

- W. Kitching. } Nuns of the
- C. L. Neligan. } Order of St. Joseph.
- H. E. Wix. }
- K. Loveday. }
- J. R. Smith. } Franciscan Nuns.
- E. L. Crowe. }
- B. Goode. } Nuns of the
- J. M. Wilkinson. } Faithful Virgin.
- J. D. Taylor. }
- Misses Bigger—Shepherdesses.
- Miss Gibson Bishop Waynflete
- J. H. Smith Henry VII.
- W. Tibbits Bishop Gardiner
- E. M. Brookes Lady Southwell
- D. Viney Maid of Honour to Queen Anne
- R. A. Pennethorne Mrs. Bennett
- E. M. Davis ... Lady in Waiting to Princess Victoria
- H. Smeeton Mrs. Yonge
- E. C. Smith Miss Tina Crocket

L. GRAY.

VISIT TO ST. CROSS.

I was one of the fortunate people who went twice to St. Cross, once as a private individual and once with some responsibility due to the presence of some hundred children and parents who had come with the Winchester Gathering. The first time we walked there across the meads, incidentally also across bogs and through pools, but with such a destination and such perfect surroundings, of what consequence are wet feet?

The Hospital of St. Cross lies back from the river, among trees and away from the high road. One catches sight first of its low, square tower, then of the long lines of the warm, red-tiled roofs, then of peeps of grey, moss-clad walls. A little detour, and we are arrived. When the children went they were set down by the brakes outside the old gate house,

which now stands always open. One looks through the low, dark, cool arch to the stretch of well-kept lawn, and the beautiful Norman door of the church, which seems to invite the wanderer to enter and partake of its gentle hospitality.

For "Hospital" here has the mediæval sense, the "Place of Hospitality." It was founded in the twelfth century, 1136 A.D., to provide homes for twelve poor men and their wives, who should spend their lives "in peace and prayer." Later, under Cardinal Beaufort, it was enlarged, and further endowment was given that one hundred men should dine every day (vagrants). But Cardinal Beaufort was a scholar, and recognised that the poverty of the gently born was often grievous, even in those days; so that he further arranged for twenty old men of good education and family to live there with their wives. These latter brethren are distinguished as "Cardinal's men," and wear a red coat with a silver badge of a cardinal's hat. They are particular to remind the visitors of their standing, and one explained to me his position, pointing out the black-gowned brethren, and explained that originally his gown was scarlet, cardinal's colour, to protect the brethren from wild cattle in the meads, but now it is a dull Indian red, almost brown. All the brethren are under the care and direction of a master, and there is an unbroken record of the masters since the foundation. In fact, the Hospital of St. Cross is the only institution of mediæval times that has fulfilled unbroken the purpose of its founder.

To the right of the gate house there is the Cardinal's Hall, a beautiful building that takes us straight back to the Middle Ages. In the very centre of the room is the hearth, of red brick, and square, with an iron ring to keep the cinders, or ashes, in place. Across one end is the musicians' gallery, with some beautiful panelling; opposite is the low dais on which sat the master. There is now a wonderful table on the dais, of unknowable age, bearing the salt-cellar, drinking horn, and beer jug. The brethren sat at long tables down the side of the hall, but it is not used for meals now, as the

inmates dine in their own houses. Past the hall, down a passage that is really only the end screened off, we come to the kitchen—a kitchen of Dick Whittington or Cedric the Saxon—with great chains hanging down the chimney, and weird iron and pewter instruments hanging on the dresser. Behind this lies the room that is still called “The Hundred Hall,” where the hundred poor men were fed daily.

I wish I could show you the courtyard as we emerge from the hall. It is square. Grass and a sundial in the middle, down the right side the neat row of the brethren's houses, covered with roses and wistaria, with gentle old women in spotless aprons sitting in the sun.

Down the left side is the cloister, red-roofed and red-tiled, supported by beautifully carved black oak beams; wide, cool, peaceful. Opposite to us the square is enclosed by the church, and a straight beech hedge that separates the garden from the meads, and a low, white gate that invites the brother to meditate under the grandeur of the giant elms, or lose his sense of limitation beside the dykes while the lark pours out its endless song. But the Master invites us to enter the church. And again one must remember this is the fourteenth century we are in, because at first we would say: “They have spoilt it!” It is a small church; the nave supported by massive pillars, 16 ft. high, 20 ft. in circumference; low, flat arches, small, rounded windows. The pillars are almost white, and the capitals and pedestals; but look up to the choir, and it is a blaze of colour. All the brickwork and plaster-work is colour—blue and Indian red, and pale gold, sometimes following the articulation of the brick or stonework, sometimes rioting in Arabesque and scroll. The church is cruciform, with two wide transepts, and a lady chapel. The north transept originally joined the hospital, and has an ambulatory, where the sick brethren might come to hear mass. As it was not possible to see the High Altar from the ambulatory, there was a frescoed crucifixion on the south

wall that the sick brethren might adore while they listened. Very faint traces of it still remain.

In that transept is the famous “Bird Window,” the Norman moulding of which takes the form of birds, as if the dog-tooth had suggested this variation of the triangular ornament to the worker. Here stand two old pew-desks, with the names of the Masters, etc., carved on them in fine Gothic characters—amateur work, by some inattentive brother, perhaps.

In the Lady Chapel, on the south side, is a tryptich by Mabuse, the Virgin and Child, and two saints; on the left, St. Catharine of Egypt, crowned, with a palm in her hand, and holding her ring as the Bride of Christ; on the right, St. Barbara, with her tower; both figures very graceful and beautiful. Here, too, is some old Tudor woodwork, taken from the ancient rood screen. Within the chancel rails are some interesting brasses, one of a Master wearing full Eucharistic vestments, the only one in England. The chapel on the north side, probably the chapel of St. Joseph, has the remains of trefoil headed frescoed arches, and other painting now too dim to be more than guessed at.

But there is still much to see outside. The triple-headed arch round on the south side and the churchyard, where the Masters and brethren of departed ages wait beside their lovely church. The children naturally wanted to spread themselves over the Master's garden, and very beautiful it looked with these bright, quick-darting creatures putting the vigour of to-day into the quiet of yesterday. We saw the bowling green, supplied with plenty of seats for onlookers, and then visited some of the cottages, whose inmates were so pleased to display their ordered neatness and comfort. The children penetrated upstairs in some cases, but I was not so bold.

At the gate house, on departing, we were offered “the dole”—a slice of bread and a horn of beer, which may not be denied to any wayfarer who asks it. The platter bears a silver cross, and also the horn. All the children had it, but only

the boys said they liked the sip of beer! Over the gate house is the statue of the Cardinal, but the niches are empty that once held other figures.

Before we left we turned back to look again at the row of flower-bedecked cottages, the velvet lawn, and the solid strength and grace of the church, and tried to sink ourselves in the beauty of this wonderful survival of the Middle Ages, which is an embodiment of two of its best attributes, the recognition of the duty of prayer, and the duty of almsgiving.

I would tell you much more if I had time and space, but to all who could not have the joy this May I would say: "Go to St. Cross; go often; go alone." And to those who went with the children I offer my apologies for intruding on their impressions, and my humble wish that perhaps these thoughts of mine may bring back the joy of that lovely afternoon.

E. C. ALLEN.

SCOUTING.

Thursday afternoon, fortunately, was gloriously fine, and we were able to carry out the Scouting programme as arranged. This was the more welcome in that Tuesday had been too wet to go beyond the confines of the Guildhall. A large party of eager souls, young children and old ones also, met at the Great Western station at 2.15, where a "Special" was waiting to convey the party to Kingsworthy. Various patrols were there—Peewits, Rooks, Rabbits, and others—all looking most business-like, armed with flags and string and the like. A walk through some delightful meadows brought us eventually to a gorse-covered slope, and by the time the last of the party arrived, the early-comers had started a blazing fire, and various small scouts were busy collecting brushwood to feed the same. Others were hunting for stronger branches with which to build a hut, and games were in full swing. Several members of the party, on nature lore bent, were seeing how many different flowers, trees, nests, birds, insects, and creatures of various kinds, etc., they could

see according to the lists provided, and marks were given for each thing, ranging from one for each flower to five for a rabbit, and so on, and additional marks were given for good descriptions of birds, etc. The young hunters were very keen on bringing home their booty, but the time was, unfortunately, too short for all to be counted. One small scout (I think she was a Rook) scored $57\frac{1}{2}$ marks—a capital number in the time. Then thirty energetic members of the party played a sort of "French and English" game: they were divided into two parties, one wearing pink badges on their arms and the other white. Flags were planted in various places on the enemy's ground, and these had to be rescued. The result was not very easy to see, but at any rate, it entailed great excitement and merriment. Meantime others practised signalling. A capital hut was erected, and whilst potatoes were being roasted, songs were sung round the camp fire. These potatoes were afterwards greatly relished by the small scouts, and it hardly needed the perception of a Sherlock Holmes to pick these out from amongst the rest.

And so the happy hour passed all too quickly, and we had quite an exciting time clambering over gates and through wire fences before getting back to the station, and it was a very hot and dusty, though happy, party that returned to Winchester by the special scout train.

L. G.

THE HANDICRAFTS.

There were about 600 things sent to this exhibition, which were arranged in an inner hall at the foot of the staircase, so that everyone had to pass through it. The space was rather limited, and many paintings were unhung and others hung elsewhere, and therefore not much seen. The general opinion seems to have been that the exhibition was successful, and it was certainly a popular feature, for it was always crowded. Nature Note Books were very numerous, and represented all ages and degrees of excellence. Some books of brush drawings sent from Oldfeld were particularly

delightful. In every case the flower painted had afterwards been pressed very carefully and fastened to the page alongside of the sketch. It seems a most happy idea, and was beautifully carried out. The clay and plasticene models were, some of them very good. Unfortunately, a few suffered in the post. A model of Hyde Abbey in plaster of paris and an excellent cast of the Norman font in the Cathedral were perhaps the best things sent of this sort. It seems a good idea to cast some of the models, instead of using only clay or plasticene, and it is not difficult to do. Among the Sloyd work there were several barges and some nice boxes covered with cretonne. A small-patterned cretonne had been used, and the lids were slightly padded. One barge was very good; it was of thick cardboard, covered entirely with black, and had a mast and black sail and a moveable keel. In it were the three Queens who fetched King Arthur. They were dressed in black and mauve, with veils and golden crowns. Well-made Sloyd thrones were sent from the Practising School. Some of the banners were beautifully worked in red and gold appliqué on white grounds. Some were effectively done by younger children; the dragon being cut out in gold paper and stuck on to the material. There were two done entirely in cross-stitch, which must have taken much patience and time. The shields were generally flat and "shield" shape, but two were round and so made that the centre was a sharp point, gilded. They were very well done, and most effective.

Some good lace was sent by two exhibitors; one piece was pillow lace. There were also two really delightful pieces of cross-stich, done in the old samples style. They were beautifully worked, and were so fresh and clean. One was a night-dress case, with—

"In winter I get up at night,
And go to bed by candle light;
In summer, quite the other way;
I have to go to bed by day."

And underneath there were embroidered the "people's feet" who go walking past in the street. There was much variety in the dolls sent. Queen Guinevere was a favourite, and some of her representatives were beautifully dressed, even in one case having an ermine trimmed Court train! King Arthurs were also numerous, and old bearded Merlins. The shields were rather an anxiety, as they were apt to fall off their owners' arms and roll away into the dim "underneath." Some very good rubbings were sent of interesting brasses, which were much admired. In carton work there was a dear wee throne, very nicely made, really workman-like, and yet so tiny. A boy of 8 or so sent a large railway engine, carriage, and signal box, all in carton, which were cleverly planned and made. The doors all opened, and there was a flight of steps to the signal box, with a hand-rail. Among the larger exhibits there was a tool chest, entirely made by the exhibitor. It had a tray with divisions, and nuts in the lid to keep tools in position. A particularly nice leather-covered box was sent from a Class IV. girl. The leather was tooled and stretched very cleverly over the wood, and finished off neatly with brass-headed nails. It seemed a good idea, for one gets tired of pocket books and frames. There were some really charming necklaces worked on the Apache loom, long ones with many and various patterns worked in, and so evenly done. Among the bound books there were some good leather ones, tooled with gold, and one charming one in silver birch bark, which ought to have many imitators. Birch bark is easy to get for country dwellers, and is wonderfully pliable, and has the merit, besides, of cheapness! Two small pin-cushions made of velvet in a round nest of raffia work suggested something new for the baby classes to make. Some cardboard King Arthurs too were sent by some little ones, and were really very delightful. The figure was cut out in thick paper, the face painted in front, and hair at the back. Then a mantle of scarlet slipped over the head; this was also of

paper, and a paper golden crown fitted neatly on the head, and the result was very gorgeous.

Among the paintings sent it is difficult to make any selection. Mr. Ablett's method was represented by Chilworth Street and one family; and to judge from the examples seen it should be a wonderful method of drawing out all that is artistic in a child. "View from my window" was simply delightful—blue sky and sun-tipped clouds, so freely touched. Of course, the child might have done equally well under any teaching: those are the things one cannot guess, but the method must be good to have such results.

Three beautiful bronzes were sent by Mary Yates, and a delightful water-colour by Miss Lilla Bagwell. Miss Warren kindly sent a very good collection of moths and butterflies. Other excellent exhibits there were, but space does not allow me to mention any more.

AN IMPRESSION OF WINCHESTER.

Picture to yourselves, those of you who had not the good fortune to be there, the delight of living for the best part of four days in an atmosphere simply brimming over with the joy of life. There were children everywhere; from first thing in the morning until late in the afternoon one was surrounded by crowds of happy faces belonging to both boys and girls, all meeting for the first time their fellow-scholars in this great P.U. School to celebrate its coming of age. They gathered together first of all to listen to fairy tales told by Miss Shedlock, and, judging from their merry laughter and keen appreciation shown at every point, they very soon began to feel at home. And so it continued right up to the end, each day (if such a thing were possible) being fuller of joy than the last. There were so many students there that at times one was almost tempted to believe we were holding one of our own Conferences, but that was rather dispelled when one met them going to or coming from the Guildhall with their small charges. All the many minute details fitted one into another

without a hitch, and all seemed to go by clock-work. The gathering was one succession of delightful hours, and through it all Miss Mason's picture kept guard over all her children from the platform of the great hall. It was a delightful thought to bring it down from Ambleside, and it made us realise more than we should otherwise have done that this great scheme is the outcome of her brain; and her face inspired as to fresh ideals and sent us forth with renewed courage.

Then think of all this set in such a perfect setting as the quiet, peaceful Cathedral town of Winchester. Could anything have been more appropriate? There we were in the midst of an atmosphere of romance and chivalry, and we seemed to be living history all over again when we saw all these great heroes of antiquity brought before us on Wednesday afternoon. They were all there—Arthur and Alfred, St. Swithin and William of Wykeham, and scores of others whose names have all contributed to the history of Winchester. And behind all was the great Cathedral itself. Surely such days as these will live long in the minds of those who were there, and the memory of them will make life more real and the world a happier place than it has ever been before.

LILIAN GRAY.