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Contributions for the next number should be sent in during the Long Vacation to the Secretary, or to one of the Editors.

There will be an election of an Editor at the beginning of next Term.

A few copies of the engraving from the Portrait of Lady Margaret, which is in the Hall, remain still on hand and may be obtained from the Secretary, price 1s. each. The engraving may be seen in the Combination Room.



UTILISATION OF CHURCHES.

BY A TOWN PARSON.

STRANGE notions are current about consecration. A foolish letter in a newspaper a few weeks ago represented the Church of England as believing that the efficacy of her rites and sacraments depended on the consecration of "bricks, stones, and mahogany." But it is scarcely necessary to observe that the object of the consecration of a building is not to enhance the efficacy of the functions performed therein.

The consecration is a simple setting apart of the building from all profane uses, and that with two objects.

1. To satisfy the loving instincts of those who contribute to the erection and maintenance of the Church, who desire to present it as a gift to God, a desire which would not be satisfied if the building were only sometimes to be used for religious and at other times for secular purposes.

2. To protect the worshipper from distracting associations and to suggest thoughts of holiness and of God. We can hardly go into any building without recurring in thought to the former occasions on which we were there. It would be very unhelpful to devotion if on entering a house of prayer there should be printed on our mind by the force of association, the memory of some comic scene enacted there, or of some unseemly dispute which took place there.

It is much better that our hearts should be at once drawn into communion with the Divine Spirit, by the remembrance that this is none other than the house of God, even His house of prayer. Our idea in having consecrated places of worship is not that God will be more ready to hear, but that we shall be more ready to pray. We do not think that our public worship will be more acceptable to God in virtue of the consecration of our place of assembly, except in so far as the consecration by its influence upon ourselves makes our worship more hearty, more devotional, and more intense.

But let me say that—

I do not believe in consecrating things to uselessness. I know a church in which an old altar table is standing on its end in a passage, because the churchwardens think that it would be an act of desecration to sell the slab of mahogany and apply the few pounds that it would fetch, to the improvement or decoration of the church. I think that the said piece of mahogany would be much more truly consecrated to the glory of God, if, instead of cumbering a corner, it furnished the means of making the house of God more comely.

One more remark I would make by way of preface and then I will proceed to some practical suggestions.

It is commonly thought to be contrary to the spirit of the prayer-book for a layman to speak in the church except in making the responses or reading the lessons. But I would call attention to the fact that the prayer-book prescribes the public catechising of children. It cannot be intended that the questions and answers are to be restricted to those of the church catechism. Where then will you draw the distinction between a catechising and an ordinary bible class, in which the conductor asks such questions as, Mr. A. what do you understand by the ninth verse? And if this be regarded as within the spirit of the term

catechising; you can hardly draw a line to exclude any sort of class for mutual religious instruction and deliberation, provided a clergyman is present to conduct it.

We are certainly advancing a step further when we suggest that churches might be used as Sunday schools under lay teachers. But in so using them there are certain conditions to be observed, which I will mention presently. It seems best now to mention in order the different ways in which churches might be more used. I shall begin with the more distinctly *religious* uses of the building.

I. OPEN CHURCHES.

All churches might be made useful by being kept open all day for private reading and prayer. I was speaking to a leading dissenting minister in Liverpool on this subject a few weeks since. He agreed with me that it would be a great gain to thousands of the religiously disposed poor if they could find in every church or chapel a quiet place for devotion. He was deterred from trying the experiment, chiefly because the practice was regarded as Romish, but surely they must be very lukewarm protestants who would leave the Romanists in the sole enjoyment of any practice or custom which seemed good in itself. I will read on this point an extract from a letter written to me by a friend in Cambridge, who certainly has no bias in favour of what are called high church opinions.

“It gives me a very poor idea of the heartiness and realness of the Christian religion to walk through a town on a week-day and see church after church shut and locked and ‘kept for Sundays,’ as if all the religious duties of the week were to be crowded into that day, and the other six to be passed with scarcely a thought of God or a word of prayer. A church ought I think never to be locked; its own sacred

character will almost always preserve it from outrage without the additional security of bolts and bars, and an open church door may often deter a man from sin when the chilling aspect of doors locked and gates closed may seem to give him a sort of excuse and encouragement."

There are grave difficulties in the way of making many churches free, but all might easily be made open. Indeed it seems to me that there is no reason in the world why all the churches of this rural deanery should not unite in inviting people to make the house of God to be indeed to them the house of daily prayer.

II. DAILY SERVICES.

This leads me to speak of daily services: they should be short, homely, congregational, answering to the needs of those who cannot have family prayer at home. For the last five years I have observed the good effect of a short daily Evening Service in two Churches in Liverpool. The omission of the introductory exhortation, of one lesson and one canticle, and of all the prayers after the third collect, and the addition of a short address preceded and succeeded by a popular hymn, have been found to adapt the Prayer-book office of Evening Prayer to the wants of a busy multitude who would not come to a longer service, and who have not yet learned to appreciate a service, in which there are not at least a few words of counsel or encouragement from the living lips of a speaker. Sticklers for rubrick will, of course, disparage such a "mutilated evensong," and others, who have no objection to see a Church closed from Sunday to Sunday, will cry out against "unlawful services;" but as long as the Prayer-book prescribes a daily office, and custom tolerates that office being left unsaid, I am at a loss to perceive the iniquity of a middle course by which it is partly said.

As to the two Churches that I have referred to,

the more favourably situated has attracted for several years a daily evening congregation, averaging more than fifty worshippers, exclusive of Sundays and holydays, whilst an average of thirty a day has been found at the other, situated in an unfrequented street in the midst of a very poor and degraded

III. EXTRA-PRESCRIBED SERVICES.

Whatever religious services are needed for the people cannot be out of place in the people's church. Whether they be called prayer meetings or prophesyings, whether their chief object be worship or intercession or instruction or exhortation; whether they aim at the conversion of the godless or at the edification of the faithful, there ought to be no objection to their being held in the building consecrated to the glory of God.

Some people indeed think that the lower classes prefer meeting anywhere else rather than in the church; but, wherever the church is free to all alike and suitably arranged for the people, it is found upon experience that they will rather go to the church that they can call their own than to a room opened for them by the favour of someone; and I believe that the law gives more sanction than is generally supposed to what some would call irregular services in church.

"The Statute of 2nd and 3rd Edward VI. c. i. sec. 7. is as follows:—'Provided also, that it shall be lawful for all *men*, as well in Churches, Chapels, Oratories or other places, to use openly any Psalms or Prayer taken out of the Bible, at any due time, not letting or omitting thereby the Service or any part thereof mentioned in the said Book' (of Common Prayer)."

This seems to allow laymen as well as clerics to read psalms or prayer out of the Bible, so long as they do not interfere with any of the prescribed services. But it is not my object only to suggest

courses which are at present lawful, I think we may well take counsel as to the direction in which we ought to strive to promote legislation.

IV. LECTURES.

Lectures on moral and religious subjects might well be given in churches. Probably, lectures on Church History or on Missionary work would not seem to any to be out of place. Lectures on Political and Social Economy might be thrown into the form of sermons on texts of Scripture if desired, and would undoubtedly be very useful given after short weekday services.

It appears to me that the temperance movement would not have been separated from religion in the unfortunate way in which it is, if its progress had been promoted within the walls of our churches. Instead of temperance being set forth as one of the fruits of the spirit, teetotalism has become almost a rival religion to Christianity. Teetotalers make parodies of our sacred hymns and sing

Teetotal! O the joyful sound,
'Tis music in our ears,

whilst others condescend to inform us that they will reverse God's order and let works (of temperance) prepare the way for faith. I believe that all the Liverpool clergy have received a circular requesting them to deliver lectures in their churches on the subject of Total Abstinence in July. I hope they will take the matter up, that for once the town may hear the temperance question expounded in connexion with religion.

V. MEETINGS.

In holding meetings in church, caution must be used. Meetings to discuss subjects on which opinion is strongly divided, and perhaps all meetings at which

measures have to be determined by votes would be out of place. But meetings of district visitors and church workers for deliberation or for the arrangement of their work, meetings of Sunday school teachers to prepare their lessons together, meetings of church guilds not for secular business but for the admission of members and for prayer, all such meetings as these might properly and advantageously be held in the church, and the fact of their being held there will be some security that their religious character will be preserved.

VI. SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

I do not think the church ought to be used as a Sunday school, except under certain conditions; chiefly, there must be no compulsory attendance and no other punishment than exclusion. If children are obliged to attend, or if they are subject to punishment in attending, the church will be connected on their minds with disagreeable associations. But after Divine Worship itself I know no more fitting purpose to which a church can be devoted than the work of lovingly teaching the love of God to the hearts of children.

We often hear complaints that the children who leave our Sunday Schools do not become worshippers in church. I think that if the older boys instead of being kept in Sunday School with the children were formed into a voluntary Bible Class in the church, they would realize their connection with the church more fully and they would learn to love it more. At present they attend compulsory school as long as they can be compelled by their parents, and as soon as they arrive at an age at which they think they may judge for themselves, they hastily cast off that which they have learnt to regard as a symbol of subjection.

And here let me urge that in no case should

attendance at Church be made compulsory on children. I am sure that instead of marching the Sunday School in formal rank to Church, it is much better to let them go in voluntary groups, or not go, as they like. As a matter of fact nearly all will be found to go by choice. In this as in every other use of the church, we should teach our people from the very beginning that church is a privilege not a penalty, and that the greatest penalty that it is possible to inflict is ex-communication (*i.e.* exclusion from the services of the Church).

In all the extensions that I have suggested in the use of Churches, I have been guided by the principle laid down at the beginning, that nothing should be done to diminish the force of association which should suggest to us thoughts of holiness on entering God's house. At the same time I have borne in mind that other fact, that a consecration to uselessness cannot be an honour to any being or to any thing.

In conclusion I desire to add that what, in my opinion, we very much need is the power of employing laymen in most of the functions to which I have referred.

To me it seems mischievous, if not absurd, that in public services in a mission room anything should be lawful which is unlawful in the Church.

It suggests to the people two notions very detrimental to the national respect for the Church.

One is that our Churches are not—and are not intended to be—the Churches of the people.

The other notion is cognate: it is said that the Clergy do not believe themselves that the Prayer Book is suitable for the people. They are obliged by law to perform the services, but out of Church they do what they may not do in Church.

I think that if Scripture Readers may preach in a schoolroom they ought to be licensed to preach in

the Church by permission of the Clergy. We all do employ the laity for every lawful function, when we can only induce them to accept employment. In most parishes we know a few whom we should be glad to ask to speak now and then in Church (especially on a week night) to their fellow men, and perhaps if we might invite them to share the honourable office of the preacher, we should find them more ready than they are to fulfil other offices of less reputed honour.

May 8, 1871.

[The writer has not thought it necessary to recast this paper, which was originally read at a Ruridecanal Conference. He trusts that his readers will excuse the occurrence of a few local references as well as the use of language more adapted for an oral address than for an essay].

1871.

France—ever thou hast been the first to hurl
 Loud menaces against barbarian foes,
 'Sdaining thy rent and bloody flag to furl
 In the last agony of battle-throes:—
 'And now, although the Teuton horde no more,
 From Rhineland to the far Atlantic shore,
 Infest thy ravaged territories—lo,
 The land is peopled with a deadlier foe:
 Arise and smite the viper brood that battens on thy woe!

H. B. C.



AFTER THE MAY RACES.

'Tis o'er—th' enchanting sweet delight
Which lured us through one week of leisure,
And now fair day must yield to night,
And toil tread on the heels of pleasure;
For labour is man's common lot,
Delight a dream that stayeth not.

'Tis o'er; those forms of loveliness
We look for and may not behold,
Which whilom graced our loneliness,
And turned our iron age to gold,
Whose laughter winged with joyous mirth
Gave Paradise once more to earth.

They trod the courts where science dawns,
And soon they changed to sun-bright bowers;
With airy footsteps pressed our lawns,
Which swiftly seemed to spring with flowers;
And, bright before, yet brighter grew
For their sweet sake our skies of blue.

Ah! yes, methinks some far-off strain
May summon forth the happy tears,
Or e'en a breath of flowers remain,
Through all the long memorial years,
To cheer our sorrowful unrest,
And tell us that we once were blest.

Then Granta gaily smiled I ween
Beneath the willow-kirtled shores,
As shot the swift-winged barks between
In flashing rivalry of oars,
And dimpled with a myriad gleam
Of rippling smiles her shadowy stream.

We joined the rush beside the river,
We heard the wild tumultuous cry,
We saw the water-circles quiver,
As strove each boat for victory;
And who would not for such a prize—
A loving glance from starlit eyes!

Once more, but now engarlanded
Like conqueror in his triumph's hour,
Where leafage floating overhead
Entwines itself in one bright bower,
Before our eyes the pageant passed,
A scene of beauty—'twas the last.

* * * * *

As birds of spring, whose serenades
Melodious sweet and plumage gay
Charm us awhile till summer fades,
Then hie to sunnier lands away,
So our fair visitants are gone,
'Tis winter, and we're left alone.

Farewell to them, nor long farewell,
Dreams' fancy tissues wont to bring
The gentle forms we loved so well
Before our longing gaze—a spring
Of happiness, that may not wane,
Until we see themselves again.

HYLAS.



ARTESIAN WELLS.

ARTESIAN Wells consist of a narrow shaft, a few inches in diameter, bored down, often to a great depth, till a supply of water is reached, which rises spontaneously to the surface. They have been known from very early times; the first were sunk in Europe about A.D. 1000, in Artois, a province of France, from which the name is derived, but were known to the Chinese, probably, much earlier. The theory of such a well, like that of a natural spring, is that a geological stratum, which is highly permeable by water, most commonly the upper or lower greensand, forms beneath the surface at the point in question a basin-shaped depression in such a fashion that it outcrops at a higher level, while a stratum impervious to water, as, for example, clay, overlies it all along and prevents the water rising to the surface, but if a hole be bored through this overlying stratum the water will evidently rise in it to a height depending upon the head of water that forces it up. Further details on the geological part of the matter will be given anon; let us now consider the method of boring.

There are two systems—one universally used till comparatively lately, and still preferred in England; the other, introduced from China, is much simpler, and now obtains on the continent. The latter, called the Chinese system, consists of a cylindrical shell suspended by a rope, and holding an augur fastened to its lower end. There are two valves close to the

augur opening upwards into the shell; when the rope is lifted and suddenly let fall, the weight of the instrument and torsion of the rope cause the tool to fall with a twist, which jerks the loosened rock into the shell. This operation is repeated till the shell is full, when it is drawn up and emptied. With so simple a machine, different tools, of course, being used for different strata, it may be asked why this plan has not superseded all others? The objection to it is that the bore-hole is apt to become crooked, in which case the pipes, that are necessary for protecting the hole, cannot be put in, or with great difficulty. In rocky strata, or in places when the straightness of the hole is of little moment, this method may do very well.

The commoner and more complicated plan is as follows:—the boring tool, which varies according to the nature of the work to be done, is attached to a system of iron rods, which screw together in lengths of from ten to twenty feet. The circular motion is imparted by the workmen by handles, assisted, when necessary, by a jumping motion, which causes the borer to work for itself a hole in the ground. When the work has been severe the aid of horses or steam has been employed. It is plain that in this process a very great loss of time occurs, as each rod has to be unscrewed as it comes up, separately, for the purpose of emptying the boring tool. This system is now being employed by the New River Company at Hertford; they intend to procure water from the lower greensand.

When it has been resolved to make an Artesian boring, the first thing is to dig a well five or six feet in diameter to whatever depth may be considered convenient, say fifty feet, the depth being determined mainly by theoretical considerations as to how high the water will rise; this is to serve the purpose of a reservoir. If the water is expected to overflow the surface of the ground, the well would, perhaps, be

omitted. The next point to be decided is whether we will work from some point in the well itself or from the surface. If the well be of less than four feet diameter, and the workmen are at a point below the surface, it is hard to get sufficient leverage for any heavy labour; in that case we are driven to work from the surface, but, if possible, the other is better chiefly for two reasons, viz. that a saving of time is effected, because it will be unnecessary to unscrew more than every fifth rod, say, an advantage that in the other case is secured by erecting a high pair of shears, over which the rope from the windlass passes; and secondly, because there is less weight upon the windlass, which is always at the surface. Suppose, then, that it is decided to carry on the boring from a point in the well. First, to fix on the point at which to build the stage or floor from which the work is done; this should be as low as possible, but above the level to which the water is expected to rise. The floor is made of stout planks, with a hole in the centre a little larger than the boring rods, but not large enough to permit the passage of a small hook apparatus for holding the rods while they are being detached one from another and so preventing their falling back into the hole. From the bottom of the well, as distinguished from the bore hole, to above where the water will rise, say just beneath the boring stage, wooden trunks, strongly but temporarily secured, are fixed as guides for the boring tools, permanent pipes, &c. The permanent pipe to be inserted in the hole bored should be joined together and slung down the well, to be used as occasion may require. Thus, having bored, say, through the blue clay, the sooner the pipes follow the better, as the sand underneath is apt to blow up into the bore, or the clay to fall down and partly choke the hole. The pipes are made of cast or wrought iron; the lower ones of the series, the whole of which

are numbered, are perforated with small holes when the spring is a sand one, but when the water is to rise from chalk or rock no perforation is required, and the pipes are only requisite so far as the bore-hole will not stand without them. In many cases in and about London advantage is taken both of the main sand springs and the chalk springs also; perforated pipes are well driven in the former, smaller pipes and a smaller bore being continued down to the chalk. The circular motion of the boring rods is imparted, as has been said, by two handles. The vertical or percussive motion is procured by suspending the rods to the windlass by the intervention of a rope coiled two or three times round the axle, and so adjusted that when the workman pulls the loose end of the cord tight the friction may be sufficient to raise the rods on putting the windlass in motion. When the workman loosens the rope the coil becomes slack and the rods descend with a force proportional to their weight and depending upon the distance to which they have fallen. A regular percussive action is therefore gained by the attendant workman alternately tightening and letting go the free end of the rope while the windlass continues in uniform motion in one direction. This seems a remarkably neat mechanical contrivance.

Returning now to the principle which governs the supply of water in an Artesian well, it is to be observed that a cubic yard of pure sea sand will hold, in addition to the sand that would fill the same space if dry, nearly one-third of its volume of water, all of which it could part with when pumped from. All rocks contain more or less water, but chalk and the like will not give it up so readily an amount of the capillary attraction. In chalk, however, there are numbers of cracks and fissures, which may be full of water which will flow out without difficulty, though the action will, as has been said, be somewhat different from the way in which water will percolate

sand. Until geology became something like a science, it was an open question whether the water of springs came from the rainfall on distant hills or from some source in the interior of the earth, and wild theories were propounded to account for the water of the sea being forced up above the level of the sea; as for example, that the water penetrating the lower strata of the land arrived at a subterranean furnace which evaporated it, and it then rose towards the surface of the ground, but was condensed into liquid again and then formed springs by natural falling. It is well established that the strata are not horizontal, and consequently the rain-fall at a place may percolate through a permeable stratum, covered above and below by impermeable matter till it arrives at a point greatly below its source and at a less depth below the surface of the ground immediately above that point, under which circumstances our Artesian well is evidently a practicable undertaking. The first notable example of the success of geological reasoning of this kind was at Grenelle, near Paris. Numerous wells had been dry at Paris, and a supply of water obtained from the permeable sand beds above the chalk, and covered by the impermeable tertiary strata. At Grenelle, however, it was known by experiment that the permeable strata of the other parts of the basin were replaced by marl and clay, which intercepted the passage of the water, and therefore the engineer of the well, supported by two other men of science, of whom Arago was one, resolved to seek a supply by boring through the chalk into the subcretaceous strata or lower greensand, which were believed to form a continuous basin under Paris. At Elbœuf and at Rouen the chalk had actually been traversed, and the water had risen at the former locality to a height of 109 feet above the level of the sea. The surface of the ground at Grenelle is 104 feet above the level of the sea, and is nearer the

inland outcrop of the water-bearing greensand, for this point is the same as the lowest point of the valley of the Seine, which is above the greensand, and this point, Lusigny, near Troyes, to the south east of Paris, is about 300 feet above the level of Grenelle. It was inferred that, should they strike the lower greensand at Grenelle, the water would rise in the bore to a height considerably above the surface. On faith in these reasonings the boring was commenced, and after eight years of indefatigable labour, in spite of the sneers of the incredulous, was crowned with signal success. After traversing the series of strata, they came upon the spring at a depth of 1,800 feet below the surface. A supply of 800,000 gallons daily was obtained; the water rising to the level of 122 feet above the ground at Grenelle.

The water rises quite warm at the temperature of 80° Fahr., and is remarkably soft and pure; it is insufficiently aerated and has to run a considerable distance before being fit to drink. It is used for the municipal service of Paris. The pipes have occasionally to be taken out for the purpose of being cleansed from sand. The total cost was £14,500, including the expense of a double set of tubes and a large construction over the well; the first 1312 feet cost £4,000, but the whole could now be executed for about £10,000. The boring traversed 148 feet of tertiary strata, 1378 feet of chalk and 291 feet of greensand and gault; it was commenced with a diameter of 20 inches, reducing gradually to 8 inches at 1,771 feet, down to which it was lined with tubing, but below that it was not lined. The internal diameter of the tube in the narrowest portion was 6 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches. It was completed in the year 1841.

Another important boring was effected at Kissingen, in Bavaria, in the new red sand stone, for £6,666, the depth being 1878 feet. Probably the deepest spring yet tapped is that at Passy, which was reached after six

years' labour, in 1861, at a depth of 1,923 feet, when the water rose to the surface at the rate of 5,582,000 gallons per day, which has since diminished to 2,000,000 gallons per day. The expense of several borings in England, through chalk to an average depth of 1,000 feet, has been about £3,000 each. A well at Liverpool, called the Green Lane Well, is 185 feet deep. In the year 1850 it yielded 990,000 gallons per day; since which a boring 98 feet deep has been made from the bottom of it, increasing its yield to 2,413,00 gallons per day.

The water that supplies the fountains in Trafalgar Square is drawn from two wells—one in front of the National Gallery, 180 feet deep, 4 feet 6 inches in diameter; the other in Orange Street, of about the same depth, and 6 feet diameter; a horizontal driftway or tunnel, about 5 feet from the bottom of the shafts and 6 feet in diameter, connects the two. A boring was commenced at the bottom of each shaft, the total depth from the surface being 395 feet in the well by the National Gallery and 300 feet in the other. When the wells and tunnel are as full as possible they contain 122,000 gallons. The water is drawn from the chalk; the strata traversed are gravel, shifting sand, gravel, London clay 142 feet, thin layer of shells, plastic clay, greensand and chalk, the total depth to the chalk being 248 feet, and there are 147 feet of chalk traversed besides. About Cambridge there are many Artesian wells, one in the Geological Museum's yard, and one in the Fellows' Garden of this College. All these are from 130 feet to 150 feet in depth, bored through the gault to the greensand, at a cost of from £15 to £20 in all. About here there is no basin-shaped depression, but the strata slope upwards as you go from south-east to north-west; the outcrop of the greensand that holds this water is beyond Girton and Waterbeach, possibly as far as Ely, but it has been partly denuded in that direction.

The Algerian Government have been successful in procuring water from Artesian wells in the desert of Sahara; after a few weeks' labour a constant stream was produced at 78° Fahr., in one case of 144,000 gallons per day. The Arabs make settlements round these wells, which have thus a great civilizing effect.

As an example of the Chinese system of boring, an instance may be taken from the mines of Saarbruck. M. Sellon, the engineer, ventilated the mines by shafts sunk in this manner, 18 inches in diameter, and several hundred feet deep. Boring is constantly employed to ascertain the character of the ground, as, for example, by Sir C. Wren when laying the foundation of St. Paul's Cathedral.

Two diagrams, making the hydrostatic action of these wells perfectly clear, will be found in the end of Buckland's *Bridgewater Treatise*. It will be plain, from what has been said above, that it is impossible to predict with positive certainty that a boring will in a certain locality produce water, though it can sometimes be said with certainty that it would not. Geological faults will modify the action of the water bearing strata. For example, in a mine the works were stopped in one shaft by water at a depth of 90 fathoms or so, while in a shaft close to the former they penetrated down 200 fathoms without being stopped, owing to the existence of an impervious fault between the two. Very shortly after the completion of the great well at Grenelle, similar works were undertaken in England, but with unequal success. A well of 1054 feet was sunk at Chichester, down to the upper greensand, but what little water was obtained seemed to come from a higher level, on account of its low temperature. The boring at Southampton was abandoned at a depth of 1317 feet in the chalk marl, without securing any valuable supply of water. A great number of Artesian wells had meanwhile been sunk in the tertiary strata of both London and Hamp-

shire, which resulted in lowering the level at which the water stood in previously made wells, shewing that the supply was far from unlimited. At Highgate a boring was made, intending to go down to the lower greensand, but after traversing the tertiary strata, chalk, marl, and gault in regular geological succession, the lower greensand was found to be wanting. A similar failure was encountered at Harwich, where, as in a similar case at Calais, the bore came upon the transition rocks of a very early geological period without meeting the lower greensand at all. This was the more remarkable as it had afforded a supply of water at Stowmarket, a short distance from Harwich, where it was found in its usual geological position. Great practical experience of the various conditions of the loose strata, which modify the resistance, to be met with, is desirable in boring a shaft; on this account the boring of Artesian wells is strictly an empirical art, just as it is on account of the uncertainty as to the continuity of the underground strata.

TLIRYABAH.



BOAT SONG.

(*Cf.* THE LADY OF THE LAKE, Canto II. XIX.)

τρίτον τόδ' ἤδη τῶν τριῶν παλαισμάτων.—ÆSCH. EUM.

HAIL to our Stroke, for the third time victorious!
 Long may old Putney his victories know!
 Or, if are ended, his triumphs thrice-glorious!
 Long may he teach us the right way to row!
 Long may he coach our crews!
 Long all our faults abuse!
 Teach us to catch the beginning, and then
 Pull the oar fairly through,
 Plenty of work to do,
 Using our legs and our stretchers like men!
 'Ours is no sapling chance-sown by the fountain:'
 Tough as the oak, and as hard as the pine,
 Lithe as a leopard, and firm as a mountain,
 Fierce as a crocodile waiting to dine,
 Goldie, triumphant thrice,
 Grasped his oar in a vice,
 Steadily rowing his calm thirty-eight:
 Darbshire felt defeat;
 Lesley was fairly beat;
 Houblon succumbed before Goldie and fate.
 Low was our lot when Etona the beautiful
 Parted with Goldie and gave him to Cam:
 "Take him," she cried, "he is manly, yet dutiful,
 Bold as a lion, and meek as a lamb."
 How he has done his work,
 Never was known to shirk,

Deep is engraved in the tablets of fame:
 Fortune once on him frowned;
 Goldie soon brought her round,
 Cancelling years of disaster and shame.

Oft had we seen by the ait of old Chiswick
 Dark Blue on Light Blue relentless
 Oft had we swallowed (detestable physic!)
 Tears of disgust, disappointment, and pain:
 But now the age of gold,
 Oft by our bards foretold,
 Brightly has beamed through the cloud of dark blue:
 Cam, Eton, Putney, then,
 Echo his praise again,
 Three cheers for Goldie, and three for his Crew!

ARCULUS.



THE STAINED GLASS IN THE CHAPEL
 OF S. JOHN'S COLLEGE.

II.

THE FIVE WINDOWS OF THE APSE.

By Messrs. Clayton and Bell.

INSERTED by Earl Powis, at a cost of £2000.
 They bear the following inscription:
 "In Majorem Dei Gloriam et in Honorem
 Divi Johannis Evangelistæ Fenestras hujus apsidis
 Vitreis ornari curavit Edvardus Jacobus Comes de
 Powis, LL.D., Summus Academiae Seneschallus.
 A. S. MDCCLXIX."

The mixture of faults and excellencies in these windows is so near "half and half" that it is difficult to say in one word whether they are good or bad. Taking the first requisite as of the greatest importance, and looking whether they are transparent or not, the decision is strongly against them—they are bad; and yet they admit a great quantity of light, they are full of white glass. If we look for beauty, standing at the eagle say, we find very little, for the colours are so strong and deep that the design can scarcely be made out; a figure here and there is prominent, but many are lost, faces overpowered by a strong nimbus, or limbs visible enough, but the body to which they belong mingling with the indistinct mass of ground and foreground. And

if we move backwards and stand at the screen the effect is no better, but worse, for then the colours run one into the other and neither begin nor end; the *spotty* appearance, which is so objectionable, is very distinct; the impression of the "design," which is forced upon us, is—that the artist intended to reproduce on a larger scale, the *topmost lights of the hall windows*, and failed in transparency. And yet when we come close and examine the details we find very great beauty, colours admirably suited to one another, exactly toned to stand side by side, figures and inanimate objects and flowers very finely delineated filling up the whole of the space, &c., &c.; in fact, that the faults are most observable at a distance, and the beauties at close quarters. But some of the drawing is not what might have been expected of Messrs. Clayton and Bell. There are arms of a length suitable only for legs; there are hands made any shape, or no shape; and, most noticeable of all, there are lots of faces and forms which have no expression at all in them, mere stiff figures or flat faces, which may or may not express anything, and this is a fault that time will increase rather than diminish; the brown pigment will wear off in time, at any rate some of it, and then the faces will be little more than discs of greyish white glass. There is, however, one excellent point which may be mentioned here before entering into the details of the pictures, which is, that in spite of all the crowding and copying of conventionalities, the designs do illustrate admirably the texts, and sometimes in a strikingly original manner. The fourth window shews this as well as any: Nicodemus is there figured bringing the "mixture of myrrh and aloes, about an hundred pounds weight," and on account of the greatness of the parcel of spices, he has his pages with him to carry part of it, and they carry it in the conventional scent-jars, according to custom.

The Choir windows form one series, beginning at the Westernmost on the North side with the first Miracle at Cana of Galilee, and the Record of John Baptist "Ecce Agnus Dei," and proceeding with the New Testament history in regular order. The series culminates in these Five windows of the Apse, which represent the events of the first Good Friday, the Sabbath, and Easter Day, viz.:—the washing, anointing, agony, and betrayal of the eve of the dreadful day; the trials, mocking, and scourging upon the day; the pilgrimage to Calvary, crucifixion, commending Mary to S. John, and the descent from the cross; the quietness of the grave on the Sabbath, Joseph of Arimathæa begging the body, and the women and disciples mourning over it, the entombment, and preparations for embalming; the glorious resurrection upon Easter Day, the visit of Peter and John to the sepulchre, Mary Magdalene's visit and the appearance to her. As many of these subjects as can be are illustrations of texts from S. John's Gospel. It will be found that nineteen out of the twenty are of scenes referred to by S. John, the only exception being the agony in Gethsemane in the first window, so full of incident is his account.

A table of the subjects is given in *The Eagle* for June, 1869.

In the circle in the head of each window a half figure of Christ appears in one of His capacities; five of them.

And in the top of each light is a group of Adorers from the Church, gazing upwards, and singing their *Te Deum Laudamus*; ten of them.

In the middle of each light is shewn the principal fact of the text.

And at the bottom underneath it a scene, on a smaller scale, depicting some event bearing upon the principal scene.

I. THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. Patriarchs. | 4. Kings. |
| 2. Washing the Disciples' feet.
(The hand and arm of Christ are stiff and ill-drawn, and the figures are crowded together in a most disorderly way). | 5. The Agony.
(So little room is given for the three disciples who are asleep that they have to sit to it). |
| 3. Mary anointing the feet of Jesus.
(The Mary is Magdalene, distinguished by her long flowing golden hair. But the locks are of a different shade of yellow from the hair of the head). | 6. The Betrayal.
(The crowd of disciples stand stiff and stupid, in strange contrast with a single man of the mob who has fallen at Christ's words, "I am he," he lies writhing while they stand lifeless and immoveable). |

II. THE TRUE MANNA.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. Prophets. | 4. Priests. |
| 2. Jesus before Caiaphas.
(Caiaphas is rending his clothes, tearing the outer robe down the breast, and exposing the under dress of scarlet). | 5. Jesus before Pilate.
(The bearded priests gesticulating violently). |
| 3. Jesus Bound.
(A rivulet runs at His feet). | 6. The Scourging.
(Our Lord is tied with His back to a pillar, a new rod is being bound together, to replace one which lies about in fragments). |

III. THE SPOTLESS LAMB.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. Apostles. | 4. Apostolic Men. |
| 2. The Crucifixion, "Consummatum est."
(The Virgin, S. John, Mary Magdalene, and the Centurion appear in this picture, and advantage has been taken of the opportunity to introduce the Eagle of S. John as the | 5. The Descent from the Cross.
(The Virgin, S. John, Mary Magdalene, Joseph of Arimathæa, and two disciples are figured.
The form of the cross is the conventional one of art). |

Roman Eagle with which the shield of the Centurion is charged.

The armour of the warrior is, if I mistake not, some centuries before its date, and he has the long cross sword of a crusader).

3. Christ Bearing the Cross.

6. "Et ex illa hora accepit eam discipulus in sua."

(But for this inscription it would be hard to say what the picture suggests. S. John and the Virgin are entering a porch within eye-shot of the naked cross; the lily of the Virgin is introduced).

IV. CHRIST IN APOCALYPTIC VISION.

Rev. i. 12....

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. Men Martyrs. | 4. Women Martyrs. |
| 2. Lamenting over the Body.
(The colour of the body is the same as that of the faces of the three Maries). | 5. Entombment.
(Here there is a perfect "multitude in a narrow place," three Maries, Joseph, S. John, Salome, and Nicodemus). |
| 3. Joseph Begging the Body.
(The Centurion is there telling Pilate that Jesus is dead). | 6. Nicodemus with his pages bringing the spices. |

V. THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

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|---|---|
| 1. Bishops and Doctors. | 4. Priests and Deacons. |
| 2. The Resurrection.
"Ego sum resurrectio et vita."
(Christ holds the resurrection banner in His hand in every picture after the resurrection). | 5. Appearance to Mary Magdalene.
"Noli me tangere."
(Christ holds the resurrection banner in His hand in every picture after the resurrection). |
| 3. S. S. Peter and John at the Sepulchre. | 6. Mary Magdalene and the two Angels at the Tomb. |

It is a good thing for these windows that some of them cannot be seen from a distance, it would lend no charm. The artist has arranged his effects for a near view, keeping all the figures small and drawing them delicately; the bad effect of the middle window is partly due to this, it is alone properly visible from a distance, and being intended for no such long view

loses by it. The leads, although unnecessarily broad, are not intrusive, every advantage is taken of shadow and outline to hide them, and very successfully, for the amount of lead made use of in these windows is immense, the network of lead is remarkably intricate; if this uniformity in the size of meshes adds at all to the repose of the piece no doubt it is a good point, but the temptation to be impatient at so childish a method is scarcely to be resisted when it goes the length of cutting a limb into three pieces, or dotting a light blue robe with white, in order to prevent a broad patch of blue, or a long white arm, from attracting undue attention; even the distraction of an intrusive patch is less unpleasant than the annoyance of a lead interrupting the line. The indispensable lead is always very much in the way in a glass picture; the wonder is that in these pictures, which have so much, it is not more annoying. A capital "wrinkle" is made use of here which is found in King's windows—where the mouth of the tomb is shewn, a large piece of dark glass occurs which is quite opaque; the ill effect of this is overcome by training a tendril across it, with a stalk and two or three leaves, in white glass; and once by allowing the bole of a tree to stand in front of it; at the same time the blackness of the cavern is more vividly shewn by the contrast. The very simple but effective device of putting a narrow line of white glass round the inside of each opening to mark out the design of the stonework distinctly is used in all the choir windows; these five have also a coloured border, which adds to the richness of the glass but reduces the scale of the figures. All the faces, except that of Judas, are made of white glass, or nearly white, which is, perhaps, the worst of all for shewing any features.

But the rules of the style under which the work is executed must be obeyed, and this necessity takes some of the responsibility off the artist's shoulders, still, he need not make his people all pale-faced

patients, with transparent heads and smooth faces, as empty as they are round. One piece of glass in the centre window deserves especial notice; the light ruby ground of the circle in which the Agnus Dei stands is as fine a piece as can be imagined—transparent, light, beautiful, brilliant, and yet soft and sober; it may be pronounced as nearly perfect as possible.

The conclusion to which a consideration of these windows irresistibly leads us is that they are not of the highest order, but nevertheless that they are far above the lowest—they suffer more from the workman than from the designer; the design is generally very good, but not always so, that absurd crowding of figures is a frequent and great fault, but they serve their main purpose of decoration admirably, and are in keeping with the magnificence of the building, and upon the whole are not unworthy of the honourable place which they occupy.

W. L. W.

April 3, 1872.



ART EDUCATION.

TO a stranger to England who visits our Royal Academy Exhibition in London, during the summer, there must be an opportunity for reflections of an interesting nature.

The crowds of people who throng the room, of all classes of society, prove what number there are who take a pleasure in works of art.

Now, I believe, the unfelt influence of paintings upon human taste and judgment to be incalculable.

By a kind of mental chemistry, with which we are as yet imperfectly acquainted, the pictures we see influence our minds and mould our feelings and morals. Occasionally this is quite evident. A well-composed historical picture has often revived an antique fashion, and one many years ago, of a lady in a red cloak, made Regent Street for a time like a geranium walk.

These results are evident to our eyes, and also the manner in which they came about, but it must be, that fresh modifications of the public mind are produced each year by the art brought out in the preceding. But not only does national art modify national taste—the art, the dress, the architecture, of a nation is almost always partially the outgrowth of the national character.

If we take a general view of the present schools of art in Germany, France, and England, we cannot fail to observe the peculiar solid English character, with its dash of grotesque and sometimes sorrowful humour.

The German resemblance to it, with its peculiar shade of difference, and the French philosophical vanity.

Thus it seems to be—a people, no less than an individual, is compelled to leave in each trivial act in each painting, each song, each building, a vestige of its character for posterity to read.

Now, upon looking at the walls of our academy, and excepting a few pictures of a certain stamp and of the highest class, it is my opinion that there is an extraordinary deficiency of refined education.

Watts, in his speech before the commission of the House of Commons, says, “It appears to me, to be nothing short of a phenomenon that English art should so little express the peculiar qualities of English character and history. The power and solid magnificence of English enterprise is almost without corresponding expression in English art.

If it be true that the mind of a painter influences his work, it is clear that in order to improve the morals of a people a painter must be good, and in order to elevate them he must be refined.

The latter, I think, is exactly the defect we find in English painters; they are truthful, morally good, and pure in conception, but trivial, and often—very often—tinged with vulgarity. This, I suspect, is at the bottom of the charges of crudity of colour that are so often brought against us. The French, with more elegant national taste than we, have refined until they have chased the colour from the canvass, and converted many of their figures into affected clothes-pegs.

In England, at present, our painters cannot be accused of a want of study of truth, and it is a hopeful sign of future progress, but this pursuit of truth appears to me to have led a large number of modern painters, and almost the whole of the critical press, into a great error.

I contend that to make a painter a reproducer of nature, and nothing more, is to degrade him nearly to the level of a photographic camera. Of what use is it for a painter to paint us a cottage and some figures, or a landscape and trees, when we can go out and see the works of a far greater painter, almost every day, unless he also mean to teach us some lessons about those trees and cottages—to make us look at them, and go away with fresh ideas?

Landseer, who has such a magical influence over the minds of lower animals, has shewn us the resemblance between our passions and sorrows and those of the brutes, and taught us to see in their faces a faint reflection of our own. Hogarth has sent us back to read the history of his times with a new insight into its morals.

The magnificent idealization of Mrs. Siddons, by Sir J. Reynolds, is calculated to improve our idea of the great actress. Could the scene itself, if we could view it, impress us with the great and glorious ideas that Turner has placed on canvass in "Crossing the Brook" or the "Temeraire."

Poets and painters go through the world with other eyes than common spectators, and they are to blame if they do not shew us what they see, if they do not, as it were lend us the glass from which the commonest objects take their glorious hues.

If there is nothing more in a picture than an exact faithful transcript of nature, I should feel inclined to ask why should this pains and labour be spent in producing what I may see far better for myself? For my part, I do not care to have all surrounding countries brought into my sitting-room. I prefer to view them myself under the open sky; and mere copying must always be defective, for colour never can precisely rival nature.

A great portion of artistic labour in our country is devoted to book illustrations. These are so popular

that they can hardly fail to have an enormous effect in diffusing a taste for drawing and for judging of drawing; and how must we regret the large portion of them that are worse than useless, that are spreading either a taste for false art—art that is untrue—while it reflects the mean mind of its creator, or, not less dangerous, art that contents itself with mere inert mediocrity, striving to teach no lesson, to serve no end, but only to procure a good demand.

The class of artists, swelled as it is to gigantic proportions by our present requirements, is an active national teacher. It has almost as much as that of poetry, the power either to elevate or to degrade.

Just as our poets complain that a prosaic exactitude fetters the poetry of the present day—that all is required to be possible and probable, and extravagance so pitilessly pursued, that many a noble flight of fancy is clipped in the wing—so, I believe, that our art is fettered in the same manner. An exacting public is too ready to cry "ridiculous" as soon as any painter attempts to portray ideas out of the common. It is not altogether so in poetry; we have, now and then, a few imitations of the style of the old poets which are not laughed at because rather quaint. And if a painter is illustrating Dante or Tennyson, it seems that a conventional leave is granted him to turn the order of the universe upside down for the nonce. But let a painter presume, like Blake, to see angels in trees, and his fate is sealed; he must be a firm man if he is not laughed out of it.

A true painting, I think, should be a representation not of nature but of the picture of nature that the artist would have if he shut his eyes for a few moments. He must study, well and truthfully; he cannot look too much nor attend too much to his perspective and to reality; but, for my part, I wish to see, if I can, what is painted on the mental retina of the artist, not what I can see for myself.

In olden days the idea of painting was different; men saw with their mind's eye both the outside and inside of a house, and did not scruple to paint it; nay, they even sometimes put the same figure in twice in different positions, for few fetters shackle thought. This, I think, was the secret of much that the old masters did.

If, then, we are to improve our national school of painting, before all it is necessary that we give our artists a refined education.

Let us take a glance at the position of art in Cambridge. We have here half our students mastering the greatest examples of ancient poetry, and, philologically, dissecting it fibre from fibre; we have excellent musical societies, and buildings loaded with architecture; we have copies of Greek sculpture, and a Slade Professor of Art to come down and lecture to a scanty audience now and then.

But I do not think, considering the funds at the disposal of the University, that enough is done. In order really to encourage painting it would be necessary to found Art Scholarships, to be given to promising young men recommended by the Royal Academy as likely one day to be among our leading artists.

They could hardly study painting so well as in London, but the benefit of a University education would be very great, and would influence all their future work.

The advantages would be mutual. There would be a great good to our University from the formation of an Art Studio, where those fond of painting could go and make the acquaintance of some young men who were going to make it a profession. It is required. The trash that is exhibited in the shop windows of Cambridge is a disgrace to us as a University.

It is not sufficient that we should have money to buy the services of a Scott when we wish to build

a grand chapel, any rich merchant can do that; we want the art among us here—our own. Our Universities ought to be examples to England for their taste and judgment in what is beautiful and graceful.

We have a noble endowment; it has been expended in building a magnificent Museum, containing a few good works and a large number of productions of very questionable merit. We have directed all our energies as yet to pulling down one staircase in order to build another, and intend to do the same with the cupola, and for this we are to pay £11,000.

In criticizing this expenditure, and in remarking how little we have done for the actual promotion of art, I cannot call it wise. The available funds are very considerable, they are an important trust. When the great and good works that Cambridge has already done, the encouragement she has already given to other branches of learning, are considered, it must be hoped that in this particular also she will not be deficient; that she will not only employ the money in beautifying the town, but will widen her sphere of usefulness and influence to circles where it is as yet unfelt, by taking some steps for the permanent improvement of art in England.*

* The present vexatious and unnecessary rules regarding the copying of pictures in the Fitzwilliam Museum, which forbid the taking of even a pencil outline in a pocket-book even of some plaster cast, such as the famous Hercules, without sometimes a delay of a month, and many tedious formalities, might, for example, be modified.



FROM EDEN HEAVENWARDS.

"The Fall was a gigantic stride in the development of Humanity."
SCHILLER.

*Two Angels are looking down upon the cradle of a
sleeping infant.*

FIRST ANGEL.

THE spirits of evil are prayed away
And the dews of sleep descend:
The babe may slumber till break of day,
For heavenly guards attend.

Ah see! dear sister; the fresh sweet smile
Blooms forth from the calm within;
From a soul that fears not faithless guile,
That knows not care or sin.

SECOND ANGEL.

Yet the days will come, when the brow is sad
And the pure sweet peace is gone;
When the eyes can see but the mean and bad
In the faces they gaze upon.

FIRST ANGEL.

As soft as the rose-bud's blushing grace
As sweet as the blossoming bed,
Is the dainty bloom on the infant's face,
And the breath of the pillowed head.

SECOND ANGEL.

The storm shall burst, and the tempest rave;
Its fury shall scatter the bloom;
And only the grass that decks the grave
Shall cover the flow'ret's tomb.

FIRST ANGEL.

O sister, dear sister, why is it not given
To carry this blossom away,
In its fresh bright spring to the courts of heaven
To the kingdom of ceaseless day?

Here tempests wait it, and storms annoy,
And wanderings from the fold,
There Christ shall give it eternal joy
Firm-clasped in His love's strong hold.

SECOND ANGEL.

That cannot be given: the Father's home
Needs other than infant guests:
Tho' many a little one thither hath come,
And there in His bosom rests.

Not only a child He seeks: but a son
Who hath stood in the battle of life;
Who hath borne the burden, and through Him won
The wreath in the weary strife.

The elder brother hath shewn the way,
Through sorrow made perfect at last;
And the spirits resplendent in deathless day
Through life's long battle have past.

Then courage, dear sister: this babe so still
The fierceness of fight must prove,
Must share in His hope, His work, His will;
To be meet for a Father's love.



THE THREE DEGREES OF PROPORTION.

“Proportion consists in three terms at least.”—EUCLID.

“WELL, Charlie! I will tell you all about it.”

It was on the 27th of June, 1871, and I had just been to Lord's cricket-ground, witnessing the fatal demolition of the wickets representing our beloved University before the balls of that terrible young Oxonian, Butler.

I was just coming away, disappointed at the result of the match, and also at having met no old acquaintances, to speak of, when I suddenly tumbled upon Charlie Prentis, or rather, as I should say, the Rev. Charles Prentis, M.A., late Fellow of St. Boniface's College, Cambridge, who in old days used to be my greatest chum and walking companion, and whom I had not seen for some ten years.

We were both delighted at the meeting, and I got him to come home to dinner with me, at my mother's snug little house at Stoke Newington.

It was after dinner, when my mother and sisters had gone out for some evening engagement, and we two were having a quiet weed in the study, that we began to recount our several advances in life since we had left college, and that, my turn having now come, I gave account of myself somewhat after the following manner.

I daresay you remember how I came out in my Tripos—13th Wrangler, you know—and then I went

in for the Classical, hoping to meet with sufficient success in that line to tempt my college into rewarding me with a fellowship. But it was no go, for I only got a second-class, and our men had been so successful about that time, that I knew I had no chance. My sisters suggested that I should give a grand ball, having secured a number of attractive girls (themselves included, I presume), and invite thereto all the Fellows of my College, with a view to tempting them to disqualify themselves by matrimonial alliances, thereby creating vacancies for such as myself. But, doubting the practicability of this scheme, I manfully determined to go in for teaching, not feeling serious enough for the Church. I had gone on grinding at this for two or three years, in a rather small way, when my College at last gave a practical recognition of my fairly successful career by appointing me second master at Paxton Grammar School, of which, you know, they have the control.

The salary was good, but I found that it might be much increased by taking boarders to live with me. Accordingly, I adopted this plan, and secured a respectable gentlewoman as housekeeper, to manage my domestic affairs, look after the boys' clothes, and all that. But somehow the respectable lady didn't answer. None of the boys liked her, the servants hated her, she snubbed me openly and kept me under her thumb, and, worse than all, the housekeeping expenses were so inordinately large that I found I could save nothing.

One day I mentioned my difficulties to our headmaster, Dr. Larruper, whereupon he slapped me on the back, and said, “Jones, you want a wife! that's what it is. Look at me! I have no trouble of the sort. Mrs. Larruper takes all the responsibility upon herself, and manages much better than I should, as the account-books shew, if nothing else does.”

“Ah! yes Doctor,” said I, “but I don't suppose

there's another woman in the world like Mrs. Larruper." "Oh! yes, bless you, there are—plenty," replied the Doctor, who was a sensible man, and said what he thought, though it might sound like undervaluing his wife.

Pondering over the possibility of following the Doctor's advice, I came home to spend part of the Christmas vacation with my mother here.

Soon after my arrival, my sisters and I received an invitation from Mrs. Wilson to a quiet evening party, with a request to bring some music.

Mrs. Wilson was a widow lady whom we had known for years—she lived with two grown-up daughters, who were almost like sisters to me, so free and unrestrained had our intercourse always been.

As I had not much time to spend at home, I felt rather bored at the invitation, until my sister Lucy casually informed me that the three Misses Crace were going to be there. I had a vague recollection of having seen two of them there before, and of having been struck with their personal appearance on that occasion, so that the news dissipated my listlessness to a wonderful extent.

Well! you see, I went; and committed myself directly I got into the room, for, being near-sighted and having a bad memory for faces, I went up and shook hands with Miss Fanny Crace, the youngest and prettiest of the three, whereas it was only the other two, Marion and Emily, that I had seen before. But they were so much alike.

When I had had time to collect my senses after the whole display of female beauty, my mind settled down upon the Craces.

They were all nice-looking. Miss Fanny was a little pale, but clear in complexion, with beautiful dark auburn hair, and played the piano with great execution. Miss Emily was of somewhat fuller proportions and fresher colour than her sister Fanny; sang well, but

did not play much. Miss Marion was of somewhat fuller proportions than Miss Emily, had the freshest colour and the greatest show of good humour of the three; and neither played nor sang that evening.

I remembered a circus advertising some of their troupe as the "Bounding Brothers," and it struck me, upon seeing this fine trio of females, that they might not inaptly be similarly called the "Bouncing Sisters." Yet when, in the course of the evening, we extemporized a dance, and I was honoured with the arms of all three—not all at once, you know—I found that they were so agile as to deserve equally well the former epithet.

Among the gentlemen there were a Mr. Merritt, a delicate tenor with light hair and a repertoire of comic songs, and also a German gentleman, Herr Trotzleit, who amused me much during the evening by his awkward style of dancing.

Whether the dance were mazurka, waltz, polka, or galop, he adopted the same uniform method of getting over the ground, knowing only one step (if indeed he could be said to know that), and most persistently offering himself to all the ladies, to their evident distress.

Miss Fanny, especially, was so plainly dreading a repetition of the torture, that I asked her to dance a good many times—out of pure pity, you know.

Then the two younger sisters brought forward Henry Leslie's trio, "O memory," in which Miss Fanny asked me to take the third part, but everybody declared it would be too high for me, so that Mr. Merritt did it instead, at which I was madly jealous.

In short, I was smitten deeply by the charms of Miss Fanny, who had suited me exactly as a dancing partner, smiled graciously upon all my pleasantries, and accompanied me on the pianoforte in a favorite song of mine to perfection. I did not play at all myself, but was so fond of amusing myself by singing,

that I had always considered this last accomplishment as a chief requisite in a wife.

After handing Miss Fanny into her carriage (Mr. Merritt was partaking of a glass of stout at the time), I found the dance had no further attractions, and speedily retired, to spend the night in rapturous dreams.

But alas for my newly-awakened hopes! On calling next day at the Wilsons', and judiciously fishing for information about the Misses Crace, I was astounded to hear that Miss Fanny was engaged to the light-haired tenor, of whom she had taken hardly any notice all the evening. "O memory!" cried I (to myself, you know).

So there was no hope for me in that quarter. But after all, I remembered that my feelings had been pretty well divided between her and Miss Emily who sang so sweetly, and no doubt could play, too, at a scratch.

Most fortunately they had taken away my sister's fan in mistake for one of theirs, so that I had a good excuse for calling upon them at their house at Edmonton. I saw only the mother and Miss Emily, and the latter looked so nice—away from her sisters, and by the side of her mother—as to strengthen my already growing conviction that I might be happy yet.

Soon after this I had to return to my scholastic duties, leaving, however, a portion of my heart behind me, and, when February came, I determined to write Miss Emily a valentine. I thought it better not to send her an acrostic in Latin Elegiacs, as I had once before done to a lady, but wished to give her some opportunity of guessing whom it came from.

Accordingly, on the same principle as Mr. Sam Weller signed his amatory epistle with the name of his employer, I determined to place mine to the credit of the German gentleman, Herr Trotzleit.

This poetical effusion was as follows:—

My dear Miss Crace, you'd scarce believe
How much you've caused my heart to grieve.
Since I your beauty had to leave
After that dance on New Year's Eve.

There, Em'ly, (may I call you Emily?),
As I sat gazing on you dreamily,
I felt all fluttery and trem'le-y,
Like soft blancmange—excuse the simile.

You say that I can't dance? For shame!
I saw your sister making game
Because I danced them all the same,
The galop, the waltz, the what's-its-name.

But why should that my pleasure bound,
So long as I go round and round?
My limbs are strong, my lungs are sound—
In dance all minor cares are drowned.

You must have guessed where lay my taste,
When so expressively I placed
My arm around your taper waist.
Oh! let me not be now dis-Crace-d.

Should you accept my vows sincere,
At once inform your parents, dear;
Cold poverty you need not fear,
For I've six hundred pounds a year.

Then let us, with affection rife,
Be married. Thus, as man and wife,
"Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,"
We'll dance the long quadrille of life.

You'll be the mermaid, I the merman—
You Dorothea, I your Herman—
Although I'm what some people term an
Awkward little jumping German.

I felt sure she would know whom this came from, as we two had exchanged surreptitious smiles on the sorry figure cut by the gallant gentleman on that occasion.

But alas!

"Vain man to be thus confiding,
When so counter Fate's deciding,
All your boasted schemes deriding."

For, the following April, I received a letter from Miss Sophie Wilson, containing 'news that she thought might interest me,' to the effect that a grand double wedding had just taken place at Edmonton—Miss Fanny Crace was married to Mr. Merritt, the gentleman with the delicate tenor voice, and Miss Emily to the German gentleman I had met at their house. This latter affair was 'rather a hurried match, as Herr Trotzleit had only made the offer on the 20th February, after having paved the way for his addresses by sending her a funny valentine, which had charmed the recipient by its cleverness and unaffected candour.'

Fool that I was! I had been cutting my own throat (metaphorically speaking), and for some ten minutes was debating as to whether I should do so actually. But no! on second thoughts I decided that I would not deprive the world of my society for the present, as there was still a Miss Crace left.

This was the good-natured Miss Marion, who had, as well as I could make out, officiated at the aforementioned ceremony as a sort of double bridesmaid (for which office her ample proportions were probably considered especially to fit her).

But no one disputed that her heart was in the right place, while her fresh colour, lively manners, and robust, though graceful, appearance, shewed that her health was first-rate. I was told, moreover, that she was thoroughly domesticated; so that, after mature reflection, and additional trouble from my respectable gentlewoman housekeeper, I determined that, come what might, I would ask her hand, and prove to society that there were other people in the world quite as good as light-haired tenors or jumping Germans either.

I had had enough of valentines; besides which, I did not care to wait till the following February. So, when I next came home to Stoke Newington, I called at an early day upon the Wilsons, and making

a confidante of Miss Sophie, who heartily commended my choice, asked her to arrange an interview for me. For I was far too shy to call at the paternal mansion, where Marion was now left alone with her parents, to propose before their very faces the abstraction of their last remaining solace, the presumptive cushion-smoother of their approaching old age.

She promised to do the best she could for me, and within a few days I received a line from her (not on a half-penny card), stating that she had some reason to expect that Miss Marion would call at their house the next morning, about noon.

Need I tell you that I was up at six—that I donned my spiciest suit of clothes—that I purchased a sweet little flower for my button-hole—that I expended every art in persuading my somewhat thinning hair to stand out full and luxuriant—that I wore a hole in my mother's drawing-room carpet by pacing up and down the room—and that finally I reached Park Road so soon that I had to step into the cemetery for half-an-hour to cool down.

But as the hour struck, I went up to the door, and, knocking, expressed a desire to see Mrs. Wilson, fervently praying all the time that she might be out shopping, or in bed with the rheumatism, or something of the sort.

But no—she was at home, and I found her seated in the drawing-room with Marion, who was dressed in a duck of a bonnet, and a most fascinating fichu, looking as young, and fresh, and nice, and comfortable as ever.

She was agreeable to me, and joined with great spirit in the small-talk which usually enlivens morning-calls. We went on at this for some five minutes, when Mrs. Wilson was, providentially, called out of the room to see the carpenter, and, as both the girls were out for a walk, I was left alone with Miss Marion, and felt that my opportunity had now arrived.

"Miss Crace," said I, and something seemed to leap up my throat and nearly choke me, but I had no time to waste, and so went on, "Miss Crace, are you engaged?"

"What a funny question!" said she, good humouredly.

"Yes, but I mean it, Miss — Miss Marion!" I blurted out, "for I don't want the trouble of asking for your hand and heart, and all that, before I know whether the stock of comic tenors or little Germans is exhausted."

"What do you mean?" she cried, pretending to take offence, "do you mean to insult my brothers-in-law?"

"Oh, bother your brothers-in-law! I want to know whether you will have me for a husband, as I happen to be in want of a wife. And, really, you must make haste, for there's no knowing when Mrs. Wilson will be back."

"Well! but, indeed, sir, this proposal seems rather sudden. I have seen you—let's see—only four times."

"True," replied I, "it may seem sudden, but there's no helping it. In fact, I will tell you how the matter stands, and make a clean breast of it. When I met you and your sisters on New Year's Eve, I made up my mind that I must have one of you. Noticing that Miss Fanny played the pianoforte remarkably well, I thought that, *cæteris paribus*, she would be the best"—

"Oh, indeed!"

"But hearing the next morning that she was engaged, I then pitched upon Miss Emily."

"And why upon her?" she asked, with dignity somewhat ruffled.

"Oh! because—well! she sings very nicely, you know, and besides, I was always noted for my orderly habits—I like to do things in regular order."

"Ah! I see. Very exemplary, to be sure!"

"Yes, I gradually found myself falling deeply in love with her. 'Twas I—'twas my hand alone that penned the cruel shaft, in the shape of a valentine, destined (alas!) to be reflected against my own bosom, and to subvert my life's happiness," cried I, somewhat confusing my metaphors in this burst of eloquence.

"And so now, as I'm the next in order, you've come to me?"

"Precisely. I determined to have one of you, and the others are gone."

"So you must put up with me—I see. But what about your life's subverted happiness?"

"Oh! you can soon set that up again, if you will—by one word."

"Well! your's seems a very agile sort of character, turning topsy-turvy at pleasure."

"Yes, I never had any gravity to speak of," replied I, truthfully enough.

"But, to be serious," she went on, "you forget that I know very little of your worldly affairs. I have heard of your position at Paxton school. Have you any other employment?"

"I—no—that is, yes—I sometimes dabble in writing for the press, to earn an extra penny or two."

"Is it a high style of composition?" she asked.

"Well!" replied I, doubtfully, "I hardly know whether you would think it the highest style—I write for the comic papers. Perhaps you have noticed the series of articles headed 'Happy Deeds.'"

"What! you the author of those 'Happy Deeds'? Oh, how delightful! I have so often wished I could know that *dear* man. Yes, I will have you! I'll risk it."

"Oh, joy!" cried I, aloud, but at this moment the door opened and Mrs. Wilson returned. Feeling the situation was awkward, I borrowed a wrinkle from

the "Frogs" of Aristophanes, and went on, as if I had not noticed her entry:

"—— to see the little birds,
As plaintively from bough to bough
They hop, with hearts too full for words ——"

"Why! what are you two up to now?" exclaimed Mrs. Wilson, obligingly completing the stanza for me.

I turned to Marion, who was laughing too heartily to speak, and so I explained matters.

"My dear Mrs. Wilson, this is the happiest moment of my life. What need to hide our secret? Miss Grace has just consented to become Mrs. Popkin Jones!"

"Popkin Jones!" cried Marion, with horror, "No, never! You deceitful man, you never said a word about that!"

"Pardon me, adorable Marion," replied I, "in my joy I was forgetting myself. That is only a 'nom de plume' I have occasionally adopted. My real name," continued I, drawing myself up to my full height, "is Herbert Montague de Ponsonby Jones."

"Ah! that is rather better, but I've a great mind not to have you after all—it would serve you right—only I should be punishing myself at the same time."

"Oh, indeed!" said Mrs. Wilson.

Need I tell you, after all this, what a capital wife she has made me—in fact I often tell her, that she is worth her weight in gold. Herr Trotzleit has failed in business, which misfortune so preyed upon Emily's mind that she ran away with a big Scotchman; while, as for poor Fanny, she is supposed to be in a slow consumption.

But I have no more rows with respectable house-keepers—Marion manages everything beautifully, and is quite a mother to the boys, as well as to our own children and myself. She plays well enough to accompany me, and sings some of those simple ballads which one never tires of; she darns stockings beautifully, and makes nice pies, and, more than all—oh,

rare female accomplishment!—she understands arithmetic up to the rule of three.

She is perhaps a shade stouter than she was, but wears uncommonly well; and as for jealousy, I don't know what it means, for I'm sure no one could run away with my wife, if they tried ever so.

B. R.

TOO SOON.

THE air is soft, the mavis calls;
In vernal floods the sunshine falls:
Thou smilest, Spring, but ah, too soon
Before the year has lived a moon!
'Tis sweet, 'tis passing sweet, to feel
Once more thy breath about us steal,
And wake the vernal pulse that brings
A glowing hope of better things;
But even thy joy were bought too dear
By the sad ruin of the year.
Haste then away, nor tempt too long
The foe who sleeps but still is strong;
Haste! nor with lingering smile allure
Thy bright buds from their dreams secure,
Lest thy lost treasures to regain
Even Summer's self should glow in vain.

C.



TEMPORA MUTANTUR:

I KNOW of no sensations in this world at once so pleasurable and so painful, as those awakened by a visit to one's old school after an absence of some years; pleasurable, because we again explore the scenes and recall to mind the companions and pastimes of many happy hours, again behold old friends and familiar faces, and learn from their kindly greetings, that though lost to sight we are not entirely forgotten; painful, because we too often find, those old scenes and customs changed; those old friends dead or gone; our own peculiar places filled by strangers and ourselves mere nobodies, where we were wont to be first and chiefest. To a man of so conservative a turn of mind as myself the feeling of pain on such occasions considerably predominates. Alterations may have been made with the best intentions; may, I grant, fully answer the purpose, for which they were set on foot; yet they are alterations and as such they are always hateful to me. I know very well, that high and spacious dwelling rooms are more healthy than low and confined ones; that sleeping apartments are preferable in proportion to the small number of their occupants; that the Eton Latin Grammar and Greek Iambics are perhaps not the best training in the world for future cotton-lords or manufacturing chemists; yet the old system of teaching turned out many great good and successful men; those funny old halls with their low ceilings, narrow windows and odd nooks

and corners did their duty well enough, and I am right loath to see them altered.

It so happened that last year having a spare day or two after returning from the Continent and before settling to work again, I determined to run over to Birchborough and have a look at my old school, which I had not seen, since I left it as head boy several years previously. At that period Dr. Rodwell occupied the throne, an awful despot, before whose glance the stoutest heart in the school would quail; a sonorous voice had he, for rolling out passages of Homer or Æschylus; an arm too, strong to wield the birch, as many a luckless urchin could testify. But advancing age and thirty years of teaching had told on those once gigantic powers, and he is now comfortably settled in a country vicarage with the prospect of the next bishopric that falls vacant. His successor is a man of very different calibre; an able scholar, but a professor of the new-fashioned views which I abhor, and withal my senior by so few years, that I am disposed to regard him with a familiarity, which closely borders on contempt. The old slow-going trustees also have replaced by a new governing body, who talk of removing the school to another site. These changes, grievous in my eyes, formed my chief inducement for paying my visit, before such desecration could be perpetrated.

I do not care to own how my heart beat, the nearer we approached the town. As the train sped through the adjoining country, familiar objects kept flashing before my eyes; there lie the meadows, which always seemed so interminably long at "hare and hounds!" there is the level-crossing with the old gate-keeper, whom we used to drive wild with peas on our journeys home! there the river and the boat-houses! the cricket field with the boys playing! the school-tower peeping up among the trees! and here we are at last in the station, that station so dear to

us all as the half-year drew to a close, so hateful, when it received us back at the end of the holidays. How different the present scene from that, which presented itself when last I set foot on this platform. Then I was the hero of the hour, the cynosure of every eye, leaving the school as its head boy; surrounded by outstretched hands all eager for one last grasp of mine; and started on my journey amid the enthusiastic cheers of my comrades. Now I arrive, an ordinary and insignificant stranger, with no one to greet me but the porter, who takes my luggage and the 'bus-drivers touting for their several hotels. Such moments make a man feel old, hardened and misanthropical.

However, I am at once seized on by one of the aforesaid 'bus-drivers, and before many minutes have elapsed find myself sole occupant of the Green Dragon coffee-room, in the proud position of an "old fellow." "An old fellow!" what a glorious state we considered it when youngsters ourselves; how we admired and envied these same "old fellows!" what "swells" we thought them! nothing to do; no one to fag for; plenty of money; and the power of getting-up when they liked. Jones junior, who has spent his last shilling on cakes some weeks ago, whispers to his chum Smith tertius, all the great things he will do when he comes down as an old fellow; how he'll buy lots of things; not get up till twelve o'clock; and above all, pay off old Snorter "for that beastly imposition" he set him the other day. Such were my feelings once, my young friend; how different now! I'm an "old fellow," but I care for none of these things. I am most amicably disposed towards the Rev. S. Snorter, though, I've no doubt, he has set me many an imposition in my time; as for the cakes, which you regard as not far short of ambrosia, I should be sorry to touch anything so unwholesome; and I am inclined to believe that Master Jones, with

his inky fingers and five hundred lines, to whom half-a-crown would be a small fortune, is a far happier fellow than I with nothing to do and the power to call for what I will "at mine inn," and pay for it too. Ah! those "days that are no more;" we never value them properly until they are past beyond recall; 'tis the same all through life; we are ever looking forward and thus failing to enjoy to the full the pleasures of the moment; in childhood we long for our school-days to arrive; at school for college life; at college for the time when we shall earn our own bread, and then for such a period as shall enable us after our life's labour to retire to ease and rest; after that there only remains the final rest which awaits all men alike.

The head-master receives me, when I call, with great courtesy, nay I should say heartiness, when I consider that we are total strangers; and I am invited by him to luncheon. How strange are my feelings on entering the old house once again; can this be the dining-room? that room, which to my formerly inexperienced gaze, seemed a spacious and magnificent saloon; alas it has shrunk into a chamber of the most ordinary dimensions. The study too with its rows upon rows of books, its dim light and formidable array of birches; all its terrors are fled, its presiding genius gone, who used to sit like some Minos or Rhadamanthus glowering on his victims from the surrounding gloom. Nor do I feel greater qualms on entering its once awful shade than I should on stepping into a London Eating-House.

During our conversation at lunch, I am told of numerous alterations which are contemplated; the whole system of education is to be changed and the school divided into classical and modern sides; natural science and chemistry classes are to be started, and a laboratory built when the schools are moved. The mention of the last named circumstance, as an event

shortly to be expected, rouses me to action and I hotly deprecate the advisability of such a step. To think that the old walls with their crumbling stonework and mellow tints, their carved battlements and rich gables, their coats of arms and weather-beaten figures, hallowed as they are by a thousand endearing recollections, should be removed to make way for some glaring erection of free stone or variegated brick! such an act appears to me little short of sacrilege and the mere idea of it is hard to bear.

Sad at heart I stroll across the court to visit my old quarters; dinner is just over and the hall full of boys, some larking about and pelting each other with fragments of bread, others endeavouring to get up their afternoon lessons; the atmosphere is close and so strong an odour of boiled cabbage assails my nostrils, that I am almost brought over to those of my late adversary's views, which relate to the advantages of lofty and well ventilated apartments.

I am at first regarded with a fixed stare on the part of the inmates, then no further notice is paid me. I see inscribed on the walls around me numerous names, my own and friends' among them; those too of boys whom I only remember near the bottom of the school, and at that time not entitled to the honour of an inscription (for on that subject our code was very strict); doubtless they rose, became great in our little world, perhaps attained the highest distinctions and then passed away and are forgotten just as I am now. I see a boy go up to and open the locker where I used to keep my goods and chattels; I at once regard him as an intruder and (such is the force of association) am very near calling him back; yet that locker has probably had half-a-dozen owners since it was in my possession.

I saunter into the prefect's room and introduce myself to the head-boy; he receives me very graciously and expresses pleasure at making the acquaintance

of one whose name he has frequently heard; he then invites me to accompany him to the cricket field after school, which invitation I accept, and saunter out again. The bell rings, the boys run helter-skelter to their various forms, and I am again left alone; alone for two weary hours with my melancholy reflections, except when I occasionally accost some small boy, who comes out on the pretext of fetching a book, but in reality to escape being put on and turned in his construing. Poor little wretch! how he spins out the legal five minutes to its greatest possible dimensions! Yet how gladly would I change places with him, endure his master's frown, aye, and write the dreadful imposition too, if I could only enjoy again those years of happy carelessness, which he is allowing to slip away quite unappreciated.

At four o'clock my friend, the head boy, re-appears and we set out for the cricket-field. On our way we pass many well-remembered spots and I begin to hold forth enthusiastically to my companion on the exploits of former days; I point out the tremendous ditch which Walker jumped when he won the steeple-chase; the field where Robinson thrashed that big cad; and relate how so-and-so once hit a ball right over the pavilion, and whats-his-name ran that amazingly quick hundred yards. But, alas, I find that all these glories have passed away and are remembered no more; what do men of to-day care for so-and-so's great hit or whats-his-name's one hundred yards? the steeple-chase of ten years back is no longer a matter of interest; and other Robinsons and Walkers have arisen in the land, whose deeds of prowess eclipse those of my heroes; so my companion, as he listens to my tales with an air of polite condescension, probably sets me down in his heart as an interminable proser. And why should you not do so my young friend? my feelings were just the same, when Taylor came down some years ago and I as head-boy did

the honours of the place, as you are doing them for me to-day. How I laughed in my sleeve at what I considered his old-world stories and ideas; how immeasurably his superior I thought myself. Now I occupy the place which he did then, and you too will occupy it some day; so gather your rose-buds while you may; your sceptre like mine will soon pass away and your mark wear out, as mine is fast doing:

On our return I seek out the school-porter to borrow the chapel-keys from him. He is one of the few old-stagers who were here in my time and his greeting is a hearty one; he commits the keys to my care with many injunctions to return them before the hour for locking-up. I pass through the ante-chapel and sit down in the very seat which I occupied on my first day at school. The evening sun streams in a gorgeous flood through the painted glass of the windows above me, and the deep silence of the place is only broken by the distant hum of boys' voices and the cawing of the rooks overhead in the neighbouring elms. As I sit, all my school-days pass in rapid succession before my mind's eye; I think of my first appearance in this place, a timid and childish boy; how step by step I rose until I attained the highest position the school had to give; I think of the old doctor, as he used to appear every Sunday in the pulpit; of the farewell sermon, which he preached every summer, when the elder boys left us full of honours to strive for farther distinctions in the great world. How I had once deemed such a position as theirs unattainable. I think of one bright summer Sunday, when that sermon was preached to me, and, as I conjure up the scene I can almost hear the sonorous tones of the Doctor's grand old voice as he rolls out the well-known line of Milton's, with which he always terminated this address,

“To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new.”

My heart is very sore and rebels within me when I think that now my place here is gone, my name and existence almost forgotten. Then my eye falls on many a name, rudely carved and scratched on the oaken benches or panels; and one by one the forms of my companions, men nobler and better than myself, rise up and seem to rebuke me for repining. What right have I to murmur when so many others, whose deserts are far greater than mine, have sunk or are sinking into the same oblivion? Should not my heart rather be filled with thankfulness for all the advantages I have enjoyed here? for the cherished memory of friends beloved and happy days which I can always preserve? should I not rather pray, that whatever changes may befall the dear old place, they may always be for her real and lasting good? At such thoughts my heart softens and I rise to leave the chapel a humbler and, I hope, a better man.

As I found no special inducement to tempt me to prolong my visit, I returned to town by the early train on the following morning.

SERMO.



OUR CHRONICLE.

IN the last number we called attention to the representative character of *The Eagle*; and not in vain. The present issue of a number in the early part of the Term testifies to the gratifying response that has been made to our appeal. We now gladly acknowledge the co-operative assistance that we have received. *The Chronicler* especially thanks those who have helped him to compile the information which follows; he asks that they will continue their good offices; and, moreover, that each secretary of a club or society will hand down to his successors a tradition of habitually sending to *The Chronicler* memoranda of all that is noteworthy in the current proceedings of his particular society or club. By this means the various details will be fully and accurately announced, and *Our Chronicle* will become a valuable record of the internal life of the College, and of its various activities, in the University, in the Field, and on the River.

A Fellowship has been vacated by the Rev. Robert Ellis, B.D., who married, on April 2nd, a sister of the late Archdeacon France, B.D., formerly Tutor and President.

The Rev. T. G. Bonney, B.D., F.G.S., F.S.A., has succeeded to a Senior Fellowship.

The Rev. J. B. Pearson, M.A., LL.M., has been appointed Whitehall Preacher.

H. J. Roby, M.A., formerly Fellow, hitherto Secretary to the Endowed Schools Commission, has been appointed a member of it.

Prof. W. G. Adams is among the list of candidates selected by the council of the Royal Society for the distinction of F.R.S.

J. J. Sylvester, F.R.S., late Professor at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, (2nd Wrangler in 1837) took his B.A. degree on February 29th. A Grace was afterwards passed to confer upon him the complete degree of M.A.

Prof. Sylvester has been appointed Examiner in Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, and Prof. W. G. Adams in Experimental Philosophy in the University of London.

Prof. Sir W. Sterndale Bennett has received a testimonial from the Professors of the Royal Academy of Music and others, which has taken the form of a Biennial Scholarship for male students of the Royal Academy of Music, and an annual prize for female students of the same, each to be called after his name.

R. R. Webb, B.A., has been appointed Lecturer at Emmanuel College, in place of Professor Greenhill.

The Rev. R. J. Perkes, M.A., has been appointed Second Master at the Grammar School, Newport, Isle of Wight.

Two new stained glass windows have been fixed in the Chapel since the appearance of our last number; one, on the north side, the gift of W. Cunliffe Brooks, M.A., M.P.; the other, on the south side, the gift of Dr. Parkinson.

The undermentioned honours and distinctions have been obtained:

CLASSICAL TRIPOS.		
<i>First Class.</i>	<i>Second Class.</i>	<i>Third Class.</i>
Ds. Cowie, 3rd	Fowell	Harper
Rushbrooke, 6th	Andrew, G.	Shuker
Foote, 10th	Southam	Wood
	Madge	Goldie
	Teasdale	

THEOLOGICAL EXAMINATION.

First Class.: Wood, W. S., B.A. *Second Class.*: Marshall, B.A.

SCHOLEFIELD PRIZE.—W. S. Wood, B.A.

DAVIES SCHOLARSHIP.—T. E. Page.

BELL SCHOLARSHIP.—C. W. E. Body.

Highly distinguished in the Examination for the Chancellor's Classical Medals.—H. M. Cowie.

The Haberdasher's Company of the City of London have awarded an Exhibition to R. R. Webb, B.A.

The following were placed in the First Class in the College Classical Examination:

Adams, Freese, Haslam, Moser, Newbold, Page, Wills.

The following were placed in the First Class in the Natural Sciences Examination:

Koch, Sollas, Teall, Yule.

The Moral Philosophy Prize for Bachelors has been awarded to Ds. W. M. Ede, B.A.

The English Essay Prizes have been awarded thus:

3rd Year.: R. F. Charles. *2nd Year.*: C. J. Cooper.

On the 19th April the following elections were made:

MINOR SCHOLARS.—H. Wace, from Shrewsbury School; J. T. Ward, from Rochester School.

EXHIBITIONERS.—J. P. Morgan, from Marlborough College; G. H. Raynor, from Tonbridge School.

MINOR SCHOLARS.—F. J. Horner, from Croydon; W. J. Ford, from Repton School.

EXHIBITIONERS.—P. J. L. Fisher, from Kensington; H. W. Simpkinson, from Marlborough College; H. T. Talbot, from Winchester College.

EXHIBITION FOR NATURAL SCIENCE.—M. Stewart, from Rossall School.

The undermentioned Bachelors proceeded to the degree of M.A. during the Lent Term, 1872:

8th Feb., W. W. Jones; 29th Feb., R. C. Atkinson, H. G. Jebb;

21 March, E. D. Holditch.

The degree of LL.M. was conferred on R. Dixon, M.A., and that of M.B. on W. J. Kilner, B.A.

MUSICAL SOCIETY.—On Thursday, Feb. 29th, a concert was given in the Schoolroom at Horningsea. It was enthusiastically received and heartily appreciated by the audience. The following was the programme:

PART I.

TRIO—Trovatore..... Pendlebury, Roughton, and Thomas.
SONG—The Rhine Maiden..... Bonnett.
SOLO (Violin)..... Roughton.
QUARTETT..... Reynolds, F. T. Madge, Scammell, and Burville.
OVERTURE—Abu Hassan..... The Orchestra.
SONG..... Scammell.
QUARTETT..... F. T. Madge, Bonnett, Scammell, and Burville.
COMIC SONG..... H. Madge.
WALTZ—Danube..... The Orchestra.

PART II.

SOLO (Pianoforte)..... Pendlebury.
COMIC SONG..... H. Madge.
TRIO (Violin, Violoncello, Pianoforte)—Haydn.... Pendlebury, Thomas, and Roughton.
QUARTETT..... Reynolds, F. T. Madge, Scammell, and Burville.
SOLO (Flute)..... Thomas.
WALTZ (by Mr. Pendlebury)..... The Orchestra.
QUARTETT..... Reynolds, Bonnett, Scammell, and Burville.
SONG..... F. T. Madge.
COMIC SONG..... H. Madge.
GALOP—Soldaten Lieder..... The Orchestra.
GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.
GOD BLESS THE PRINCE OF WALES.

The concert in the present Term will be held on the 20th of May, in the Guildhall. It is expected that the programme will be

PART I.

The Overture to Idomeneo.
Dr. Garrett's 43rd Psalm.
SOLO..... Mrs. Dunn.
SONG..... "With Verdure Clad"..... Miss Ferrari.
The First Part of Saul.

PART II.

Overture to Cenerentola.
Vocal Quartett.
SOLO (Flute)..... H. S. Thomas.
DUETT..... Miss Ferrari and Mrs. Dunn.
Macfarren's May Day.
SOLO..... Miss Ferrari.

Members of the Musical Society will be sorry to receive the news of the death, by typhoid fever, on the 30th of March, of J. W. Barnett (B.A., 1870, 30th Wrangler), formerly librarian of the Society.

BOAT CLUBS.—*Lady Margaret*.—The following are the Crews which rowed in the Races this Term:

SECOND BOAT.

R. C. Haviland (<i>bow</i>)	4	M. H. Pugh	7	J. H. R. Kirby
2 W. E. Koch	5	H. D. Bonsey		H. Brooke (<i>stroke</i>)
3 R. Redgrave	6	E. E. Sawyer		P. Ellis (<i>cox</i>)

THIRD BOAT.

W. Burnside (<i>bow</i>)	4	A. W. L. Brodie	7	W. Carless
2 W. J. Baker	5	W. Wills		R. Merivale (<i>stroke</i>)
3 W. H. Gwillim	6	W. Jaffray		M. F. Hilton (<i>cox</i>)

Owing to several very unfortunate circumstances, the 2nd Boat lost a place, being bumped by Queens' on the second day of the races. On the last day it would certainly have regained its position by bumping Caius 2nd, but for an accident higher in the division, which caused general confusion and ended in 'no bumps near that part of the course being allowed. The 3rd Boat succeeded in catching Clare 2nd at the end of the course on the first day, and rowed over during the remainder of the Races.

It was agreed at a general meeting early in the Term, that a 4th Boat should compete for a place in the third division, and accordingly the following Crew rowed a time race against Caius 3rd, but was beaten:

E. C. Peake (<i>bow</i>)	4	H. L. Pattinson	7	W. J. Newbold
2 A. A. Williams	5	F. E. Colenso		H. G. Willacy (<i>stroke</i>)
3 J. Livesey	6	R. G. Grasset		C. J. Clough (<i>cox</i>)

The Scratch Fours were rowed on Saturday, March 9th, when eleven boats started. The winning crew was:

R. C. Haviland (<i>bow</i>)	3	R. Merivale	W. S. Clarke (<i>cox</i>)
2 T. Latham		H. Brooke (<i>stroke</i>)	

The Bateman Pair-oars were fixed for March 16th, and ended in a row over for P. J. Hibbert (*bow*), H. T. Wood (*stroke*).

A general meeting on Monday, March 18th, the following were elected Officers for the May Term:

<i>President</i> :—Rev. E. W. Bowling	<i>2nd Captain</i> :—F. Harris
<i>Treasurer</i> :—R. Merivale	<i>3rd Captain</i> :—J. C. Dunn
<i>Secretary</i> :—P. J. Hibbert	<i>4th Captain</i> :—J. N. Quirk
<i>1st Captain</i> :—J. H. D. Goldie	

J. H. D. Goldie rowed stroke of the University Boat for the fourth time in the race against Oxford.

Our success in the race was very largely due to his skill. A part of his rowlock broke early in the race, and with the utmost calmness he rowed on, setting the stroke as usual, although it was impossible for him to apply his full strength to it.

The triumph has been celebrated by a dinner at St. Ives, of which town his father, the Rev. C. D. Goldie, M.A., is Vicar, on Thursday, April 17th.

College Boat Club.—This Club was very successful in the Lent Races. On February 29th they won their heat against Corpus 2nd, on March 1st they defeated Caius 3rd, the winner of the other heat, thus securing the right to contest the last place with Emmanuel 3rd; this they did successfully on March 2nd, and subsequently made a bump every day. The crew were:

E. L. Main (<i>bow</i>)	4 W. M. Hicks	7 A. G. Schuyler
2 J. H. Scholfield	5 R. W. Metcalfe	S. C. Logan (<i>stroke</i>)
3 J. A. Sharrock	6 H. W. Scaife	J. Jones (<i>cox</i>)

The Officers for the present Term are:

<i>President</i> :—Mr. Hudson	<i>2nd Captain</i> :—R. W. Metcalfe
<i>Treasurer</i> :—Mr. Sandys	<i>Committee</i> :
<i>Secretary</i> :—F. W. Henstock	W. M. Hicks, S. C. Logan,
<i>1st Captain</i> :—J. H. Scholfield	J. A. Sharrock.

The following is a list of the Races:

THIRD DIVISION.

<i>March 4th.</i>	<i>March 5th.</i>	<i>March 6th.</i>	<i>March 7th.</i>
30 Downing	Downing	Downing	Downing
31 Clare 2	L. Margaret 3	L. Margaret 3	L. Margaret 3
32 L. Margaret 3	Clare 2	I Trinity 5	I Trinity 5
33 Christ's 2	I Trinity 5	Clare 2	Clare 2
34 I Trinity 5	Christ's 2	Christ's 2	II Trinity 2
35 Emmanuel 2	Emmanuel 2	II Trinity 2	Christ's 2
36 Trinity Hall 4	II Trinity 2	Emmanuel 2	Emmanuel 2
37 II Trinity 2	Trinity Hall 4	Trinity Hall 4	St. John's
38 I Trinity 6	I Trinity 6	St. John's	Trinity Hall 4
39 Pembroke 2	St. John's	I Trinity 6	I Trinity 6
40 St. John's	Pembroke 2	Pembroke 2	Pembroke 2

SECOND DIVISION.

<i>March 4th.</i>	<i>March 5th.</i>	<i>March 6th.</i>	<i>March 7th.</i>
15 Trinity Hall 2	Trinity Hall 2	St. Catharine	St. Catharine
16 Magdalene	St. Catharine	Trinity Hall 2	Trinity Hall 2
17 St. Catharine	Magdalene	Clare 1	Clare 1
18 Clare 1	Clare 1	Magdalene	Corpus 2
19 Peterhouse	Corpus 2	Corpus 2	Magdalene
20 Corpus 2	Peterhouse	III Trinity 2	III Trinity 2
21 III Trinity 2	III Trinity 2	Peterhouse	Pembroke
22 Pembroke	Pembroke	Pembroke	Peterhouse
23 Caius 2	Caius 2	Caius 2	Queens'
24 L. Margaret 2	L. Margaret 2	Queens'	Caius 2
25 Trinity Hall 3	Queens'	L. Margaret 2	L. Margaret 2
26 Queens'	Trinity Hall 3	Jesus 2	Jesus 2
27 I Trinity 4	Jesus 2	Trinity Hall 3	I Trinity 4
28 Jesus 2	I Trinity 4	I Trinity 4	Trinity Hall 3
29 Sidney 2	Sidney 2	Sidney 2	Sidney 2
30 Downing	Downing	Downing	Downing

VOLUNTEERS.—Lieut. Greenhill having resigned his Commission, Ensign Roughton has been elected to succeed him. The Ensigncy thus vacated has been filled up by the election of Serjeant Willacy.

The Company Challenge Cup was won in the Lent Term by Ensign Roughton.

The Officers' Pewter was won by Corporal Percival.

The Roe Challenge Cup for recruits has been won by Private Hodgkinson.

At the Annual Inspection on April 29th, our Company mustered only 34 of all ranks. The remarks of the Inspecting Officer upon the small attendance throughout the Corps were severe. We trust that the College will come forward to support its Company; we are sure that it has only to be known that the credit of the College is in danger to ensure a rapid supply of recruits.

ATHLETICS.—In the University Sports N. J. Littleton won the 'Putting the Weight,' and represented the University against Oxford.

E. M. Hawtrej won the Three Mile Race here, and ran a dead heat with Benson, of Oxford, at Lillie Bridge.

In the Inter-University Sports Cambridge won 5 out of 9 events, and ran a dead heat for the Three Miles as above.

CRICKET CLUB.—The following are the Officers of the Club for the current season:

Rev. E. W. Bowling, <i>President</i> .	H. Strahan,	} <i>On Committee.</i>
F. C. Cursham, <i>Captain</i> .	T. Micklem (<i>Capt.</i>)	
H. A. Snow, <i>Secretary</i> .	<i>2nd Eleven</i>	
T. Latham, <i>Treasurer</i> .		

J. M. Batten, G. S. Raynor, A. Batchelor, and N. J. Littleton played in the University Freshmen's Match. G. S. Raynor took 3 wickets in the first innings and 6 in the second. A. Batchelor got 33 runs.

The following Matches have been played by the College:

The College Eleven v. 17 Freshmen (with T. Latham Captain).—The chief scores were as follows: For the Eleven, F. Tobin, 27 and 54; S. ff. Chamberlain, 20; Wickham, 25; F. C. Cursham, 21; J. D. Cochrane, 21. G. S. Raynor took 6 wickets for 53 runs, and J. M. Batten in the second innings took 7 wickets for 48 runs. For the Freshmen, T. Latham, 44; J. M. Batten, 27; N. J. Littleton, 52; A. Batchelor, 28; A. Strahan, 13; R. Hill, not out, 12. The total scores of the Eleven were 95 and 114; of the Freshmen, 191 and 19 for 1 wicket. Thus the Freshmen nearly won in one innings.

St. John's v. Caius.—Total scores: St. John's, 203 and 222 for 3 wickets; Caius, 144. Match not concluded. Tobin made 30 and 62; Latham, 57 and 21; Micklem, not out, 52, and, not out, 34; Cursham, 56; Platt, not out, 31. For Caius, Fryer, 65. G. S. Raynor 4 wickets; G. Young, 5 wickets.

St. John's v. Clare.—Total scores: St. John's 222 for 8 wickets; Clare 102. Tobin 43, Latham 21, Strahan 41, Micklem not out 72.

St. John's v. Corpus.—Total scores: St. John's, 239; Corpus, Latham 47, Cursham 61, Platt 23, Batchelor 32, Micklem, not out, 22. Young, Maile, Batten and Strahan bowled.

St. John's v. Jesus (2nd Elevens).—Total scores: Jesus, 121 for 7 wickets; St. John's, 112. Micklem got 36, Cochrane 24.

St. John's v. Emmanuel (2nd Elevens).—Total scores: St. John's, 98 and 95 for 3 wickets; Emmanuel, 66. Cochrane bowled 8 wickets. Littleton made 38 and 34, Micklem, not out, 32.

St. John's v. Trinity (2nd Elevens).—Trinity got 169; St. John's, 70 for 6 wickets.

The following Matches have been arranged :

*Wednesday, *May 8th*, v. Jesus College; *Friday and Saturday, *May 10th and 11th*, v. κ. τ. λ.'s; Wednesday and Thursday, *May 15th and 16th*, v. Perambulators; Saturday, *May 18th*, v. Meteors; Monday and Tuesday, *May 20th and 21st*, v. Incogniti; Thursday and Friday, *May 23rd and 24th*, v. Crusaders; Tuesday and Wednesday, *May 28th and 29th*, v. Et Ceteras; Thursday and Friday, *May 30th and 31st*, v. Trinity College; Saturday, *June 8th*, v. Trinity Hall.

It is intended to have as many Field days as possible from 3 to 6 o'clock on each day that the ground is not engaged by Matches. The sides will be chosen on the ground at 3 o'clock, unless previously posted on the screens.

* Since played, and won.

The Treasurer's statement of the Cricket Club accounts for the year 1871 is as follows :

RECEIPTS.		EXPENSES.	
	£. s. d.		£. s. d.
Subscriptions of 73 Members	91 5 0	Debt to Dean from 1870 ..	18 14 6
Football Club	1 11 6	„ Rowe	1 4 0
		„ Bulstrode	1 15 6
		„ Metcalfe, Printer ..	0 4 6
		Hayward's bill	46 7 0
		Tranter (bowler) 7 weeks } at 10s. and Railway Fare }	4 15 0
		Parmenter for Prize Bats ..	1 10 0
		University Poll Tax	3 14 0
		Postage	0 1 0
		J. Dean, on account, leaving } debt of £10. 4s. 6d. }	14 11 0
	<u>£92 16 6</u>		<u>£92 16 6</u>

THOMAS LATHAM, *Treasurer.*

PAVILION FUND.—The Pavilion Fund progresses. About 150 Undergraduates have subscribed, and the total in hand, including £20 given by past Members of the College, is £150.

A notice has lately been posted on the screens earnestly desiring those who have not yet subscribed to come forward with contributions. Unless more money is raised it will be impossible to complete the building in time for the next football season, as was hoped. About £100 is still wanted.

We are requested to call the attention of Freshmen, Cricket and Football Players especially, to this Fund, in order that there may be no pecuniary difficulty in carrying out so desirable a project.