

R. H. C. Baker passed 1st Professional for L. D. S. He is now studying at London Dental Hospital.

G. C. R. Taylor has passed his Final Law and has been admitted a Solicitor.

H. A. Stephens is taking a Musketry course at Hythe.

We hear that Colin Laurie, Captain of the School Football XI. in 1896, is doing excellently out in West Australia, where he has been for the last seven years. When at School he was a prominent member of the choir, and he still maintains his interest in Church matters and occasionally assists as organist to his Church.

Major Drury, R.M.L.I., Author of "The Peradventures of Private Paget," and who left this School in 1880, has lately written a successful play called "The Privy Council" (which is on at the Haymarket).

J. S. W. Bean has gone out to Borneo, in the North Borneo Company,

E. P. Wright (known as "Markey" Wright at School), is out in Batavia coffee planting.

AT THE SPINNET.

You say, whose fingers move the keys
To harmony of paradise,
With wistful question, face to face,
"Will this suffice?"

Ah no! Such light of insight sees
And moves far more than ivory;
To stay at this would mar the grace,
And me.

Come sing the morn—sweet song of
love,
Revealing where we deemed it not,

Until the weight in leaden eyes
Be quite forgot!

Light out of dark doth brightest prove
Sing out the night, I pray,
As myriad stars that clear the skies
'Till it be day!

Deep silences, with skill divine,
Melt till their treasures throng
In flood of gold from soul to voice,
And through thy song!

Love's universe distil for mine,
Then thou the best shalt bring
That can the heart of man rejoice;
With this, love's handmaid, sing!

SOMETHING LIKE BOYS!

By C. E. W. BEAN (O.B.)

This is the story, as it was told to me two days since, of a real Robbery Under Arms. The man who told it to me was one of those who fought in the fight. It happened many long years, in 1867, when he was seventeen. You may see for yourselves that Australia was no place for weaklings in those days. Neither is it in these. But, for all that, such things as are herein told do not happen now.

Goulburn is a country town in new South Wales, some 134 miles from Sydney. The main line between Sydney and Melbourne runs through it now, but in those days you drove or rode, if you could afford to do so. If not, you walked. On the day in question four brothers, the sons of a large landholder in the Coulburn District, were just leaving their father's station on the trip to Sydney. One of them was up