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EDITORIAL.

The state of Education is nothing if not transitory. Various rumours have been afloat as to the future position and composition of this School. Visions of mixed hockey matches, of boys versus girls at football, of things Robert Purslove, our reverend founder, never dreamed, have been in the air, and rude shocks were apparently in store for our conservative Old Boys and supporters, laudatores temporis acti, but, we think it is safe to predict that the establishment of a girls' school at our pleasant neighbour village by the sea has dispelled all phantoms and the New Regulations that an estimable Government have sent forth from Whitehall have laid all feminine ghosts for many years to come. The School which was founded three hundred and forty-six years ago for the "erudition of ye scholares of ye town of Gisburne," will not change the old order or yield place to new—nor receive any blot on her 'scutcheon.

"A CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK."

1. You watched through many a changing day,
Of sun and storm a hundred years;
You kept your guard o'er boys at play,
O'er boyhood's hopes, and boyhood's fears.

2. When, from the ruins of the old,
New buildings rose to bound the green,
You waved your boughs with pride untold,—
Another era you had seen!
3. The Priory, grey against the blue,
As comrade faced you many a day,
And whispered reverent dreams to you
Of those who long had passed away.
4. And now your little day is o'er;
The green is empty where you stood.
They brought you to the workshop floor,
And left of you one slice of wood:
5. One slice of wood, tied on a nail!
Suspended on the wall you are,—
Nought else,—but me to tell you tale:
"Sic transit mundi gloria!"

HELEN RUDD.

[During April a tree on the School field was cut down, and a section of the trunk placed in the Carpenter's Shop. Ed.]