

Hildian, now at college in England. An essay by Miss Scarth, "The Lament of One who has Lived Longer than is Usual" was read by Miss Nevitt, and was followed by a reading from "Isabel Carnaby," by Miss Nourse. The meeting closed with one of Nevin's nocturnes given by Miss Hart.

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On February 28th, the S. Hilda's hockey team played a match with the Tawney Hockey Club at Victoria College rink and lost it to the tune of 18-0. This ignominious defeat will, we hope, be a warning to the hockeyists of S. Hilda's that success cannot be gained without regular practice. Though lack of ice was an excuse, yet nothing can excuse lack of interest.

Our opponents were greatly our superiors in speed and knowledge of the game, showing a team-play that is seldom surpassed even by men.

Let us hope, however, for better things next season, when we *may* have our own ice.

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We are glad to see Miss Macdougall, '99, our last year's vice-president and team captain, amongst us again. It is very encouraging to have a graduate take such a lively interest in College sports. Much credit is due Miss Macdougall for her regularity in attending practice.

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Miss Powley, '99, is acting secretary, vice Miss Kirkpatrick, '00, whose illness forced her to resign that office.

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It is always interesting to hear of the life in another college, doubly so if that life is seen through the eyes of one of our own graduates. At the last meeting of the Literary Society we had the pleasure of hearing a letter which Mrs. Rigby recently received from Miss Middleton, who is now studying at Newnham College, Cambridge. Miss Middleton's description of the life there is too interesting to keep to ourselves, so we give the following extract from the letter:—

"To begin at the beginning, the college consists of three halls, each of which is under the charge of a vice-principal. I am in Sidgwick Hall, and the other two are Clough Hall and Old Hall, which latter also includes a new building called the Pfeiffer Building. Mrs. Sidgwick has her rooms in Old Hall, so that we rarely see anything of her. Miss Stephen, who is the vice-principal of Sidgwick, is perfectly charming. She is the daughter of Lord Fitz-Stephen or some such grandee. Mrs. Sidgwick is a sister of Mr. Arthur Balfour, Lord of the Treasury. Miss Gladstone, who is staying here at present, was a vice-principal in Sidgwick before Miss Stephen, so this hall seems to have been peculiarly fortunate. But this is a digression—to return to my subject. The life is very free. The one rule there seems to be that students must be in by six-thirty during the winter terms, and eight-thirty in the summer, unless they have special permission from their vice-principals to be out, and then they may stay with friends until eleven. The meals struck me as very funny at first, but I have got used to them now and rather like the idea. We have morning prayers before breakfast in the dining-room at eight, to which you are not obliged to be down, and the result is that there are generally from ten to fifteen out of fifty students, present. Then breakfast goes on from eight till nine. There are several little tables in the room, and on one long table at the side are placed all the eatables, where each one goes and helps herself. Lunch, which is at 1.15, is conducted in the same manner, also afternoon-tea, from three to four. Dinner, which is at 6.30, is served properly and everyone is expected to be in time for it. At 7.45 we have tea, and then each student is allowed a small jug of milk with which we generally make cocoa in our rooms at ten p.m.

That is the great time for visiting—nearly every night one is invited to a cocoa-party. Being a new-comer I have been very much fêted and have been asked to as many as three cocoas in one night. It is not considered to be at all within the rules of college etiquette to refuse any invitation, so you have to rush from one room to another and nolens volens drink a lot of scalding hot cocoa in as expeditious a manner as possible. The hall lights are put out at ten, so you have to grope your way about in the dark. I had a dreadful experience one night trying to find my way over to Clough Hall. It is difficult enough in the day time, but in the night I went banging into doors, unseen tables, etc.—fortunately one of the students came along at that moment and undertook to guide me. I suggested bringing a candle next time but was told it was quite *infra dig.*—that *only* dons carried candles. Sunday afternoon is also a great day for afternoon teas—on that day we have early dinner, afternoon tea, and supper from eight to nine.

I have been over several of the men's colleges. King's College Chapel is lovely, and the music divine. I generally go wandering about on Sundays. I am trying to find a church that I really like, as yet I have been unsuccessful.

In the college there are innumerable societies—most of the halls having separate ones—but every Monday night we have a political meeting which is attended by all the halls. It is the most interesting society and discusses the affairs of the nation as if it were parliament itself. Then the Debating Society is also a general one. In Sidgwick we have an English Poetry Society, consisting of twelve members to which I had the honour of being elected a member, in place of one who resigned. On Wednesday night the general Literary Society meets, and on Friday we have an impromptu Debating Society at which I was called upon to make my maiden effort a week ago.

There are out-door sports of all kinds, two fives-courts, eleven tennis-courts and a large hockey-field."

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For three weeks before Shrove Tuesday, a box, mysterious to the uninitiated, was to be seen upon the hall-table of S. Hilda's College. This box, gay with red and black ribbons, was also adorned with the S. Hilda's crest, a learned college girl in cap and gown, and a picture of Folly, hilariously driving the world on which she stood. A notice posted above the box, explained that it was the receptacle for contributions to Episcopon, being Father Episcopon's announcement to S. Hildians of his intended visit, with an admonition to all students to come in an humble and good-natured frame of mind to hear what he had to say to them.

In accordance with this warning, the students gathered in the Common Room at eight o'clock on the evening of Shrove Tuesday. Only one light was in the room, thickly shrouded, and screened from all save the scribe, Miss Powley, '99, in order that a merciful veil of darkness might hide the countenances of those whom Father Episcopon undertook to criticise. The reading of Episcopon lasted about an hour, interrupted once by the burning of the electric light shade, which, much to the regret of the owner, was lost beyond repair.

When the lights were turned on, Miss Talbot favoured the company with a song entitled "Poor Old Maid," sung with much pathos. Miss Nourse then sang the appropriate song "Forsaken Am I," with tragic and pathetic emphasis, evidently feeling keenly—to judge by the emotion betrayed in her voice—that Father Episcopon had been harsh indeed. Both songs were received with enthusiastic applause. A short dance and supper were followed by the singing of "Auld Lang Syne," which closed the evening. Father Episcopon's first visit to the new building was voted a great success. May this be the first of very many more such visits here!