano, J. Swann, S. Lewis, V. Browne, G. Taylor ; Organ—R. Swann. *Elementary Division*—Piano, P. Brierley. *Primary Division* : Ear-training and Sight-singing—R. Collins, N. Griffith, P. Cox, S. Hancock, M. Pritchett.

*Royal Drawing Society*—Complete Honour Certificates : K. Mussen (with a Prize), A. Adlington, M. Leech, D. James. Honours Certificate : *Division IV*.—M. Quarterman (and *Division III*.), D. Creese (and *Division III*.), G. Edgington, A. Campbell (and *Division III*.), W. Joseland (and *Division I*.), M. Lewis, J. Swann (and *Division III*.), P. Ottley (and *Division I*.) ; *Division III*.—F. Sayers, G. Blakeway, K. Allen, A. Smith, M. Rowe (and *Division II*.) ; *Division II*.—M. Gibbs, F. Hadley, D. Mann, P. Edwards ; *Division I*.—D. Ninis, R. Gibbs, E. King, P. Mann, K. Lane.

*Plain Needlework Association*.—Prizes (White Work) : *Section VI*.—M. Quarterman (1st Prize), V. Surman (2nd), A. Onslow (3rd), G. Chappel (Extra) ; *Section V*.—M. England (2nd) ; *Section IV*.—O. Spicer (1st) ; *Section II*.—A. Bentinck (1st) Flannel Work : *Section VI*.—Z. Godsall (2nd), A. Campbell (3rd) ; *Section V*.—D. Wells and N. Griffiths (1st), K. Scales (2nd) ; *Section IV*.—M. Buck (1st), M. Taylor (2nd) ; *Section III*.—M. Downes (1st), J. Watson (2nd). First-class Certificates (White Work) : D. Holland, R. Gibbs, G. Phillips, P. Cox, D. Creese, P. Mogg, D. Sievers (all highly commended), D. Mogg, S. Harding, C. Pearson, V. Browne, F. Crane, J. Grove, E. Taylor, D. Lucas, M. MacRae. Flannel Work : D. Harrison, J. Lister, Q. Bennett, P. Mann, G. Duckworth, P. Edwards, P. Brierley, V. Conan Davies, D. Ninis, B. James, M. Domney, S. Lewis, C. Mackenzie, I. Grove, I. Simes, A. Hall, E. Bentinck, V. Rea, B. Pollard, C. Watson, G. Constance, I. Besley (all highly commended), I. Coomber, S. Pond, V. Knowles.

*Special Prizes*.—*Divinity*. Canon Chappel's Prize : *Form VI*.—M. Campbell. The Head Mistress's Prize : *Form V*.—M. Leech. The Bishop's Prizes : *Form IVa*.—W. Joseland ; *Form IVb*.—G. Chappel ; *Form IIIa*.—P. Cox. *Science*.—Dr. Mabyne Read's Prize (Chemistry and Biology) : S. Naylor. Miss Laybourne's Prize (Botany) : G. Joseland. *French*.—Mdlle. de Sabatier-Plantier's Prize : *Upper School*—L. King. Miss Hamilton's Prize : *Middle*



*School*—K. Allen. M. Barrere's Prizes: *Narration*—L. Spencer; *Degré Supérieur*—L. Spencer and S. Naylor; *Degré Élémentaire*—M. Grisman; *Degré Enfantin*—V. Browne, G. Taylor, G. Blakeway. *Geography*.—Miss Hamilton's Prize: *Form IVa*.—G. Edgington. *History*.—Miss Mackworth's Prize: *Form V*.—M. Leech. *Latin*.—The Head Mistress's Prize: *Form VI*.—M. Ottley.

*Prizes gained by obtaining 80 per cent. on Term Marks, and 75 per cent. on Examination.*—*English Subjects*: *Form V*.—G. M. Chappel, D. James, M. Williamson; *Form IVa*.—M. Grisman, W. Joseland, A. Campbell, H. Coombs; *Form IVb*.—K. Allen; *Form IVc*.—J. Lister; *Form II*.—C. Mackenzie. *Mathematics*: *Form VI*.—F. Jones; *Form V*.—G. M. Chappel; *Form IVa*.—M. Grisman, W. Joseland, F. Sayers; *Form IVb*.—K. Allen, P. Ottley; *Form IIIa*.—P. Cox, D. Wells; *Form IIIb*.—P. Mogg; *Form II*.—C. Mackenzie. *Languages*: *Form IIIb*.—M. Pritchett; *Form II*.—C. Mackenzie, E. Taylor; *Form I*.—E. Whitehead, A. Hooke. "No Bad Marks" in *I*. and *II*.—F. Rogers, P. Brierley. "Excellents."—F. Sayers, P. Edwards, M. Lewis. *Holiday Tasks*.—*Reading*: *Form VIa*.—L. Spencer, J. Harding; *Form VIb*.—M. Glover; *Form IVa*.—M. Grisman; *Form IVb*.—K. Allen; *Form IVc*.—P. Bullock; *Form IIIb*.—A. Payne; *Form II*.—C. Mackenzie; *Form I*.—S. Smith, M. MacRae. *Drawing or Painting*: *Form V*.—K. Mussen; *Form IVa*.—A. Campbell, W. Joseland; *Form IVb*.—G. Chappel, J. Swann; *Form IVc*.—F. Pitcher, Q. Bennett; *Form IIIa*.—B. James, R. Gibbs, S. Hancock; *Form IIIb*.—V. Conan Davies, P. Mogg.

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