



SCHOOL NOTES.

March 1905.

To my Boys.

THIS is the last time, boys, that I shall have the opportunity of addressing you through the pages of your School Magazine, as your Head Master. I can assure that to me it is no easy task, for all kinds of thoughts and feelings come crowding into my brain and seem to stop the flow of my pen. It seems difficult to realize that after 22 years as a Head Masster, spent amid the bright and active scenes of boyhood, I am entering on a new sphere of work. But be that as it may, let me here say how happy have been my 8½ years spent amongst you in the dear old Grammar School, and how hard it is to say good-bye. These happy years I shall, in thought, live over and over again. I shall always think of our interesting work in School, when together we have tried to get at the meaning of some difficult passage in French or Latin author, or traced the cause and effect of some important point in History. I hope that you, too, will remember, as I feel sure you will when you are older, how I have tried to impress upon you the fact that your character is of far more value than Latin or French, History or Mathematics. How often you have heard me say "I would rather have 10 boys of good character in the School than 100 clever ones." I pray that those words so familiar to you all may some day bear fruit in the lives of all of you. And what shall I say about those

happy hours in the playing fields? How often I shall think of those old days when we worked together to get our opponents out, or tried to snatch a winning goal, or shouted till we were hoarse with cheering on the team in some great match with our old friends, the Coatham boys. I shall always remember with pride our famous cricket and football teams of 1903, when we did not lose a match, and kicked 74 goals against 14. Play up School! Just one word in reference to those corrections which a Head Master has to undertake for the sake of discipline and the morality of boys. I hope you will think that I have always tried to be just. If there is one among you who feels that he has been unjustly punished, I ask that boy's forgiveness, and earnestly beg that he will try to feel that if an injustice has been done, it has been through some error of judgment and quite unintentional. And now, before I say farewell, let me give you one parting word of advice, not as your Head Master, but as your friend. Above all things be honest and straightforward in all you do or say; scorn to tell a lie; consider it beneath you to deceive your master or to copy from your neighbour's book and present the work as your own; be God-fearing boys, courteous and polite to everybody; do your best in school and in the playing field; "Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might." In your games be loyal to your