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VOL. I.

Xmas-tide at Home.

COMING events cast their shadows before." And indeed the vaunt-couriers of Father Xmas are manifest in a hard season weeks before the great day. The early schoolboy, rung up amid semi-darkness, finds his sponge coated with cutting frost crystals, and the water in the jug, if not actually frozen, at any rate twice as cold to his numb fingers as that tepid exotic "colonial ice." The windows are each morning covered with dainty frost patterns, in which ferns, palm-trees, and the like figure in inimitable filagree work. Outside, the ground is like iron, and football becomes a temptation of Providence, and skates are brought out, and ponds daily tested to see if they will bear.

As December comes in, the sharp skirr of the swift iron rings through the air, and on some lake boys by dozens fly round, shaking Exam. cob-webs out of their brains, and startling with their merry noise the swans and water-fowl, who evicted from their natural element by the hard weather, waddle away clumsily and disapprovingly through the stiff crackling reed-beds.

A few more weeks and Speech Day is past, and all are once more gathered under the family roof-tree, prepared to celebrate the great House-Festival of the English nation. In the church all the pretty girls of the neighbourhood, and eke the less pretty ones ("for beauty lies not wholly in the eye") closely attended by the indefatigable curate, are engaged in

wreath-making. Round the old Norman pillars, which in their day have sheltered "shaven priest and cowed friar," winds the glossy dark green of bay and box, and scarlet-berried holly; on the walls are texts in gorgeous colours, reminders of the inner meaning of this glad time of Peace and Good-Will. The font is buried in snow-white wool-work and everlastings; and the curate has succeeded, amid the breathless suspense of every lady in the place, in nailing up the large star-design over the chancel arch without breaking his neck, being aided and advised therein by the old clerk who holds the ladder.

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At last Xmas Eve arrives, and in every nursery the Xmas tree shines forth in all its glory, a five feet high fir, planted in a tub bright with tiny wax lights; with toys and booklets, oranges and apples, swinging on its green twigs, and crowned with an airy, fairy, winged elf, that might have lighted there fresh from a children's pantomime. Didn't the young uns enjoy themselves then! and what delight it was to see the tiny candles die out, and to receive with a cheer the signal to sack the tree! There was'n't a tinsel doll's cap left by the time all were glugged. But it was after the small folk had gone to bed, and had trustfully left their stockings, (the biggest procurable, mark you!) suspended at the bed-foot, to wait for the arrival of Santa Claus with his wonderful sack on his back, (whom indeed no English child hath ever seen, even though he hath pinched himself black and blue to keep awake till the witching hour), it was after this then, that the serious work of the evening began. There was a wrapping-up in thick coats and woollen comforters, and gloves, and a drinking of hot coffee. Perhaps twenty are assemb-

led in the hall, half girls, and the rest men, boys, and hobble-de-hoys. One man is sure to have a flute; and another looks miserable with a violin. Let them be formally introduced—they are the Xmas Waits, who are about to make a round of friends and neighbours, and usher in the Day with carols. Just as the party is prepared to leave, a small boy, who ought to have been in bed an hour ago, but who has dodged the nurse, opens the big door and rushes in with a burst of icy air, to announce with great glee, that "It is snowing!" Ay snowing! None of your thick, clumsy flakes, like the feathers of a plucked goose, soddening down to the ground; to be trampled into slush, but tiny, sparkling, twirling grains, that sting the cheek like a whip, as they drive against it, and yet powder every leafless tree and bush, every eave and ridge, so gently and so slowly and so surely, into whiteness, that one almost believes, that the blanched landscape is the work of the Snow-Maidens of northern Saga.

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Nothing daunted, the party sets out, and groping their way up to the faintly defined and shuttered window of the first house of call, at the signal of a faint wail of the violin, and a dismal whistle from the flute, break out into the grand old "Adeste Fideles" or "Hark! the Herald Angels Sing," and then to "Noel," or "Three Ships came sailing over the Sea, All on a Chriss-a-mass Morning." But now the shutters are unbarred, and the window opened, and hospitable voices invite all the singers in, and hot elder wine; and cake and cheese, (the orthodox Xmas Eve supper) are produced, and as the clock strikes twelve, our host raises his glass, with the good old toast: "a right merrie Xmas, to gallant ladde and bonnie

lassie." And so the round continues, not forgetting at each house to levy a small tax for those, whom St. Francis so beautifully called: "our little brethren, the poor." And no mishap occurred, except that the Flute became clogged with frozen snow, and had to be requested to stop, as his squeaking was heart-rending; and so took huff, and nearly went home in the sulks, but was soon shamed out of showing temper at Xmastide; and then all the violin strings snapped with the frost. Upon which as the amateur orchestra was placed *hors de combat*, and every one at last was hoarse and husky, the word for home was gladly heard. Then followed the sudden disappearance of the small boy aforesaid, (who had sneaked after the party, and only joined it, when too far from home to be sent back under escort) into a snow-drift, and his extraction therefrom by aid of the black retriever "Jess," a dog of lady-like manners, and of refined musical taste, who followed the flute-player with open-mouthed and red-tongued approval, and indeed occasionally imitated the higher notes until abruptly suppressed. Then to bed for a few hours, while the stars break out through the driving snow-clouds to gleam like diamonds on the azure under-mantle of the white-robed night.

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A bright sunny morning and an intense bluesky, a summer's day to the outward eye, but for the keen breath of the North-Easter, just strong enough to bring a colour to one's cheeks and set the blood tingling, till one could dance and sing for sheer lightness of heart. A genuine white Yule, not its hateful 'green' namesake, with mists and fogs, and colds and coughs, and 'a fat Kirk-yard', but a Yule that brings

a feeling of life and strength to the oldest and feeblest. And now the Xmas breakfast, a movable feast from nine till eleven, is over, and the presents to each member of the family have been opened and approved of; and the perspiring postman has shot a perfect avalanche of Xmas letters and cards into the hall, and even the fat cook is made happy not without a blush,—for even a kitchen fire cannot destroy the human heart—with a resplendent card shrewdly suspected to have been sent by an amorous policeman on our beat. The church bells ring out, and rich and poor meet in the evergreen-adorned church to solemnise the day as Christians ought ever to do. The service is bright and not too long; and once over, and a hasty lunch swallowed, one and all seize their skates and make their way to the river. "Will it bear?" "Is it quite safe?" says some timid mamma, half afraid to let her young brood, duckling-like, venture from her side. "My dear madam, it is frozen down to the tide-line forty miles below, and you might drive a waggon and six over it anywhere!" Look! It stretches away, shining like a burnished shield, clean swept from snow by the wind, without a crack or flaw to trip the unwary.

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Now we are there! Every boy with one spark of gallantry has seen that his ladye-love skates are properly adjusted, and then perhaps lingered a little over his own, to watch the graceful little figure in her close-fitting green or grey dress trimmed with fur, and with jaunty little cap perched on the fair or brown curls, fitting to and fro till joined by her cavalier. And now away! We are to skate ten miles down stream to a riverside inn for afternoon tea and home, again by

torch-light. Away we fly! Forty speeding like one—down the long still reaches, where the water is deep and currentless, and the ice rumbles and gurgles under our flying feet; under the centre-arch of the old grey bridge; past the cliffs, where the river narrows to a torrent, and we rush feet together zig-zag between the stones of the rapid, only taking breath as we skim like swallows, over the black tarnlike whirlpool below. On and on, with steaming breath, mile after mile, till our fair companion blossoms like a rose in June, with her red lips and flushed cheeks, and till her eyes sparkle, like twin stars on a frosty night, through the flying tangle of her hair. Who is so foolish as to ask for wings after one hour of joy like this in the glorious winter-weather? At last and only too quickly the inn is reached, and by general vote the tea is taken *al fresco*. A roaring fire of drift wood blazes under the lee of the bank, and the kettle is soon sputtering and hissing over it, as it hangs from its gypsy tripod. Australians tell you billy tea is good in the sweltering bush, but it is the 'smallest of small beer' to such nectar as this.

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Already the sinking sun warns us that the short day is fast waning, and we start again more slowly, as it is up-hill work. When we warm to the collar, we soon are speeding along through the gloaming, till the last red streak of sunlight, shimmering bloodlike through the fir plantation, summons us to halt and light our torches. Pieces of well-dried pine wood, soaked in tar and wrapped with tow steeped in nitre, give a capital light; and weird is the effect as the long snake-like procession winds between the rocky precipitous banks almost

over-shadowed with gloomy foliaged yews and holly, where from every ledge hang gigantic icicles, that sparkle into rainbow colours, as they flash back the flickering glare, and where every tendril and twig stands out in its snowy covering against the dark background in the crimson glow of the long train of flying sparks. Back we come, tired perhaps but ready, ready aye for the Xmas dinner.

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When I was a very little boy, I learned from the lips of my old nurse, a little verse of a hymn, which began :

"I thank the goodness and the grace,
That on my birth have smiled,
And made me in my dwelling-place
A happy English Child."

I never realized the full force of the words, till I once saw a foreigner at an English Xmas dinner. Poor fellow! How could he understand the hidden meaning that lurked in the glorious Xmas Goose with Apple Sauce, or in the Roast Beef of Old England in its majestic dish? How could he enter into the mysteries of the blazing, holly crowned Plum Pudding, of which everyone present must eat a piece for luck, before the blue flame expires; or even appreciate the true signification of the rich Mince-Pie? But when the substantial were cleared away, and the youngest and greediest could eat no more nuts or figs or preserved ginger at dessert, and when all the crackers had been pulled and the mottoes read, and the Xmas cake cut, even a poor foreigner could realise the sentiment of the annual toasts that followed. The House-Father rising from his seat, surrounded by his family circle, to which at most but one or two most intimate friends were admitted—for such

a banquet partakes of the spirit of the old Aryan Hearth-worship,) would propose 'Friends present and Friends absent,' which we drank in silence. Perhaps our thoughts would stray after some well-known face far away over stormy seas in the wild western backwoods, or to some other under the hot wind-swept dusty plains of India, or again a sadder recollection would arise of a child whose voice was the merriest of all but a year ago, and who now lay quiet and still in the still and quiet snow-girt church-yard. Yes even a foreigner could understand that 'touch of nature' and feel akin to us. One moment of sad regret; and then the dear House-mother responded with the 'loving toast' in which all joined in 'a sort of Runic Rhyme', wishing 'good to all who loved or were loved,' and so the gathering broke up from table.

Now was the merry time for the young folk in the big hall, and 'Musical Chairs' and 'Forfeits' and 'Hunt the Slipper' and 'Blind Man's Buff' soon whiled away an hour or two. In the hall, by the bye, hung always from the chandelier, the mystic Druid mistletoe. But, just between ourselves, I must confess, we always thought, that as a family institution, it was rather a failure. No one particularly wants to kiss his sisters, at least not often; and cousins, even if pretty, are only a shade better. They are too matter of fact about it to create much excitement. Of course it is much better on Twelfth Night when one has a dance on, and lots of nice girls in, but even then I used to think its situation was objectionably public and offensively prominent to shy natures, and I used to wish, that it could be hung under some curtained window recess, where the very retirement might encourage bashful fourteen to action.

When all were tired of romping, the lights were turned down, and the biggest China bowl procurable brought in, half-filled with rasins floating in brandy for snap-dragon. This being lighted, the game was to pick out with one's bare fingers the fruit from the blazing bowl, and many a shrewd scorch and singe was the lot of the careless one; while the blue flare gave an extraordinarily ghastly effect to the laughing faces round the table. Finally when the very wee ones (much protesting, and begging hard for just five minutes more, "coz it was Kissmas,") had been packed off to bed, the elder ones gathered round the fire-place, in which the sturdy Yule log glowed and crackled. Another hour soon passed very pleasantly in roasting chestnuts and drinking the spicy Wassail. Then, as midnight drew near, was the time for ghost stories of the most blood-curdling description, and as they were always told by the flickering light of the fire alone, one could see the more timid ones glancing fearfully over their shoulders at the fantastic shadows, that played about the walls or seemed to leap and creep from the dark corners, whenever a red cinder fell out, or a tiny flame shot up.

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"Let's talk of graves, and worms and epitaphs" as Shakespeare hath it. The story of the 'Mauth Davg' was always a favourite. It told how once upon a time long long ago on Xmas Eve a wicked priest was coming home in the evening, when a poor woman met him and begged him to come and bless her dying child, and because she was a stranger to him, and he wished to get home, he drove her away with hard words. And she looking at him strangely, said that the souls of unbaptised, dead children took awful

shapes, and haunted those, who wronged them, and so saying she disappeared. But the priest laughed and went home, and forgot the matter. But the next night towards midnight there came a loud knocking at the door, and it was a messenger to say that a rich farmer was at the point of death, and wished to see the priest. Now the priest was greedy and expected money from the farmer. So he rose quickly, and dressed, and saddled his horse, and rode off with the messenger. Now after a while the priest noticed, as they went along, that the messenger's horse left no hoof-marks on the fresh snow, and that there was a faint blue light playing round it and its rider as they rode along. But the road was so lonely that he was afraid to turn back; so he crossed himself and tried to pray, but found he had forgotten even the 'Pater Noster!' Then he was still more afraid and tried to stop his horse, but the horse seemed bewitched and kept on in spite of his efforts. At last they came out on a lonely heath, on which were some large lime-kilns for burning lime, and the priest saw, that all the kilns were glowing and blazing, though it was Xmas night. Now his guide rode straight to the kilns and the priest's horse followed, and still the guide rode on, till he was in front of the little door, where the fuel is put in. Then he turned round and said "Good night, sir Priest, you have ridden far to serve a dying man; my little dog shall guard you home." And as he spoke the kiln-side opened and fire shot out, and the horse and rider rode in and vanished, but not before the priest had seen, that the messenger was none other than the rich farmer himself, but dead and pale and leaden-lipped like a corpse. Then the spell was broken, and the priest's

horse mad with terror swerved round and made for home. But as they flew along, the priest heard on the snow the sound 'pit-a-pat' as if a dog were running after him. So, near home, feeling bolder he turned in his saddle and saw just behind him a pair of flaming eyes. Then he beat the horse and rode for dear life, but he could not shake those dreadful eyes off. So he came to the house, and rushed in and barred the door, and then to his relief they were gone. Upstairs he went and lay down half-fainting, when suddenly he felt a weight on the bed, as if some animal were lying there, and he could hear something panting, and at last he felt as if he must just look or die, and there on the bed lay a great dog, with big eyes glowing like red-hot coals, its shape faintly outlined in pale phosphorescent light.

The next day the priest did not come to early mass, and the congregation wondered as it was a Saint's day; and the sacristan went to the priest's house to find out what was the matter. And he found the priest in his bed raving mad and crying out to be freed from the dog that was worrying him. So the sacristan sent for help, and from the delirious utterances of the priest they guessed and gathered out the story, I have told you. And that night the priest died, and he was duly buried, but horrible to relate the morning after he was buried, they found his grave scratched open, as if by a dog's claws, and the coffin gnawed apart, and the corpse rent and mangled as if by a wild beast.

After stories like this, not without shivering and quaking, we would say a last good night and creep to bed perhaps to dream of the 'Mauth Dawg,' tho' for that doubtless the Xmas pudding was

more to blame than a bad conscience.
Such is an Xmas Day in Merrie England!
Now it only remains for the Editor to wish

to each and all of his readers in Australia
whether young or old, great or small,
the kindly old English greeting—

“A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR.”

— An Old Boy's Retrospect. —

OLD School! When I was but a lad,
I thought you all a weary grind;—
The dry old books that made life sad,
The long old sums that drove me mad,
Seem easier now I look behind.

Old School! I thought it jolly hard,
When all in nature was at play,
To stew in class-room close and barred;—
But now I never seem off guard,
So seldom comes a holiday.

Old School! I'd love for but one day
At cricket, foot-ball, any fun
With all my dear old chums to play;—
But they have vanished far away,
And I have grown too stiff to run!

Old School! To be as free from pain,
From anxious care, and business fret,
As if I were a boy again;—
I'd chance the stern Head Master's cane,
And Saturday detention yet.

Old School! To think I found you slow,
And longed to be a man!—young fool!—
The truest friends, one e'er can know,
The happiest days, the freshest glow
Of life and spirits are—at School!

Cricket.

FORTUNE, they say, favours the brave, and it would be hard to call us cowards, because victory has so seldom smiled upon our efforts. In spite of assiduous practice we have to record a long list of defeats. But even in this list there is much to give hope for the future. The batting and perhaps the bowling of the team have improved, but the fielding still leaves much to be desired; in fact it is scarcely going too far to say, that this was the main cause of disaster. Of course it was not to be expected that an inexperienced team would do themselves full justice, but the last matches shewed that the experience, dearly purchased, was not altogether thrown away. Too much praise cannot be given to the team as a whole for their unselfish practising and the excellent spirit they have shewn against long odds. It would not be fair to omit mention of the unsparing work done by S. B. Wallace as captain. The scores of the 1st XI and of Saturday matches are appended. Those of the 2nd and 3rd XIs are reserved till the end of the season.

C.E.G.S. v. COODRAS U.C.—(Saturday, October 10th, 1891.)—This match was the opening match of the season. It was a splendid day, though play commenced rather late. The Coodras went to the wickets first and played well for a score of 127. R. Dibbs contributed chiefly to this, and made one splendid hit which smashed a window in the Tower. We followed, and when time was called had made 121 runs with 7 wickets down.

Coodras, 1st Innings.

Kirkwood b W. B. Clarke	...	3
R. Dibbs ct Jones b Kendall	...	87
Saddington b W. B. Clark	...	4
Heron ct Evans, b Kendall	...	2
Palmer run out	...	8
Morse b W. B. Clarke	...	15
Old not out	...	0
McFarland b Kendall	...	0
McKinnon b W. B. Clarke	...	0
C. Dibbs b Mr. Hughes	...	2
Crowley b Kendall	...	0
Sundries	...	6
Total	...	127

C.E.G.S., 1st Innings.

H. Pockley ct and b Kirkwood	...	18
Mr. Hughes ct Old b Kirkwood	...	10
W. B. Clarke b Kirkwood	...	0
H. Kendall not out	...	57
Jones b C. Dibbs	...	12
Mr. Robson ct and b McKinnon	...	5
Yarnold run out	...	4
Jeanneret b C. Dibbs	...	1
Sundries	...	14
Total for 7 wickets	...	121

C.E.G.S. v. MANLY C. C.—(October 22nd, 1891.)—This was played on the Manly Oval. The ground and pitch were in good condition, and both sides fielded well. The pitch was a grass one, which put us off our batting a little. The Manlys went in first and made a score of 58. We then went to the wickets and made 82 runs.

Manly, 1st Innings.

Smith b Mr. Hughes...	...	7
Austin ct and b W. B. Clarke	...	1
Richards b W. B. Clarke	...	2
F. Ridge b W. B. Clarke	...	0
Kilminister b Mr. Hughes	...	1
O'Grady b Mr. Hughes	...	8

Rowe b Mr. Hughes...	...	13
Walker not out	...	14
Hunt b W. B. Clarke	...	0
Brennan ct S. Wallace b Mr. Hughes	...	0
Walton b W. B. Clarke	...	10
Sundries	...	2
Total	...	58

C.E.G.S., 1st Innings.

H. C. Pockley b Richards	...	4
Mr. Hall ct and b Richards	...	17
W. B. Clarke b Hunt...	...	28
Mr. Hughes ct More b Richards	...	14
G. Clarke run out	...	1
S. Wallace b Austin	...	2
M. Robson b Austin	...	7
Jones b Richards	...	2
A. Yarnold ct Kilminster b Austin	...	2
Morson lbw b Richards	...	0
R. Barton not out	...	2
Sundries	...	3
Total	...	82

Manly then went to the wickets again, and when time was called had made 30 runs with 5 wickets down.

C.E.G.S. v. NEWINGTON COLLEGE 1ST ELEVEN — (October 28th, 1891.) — This was the first school match of the season and was played on our ground. The day turned out wet in the afternoon, and caused a bad light which hindered our batting to a great extent. But it cleared up a little when our opponents went to the wickets for their second innings. We went in first, and made 154 runs in the first innings. Newington made 137.

C.E.G.S., 1st Innings.

W. B. Clarke b Edwards	...	8
H. C. Pockley b Edwards	...	24
Morson ct Fowler b Edwards	...	32
G. Clarke ct Shiel b Turner	...	15
E. Abraham ct Shiel b Turner	...	28
S. Wallace not out	...	23

A. Yarnold ct Woodhill b Edwards	...	2
N. T. Jones run out	...	4
J. Walker b Spence	...	7
R. Barton b Spence	...	0
L. Jeanneret b Spence	...	0
Sundries	...	9
Total	...	154

Newington College, 1st Innings.

Hunt, ct and b G. Clarke	...	6
Shields, b W. B. Clarke	...	1
Curtis, ct Morson, b B. Clarke	...	22
Turner, ct Wallace, b B. Clarke	...	18
Wright, ct Morson, b G. Clarke	...	3
Spence, ct Wallace b G. Clarke	...	23
Edwards, b G. Clarke	...	36
Orr, b W. B. Clarke	...	5
Curlewis, run out	...	9
Fowler, ct Walker, b Clarke	...	0
Woodhill, not out	...	7
Sundries	...	8
Total	...	137

In the second innings our batting was a failure. Of course the light was bad black clouds hung over the sky, but still taking all things into consideration we certainly ought not to have collapsed as we did. The total was only 29. Wright and Spence bowled very well and were always on the wicket. Newington scored the 38 required to win a few minutes before time, chiefly through the steady play of Curtis. The Clarke Brothers again bowled well. Scores:—

C.E.G.S., 2nd Innings.

W. Morson c and b Wright	...	6
H. Pockley b Spence...	...	7
G. Clarke b Spence	...	0
B. Clarke lbw b Spence	...	2
E. Abraham b Spence	...	4
S. Wallace b Spence	...	2
A. Yarnold b Wright	...	1
N. Trevor-Jones ct Spence b Wright	...	2
J. Walker b Spence	...	2

B. Barton ct Shiels b Wright	0
L. Jeanneret not out...	0
Sundries	4
Total	29

Newington College, 2nd Innings.

Turner b W. Clarke	9
Shiels b G. Clarke	2
Edwards b G. Clarke	2
Spence run out	1
Wright ct H. Pockley b G. Clarke	5
Curtis not out	24
Woodhill b G. Clarke	6
Curlewis not out	7
Sundries	2

Total for 6 wickets ... 58

C.E.G.S. v. ETON COLLEGE 1st ELEVEN.

—(November 4th, 1891.)—This match was played at Homebush. It was a very unsatisfactory match as we had a very bad day, with rain during the whole match, and the wicket was a chip pitch covered with matting which played totally different to our concrete. Eton College went to the wickets first and made 98. Then we went in and made 39 runs.

Eton College.

Deane b W. B. Clarke	45
Marsden b W. B. Clarke	27
Allen b W. B. Clarke	0
Moore b W. B. Clarke	0
Fawl not out	12
Waddy ct Morson b Kendall	4
Etheridge ct J. Walker b Clarke	0
Lloyd b W. B. Clarke	0
Pilcher b H. Kendall	3
Ives b W. B. Clarke...	0
Sly b W. B. Clarke	7
Sundries	0
Total	98

C.E.G.S.

H. Pockley ct Allan b Deane	0
Abraham b Allen	0

W. B. Clarke b Allan	6
G. Clarke not out	20
H. Kendall b Deane...	6
S. B. Wallace h.w. b Allan	0
Morson & run out	1
J. Walker b Allan	0
Calvert b Allan	2
N. Jones ct Waddy b Allan	9
R. Barton b Deane	0
Sundries	0
Total	42

Eton College then went in and made a score of 36 for the loss of 4 wickets. Deane making 24 not out

C.E.G.S. v. ETON COLLEGE 1st ELEVEN.
—Played on the C.E.G.S., Ground, Nov. 11th, 1891.

C.E.G.S. 49 (Clarke 11, 12)
Eton College 154 for 9 wickets (Dean 93)

The full score of this match has been accidentally mislaid.

C.E.G.S. 1st ELEVEN v. ST. PAUL'S COLL.
(November 18th)—This match was played on our ground. Our fellows tried hard to avert defeat both in their batting and fielding but without avail for the bowling of Sawyer and Wood was too strong for them. The result of the match was C.E.G.S., 98; St. Paul's 5 wickets for 100.

C.E.G.S.

W. B. Clarke b Wood	8
H. C. Pockley ct and b Sawyer	3
Mr. Hughes ct Thomas b Wood...	2
G. B. Clarke b Wood...	3
H. W. Kendall b Sawyer	13
Mr. Hall b Wood	0
S. B. Wallace run out	26
Mr. Robson lbw b Sawyer	17
N. T. Jones lbw b Sawyer	7
A. Yarnold not out	2

Walker et White b Sawyer	...	9
Sundries	...	8
Total	...	98

St. Paul's College.

Fawyer b G. Clarke	...	16
Burkitt et Walker b Mr. Hughes	...	16
J. A. Wood not out	...	16
C. Slowman b G. Clarke	...	14
White run out	...	28
Thomas b Mr. Hughes	...	0
Waldron not out	...	1
Sundries	...	9
Total for 5 wickets	...	100

C.E.G.S. 1st ELEVEN v SYDNEY GRAMMAR SCHOOL, 1st ELEVEN—*November 25th, 1891.*)—This was an all day match played on the I. Zingari Oval. Our side went to the wickets first which were in good condition, and at the fall of the second wicket, things looked better than we had expected, but after that only one other high score was made. The match was lost by 100 runs.

C.E.G.S., 1st Innings.

W. B. Clarke b Jones	...	6
H. C. Pockley b Delohery	...	22
W. Morson b Jones	...	0
G. Clarke b Delohery	...	24
H. Kendall b Delohery	...	0
S. B. Wallace b Delohery	...	3
N. T. Jones b Delohery	...	0

A. Yarnold b Delohery	...	0
J. Walker b Maxwell	...	3
C. Calvert not out	...	6
H. Lusk et Duguid b Maxwell	...	0
Sundries	...	0
Total	...	70

Sydney Grammar School, 1st Innings.

Farquahar et Pockley b Lusk	...	53
Delohery b Kendall	...	22
Duguid b G. Clarke	...	7
Strickland et Clarke b Lusk	...	16
McMahon not out	...	38
McCarthy et Morson b Lusk	...	3
J. Harris not out	...	22
Sundries	...	12
Total	...	173

Innings Closed.

We then went to the wickets, and when stumps were drawn; had made 41 for the loss of 5 wickets. G. Clarke, 22, Calvert, not out 15.

We were somewhat unfortunate in our Saturday matches, no less than three falling through (v N. Willoughby; v The Univ. C.; and the I. Zingari B.), in the latter case our thanks are due to Mr. J. Black (the Hon. Sec.), for his efforts to raise a team in the face of the great counter attraction of the match, England v N.S.W.



The Castle by the Sea,

[FROM THE GERMAN.]

DIDST thou see the stately castle,
 The castle by the sea?
 The rose and the gold of evening
 Float round it lovingly.

A down to the glassy water,
 Meseems it fain would bow;
 Meseems it were soaring and sailing
 Aloft to the sunset glow!

Saw it? Indeed I saw it,
 Yon castle by the sea;
 But the mist hung heavy round it,
 And the moon shone mournfully.

Was the sound of wind and billow
 Re-echoing sweet and strong?
 Didst hear from the banquet-chamber
 The music of lute and song?

The winds and the waves lay sleeping,
 Lay sleeping a slumber deep;
 From the hall a dirge came sighing,
 I listened and needs must weep.

Saw'st thou above thee pacing
 The monarch and his queen?
 Saw'st thou their crowns all golden,
 And their mantles' purple sheen?

Led they not proudly with them
 A maiden wondrous fair,
 All glorious as the sun-light,
 With the glint of her golden hair?

Saw them? I saw the parents—
 No glistening crowns they wear—
 They are robed in the garb of mourners;
 I saw no maiden fair.

PECHVOGEL, PH. D.

Boating Pleasures.

IT is a Saturday morning and daylight is just dawning when one is awakened by a rough shake and a "Heigh! get up you lazy brute."

You roll over, groan a few times, and ask what time it is. "Half past four" is the response, and the disturber of your dreams leaves you to meditate on the vanities of this early rising.

You are just dozing off again, when the tormentor returns and heaps such imprecations upon you, that you find sleep is "no go" and immediately jump out of bed and proceed to slang all the other fellows for being so lazy as not to get up when first called. Then you whip up your towel, rush into the bath room and dash recklessly under the shower, and then spring out, puffing and blowing, bang your head against a cross bar of the of the bath and praise the architect, who was ass enough to put it so low, and then proceed to finish your drying arrangements.

You then dress pretty smartly as it is rather cold without garments of some kind on.

"But why this early rising?" you ask.

Because we are off to Gore Creek to spend Saturday morning.

At five o'clock we sally out numbering about eight hands all told and having with us a well provisioned "tucker kit!" We reach the boat shed and proceed to operations. First we launch the Gertrude, our tub four, and then the tub pair and away we go, perhaps a little out of time

for the first few strokes, but presently we pick it up and get on a rattling good swing and away the four shoots ahead of the pair. But this does not aggravate the pairists in the least for they know only too well, that the occupants of the four will surely arrive before them, but then they have to light the fire and get the billy boiling by the time the pair arrives.

The Gertrude reaches the mouth of the creek and here comes the ticklish point. If the coxswain is an old excursionist he does nothing except keep the rudder lines taut and his eyes open; but if he is new to the creek he stands up in the stern, cries "Easy all" looks very important, makes a great commotion and finally decides to dare it or die.

"Paddle on all" and they *do* "paddle on" with a jerk, and cox collapses into the stern amid shouts of laughter, but no bones broken. Cox meanwhile sits quiet and looks very sheepish. Suddenly a grating noise is heard under the keel—"Easy all!" "Hold her up all" are the commands that follow in quick succession, but alas it is too late, the boat comes to a full stop and requires no "holding." The crew immediately push her off and row on for they know that no damage is done, as it is only soft sand.

Finally they arrive at "the Cave" and quickly disembark and soon have a fire alight and the billy on, when a "Coo-ee!" is heard from down the creek and the pair comes into view. They soon land and join the other party, and breakfast is quickly in full swing while both parties

relate their trip up and make jokes at one another's expense, but these are taken with that exceedingly good nature, which always exists between members of a crew, and returned at the first possible chance.

After breakfast the two crews spread themselves out on the grass, and yarns fly round. After about half an hour they go in for a swim, and in the middle of the sport there is a cry of "here comes a boatload of girls" and there sure enough is a boat crowded with females coming round the bend. There is a sudden rush for clothes, but some in hurry forget where theirs are, and as a last resource dash behind a bush. Alas! that bush is in all probability a prickly pear, but the poor victim can only remain there and groan.

As soon as the intruders are past, the fugitives cautiously issue from their hiding and all go into the water again with the exception of one or two who sympathetically remain on the bank to assist the poor fellow who jumped into the prickly pear.

After an hour or two more spent in gathering flowers or pottering about, the crews re-embark and proceed home touching at the dock or some other point of interest on the way. And now for the moral!

All you pay for this sport is your boat-club subscription and an hour or two of sleep. I certainly advise all boys who wish to enjoy themselves on Saturdays to pay their subscription, give up a few afternoons to being coached and then join in with the true spirit of an oarsman and have some lively and innocent sport.

There seems to be but little enthusiasm about boating among the boys, except among members of the club, but I am quite sure there is not one person who has joined the club, who has regretted it. Ask any one of us!

Certainly there is not a very large stock of boats available, but the more members we have joining, the sooner will our fleet increase.

EIN RUDERER.

MEMORABLE,

NON QUO MAGNUM, SED QUIA BONUM.

Life wastes like water poured on sand,
 Nor leaves a trace, where we have been;
 One blade, we sowed with careless hand,
 May grow to keep our memory green.

YE

Something about Hobbies.

III.—NATURAL HISTORY.

OTHER hobbies, as that treated in the last TORCH-BEARER, viz: stamp collecting, or birds-nesting, pigeon breeding, shooting, fishing, five-corner hunting, (for this is, alas, only too widely spread, although perhaps not a hobby in the strictest acceptation of the term)—all these are mere infantine pastimes when compared to Natural History: for observing nature with an open eye, collecting, and arranging insects, plants, shells, minerals, and naming them, requires not only a mind refined and bent upon scientific research, but also serious and life-long study.

Let me then take this to be the case with my friend the reader. Let me suppose he has said to himself: "I really must take up a sensible hobby, and I will go in for Natural History."—Well, first of all, Master X, don't be in too great a hurry. Don't give in to your first enthusiasm, don't be like the straw-fire which burns more brightly than any other, but goes out in no time. Sudden conversions never last long. Give the matter some thought. Ask yourself: Shall I be able to keep it up, supposing I do go in for it? And only when your enthusiasm burns still as brightly as ever after, say, a month, then decide, which branch of Natural History you will take up. And it is not a difficult matter to come to a decision on this point, when

you consult your own inclinations. Out of the three great divisions: Zoology, Botany, Mineralogy, the first seems to me to be the most fascinating for the fancy, and the most compatible with the character of a boy; for plants and minerals do neither bite nor run away, but the collecting of animals involves a certain amount of danger and excitement, which is a great attraction to the adventurous school-boy. The reader of course at the mention of danger will immediately think of snakes, and I agree with him that there is a great delight in hunting these, and that we Australians, who are not blest with lions and tigers, need not grumble, for to fight a good-sized black snake is just as exciting a sport as to shoot a tiger. But although it is generally not advisable to do too much at once, you may in this case go in for the study of, say, Entomology, and at the same time have an occasional stand up fight with a snake. The reason why I so enthusiastically advocate the collecting of insects is this: Firstly, it is not an expensive hobby. All you want, is a good book on Entomology,* an air-tight box, some fine pins, and a killing bottle. Secondly, it is a lasting hobby, a hobby, which you cannot possibly get tired of, but which, like "good music, improves on closer acquaintance." For, when you have been *collecting* for some time, you will find that a certain curiosity as to the habits of in-

* The book which I most recommend my readers, is one volume of the "Young Collector" series, one shilling each. The price of an air-tight box is about five shillings, a box of pins, half-a-rown. Box and pins are sold by the Furriers. The killing bottle should contain a mixture of cyanide of potash and plaster of Paris, and is to be had at the chemists at the rate of about one shilling and sixpence.

sects takes possession of you: You then will begin to *observe*, and, to quote a celebrated author: "The collector's province may be exhausted, but the observer's never." And what pleasure we derive from thus peeping into the secrets of nature! How every little constitutional walk we take, in order to get an appetite for our bodily dinner, may provide us with a most magnificent mental banquet! The reader surely has heard that story of Jules Claretie, who, when in prison had observed the habits of a lady-bird, which by accident found its way into his cell, and by writing down the result of his observations, not only made his own solitary lot somewhat more bearable, but also furnished the world with one of the

most charming narratives known. We ask ourselves. *Why* did he do it? *How* could he do it? In the first place, because he was able to make a practical use of his learning. Though deprived of his personal liberty, in dreary solitude, he was happy. †

Australia can boast of many a champion, but can it boast of many scientific ones? Perhaps not at present. But a glorious future awaits this country of ours, and to those who now are tiny boys, it is left to make—in due time—Australia the home and centre not only of commerce, but also of science. *May they* bear the torches of life!

CONTINENTAL.

Lord Howe Island.

LEAVING Sydney on Tuesday the 1st September, we arrived at the island on the Thursday following: The island appeared in the distance not unlike Ball's Head, but on closer acquaintance, the Head becomes two mountains, which are separated from another at the other end by a beach about 3 miles long. The former are called Mount Gower, (2840 feet), and Mount Ledgebury (2500 feet,) the third is only about 1500 feet. The above named beach forms the only landing place on the whole island. Mts. Gower and Ledgebury are not so much noted for height, as for being inaccessible, and ris-

ing sheer out of the ocean. Both these mountains were at one time inhabited by a tribe of black cats, which had escaped from the old settlers, and which used to come down and roam over the fields in search of food, to the alarm of the natives who are rather superstitious.

The Islanders number about 70 in all, and are principally descendants of the survivors of the old whaling station formed there some 50 years ago.

There are not many species of trees, that are indigenous; the chief is the palm-tree. The natives gathering the seeds

† Je me fis l'historiographe des moindres actions de Bestiola. J'étais heureux à chaque mouvement nouveau de l'insecte—non, de ma compagne,—comme si j'eusse trouvé le mouvement perpétuel. (Claretie, Bestiola.)

of this latter, obtain much money by selling them to the florists, both in England and Australia, from whom they obtain many orders. There are many kinds of ferns some of which are only to be found here and which are therefore of great value.

All garden vegetables grow here, especially onions; how these first came to be grown is a matter of history. They say that one day some onions were washed ashore, these were planted and the seed kept, with the result that some of the finest onions come from here. The birds are common to Australia, except the Mutton Bird and the Green-winged Dove. The former are salted or smoked for use when their season is past which lasts for about two months. These birds burrow in holes like rabbits and rear their young there, the natives setting apart a season of the year to catch them; and they

kindly leave the spot to which they come every year entirely to these birds, use, because it cannot be used for anything else. There are no animals, or reptiles, but there are many beetles, one of which, called the tree-lobster, is only found here. The chief fish are, the Blue Fish, which is often caught weighing 10 or 12 lbs., and black-rock cod, weighing about 15 lbs., which has a mouth like a carpet-bag.

Leaving Lord Howe Island on the Saturday evening we arrived in Sydney on the Tuesday following, having had a very rough passage. This ends my first and for some time, I hope, my last voyage on the ocean which has been named Pacific (?) I need not say that I am never sick at sea—What *never?*—Vide Pinafore!

Howe.

On Fielding.

NOBODY could have watched the matches, that have been played on our ground this season, without being struck with the looseness of the fielding on our side; nor could such an observer come to any other conclusion than that to our weakness in this department of the game, is due in a great measure that want of success which has, up to the present, been the distinguishing characteristic of our play. I know the roughness of the fielding ground will be pleaded as an excuse for the weakness we have displayed in this direction—and I allow that it has some weight. But will it account for the

number of catches missed, or the wild and erratic returns which have been productive of so much advantage—to the other side. (?)

Now what is the remedy for all this? I reply, always field a ball in practice as you would wish to do in a match; get rid of the idea that cricket is summed up in batting and bowling; this idea is mainly born of selfishness—we practise batting and bowling either because we like it or because we can “show off,” but fielding on the other hand is so simple (so it is argued) and reflects such little glory on

the performer, that it meets with that neglect, which is the *raison d'être* of the present article. But cricket is surely something more than a stage, whereon the performer can display his own prowess and gratify his individual vanity. Surely it should aim at the sacrificing of personal interest to the good of the whole side, for thus alone does cricket attain its "highest good." Accordingly a few hints may be of some service to our beginners, and perhaps may act as a "gentle reminder" to our older players. Always field with both hands where possible, and keep the heels together in picking up—this always applies to those in the out-field. In returning the ball—and herein I think lies our greatest weakness—always make sure before throwing, to which wicket the ball ought to be returned; it is even better that a few seconds should be lost than that your return should be made either to the wrong wicket or wildly over the wicket-keep's head. Endeavour then to make a certainty of your return, and this can only be done, at first, by making a pause of a second or two between the picking up of the ball and the return.

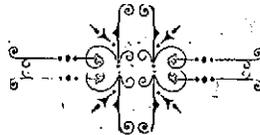
You will find after practice that the eye and the hand will so act together, that the action of picking up and throwing in will consist almost of one motion; and this, combined with precision, is the

perfection of fielding. In going for a high catch in the out-field always keep well back from the ball which is approaching you; you will understand, what I mean, when you consider, that whenever a catch of this kind has been misjudged, the error almost invariably consists in the fieldsman allowing the ball to go over his head and drop behind him, very often having just been able to touch it with one hand. Observe also that it is much easier to run forward at the last moment to meet the ball than to run backwards.

These remarks are not however meant to imply, that if a ball is hit along the ground towards a fielder, he is not to dash in and meet it, especially if coming slowly. Nothing looks more lazy than to allow a ball 'to trickle' up to you, and nothing gives the batsmen more chance to steal runs.

Finally a fieldsman should use his head as well as his hands. Of course his position in the field is mainly decided by the bowler, but still it is aggravating to see a man fixed stolidly to one spot as though forbidden to stir, when a move of a few yards in one or the other direction would intercept the batsman's pet hit. If these few lines only improve our deficiencies in the much neglected department of fielding, they will have fulfilled the purpose of

NESCIO QUI.



A Champion at Home.

SOME astonishing results are obtained in school examinations on Geography, e. g. the Barwon, a town in Africa, discovered by Stanley; the Equator; a place where the winds come from; the Alps, where there are glaciers 4,000 feet long; yet this very imperfect knowledge of geography would raise the possessor to a very high position among the inhabitants of the Bulli district, to whom we applied for information as to the Illawara Lake. It may be mentioned that a resident of long standing, who knew the country thoroughly, informed us, that it was just half-a-mile from Dapto Park to the sea, while from another equally reliable source we learned that it could not be less than 7 miles. However with the feeling we had a duty to perform in testing the truth of these contradictory statements, we armed ourselves with a few sandwiches, and set out from Bulli in one of the rival coaches, which indulge in an exciting race for Wollongong every morning. We kept a sharp look out for buttercups, and selected some spots to make a raid upon before our return to Sydney. On the long sandy beach to the south of Wollongong, we put in a couple of hours shell-hunting, and by the time we arrived with unbecoming haste at the Railway Station, the engine had taken in sufficient water to last for the next two miles, when it indulged in another drink. Never before had we met with such thirsty engines. What 'shocking examples' for the Total Abstinence League.

About half-a-hour after, we reached Dapto, passing a small cottage standing a few hundred yards from Dapto church. On a cross-road leading to the Lake, we saw

a very powerfully built man, whom we one and all took for a game keeper. He had a gun on his shoulder, and four or five dogs following him. On asking him for some information with regard to the Lake, we were told that we were not very far from the water, but if we wished to get to the sea-beach, we must take a boat for the Bridges, and follow the course of the river. Seeking further information, we were invited into the cottage, which we found filled with trophies and addresses of different kinds, and then putting two and two together, we concluded that our genial host was no other than the far-famed William Beach.

Drawing him after the fashion of the "newspaper interviewers," he informed us that he began his rowing in the Illawara District, and had won there his first races. There was only one man who was his equal, and by him he was defeated in two out of the three races rowed. He was then induced to leave for Sydney, and this he did, partly to better himself in his trade, that of a blacksmith, and also with a view of entering for some minor sculling contests. Up to this he had always rowed in heavy boats, and had never seen a wayer-boat. He was first of all entered for a race for a £10 purse, which he won easily. He was almost entirely self-taught, and as Tricket was practising on Beach's arrival in Sydney, he closely watched the style of that sculler, but had not any hopes as yet of entering and winning a big contest. From his trade as a blacksmith, he was able to shift his rowlocks to suit his own particular style.

After winning a few minor races, he gained confidence in himself, till, step by step, he entered on his contest with Hanlan for championship honours. Probed as to his manner of training, he said that he was rather stubborn, and used to have his own way with his trainers. A remark to his trainer for the Hanlan race was very characteristic—"Is it you that are going to row, or is it me?" He said he would not submit to the under-done meat, but would have it well-done, with an occasional glass of beer. Short spurts on the tow-path were an abomination to him; and before a race, his favourite drink was copious draughts of strong tea, diluted with cold water. Asked whether there was any chance of his rowing again, he answered in the negative, saying he knew that a man grew better up to a certain point, but afterwards fell off; such he felt in his own case, but this Hanlan would not give in to. Hanlan had seen his best days, and now was gradually falling off in

his rowing. He now pins his faith to Stansbury, as the best man of the day.

Speaking of his experiences on London waters, we were told, that Hanlan after the good treatment he received here, could not find words bad enough, by which to describe Australians in the old Country. This Beach could not tolerate, and at last he was forced to tell him, that if he did not stop his slandering, he should have no hesitation in pitching him into the Thames. This we felt sure he could do, for we were much struck with the remark: "I should like to see any one take any," when asked whether he was not afraid to leave so many valuable trophies about in the cottage.

After a few more remarks we parted, he to his sport, and we to ruminate on our interview, as we pulled across the Lake.

AULARIUS.

CURIOSITIES OF EXAM. TIME.

The subject set for the English Essay Prize viz: 'the mere Athlete is half-man, half-beast; the mere Scholar is half-man, half-ghost,' has disclosed a rich vein of unconscious humour in several writers. We present a few specimens. "Men often take to sports, as cricket, which leads them to the Public House where they take a drop too much and become beasts." What has W. G. to say to this! "The chief drawbacks of a scholar are, *late hours, corrupt passages and stern criticisms.*" But whether these latter come from the scholar's neighbours in consequence of the former twain, deponent sayeth not. Fine, too, is the description, doubtless drawn from some jaded master, of the scholar "who gives you a snarling reply, or retreats, like a wild beast, into his lair and barks at you, as you go by." Lastly, "a scholar is like a ghost, for he is not known about, until he dies!" is an epigram not without point even in these self-advertising days. We conclude with a gem of Latinity from Lower School. "Agricola patientia superat tetrum morbum. "The farmer by patience subdues the disease—of fowls!"

Correspondence.

To the Editor of The Torch-Bearer.

DEAR SIR,

Seeing in the last number of our Magazine a letter signed "Carmen," in which a desire is expressed that regular musical evenings should be added to the many pleasing, and at the same time instructive attractions, the C. E. G. S. already can boast of, I cannot let this opportunity pass without approving most warmly of the suggestion. Musicians (I mean, professional ones) are commonly supposed to look down with supreme contempt upon efforts of this kind,—but erroneously. Every true disciple of the divine art of music will heartily applaud such a resolution being formed, and I, for one, shall be most happy to take a part in the movement. As "Carmen" knows a *certain musician* delights in sing-

ing a certain comic song—how, therefore, could *he* object?

We have one great advantage over other schools in this country, and that is, our boys are taught singing; but we have as yet made only little practical use of it. We have some little songsters amongst us, whose presence at once accounts for the absence of nightingales in Australia, and who are only waiting for the signal to be given from the proper quarter, to delight even the most fastidious connoisseurs with their voices. Why not make use of what we have? When will the following season be at an end?

Hoping the authorities will take this important matter in hand, I remain,

Yours, etc.,

LYREBIRD.

RESULTS OF THE UNIVERSITY EXAMS.—SENIOR AND JUNIOR.

	Hist.	Eng.	French.	Germ.	Lat.	Arith.	Algeb.	Eucl.	
SENIOR.									
Walker, I.	A	A	..	C.	B	..	B	
JUNIOR.									
* Perry, ..	B	A	B	..	A	A	B	A	Prizeme accessit for Arithmetic Medal.
Clarke, I.	B	B	B	B	
Jones	B	..	B	..	B	B	B	
Kendall	B	B	B	B	
Mair	B	B	..	B	B	
Morson I	B	A	B	B	

* Past Matric.

School Notes.

The school has to thank the Head-Master for the bas-relief studies of heads from the antique, now hung in Form V Room. The mere fact, that one's surroundings are full of reminders of Greek Art, is so valuable an element in classical culture, that it is to be hoped that other friends may be led to follow this excellent example.

The school has also to thank Mrs. Robert B. Wallace (of Newcastle) for the fine collection of New Zealand Ferns presented by her to the School Museum; also the Trustees of the Australian Museum for presenting a typical collection of shells. This last gift is due to the kindness of the Curator, Mr. Ramsey, who, by way of return, asks that any uncommon shell may be forwarded to him, in case it prove a new specimen. Any unusual shells should therefore be given in to Mr. Hall for inspection.

The Influenza did not forget to pay us a visit this term, and its victims (chiefly house-boys), at one time and the other, must have equalled half our numbers. Even the Masters suffered severely from the scourge.

Though so far the Cricket Season has been rather destitute of victories, the spirit, in which practice has been carried on is all that could be desired. The XI, almost without exception, have nightly occupied the nets, and the attendance of others has always been large. We were glad to welcome H. H. Massie, Esq.,

(of Australian XI (1882) fame) to the ground lately. To watch his hitting was a lesson to the budding "Stone-waller." Mr. Gilfillan also (late Belvidere C.C.) has given us some excellent bowling of the leg-whirler style.

Rowing is kept up well and progresses slowly but surely. The refusal of the Scotch College (Melbourne) Crew to row us under our very accommodating conditions was a disappointment. We have to thank Mrs. Stewart, Messrs. Holt, Purcell and H. Robson for their donations to the club.

Much regret is felt in the School, that the formation of a Cadet Corps must be indefinitely postponed. The heavy demands on the Military Department render the Government unable at present to issue either arms or accoutrements.

We are glad to hear that a Boxing Class is to be started after Xmas under O'Donnell. We hope everyone, who can, will join. There is no better exercise for wind and limb and we may add no better discipline for temper. The true boxer's motto is "Defence not Defiance."

An event positively unique in the annals of the School was announced on Friday, December 13th, viz: No boy kept in for Saturday Detention. Another form has been added to the School, the old IVA is now Form V and so on through the rest of the forms.

The Second School Concert will be held on Monday evening, Dec. 14, and Speech Day is fixed for Tuesday the 15th. His Excellency the Governor will distribute the prizes at 4 p.m. Whatever further results the present exams bring forth, we think (as a young School) we may be fairly satisfied with the Senior and Junior results, especially in Mathematics. Perry's Prox. Accessit is distinctly an honour to be proud of.

Photographs of last year's Cricket XI and Football XV have been taken, and good groups were the result in each case. It is to be hoped that all such photos may be framed in future and hung on the School walls as a memento and incentive

to future generations, when they ask about "the brave days of old."

The Tennis Courts are to be taken in hand early next term. This is good news.

Wilkinson I has now been appointed a Prefect.

Mr. Hughes has been elected a member of the committee appointed to draft a constitution for the new Teachers' Association of N.S.W. Among the other members are Professors Scott and MacCallum, Mr. Weigall (S. G. S.) and Dr. Harris (The King's School.) Mr. Hughes is also acting as Hon. Sec. to the committee.

The Editor of the TORCH-BEARER, begs to acknowledge with thanks, the receipt of the *The Leotiansian*, *The Wykehamist*, *The Melbourneian* (2), *Ulula*, *Newingtonian*, *The King's School Magazine*, and *The Leamingtonian*.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The "TORCH-BEARER" will at present be published four times a year, at the end of each School Term. The Subscription will be 2s. 6d. per annum, post free.

Address:—Editor of the TORCH-BEARER,

The Ch. of Eng. Gram. School, North Sydney.

(1). Communications for the next number of, the TORCH-BEARER must be sent in before March 20th, 1892. They should be placed in the Editor's Box, which will be found near the Sergeant's Room, or addressed to "The Editor," Church of England Grammar School, North Sydney.

(2). Contributions should be written on *one side* of the paper only, and must be signed by the author, not necessarily for publication but as a guarantee of good faith and originality. Anonymous Contributions will be liable to summary disposal in the waste paper basket.

SYDNEY CHURCH OF ENGLAND GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

BALANCE SHEETS.

<i>Dr.</i>	<i>The Hon. Treasurer in Account with Sports Fund.</i>			<i>Cr.</i>			
	£	s.	d.				
By Balance, June 10th, 1891 ...	3	10	9	By Holdsworth (Footballs) ...	2	4	0
Error ...		2	0	O'Hara & Johnson (Post Cards) ...	1	0	0
Subscriptions, Term III, 1891 ...	14	8	6	Pain (Cricket Materials) ...	16	19	0
Donation, A. H. D. Purcell, Esq. ...		10	6	Sundries, Term III ...			8
Subscriptions, Term IV, 1891 ...	14	15	6	Sundries, Term IV ...		1	8
				Balance, December 7th, 1891 ...	11	12	0
	£33	7	3		£33	7	3
E. & O. E.				STUART B. WALLACE, Hon. Treasurer.			

<i>Dr.</i>	<i>The Hon. Treas. in Account with the C.E.G.S.B.C.</i>			<i>Cr.</i>			
	£	s.	d.				
By Donations since June 10th, 1891 ...	4	14	6	By Balance due Treas June 10th, 1891 ...	3	8	0
Subscriptions, Term IV, 1891 ...	5	13	6	Oar Fund ...	2	10	0
Oar Fund ...	12	6	6	Ward: Rent ...	2	5	0
Rent ...		10	0	Oar Fund ...	1	2	0
				Exchange on Cheques ...		2	0
				Cheque Book ...		2	1
	£23	4	6	Balance in hand Dec. 10th, 1891 ...	13	15	5
E. & O. E.				ERNEST I. ROBSON, } Hon.			
				STUART B. WALLACE, } Treas.			