on the ground that day, and for how many years they themselves had shared in it as " scholars."
So the time passed away till about six oclock, when a bell summoned all, first to their ranks outside the tent, then to the same places they had occupied at dinner, within it. I learnt that the number was somewhat increased by the presence of scholars whose attendance had not warranted a " whole day" ticket, but were not unfortunate enough to have been excluced altogether. Very nearly five hundred was
the total number of teachers and scholars entertained that day. After seeing tea fairly begun, I returned to my lodgings, there to await the "break up," which I was assured was "the prettiest bit of the day."

Farewells, congratulations on the success of the day, groups of children joining their parents, all showed the close of a long and happy day, the memory of which I have wished, if possible, to preserve a little longer in these days when " the old ouder so inevitably changeth, giving place to new."

## Gonte, sing witk sboly (blabuess.

Words by the Rev. J. J. Daniell.
Music by tic Rev. J. Ishmael Thomas, B.A. (.) Ninor Canon and Precentor of Norwich Cathedral.)


