

plantain each as we climbed the steps of Cubbon Bungalow which was our destination.

Then followed our first Camp meal, and before long the whistle went calling us to the evening meeting, calling us to join in praising and thanking our Master for this great opportunity which had gathered us together. It was with the hush of day that the meeting ended, the pale blue sky changing at one moment to purplish pink, and at another to reddish gold, until all was subdued in the light of the silvery moon.

It was night and time to rest, but the next day was waiting for us, and what a sight greeted one's eyes as early in the morning one looked out of the window and saw the shadowy pageant of purple and grey sweeping over the range of hills towards the far horizon. One after another the peaks passed from the pallor of death to the glow of life, and then as sudden as an inspiration the splendour of the morn broke forth.

The day's programme of our Camp was one series of meetings from morning-watch to after-dinner sing-song, the whole, of course, not unbroken by leisure for wandering in search of roses; and not unspiced with chance and amusing incidents, as for example, when at the close of one of our discussion groups we discovered that the men had had their dhoties neatly patterned in blending colours by the carpet on which they sat.

Altogether it was an enjoyable and inspiring time. One realized then that life would be barren were there no goal to win and meaningless were there no difficulties to surmount. Divine wisdom has chequered our lives with joys and sorrows, and it is by overcoming obstacles, crushing rebellious passions, and struggling through apparently impregnable barriers that we can at last reach our coveted goal—the "fulness of the stature of Christ."

We seemed to live in the presence of the God of Wonders. We felt His nearness. We saw His beauty. He who first made a garden for man's pleasure surely lived in this garden to which we had come to walk and talk with Him.

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#### THE FIRST STUDENT OF THE COLLEGE.

Mrs. Dymond (D. E. Harris) writes from her home in Hereford:

"I was very interested to receive an invitation to the At Home on the College's 40th Anniversary, and I wish very much that it had been possible for me to be present. I was the first, and for about a month, the only student, and I look back on my year at the College with the very greatest pleasure. I am afraid the first student did not bring any credit on the College,

for I left at the end of a year as I was going to be married shortly. . . . I think the only distinction I can claim personally is that I was one of the first few women to get a place on a County Council. There are a good many now, but when I was elected in 1919 there were only eight or ten. I find the work very interesting and it is growing rapidly, as more and more work is put on the local authorities by Parliament. I serve on the Education Public Assistance and Public Health Committees, and with their many sub-committees they constitute very nearly a whole-time job.

We are always talking of paying a visit to Australia one winter, and if times would only improve we should certainly do so. When that happy time occurs, I shall hope to visit the College of which I have such very happy memories as the first senior student."

Mrs. Dymond's two sons, the College's first grandsons, have both had distinguished careers. The elder graduated at Oxford with first-class honours in Law. The younger, after a brilliant school and University course, is a Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, and Lecturer in Physics at the University of Edinburgh.

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#### SOME IMPRESSIONS OF THE MASK AT THE WOMEN'S COLLEGE, OCTOBER 7th and 8th, 1932.

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In 1913 the Women's College reached its twenty-first year. On August 22nd Miss Macdonald wrote: "It seemed fitting to mark the occasion, not only as a festival of thanksgiving for the perils of youth safely past, but also in such a way as to show to all whom it may concern something of the reasons for its existence and the ideals for which it stands." So came into being the College Mask, which has been produced again for the second time in our history by the students of 1932. They are indeed highly favoured; like Rumour, they beckon the past into the present, touch hands with the generations of 1913 and 1892, and mark yet another stage in our growing tradition.

There were two afternoon performances of the Mask and two by night. Those who saw it by daylight had the freshness of the garden to delight them, its varied greens providing a particularly happy background for the dances. Overhanging the Greek daïs where the Sybil sat were the boughs of the great oak tree, still in spring leaf, and spring scents were abroad in the garden. The lyrical quality of the Mask seemed then most important. A night setting deepened its dramatic tone. There was still the smell of spring in the grass and trees and flowers,