

It is a rather saddening thought to me that this will be the last message from a President of the Students' Union of Wimpole College, and that its brief but worthy career is almost at its end. It has been a good and happy College and for that I extend, in your name, sincere thanks to the Principal, The Deputy Principal, the College Staff and all those whose labours in other spheres have made it possible to complete our course satisfactorily. We wish them many happy years in the new tasks to which they go. To those former students of this College who read these words I send greetings and good wishes. We have tried to be worthy of the traditions you left us, and now we come to share your labours in the schools. And now to you all, my colleagues of this third and final session, I extend my hearty good wishes for your future welfare. I know you will never forget your year here, the experiences shared and the friends made. Carry the happy traditions of Wimpole into each of your schools and then we shall be assured, that though our College may have closed, its spirit will never die.

J. S. BARKER

### TO MY DAUGHTER

PERHAPS I am a little biassed, being your mother, but I think that you are a dear little girl, with your great brown eyes and wide candid forehead, and the thick shining plaits hanging discreetly by your small square shoulders. . . .

What do I wish for your future ?

I wish you honesty, that you may put it together with your intelligence, to find a true perception of the world you live in, and the people of whom you are part, and a quiet balanced mind, a philosophy based unshakeably upon the reality of life around you.

Most of all, I wish you courage. You are loath to hurt people, or animals, or dolls, and, six-year-old that you are, you have even taken to mothering your small brother since I have been away. Keep your unhurtful nature. Strengthen it with the fibre of honesty and intelligence. With these, and courage, you will be invincible in the face of life.

I wish that you may meet with kindness on your way, and that where unkindness is, you will become neither bitter nor disillusioned, but seek its cause, to understand it. I trust that you will hate injustice, and cruelty, and oppression, that you will never accept convention as a comfortable cushion, but will always want to know the wherefore, that you will recognise hypocrisy, and expose hypocrisy, for you will meet it often, and in guileless forms, beneath a smile that slips off and on like a mask.

You will always need a sense of humour, if only to put your own ego in its place; furthermore, you will have no sense of proportion without a sense of fun.

There are scenes I have in mind for you to enjoy: the thick, burning yellow of the buttercups in these marshy Cambridge fields, pale-washed cottages, in Dorset, with low thatching at their windows, like little old men with fur hats pulled down over their eyes, and, if you go as far, the incomparable calm of lotus-blooms on Jhelum Water, in Kashmir.

Much depends on me, and sometimes I am so inadequate, but my will is there, and yours—the world is ours, to know, to shape, like Khayyam, nearer to the heart's desire. I would love to know that you can go out fearlessly, and always take the heroic view of life.

J.M.