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THE DAWN.

Everywhere was still. Every living thing was clothed in black darkness, for the moon had ceased to shed her pale light over the hills and to make long shadows on the lowlands; now the only light to be seen was Venus, the Morning Star, moving towards the East and heralding the approach of day. Soon a pale grey glimmer of light appeared, every minute growing broader, until it changed into a delicate pale blue—the gates of Mount Olympus had opened to let the chariot of the sun pass on his daily course. Venus began to fade, and her golden lustre was lost in the ever-increasing glow. From pale blue it changed to blue, from blue to purple, from purple to gold, and from gold to red, as the sun began to appear from behind the lofty hills, almost

mountains, which formed the background of the scenery of this drama.

Owls, bats, and nightjars could now and then be seen hurrying away to sleep while the other birds welcomed this midsummer day with outbursts of glorious song from every tree and hedgerow, and wild-duck could be heard merrily quacking as they alighted on the sparkling crystal-clear waters of a not far-distant lake. The call of a man yodelling the cattle in for milking echoed through the still, cool morning air, and there came the neigh of a colt, full of *joie de vivre*, galloping madly round and round his field. The sun now rose up in a fiery red ball and seemed to hover for a few minutes in all his majesty, before exchanging his regal red for dazzling gold; the day had begun . . .

The wind continued to howl furiously and to whistle among the distant hills and across the lowlands, while from time to time a flash of light was seen in the sky, as a star peeped through a jagged rent in the dark rain-cloud, or the clouds parted from before the face of the moon as she sank behind the looming shapes of the distant hills. Soon the ragged and wind-swept clouds began to drift apart and leave behind them a ghostly grey light, in the middle of which shone Venus announcing the approach of another wild autumn day. But Venus and the ghostly light soon vanished, and all was as black and as dark as it had been at midnight, for a thick bank of clouds had come across from the West bringing with them torrential rains, which sounded ten times greater as they pattered on the fallen leaves or danced in the muddy waters of a swollen lake, not far off. Then the darkness began to loosen its hold on the sleepy world and drift away, as if drawn apart by the delicate and invisible hands of some awakening goddess; but the rain continued and the pale light increased, and mighty Apollo in all his glory and splendour, guiding the chariot of the Sun which none but he can guide, passed unseen by the world of mortals from Mount Olympus.

Again everything was still and wrapped in darkness and not a sound was heard except the occasional hoot of an owl or the bark of a hunting fox. The whole constellation of stars was visible high up aloft on the roof of this frosty world, twinkling merrily and sometimes vanishing for a few seconds at a time.

Soon the roof of heaven began to pale and one after another the stars vanished from sight except Venus, who shone as brightly as ever as she sank to rest in the East and ceased to gaze upon the cold world below her. Then from below the hills a faint light appeared and quickly changed from blue-grey to a light gold, while a few fleecy clouds which floated lazily towards the growing light were soon bedecked in a magnificent rich red hue as the chariot of the sun, manned by the all-powerful Phoebus, came on. At last he arose from behind the mountainous hills, a great orb of golden-red. And what a scene he lighted up! As far as the eye could see everything was a dazzling white. From the top of the hills to the lowlands and from the great forest to the little outpost of trees which grew close by. The lake's surface appeared as a sheet of dull grey, drawn tight to every bank, while a few ruffled wild-ducks, driven from their beloved water, looked disconsolately at this obstacle.

Every tree was decorated with nature's finest work, delicate threads of sparkling silver, strung from branch to branch, and the lightest powdering of snow covering every tree from top to trunk.

This was how England appeared to Apollo as he drove his chariot forth from the gates of dawn, on a glorious mid-summer day, on a stormy autumn day, and on a winter's morning of frost and snow.

M. H. R. T. (Dragen) (VIth).

EVENING THROUGH THE LIBRARY WINDOW.

A sea of flat wet mist with distant islands,
A shore of terraced lawns, luxurious trees,
And shifting sky, its one eye red with weeping
Yellow and green with dark clouds in the breeze.

An ugly brutish island, grey, cylindrical
Shows there's a town beneath the sky and sea;
A man-made place that's grey, morose, yet colourful,
Though swamped in clinging mist, it seems to me.