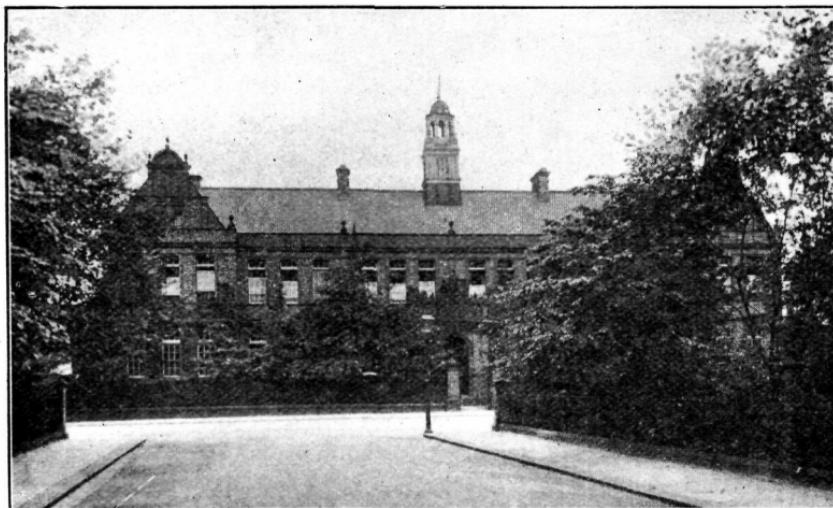


Newcastle High School Magazine.

No. 32.

AUTUMN TERM, 1915.

Fourpence.



SCHOOL OFFICIALS.

EDITORIAL

Gladys Pestle, who was editress of this magazine for the school year, 1914-1915, has brought honour to the school by gaining a scholarship at Durham University, and she is to enter upon her academic year this Michaelmas. Our best wishes go with her, and we look forward to her adding other distinctions to those she has already gained. We shall miss her very much, for she has been here many years, and has always worked loyally for the school's progress.

"It never rains but it pours," for Mary Stenhouse, our head girl, is to start her career at the Durham University College of Medicine this Session; we wish her every success. Many others of our girls left last term too, and we wish to assure them that the old school will always look forward to hearing of their progress and success in life.

In saying "good-bye" to them, we would also like to welcome those who have come this term. The honour and glory of the school rests in the keeping of both past and present pupils, but the preparation is made while we are still at school. Therefore, let every girl be loyal to the school, to the mistresses, and to one another, and let us all try by interest in our work, and in our games, to do all we can to make our school the best of its kind.

We regret to say that Miss Richardson left at the end of last term, and we shall miss her greatly. A small mahogany table, as a memento of the years she has spent at the school, was presented to her on her departure. We congratulate her on her appointment to the staff of the Royal Holloway College, where she goes this term.

Agnes Allan and Dasia Cooper are congratulated on winning the prize for the Form Notes.

We record with thanks the receipt of the Magazines of the Sunderland High School and the Central Newcastle High School.

SCHOOL NEWS

LISTS.

		Stars.	Entries in Excellent Book.	Garden Marks.
Form VI	...	12	—	66
„ V A	...	5	2	87
„ V B	...	8	2	60
„ IV A	...	5	1	44
„ IV B	...	3	1	78
„ III A	...	9	1	78
„ III B	...	3	12	62
„ II	...	2	6	72

HONOUR CARDS.

Form II.—Jean Thomson.

Form I.—Bessie Carr, Margaret Richardson, Violet Hobbs.

Transition.—Clement Elphick.

Kindergarten A.—Rachel Spencer, Doris Dryburgh, Muriel Grier, Dorothy Ison.

Kindergarten B.—Norman Mendelson.

EXAMINATION RESULTS.

Gladys Pestle has won an open scholarship of £50 per annum for three years at Durham University.

Durham Matriculation—

Passed in the 1st Division.—I. Wilson.

Passed.—M. Stenhouse, B. Barclay.

Higher Certificate of the Oxford and Cambridge Schools Examination Board—

N. Dogherty passed in six subjects; with merit in Trigonometry, Statics and Dynamics.

D. Morpeth passed in five subjects.

S. Proctor has obtained a Letter.

Senior Cambridge Local—

A. Cobbold passed.

National Froëbel Union—Part I.—

P. Derry passed with a First-class in Botany.

H. Clarke passed in all subjects except Literature.

FORM NOTES

FORM VI.

As usual, the Summer Term has been busier than any other ; to begin with, most of us have had the prospect of examinations, which we are thankful are over now.

The Comtesse de Croze gave us a very interesting French lecture on Alsace and Lorraine, in aid of the French Red Cross. An entertainment was also provided by Mrs. Cumberlege in aid of the Lady Mayoress' Motor Ambulance Fund. Mrs. Cumberlege gave us a lecture in the morning in which she presented us the excellent advice to "keep smiling."

There have been two music lectures, but Form VI were not able to go to them.

We have helped to keep the Jesmond Road Hospital supplied with fresh eggs during the term; it was arranged that two forms should bring eggs every week; in that way we have been able to send a weekly average of 60 eggs.

The weather was especially kind to us for the sports, for the rain came pouring down in other parts of Jesmond during the afternoon, but not in the sports field !

As the girls who have had their examinations always seem to be at a loose end at the end of the term, Miss Gurney kindly arranged for us to have sewing lessons. We cut out blouse patterns to fit ourselves, and each of us has made a blouse; the work was most interesting. We all appeared in our blouses on breaking-up day; I do not know whether the rest of the school felt a shock or not. Miss Lush also gave us Roman History lectures.

We are all very sorry that Miss Richardson is leaving us, and we wish her all possible good luck at the Royal Holloway College.

Some of us have the sad thought that this term is our last at school, but we shall always look back with pleasure at the happy time spent at Newcastle High School.

M. STENHOUSE.

FORM VA.

At last the end of this long term is almost here. A few more days and we shall be released. The summer term is always long, but there are numerous holidays in it, and a glorious long one at the end. This year we did not have race-week holiday, so we had a day for half-term.

Before half-term, we had a surprise French lecture, which we were informed was very funny. It appealed to us as it was about Alsace-Lorraine. We were told how it was stolen from France, although an essentially French country. Its beauty, and the love of the people for their motherland, France, was set before us, so that I think we all sympathised heartily, and longed for the time when Germany should have to give it back.

A few weeks ago, Mr. Smallwood gave us a music lecture, with illustrations, which, I fear, we enjoyed almost more than the other part. We are to have another similar one the day before we break up, thanks to Mr. Smallwood's and Miss Gurney's kindness.

Gladys Pestle, an honoured member of the sixth, won a scholarship in Classics at Durham University. We all congratulate her on her success, which was doubly appreciated as we have a day more holiday in honour of it.

Some of our sixth form took the Durham Matriculation Examination, and all but one passed. One of our school came out eighth on the list, so we feel quite proud of them all.

And now, after these successes, VA must own its defeat. In the first round of the fight for the Form Tennis Cup, we were beaten by VB. We all took this to heart, and determined to win the Sports Cup. This we did, much to our joy, though VB was very close on our heels. Mary Harbottle, a member of Form VB, won the Senior Sports Championship, so her Form has one cup. The School Tennis team has done well, although we lost the shield, which was won by Sunderland High School.

The Tennis Courts, belonging to the Brandling Tennis Club, which have been procured for our use, have been so well used, that very much of the grass is worn off them.

To end the Chronicle of the term, we have to report our success as a Form in the Senior Tennis Tournament when two of our Form, Edna Ford and Constance Robson won the prizes.

And now, in conclusion, we must bid farewell to seven members of our form who are leaving us, and wish them success in the new occupations which they are to pursue.

A. ALLAN.

FORM VB.

We have been very busy this term preparing for the usual summer examinations of which we had ten long days of brain-racking efforts ; but "all is well than ends well," and whether the arbiters in whose hands rest our fates have been merciful or no, the examinations are over and the term also.

Of course there have been welcome interludes, or shall I say oases, in the long stretch of the desert of work, and the first of these was a lecture in French by a daughter of *la belle France*, of which we understood about half, but the other half was enjoyable, even though we did not understand it on account of its liquid sound. That is one thing the Germans cannot boast about. They can boast with truth of [their science and music, but they cannot, consummate liars as they are, say their language is musical, with its harsh gutterals and hard vowels.

The next pleasant and historical episode was the keeping of Empire Day. With it came the remembrance of the glorious history of our island home, and the heroic men who made it surely ours, and added to its dominions, making England the mightiest of all the mighty lands in the world, the dearest, and the one whose sons are the best, the truest and noblest of all the earth's sons.

Mrs. Cumberlege illustrated this in the poem she recited, called "Empire Day," pointing out in it that Britannia had only to call, and her children would instantly respond, ready to give their last drop of blood to keep England English.

Mrs. Cumberlege also advised us to "keep smiling." It is hard enough to do for most people now-a-days, but oh ! it *helps*. There is a lady I know, with no relations in the war, who delights in telling people all the dreadful, tragic stories she can obtain ; there is another who has lost her eldest son, a boy of barely fifteen, in a ship. She does not tell any tragic stories, not even the story of her own tragedy, but keeps courageous, and confident, although she has one boy on another ship, and her husband in the army. Which of these two is the more worthy of respect ? But I am digressing, as the story book say.

On the same night as we kept Empire Day, we had a concert in aid of a motor ambulance fund, and got quite a large sum of money by having a silver collection.

Mr. Smallwood played a few pieces splendidly, and Mrs. Cumberlege recited several times, until we nearly brought the roof down applauding. There was also a very good singer, and the evening passed very pleasantly indeed, thus combining charity and pleasure.

Further on in the term, we had a most interesting lecture on music, with practical illustrations by Mr. Smallwood. He told us how music was at first wholly vocal, about how from reed pipes we gradually passed through different degrees of instruments such as harpsichords, spinets, to the present day piano; he described the structure of a fugue and a sonato, and the work of Bach and Beethoven, and he played a fugue from Bach and a sonata from Beethoven, while his daughter played a charming Russian piece.

"Last scene of all" was the school sports day, which started by raining and thundering, as it always does on any day when one particularly doesn't want it to, but afterwards turned out a lovely afternoon.

The most exciting races were pot walking race (which was really quite graceful) and the sack race. We all roared ourselves hoarse for Miss Kelly in the staff race, and she won her heat, so we felt we had helped tremendously!

The funniest race was the fathers' race, which consisted of balancing a ruler on the nose and then running to the tape. The father who won was very dignified indeed, and won by a long distance.

The last race was penny passing, which was also very exciting, and the teams were wonderfully steady, and hardly dropped any pennies, although some of them passed the pennies so quickly one almost held one's breath for fear they would fall.

There were tickets for tea at sixpence each for the grown-ups, and this money also went to a good cause, the Prisoners' Comfort Fund.

Then the lists were read, and so ended the sports, and on the Tuesday following, the term.

D. COOPPER.

FORM IVA.

The term has been of much interest, with one or two welcome holidays. The French lecture on the Franco-German War was extremely interesting and enjoyed by all, though we could only understand a little of it.

Our chief thoughts are still centred upon the great European War, and it has had its effect on our school.

It is usual to have a holiday at Race Week, but as the races were abandoned, like the munition workers we remained at our post of duty.

A recital was given in connection with the Lady Mayoress' Ambulance Fund on Empire Day, which was very successful. Another thing brought about by the war was the arrangement for each girl in the school to bring an egg for the wounded soldiers. We all brought them willingly, and trust that this small contribution has done something to restore health and strength to our brave soldiers.

Mr. Smallwood gave a talk on music, and Nellie Smallwood played pieces which Mr. Smallwood had described.

The Botany picnic to Washing Well Wood was very enjoyable. We all look forward to this annual picnic, as we get so many specimens, and there is someone to tell us all about them.

The sports were most exciting, and far exceeded our expectations at a time when war causes so much to be given up. The usual prizes were not given, but the honour of winning was just as great. The weather behaved splendidly. After a heavy thunderstorm in the morning, the sun came out, and it kept beautifully fine the whole afternoon. The mistresses' race was the great event of the afternoon.

Miss Lush has come to take the place of Miss Richardson, who is leaving at the end of this term, and whom we are extremely sorry to lose.

M. STEVENSON.

FORM IVB.

This term has been a very interesting and eventful one. On Empire Day, Mrs. Cumberlege very kindly gave us a lecture and some recitations, and at night we had a recital. We have had two lectures besides the one Mrs. Cumberlege gave; one in French, by a French lady, about Alsace-Lorraine, and another, a musical one, by Mr. Smallwood.

We had the basket ball form matches, in which we were in the final with VB, but we lost, and so VB got the Shield.

We played for the tennis champions, and we were very pleased indeed when one of the members of our form was chosen. We also had tennis form matches in which we were beaten in the semi-finals after a close game with VI. The school champions played for the Tennis Shield, Sunderland beating us by three games.

It was a very wet morning on the day of the sports, but it cleared up so much in the afternoon, that we were able to hold them after all. Instead of having prizes, we gave the money to the Prisoners' Comforts Fund, but the old girls made certificates, souvenirs of winning. Our form did quite well, quite a number of the girls gaining certificates.

We have had an egg collection throughout the school for the patients in Miss Gurney's hospital.

We are all looking forward very much to Tuesday, when we break up, but will all be very sorry to lose the girls who are leaving.

E. WALLIS.

FORM IIIA.

The Summer term is the longest in the year, but has passed remarkably quickly. Mrs. Cumberlege gave an Empire Day lecture with recitations, and finished it by giving us the motto always to "keep smiling." In the evening, Mrs. Cumberlege, Miss Kelly and some professionals of Newcastle gave a very nice concert, and the takings from the collection were given to a motor ambulance at the front.

We also had two musical recitals, one for juniors and one for seniors.

This term has been the tennis season, and our champions have played some splendid matches. There have also been form matches, in which our form played IIIB and won, but lost when playing against VB.

Every week the different forms take turns and bring eggs, which are given to Miss Gurney's hospital in Jesmond Road.

We have had two splendid lectures given by Mr. Smallwood on Music, which were very interesting.

The sports were held on July 23rd, and were very much enjoyed, there being two new races, pot walking and balancing. There were also mothers' and fathers' races, which were very much enjoyed. The governors very kindly gave the tea, and so the entrance fees, the tea money, and the prize money (certificates prepared by the old girls being given instead of prizes) were given to the Prisoners' Comfort Funds, there being about £21. It made us feel happy because we were helping our dear soldiers.

We are now feeling tired after having done fourteen examinations and are looking forward to our holidays which begin on July 27th.

M. THOMSON.

FORM IIIB.

This term we have been using the tennis courts belonging to the men's club, so a ladder has been put over the wall. The big annual tennis tournament was held in them, and the Sunderland High School won. The form matches have also been played, Form VB winning.

Mr. Smallwood gave a lecture on music, but we did not go to it. I am sorry to say our form only got two stars this term, although there were about twelve entries in the Excellent Book.

We had the Botany Picnic in Plessey Woods this year. We all enjoyed ourselves very much, and got a lot of bluebells and primroses.

The Musical Recitals were also this term, and one was held for the junior elocution and music pupils.

The Drawing examination was held as usual, and some more full certificates were obtained by one or two girls.

The sports were on July 23rd. In the morning it rained heavily, but it cleared up very well. Form VA got the senior cup, and Form II the Junior one. As we gave our prize money over to the soldiers, the old girls very kindly printed some certificates for us. The money for the soldiers amounted to about £20.

Though the soldiers have been using the big bath, the small one was open for us, so the swimming lessons have been going on as in other years.

The term has been long; also very eventful, and enjoyable, and now we are all looking forward to the summer holidays.

B. INSKIP.

This term has been full of interesting things. Miss Gurney kindly let the form go to a Botany picnic to Plessey Woods, where we enjoyed ourselves very much. Mrs. Cumberlege said a piece of poetry to us, which was very nice indeed.

We have a great many entries this term, and we are very proud of them, but I am very sorry to say we have only two stars; still it is better than nothing. We have had examinations, which were not hard, but took a lot of thinking; and we also had a Musical Recital.

The money we got from the sports went to the Prisoners' Comforts Fund, and we got £21 altogether. Our form colour this year was pale pink; last year it was black and gold.

J. MURRAY.

FORM II.

Everybody has had a most enjoyable term. We had the examinations too. I had dreadful nightmares about them, but the examinations were not very long after all. Our flower calendar is getting on splendidly. It is nearly full. The sports are on the 23rd July, 1915. I am

going in for egg and spoon, running, sewing, and penny passing. All the money is to be given to the Prisoners' Comforts Fund. I do think the war is exciting. I read in a paper that some Indian soldiers riding along, turn head over heels and ride on their heads! I would not like to try the experiment. I cannot remember a single thing about the beginning of the term.

C. GRAHAM.

I am very glad the tennis has begun, and we have had many tennis tournaments. We have got two grass courts over the wall, and we have to climb over on a ladder.

Mrs. Cumberlege came to give us a lecture on Empire Day. Then in the evening there was a recitation. The money went to the ambulance. We made about £21.

I am looking forward to the sports, they are on the 23rd of July, in the Orphanage. We are having examinations. We had an egg collection for the wounded soldiers. Miss Dodgson is our Form Mistress this term.

M. FERGUSON.

FORM I.

This afternoon, we are having the sports, and I am in for six races, the egg and spoon, and sack, running, flag, wheel-barrow, penny passing, and that is all. It is from two till six in the Orphanage Grounds. I think we all will be very tired when it is over, and we break up on Tuesday. I passed in the drawing examinations, and so did all the other girls in my form, and some with honours; and I got a certificate at the sports. I have had two excellents. The end.

B. DOTCHIN.

The caterpillars we have got, they have nearly all turned. I like this term very much. We sent some eggs to the wounded soldiers. We each stuck a little note on one. Some brought twelve. We have a big American moth. We have got some tadpoles, a good many of them are small frogs. A lot of our caterpillars have turned into lovely moths. The sack race is the funniest race I have ever seen; I am not going in for it.

We have a lovely money box outside our form room, but Miss Edmunds took it down, for it was always slipping.

Good bye,

R. LEVENTHALL.

TRANSITION.

I am very sorry this is my last term at the High School as I have enjoyed lessons with Miss MacNeil very much, and I hope I shall like the Grammar School as much. I am looking forward to the sports, and I hope to be successful. Good bye to Miss Gurney and all my teachers.

BURNIE MARKS.

KINDERGARTEN.

It is our schools sports to-morrow. I do hope it is a fine day. Mother, auntie, and my little cousin are coming to watch me run. We are not having any prizes, so we are giving the money to the soldiers, but I still hope to win some races.

RACHEL SPENCER.

I do like being at school. I have such a happy time. I am trying my very best to get into transition. I have got a baby brother. I am going to call him John. He is such a dear little fellow.

DOREEN McCULLAGH.

GAMES

Mens sana in corpore sano.

TENNIS.

More and better tennis has been played this term than ever before in the history of the school. We have had the use of two grass courts at the Brandling Club, as well as our own asphalt court, and the champions and runners up for the championship have had the benefit of weekly practices with the staff. The school owes a debt of gratitude to Miss Johnson for arranging these practices, and to the members of the staff and Mrs. Coning who played in them.

Three new champions had to be found this term, as Sheila Proctor was the only survivor from last year; the three finally chosen, were Beatrice Barclay, Edna Ford, and Marjorie Coning, the runners up being Mabyl Macfadyen, Eileen Boyd, Mary Harbottle and Dorothy Hardy.

Of matches against other schools, we won five and lost two; beating the Central High School twice, Durham High School and Rutherford College once each, and losing twice to Sunderland High School. We lost also in a very enjoyable match of three couples against the old girls.

The Tournament took place on Saturday, July 10th, when we were fortunate enough to obtain the use of two of the Brandling courts, in addition to our own, to which we were restricted in the afternoon.

The play was as follows:—

Newcastle High School } Newcastle	Sunderland
v.	...	48 games	
Durham High School } to 13.	39 games
Sunderland High School } Sunderland	
v.	...	48 games	to 36.
Newcastle Central High School } to 19.	

So Sunderland holds the Shield for 1915-16.

This year, seven Forms competed for the Form Cup which Mrs. Garrett gave us last year. Some very good matches were played, especially the final, in which VB came against VI, and was defeated after putting up a very plucky fight.

The matches were played as follows:—

IIIA	} IIIA 24 games to 7	VB 24 games to 5	VI 44 games to 26.
v.			
IIIB			
V A	} VB 24 games to 9		
v.			
VB			
IV A	} IVB 24 games to 7	VI 24 games to 14	
v.			
IVB			
	Bye VI. ...		

Three school tournaments were played in the course of the term, in which the general standard of play was excellent, doing great credit to Miss Johnson's coaching.

The winners of the Senior Tournament were Edna Ford and Connie Robson ; of the Middle School Tournament, Mary Harbottle and Elsa Wallis, and of the Junior Tournament, Marjorie Thomson and Jean Harbottle.

F. E. DICKINSON,

NET-BALL.

The summer term is always rather a slack one for Net-ball, owing to the hot weather. Those who do not play generally have an idea that it is a somewhat tame, and by no means a tiring game. They will, no doubt, be surprised to hear that a good quick game of net-ball is almost as tiring as a game of hockey, if not more so. We would urge more girls to start to play, and to play it thoroughly. Many of our first team have now left, including the captain, Herdis Arnesen, with whom we are very sorry to part ; we shall, therefore, want some more members. The first round for the Net-ball Shield will be held next term, and until then we shall have to practise very seriously, and endeavour to reach a higher standard of play.

The Net-ball Shield matches were played this term ; each game lasted ten minutes, so a great deal had to be done in a very short time. The players were all keen on winning, the excitement, especially among the little ones, being very great. Form II and Form IIIB played exceedingly well for their size, and gave the older girls quite a good game. Form VB and Form IVB obtained the most goals, and were, therefore, in the final. After a hard struggle, Form VB won, and the members of their team are to be congratulated on their good play.

RESIGNATION OF THE BISHOP OF NEWCASTLE

We have heard with regret that the Lord Bishop of the Diocese has tendered his resignation of the See, which is to take effect at the end of September. Dr. Stratton is the Chairman of our Governors, and, as such, he has always taken a great interest in the welfare of the school since coming to Newcastle some eight years ago. Year by year, he has taken the chair at our prize giving, and many generations of girls can testify to the kind and encouraging words which he spoke on these occasions. The school is indebted to his Lordship for providing yearly the prize for scripture, which is greatly valued and eagerly competed for. We are most sorry to think that the Bishop is retiring chiefly on account of ill-health, and we trust that the rest from the anxieties of overlooking such a large diocese will restore him to better health, and that he may be spared for many more years. Dr. Stratton has been in the ministry of the Church for over fifty years, and has been twenty-three years a Bishop. We pray that God will bless him and Mrs. Stratton in their retirement, and we can assure them that the Newcastle High School will always be grateful for the great interest that they have always shewn in its welfare.

The following letter has been received from his Lordship in answer to one sent by the school :—

“ Dear Mary Stenhouse,

“ I am very grateful to you and your school fellows for the very kind letter you have written me in view of my approaching resignation of the See, and departure from Newcastle.

“ I can assure you that it has always been a great pleasure to me, not only to give an annual prize to be competed for, but also to be present on your prize-giving day, and other occasions, and “ I shall carry away with me happy recollections of the High School here, and the admirable way in which it is conducted, “ not to speak of the bright and eager faces of the scholars.

“ I sincerely wish you all every success in life, and much happiness in your coming holidays, but I am afraid it will be impossible for me to be with you all at the next prize-giving, for by that time I shall be settled in the South of England.

“ Praying God to bless you all and your school, and those who manage it,

“ Yours very sincerely,

“ N. Newcastle.”

“ I am putting your letter with scores of other kind ones I have received, and in days to come they will serve to remind me of kind friends in Newcastle.”

LIBRARY

We acknowledge, with many thanks, the receipt of the following books :—

“ A Cavalier of Fortune.” <i>Escott Lynn</i>	K. Cooper-Abbs.
“ Shirley.” <i>C. Bronte.</i>	A. Crankshaw.
“ Silver Sand.” <i>S. R. Crockett</i>	E. Boyd.
“ Pollyanna Grows Up.” <i>G. Porter</i> ...	F. Wilson.
“ The Court and the Cottage.” <i>E. Marshall</i>	D. Clarke.
“ Tales from Shakespeare.” <i>Lamb</i> ...	L. Watson.
“ The Chimes.” <i>Dickens</i>	
“ Who Goes There?” <i>R. W. Chambers</i> ...	E. Young.
“ The Chronicles of the Imp.” <i>Jeffery Farnol</i>	

SPORTS

On Sports day, Friday, July 23rd, at eleven o'clock, the rain came down in torrents, and at twelve when the bell went, an hour earlier than usual, there were cries from all over the school—“There won't be any sports to-day.”

But, at 2·30, all was clear again, and, after the seats were dried, one would never have known that there had been any rain at all.

The racing began in front of a very good assembly of relations and friends ; but, alas ! for Form VI, their sole representative in the “ egg and spoon ” had not arrived.

The long run became very exciting, as three very good runners, Hilda Robson, Molly Challoner, and Mary Harbottle were very close, but Mary won by about two yards.

A new invention was added this year—a mothers' race—which made everybody ready for their tea, and, most especially, the mothers. Mrs. Tom Adams was the winner of a very good egg and spoon race.

The staff and old girls' race this year, was "pot walking." Miss Kelly got on famously, but Miss Cooke and Miss Dodgson beat her.

Instead of prizes this year, we had certificates, which some of the old girls very kindly made out for us, and which were very pretty, and we gave our entrance fees and tea money, also donations from kind friends, to the Prisoners' Comfort Fund. In all, we are able to send £21 11s., which, we hope, will be of use, and help to make our men comfortable.

After the girls had tea, the visitors assembled in the hall, and Canon Inskip gave the winners the certificates. Miss Dickinson then played "God save the King," which, as usual, made the school ring, then we all departed home.

We congratulate Mary Harbottle on winning the Championship Cup, and VA the Form Cup, and also Form II for winning the Junior Form Cup.

LECTURES

On June 4th, the Comtesse de Croze gave us a most interesting lecture on Alsace, in aid of the Croix Rouge Français.

Mr. Smallwood gave two lectures on music, one on July 5th, and the other on July 26th. He illustrated his statements by using the piano, and everyone who was there thoroughly enjoyed them.

EMPIRE DAY

An Empire Day Entertainment was held at school on the Wednesday after Empire Day. Mrs. Cumberlege kindly came down for the Recital, and other performers were Miss Kelly, Mr. Donaldson Spark, and Mr. Smallwood. A silver collection was taken, the proceeds of which, together with a special donation of £10 by Mr. Proctor, amounting to about £25 in all, were given to the Lady Mayoress' Motor Ambulance Fund.

SCHOOL CHARITABLE FUND

Please remember the Waifs and Strays! I am afraid they have been rather neglected this term, as most people have been giving their money to the First Form Fund for Wounded Soldiers. Of course, the soldiers have first claim upon us all, but we must not forget the waifs and strays, whose needs have become greater since the war began. So please remember to bring your pennies into prayers on Monday mornings, when the box will be taken round.

D. MORPETH, *Hon. Secretary.*

NEWS OF OLD GIRLS

Lily Hodgshon has passed her final examination in nursing at the Royal Victoria Infirmary, Newcastle, and has won the First Heath Prize of £10 and a medal.

Madge Robinson has trained for a year at St. Mary's College, Paddington, and has gained the Teachers' Certificate of the University of London.

Olive Gracey has taken Third-class Honours in Part I of the Cambridge History Tripos.

Gertrude Hodgshon, who is at the Royal Holloway College, has passed her Intermediate B. Sc. Examination.

Dorothy Cobbold has been appointed Drill and Needlework Mistress at Miss Bradford's School in Corbridge.

Eileen Boyd has a post as Assistant Mistress in Miss Fletcher's School in Gosforth.

Ida Smith has passed Responsions, and is now a student at St. Hugh's College, Oxford.

A HOLIDAY IN DENMARK

One of the happiest holidays I have ever spent was in Denmark, when my sister and I stayed with some Danish friends at one of the small islands off the north-west coast of Jutland. Our crossing was my first experience of a sea passage, and it was not a pleasant one. We landed at Eshjerg, and from there started on our long journey. We passed through extremely flat country, immense stretches of which were covered with heather.

The Danish people are noted for their hospitality, and certainly those we met were exceedingly kind, and although many of them knew very little English, and we could not speak Danish, they did all they could to entertain us, and succeeded in making us feel thoroughly at home.

It is extraordinary how one may meet a native of one's own district in the most unexpected place. Living in the town where we stayed was an English lady, to whom we were introduced, and who, we found, had, before her marriage, lived only a few miles from our home in England. It was often very comical to listen to conversations in a language entirely different from our own, but, as we picked up some of the words, we made violent guesses. In the Danish schools, languages are taught a great deal, English, Latin, French and German being studied at once! The Danish girls generally leave school at the age of sixteen, and yet they seem to cover as great an amount of work as do the English girls of seventeen or eighteen. One wonders how they manage it. Perhaps it is owing to the Saturday morning school, which an English girl would not welcome! Sports are not so much entered into in the Danish schools, but Swedish gymnastics are greatly practised.

Many of the Danish houses are very artistic, and are often white with red or blue roofs, and having no dirty pit smoke to soil them, look very pretty, especially when partly covered with green creepers. One rarely sees rows of houses, one exactly the same as its neighbour. The rooms open one into the other, having sliding doors. There are no open fires, large polished stoves taking their place.

Aarhus, on the mainland, and the second town in Denmark, is very interesting, although not nearly so large as Newcastle. While here, we were fortunate enough to see King Christian. He rode past us quite unattended. The Danish girls "knicksed," i.e., curtseyed slightly, and we bowed our heads in dignified English fashion! We all felt honoured in receiving the king's salute!

One of the most beautiful buildings we saw was Viborg Cathedral. It is most unique. As stone is not found in large quantities in Denmark, and as the people desired that it should be entirely built of Danish stone, the blocks were brought from all parts of the country. In consequence, they are of varied hues, which combine to produce a very pretty effect. The interior of the cathedral is very arresting, the walls being painted with scenes from the scriptures; they are almost entirely covered.

But the prettiest district we visited was Silkeborg, the Danish lake district. The lakes open one into the other for several miles. They are very beautiful, the hills surrounding them being mostly covered with forest. Here is the highest hill in Denmark, and it is not quite two thousand feet!

The tea gardens of Denmark are a very pleasant feature. A most enjoyable summer evening can be spent in one of these gardens, listening to the band, and chatting around one of the numerous small tables scattered about; and if decorated with Chinese lanterns, the gardens look very pretty. It made one wish that the custom could be copied in England.

The Danish people admire the English, and are their staunch friends.

H. ROBSON.

A NIGHT IN A HOSPITAL

Scene ... Royal Victoria Infirmary,

Time ... 8·0 p.m., June 15th, 1915.

All is quiet in the night nurses' quarters—when suddenly, a bell rings. Every nurse immediately covers her head over under the bed-clothes, as the noise is deafening; and thinks, oh, bother—just five minutes more! This five minutes, however, becomes fifteen—then someone, more energetic than the rest, calls out, "Get up every one, it's a quarter-past-eight. The rush now begins—clothes are thrown on somehow—one button fastened instead of two wherever possible—shoes left untied, to be finished at a more convenient time later on—hair pinned up—a dash of cold water—then a final race down to the dining room by 8·30, arriving breathless, but in time.

Breakfast is a very happy meal, and the room is soon filled with laughter and talk—hospital life having a very bright side as well as the reverse; but in all walks of life, we must "take the bitter with the sweet."

Breakfast over, the nurses go to their own ward—two to each, a senior and a junior. The senior goes straight to the ward, where the sister on duty gives her a full report as to the condition of each patient, and leaves orders about any treatment which the Doctor may have ordered during the day. The junior goes first to the kitchen and receives a supper tin, which contains the meal for the night, and on arriving at the ward, is also given a report by her staff-nurse.

On this particular night, I and my junior arrived in the ward, and thought what a lovely night it was—all was still, and the patients were mostly sleeping—when suddenly, a loud report was heard.

Now, the ward seemed to wake! Voices, from different beds said, “Nurse, what’s that?” It was no use saying “Hush, daddy, go to sleep.” One report followed another, and looking from the balcony, you could see flashes of light falling from the sky, and you knew quite well it was a Zeppelin raid.

The men knew, too, but most of them were quite calm. Some even slept through all. One old daddy shouted in a loud voice, “Nurse, fetch me my clothes, I’m going out.” We then talked to him, and told him he was quite safe, the Zeppelin being a long way off, and, after a few minutes, he settled down again. In half-an-hour all was quiet again, so we decided to have supper. Nurse went to the kitchen to prepare it, while I went round seeing if my patients were all right after their excitement, several of them having heart trouble; any excitement might bring on an attack.

At last supper was ready, and nurse sat in the ward while I had mine. However, I had just started, when the telephone rang violently. Whatever could it be at this time? It was not our receiving week. I went; it was the night porter, asking us to have candles ready, as the lights were probably going to be switched off at the main.

This sounded as if we were going to have an exciting time, so we hurried up, and finished our meal, and were no sooner cleared away than again the telephone rang. This time it was to see how many empty beds we had in the wards as several cases were coming in owing to the raid. As we had only two, the porters were told to bring about ten more, which were put up wherever there was room, making the ward in quite an uproar, and, of course, waking all the patients again. We had just got the beds made, when ambulances began to come up to the accident room. Five cases arrived, and, of course, we expected others were on their way.

Once more the telephone rang. This time, it was to ask if I would go down to the theatre, and get it ready for Mr. —, who was coming to operate in half-an-hour’s time.

Now the rush commenced, sterilizers were to be put on first, bowls put in to boil—instruments got out, and those which would be needed boiled, lotions made, and the theatre and table got ready.

About 3·30 a.m., I was able to go back to the ward, and nurse had some tea ready, which was most welcome, no more cases having arrived, and all our empty beds were still unfilled.

At four o’clock, we commenced washing the helpless patients, making their beds, and making them comfortable, when they slept again until breakfast time. At 5·30, the ward was fully astir, patients talking one against the other, washing going on, and the raid being fully discussed.

I then took the temperature and pulse of all the patients who were very ill, and wrote the night report for sister, while nurse prepared breakfast, which consisted of boiled eggs, bread and butter, and tea.

At 6·30, still no cases had arrived, so nurse and I began to strip the extra beds and drag them out of the ward, leaving them standing in the corridor. No sooner had we finished, than an agonised voice shouted, “Nurse, quick, do be quick.” Back we rushed, to find old daddy having a severe attack. Nurse opens the window, while I fix up the oxygen apparatus, and, in about twenty minutes, he is better again.

At last it is 7 a.m., and hospital indeed seems to wake. Day-nurses go to their different wards, beds are made, wards dusted, flowers arranged, and everything ready for 8 a.m., when sister comes on duty.

Nurse then fills up any hot water bottles needed, and I give sister a report of all that happened during the night, and by 8·30, we both feel very thankful that another night is over, and this is a night that neither of us will ever forget.

Wanted—a poem,
Hark to that wail :
The poor editress
Is growing very pale.

Wanted—a poem ;
Will nobody hear ?
Come now, be sportsmen,
Nobody 'll sneer.

Wanted—more poems,
At last we've got one ;
Keep it up writers
Now you've begun.

SHEILA BOYD.

CURIOS CUSTOMS OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY

The Irish Peasantry are a romantic and very picturesque people, who still practise many curious customs. Different costumes are worn by the peasants in one part of Ireland from those worn in another part. For instance, in Connemara the Sunday dress of the women consists of a short, bright red petticoat and a gaily coloured shawl for the shoulders, while another, equally bright, is worn over the head. In Achill Island, however, a long black cloak is worn, a custom retained from the time when the Armada was wrecked, and some of the Spanish sailors landed on this island. From Achill, the men go out in little corracles to the island of Inniskea, in order to capture whales, which are towed to land, and then their blubber is boiled down into oil.

In the outlying districts it is quite common to see men wearing clothes which have been spun, woven, dyed and made at home by their wives.

In Ireland, burials and marriages are both occasions of great feasts, to which people from miles around come and form part of the gaily dressed throng attending the wake of the dead person.

In the hilly part of Ireland, the land is very barren, and the farms are very small. All the stock seems to be hobbled, even to the old turkeys. Since the land is so poor, the men and women leave Ireland for the summer, the men to come to England for the hay season, while the women go to Scotland for the potato gathering, and then in the winter they return to Ireland and live on the wages they have earned during the summer months. Thus it is during the winter that marriages and feasts are held among the peasants, who on their return from England or Scotland always buy a donkey if they had not one before, and a pony if they possessed a donkey the previous year. These donkeys are very hard worked, although loved by their owners.

who will walk beside them rather than ride if their donkeys have very full panniers of peat on their backs ; but usually the peat gatherer will load the donkey with his panniers and then mount behind them and ride home in this way. In very poor parts the family and the pigs and hens all live together in the small dilapidated thatched cottage, while outside in the small field will probably be a goat hobbled, and it is mainly Irish goat-skins which are used to make our soldiers' goat-skin jackets.

There is a certain bridge known locally as the "bloody bridge" in County Down. It received this name because until quite recently it used to be the scene of an annual fight between the Protestants and the Roman Catholics in commemoration of a battle against the hated Orangemen fought many years ago. It is well-known that Irishmen are always ready for a fight, but now this eagerness for conflict has been turned to better account by the Irish army's remaining loyal to the British Empire, and fighting splendidly her battle against the Germans.

" We ain't no saints or scholars much, but fighting men and clean.
We've paid the price; and three times thrice for 'Wearin' o' the Green !'
We held our hand out frank and fair, and half-forgot Parnell,
For Ireland's hope and England's too—and its yours to save or sell !
For it's Paddy this, and Paddy that, " Who'll stop the Uhlans blade?"
But Tommy Fitz from Malahide, and Monaghan's McGlade.
When the ranks are set for judgment, lads, and the roses droop and fade,
It's Ireland in the firin' line ! When the price of God is paid."

MARJORIE WOODMAN.

Little busy bee !
Why do you fly away from me ?
I know you find the greatest ease
Sitting on the tall sweet-peas.

V. GREENER (Form I.)

HAPPY DAYS AT N.H.S.

When grown-ups tell the younger ones that school days are the happiest time of one's life, they say what is quite true, and although they have not realised it, they will come to do so when their time for leaving school for altogether comes.

It seems like leaving the whole of one's childhood behind to leave school after so many happy days spent within the walls of the N.H.S. Many have passed in and out of its ever welcome doors ; but few, perhaps none, go out altogether without a sad look on their generally smiling faces.

When the older girls from the sixth left last summer, I thought school would never be the same again, because they had been here so long that they had grown part of the building almost. Like them, I don't think I shall ever be able to say " Good-bye."

I was always pleased, somehow, when the holidays were over, so as to be able to be once again with my many friends, and the same routine was to be gone through ; but unlike other places N.H.S never grew monotonous.

When matches came, both hockey, cricket and tennis, whether we won or lost, we were still happy that somebody else had won, and were always proud to wear the famous green and blue, and hoped to do them justice in all sports.

I hope N.H.S. may long prosper :

“Leading others on
“Teaching them to do the right
“To learn to right the wrong.”

Good-bye to dear, old School, and may all girls who pass through be as proud as I in saying they went to the Newcastle High School.

N. OUBRIDGE.

To write poetry for a magazine
Is a very hasty job :
It drives one mad : it makes one sad ;
It nearly makes me sob.

Now what is one to write about ?
That is the question hard ;
For you know a really racey poem
Would be very quickly barred.

And if one wrote a dismal wail,
That would be worse, if poss—
While a sickly sentimental one
Is apt to make folks cross.

So having threshed the matter out,
I think it's now quite clear,
The task is far too hard to set
For anyone I fear.

SHEILA BOYD.

NEWNHAM COLLEGE

The Editor has asked me to write a short account of Newnham College for the Magazine. It is rather difficult to know where to begin, so I think I will first describe Newnham itself, and then try and give some account of college life. Newnham College is one of the two women's colleges at Cambridge, and is situated about half-a-mile out of the town. It consists of four halls—Old, Sidgwick, Clough and Peile. There are also two other buildings known as Pfeiffer and Kennedy Buildings. In the former, there are seven lecture rooms, the Principal's rooms and a few students' rooms. Most of the dons live in Kennedy Buildings, though one or two have their rooms in the various halls.

The halls are built round three sides of a square, the fourth side being open to the playing grounds. The front of each hall looks on to the garden, which is very pretty, especially in the May term, when the lilacs, laburnums and May trees are in flower. Sidgwick Hall is privileged in having a sunk garden, with a small fountain in the centre, and rose beds. It is very pleasant to come out and work here in the summer, though birds and bees and flowers sometimes prove more interesting than Anglo-Saxon grammar !

The playing grounds consist of a large hockey field, eight grass tennis courts and five ash ones ; there is also a net-ball ground near Old Hall, and behind Sidgwick there are two fives courts.

There are about fifty girls in each hall, and we each have our own room. The college supplies all necessary furniture, and then we bring our own pictures and photographs and cushions, and make our rooms look as nice as ever we can. Some of the rooms are not quite so large as others, and all do not look on to the garden, so at the end of each year, we may change our room if we like. It is quite a problem choosing a room, there are so many things to consider, for instance, the colours of the wall-paper and curtains, whether they will match your cushions, the newness or otherwise of the carpet!

Now, I must tell you a little about college life. Prayers are at 8, and breakfast is immediately afterwards, and goes on till 8·45. We just help ourselves, and come and go when we like. Lectures usually begin at 9; some are in Cambridge and some in the college itself. Most of us cycle into lectures, and I must say that cycling in Cambridge is not a very easy task as the streets are very narrow, and there is usually a good deal of traffic.

Lunch is from 1·15—2·45, and in the afternoon there are games. In the Michaelmas and Lent terms we play lacrosse, hockey, net-ball, fives, and tennis; and in the summer there is cricket, tennis, and swimming. Tea is at 3·45, and then we work from 4 till 7, when we have dinner. We generally work again after dinner unless there are meetings, of which there seem to be a good many.

There are numerous societies in college, and when you first go up, every secretary canvasses you for her own particular one, and you finally become rather bewildered!

Cocoa parties are a great feature in college life. They begin about 9·30, and sometimes we go to two or three in one evening. This is more especially in your first term, when the second years invite all the freshers to cocoa. It is a good way of getting to know people; there is not very much opportunity otherwise, as we are working most of the day.

This account seems to be getting rather lengthy, but I must just tell you about the fire brigade. Each hall has its own brigade, with a captain and two lieutenants; also an ambulance brigade—the members of this have passed the first-aid and home-nursing examinations. It is rather startling at first to hear the fire-bell, but we soon get used to it. The practices are great fun, if only you can remember to do the right thing, otherwise they are horrible; especially when the captain drops on you and asks you why you haven't fetched the nozzle or where the second hose is? We had a good many night alarms last term in case of a Zeppelin raid. It is quite exciting to fly about in the dark and haul hoses up on to the roof, though non-members of the brigade seem to be glad that they can remain comfortably in bed! They don't know what they are missing!

I must not write any more. I only wish I could give you a better account of college life. All I can say is this: College is a glorious place, and if you can possibly go, don't throw away your opportunity. I advise all-would-be "Collegites" to come to Newnham, for of course it is the best!

REINDEER HUNTING IN NORTHERN NORWAY

The hunting of red-deer on the Scottish moors is practically child's play in comparison with the adventurous life of a reindeer hunter of Northern Norway.

The moors of Scotland are carefully preserved for sport, and the game is almost tame, whilst the wild roving reindeer of the mountains are ever alert and watchful for possible danger.

The reindeer which live on the Norwegian mountains could not endure the climate of the British Isles, as they inhabit the land of over three thousand five hundred feet in altitude, and even when they come down into the valleys they begin to suffocate, as they are unable to stand the pressure of the air to which they are unaccustomed.

They feed on lichens and rest on the everlasting snow during the day time. Their senses of sight and smell are extremely keen, so that the hunter must make a détour of the foot of the mountain until he reaches its leeward in order to approach the quarry unexpectedly.

Only one hound is essential to the hunter, and this hound which has such a strong sense of smell that it can scent the reindeer when at a distance of between seven and ten miles, is led on a leash of about four feet in length and under no circumstances is let free.

When the hound scents the prey, he begins silently to pull, and as the deer grow nearer and the scent keener the pressure on his leash becomes more pronounced.

Sometimes, should the deer move off, twenty miles of rugged country is covered, and a hunter must prepare himself for a march which may possibly last for twenty-three hours at a stretch. In case of such an eventuality, the hunter takes with him the necessary amount of compressed food for the march. The hunter and his guide wear clothes of grey undyed wool, which do not show up against the rocky background which is of a similar colour. When the hunter and his guide top a peak or rise, they scan the horizon for any signs of their game which may signify that the exciting end is near.

When the deer are sighted the dog is muzzled so that he can make no sound, and he is either fastened to a peg driven into the ground or left in the charge of the guide.

The hunter then lies down and crawls towards the deer, as silently as possible, and under cover of a boulder or any rock which may assist the precaution which is essential if the game is to be taken unawares, as any movement which causes a noise will awaken the herd to a sense of their danger.

Having come within range of the quarry, that is about forty yards distant from it, the hunter spots his special prey, sights—and fires! The whole herd fling up their heads, scent danger, and within a few minutes, merely the distant thunder of their hoofs and the inert, dead body which was once the proud, happy, beautiful stag of the herd remain to witness the truth of the thrilling scene. The bullet which is used to deal death to the reindeer is the .55, and two shots can be fired in rapid succession from the rifle.

The Romsdalen, Dövregjeld, and Eikesdalen are excellent hunting grounds, and the hunter takes up his position some days before the commencement of the season. A rough pine log hut serves as his base and he has two tents ten miles distant from each other and the hut.

As there is no darkness on these fjelds of Norway, and only about three hours in which the sun is not seen, the hunting is not limited through lack of light. Reindeer horns are at their best in the winter when the stags have cast their velvet, but as hunting is now only allowed from September 1st to September 15th, the horns are not obtainable at their best.

Some years ago, when wild reindeer were plentiful, the season lasted from August 15th to September 15th; but they became so scarce that for five years hunting was altogether forbidden, and was only allowed to recommence under limited circumstances.

The Laplanders roam the northern fjelds with herds of about six thousand tame reindeer, but the true wild reindeer is very scarce.

Should the hunter succeed in getting nine head of deer, he considers that he has had an exceptionally good season, and the alertness and watchfulness of the reindeer is shown by the fact that for many seasons a hunter may draw blank. The intricate gorges and rugged peaks of the Norwegian mountains must be well known to the hunter and his guide, who must both be prepared to go to sleep one night with a clear sky overhead and bare rocks around him, and to wake up and see the landscape shrouded in snow or enveloped in a cloud—the cloud however shifting with the rising sun.

No one who has ever hunted reindeer can ever forget the intense excitement of the chase, and in the mind of all those who have seen it, the picture of the glorious sun glowing on the silent pines and bare rocks of the majestic fjelds of Norway, and glinting on the serene white surface of her everlasting snows, must remain as one of the most perfect and unparalleled glimpses of the glorious beauty of creation.

KATHLEEN COOPER ABBS.

A POEM ON THE FIRST THING THAT CAME INTO MY HEAD !

I'm in a fright
For I'm asked to write,
And I don't know what to do ;
So I'll write a line
On the murky Tyne
And the stately castle too.
The castle stands
In no spreading lands
For it's time has passed away ;
But the time has been
When it's walls have seen
Full many a fearsome fray.
Its crumbling walls
And its stately halls
Are hung with a fine display
Of the weapons old
Of the warriors bold
Who now have passed away.
The castle bears
On its winding stairs
Full many a tourist's feet !

But in times long past
 There came, slow or fast,
 Armed men, or their ladies sweet.
 On these stairs I love
 They climbed above
 To fire on the men below,
 With shaft and bow
 As we all know
 They killed the threatening foe.
 It was hung with gold
 In days of old
 In my lady's chamber bright !
 And the woods around
 And the lovely ground
 Were theirs by an ancient right.
 But that is past
 (Though the walls still last)
 And will never come back again !
 But the lesson bold
 They taught of old
 Will last till the roaring main
 No longer flows
 And the wild wind blows
 No more over land and sea,
 For a stirring fight
 When the cause is right
 Is a thing that will always be ;
 For while men live
 They will service give
 To the cause of the brave and free.

DASIA COOPPER.

MISCELLANEA

Lost Property.—Large selection of valuable brooches, silver (?) pencils, hair ribbons, etc., for sale in Form VI, on October 1st, at 11·15 p.m. Proceeds to be given to Form I Wounded Soldiers' Box.

Wanted.—Suggestions of Subjects on which to debate. (N.B.—Please keep off the War, as far as possible).

A Warning.—To probable Cambridge Local Candidates (Senior and Junior). Do not do all your work between the hours of 9 p.m. and 6 a.m. A little should be done during the time, 9·20 a.m. and 1 p.m.

Poetry Competition.—The editor fully expected to receive so many applications and sample poems for the honourable post of school poet, that she thought she would have to spend all her spare time for a week in reading and judging the poetry; but, alas! her expectations were almost dashed to the ground, for she had to find other work to do. Only two applications were received; but each poet was kind enough to send in two poems, all of which we print in this issue. We hereby appoint Dasia Coopper school poet, and congratulate her on her success. At the same time, we would encourage timid authoresses, either of prose or poetry, not to be afraid to send in their efforts for the next number.

WOULD IT WERE COME TO EVEN-SONG.

The twilight shadows steal with noiseless robes
 Into the dim-lit room and o'er the earth,
 And soon the glow-worms show their tiny globes
 And crimson fire-flies show their jewelled worth.
 Slowly the shadows deepen into night,
 And e'en the birds have sung their last sweet song,
 The kindly darkness folds us out of sight ;
 The day is over, that has been so long.
 And now the moon, the mistress of the sky,
 Surrounded by her maids, the twinkling stars,
 Ascends her throne, her draped throne on high,
 And not a cloud her face or glory mars.
 And now the scent of roses fills the air—
 Oh, scented darkness ! how divine the night !
 And in the moonlight all things are more fair,
 More lovely far than by day's garish light.
 From out my casement window I can see
 The dim shapes of the trees against the sky.
 And as I listen, softly comes to me
 Their wondrous music, soft and like a sigh,
 The peaceful, soothing, loving old refrain
 That soothes all troubles, like God's voice to me ;
 And weariness and trouble and all pain
 Are lost forever in that music sea.
 A gentle breeze caresses my flushed face
 Bearing the scent of many a sweet-breathed flower,
 And all the shadows seem so full of grace
 I fain would stay for ever in this bower ;
 This God-made place, this place like heav'n on earth :
 I listen, loth to leave my casement pane,
 And, like a song half sadness, half of mirth,
 I hear that distant, haunting, dear refrain
 Of softly-waving trees, and murmuring sea ;
 And all my heart is filled with wondrous joy,
 And visions of sweet moments come to me,
 And life no longer seems a broken toy ;
 And so to bed, where sweet dreams fill the night—
 Dreams of my love—and dreams that cause me bliss
 All through my sleep, until the morning light
 The God of dreams has laid on me his kiss !
 And happiness and peace and love is mine,
 With wondrous forms, from whose white hands I take
 Those gifts for which I now most mournf'ly pine,
 And joy is mine all night until I wake.

DASIA COOPPER.