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PART I.

The Superiority of the Saxon.

It was Matthew Arnold, who said that there were moments when the august British Constitution appeared to him in the light of a colossal machine for the manufacture of Philistines. There is a book lately published by a French writer* which will be welcomed—if ever they get to hear about it—by the members of that large class who are more or less inaccessible to ideas and impatient of them. Not that there are not ideas, and even audacious ideas, in the book; but the British Philistine will be content with one only, and that is the one implied in the title.

M. Demolins is convinced that the Anglo-Saxon is "superior" to both the French and German, and he sets himself to find out the reason why. That he is superior, the writer considers to be self-evident. It is proved by the fear which other nations entertain of the Saxon race, by the evil things they are constantly saying of them, and by the way they hate them. You cannot move a step anywhere in the world without encountering an Englishman. He has supplanted the French in North America from Canada to Louisiana, in India, in Egypt, in Mauritius. He dominates America through the United States

* *A quel point la supériorité des Anglo-Saxons ?* Par ED. DEMOLINS. Paris, Maisson Didot.

and Canada, Africa by Egypt and the Cape, Asia by India and Burma, Oceania by Australia and New Zealand, and Europe and the universe by his commerce, his manufactures and his politics. Other countries have a few colonies; but the colonials of France, Germany, Spain and Italy are mostly officials and functionaries; they do not settle down in a country like the Anglo-Saxon. Even in Algeria, to say nothing of the native population, there are now, at the end of sixty years of French occupation, almost as many non-French Europeans as there are French. Compare this with Australia! In one year, against 160 French vessels which went through the Suez Canal, and 260 German ones, there were 2,262 English. If this is not "superiority" M. Demolins is unable to see what is. He therefore undertook to investigate—"très exactement, très froidement"—the true factors of it, and wrote several articles in the *Revue Sociale*, which are reprinted in the volume before me.

For his purpose, he compares the Saxon with his French and German competitors under three heads—in the school, in private life, and in public life. Let us see what he has to say on French, German, and English schools.

The end and object of the French school-boy, according to this writer, is to pass an examination. He is speaking, I need hardly say, of the class who use the secondary schools. Every Frenchman is taught to look forward to being a government official or "functionary," as the best career of life. But as it is impossible for every youth to enter the army, the magistracy, the government offices, consularship, "bridges" "mines," tobacco, "waters and forests," the university, or the public libraries, there must be some method of selection. Hence that great institution, the Examination. To succeed in examination is what a boy is sent to school for; and the reason why these schools or "Colleges" are so numerous in the country, is because people are aware that boys cannot succeed in life without

a College course. The method of education followed at French Colleges is called by M. Demolins, with an apology, by the slang name of "chauffage." It is what we know in English as "cramming," and may be defined as the process of imparting, in the shortest possible time, a superficial, but for the moment sufficient, knowledge of the subjects of an examination. The education given in a French College is, therefore, inevitably superficial, both on account of the rapidity with which information is acquired, and the wide extent of the matter which it must cover. It is not really "education," but rather the training of the memory. It is even more defective on the "moral" side. French secondary education forms a great and "universal boarding-school," where the unfortunate pupils are drilled in every movement and faculty, with a view to their being turned out perfect "functionaries." Here is what M. Demolins says of the system:—

These Colleges seem to be organized on the model of a barracks. The pupils rise at the sound of drum or bell; they march in military order from one exercise to another; even their country walks are like the passage of a regiment. They take their recreation generally in a court with tall buildings all round; they seldom play games, but prefer to promenade in groups. Their recreation, such as it is, is very short; usually half an hour in the forenoon, an hour after the midday dinner, and half an hour at four o'clock. Then "leave-out" is, on an average, only one day in the month. Parents can see their children only twice a week, for an hour at most, in a disagreeable reception room, full of people, who can hear all they say. (p. 7.)

Such a life, the writer goes on to say, inevitably tends to the suppression and extinction of all spontaneity, self-reliance and originality; it effaces home feelings and family character, reducing mind and disposition to a dull uniformity, forming men all of the same stamp, and all prepared to do precisely what they are told. If they

cannot get into a government employment, they have to obtain situations of a similar nature with private firms. It is true that there are the liberal professions open to them; but of those who enter the law, medicine or literature, our author contends that a very large number are so spoilt by their education that they are shallow even where they are brilliant, and that within the last forty years there has been a marked decrease in those works "*de longue haleine*" which were so common in France, before the fatal centralized system of Napoleon I. had time to tell upon the country. As for what he calls the "independent" professions—the business of commerce, agriculture, or manufacture—the young men of the day learn in college to despise them, and their whole training unfits them for that self-reliance and initiative which alone can advance the interests and the well-being of a nation. Thus M. Demolins concludes that the French Schools are adapted to form "functionaries," but not men.

Let us now see what he has to say of the German system.

After Sedan, it was a common opinion among Frenchmen that it was by her schools that Germany had beaten France in 1870. There was at once a great rush to organize public education, and to copy German methods. If you want to conquer in the next war, it was said, remodel your educational system on that of Germany; learn her science of pedagogy, master her philology, and give her excellent classical text-books to your upper forms. The writer before us points out, that during the last year or two, a very general persuasion has come over the country that the results of the scholastic crusade which led among other things to Jules Ferry's "Article seven," have been far from coming up to expectations. The studies have fallen off, the examinations have lowered their average, and, what is much worse, the class of incapable, unemployed, shiftless hangers on of society

have so multiplied as to become a positive danger to the State.

But M. Demolins is able to quote, as a witness to the ill success of German methods, no less an authority than the reigning German emperor. It will be within the recollection of many of my readers that about three years ago, the Emperor William, aged then about thirty, published a Privy Council Order on Education, and accompanied it by a letter to Privy Councillor Hinzpeter. Most of those who took any interest in Education found both the order and the letter to be rather those of a Colonel of Dragoons than of a cultured gentleman of high position and deep responsibility. But M. Demolins uses the Emperor's words, on the one hand to bear out his own views as to the poor results of the German school system, and, on the other, to prove what a profound misfortune it is for Prussia to have a monarch with such crude and retrograde views. The Emperor, however, can hardly be right when he denounces the past, if he is so utterly wrong in laying down laws for the future. He says that the old system, under which he was himself brought up, has failed technically, practically, and politically. It has taught languages instead of facts, it has instilled ideas instead of preparing lads for the "struggle of life," and it has disseminated inconvenient and radical principles instead of fitting out a generation prepared to help their Emperor in dealing with the "democracy." Hence he was determined to make radical changes in secondary education. There should be no more Latin or Greek; everything should be German—language, history, geography and art; practical work should largely divide the curriculum with mere school-learning; there should be more recreation and physical exercise; and sound political ideas (that is to say, the Emperor's own) should be instilled into the rising generation. It was a lively pronouncement, and was enforced with one or two telling illustrations. He said that seventy-four per cent.

of the boys in German Colleges were obliged to wear spectacles! To show how defective were the arrangements for healthy education, he related that when he himself was a boy, he had not only six hours of class each day, but had to devote no less than seven hours besides to preparing his lessons at home. This was not the way to bring up a generation of patriots, soldiers, traders and colonists. There were far too many "educated" men about,—spectacled loafers, seedy journalists, idle fellows whose business it was to grumble at the Government. The country was saturated with them. And all this time, they were in want of real men to man the workshops, organize the commerce, work up the colonies, and fight in the armies and navies, by which alone could the Fatherland take her proper place among the nations of the world.

All this is one-sided enough. But I cannot think that M. Demolin is fair to the Emperor when he represents him as ordering his army of school-boys to fix their eyes solely on Prussia, and to contemplate Prussian or German matters to the exclusion of all the world besides. This is not by any means the new German spirit, nor do the Emperor's words justify the inference. He may be wrong in his estimate of the intellectual and literary side of education—but he, and his generation, have their eyes wide open to the competition of the world at large.

Having laid bare the weakness and the defects of the French and the German methods of educating boys, M. Demolin proceeds to study the English method. He finds in the English Schools almost the whole secret of Saxon superiority. As we follow him through the pages which he devotes to the English school-system, however, we find that it is not really the ordinary English School or College that he praises, but a new and "advanced" type of secondary School, of which there do not, as yet, seem to be many examples in the country. He describes a certain school at Abbotsholme, in Derbyshire, founded in 1889,

and conducted by Dr. Reddie.* It stands in the country, with "air, light, space, and verdure" all round it. There are no barrack-like buildings or court-yards, but a series of ordinary houses, pretty and attractive. There are only about fifty boys. The system may be briefly described as one which (1) entirely omits dead languages and the classics, (2) devotes the forenoon only to studies which can be called "intellectual," (3) pays great attention to gymnastics but discourages the athletic craze, (4) gives at least two hours in the afternoon to gardening, farm work, or other manual labour, and (5) dedicates other two hours, in the evening, to recitations, music, and artistic recreation.

It is certain that an education of this type does not yet prevail in this country. M. Demolin admits as much—although he says that the English Schools even of the antiquated type succeed much better in forming "men" than do the French or the German. It would have been interesting if an intelligent modern-minded foreigner like this author had really studied the existing English system, with its relations to the Universities. As it is, he has apparently investigated no educational work except such as is done here and there by persons who do not care to form "educated" men, but only to prepare boys for business, agriculture and a successful colonial career.

The idea that goes through the book is that the world is changing and that new conditions require an altered education. In the European world which is now passing away, there was little social movement: a family planted out its children round about it, setting up the sons in some employment or career, marrying the daughters to young men similarly provided for; nobody wanted to go far or to change established methods; manufactures were

* This establishment, and the sister one at Bodley, Sussex, have been treated by Mr. Stead in the *Review of Reviews*.

carried on in little workshops, commerce was restricted, locomotion was difficult, competition was only between neighbours. Under these conditions, there was no need of producing self-reliant men. The community fostered its own members, helped them, propped them up, and took care of them.

But in these modern days, things are very different, and the revolution grows in volume every year. There is the railway and the telegraph. There are workshops of enormous size, where hundreds of workmen use machines of almost incalculable power. New discoveries, carrying with them new methods and increased perfection of production, are being made every year. Customers come from the furthest ends of the earth. Vast continents are being over-run, measured out, and settled. The boys of a family are no longer content to vegetate around the family roof-tree, but are gazing with longing aspirations to the great horizons beyond which the stirring work of a new era is being carried on. Of what use to them is the ancient "monastic education," as the Emperor William calls it, which formerly sufficed to make them respectable citizens and church-goers? What is the advantage of Latin or of Greek? Must they not rather have strong limbs, healthy bodies, practical knowledge, character and self-reliance?

For myself, I am entirely in agreement with such views as these. It appears to me that, even in England, there is still much to be done in the direction here indicated. There are thousands of boys in the country who want just the kind of bringing up which is attempted at places like Abbotsholme. They are intended for commerce, engineering, agriculture, colonization. There should not be much difficulty in giving them a fair amount of intellectual training, by means of English, modern languages, mathematics and history, and at the same time making them physically strong, accustomed to the use of tools, at

home in out-of-doors work, able to draw a little, and not unacquainted with music.

But it is to be observed that this kind of training is not what is generally meant by a "liberal education." It is intended for those who, in after life, will have manual work or commercial occupation, with scanty leisure. There is no reason why such men should not be good Christians and genial members of society. But if they are brought up by Dr. Reddie and his friends, it is only in a wide and inadequate sense that they can be said to be "educated." They form the great class of the "half educated"—which gradually shades off into that of the quarter-educated, and lower fractional descriptions, for whom so many cheap weeklies, monthlies, "answers," and "tit-bits," are poured out by an accommodating press.

There are two classes of people for whom "monastic education" is still desirable; first, the leisured gentleman, and secondly the candidates for the liberal professions of divinity, law and physic; to which I hope I may add literature and the services. A liberal education cultivates principally the intellectual and moral faculties, training them to strength, delicacy, rapidity and precision. It concerns itself with subjects more or less removed from matter—with language, ideas, ends, consequences, morality and aesthetics. It is intended for those who can afford the time for it, or whose path, in after life, will lie among occupations which pre-suppose it and which will benefit by it. It may not fit a man to dig the earth, to manufacture articles of hardware, or to make money out of wool. These things are of primary necessity. Men must be found to do them—and until the demand for such men is satisfied, a liberal education is only a luxury. But, in fact, there are enough of such men, without exhausting the human race. There will always be a large number, except perhaps in very new countries, who will have the inclination and the time for something more "human," more

intellectual. And as soon as there springs up, in any country, a strong liberal education, that country begins to have thinkers, teachers, and leaders. The "practical" men work and struggle with nature; the educated class furnish ideas, purposes, motives, stimulants and restraints. Education may not mean wealth, ease or comfort. It is certain that, in these days especially, when steam and electricity are the motors, the whole world the market, and small gains many times multiplied swell into gigantic profits, the richest people are very far from being in any proper sense educated. There was more chance for a mediæval workman, or an Italian silver-smith of the sixteenth century, or even a Birmingham tool-maker or Manchester spinner of fifty years ago, being "educated" than the men who send coal to the Pacific, control wheat, or cut through isthmuses, in the days in which we live. But a liberal education is its own reward. Moreover, the world would soon be only hordes of savages without it. Nay, I may go further. There is no man who can take up the practical side of life so quickly, so aptly, and so efficiently, as the liberally educated—unless he has broken down his physical strength. To make a complete "man," the most effective way is, not to be in a hurry to show him his work and to set him at it, but to train his faculties, slowly and carefully. Now, even in practical and manual work, given an average physical capacity, the mind is of more importance than the muscle. It is agreed by the thoughtful men who have recently considered this subject in England and in Germany, that the liberally educated youths who have taken up business, although they have started practical work later than their competitors, have quickly made up for it by their superior training.*

* At the recent Conference on Commercial Education, held at the Guildhall, on July 8th, Sir Albert Spiers, as a man of business, who had had experience of both types, said that whereas the smart Board School boy was frequently superior

In Germany, besides the higher *primary* schools, there is, for secondary education, what may be called a bifurcation. Given a boy of the proper age, he may either enter the *Gymnasium* and have a classical course, or the *Realschule* and receive an education mainly modern and commercial. The Emperor William, in the pronouncement just referred to, expressed his intention to keep down, in the future, the number of *Gymnasiums*. Still, even he does not appear to desire to suppress them altogether. Amongst ourselves there is, at present, in regard to secondary education, a state of things which may justly be described as chaos. No one has made up his mind what secondary education really is, as distinguished from primary education on the one hand, and from technical education, on the other. The great public schools, with one eye on the Universities and the other on the "struggle for life," hesitate, compromise, make concessions in their curriculum, and end by teaching hardly anything thoroughly well. The minor public schools, for the most part, follow this example. A large number of boys, who in former days would have received some tincture of liberal education, are drifting into the "higher grade" Board Schools, and coming out smart, narrow, local, and self-satisfied, to swell the ranks of the British Philistine.

In Wales, where there is statutory provision and taxation for secondary education, the confusion has resulted in three sorts of schools which overlap each other—the higher Primary School, nibbling at Latin and attempting technical training, the Technical School, with its general English course and again a little Latin, and the Grammar School or Intermediate School, with its classical course toned down to the local demand and diluted by an infusion of the "technical;" and each class of schools is

at the outset to the better educated youth from the Secondary School, education infallibly told in the long run. As soon as it was a question of assuming initiative or responsibility, the better educated boy went ahead.

under a different local authority. Let us hope that, under the Act for organizing Secondary Education with which we are now threatened in England, some attempt will be made to define what is meant by it.

Meanwhile, in spite of all drawbacks, there is a good deal to be said for the old English type of College which brings up its boys, whatever their future destination, on a course which may be described as "classical." Taking into fair consideration all circumstances and conditions, such a course, it seems to me, does more for the youth, considered as a human being, than any specialized system. A few may be unable to profit by it. But the majority do obtain what may fairly be called culture. They carry away, besides the training of their faculties, noble associations, lofty ideals, wide sympathies, and a certain humility which results from one's introduction to an imposing and educative world of persons and institutions. The German plan of a double set of schools might be ideally more perfect, and there is no reason why Colleges should not be established, if means allowed it, which were strictly classical or frankly modern, as required. But meanwhile, let us by all means retain the leaven of the "classical," which has hitherto made the old "monastic" education so effective in forming "men." For I do not agree with this French writer in thinking that the only "men" are those who can use a spade, or drive an engine, or clear the bush. If he tells me that this is the kind of "men" the age requires, I only so far coincide with him as to admit that, in these days, a large number of men are required in whom this type must predominate. But the type is by no means the highest—neither is the "superiority" which results from it any very admirable or desirable result. The Saxon has established himself over a large space of the earth's surface; but the qualities of mind and heart that have enabled him to get hold of things and to stick to them, are not of the highest order of qualities. His pluck, self-

reliance, and endurance are undeniable. But neither his justice, nor his brotherly love have been conspicuous in his methods of acquisition, nor are the Gospel virtues overpoweringly evident in the political, administrative, social and commercial dealings which have marked his tenure and possession. The Saxon is always disposed to brag. The more his education is circumscribed, the more he will display to the world that "ächt-britische Beschränktheit"—that "genuine British narrowness," which Heine found so objectionable. All therefore, who are concerned in the welfare of a race which fills such a large space in the world and in history, should strive to keep the education of its young men wide, liberal and intellectual.

✠ J. C. H.

The Foundation of St. Lawrence's at Dieulouard.

IN view of the approaching inauguration of the New Monastery at Ampleforth it is a timely task to recall to our readers the history of the foundation of the English Benedictine Community of St. Lawrence's now clothing itself, after many vicissitudes, in material forms not unworthy of its past history and pretensions. The true story of its early years has been obscured and misunderstood; it is worthy of being better remembered. The Community which has been settled at Ampleforth for nearly a century enjoys a long and honourable history. It claims to represent by direct and uninterrupted descent two venerable historic foundations, the Monastery of Dieulouard and Westminster Abbey. Dieulouard dates from the tenth if not from an earlier century; Westminster mounts back through St. Edward the Confessor in the eleventh century to St. Mellitus and King Sebert in the seventh. From the old Lotharingian Convent the dedication to St. Lawrence was derived, and the home which sheltered the community during two centuries of exile; from the royal Abbey at Westminster is drawn our heritage as English Benedictines. Other factors in the history must not be forgotten. The two Congregations of Italy and Spain had a share in securing for their English brethren the house at Dieulouard and its unique distinction of succession from the old English line. This is how it all came about.

Already in the closing years of Elizabeth's reign and of the sixteenth century many young Englishmen, desirous of combining the monastic state with mission-



ary work, had betaken themselves to various Abbeys of the Italian and Spanish Benedictines, some of whom by the year 1603 had already entered the mission field of England, and were sharing in its dangers and successes. Of this heroic band the pioneers were F. Austin Bradshaw and Venerable F. Roberts from Spain, with F. Thomas Preston and F. Anselm Beech from Italy. Their arrival on the apostolic mission was welcomed by most of the English priests, and as fiercely opposed by others. Prominent among the former were Giffard, Dean of Lille, and Pitts, Theologal of Remiremont; the opponents were Parsons and a few other Jesuits with some allies among the secular clergy. One of the first efforts of the Benedictines was to provide monasteries, more accessible than those of Italy and Spain, where English subjects could be received and trained, and the still unbroken line of English Monks could be maintained. At first sight the Low Countries seemed most suitable for this purpose. They were nearest to English shores, they formed part of the dominions of the Most Catholic King; accordingly at Dr. Giffard's suggestion, or with his approval, an attempt was made to found a house in Douai, and by the late autumn of 1603 the humble beginning was made which developed later into the Convent of St. Gregory's. But the foothold at Douai was temporary and precarious, as well as humble. It consisted at first of a lodging, lent to the monks, in the dormitory of one of the Colleges, and afterwards of a house hired by F. Bradshaw near S. Jacques; moreover unexpected and formidable difficulties arose which delayed for some years the canonical recognition of the community. The Jesuits, all-powerful at the Courts of Brussels and Madrid, made objection to the monks settling at the University; they persuaded the Papal Nuncio and the Archduke at Brussels to withhold their sanction for the projected foundation;

and not only was permission to found a convent refused to the monks, but the grave displeasure of the authorities was visited upon their supporters. F. Bradshaw was superseded in his chaplaincy to the English troop serving in Flanders, Dr. Giffard was deprived of his Deanery at Lille and driven out of the Spanish King's dominions (July, 1606). Under these circumstances the neighbouring Abbots hesitated to accord the assistance expected from them; in the summer of 1607, the Nuncio was still counselling the Englishmen to leave, and Abbot Cavarel of Arras proposed that they should look elsewhere for an opening. If F. Bradshaw still pluckily held out, and a few monks continued, though unrecognized, to practise conventual life, yet it is no surprise that their superiors should have sought elsewhere for a more secure foundation and should have welcomed it when offered.

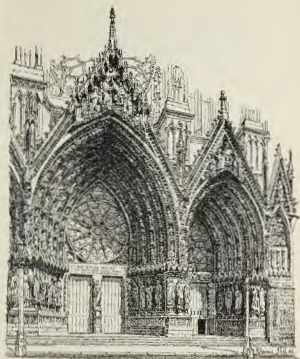
Such an opening soon presented itself, of which Dr. Giffard's banishment was the occasion. That distinguished man possessed too many friends and too great influence to remain long without preferment; immediately after leaving Lille he went to Rheims, where he had formerly been Professor of Divinity, and was at once made Rector of the University. Here he was in a position to be of more service to his friends than he ever was under the Spanish authorities. Twenty years before he had taken his theological degrees at Pont-a-Mousson in Lorraine; now through his influence, and at the suggestion of Dr. Arthur Pitts, the Church and College of St. Lawrence at Dieulouard in the same province were offered to the English Benedictines and at once accepted by them (1606).

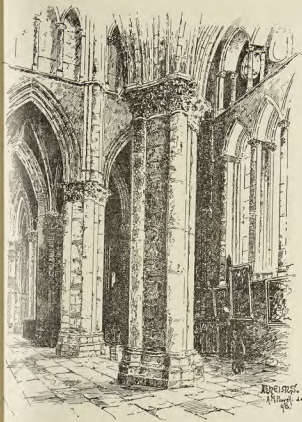
We must now go back a few years, or even a few centuries. In 1602, Clement VIII., had erected an Archbishopric at Nancy of which the first incumbent was the Cardinal Prince Charles of Lorraine; and in order to provide the new See with a Chapter he transferred to it, amongst others, the revenues and members of a Secular College

from Dieulouard. A pleasant little town in Lorraine close to the banks of the Moselle, not far from Pont-a-Mousson, Dieulouard derives its striking and appropriate name from the old fortress hard by which once guarded the lands of the Church. Dieulouard, *Dei-Custodia* in Latin, in English the "Guard of God" or "God's Ward,—the name was a hopeful omen to the little band seeking shelter under the Divine protection! as though it prayed, *Deus, custodi nos ut pupillam oculi!*" Here over five hundred years before Haymon, Bishop of Verdun, had founded a Benedictine Abbey dedicated to St. Lawrence the Martyr. A charter exists of the Emperor Conrad, in 1028, confirming the Monastery at the request of his wife and his son Henry. After flourishing for some centuries the Abbey, like so many others, was secularized in the vicissitudes of later ages; but when its Canons were translated to Nancy the condition was made that substitutes should be found for them at Dieulouard, so that divine service might not be interrupted. The foundation was going a-begging at the very time when Giffard was driven from the Netherlands, and the Benedictines were seeking a site for a peaceful foundation. They found one in the "Ward of God."

Dieulouard was held under a somewhat complicated tenure. It lay in the diocese of Toul, but belonged to the Bishopric of Verdun, and was in the gift of the Primate and Chapter of Nancy. The town had once formed part of the estate of a Prince of Lorraine who becoming Bishop of Verdun had on his death bequeathed the estate to his See. The "Three Bishoprics" (Toul, Verdun and Metz) were formerly independent principalities held directly under the Empire; although annexed by the French Crown some fifty years earlier than this time, they retained a large share of administrative independence; hence no necessity arose for asking the sanction of the French King to the proposed donation, which rested mainly in the hands of two Princes of the House of Lorraine, Charles, Primate

of Nancy and Eric, Bishop of Verdun. Anxious to be discharged of responsibility to their old home the Chapter of Nancy consented readily to its transfer; whilst fortunately another friend of the Benedictines was at hand, and one of great influence with the two episcopal princes. This was Arthur Pitts, a venerable Hampshire priest who had suffered much for the faith during the reign of Elizabeth. Imprisoned in the Tower and more than once put to the rack F. Pitts was banished the country under pain of death in 1583; after many vicissitudes he received preferment from the Abbess of Remiremont to whom he now held the office of Theologal. Being well known to the chapter of Dieulouard and to the Cardinals of Lorraine he was approached by Giffard and Bradshaw with a view to obtaining the vacant convent for the English monks; and the better to move both him and the Lorraine Princes in their favour, as well as to mark their appreciation of so valuable a gift, the Benedictine Superiors undertook to make Dieulouard a house of strict observance and the chief Monastery of the new Congregation. Both as an ancient historic Convent and as their earliest canonical foundation, it was fitting that St. Lawrence's should be foremost in dignity as well as in discipline. Pitts' and Giffard's credit being very great in Lorraine the negotiations went on smoothly and swiftly—very different from the experiences at Douai. The grant of the Monastery by the Cardinal and Canons of Nancy is dated December 2nd, 1606; it was confirmed by the Bishop of Verdun on December 5th; and on December 26th, Dr. Pitts, as Procurator of the English Benedictines, took formal possession of the property from the officers of the town. A notable Christmas gift! The birthday of the English Benedictine St. Lawrence's may accordingly be fixed on the Christmas of 1606; its canonical erection as a monastery goes back five, perhaps nine, centuries earlier; its actual occupation by an English Community began a few months later (Aug. 10, 1608).





W. H. Sturt
1841

Dieulouard must have seemed an ideal site for the foundation on which the Benedictines were bent. Except for its greater distance from England it was in every way preferable to the cities of Flanders. Its political status under semi-independent Princes was a most favourable condition. It was free from the domination of the Spanish Court and the hostile influences controlling it. In marked contrast to the Netherlands where the authorities of Church and State were alike hostile, here both temporal and spiritual rulers were most friendly. Then the past history of Dieulouard and its descent from the tenth century gave the Convent a position among the foundations of Lorraine, and a prestige wholly wanting to the hired lodgings in Douai; whilst the smiling valley of the Moselle, with its fertile fields and vine-clad slopes and richly wooded hills must have contrasted very pleasantly with the dull, bare levels of the Low Countries around Douai or Arras. That there were no revenues attached to the donation was only to be expected. The endowments of the old college had followed its canons to Nancy: but a fine Romanesque Basilica remained and some conventual buildings which, however dilapidated, had recently sufficed for the use of the secular chapter. Means of support, though scanty, were soon forthcoming. When Dr. Giffard declared his intention of joining the new community and endowing it with his fortune, it is no wonder that the English Superiors accepted Dieulouard eagerly, or that they made lavish promises as to the position which it was to assume.

The intentions of the founders of St. Lawrence's were not left in any doubt. As the chief house of the Congregation it was to be the official residence of the President General; it was to be a centre of monastic observance; and it was to be in a special way an English Benedictine community. So much was this the case that although English subjects of both the Cassinese and Valladolid

Congregations were working together on the English mission and were interested in the new foundations, yet, when Dieulouard was handed over, the Spanish and Italian Congregations were expressly excluded from the benefit of the gift. The Lorraine Princes and the Canons of Nancy on one side, Fathers Bradshaw and Leander Jones as representing the monks on the other, with Doctors Pitts and Giffard acting as intermediaries were all agreed on these points, that St. Lawrence's was to be an English House, and that as the primary foundation it should have precedence of others and become the official residence of the President General. Why some clauses of this agreement were not subsequently realized is another story; but the design was not left a barren intention. As soon as the property was acquired, and the needful authorization obtained, steps were taken to carry it into execution. The first step was to provide a community; it is interesting and instructive to notice the sources whence its members were drawn. They were chiefly three:—

- (1). Novices received directly for the new House, but clothed or professed at Rheims, Douai or elsewhere;
- (2). English priests professed in prison at Westminster by F. Sigebert Buckley, the last of the old English Benedictines;
- (3). Religious already received and trained in the abbeys of Italy and Spain.

The year 1607 saw some progress made towards the new Familia. The first postulants admitted were F. Nicholas Fitzjames and F. Joseph Heworth, both of them already priests. They were clothed at Douai in May and July respectively, and passed their novitiate there, and were professed there next year for Dieulouard. Giffard who had long been desirous of devoting himself to the Order was unable to carry out his intention at once; it was not until July 11th, 1608, that he took the habit that he was to adorn so well. He was clothed by



F. Leander Jones at the Abbey of St. Remi at Rheims, being still at the time Rector of the University. Arthur Pitts did not follow his friend's example, never becoming a monk himself; perhaps he was too aged and infirm to begin life again in a new monastery, but he remained a fast friend of St. Lawrence's, and few amongst our benefactors have better titles to grateful remembrance than the aged exiled Confessor who obtained for the Community its first home in Lorraine.

Meanwhile an event had taken place in the autumn of this same year, 1607, of great importance to St. Lawrence's as providing the second, but most noteworthy, element in the constitution of its Familia. This was the successful carrying out of a project, of which Father Austin Baker deserves the chief credit, for the restoration of the old English monastic line. No need to repeat in detail the story of this interesting episode. On November 21st—*Dies Memorabilis* for all English Benedictines!—the last surviving monk of Westminster, Dom Sigebert Buckley, a prisoner for the Faith in the gate-house of his old Abbey, clothed with the monastic habit and received to their solemn profession two young priests who had already passed their noviciate on the mission. He was assisted in the ceremony by F. Thomas Preston, Superior of the Cassinese monks in England, the two favoured novices being F. Vincent Sadler and F. Edward Mayhew.

In the subsequent arrangements these religious, the sole representatives of the old English Congregation, were assigned to the new Monastery of Dieulouard, in which accordingly the Westminster community was perpetuated and through which the allied Houses of the restored Congregation derive their share in the ancient inheritance. It seems probable that a similar affiliation to Westminster was afterwards gone through in the case of F. Baker, and possibly of some others; all such members of the old Congregation and any novices clothed by them

later being however affiliated, according to the conditions of its foundation, to the Convent of St. Lawrence's. Some of these, like F. Baker himself, never actually resided at Dieulouard, but all of them, like him, belonged to its Familia. F. Mayhew was for several years its Prior.

In making these arrangements regarding St. Lawrence's there was, of course, no idea of ignoring or overriding the rights of any other community. The character of the men engaged in the work, as well as their own interests, preclude any such notion. Besides, whatever may be thought of the projects in the light of subsequent history, in the eyes of contemporaries, through which we must try to see, no other English Benedictine community was as yet in existence. At Douai it was most unlikely just then that one ever would exist. The few religious lodging there without the sanction, even in defiance, of Bishop or Prince were not held either by others or themselves to constitute a convent. Not until much later, not till July, 1609,* was permission given by Pope and King to establish the community which afterwards became St. Gregory's, and not until after that date did its members venture to take novices for themselves. Postulants had been previously clothed at Douai just as they were clothed in England, on the mission or even in Dom Sigebert's prison; but they were clothed for Dieulouard not for any potential community at Douai. Novices passed their novitiate at Douai as they passed it at various places during those years, at St. Remi or Moyennoutier, or even in England on the mission or in prison preparing for martyrdom; but when professed such novices took their vows for St. Lawrence's. This was the case with F. Fitzjames, professed at Douai on May 15, and F. Haworth, on Dec. 10, 1608, both of whom took their vows for Dieulouard. F. Columban Malone, professed at Rheims, Sep. 13, 1609, is the first, as

* So far from sanctioning a foundation the Nuncio in June, 1607, was counselling F. Bradshaw to give up the attempt to establish himself at Douai.

old Weldon puts it "that I can find downright positively of the house of Douai;" but this was subsequent to the Nuncio's visit in the summer of 1609, when peace was made with the University, and permission was formally given by Paul V. and the King of Spain for the House's foundation. This was fifteen months after conventual life had begun at Dieulouard, and nearly three years after it was possessed by the Benedictines. There could hardly be a clearer sign that Douai was not yet regarded as a monastery than these professions for another community of novices who had even passed their novitiate within its walls. Weldon's quaint phrases aptly express the situation;—"In 1608, Dieulwart took the form of a convent by the monks who began that year to live there conventually, whilst Douay was but a-hatching."

In 1608 then, on the Feast of St. Lawrence, conventual life was commenced at Dieulouard. A month before, on July 11, Dr. Giffard, still Rector of the University and Chancellor of the Diocese, was clothed at Rheims with the Benedictine habit; and within a few days the elder Reyner, Walgrave and Bapthorpe also began their novitiate. Giffard remained some time longer at Rheims, Bapthorpe and Haworth went to Moyennoutier to carry on their studies; the rest, with Fitzjames who was already professed and a lay-postulant named Worden, set out for their new home, their arrival being timed for the feast of the Patron of the Monastery. The House was begun in great poverty and simplicity. Its worldly goods consisted of an empty church, a bare cloister, an unfurnished cottage; and its inmates were glad enough for the first week to accept the hospitality of one of the villagers, Didacus Pierson, surely some compatriot already settled in this out of the way spot. Except for a few hundred francs of their own and some donations from F. Pitts they were without other resources than their faith and hope; but with these they began building a new Monas-

tery in September, and within three months had its walls carried up to the dormitory and ready for roofing. In cheapness and rapidity of construction the new buildings must have been a contrast to those which their descendants are erecting at Ampleforth; they differed in style as well, and certainly in solidity, for a great storm which came in December levelled nearly the whole of the walls with the ground! The storm only threw work back for a time; it was resumed energetically, and a new refectory, kitchen and cells were soon completed, with accommodation for eleven monks. Dr. Giffard (now F. Gabriel a Sancta Maria) arrived at Dieulouard on April 23rd, with a young postulant named Merriman. In May F. Bradshaw held a Visitation of the house, named F. Fitzjames Novice-master and Superior, and in due time admitted F. Giffard and others to profession. Giffard's fortune would now be available for the building of the Monastery and to secure it from immediate want; he also brought to the house of his profession "a great number of books and much household stuff," which in its primitive destitution would be especially welcome. Two monks from Spain, F. George Brown and F. Nicholas Becket joined the community at this time, and when the newly-professed arrived from Moyennemoutier in September a course of philosophy and theology was begun. Four or five more postulants received the habit this same year, and as many more in 1610, by which time the house might be considered fairly established.

Its first Prior was Dr. Giffard himself. The obligations of Dieulouard to its most eminent son can hardly be exaggerated, or his labours on behalf of the whole Congregation. Of St. Lawrence's he merits to be regarded as the founder; his influence obtained the grant of the house; his fortune endowed it; his fame illustrated its early years; he became its first regular Prior, and from its cloister he rose, though a foreigner and a monk, to

be Archbishop of Rheims, first Peer of France and Legate of the Apostolic See (1621). He died in the Holy Week of 1629.

Of the later fortunes of Dieulouard we have left no space to speak. In spite of vicissitudes and disasters the Monastery faithfully fulfilled during nearly two hundred years the work for which it was founded, surviving all dangers till that sad day in October, 1793, when in the wild fury of the Revolution its monks were dispersed, its Church and Library were pillaged, and its walls and roof went up in flame to the sky. Even then the Divine Protection as augured in the title, *Dei-custodia*, did not fail. Through all chances and changes "God's guard" has been over the house; and the third century of its existence, drawing now to a close, finds St. Lawrence's firmly founded in a new and nobler home, more flourishing, more useful and more prolific than at any previous time. Long may it flourish under the "Ward of God!"

J. I. C.

Farm Life in Manitoba.

SIR, I will try to give the information you ask for. But had I thought myself likely to be thus called upon, I would, years ago, have started to write notes of all the interesting things I came across. Now I shall have to depend upon the few facts which still cling to my memory.

I must not begin by wearying you with the account of my prior life spent at sea. But a word or two will show that I was not unused to roughing it and to privations. It was a ramble all over the world as an apprentice on a full-rigged Liverpool sailing ship. Three years of a wretched

life, harder than anything I have experienced, and then I gave it the slip. Afterwards, I had a short spell on the American Lakes, joining a steam freight-boat plying between Buffalo and Chicago. I made pretty good wages, but found the fresh water only a degree pleasanter than the salt. The life was nothing to hanker after, and a three months' trial found me in a frame of mind to try something else. Farming was always a hobby of mine, so to farming I went.

My first operations were in a country district in Michigan, but besides that I did not fancy the Americans much, the place was too civilized and hardly romantic enough for my wild schemes. Rumours of what might be done in Manitoba and the North West Territories were going about, and though the Americans very kindly tried to induce me to stay amongst them, I determined to try my fortunes on the other side of the border line between Canada and the United States.

Looking back now, I am bound to say that Manitoba does not seem to suit me any better. The novelty of the life has worn off, though it took some time to do so. But I must not run down the country without just cause. Every place has its drawbacks, and Manitoba's are chiefly the cold and the mosquito. The cold in winter is something worse than severe, and is not likely to improve much. They do say that settlements raise the temperature somewhat and that an improvement in this respect has been felt elsewhere, but I cannot say my experience has led me to put much faith in this theory. As to the mosquitoes, I did notice that, during the last two years, they had become comparatively scarce; and the first two months in summer, when they made life almost unendurable, are now sufficiently pleasant.

To resume my narrative. I left the boat at Chicago and journeyed North by rail, via St. Paul, to Winnipeg, the capital of Manitoba and the only town of any size between

Halifax and New Westminster on the Pacific Coast. A monotonous outlook all the way after leaving St. Paul; nothing but the vast, flat, uninteresting plain, covered with a short wiry grass, which they call the prairie. The City of Winnipeg which I reached ten years ago is very different from the place I left to begin my return journey. The whole district is improving. The people are more prosperous and independent; villages are growing everywhere; stone-built towns are replacing the timber hamlets of a few years ago. Some people must be making money somehow, since the stone has all to be freighted from outside the province. From Winnipeg I left for the place which was to be my home. Truth to tell, upon looking out of the carriage window when I reached the end of the journey, I could see nothing but a little wooden house, which I learned afterwards served the purpose of general store, post office, railway station, hotel, promenade and a few other things besides. I thought at first we were stopping to water the engine, but was informed by the conductor he had mistaken my station and, if I got out, I might get a move on back by a passing engine, if one came that way. This I did and was soon at my destination, the very counterpart of the place where I first left the train. My trunks came along about four hours later. I had chosen to make for this spot, on account of my having a friend here, already settled and doing well.

To begin with the farmer's house. Of course it is of wood. The Canadians are experts with the axe, and it is a point of honour for the neighbours to give the new settler a day's work and put a roof over his head. The building of the log house is a sight worth seeing. About a dozen men usually take part in the 'raising.' First, one man chosen for his skill with the axe is allotted to each of the corners of the house. It is his business to dove-tail the log ends, and this a good man will do so well, that when complete the place is like a well-made box. The crowd are employed in

lifting and skidding the logs. Each log is hewn flat to about six or eight inches in thickness and laid on the ground in the position it is to take in the house. When all is ready the raising is rapidly done and a walled enclosure, measuring on an average eighteen feet by twenty-four, is handed over to the owner. The rest he must do for himself and, with a helpmate and a cross-cut saw, he will open into it a door and two windows—two also in the gable ends, if he can afford it—and roof it with shingles. Then afterwards he will put in an upstairs and downstairs floor and, for the cost of about £20, he will have a house that will last him fifty years if need be. Long before this, however, he will probably have supplanted it with an elaborate frame house having eight or ten snug little rooms, and the old place will be turned into a granary or pulled down altogether.

A sketch of a year's routine will, perhaps, best show what a farmer's life in Manitoba is like. The year really begins in May. Between about the tenth of November and the middle of April there is always snow upon the ground. Then it disappears as if by magic and, strange to say, leaves very little moisture and slush behind it. I suppose it is evaporated, and the ground being frozen hard as a rock some feet down before the snow falls, the moisture does not sink below the surface. As soon as the ground is thawed deep enough to harrow, the farmer rushes at his work and it is almost incredible to one English-bred how quickly a large acreage is put in grain. A team of horses is expected to harrow thirty acres a day; a drill seeder must do its ten to twelve acres; an ordinary walking plough will turn over from two and half acres; whilst a sulky will do four acres, and a gang plough five acres, in a day. The Canadian farm-labourer does just about twice the work of an English one, and does it well, without grumbling. A binder is expected to cut from twelve to twenty acres a day with one man to stook; and he will not be more than a day behind when a hundred acres are down. Now-a-days

one can hire a man who will guarantee to keep up with the binders and finish with the machine.

May generally sees the seeding done and an inch or two of growth at the end of the month. During the growing season there are fences to make and to mend, and, if one has any, prairie land to be broken up and backset. Then comes the haymaking, to my mind the hardest work of the year; with the heat almost unbearable and flies and mosquitoes rising like smoke from the meadows and low grounds where the high grass grows. The hay is cut one day and stacked the next, and there is little fear of damage from rain. This business lasts right up to the harvest and in a wet year may have to be carried on at the same time. I should have said that, previous to the haymaking, two or three days, according to the acreage of the farm, must be given by each farmer to the mending and repairing of roads, or to the making of them, in a new settlement. This is a matter of legal assessment, but most good farmers do twice as much as they are bound to do, in order to make the market roads good. A year's residence, whether in country or in town, makes one liable to the road-tax; consequently, the highways are rapidly improving.

The harvest is an anxious time for everyone until the grain is garnered. Some are so frightened of frost that they cut through the night as well as in the daytime, working two teams and changing every four hours. Almost every year there is a night or two with enough frost to spoil the wheat, although there may not be another really bad frost for another month afterwards. So it is a race to get the grain down before Jack Frost overhauls us, but a good farmer in a good district will nearly always succeed. This is my experience anyhow. As soon as the grain is cut and stacked—an operation of about three weeks—threshing commences. Everyone who sees it will be impressed with the bustle and commotion when the threshing gang comes on the scene. What with fitting up temporary

sleeping quarters in the barn; fixing up long rough mess tables to seat twelve threshers and as many more neighbours, who come to give a helping hand and expect the same to be given back when it is their turn with the machine; what with the procuring of victuals and grain-bags, finding shelter for the strange teams of horses, and so on, a stranger would wonder what such a scene of confusion could possibly mean in the wilds of the North West. But it all means business; and before night there will be 1,200 bushels of wheat either stowed in the granaries or lodged in the village elevator, and perhaps by the evening of the next day 1,800 more will have been added. This is the total yield of an ordinary farm, though on the plains one hears of 20,000 bushels per season. The threshers finish with a meal, and then clear off at once to the next farm to sleep. Time is money to the thresher, and wages about 25 dollars, or £3 per day, to each man. One would naturally suppose it would be a disagreeable business to have a large gang of rough men about the place, but it is right to say that the men are quiet and well-behaved and many a bush man is the equal of the born gentleman in all but education.

Threshing over, the farmer must fly to the plough and stick to the job right through, until the frost and hard ground makes the work impossible. Then comes a long period of rest. There is no hurry now, and most farmers do not keep hired labour during the winter. A man may stay on as a help in return for board and lodging, and he will be welcome. But all the work there is to do is now and again to run a load of wheat to market on bob-sleighs, to fetch a bit of hay from some distant stack, or to bring firewood from the bush. Of course there are everyday 'chaws,' as they are called, to do,—such as feeding, clearing and watering stock, and chopping and sawing up wood; but this takes up practically nothing of a man's time. Some do a bit of shooting and deer-stalking, and sport is

good enough. There are five kinds of grouse,—the pin-tailed, pinnated, ruffed, and spruce grouse besides the ptarmigan or white grouse. They are as good fun shooting as their wily Scotch cousin and quite as good eating. A good shot in a good season can make a very fair bag, twenty and thirty brace to two guns being not uncommon; this for unkept wild birds is good even in England. But duck and goose shooting is the best. I have known men go out for a couple of days and return with their waggon boxes full up, and with snipe, waders, plovers and cranes in addition. For water-fowl sport Manitoba would be hard to beat. A man will go out in the evening and come back with half a dozen fine plump geese which he will distribute among his neighbours, keeping one and perhaps two for himself. Of deer there are four or five varieties;—the elegant little Virginian deer, commonest of all, about the size of our English roe-deer but with longer horns and different colouring; the black-tailed deer classed by the Canadians with the Virginian under the name of 'jumping deer'; a red-deer which I have never shot and never seen; the elk or wapiti of the Indians, something like our red deer, but larger and with horns sometimes nearly six foot across; and lastly the moose-deer, largest and most difficult to shoot, savage when wounded, and scenting danger from a wonderful distance. I have seen moose antlers which weigh close on forty-five pounds. Lastly, there is the bear, black and cinnamon, both now-a-days growing scarce and not at all dangerous to hunt. The varieties seem to cross; twice I have found both black and brown in the same litter. When I have taken the cubs, the timid old she-bear has kept well in the distance. I remember that once, when carrying some cubs home, I called at a log house for a drink of water. I heard afterwards that the poor mother had followed on the scent of her cubs, and was found scratching at the door of the hut in the early morning. She was shot there by the farmer.

But good as sport is or was, for naturally it is not improving, the settler in the North West cares little for it except to fill the pot.

Life in Manitoba is much the same, year after year, to the farmer. It has seemed to me to become less interesting, year by year; perhaps this is because, as the country becomes more civilized, people take things more seriously. Manitoba is the farmer's paradise in a sense. It is an excellent place for one who has saved a bit of money and can work. The homesteads and free lands still open are either very rough inferior soil or else too far back from civilization to make cultivation pay. Englishmen should buy places already improved. The cost will be from £200 to £500, but it is well to bear in mind that the pioneer has spent more than double the amount on the place, if we include his labour. The North West is not the place for the poor man. He will have to endure hardships and privations unknown to the British labourer. Formerly he could not be sure even of his wages; but even now that the law has stepped in to protect him, the chances are against his earning enough money to take him out of the country again. And, Englishmen! let me say this: that in no country is it so terrible to want as in a cold one.

There are no mines, at least there were none when I was there, and no forests, and no rocks in the province. The bush is a scrub chiefly of poplar and willow, with the hard woods confined to the borders of creeks and rivers. The trees grow in clumps or on the ridges of higher ground, and interspersed among them are meadows of luxuriant native grasses. It is easy to be lost in the bush. The country is everywhere the same, bluffs and meadows, and meadows and bluffs; and all so alike that the only safe way is to journey by the compass. I have more than once been completely lost and had to build a fire, and spend the dreary night as well as I could in the wilderness. It is not

a desirable experience. The silence is oppressive and broken only by the occasional crackling or rending of a tree by the hard frost, and one is often startled by the near presence, or even by the touch, of some wild animal or bird, — a partridge, perhaps, or a ruffed grouse, or the white arctic hare.

The richness of the soil has not been exaggerated. Nowhere in Canada do vegetables grow to such an enormous size as in Manitoba. The wheat is the best in the world for quality. Smut and blight are known, but the only serious enemy of the farmer is the frost. A hail storm in June will sweep off any crops that lie in its track. The stones are about the size of a thrush's egg and do damage also to the windows and roofs. Nevertheless, in spite of hail and frost, on good land a farmer can easily get an average crop of 25 bushels an acre. Let the reader, however, take this as fact, that no matter what Government and Pacific Railway pamphlets say about the enormous acreage in Manitoba and the North West Territory, only about one-third of the land can be relied upon for successful farming. Hundreds of those who have gone out, attracted by brilliant semi-official reports, are now struggling to earn a bare living upon lean light land which will only average about eight bushels of wheat an acre, and eventually, as they express it, "will not be fit to grow beans." I do not mean that the land is altogether worthless, but that it is useless for grain growing, and for the small farmer. It would be valuable enough to a rancher such as those on the plains further West. There, on the bunch grass of the prairie, cattle will fatten and thrive amazingly. During the first two months of the Summer, when they are plagued by the flies, they become thin and miserable; but they recover and are in first rate condition by the time the hard weather sets in. A western rancher can afford to buy yearlings and two year olds in Manitoba, take them west by train, fatten them up and send them back through

Manitoba again, sold to English beef contractors at a profit. It was much the same in Aberdeenshire, where I was once on a farm. The crofter as a rule cannot afford to wait for his 'beasties' to mature, and so he sells them young to the larger farmer, who thus pockets the profit whilst the crofter runs the risk. Manitoba could be a cattle raising district, and is really healthy enough for cattle, if they are rightly cared for. Sheep never go wrong; and very much less would be heard of tuberculosis if the farmer had money enough to provide shelter for his cattle.

My health was good all the time I was out and I suppose the climate must be called a healthy one. But the extremes of heat and cold are very trying to those living out of doors like the farmer. In the towns they are said not to feel it so much. It is quite a mistake to think that one will get used to it in time. It is now a recognized fact—a curious one—that a new comer from the old country feels the heat and cold less than an old settler. Then again I think it also a mistake to suppose that a dry cold is so much more endurable than a damp one. Theorists say so; but let them try it. With the thermometer forty degrees below zero (I have known it down to sixty), dry or not dry, it is as much as one can do to keep one's nose and ears from frost bite. The necessary clothing in winter is an expensive item. The farmer must wear heavy fur coats and caps, and mittens and moccasins of moose hide. From two to four pair of socks are put on at once, with oftentimes a pair of arctic stockings over the lot. Two pair of trousers and the heaviest woollen underwear will complete the ordinary rig-out of the man who has to face a Manitoba winter. In summer, of course, it is all the other way, and the only unusual article of toilet is the huge bandanna handkerchief used to mop away the perspiration.

I have no tall stories of extraordinary natural phenomena. Cyclones seem to be the exclusive property of the United States. The mirage is too well known to call for

any description. The sun and moon 'dogs' may be seen any very cold winter's day or night,—reflected suns or moons, one on either side of the real one. But there is the blizzard and that, I must acknowledge, is quite as bad as it is painted. Snow, in the North West, does not come down the big-flaked stuff known in Europe. It is a fine dry crystalline powder, which does not wet one's clothes and may be dusted off with a broom. And not a year passes but there are men lost and frozen to death in the snow-storms, and frequently a farmer has met his fate on his own farm, going round and round in the blinding drift, unable to find his fence or the snow-covered walls of his home.

Before concluding, I shall be expected to say something about the people who live in Manitoba. The emigrant may be taken as known. He is of all sorts, but usually better than he looks. I found on the whole, that the real Canadians, Canucks they are called, were the best to get on with. They are thrifty, industrious, honest and cleanly, and are good neighbours, always ready to lend a helping hand where needed. They are strict observers of the Sabbath. I would recommend Englishmen, however, to be cautious in their dealings with them, for they think anything fair in trade and will do a 'cute stroke of business' with the greenhorn without scruple. All the same I would trust a Yorkshireman or a Scotchman to look after himself. In a new country it is naturally everyone for himself, and John Bull is soon ready and able to measure wits with the native. The noble Indian is harmless enough and offensive only to the habits of polite society. The old-fashioned Indian story books and modern Buffalo Bill adventures should be classed with fairy tales. There are two classes of red men in Manitoba,—the Bungees and the Sioux. The former are the real natives of the soil and are thickset and short of stature; the latter are importations and are tall and slim, standing straight and at ease. Both are coarse and ugly, to our ideas, with little black eyes and heavy

jaws; and both are filthy in the extreme, seldom washing, and covered with vermin. Their tepees or huts in which they live, are the same now as in the old days, except that they are covered with canvas instead of raw hide. They are easily moved, and the usual cause of migration is the inconvenience of over-population among their altogether unnecessary and too much attached personal attendants. They build a fire in the middle of the tepee and sleep rolled up in a blanket. They eat butcher's scraps and offal, and in fact almost anything from a skunk (a particular delicacy) to a dead horse or raw dog. They are good hunters and seldom destroy more game than they need for food, or to trade for flour. The Sioux are noted moose-hunters and claim to have a method of 'getting on to' their prey which is known only to the tribe. They are very silent, and even when they know English will sham ignorance until they become better acquainted. They smoke "kinnick-kinnick," dried scrapings of the inner bark of an osier shrub of the dog-wood species. "The pipe of peace" is still an established custom, and one who wishes to converse with an Indian must begin with a smoke.

I should be sorry, however, to say much against the poor Indian, for a tepee is a welcome sight to a sportsman, lost in the bush on a cold night with the thermometer at thirty or forty degrees below zero. One is sure then of shelter or a guide, for the Indian is never lost and always hospitable. I have been more than once very glad to spend the night in one of their tepees and to eat a bit of their bannock.

The half-breeds are an improvement on the Indian. They are lazy but capable of exertion, and are sharp and clever; they make good settlers and are excellent trappers. If any one should contemplate a hunting excursion in the North West he cannot do better than take a half-breed guide.

As a word in conclusion, let me make kindly mention of

poor old Archbishop Taché. He lived among the Indians for more than twenty years and the good he did will never be known and can hardly be understood. Often he slept out in the snow, his Indian guide at his side, with his dogs lying at his head and feet to keep him from freezing. He won the love and respect of the poor savages and helped them, body and soul, out of much misery and unhappiness. The privation and hardships he suffered in his task God alone knows.

M. MANLEY

The Frescoes in Pickering Church.

If it had been published in the year 1852, one would like to have read to the Vicar of Pickering the following verse of Mr. Browning.

"Wherever a fresco peels and drops,
Wherever an outline weakens and wanes
Till the latest life in the painting stops,
Stands One whom each fainter pulse-tick pains:
One, wishful each scrap should clutch the brick,
Each tinge not wholly escape the plaster,
A lion who dies of an ass's kick,
The wronged great soul of an ancient Master."

It is possible he would have refrained from giving the remarkable frescoes, accidentally uncovered on the walls of his church, "an ass's kick," had he known what a later generation would think of him and his work. As it was, he deliberately "destroyed" and white-washed the only considerable art-work of our ancestors, which the more forgivable iconoclasm of the Reformation had left uninjured.

Happily, however, the ass's kick was, as usual, more mischievous in intent than in execution. In 1878, during the restoration of the church, some portions of the paintings were again exposed, and the present vicar was encouraged by what he saw to carefully remove the Protestant white-wash. Large portions of the work were found in a fair state of preservation, with, however, patches that were completely obliterated. The general effect is said to have been one of complete unintelligibility; but in most of the erased work, there were sufficient indications of the former lines to justify restoration. This has been done as wisely—that is, as little—as possible and with an unimaginative fidelity altogether praiseworthy. As a result, at Pickering, and nowhere else in the country, the student is able to form some idea of the fresco paintings with which our forefathers covered the walls of many, if not all, of their churches.

The largest and most striking of these paintings is the Legend of St. Christopher. It was a favourite story with our forefathers, and deservedly so. Whether they believed it literally or not is a matter of no consequence—probably they did not; it is worth believing. Fable, fairy tale, monkish invention, or whatever modern scientific criticism may call it, it is a pretty legend and admirably Christian. It has dropped out of the Lives of the Saints, rightly perhaps; but, as a parable at least, it is worth teaching to our children. I give the story as it is told in the old *Legenda Sanctorum*.^{*} It is none too familiar to those who have been brought up in these days of enlightenment.

"Christopher, a native of Canaan, was one of the hugest of men, and had a face it frightened one to look at; his length measured full twelve cubits. Once, as some of the chroniclers of his deeds relate, when he was one of the retinue of a king of Canaan, the idea took possession

^{*} *Legenda Sanctorum sive Lombardica Historia (Jacobi Januensis) 1492, C.V. 39 in our Library.*

of his mind to go seek out the greatest of the princes of the earth, and remain in his service until his death. Accordingly, he went and discovered, at last, a certain very mighty king,—the greatest, it was universally said, in the whole world. This king graciously accepted his proffered service, and gave him a place in his court.

Now, after a while, one of the court jesters sang a song where the name of the devil was always coming in. And every time the devil's name was mentioned, the king, who was a Christian, made the sign of the Cross on his forehead. Christopher noticed this, and was puzzled, wondering what the king was doing, and what good the sign could do him. Asking him about it, and finding him shy to speak of it, Christopher made answer: "If thou tellest me not, I will serve thee no longer."

So the king said: "Whenever I hear the name of the devil spoken, I cross myself, for fear the devil should get hold of me and do me a hurt."

Then said Christopher:

"If thou art afraid the devil will harm thee, it is plain he is greater and stronger than thou. I am wronged in my hope I had found in thee the first and mightiest of princes. I leave thee to seek my Lord devil; him will I serve."

Accordingly, Christopher left the king's service and hastened away to look for the devil.

Sometime afterwards, Christopher found himself crossing a desert, and there he came across a great army. One of the soldiers, savage looking and terrible to behold, came out from the multitude, and asked him whither he was going. Christopher gave him his answer: "I am seeking my Lord devil for I have chosen him as my master."

But the soldier said:

"I am him whom thou seekest."

Then Christopher was glad, and swore himself a servant for ever and the devil his lord and master.

They went away together and came to a country where a cross was erected by the road-side. At its sight, without a word of warning, the devil fled in terror, and led Christopher a round about way, through a wild, rough country, reaching the road again a good way further on. Christopher could not understand this. He asked his master what he was afraid of, and what he meant by leaving a good road to go out of his way among rocks and bushes. The devil was silent, but Christopher insisted saying: "If thou toldest me not, I leave thee at once."

Then the devil made answer:

"There was once a man, named Christ, hung up upon a Cross. I can never see the sign of the Cross without being terribly afraid, and I cannot help but run away from it."

Said Christopher:

"Then is this Christ a mightier man than thou, if even His sign can affright thee. A second time I have done service for nothing. Farewell! I leave thee to seek the Christ."

It was a long time before Christopher could find anyone who was able to tell him where Christ was to be met with. But at last he came across a hermit who preached Christ, and sought to instruct Christopher in the faith. Hearing his story, the hermit said to him:

"You wish to serve my Lord Christ; begin then with frequent fastings, for by these you will please him."

But Christopher pleaded:

"Ask of me something else, for this, with my big body, I cannot do."

Again the hermit said:

"By many prayers also, thou mayest be able to serve him."

"Alas!" replied Christopher, "to pray I know not; once more thou askest a service I cannot give."

Then the hermit said:

"Perchance thou knowest of a river, rapid and deep and dangerous to cross, where many poor people are drowned in the waters."

Said Christopher: "I know it well."

The hermit then said to him: "Thou art big and very strong; Go! take up thy abode on the banks of the river, and carry the people across. This will please the Lord Christ whom thou wishest to serve. And, mayhap, some day He will show Himself to thee!"

To the river, therefore, Christopher went, and he built himself a hut there. Night and day, he cheerfully carried across all who came to him, and for a staff to support himself in the current, he made use of a pole, a perch in length. Many a day was passed in this task, when once, as he was going to sleep in his hut, he heard a child's voice calling and crying out: "Christopher, come and carry me across."

Christopher answered the call, but could find no one. As he went back, he heard the voice again, and ran out as quickly as he could; but again he found no one. A third time the voice called him, and this time he found a little boy waiting on the bank, and begging to be carried over the stream. Christopher lifted up the child upon his shoulders, and taking his pole, stepped into the river. And, behold! the waters began to swell up, and to dash against him, and the boy to press upon his shoulders like a weight of lead. And the further he went, the higher rose the waters, and the heavier grew the intolerable weight upon his shoulders. Christopher found himself in sore straits, and began to be afraid. But he reached the side of the river before his strength gave out, and placing the boy on the bank, he said:

"Child, thou didst put me in danger of my life. If the whole world had lain upon my shoulders, it could not have weighed more."

Then the boy answered: "No wonder thou didst think

the world upon thy back for thou carriedst Him who made the world. I am Christ, thy King, and thou hast served me well. In testimony whereof, when thou hast crossed to thy hut, take thy staff and set it in the ground. To-morrow, thou wilt find it flowering and bearing fruit."

Straightway, the child vanished from his sight. And Christopher did as he was bid, and when he rose from his sleep in the morning, he found a date palm, with waving fronds and clusters of fruit, growing on the spot where he had planted his staff.

So the legend, in what is less a paraphrase, than a sufficiently faithful translation. The second and quite distinct half of the story of St. Christopher is the history of his martyrdom, which has nothing to do with the picture on the walls of Pickering church. However, I can assure the reader who is interested in these old legends, that it is quite in keeping with the character of the simple-hearted giant, who is too big to fast and too stupid to pray, but who can be a faithful drudge—none abler or more willing—if only he has a master he can believe in and revere. And, surely, it is a lesson worth teaching, what is so well taught in the story:—that to seek earnestly for the first and best of anything is to come to God in the end; and, secondly, that nobody is so useless and so stupid but that God has a work for him to do; doing which, be it but the task of a beast of burden, he does God's work, and will receive God's reward—Himself. To me it is quite touching to see the humble-minded giant receive for his reward what is given to the Saints after years of fastings and prayers; and that, for little acts of charity, which, in the sum of them, would hardly recommend him for the bronze medal of the Royal Humane Society.

As art-work this fresco in Pickering church is not very remarkable; still it is not despicable. There is knowledge and skill shown in it, and one has to dis-



FRESCO IN PICKERING CHURCH. ST. CHRISTOPHER.

count the injurious treatment it has received. The Saint is hardly "vultu terribilis," but he is full "xii cubits in longitude." As usual the artist does not pay any attention to the unities of time and place. He



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St. Christopher. (From the ancient woodcut.)

tries to crowd as much of the legend into his picture as possible. The *parica* (perch rod), which the Saint used for a staff, is already a palm tree, although he has only just reached the bank. The hermit, lighting him on his way with a lantern, may possibly be a recognized in-

cident in some of the versions of the legend; he is usually to be found in the pictures. The globe in the hand of the infant is an artistic interpretation of the "quasi totum mundum supra me habuisse;" it is not at all original in the Pickering fresco. The one unusual feature is the snake curling round the feet of the Saint; but a comparison with the German engraving of 1420 suggests that perhaps the restorer unintentionally improved on the snake-like lines of the waves. The resemblance between the fresco and this engraving (which is also reproduced in the *Journal*) is very great—the attitude of the Saint in the fresco is that of the engraving in reverse—and shows that both have been modelled on some older and widely recognized representation.

Turning now to the fresco of St. George and the Dragon,* without entering into the discussion whether the story be a christianized version of Perseus and Andromeda, or of a still earlier solar myth,—whether it be an allegorical representation of the Saint 'terrassing' the devil, or of a city delivered from a pestilence through his intercession,—without even asking the reader to consider that we know little or nothing of the history of this Saint, I will again translate the story from the *Legenda Sanctorum*.

"Once upon a time, George, who was a tribune and born in Cappadocia, came to a city called Silena in the province of Lybia, in the neighbourhood of which was a lake as big as a sea, with a pestilence-breathing dragon living in its depths. Many times it had put to flight the entire populace, which had gone out armed to destroy it. If it came near the walls of the city, it flew

*The reader will, doubtless, be aware that the legends of St. Christopher and St. George have never been recognized by the Church. In fact, those connected with St. George were officially repudiated by Pope Gelasius in 494. Of these Saints nothing is known with certainty but the fact of their martyrdom.

with its breath all who exposed themselves. Wherefore, to appease its anger, the citizens were compelled to give it daily two sheep for food. Now sheep soon became scarce,—they were not very abundant there; and, after taking counsel what was best to be done, it was resolved to change the daily offering from two sheep to one sheep and one of the young people of the city. The choice of the victim was made by lot, and everyone had to take his chance. Soon, from every house, sons and daughters had been taken, until there were hardly any left. It then happened that the lot fell upon the only daughter of the king.

The king was stricken with sorrow, and cried out: "Take my gold and silver and the half of my kingdom; only give me back my daughter and spare her so horrible a death."

But the people, in an uproar, answered him:

"O king, the edict is thine. We have let our children go to the death, yet thou wouldst withhold thy daughter. If thou wilt not do with thine own child as thou hast done with ours, we will burn down the palace over thy head."

At this the king wept over his daughter, saying: "What can I do and what can I say? I had hoped to see thee married and happy." Then he prayed the people to give him a week's grace, that he and his daughter might weep together. This they could not refuse him.

But the week was hardly over, when the crowd besieged the palace, crying out in anger: "Why should the city perish for thy daughter? Behold the dragon with its breath is killing us." And the king, seeing there was now no escape, clothed his daughter with kingly robes, and embracing her said, weeping: "Alas! my sweet daughter, I had thought to see thee the mother of kings, and thou art doomed to be a

mouthful for the dragon. Oh! my sweet daughter, instead of a wedding with trumpet and drum, and a palace covered with pearls, and a crowd of princes waiting upon thee, there is a dragon ready to devour thee. And kissing her, he cried as he parted from her: "Would I had died rather than parted from thee like this!" She fell at his feet, and asked him to bless her. When she had received it—a blessing broken with tears, she was led to the lake.

Meanwhile, it so chanced that St. George was passing that way, and seeing her weeping, he questioned her, asking what ailed her. But she said:

"Good youth, get up quickly on thy horse and fly speedily, or thou wilt be killed also."

The knight answered: "Daughter, fear not; tell me what is the meaning of this crowd of people watching thee."

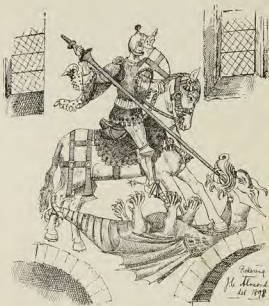
She said again: "I see thou art a brave youth, but why shouldst thou be sacrificed with me? Fly, and as quickly as you can."

Then George insisted, saying: "I will not leave thee till thou hast told me about it."

She told him at last, and he replied: "My daughter, be not afraid; in the name of Christ I will save thee."

But she said again: "Good soldier, thou canst not free me. To try is to throw away thy life. I will die alone, and thou shalt not perish with me."

Whilst they were thus speaking, the dragon lifted up its head out of the lake, and the girl terrified cried out: "Fly, O fly at once!" But George sprang upon his horse, and making the sign of the cross, boldly went forth to meet the dragon. Grasping his lance, and commending himself to God, he struck the beast and threw it to the ground. Then he bade the princess have no fear, but take off her girdle and cast it about the neck of the reptile. She did so; and the dragon followed after her like a lap-dog.



FRESCO IN PICKERING CHURCH. ST. GEORGE.

She then led it into the city, and as the people began to flee into the mountains, and to hide themselves in caverns, St. George said to them: "Be not so fearful; God hath sent me to you to free the city from this great calamity. Believe in Christ and be baptized, and I will slay the dragon." Then, when the king and the people were converted and baptized, he drew his sword and slew the beast, and at his command, it was dragged by a team of four oxen out of the city.

As a story, the legend of St. George and the Dragon seems to me quite inferior to that of St. Christopher. The only thing peculiarly Christian about it is that its hero is a Saint. The writer of the *Legenda* is quite conscious of this, and tries to bring in a little instruction, after a strictly mediaeval fashion. When the dragon is done away with, the king offers the Saint an enormous sum of money which St. George refuses, bidding him bestow it upon the poor. Then on his departure, the Saint gives the king four pieces of advice:—first, to take care of church property; secondly, to honour the priesthood; thirdly, to attend diligently the *divinum officium*; and lastly, to remember the poor. Surely, a rather unexpected instruction to a convert of a day old in the Lybian desert!

The reader will clearly understand that the veneration of St. George the martyr, even in the middle ages, rested in no way on the fight with the dragon. The legend could not, and did not, add anything to the personality of the Saint; it was the great personality of the Saint that gave popularity to the legend associated with his name. There is historical evidence that, in the East, the cultus of St. George as the Prince of Martyrs dates back to within twenty years of the time when he is said to have died. Our forefathers learned to venerate him through their intercourse with the Christians of the East in the days of the Crusades. Something was due, no doubt, to the fact that he was a military Saint, and that they who made the choice were

soldiers, in the age of chivalry; but it was belief in his pre-eminence, and in the power of his intercession, that moved the Lion-heart to select him as Patron of England. Why St. George should have had the highest place amongst Christian Martyrs is not, in these days, so easy to determine—if indeed it is necessary to try to do so. The antiquity and strength of the tradition in the East was enough to assure our ancestors of the fact, and it should be sufficient also for us. Yet, even in the rejected history of the Saint's martyrdom, there is a noble trait which goes far to justify the tradition. The story goes that the persecution of Dioclesian was so severe that, after a time, many Christians began to fall away. St. George, who, through his position in the army, was secure from its effects, felt that a great example was needed to revive the drooping courage of his brethren. He determined that such an example they should have; and, giving up his commission, he clothed himself so as to be recognized as a Christian; and bearded the president of the tribunal in the hall of justice. Then, to make his example the more telling, in the midst of his torture, he made pretence to give way; overcame, as he permitted them to believe, not by his sufferings, but by the kind persuasions the judge had alternated with the torture. He allowed Dacianus to proclaim by herald that he was prepared to recant, and to summon everyone to come and see him do it. Then, whether by fire from heaven drawn down by his prayers, or by his own bold hands, he threw down and destroyed the idols, and offered himself to the executioners as an example how a Christian should die for his Christ.

The fresco of St. George at Pickering has real artistic merit. It has been a good deal restored, but I think we may presume it has suffered rather than benefited by the process. The knight is excellent both in attitude and modelling. The manner of holding the lance is unusual with the heavy weapons used in the tournament, but it is grace-

ful and natural enough with a light spear. Arms and hands are both well drawn, and the divided sleeve, flowing in the breeze gives an excellent suggestion of motion. The artist has taken equal pains with the modelling of the horse, but with indifferent success; we may piously attribute something of the bad draughtmanship—especially in the 'off' hind leg—to injury and to the restorer. The horse takes part in the conflict, and is apparently inflicting a more serious harm upon the dragon than the lance thrust through the gills. The reptile is one of the conventional types of the genus dragon. The covering of the lower part of the body with ringed plates, after the fashion of the protecting shell of a lobster or a wasp, is not unusual; and the wing, a cross between that of a bat and the fin of a fish—in the fresco rather too suggestive of a dilapidated umbrella—is strictly draconian. Lying on its back, it certainly looks a helpless beast, though the twining of its tail round one of the horses legs shows that it has a bit of fight still left in it. A curious feature is that the conflict takes place in mid-air. There is, in the present state of the fresco, no suggestion of ground. Perhaps, if the artist had tried to represent the action as taking place on *terra firma*, he would have corrected the somewhat abnormal perspective of the legs of the horse.

Leaving criticism, the reader may expect a word as to the significance of this series of frescoes—SS. Christopher and George are only two subjects out of many—in relation to English Schools of painting. First, then, it should be remembered that there is no evidence of anything like a school of painting in England, until long after the Reformation. Perhaps there might have been one, if things had gone on in their normal course, but "came the blind Fury with the abhorred shears and slit the thin-spun life." We, English, had a school of illumination and an excellent one. We can claim that, but nothing more. What was

done in the way of painting, whether on wall or panel, was the result of isolated efforts. Even if we suppose—and these frescoes favour the supposition—that the greater number of parish churches were similarly painted, we shall be able to count up a certain number of masters, good bad and indifferent, but no school or scholars. Mr. J. G. Waller an excellent authority, dates the frescoes 1450, but I take this to mean they were not painted before that year. A comparison with the English woodcuts and designs of the period would suggest a date as late as the first years of the sixteenth century. Under any circumstances, such work in England was bound to be broken off in its inception; for hardly will the Pickering frescoes have been completed, than our statue-breaking, shrine-pilfering, saint-hating, white-washing Reformation began.

The work at Pickering is quite good enough to have set a fashion and led to better things. Much Italian and German work was no better in its beginnings. But it is quite useless speculating on what might have been. With one ministry going out of the Churches and another coming in; with the new ministry decided only to disbelieve, and differing each from the other in the terms of that decision; with property all throughout the kingdom changing hands, and the royal exchequer sucking in half the revenue of the country; with the destruction of beautiful things encouraged by the law which ought to have protected them; with all faith dead except faith in oneself;—a development of a school of painting was impossible, even if one had been begun. Some foreign portrait painters did a profitable trade in London, doing the likenesses of the king and his notables. Apparently, there was nothing else worth painting; and the deluge of whitewash, which obliterated the artistic attempts, good and bad, of our Catholic ancestors, remains, for the most part, undisturbed to the present day.

J. C. A.



THE REV. FR. AUGUSTINE BAKER, O.S.B

An account of the Life of the Venerable Fr. Augustine Baker.

MONK OF THE ENGLISH CONGREGATION OF ST. BENEDICT,
WHO DIED IN ENGLAND UPON THE 9TH OF AUGUST A.D. 1641—
AGE 63. HIS HAPPY SOUL REST IN PEACE. AMEN.*

The Venerable Father Augustine Baker was born at Abergavenny in Monmouthshire on the 9th of December in the year of our Lord 1575. His parents were of ancient gentry and virtuous, and devout according to the religion they had embraced, at first for worldly prospects, in the fall of religion in England, though never with much zeal to their new Church or aversion from the Catholic. His father, whose name was Mr. William Baker, had a plentiful fortune, and his eldest son Mr. Richard Baker was a counsellor at law, and for his son David he intended at first to procure a parsonage for him, and for that cause sent him to Oxford † to study. But after, there occurring difficulties at the time he should have entered upon it, his father altered his resolution and therefore sent for him home,—where awhile he studied the law being assisted therein by his elder brother.

But after, he went to the inns of court where he applied himself with so great attention and diligence to that study, that several persons (and those most eminent, not only in that profession but in the State also) judged him in a prob-

* This short life is one of the Rawlinson MSS. in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. It has never been printed, but Wood's *Life of Baker* in the *Athenæ Oxonienses* is practically a compilation of extracts from it. There is a note in Bliss' edition of Anthony A. Wood (p. 15) that a copy of the MS. was in Wood's possession at his death. Fr. Sweeney says "probably this was the life written by Cressy." But undoubtedly it is the older life from which Cressy quoted the well-known passage relating to Fr. Baker's conversion.

† He was at Broadgate's Hall which now is Pembroke College.

able way, by his more than ordinary capacity and skill, to come to the highest preferments that such a profession could promise.

He had naturally a good disposition much inclined to virtue and piety, being both of a good judgment and modest though not altogether of an uncompassionate nature. But falling into ill company at Oxford he got many vicious habits and committed many youthful disorders, and withal fell to an utter neglect of all duties of piety or religion. Yet there remained in him a natural modesty whereby he was restrained from scandalous impudence in sin. At this time also entered into him a first doubt of the Being of God, and of His Providence, which afterwards, through worldly occasions and bad conversations, grew to be such a persuasion in him as unhappy souls can have or frame unto themselves of there being no God or Providence.

Thus did he run on, seeming to have lived so as if God had forgot him, or not thought him worth His care. But being brought to so great a precipice, the Divine Hand appeared from Heaven to rescue him, both from the danger in which his soul was engaged and the cause thereof, which was sin and vicious habits contracted. The which deliverance was indeed very wonderful, deserving to be particularly declared for the glory of the Divine Mercy to a soul that thought not on God.

Thus it was. After the death of his brother, his father began to take delight in his company, for enjoying whereof he drew him from the Temple into the country to himself. Where for employment he made him Recorder of Abergavenny and sent him often abroad to keep his courts, determine suits, etc., in several places. Now it happened that in his return from such a journey homeward, his servant that attended him, not having much regard to his master, so far outwent him that he left him out of sight: so that Mr. Baker, that had his head full of business,

or other thoughts, and not marking the way, instead of going forwards to a ford by which he might pass the river, he suffered his horse to conduct him by a beaten path which at last brought him to the middle of a wooden foot-bridge, large enough at the first entrance but growing still more narrow, and of an extraordinary height above the water. He perceived not his danger till the horse, by stopping suddenly and trembling, with neighing and loud snorting, gave his rider notice of the danger, which he soon perceived to be no less than present death. To go forward or backward was impossible, and to leap into the river, which being narrow there was extreme deep and violent (beside the greatness of its precipice), seemed to him who could not swim all one as to leap into his grave. In this extreme danger, out of which neither human prudence nor indeed any natural causes could rescue him, necessity forced him to raise his thoughts to some power and help above nature; whereupon he framed in his mind such an internal resolution as this:—If ever I escape this danger, I will believe there is a God, who hath more care of my life and safety than I have had of His love and worship. Thus he thought: and immediately thereupon he found that his horse's head was turned and both horse and man out of all danger. This he plainly saw, but by what means this was brought to pass he never could imagine. However he never had any doubt but that his deliverance was supernatural. A deep resentment of so great a mercy wrought in him a serious care to serve and worship God according to that dim light which he had of Him. So that from this time he resolved not only to believe God and His Holy Providence, but also in some good way or other to serve Him. And this was a good way to a right belief, the which as yet he did not take into consideration. But afterwards, by occasion of some Catholic books that came into his hands, he was moved to doubt of the truth of that religion which formerly he had

professed. And after by much meditation and conference, he was entirely convinced that there was no safety but in the Catholic Church.

He was reconciled by a Catholic priest and his conversion appeared to be most cordial by many good effects both in regard of himself and others. For upon the first general confession made by him in order to his reconciliation, all his habitual, deep-rooted vices were at once, most miraculously even, rooted out of his heart, and the serpent's head with that one blow was mortally wounded and crushed.

Instead of ambition for preferment and sensuality that before reigned in him, there sprung up a contempt of the world and a desire of spiritual perfection, to be purchased with the loss of all sensual pleasures and abandoning of all secular designs: He, having now lost all taste of the world and its contentments, much desired a safe retreat into religious solitude; for the effecting whereof he consulted his ghostly father, who though he was persuaded that this proceeded from a Divine Inspiration yet could he not give him any directions whereby to arrive to his desired solitude; only he told him that at London he might meet with religious persons by whom he might be directed and assisted.

Upon this advice he makes a journey to London, where he happily met with some Benedictine Fathers of the Cassine Congregation, by whom he was encouraged in his good design, and an opportunity was offered him of going into Italy with one of the Religious fathers, who was shortly to repair thither to a general Chapter of their Congregation there to be assembled. Of all which fortunate occurrences Mr. Baker was very glad.

The time being come he set forth with his companion for Italy; and, being at Dover ready to take shipping, he wrote to his father of his departure out of England, yet gave him no further notice of his intention than that he went to travel.

Having passed the sea, they made the rest of their journey by land to Padua, where he was received and admitted to the Holy Habit of Religion by the Abbot of St. Justina on the 27th of May, 1605, being then about thirty years old; and passed his novitiate under a master, very indulgent to him in regard of his corporal necessities, yet sufficiently severe in external matters of discipline; although for the internal he gave him no instructions nor directions for prayers, but only contented himself with giving him the Rule of St. Benedict and some few other books of devotion or morality, and taught him some ceremonies and external good carriage.

But Mr. Baker having a Divine Vocation to religion, he had a kind of gross notion of a religious contemplative life and state, viz:—that in it God and Perfection had to be sought, and that the said seeking consisted, for the greatest part, in the serious practice and prosecution of prayer, not by vocal only or that of the choir, but by mental prayer also as most efficacious.

Upon this knowledge he gave himself very seriously to the exercise of mental prayer (of meditation), for the practice of which he, by the little experience he made, found how efficacious and powerful helps to it were solitude and silence, both which were very seriously observed in that monastery.

He continued this serious practice of meditation (the only mental prayer there practised and known) the space of about fifteen or sixteen weeks, to the great benefit of his soul which received much light and satisfaction thereby. But at the end of that time, being now become ripe for a more pure and perfect prayer of the will, but neither in books nor by any instructions finding any directions thereunto, his recollection which had been formerly profound became much distracted, and his heart cold, dry and void of all good affections.

Upon this change he endeavoured to stir up devotion by

all the ways and means he could, seeking out the most moving books and pictures he could hear of, but all in vain. No working of the imagination or understanding could any longer produce any effect upon the will. Hereby it came to pass that his recollections were now so full of aridities and distractions, and became so burdensome to him, that he had not the courage or patience to continue them, but giving over mental prayer he contented himself with his vocal prayers and exterior observances; the virtue of which in a condition of so great solitude was so small (as to the working a good disposition in the soul) that he found a manifest decay in piety and all internal virtues, so that in a short time he became wholly tepid and extroverted.

The observing of so sad a change in himself, and no possible remedy, caused in him a most deep melancholy, by means of which, towards the latter end of his novitiate, he fell into a very great sickness; which yet partly also arose from change of air and want of exercise, and, as the physicians said, was incurable except by his own country air. So that he was forced to quit this place, though very agreeable to him, and where he was very acceptable to all. And, though the departure for the present were grievous, yet afterwards he acknowledged it to be a token of God's special Providence and affection to him in drawing him forcibly from a place, where, though probably he should have been kept free from any notable sins, yet he should have been plunged more and more deep into the tepidity into which he was fallen by relinquishing prayer, indeed principally through want of instruction.

Upon this Mr. Baker departed from Padua to England and, though in his passage his desire was to have seen and observed the several customs and manners, etc., of the countries through which he was to pass by leisurely journeys, notwithstanding, a certain blind impulse did contrarily urge him to hasten his journey; a thing that he

often wondered at, not being able to give any reasonable account of it; but yet so strong it was, that against his settled resolution he never ceased posting (never knowing wherefore himself) till he came to London: where at his first arrival he heard the sad news that his father lay sick of an infirmity of which he was never like to recover. Then he perceived that the foresaid secret impulse was sent by God as a messenger to hasten him that he might assist his father at his death: as he did with great joy and comfort, easily obtaining of him to quit the schism and heresy wherein he had lived: whereupon he was reconciled to the unity of the Catholic Church after a confession made with great contrition and tears; in consequence whereof he had all the other preparations to a happy death, after a very painful sickness suffered with wonderful patience and resignation.

Having buried his father, provided for his mother and settled his own estate as well as for the present he could, he returned to London where he ordered his correspondence and reference to the Monks of the Italian Congregation; intending to retire himself into solitude to the end that he might give himself more freely to prayer. And fearing lest he might be interrupted with solicitudes about his estate, which was in land, he sold it, and having done so he made his profession of a Religious State unto the said Fathers of the Italian Congregation to whom he gave an account of all his temporals.

About this time came the Italian Monks to find out and become acquainted with the Rev. Father Sigebert Buckley, a venerable old religious priest who had been received into the Habit and Order by the last Abbot of Westminster, Dr. Fecknam, when the Monastery was restored by Queen Mary and Cardinal Pole. Great respect and honour did they deservedly bear to the said Father Buckley as being the only Religious of our Order in England. But Mr. Baker suggested to

them* that a further use might be made of that good old man, by and from whom might be procured a continuation and succession and induction of the said Italian Monks into the rights of the old Benedictine Monks of England (and particularly of Westminster) if the said old man would receive and admit them. And this he demonstrated both by ancient and modern laws and canons. And this was accordingly done by Father Buckley.

Many other good offices he did to his Italian brethren who indeed found him so useful to them, that he had much ado to obtain their good leave to retire himself to a solitary life, which he very much desired to do.

But this being at last granted his first retirement was in a private lodging with a young gentleman, the son of one of the most eminent noblemen in the kingdom: who, having been not long before converted to the Catholic Religion, did withal show great zeal to lead a retired life, in which his desire was to have Mr. Baker for his companion. But this society lasted not long, for—partly through a suspicion conceived by the gentleman's father that Mr. Baker was a Priest, and the cause of his son's being and continuing a Catholic; and so of the depriving him of a fair estate intended for him, but principally through the dissatisfaction that Mr. Baker had in the conversation and ways of the young gentleman—he left him; having with admiration observed the strange, curious, and fantastical way of devotion and spirituality practised by him, the end whereof he suspected would be miserable, as indeed it proved; for in success of time he became weary not only of his devotion but of his faith. In the separation of these two was seen that which the Scripture mentioneth "Duo in lecto, unus assumetur et alter relinquetur."

* Fr. Sweeney denies Fr. Baker's initiative in this matter and says he was in Italy at the time. But his short stay in Italy may have been completed before November 21st, 1607. And Weldon, to whom Fr. Sweeney refers, says also that Fr. Baker (a most egregious bigot) "mighthilly urged" the matter.

At this time it was that Mr. Baker did seriously renew his exercise of mental prayer; not long after retiring himself into the house of Sir Nicholas Fortescue. There he zealously continued his second conversion or attempt upon internal prayer, to which the remembrance of what satisfaction and peace his soul had formerly found in approaching to God was a great incitement to him to resume so blessed an exercise. He was then about the age of 32 years; and at the first he set upon the exercise of immediate acts of the will, finding that in his present disposition meditation was not so effectual and profitable to him.

Now, having continued a little more than a year in this degree of prayer, he was brought to the supernatural prayer of proper aspirations, which is the prayer of perfect contemplation. A prayer not studied before; no, nor affections deliberately chosen, but certain most pure elevations of the will proceeding from a Divine impulse in the soul, and flowing without any force at all. In the exercise of which his daily appointed prayers were not of many hours till towards the end of fourteen months; for then they were lengthened to five or six hours daily. By means of which, within the space of six weeks after, and within sixteen months from the beginning of his said conversion, he arrived unto a passive contemplation.

It was somewhat extraordinary that a soul in so short a time should attain to so Divine a favour; to which, after his third conversion he could not arrive, after he had spent about nine years in most serious prayer and mortification.

But, besides that such graces depend on the free will and disposition of Almighty God, a reason for the different effect of prayer in those two states may seem to be, because in his younger years ill habits had not been so deeply and firmly fixed in his soul as afterwards: so that by virtue of prayer very great purity was wrought in him; to the which purity or cleanness of heart Divine contemplation is promised.

But, the principal reason of his attaining so soon to so great a favour at this time may seem to have been an extreme and most bitter mortification that God had provided for him, and withal gave him grace and strength to make good use of it; the which did wonderfully purify his soul, forcing him to have continual recourse to God by assiduous and fervent prayer. The which procured an increase of light to make good use of the mortification. So that it is hard to say from which of these two his soul did reap more grace. But certain it is that both concurring did interchangeably advance each other and produce wonderful purity in the soul.

Now the said sharp temptation was this:—The state of his corporal constitution was such that though his stomach could digest no more than would a child of five years old (so that if he had taken more he would have been in danger to die as of a surfeit) notwithstanding at the same time his appetite was very eager and strong, answerable to a person of full age as he then was. In such inequality of temper, coming to a well furnished table with a most greedy and almost insatiable appetite, the difficulty he suffered in abstaining can scarce be imagined. The which difficulty increased after every morsel tasted by him; notwithstanding through the grace of God he was enabled to resist and overcome the temptation. So that daily he rose from the table with a raging appetite and desire to eat more, which he would not do. For one or two small excesses committed had almost endangered his life. Yea, by the practice of mortification with prayer, he was come to such a courage and victory over the sensual appetite that he was enabled besides the forementioned mortification to practice moreover one that was voluntary; which was, that he often used to deny himself those meats that were most grateful to his appetite, and between each morsel that he did eat, his custom was to make a good pause when his stomach rag'd most with hunger; so that he daily rose

more satisfied in soul than in stomach. Now such virtue proceeded not only of precedent but also of present prayer; for during the whole time of reflection he was very attentive to his present behaviour, but especially to God.

Now as concerning the Passive Union, being the happy effect of the aforesaid mortification and prayer, he found it a very hard matter to make an exact description of it; because being a mere spiritual thing it is not perfectly explicable by words. The best account he was able to give of it, was to say that to him it seemed to be "a speaking of God in his soul;" and whether the soul spake anything as in answer to God he could not tell. This happened to him in the forenoon about eleven of the clock and before he had tasted anything. But he had spent the forepart of the morning in the most pure aspirations and, having given over, the spirit of prayer came upon him once or twice the said morning, and the last time he was raised to the said contemplation; which indeed doth seldom happen till after a person hath been long at his prayer and come to the height of it so that he can go no higher nor further. The said contemplation lasted not above half a quarter of an hour or a quarter at the most; moreover it was in a rapt with an alienation from the senses, and that so forcible that himself could not have resisted it. In this rapt there were no imaginative representations of persons, sound, etc., but whatsoever it was that God wrought in his soul during so short an ecstasy His work was most secret and profound in the inmost centre of the spirit; so as that the speaking of God (mentioned even now) was an intellectual speaking such as angels may be supposed to practise to one another.

Whatsoever it was that befell him then, of this he was both then and ever after assured, that it was the sole work of God; having been wrought in the very substance of the soul to which no creature can penetrate. Moreover the wonderful effects that followed do more than sufficiently prove it to have been Divine. For, first, his following

prayer became far more pure, and less painful to nature and more abstract from sense than formerly; yea, it wrought a perfect stability in prayer. Secondly, there followed upon it a strange illustration of soul by which it did far more clearly see Divine Verities; an evident proof whereof appeared the same day or the following. For taking into his hand an ordinary spiritual book which he often before had read, and beginning for a relaxation of his mind to read it, he found that he now understood it in a far higher and truer manner than he had ever before. For upon the mere looking on a passage therein, he, without any study at all, presently penetrated into the depth of it; insomuch that it seemed to him that before he had fed himself with the letter only, and that this was the first instant wherein he understood the sense and spirit. So that he could not choose but wonder at an illumination so admirable—which yet doth usually attend the like contemplations; as we read to have happened to Thaulerus the first time that God visited him with such a grace. Thirdly, it caused a greater subjection of sensuality to the superior soul, a greater purity of soul and perfection in virtues, greater grace and ability for future good life than formerly. Fourthly, he observed that music did both much more delight him than formerly, and also help to raise his soul to God more than formerly it was wont to do.

But all this happiness quickly vanished and, through his own negligence and ignorance, came to nothing, as he himself declares, bewailing his fall from so great a height to the very depth of corrupt nature;—which he only accuseth himself for, and gives this account of the occasion and progress of it.

Within a few days he fell into an occasion or necessity which to him seemed to be a sin or great imperfection, whereas indeed if he had been well informed of the case he might easily have behaved himself in it without any sin or spiritual impediment, the matter being in its own

nature not evil at all. A fault therefore being committed, or at least supposed to have been committed, caused great remorse in his soul and dejection, etc.

To this incommodity was joined another, viz., a great case of desolation or privation, the which happened unexpectedly to him, though indeed it commonly follows after a Passive Union. Being unprovided for this affliction, and not having any light either from instructions or books by which to perceive the worth of such a desolation and how to make good use of it, his soul, which by the former supposed fault became a little darkened, was so wholly obscured now, that he knew not which way to turn himself. Prayer made with so great obscurity, aridity and bitterness of soul, was now become insupportable to him, so that he was even forced little by little to give it over. He knew no persons whom he could judge capable of instructing him in these secret ways; and for that reason he did not discover his foresaid Passive Union and what followed upon it, but only asked the opinions of some learned persons touching the lawfulness of admitting external solaces in case of desolation; Wherein his advisers gave him scope enough, and he made use of it so far as to lose utterly the spirit of devotion and recollection.

He was desirous to recover his lost state of contemplation, but being ignorant of the true way, (which was patience in desolation, a rejecting of sensual solaces and perseverance in prayer) all other pretended remedies proved utterly inefficacious. Among others his intention was to make a serious retirement for the practice of meditation under the conduct of some director expert therein, but he easily discovered how insufficient and improper for his present case the said retirement would prove.

Moreover he fancied to himself that it might be that receiving of Holy Orders he might receive such grace by which he might be enabled to recover that degree from which he was fallen. Whereupon he went beyond seas

and at Rheims took Priesthood: but he returned as tepid and indevout a Priest as he had been in his laical estate.

Thus forsaking prayer he decayed daily in spirit and became wholly extroverted in his life: yea, which is worse, he came to entertain a greater love of the world and money, and greater solitudes about procuring a livelihood than whilst he was a Protestant. Prone also he was at that time to have fallen into great sins if God had not kept off the occasions. Yet all this time of his state of decay and distraction he had many and great remorse, and secret reprehensions of conscience arguing him of his infidelity and ingratitude in forsaking God.

Now all this is to be understood with reference or comparison to his former high state of contemplation or perfection. For otherwise, his life at this time might pass, and was irreprehensible in the eyes of the world; yea, perhaps he was not much condemned by those to whom he revealed his conscience; and many good works he did which in the judgment of the world have a specious show, yet being examined by that light which yet in some measure remained in him, were judged by himself of little or no merit, as having been done in a case of distraction and extroversion, and not in the virtue of pure internal prayer which alone causes purity of intention.

This state so deplored by himself, yet was by himself afterwards judged to have been by God's Divine Providence to befall him for the future good both of himself and others. For the experimental knowledge of the Life of Prayer was a continual sting to incite him to resume it, and the memory of the woeful effects of his own negligence and faintheartedness was to him a warning to keep him from any discouragements or from relinquishing his addresses to God.

And an ample proof hereof he gave in his third conversion: for, from the beginning thereof to the last moment of his life he never left or grew tepid in a spiritual course;

but on the contrary every day he added new and greater fervour till he was raised to a degree far higher than ever formerly he had attained unto.

Twelve years did he continue after his leaving internal prayer in the low and wretched state of corrupt nature, yea daily gathering and increasing ill habits; inasmuch that in the end he was become as much, yea more affected to transitory things, more self-willed and self-seeking than he had been even before he ever thought of a religious course. If sometimes calling to mind the obligation of his profession and the state of spirituality from which he was fallen he endeavoured to make some new beginnings and revivings of a spiritual life, the want of solitude and abstraction from worldly affairs (in which he was entangled) caused all these attempts to come to nothing. Sometimes he would have the courage to persist in daily recollections for the space of a week or a fortnight, but then there would intervene some occasion of solicitude which would quite interrupt and make him give over, so that he became rather worse than better. And during this time he was in an extreme horror of dying; being indeed doubtful and insecure of the state of his soul and what reception he should meet with from his Master whom he had forsaken; for whenever he called to mind from whence he had fallen, he looked upon himself in some sort as a Cain wandering from the face and presence of God.

But at length came the time wherein God had most mercifully determined to break his bonds asunder.

This first degree of recovery came by the reading of some spiritual books, by which he came to see how he ought to have comforted himself in the foresaid desolation. After which new light received, he had a strong invitation to return again to his former works and exercises of internal prayer. The book from which at that time he received most light was called "*Speculum Perfectionis*," translated out of Dutch by one Himerus. Hereupon he resolved, as

soon as possible he could, to retire and consecrate himself to the Divine Service. For which he began to make preparations by disposing his affairs so as that they might be no hindrance to him.

(To be continued.)



PICKING OFF THE VIGILANTES (POLICE), 1890.

Argentine-iana.

THE interesting contribution of Fr. Pentony to the April issue of the *Journal*—"Six weeks in an African village"—prompts me to proffer some reminiscences of twelve months in an Argentine city. True, they date so far back as the year 1890; but Argentina being an ex-colony of Spain, the present Americo-Spanish contest around the last

remnant of Spain's once mighty colonial possessions, perhaps, renders my theme not entirely inopportune. At all events, that excuse may serve—though, before starting my story, I should like to remark that, without passing judgment on America's *real* motives, we cannot get away from the historical fact that the Cuban revolt is merely a link in the long chain of similar outbreaks. Inside the past hundred years, Mexico, Peru, Bolivia, Chili, Argentina, Uruguay and some lesser states have wrested their independence from the mother country—a fact which seems sufficient evidence of "something rotten in the state of" Spain.

In many respects the Argentine republic is the most interesting, as it is the most solid and progressive, of the countries that constitute South America. Some readers may be prompted to raise a laugh by the remark that that is not saying very much for it. A favourite cynical witticism with Englishmen is that in one or other of the South American republics a revolution is served up at breakfast every other day. But of this more anon.

The capital of Argentina, as every boy learns at school and afterwards too often forgets, is Buenos Aires, and it is unquestionably the finest city on the South American continent. I am not going to grow statistical or palm off a *résumé* of a guide book, so I will merely say that it stands on the southern bank of the Río de la Plata—the River-Plata—and its inhabitants number 700,000: eight years ago they were only 500,000. This vast population suggests, in variety of race and tongue, the multitudes once gathered around St. Peter. Some idea of its cosmopolitan character may be derived from the fact that—provided, of course, you are linguist enough—you may read the morning news in five different languages, for there are half a dozen Spanish, three English, two German, two Italian and two French daily newspapers, several of them edited with marked ability. Spanish is, of course, the national tongue,

and the language of every day business, hence it is essential to all immigrants. The Spanish element is divided into two parts—the descendants of the old settlers, who are the land-owners and lords of the manor, so to speak, and the recent importations from Spain who carry on general commercial business. The English run the chief banks, and the railways; are large importers from Manchester and Birmingham; and, if I may classify the Irish and Welsh under the term English, are considerable *estancieros* in the west and south—raisers of cattle and sheep, and growers of wheat and corn. The Italians are the most numerous of the foreigners and supply the agricultural labour. The French and Germans are principally engaged in commerce. Such are, broadly speaking, the occupations of the several great nationalities, as they came under my observation.

The city was, in my time, in a state of transition. The old stuccoed one-storeyed dwellings, from the flat roofs of which, in the first and second decades of the century, the stout-hearted Buenos Airesans had beaten back their English invaders and thrust out their Spanish rulers, had begun to give way to palaces of marble and mahogany, glass and gilding. It was no uncommon sight to find one of these magnificent structures cheek by jowl with a miserable tumble-down hovel, tenanted by the scum of humanity; and, looking with a prophetic eye, I could see a city of splendour and elegance within the next twenty or thirty years. The shops vied with the best of Paris. Electric lights illumined the chief thoroughfares. Palermo Park was no less gay with fashion and beauty than our own Hyde Park. The streets were alive with tram cars and victorias drawn by dashing and shapely little ponies. The theatres were nightly thronged with crowds eager to see and hear some European "star"—where, for example, outside Buenos Aires, has Madame Patti scored such triumphs or scooped in so many dollars? It was indeed difficult to realize that I was in a South American city

popularly supposed in this country to be inhabited principally by brigands and cut-throats. I remember, less than six years ago, London patting itself on the back for its enterprise in establishing the system of boy messenger. Why, the boy messenger service was in operation in Buenos Aires ten years ago; and not only a boy messenger, but a cabman or a policeman could be similarly summoned from most offices. Again, in London at the present time, a "tape" machine, ticking out the news of the day, may be seen in many of the clubs and hotels. But even ten years ago, in Buenos Aires not only hotels and clubs, but almost every café and restaurant and mercantile office could boast such an instrument. So that as regards the usual aspects of city life, and material and commercial go-a-headness, we have no reason to put on airs of superiority.

Of course, where our superiority does come in is in the purity of our official life, and in the moral and religious atmosphere surrounding us—though, even then, it should not be forgotten that it is not so long since the days of Walpole and rotten boroughs. The Catholic Church is the State Church in Argentina, but all denominations enjoy complete toleration. In Buenos Aires and its suburbs alone, there are no less than twenty Anglican and Dissenting churches, and only one English Catholic Church (and monastery) conducted by the Passionists. As for the state of religion amongst the nominally Catholic, it would only be a repetition of the story of continental laxity to describe it. A large proportion of the people of Buenos Aires are foreigners who have gone there to make money, and they have no time for church going. The cathedral is a most imposing structure, architecturally like St. Paul's, London, and not greatly smaller in dimensions. Scattered over the city, and always in some commanding position, at the corner of an important *calle* (street), are numerous handsome churches, emerging from one or other of which I

used often to see a bevy of ladies, clad in black: they had been attending a memorial mass for some dead relative or friend. I had no opportunity of forming a personal opinion—for the races do not mix—but I was told that the Argentines proper—that is, the descendants of the ancient Spanish settlers who had never married outside the caste—were, as regards morals and religion, the cream of the population. Unfortunately they were far from numerous; still it was they, chiefly, who, disgusted by the corruption in official circles and high places, broke into revolution in 1890. It is especially worthy of note that the men responsible for the Argentine crisis, which began in 1889 and has since been more or less in evidence, were of foreign extraction—several of them, *tristissimum dictu*, with English blood in their veins.

There are revolutions and revolutions, and if ever one was justified it was that of July, 1890. As a rule, South American revolutions are only drastic methods of notifying to the Ins that the Outs think it is time to change places. There is no other way of ousting the authorities. Manhood suffrage exists only in name: when the election day comes round, the voting urns are guarded by armed partisans of the powers that be, to keep the opposition from recording their votes. But the Buenos Aires revolution of 1890 was far otherwise. Its causes were purely economic: it was the self-assertion of the national conscience, as represented by the better part of the nation. The gold which had been so abundantly showered on Argentina in '84, '86 and '88 by London financial speculators had fostered a fictitious prosperity and a corresponding frenzy of speculation. Each of the fourteen Argentine provinces must have its loan for the creation of a provincial bank. The London financiers, trusting the British investor to dance to their fiddling, encouraged the idea and supplied the wherewith—less very fat commissions. The bulk of the money simply found its way into the pockets

of the provincial politicians and wire-pullers. Then, most of the provincial capitals—tempted, be it always remembered, by the financial houses of London—could do with money for gas and street paving and what not. This also disappeared on the way. The national Government sinned in like manner, but, having greater resources at command, President and satellites could more easily cover up their delinquencies. At last, the storm broke, and the party of honesty, backed by the sympathy of every honest man, native and foreign, in Buenos Aires, cleared the President out of Government House. Unluckily they did not clear out his "gang" as well: hence the unrest which has since been occasionally heard of—like the after-nerve-twitchings of a tooth which, instead of being pulled out, was only stopped. All these events have made it the fashion in this country to sneer at Argentina. My own judgment, based on a close study of the situation, is, and always was, that she has been as much sinned against as sinning. If she had not been tempted and debauched by English gold she would not have fallen, and it is only a just nemesis that the tempters did not come off scot free, for, after all, it turned out that the British investor had not responded as freely as expected. Moreover, it was the provincial and municipal loans—not the national—that worked the mischief. If they had not been contracted, there would have been no Argentine default.

The revolution was lively enough while it lasted, as far as noise went. When it began, I retired into the suburbs whence, for the five days of its duration, I could hear the rumble of artillery and the muffled rattle of rifles. There must, however, have been a woful waste of powder and shot, for instead of finding the city in ruins, on returning to it, I could discover only one building showing signs of damage. The loss of life, however, was far more serious, for the *vigilantes* (police)—mostly half-breeds and mortally hated for their brutalities—had been shot down in hundreds.

On the whole, life in Buenos Aires was extremely pleasant. There is a prevalent idea in this country that, owing to the number of *fiestas*—Saints' and national commemoration days—holiday-making is the chief occupation over there. As a matter of fact there is very little more of it than in England. For one thing, there is no Saturday half-holiday; on the contrary, the Buenos Aires banks close an hour later on Saturday than on other days—that is at five instead of four. Consequently, everybody wanting recreation is compelled to take it out of Sunday; and Englishmen who, at home, would be shocked at the notion, indulge in cricket, football and tennis—and many fine players they can muster, numbers of them are old English public school men—attend horse races, and otherwise enjoy themselves on the Sunday. The climate in spring and autumn is delicious; in summer it is hot, and in winter disagreeably cold, through the winds that come howling over the *pampas* from the South Pole. The English, who, I should guess, number about 30,000, live in colonies out in the suburbs, and, in the evening, drive and exchange visits with each other very frequently. As illustrating the proverbial smallness of the world, I met at dinner, one evening, a gentleman, whom I heard mention the name Kirby Moor-side. Naturally I pricked my ears and asked him "que diable faisait-il en Kirbymoorside?" "Only," he replied, "that I have a brother a parson there and another brother a doctor. I know the district well, for I was born at the rectory of Oswaldkirk, where my grandfather was rector." Further questioning him, I found his birth must have occurred about the time I was struggling to conjugate "nascor" not two miles distant westwards. On another occasion, I encountered at dinner a gentleman from Wales who was well acquainted with Canon Stephen Wade, and who, though not a Catholic, spoke very warmly of the worthy Dom.

It was in Buenos Aires that I first struck that remarkable

thing in games, *pelota*—a Spanish word signifying "ball." The players were a team of professionals from the Basque provinces of the Pyrenees, and it was quite the most exciting and unique game I had ever seen. The *fronton* or court, or "ball place" where it is played is about ninety yards in length and twelve yards in width—the floor being finely cemented. The ball is the size of a tennis ball and made of fine slips of india rubber, mixed with thread; hence it rebounds from the wall with terrific speed. The "cesta," or bat, is a peculiarly shaped instrument, made of wicker-work. The ball is not struck but deftly caught and slung out again *without pause*, as in lacrosse, but more quickly. The play in other respects, is practically as in racquets. The players are only four, and as they have such an enormous area, with such a lively ball, one can imagine the agility, speed, endurance, judgment, strength and skill demanded of them. They are trained to the game from childhood and earn far more than our cricket and football professionals. I have frequently heard *English* sportsmen declare it to be "the finest game under the sun;" and so I think it. I am not without hopes of introducing it into this country.

I have said nothing of the gold premium, and to omit reference thereto when treating of Buenos Aires is nearly like discussing of the Prince of Denmark without a mention of Hamlet. It is not that Argentina is the only country where a premium on gold exists; but in other countries it is expressed differently; for example, a depreciated rupee in India and a low rate of exchange in Brazil, Chili, &c., are only other forms of a gold premium. There is no reason why the Argentines adhere to their own cumbersome and complex method beyond the fact that it has endeared itself to the *Bolsa* (Stock Exchange) gamblers. One or two finance ministers have attempted to introduce the rational system obtaining in other similarly-placed countries. But no; gambling in gold is as the breath of his

nostrils to the Buenos Aires speculator. There are many interesting features about the gold premium I might dwell upon—such as why living is cheaper in Argentina, where there is a heavy premium on gold, than in Uruguay, across the Plata, where there is no premium at all. But the subject would require more space than is available. Notwithstanding the premium, and in spite of all that has happened during the past twenty years, I have thorough confidence in the coming commercial prosperity of the Argentine republic.

Apropos the two incidents associated with Ampleforth which I have already narrated, I cannot help concluding with a third and more thrilling experience. A friend had invited me to spend a Christmas day with him at his *quinta* outside Monte Video, which involved a hundred miles journey by steamer from Buenos Aires. It happened that one of the Steam Navigation Mail boats was in a Buenos Aires dock and was leaving for Monte Video on Christmas Eve, to resume her journey round to the west coast; and as the local agent, a friend of mine, had also an invitation for Christmas day to the same house, and was naturally going down by the P. S. N. boat, he kindly asked me to join him. It was a splendid night and we had an exhilarating time, for of course it was midsummer "down under." After dinner we heard singing going on aft and found it came from a party of nine German girl graduates celebrating Christmas Eve with German rites. They stood round a large tree on which hung small lighted candles, and were singing quaint but melodious hymns. After the ceremony, we learnt they were on their way to Valparaiso to take up educational positions, and as they were evidently musicians we easily induced them to give us an improvised concert. I have rarely had a greater musical treat. But my amazement may be judged when one of the young ladies struck up "Gaudeamus igitur," singing the good old song right

through, just as I had so often heard it—except that "Vivat Academia" was substituted for "Vivat Amplefordia." I could hardly wait for the end before breaking out with, "Where on earth did you get hold of that?" "Oh," she replied in broken English, "it is the German students' great academic song." And then a light broke upon me as I remembered the country of origin of the little band of Benedictine monks who led to the settlement at "Amplefordia." But I shall never forget the sensation of hearing my old favourite warbled by German girls on the broad waters of the River Plate beneath the southern cross and a Christmas moon.

J. W. PICTON.



*Oh flores de cien matices, de aroma sabroso y rico
hoy os trasplanta el borrico a su jardín de Arre-cillos!*

CARICATURE OF PRESIDENT CILEMAN.

Some Early Printed Books.

THE Catalogue of the 'Incunabula' in the Library of St. Lawrence's is now nearly completed, and though what is left to be done is something more than the gathering up of the fragments, it will be served up as a *hors d'œuvre* and may be trusted not to interfere with the digestion of the readers of the Journal. What follows is a final installment of the books printed in Germany. They are all valuable and a few rare enough to be absent from the catalogue of the British Museum Library.

Books printed at Augsburg:—

28 Roderici (Sancti de Arevalo) Episc. Zamorensis, *Speculum Vitæ Humanæ*.

128 ff., no pag., sigs., catchwords or printed initials; long lines, 35 to a page. Augsburg, "a Günthero zainer ex Reutlingen cui progenito," 1471. Gothic, folio.

"Cette édition est encore fort recherchée des Curieux, et les exemplaires en sont presque aussi rare que ceux de la précédente édition. De Bure, Bib. Inst.

Günther Zainer introduced printing into Augsburg, A.D. 1468.

45. Fratrís Philippino de Pergamo O.S.B. (Prior of the monastery at Padua), *Ethica Cathonis*.

474 ff. (wants the first 10 ff.); no pag., sigs., catchwords or printed initials; long lines, 40 to a page. Augustæ [Augsburg] 1475 (by Anton Sorg).

105. *Tabule directionū . . . Magistri Joannis Germani de Regiomonte* [Joh. Mueller] in *natiuitatibus multum viles*.

4 MS. and 8 blank ff.; a—s. Woodcut initials and tables; long lines, 39 and 40 to a page. No pag., or catchwords; printer's device in red and black. Augustæ

vindelicorum (nuper Venetiis) arte Erhardi Ratdolt, 1490. Then 2 ff. in MS. Gothic, folio.

Ratdolt invented ink of a golden colour and is said to have introduced book illustrations at Venice. The above is the second edition.

151. *Diurnum Benedictinum*.

A—C, 20 ff.; A—Z, a—z; Aa—Gg. No pag. or title-page; 25 lines. A MS. "Catagolus (^h) Abbatum insignis Monasterij S. Crucis in ciuitate Impiali Donawerda M.C.j" at the end of the volume. "In monasterio sector: Udalrici et Affre, arte Valentini Schönigk Augustensis, 1572." Gothic, red and black letters, 8vo.

The monastery of SS. Ulrich and Afra began to print at early as 1473, and the books from its press are rare. Though printed so late as 1572, the style of this book is that of the previous century.

Books printed at Nuremberg:—

3. Leonardi (Matthæi) de vitino *Sermones aurei de Sanctis*.

One unnumbered leaf, then Fo. 1—CCX. No title, catchwords or signatures; 50 lines in double columns. A MS. index of 9 ff. prefixed. Nurnberge, A. Coberger, 1478. Gothic, folio.

For other editions of this work v. 88 and 116.

7. *Diui Hieronymi Opus insigne Vitas Patrum*, appellatū. 5 ff. of Index, then 239 ff. numbered from Fol. II. No title, catchwords or printed initials; double cols. of 50 and 51 lines. Nuremberg, A. Coberger, 1478. Gothic, folio.

"Edition rare et fort recherchée des Curieux." De Bure, Bib. Inst., who thinks this edition should be considered the first.

30. G. Duranti *Diuinorum officiorum rationale*.

One leaf unnumbered, then Fo. 1—Fo. CXCvii. No sigs., catchwords or printed initials; double cols. of 55 lines. Nuremberg, A. Koburger, 1481. Gothic, folio.

24. *Johannis Petri, (q. ferrarijs floruit) de Papia, Juris noua practica.*

8 ff. of 'Tabula seu repertorium' then Fo. 1—Fo. CCIII., with a leaf, on which is a woodcut of the tree of consanguinity, unnumbered. No title, sigs., catchwords, or printed initials: double cols. of 57 and 58 lines. Nuremberge, A. Koburger, 1482. Gothic, folio.

39. *Jacobi Januensis (de Voragine) O.P. Legenda Sanctor. que alio Nole Lombartica vocitat: historia.*

Titlepage unnumbered, then Fo. 1—Fo. CXCVIII. and a last leaf of Index without foliation. No catchwords or printed initials (one is handsomely illuminated in gold and colours); double cols. of 55 lines.

Nuremberge, per mandata A. Koburger, 1492. Gothic, folio.

107 (1). *Prima ps. doctrinalis Alexandri (Galli) &c.*

A Latin Grammar in verse, with a commentary. Title, Folium II.—Fo. CXXX. No catchwords or printed initials, long lines.

Nuremberg, A. Koburger, 1495. Gothic, 4to.

107 (2). *Glosa notabilis secunde partis Alexandri &c. Uniform with 107 (1) except that there is no foliation. 144 ff., A—Q. Nuremberg, (A. Koburger), 1495. Gothic, 4to.*

107 (3). *Tercia et Quarta partes doctrinalis magistri Alexandri &c. Uniform with 107 (2). 48 ff., Aa—Ff. (Nuremberg), A. Koburger, no date. Gothic, 4to.*

59. *Sermones Thesauri Noui de tempore et de Sanctis.*

538 ff., five leaves then a—z, aa—ff; five leaves then A—Z, Aa—Nn. No pag., catchwords or printed initials; double cols. of 62 lines. Nuremberge, A. Koburger, 1496. Gothic, folio.

139. (c). *Conciliationes Scripturæ &c. Andrea Althameri auctore.*

8 ff, unnumbered then Fo. 1—236 and 26 ff. of Indices and Latin metrical version of Psalm XXXIII.

Norinbergæ, apud Io. Petreium 1534. Italian, 8vo. A stamped binding with G. F. and a shield with fleurs de lys and leopards.

Printed at Lubeck:—

149. *Tractatus de spūalibus ascēcionibus, &c. Varii tractatus, (by Gerard Zutphania).*

306 ff. No pag., catchwords or printed initials; 19 lines; printer's device.

Lubeck, (Matthæus Brandiss), 1490. Gothic, 8vo.

Books printed at Leipzig:—

52 (3). *Perutilis repetitio famosi c. (Constitutionis Innocentii III.). Omnis vtriusq; sexus &c.*

Fo. 1—fo. XXVIII; no catchwords, sigs., or printed initials; 44 lines. Lyptzk per Gregorium Bötticher 1493. Gothic, 4to.

104 (3). *Pharetra fidei catholice sive ydonea disputatio inter Christianos et Judeos.*

10 ff. A and B; no pag., catchwords or printed initials; 40 and 41 lines. Lyptzk, per Conradum Kachelonen, 1494. First Edition.

101 (1). *Epistolare et Euāgeliare par totū annū &c. Title then Folium 1—Folium LII and a blank leaf. No catchwords or printed initials; long lines.*

Lipczk, per Melchiar Lotter, 1500. Gothic, 4to.

101 (2). *Sequentiarū textus & Hymnorum per circulum anni.*

30 ff., A—E; no pag., catchwords or printed initials, long lines, 26 to a page.

Lyptzk, p. Melchiar Lotter, 1501. Gothic 4to.

122 (a) 2. *Agenda siue benediōale cōmune &c. Title, Folium II—Folium LXXI; 19 lines; red and black letter with plain chant notes put in by hand. Imperfect. Lipsiæ per Melchior Lotter MDV. Gothic, 4to.*

123 (2). *De laudibus sanctissime matris Anne (Johannes, Trithemius Abbas, O.S.B.).*

24 ff., (damaged); no pag., catchwords or printed

initials; 42 lines. Liptzk, per Melchiar Lotter [1507?]. Gothic, 4to.

122 (a) 1. *Sermones disertissimi*. . . Georgii Morgenstern de Gdern.

6 ff. of Tabula, title, Folium primum—Folium LXIII; no printed initials; double cols. of 40 lines. Liptzick per Baccalarium Wolfgangum monacensem, 1502. Gothic, 4to.

26 (1). *Aristotelis Metaphisicæ Libri XII*.

120 ff. with title and register, A—V; no pag., catchwords or printed initials; long lines, 23 to a page. Liptzk per Martinum Landspergt, 1503. Gothic, folio.

26 (2). *Aristotelis* . . . de Celo et mudo.

46 ff. with title and register, A—H; no pag., catchwords or printed initials. Liptzk, in officio Melchior Lotters, 1504. Gothic, folio.

26 (3). *Logica beati Thome aurea*.

76 ff. with title and register, A—N; no pag., catchwords or printed initials; long lines, 29 to a page.

Device of Landspergt of Leipzig, and the year 1505. Gothic, folio.

Two other treatises of Aristotle were published by Thanner of Leipzig, about the same time.

100 (1). Baptiste Mantuani vatis doctissimi (Giov. Battista Spagnuoli, a Carmelite) *Parthenice prima*. (Life of the Blessed Virgin.)

70 ff., A—M (one leaf in G torn away); printer's device; no pag., long lines, 22 to a page. MS. notes and life on margins, and "Commendatio Hermañi Busii" on blank leaf. Lipsick, per Jacobum Thanner, 1510. Gothic, 4to.

100 (2). Baptiste Mantuani Divinū secunde Parthenices opus (Martyrdom of St. Catherine).

52 ff., A—J; uniform with above. Liptzk in officina Jacobi Tanner Herbipolensi, 1510. Gothic, 4to.

100 (3). *Fratris Baptiste Mantuani* . . . *Parthenice*

Tertia (Martyrdom of S.S. Margaret, Agatha, Lucy and Apollonia).

52 ff., A—H; Uniform with above. Liptzk per Baccalaureum Vvolfgangum Monacensem. Gothic, 4to.

100 (4). *Eglogæ Vergilij Neoterici—hoc est—Baptiste Mantuani Carmelite*.

54 ff., A—J; uniform with above. Liptzick, per Jacobum Thanner, 1509. Gothic, 4to.

100 (5). *Q. Horatij Flacci Epistolæ liber*.

40 ff., A—H; uniform with above, except only 17 lines to a page.

Liptzk p. Jacobū Thanner [1504]. Gothic, 4to.

MS. life of Horace on blank pages.

100 (6). *Hesiodi poetæ Georgicorū liber p. Nicolau de Valle conuersus e greco in latinum*.

26 ff., A—E; uniform with above. Liptzk p. Jacobū Thanner 1509. Gothic, 4to.

100 (7). *Antonij Mancinelli Veliterni de cōponendis versib: opusculum, &c.*

30 ff., a—f; no pag. or catchwords; 35 lines to a page. [Liptzk, per Jacobum Thanner, 1504.] Panzer.

Books printed at Magdeburg:—

132 (2). *Expositio salutaris cū meditationibus deuotissimis super psalmo. Miserere . . . fratris Hieronimi de Ferrara (Savonarola)*.

12 ff., a—and b; no pag; double cols. of 40 lines. Magdeburg [Moritz Brandiss c. 1500]. Gothic, 4to.

132 (3). *Expōsicio . . . fr̃is Hieronimi sauonarole de Ferrara . . . in psalmū In te dñe Speravi*. Uniform with 132 (2). [Magdeburg, Moritz Brandiss, c. 1500]. Gothic, 4to.

Moritz Brandiss printed first at Leipzig, and afterwards at Magdeburg.

The following books without name of printer or place have been identified since the last issue of the Journal, and should have appeared among the books printed on the banks of the Rhine.

125. (3). *Opus Anthonini* De erudicione confessorum.

2 ff. of Tabula (imperfect); then 121 ff. a—p. No pag., 31 lines to a page. Large woodcut initials. Sig. p vi "Incipit sermo beati Johannis crisostomi de penitentia:" [Strassburg, Heinrich Knoblochtzer, c. 1483]. Gothic, 4to.

58 (2). *Gesta rhomanorum* [by Berchorius, O.S.B.] 100 ff., (6 of Tabula at the end) without and 93 with foliation, no catchwords or printed initials; double cols. of 51 lines. [Strassburg, Johann Reinhard of Grüningen] 1488. Gothic, folio.

122 (2). *Sacre canonis misse expositō brevis et inter-linearis* [Gabriel Biel].

12 ff. a—b; title with woodcut; red and black letters. No pag.; long lines.

[Strasburg, George Husner c. 1500]. Gothic, 4to.

123 (3). *De vita et miraculis Joannis Gerson* (*Defensio wymphelingij*).

8 ff., A and B. No pag. or printed initials; long lines, 36 to a page. [Argentorati, Joh. Knoblouch, 1506], "Editio unica." Catalogue of Dr. Kloss' books.

62. *Fratris Peregrini Sermones* (Provincial, of the Dominicans in Poland).

Begins "Gloriosus doctor Augustinus dicit &c."

188 ff., no title, pag., catchwords or printed initials; long lines, 40 to a page, The British Museum copy has in addition the *Quadragesimalis Jacobi de foragine*. This apparently is a part of the work. Hain says "Ulmæ, Joh. Zainer," and R. Proctor in his "Index to the Early Printed Books in the British Museum" adds "not before 1483." Gothic, folio. Second Edition.

110. *Tractatus* [*Summula Dialectica*] *magistri Petri hispani* [Joannis XXI. Pont. Max.]

72 ff., a—i; no pag., catchwords or printed initials, long lines, 32 to a page. [Cologne, H. Quentell, before the 12 May 1491.] Proctor. Gothic, 4to.

It is hardly to be expected that even now the above catalogue of German printed books is complete. There are still many books, without name of printer and place, which I have not yet been able to place with certainty. And some of these doubtless, will have come from the land of the Teuton, the birthplace of the printed book.

J. C. A.

The College Diary.

Easter to Midsummer, 1898.

April 6. Fr. Edmund Kendal from Downside came to give the Easter retreat to the boys.

April 9. Discourse in the evening. Arrival of the Old Amplefordians, Messrs. Carroll, Fitzgerald, A. & J. Ennis, Burke, Honan, Adamson, E. Connor, J. McCann, Callan and Bailey.

April 10. Easter Sunday. The customary match between the Old Amplefordians and the Present was played in unfavourable weather. Good play was shown by both teams, but passing was inaccurate owing to the high wind and drifting rain. The Present was beaten by the Past by three goals to one. Readers will notice that the Old Amplefordian team was a stronger one than we have usually met.

April 11. Easter Monday. A pleasant though wet day was spent at Kirbymoorside. The expectant hopes of our enthusiastic supporters were dashed to the ground. A rough game ended: Kirby 3, Ampleforth 2.

April 12. Easter Tuesday. Owing to the inclement state of the weather, little was done in the morning. Games of football were arranged for the afternoon. Two league racquet matches were played (1) between the Upper and Lower Syntax, resulting in a win for the seniors, and (2) between the Humanities and Upper Syntax, in which again the senior class was victorious.

April 13. A League combination football match was played between the Humanities and Lower Syntax. On account of the need of the pasture land, the game was played in the bounds. The Lower Syntax had the better of the game and finally won by two goals to none.

April 14. Br. Philip Willson returned much improved in health.

April 15. The voting for Captain took place and resulted in the Hon. E. Stourton accepting the captaincy. He chose the following for his Government:—

Secretary	R. Dawson
Librarian of Upper Library	V. Gosling

Officemen	V. Nevill
	J. Murphy
Recorder	G. Fishwick
	F. Yorke
Commonmen	A. Hayes
	W. Forster
Gasmen	V. O'Connor
	C. Quin
Clotheshman	M. Cloran
	J. Pike
Collegemen	P. Coonan
	H. Crean
Librarian of Lower Library	E. Weighill
Vigilarii	F. Dawson
	W. Foote
Librarian of Upper Grammar Room	F. Allanson
Vigilarius	J. Walsh
	D. Field
Vigilarii of Lower Grammar Room	

April 16. The last of the 'League' football matches, in which Upper and Lower Syntax faced each other. Both elevens gave a good exhibition of pluck and determination. The first and only point scored was the result of a scrimmage in front of goal, in which one of the Lower Syntax, when trying to get the ball away, put it between his own posts. Nothing was registered in the second half, and when the whistle blew the score was Upper Syntax 1 goal, Lower Syntax 0. In this competition the above elevens and the Humanities class have each played four games and each finished the season with an equal number of wins and losses.

The following were appointed captains of the cricket sets.

1st set	E. Stourton
	E. Maynard
2nd set	J. McCann
	M. Cloran
3rd set	H. Weighill
	W. Lambert
4th set	H. de Normanville
	H. Martin

April 21. Fr. Edmund and party went back to Oxford.

April 23. Feast of St. George. A whole play-day was granted

for the Athletic Sports. The morning opened cloudy and threatening and rather damp our spirits. But fortune smiled on us, and later in the day we were greeted with warmth and sunshine. The shorter races were dealt with in the morning, also the putting the weight, and the High and Long Jumps. In the afternoon the longer races took place. The day ended with the customary tug-of-war. The results of the running were not up to mark, but the jumps were better than of late. Martin Galavan beat his last year's record in the long jump: 19 ft. 10 ins. E. Weighill showed good form in the Pole Jump, clearing 8 ft. 2 ins. F. Quinn did the hurdle race in the quick time of 19 sec. Putting the weight and the high jump were also better than the record of last year. E. Hill made a record in the 100 yards.

On the whole we consider the results highly satisfactory, especially as, owing to bad weather, the time for practice has been short.

1st SET.

I. Division.

WEIGHT:—Over 120 lbs.		AGE:—Over 15 years.	
	Result, 1898.	Result, 1897.	Records since 1887.
<i>100 Yards.</i>			
1. E. Weighill	11 1-5 sec.	11 sec.	J. Browne 10 sec.
2. V. Gosling			
<i>220 Yards.</i>			
1. E. Weighill	24 3-5 sec.	23 4-5 sec.	J. Dawson 23 4-5
2. V. Gosling			J. Farrell 1 sec.
<i>440 Yards.</i>			
1. R. Connor	54 1-5 sec.	53 4-5 sec.	E. Connor
2. C. Martin			51 2-5 sec.
<i>Half-Mile.</i>			
1. F. Quinn	2m. 17 4-5 sec.	1 m. 53 4-5 sec.	G. Farrell
2. C. Haverth			1 m. 53 4-5 sec.
<i>Mile.</i>			
1. R. Connor	5 m. 7 2-5 sec.	4 m. 37 sec.	P. Carroll
2. F. Quinn			(Gilling Road) 4 m. 59 sec.
			G. Farrell (College Road)
			4 m. 37 sec.
<i>Hurdle Race. (10 flights, 120 yds.)</i>			
1. F. Quinn	19 sec.	20 4-5 sec.	D. Spradbury 18 s.
2. E. Maynard			
<i>High Jump.</i>			
1. E. Maynard	4 ft. 11 in.	4 ft. 8 1/2 in.	J. Browne 5 ft.
2. V. O'Connor			A. Powell 5 in.
<i>Long Jump.</i>			
1. M. Galavan	19 ft. 10 in.	19 ft. 9 1/2 in.	M. Galavan
2. C. Quinn			19 ft. 9 1/2 in.
<i>Pole Jump.</i>			
1. E. Weighill	8 ft. 2 in.	7 ft. 10 1/2 in.	W. Dawes 9 ft. 1 in.

<i>Putting the weight (16 lbs., 7 ft. run, no follow)</i>			
1. M. Galavan	33 ft. 2 in.		
2. R. Connor		31 ft. 10 in.	J. Galavan 37 ft. 3 in.
<i>Cricet Ball.</i>			
1. A. Hayes	85 yds. 6 in.	90 yds. 2 ft.	J. Quinn 114 yds.
2. C. Quinn			2 ft. 6 in.
<i>Consolation Race. (200 yds.)</i>			
1. J. McCann	28 3-5 sec.	25 sec.	F. Daniel 24 1-5 s.

1st SET.

II. Division.

	Result, 1898.	Result, 1897.	Records since 1897.
<i>100 Yards.</i>			
1. E. Hill	11 2-5 sec.	11 3-5 sec.	R. Farrell 11 3-5.
2. J. O'Hagan	20 sec.	No Entry.	
<i>220 Yards.</i>			
1. R. Hill	58 3-5 sec.	62 2-5 sec.	M. Lewis 55 1-5.
2. J. O'Hagan	2 m. 28 sec.	2 m. 2 4-5 sec.	R. Farrell 2 m. 2 4-5 (sec.)
3. A. Byrne	6 m. 6 sec.	4 m. 59 sec.	H. Woodwis 4 m. 58
<i>Hurdle Race (10 flights, 120 yards.)</i>			
1. M. Coom	24 4-5 sec.	27 4-5 sec.	R. Farrell 27 4-5 sec.
<i>High jump.</i>			
1. W. Hodgson	4 ft. 7 in.	4 ft. 7 1/2 in.	H. Woodwis 4 ft. 8 1/2 in.
<i>Long jump.</i>			
1. M. Coom	15 ft. 1 in.	16 ft. 4 1/2 in.	A. Hayes 16 ft. 4 1/2 in.
<i>Pole jump.</i>			
1. J. Murphy	6 ft. 9 in.	No Entry.	E. Murphy 7 ft. 2 in.
<i>Putting the weight. (16 lbs., 7 ft. run, no follow)</i>			
1. V. Neill	25 ft. 4 in.	24 ft. 10 in.	G. Foster 27 ft. 1 in.
<i>Cricet Ball.</i>			
1. E. de Normandie	75 yds.	77 yds.	A. Ennis 88 yds. 1 in.
<i>Consolation Race (200 yds.)</i>			
1. F. Neal	28 sec.	No Entry.	M. Grimshaw 27 sec.

2nd SET.

WEIGHT:—90 to 120 lbs.		AGE:—13 to 15 years.	
	Result, 1898.	Result, 1897.	Records since 1887.
<i>100 Yards.</i>			
1. P. Coonan	13 sec.	12 sec.	L. Mackey 11 sec.
2. C. Pike			
<i>220 Yards.</i>			
1. H. Pilkington	29 sec.	24 sec.	V. Gosling 24 sec.
2. P. Coonan			
<i>440 Yards.</i>			
1. W. Field	62 3-5 sec.	62 sec.	R. Farrell 56 3-5 sec.
2. H. Pilkington			
<i>Half-Mile.</i>			
1. W. Field	2m. 20 sec.	2m. 17 2-5 sec.	R. Weighill 2 m. 17 sec.
2. A. Gately			

J. Murphy b Fr. Anselm,	1
R. Dawson, b Fr. Anselm,	0
H. Cress, b Fr. Anselm,	0
M. Galavan, b V. Nevill,	4
C. Martin not out	3
Extra	4

Total 104

THE COLTS.

P. Coonan, b Weighill	15	R. Hill, not out	14
G. Hagen, run out	0	W. Field, b Quinn	0
V. Nevill, c Murphy, b Murphy	19	J. Pike, b Hayes	7
A. Gateley, c Murphy, b Cress	2	J. McCann, b Hayes	0
F. Neal, c Stonston, b Cress	3	W. Foote, b Hayes	2
A. Byrne, c Maynard, b Martin	5	V. Gooling, b Hayes	0
F. Quinn, b Quinn	10	M. Cloran, c and b Murphy	0
Fr. Anselm, c Weighill, b Quinn	13	E. de Normanville, b Murphy	1
F. Dawson, b Quinn	0	W. Hodgson, b Murphy	0
W. Foster, b Quinn	3	Extras	12

Total 106

April 25. Play was given till 4.30 in order to finish the sport's programme.

April 26. In the evening, a musical entertainment in the Study by Mr. Oberhoffer's pupils. Mr. Oberhoffer had arranged his pupils in classes, and, with the different classes, he showed his audience the various exercises to be learnt on the clavier. The monotony of the clicks of the clavier was relieved by song and cello recitals. At the close of the evening, Fr. Subprior thanked Mr. Oberhoffer for the instructive entertainment he had given, and exhorted all those learning the clavier to persevere. Fr. Tils, of St. Wilfrid's York, spoke a few words of praise to the pupils and said that, though the exercises might appear dry, they were not really so. He also exhorted the musicians to pay great attention to their master's directions.

April 28. The afternoon being wet, the Gymnastic prizes were competed for. Those who entered the lists showed that they had been undergoing Spartan training. There were four classes in all. The appended are the successful competitors.

Upper Syntax 1. W. Forster. 2. J. Pike.

Lower " 1. F. Quinn. 2. F. Hayes.

Upper Grammar 1. H. Martin. 2. W. Dowling.

Lower " 1. J. Darby. 2. J. Walsh.

May 12. The May month-day. The game against Harrogate had to be postponed owing to the state of the ground. The top-class went for an outing to Kirkham, and spent a most enjoyable day. The rest of the school played cricket at home.

May 19. Ascension Day. The First Eleven went to play Rudding Park. Winning the toss the Eleven batted first with R. Connor and Fr. Placid at the wickets. Fr. Placid was unfortunately bowled soon after the commencement; Br. Benedict and Coonan were quickly dismissed; but Hayes came to the rescue and with Connor made the first stand. Connor played a brilliant innings, and it was not till after Mr. McLaughlin had joined him that he was out leg before wicket. Maynard then joined Mr. McLaughlin, the latter hitting freely, while the former contented himself with 'keeping his end up.' At luncheon time, Mr. Calvert had replaced Mr. McLaughlin. After lunch, the wickets fell quickly, and the innings closed with the total at 77. The first Rudding wickets did little, and it was not till A. Cade and R. Thompson batted, that a stand was effected. After these two, A. Hill went in and, together with F. Darby who was playing for Rudding, made a stand which caused us some anxiety. Eventually Fr. Darby was smartly stumped by Mr. Calvert. The last wicket added no runs, and the innings finished with the total at 61. In the second innings, the chief features were the fine play of Connor, who made 36, and the free batting of Mr. McLaughlin.

AMSTERFORTH COLLEGE.

R. Connor, lbw, b Sweeting	9
Rev. P. Corballis, b J. Thompson	1
Rev. B. McLaughlin, b F. Cade	2
P. Coonan, b J. Cade	0
A. Hayes, b J. Cade	9
Mr. McLaughlin, b J. Cade	15
E. Maynard, c J. Swale, b J. Cade	10
Mr. Calvert, b Sweeting	10
G. Quinn, b Sweeting	10
E. Weighill, c Richardson, b Sweeting	3
H. Cress, not out	2
Extras	4

Total 77

THE COLLEGE DIARY.

BUDDING PARK.

A. Sweeting, c and b Rev. P. Corbally...	5
H. Richardson, b Rev. P. Corbally...	2
F. Thompson, b A. Hayes...	2
J. Cade, b Rev. P. Corbally...	1
A. Cade, b P. Corbally...	17
R. Thompson, c Weighill, b C. Quinn...	10
A. Hill, not out...	8
J. Swale, c Mr. McLoughlin, b C. Quinn...	0
E. Riddale, c Rev. P. Corbally, b C. Quinn...	2
Rev. W. Darby, st Mr. Calvert, b C. Quinn...	9
G. Oldfield, run out...	0
Extras...	6

Total 61

May 26. Feast of St. Augustine. High Mass at a quarter to ten. The first eleven played St. Peter's at York. E. Stourton won the toss, and elected to play on a perfect wicket. The game began at a quarter past eleven, Connor and Stourton facing the bowling of Soulbey and Otley. When 28 runs were on the board, Connor was well caught for a nicely played 18. Stourton and Maynard batted well. The former was bowled when he had scored 29. Nobody else did anything worthy of mention and the innings closed for 77. There was 40 minutes play before lunch, during which the Peterites, Kirke and Otley, made 20 for no wickets. On resuming, Kirke was bowled off his pads for 12 runs out of 30, and Otley soon followed him, his contribution being 15. After this four more wickets fell, and the total was then only 53 for six wickets. It seemed as if it was going to be an exciting game, when Austin Hayes in two more overs despatched the remaining four men without another run being scored.

In the second innings of the College, Connor 36, Hayes 38, Crean 17, Maynard 11 did well, but Dawson and Quinn were soon out, and it seemed as if a rot had set in, until E. Weighill came in and hit 15 in one over. The first two balls were sent right out of the ground. Coonan and Weighill played out time, being 8 not out, and 36 not out, respectively. The score was 182 for 7 wickets. A. Hayes took nine wickets for 17 runs, and made the top score 38:—

THE COLLEGE DIARY.

AMPELFORTH COLLEGE.

R. Connor, c Nelson, b Soulbey...	18
Hon. E. Stourton, b Creer...	29
A. Hayes, b Soulbey...	2
K. Maynard, c Nelson, b Creer...	5
P. Coonan, run out...	5
R. Dawson, b Creer...	0
C. Quinn, c Longbotham, b Creer...	0
E. Weighill, c Bingham, b Nelson...	8
H. Crean, not out...	4
V. Nevill, bow, b Nelson...	0
W. Foote, c Smith, b Creer...	0
Extras...	6

Total 77

ST. PETER'S SCHOOL.

G. Otley, c Quinn, b Hayes...	15
P. Kirke, b Hayes...	14
C. Smith, b Hayes...	1
R. Bingham, b Hayes...	9
R. Nelson, b Hayes...	2
H. Creer, c Dawson, b Nevill...	4
P. Longbotham, b Hayes...	0
H. Soulbey not out...	3
K. Kirke, b Hayes...	0
C. Nelson, b Hayes...	0
J. Kirby, b Hayes...	0
Extras...	5

Total 51

May 30. Whit-Monday. Cricket Match with Ripon Grammar School. Play commenced soon after twelve, the Riponians batting first. Their wickets fell quickly before the bowling of A. Hayes and Martin, and by luncheon time there were six wickets down for nine runs. Rain came on during lunch and the wicket became wet and difficult for the bowlers. Before the seventh wicket fell, the score had been brought from 9 to 72. The innings closed with the score 99.

There was just an hour left for play when Connor and Stourton went to the wickets. They made an effort to force the game but Stourton, hitting out at a ball which kept low, was bowled. Hayes joined Connor, and these two changed the game from one of forcing runs to one of steady play. The game ended in a draw, our

score realizing 32 for one wicket. The play after lunch took place in a continuous downpour of rain.

RIFTON GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

G. Bragan, c Stoughton, b Martin	5
A. Wood, b Hayes	0
G. Tattersall, c Stoughton, b Martin	3
E. Tattersall, not out	39
M. Nelligan, lbw, b Martin	0
H. Tebbutt, b Hayes	0
E. Sappell, b Hayes	0
C. Etches, c Connor, b Martin	29
A. Wicks, c Maynard, b Weighill	5
A. Lister, c Crean, b Hayes	0
W. Ellis, b Hayes	6
Extras	12
Total				99

AMPLEFORTH COLLEGE.

R. Connor, not out	15
Hon. E. Stoughton, b E. Tattersall	9
A. Hayes, not out	6
Extras	2
Total for one wicket				32

To bat:—E. Maynard, P. Connor, E. Weighill, J. Murphy, R. Dawson, C. Quinn, H. Crean, C. Martin.

May 31. Whit-Tuesday. The first XI. journeyed to Scarborough to play Oliver's Mount, but heavy rain prevented any cricket. Several of the community went to join in the Pilgrimage at York. We had the first bath of the season in the swimming bath to-day.

June 1. Match against Harrogate College on our own ground. Little was done, owing to the rain which commenced during lunch. The match had to be abandoned; Ampleforth having scored 18 runs for the loss of one wicket.

June 2. Fr. Philip Fletcher who had been to the Pilgrimage stayed for a few days. In the evening he entertained the Community and students in the study in his usual humorous style.

June 6. A play-day was asked for on the plea of the first fine day. It was granted, and a game arranged between the eleven and the Religious. The Religious won the toss and took first innings. Fr. Bernard and Br. Maurus commenced, Br. Maurus being dis-

missed in the first over. Fr. Placid then came in, and after hitting the ball for six was caught. Mr. McLaughlin joined Fr. Bernard and a good stand was effected. It was ended by hesitation on the part of the batsmen, Fr. Bernard's wicket being sacrificed. The best stand of the day was made by Fr. Anselm and Fr. Bede. It was ended also by a 'run out.' The innings realized 79 runs.

The XI. made but a poor show. The first three wickets fell for two runs. After lunch Connor and Murphy made a stand, the former making 18. The only other batsman who did anything was Crean. The innings closed with the miserable total of 45.

In the second innings the Religious made 85; our side was 31 for no wickets.

RELIGIOUS

Rev. B. Hayes, run out	3
M. Powell, c Connor, b Hayes	0
P. Corballis, c Quinn, b Weighill	9
Mr. McLaughlin, c Martin, b Weighill	13
Rev. B. McLaughlin, c Connor, b Weighill	9
A. Turner, b Hayes	18
B. Turner, run out	10
Mr. Calvert, c Murphy, b Hayes	4
Rev. T. Ryland, b Hayes	5
P. Wilson, not out	3
B. Primrose, b Crean	0
Extras	5
Total				79

AMPLEFORTH COLLEGE.

A. Hayes, b Rev. P. Corballis	0
P. Connor, c B. Turner, b Rev. A. Turner	0
E. Maynard, b A. Turner	2
J. Murphy, c B. McLaughlin, b Rev. P. Corballis	5
R. Connor, c Rev. P. Corballis, b Rev. B. Hayes	18
E. Weighill, st. Mr. Calvert, b Rev. A. Turner	5
C. Quinn, b Mr. McLaughlin	0
H. Crean, run out	9
A. Gately, b Rev. B. Hayes	1
V. Nevill, not out	6
C. Martin, c Rev. B. McLaughlin, b Rev. B. Hayes	0
Extras	5
Total				45

June 9. Corpus Christi. High Mass was sung at ten o'clock; after Mass there was the usual procession of the Blessed Sacrament through the College grounds. Twelve boys made their first Communion:—H. and M. Martin, P. Lambert, H. de Normanville, W. Hodgson, R. Dowling, J. and B. Bradley, T. Barton, L. Briggs, A. Dees and B. Rochford.

Dr., Mrs. and the Misses Bradleys, Mrs. and Miss Lambert, Mrs. and Miss Dees visited us. The usual set games were played in the afternoon.

June 13. Hon. E. Stourton, and R. Dawson, went to Leeds to matriculate.

June 14. Match against St. Peter's on our own ground. St. Peter's winning the toss, elected to bat first. Our team were without Stourton, and Dawson. The St. Peter's total realized 106. On such a good batting wicket we expected to do well, but Connor was dismissed in the third over on an appeal for l.b.w. Maynard joined Hayes but in trying to make a short run Hayes' wicket was lost. Weighill and Maynard made a short stand. The remaining wickets fell for a little over 10 runs, and our innings closed with the wretched total of 57. We followed on, and scored 43 for the loss of three wickets.

ST. PETER'S SCHOOL.

B. Nelson, b Field	20
P. Kirke, c Weighill, b Foote	30
B. Otley, b Field	7
C. Smith, c Coonan, b Field	4
H. Creer, c de Normanville, b Hayes	3
H. Soullby, c Quinn, b Hayes	6
E. Kirke, c Maynard, b Hayes	5
C. Nelson, b Weighill	23
E. Walton, c de Normanville, b Hayes	18
J. Kirby, c Field, b Weighill	4
C. Moyer, not out	0
Extras	22

Total 146

AMPLEFORTH COLLEGE.

R. Connor, lbw, b Soullby	2
A. Hayes, run out	5
E. Maynard, c Otley	17
P. Coonan, b Soullby	0

E. Weighill, c Walton b Otley	11
J. Murphy, c Smith, b Soullby	0
H. Crean, c E. Kirke, b Soullby	2
C. Quinn, b Otley	3
W. Field, not out	1
E. de Normanville, b Otley	0
W. Foote, b Soullby	8
Extras	8

Total 57

The second eleven played St. Peter's on the same day, away. St. Peter's batted first making 77. The chief features of the game were the careful play of Gateley and the clean hitting of A. Byrne. C. Martin made runs, but did not give one the impression that he was an accomplished batsman.

ST. PETER'S SECOND ELEVEN.

R. Yeld, b V. Nevill	0
G. Longbotham, b C. Martin	2
T. Nelson, c Nevill, b F. Neal	18
R. Wood, b C. Martin	1
E. Roy, b F. Yorke	11
J. Clark, b C. Martin	27
W. Bennett, c Yorke, b Martin	0
C. Newton, c Cloran, b Martin	8
R. Dunning, b Yorke	0
C. Sale, not out	0
G. Armstrong, c and b Yorke	0
Extras	10

Total 77

AMPLEFORTH COLLEGE SECOND ELEVEN.

A. Gately, c and b Roy	48
A. Byrne, lbw Nelson	15
F. Yorke, c Yeld, b Nelson	7
F. Dawson, c Bennett, b Dunning	2
M. Galvan, b Nelson	0
V. Nevill, run out	5
M. Cloran, c Substitute, b Longbotham	14
F. Neal, b Longbotham	7
J. O'Hagan, b Longbotham	14
C. Martin, not out	12
J. Pike, c and b Roy	8
Extras	9

Total 143

June 15. Match with Mr. Swarbeck's XI. Our opponents won the toss and batted first. Their total realized 91, owing to the efforts of, Macaulay, B. and W. Swarbeck. Connor and Hayes first faced the bowling on our side, Connor after a careful innings was caught. Fr. Placid rapidly hit up his runs. Maynard joined Hayes, and the adversaries' total was passed without the loss of another wicket. At 97 Hayes was caught after playing a sound and careful innings of 31. Fr. Bernard joined Maynard, but the former was bowled in the first over he received. Fr. Anselm and Mr. McLaughlin both added to the total with useful scores. Fr. Wilfrid played well, and when stumps were drawn we had made 162 for 9 wickets.

MR. SWARBCK'S XI.

B. Swarbeck, b Hayes	15
Hartfield, b Rev. Corballis	6
Macaulay, run out	21
Dr. Felrus, c Rev. W. Darby, b Rev. A. Farrer	0
W. Horner, b Rev. B. Hayes	3
B. Swarbeck (capt.), b A. Hayes	6
T. Hornby, c Rev. A. Turner, b Rev. Corballis	7
W. Swarbeck, lbw b Field	16
J. Hartley, b Field	0
F. Hansell, c Rev. B. Hayes, b Field	5
F. Priestman, not out	2
Extras	8
Total	91

AMPLEFORTH COLLEGE.

R. Connor, c B. Swarbeck, b Macaulay	9
A. Hayes, c Hornby, b Dr. Felrus	31
Rev. Corballis, b B. Swarbeck	20
E. Maynard, b Macaulay	17
Rev. B. Hayes, b Dr. Felrus	0
Rev. A. Turner, b Hansell	16
Mr. McLaughlin, b Macaulay	23
Rev. B. Laughton, b Hansell	2
Rev. W. Darby, not out	8
E. Weighill, c Horner, b Hansell	4
W. Field, not out	2
Extras	30
Total for 9 wkts.	162

June 18. Match at home against the Emeriti. This two days match commenced on Saturday. Only a quarter of an hour's play could be got before lunch, owing to the rain. The Emeriti batted first, and made a total of 127. The chief contributors were M. Corballis 21, and Mr. O'Brien (capt.) 33. The College made a bad start, four wickets being down for forty-one. But, on the Sunday, Fr. Placid and Fr. Anselm gave their side confidence by bringing the score up to 81. The remainder added few runs and the innings ended with a total of 109, being 18 runs behind; out of which total Fr. Placid had made 43, Fr. Anselm 19 and Connor 18.

In the Second innings the Emeriti batting collapsed; the only man who did anything being J. Harrington who made 45 out of 65. We required 83 runs to win, so Fr. Placid and Hayes entered upon the task. Fr. Placid after making seven was dismissed. But Hayes and Weighill got together and made matters lively for the fielders. Hayes was dismissed for 16, and Weighill for 39. Fr. Anselm and Stourton pulled off the match without the loss of another batsman, a win by seven wickets:—

EMERITI.

1st Innings.	2nd Innings.
E. Leeming, b A. Hayes	c Rev. Powell, b Rev. A. Turner
M. Corballis, b Rev. Corballis	c Maynard, b Mr. McLaughlin
J. Harrington, c Rev. Powell, b Rev. A. Turner	
A. Turner	b Rev. Corballis
A. O'Brien, b Rev. Corballis	b Hayes
G. Storey, b Hayes	lbw, b Field
C. Storey, c Rev. Corballis, b Hayes	b Hayes
J. de Gannes, b Rev. A. Turner	b Rev. Corballis
Trappes Lomax, b Rev. Corballis	b Hayes
J. Murphy, b Rev. A. Turner	c Stourton, b Field
H. Crean, c Rev. Corballis, b Hayes	not out
R. Dawson, not out	c Weighill, b Field
Extras	Extras
Total	Total

Total 127

Total 65

AMPLEFORTH COLLEGE.

Hos. E. Stourton, hit wkt b de Gannes	1
R. Connor, b Leeming	18
A. Hayes, b Leeming	4
E. Maynard, b Leeming	0

Rev. P. Corhallis, c Storey, b	c—b de Gannes...	7
Harrington	...	45
Rev. T. Turner, b, Harrington	not out	2
Mr. McLaughlin, b de Gannes	...	8
Rev. M. Powell, b de Gannes	...	6
Mr. Calvert, c C. Storey b Harrington	...	1
E. Weighill, c O'Brien, b de Gannes	b de Gannes	39
W. Field, not out	...	0
Extras	...	6
Total	Total	9

Mr. Granville Ward paid us a visit. He spoke in high terms of the way in which the boys took part in the ceremonies of the Church.

June 20. The Abbot of Fort Augustus paid a flying visit.

June 21. After nine months in Africa, Br. Stephen Dawes returned. We are pleased to see him in such good health.

The Community commenced their retreat, which was given by Fr. Sub-prior.

June 23. The Oxonian party returned.

June 28. A match was arranged with Ampleforth village. The College, winning the toss, batted first. Our exhibition was most unsatisfactory. The only person who did anything was Connor who carried his bat throughout the innings for 25. Our total only reached 57. The first five wickets of the village fell for six runs, and things looked more cheerful for us. But Dickenson and Pickering made a stand and brought the score up to 32. The seventh wicket was down for 37, but before the eighth fell we had lost the match. The village score totalled 70:—

AMPLEFORTH COLLEGE.

R. Connor, not out	...	25
Hon. E. Stourton, b T. Dickenson	...	1
E. Maynard, b T. Dickenson	...	6
E. Weighill, b T. Dickenson	...	0
J. Murphy, b T. Dickenson	...	5
H. Crean, b T. Dickenson	...	2
C. Quinn, b H. Cordiner	...	1
R. Dawson, b T. Dickenson	...	1
A. Byrne, b T. Dickenson	...	0
W. Field, b T. Dickenson	...	6
W. Foote, b H. Cordiner	...	3
Extras	...	7
Total	Total	57

AMPLEFORTH VILLAGE.

J. Ludley, b Field	...	0
L. Thompson, b Foote	...	0
W. Peterson, b Field	...	3
T. Dickenson, b Field	...	2
B. Fisher, run out	...	1
R. Dickenson, b Weighill	...	20
J. Pickering, b Murphy	...	18
J. Spence, b Crean	...	2
T. Benson, b Crean	...	18
J. Fox, b Weighill	...	0
H. Cordiner, not out	...	3
Extras	...	3
Total	Total	70

June 29. Feast of St. Peter and St. Paul. Brs. Philip, Stephen, and Thomas were ordained Deacons; Brs. Oswald, Basil, Elphege, Theodore and Maurus, Sub-deacons. We offer our congratulations.

Confirmation was given at twelve o'clock the following boys being confirmed:—

G. Fishwick, Jos. and B. Rochford, E. and H. Weighill, F. Gallano, V. O'Connor, H. Crean, J. and C. Pike, William and Wilfrid Hodgson, F. and A. Neal, O. and P. Williams, D. Burn, F. Hayes, F. Preston, J. Kinman, H. Byrne, F. and J. Smith, S. Noblett, H. and M. Martin, R. Dowling, F. Allanson, J. Nevill, C. Primavesi, G. Oberholzer, C. and H. de Normanville, J. Kevill, F. Barton, P. Lambert, L. Briggs, J. and B. Bradley, F. Finnigan, E. and J. Darby, B. Shakeshaft, A. Dees, and V. Richards.

Match against Ripon Grammar School, away. The eleven batted first, Connor and Stourton going to the wickets. After Stourton had scored two he was bowled by Ryan. Maynard joined Connor and a good stand was made, Connor succumbing to Ryan. A procession then commenced until A. Byrne went in; he altered affairs by hitting out freely. Our innings culminated in a total of 60. The first two wickets of Ripon fell for six runs, and there was every prospect of a win, but Ryan spoilt the bowling analysis and scored 59 out of 102. The remainder of the team did nothing:—

AMPLEFORTH COLLEGE.

R. Connor, b Ryan	...	15
Hon. E. Stourton, b Ryan	...	2

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E. Maynard, c Etches, b Ryan	14
J. Murphy, c Ryan, b E. Tattersall	1
C. Quinn, lbw b E. Tattersall	0
P. Coonan, b E. Tattersall	3
R. Dawson, b Wood	5
A. Byrne, b Wicks	12
W. Field, b Wicks	4
W. Foote, not out	0
C. Martin, c G. Tattersall, b Wicks	0
Extras	4
Total	60

RIFON GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

A. Wood, b Foote	2
M. Neilan, c & b Field	2
G. Ryan, b Connor	69
C. Etches, c & b Connor	2
G. Tattersall, c Maynard, b Martin	8
G. Tattersall, c Byrne, b Foote	7
A. Wicks, b Foote	0
C. Jamieson, b Foote	0
W. Ellis, run out	4
J. Lishman, not out	3
A. Lister, c & b Connor	0
Extras	5
Total	102

Several of the Community and boys went to the Hovingham festival in the evening.

June 30. The usual play-day for the Ordinations was granted.

July 4. The Top class spent the day on the Derwent and rowed to Kirkham Abbey. A beautiful and pleasant day.

July 7. The July month-day. Return match with the community. Winning the toss, the eleven batted. Connor and Hayes as usual began the innings. The first wicket fell for 30 runs, and only nine had been added when Maynard fell a victim to an appeal at the wickets. Stourton joined Connor and brought up the score to 60. Connor, who had played a faultless innings, was joined by A. Byrne who stayed till lunch. After lunch, Connor had only added two more to his score, when he was unfortunately caught by a substitute. He only needed six to reach the "talent figure." Byrne hit out, scoring 22. Our innings reached the total of 127. The first

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wicket of the Religious fell for 18, but before the second fell the score had been taken to 57. The chief scorers were Fr. Bede who played a careful game for 37 runs, Fr. Anselm 18, Mr. McLaughlin 18, and Fr. Bernard 19. The Religious won by 11 runs.

AMPLEFORTH COLLEGE.

R. Connor, c sub. b Rev. Corbally	44
A. Hayes, b Rev. B. Hayes	15
E. Maynard, c B. Turner, b Rev. Corbally	5
Hon. E. Stourton, b Rev. S. Dawes	9
E. Weighill, c Rev. Dawes, b Rev. Darby	1
A. Byrne, b Rev. Darby	22
R. Dawson, lbw b Rev. A. Turner	6
W. Field, not out	8
A. Gateley, b Rev. Dawes	5
W. Foote, c Rev. B. Turner, b Rev. Dawes	0
C. Martin, c Rev. Corbally, b Rev. Dawes	12
Extras	—
Total	127

THE COMMUNITY.

Rev. B. Turner, run out	37
Rev. M. Powell, c Connor, b Foote	4
Rev. A. Turner, b C. Martin	18
Rev. P. Corbally, b C. Martin	1
Rev. B. Hayes, b E. Weighill	19
Mr. McLaughlin, c and b A. Hayes	18
Rev. K. Matthews, b Foote	3
Rev. S. Dawes, b Hayes	3
Rev. W. Darby, c and b Hayes	12
Rev. T. Rylance, not out	2
Rev. P. Willson, b Hayes	0
Extras	21
Total	138

July 11. Solemn Commemoration of St. Benedict. High Mass was sung at a quarter to nine. Set games were organized.

July 14. Match against Oliver's Mount, at home. The ground was in good condition and the wicket hard, and big scores were expected. The Mount batted first. Martin with the first ball of the second over dismissed their first man. The men who did most of the scoring were Dennis and Priestman who made respectively 36 and 40 not out. The remainder did little, the innings closing

with a total of 120. There was an hour and a quarter for us to knock off the runs. Connor and Hayes commenced and took the score to 32. Hayes was run out. Weighill was then sent in with orders to hit out. He commenced well, sending his first ball for four over the bowler's head, but when the score had reached 32 he was unfortunately run out. Maynard then joined Connor, but after only one more run had been scored, Connor, hit out at a ball and was bowled. Stourton came in, and runs were coming freely, when Maynard was dismissed by a shooter. Stourton was caught at square leg, and Quinn did not add to the score. Defeat seemed certain until Field and Gateley were together. Their orders were to play steadily, and they did so; nevertheless, whenever a run could be got they got it, and the score mounted from 77 to 106 before time stopped play. Gateley and Field were 20 not out, and 7 not out, respectively. Thanks to this excellent stand the game ended in a draw in our favour.

OLIVER'S MOUNT.

H. Flint, b Martin	1
E. Flint, c Hayes, b Martin	13
H. Dennis, c Maynard, b Field	36
S. Priestman, not out	0
J. Alexander, b Field	0
D. McCracken, lbw Field	0
E. Marriage c Hon. Stourton, b Field	2
E. Pailbury, run out	10
E. Culvert, c Maynard, b Martin	1
W. Naylor, b Martin	0
H. Earl, b Martin	4
Extras	13
Total	120

AMPLEFORTH COLLEGE.

R. Connor, b H. Flint	20
A. Hayes, run out	14
E. Weighill, run out	1
E. Maynard, b S. Priestman	2
Hon. E. Stourton, c Earl, b McCracken	13
C. Quinn, b Priestman	0
A. Gateley, not out	20

H. Crean, c Earl, b Priestman	7
W. Field, not out	7
Extras	9

Total for 7 wickets 106
To bat, W. Foote, and C. Martin.

Debates.

April 25. The Captain, Hon. E. Stourton, called the first meeting of the term to introduce his Government, and thank the school for placing their confidence in him.

June 27. A meeting was held to discuss a Bill, brought in by the Government, which dealt with the college uniform. Each clause of the Bill was hotly discussed, and an adjournment was twice necessary. Finally, the Bill was passed with amendments. The uniform chosen was a dark blue blazer with red cord, having the crest on the pocket with the letters A.C.C.C., inscribed beneath; a blue cap with device in red, and a red sash.

R. CONNOR.
E. MAYNARD.

Notes.

THE New Monastery was captured by assault on June 2nd. A forlorn hope, headed by Fr. Prior, took the enemy by surprise, and the British workman was compelled to retreat and intrench himself in the west gable. It was a brilliant action, and may be described as an attack in the rear. A few strong positions still remain in the hands of the enemy. But work in the trenches has been recommenced, and in a few months we may hear of the complete surrender of the place. The garrison is to be congratulated on its sturdy defence. Quarter was given—a few quarters of an hour—to such of the enemy as failed to retire in good time. No casualties are reported.

The rooms that are occupied look particularly bright and comfortable. The introduction of chairs, tables, etc., makes them appear loftier and more spacious. So far it is the time-honoured fittings of the old cells that have had to 'spread themselves out' to make the new accommodation. But through the kindness of friends most of the rooms will shortly be newly furnished.

Building operations have attracted more interest than at any time since the foundations began to show above the ground. Finishing touches always arouse our artistic interest and criticism. We do not care much, or perhaps know much, about how the thing is done, but we do like to stand erect on our "behind legs," as Uncle Remus would say, and tell everybody what we think of it when it is finished. At the private view, which is now going on, criticism is loudly favourable. Let us hope the public view at the exhibition will excite equal enthusiasm.

The cloister is to be laid with *terrazzo* and will be finished, at least in part, by the Exhibition. We are not grammarian enough, to speak authoritatively about the word, but, from what we have seen, we pronounce the thing inclinable.

The plumbers are busy in the innermost recesses of the round tower. We shall, doubtless have opportunities of pronouncing on the result of their labours later on.

Br. Andrew has succeeded in making the big boiler take a back seat in the kitchen garden. The gentle persuasion of an old acquaintance, the hydraulic jack, overcame the ponderous determination of the 'iron horse' to share quarters with its four-footed brethren. The dismantled portion of the stable will be changed into a coach house. Arrangements have been made which promise a great saving of labour in the coaling, and removing of ashes. The work of excavating the hill-side to allow the boiler to be shifted back was conducted with remarkable expedition, but not before some thunder showers had loosened the edges of the hole, and cast down a ton or two of earth upon the rising brick work. However, with all hands to the rescue, the damage was soon repaired and everything made secure.

The new laundry will 'wash' as the Americans say. It is a complete success.

Through the kindness of a correspondent, we are able to throw a little light on the question whether it was the Passionist Fathers or the Rosminians who gave the first "Mission" in this country. It will be remembered that the Rev. Father Pius Devine, in his recently published life of "Father Dominic", states that "Father Dominic was the first to give a regular mission in England"; and he goes on to say that his first "mission" was preached at Lane End (now Longton) in the Staffordshire Potteries, beginning on Passion Sunday, March 24, 1843, and ending on the following Sunday (p. 158). We have seen, however, extracts from letters, and from a diary kept at Loughborough, which prove beyond doubt that Fathers Gentili and Rinolfi, of the Congregation of Charity, gave an eight days "Mission" at Loughborough in the same year, from March 19, to March 26. It is true that Loughborough was the residence of these Fathers, and that "itinerant missions" were not begun till the following year. But that the Loughborough "exercises" were a real and genuine mission seems certain. It is curious that the two religious bodies should have begun this great and distinguishing work within a week of one another.

Although, according to this evidence, the first "missions" were given in 1843, yet it was not till the following year that they seem to have been taken up in any adequate sense by the clergy. In the summer of 1844, after the Ushaw retreat, the Earl of Shrewsbury,

the Rev. Dr. Weedall, of Leamington, the Rev. Dr. Tandy, of Banbury, the Rev. Mr. Tempest of Grantham, and the Rev. Dr. Appleton, O.S.B. of St. Mary's, Liverpool, all made independent application for a "mission." Two Rosminian Fathers probably Fathers Gentili and Furlong, at once went to Alton Towers, and from thence proceeded to Liverpool, and to other places. During the whole of 1844, the Passionist Fathers Dominic and Gaudentius seem to have been busy on their side, with "missions," and retreats, in the Midland district and in Manchester (*Life of Father Dominic*, p. 168).

We thank his Lordship Bishop Hedley, for the instructive article he has kindly sent to the *Journal*. We hope it will be as widely read and carefully considered as it ought to be. We thank also the rest of our contributors, and venture to hope Fr. Cummins may be able to continue the subject he has begun, and send us further chapters of the history of St. Lawrence's, at Dieulouard or in England.

We are sorry that we have been unable to furnish illustrations more directly connected with the history of Dieulouard. Such sketches as we possessed were used up in one of the numbers of the *Diary*. The drawings of portions of the Cathedral at Rheims will be of interest in connection with Archbishop Giffard, whom Fr. Cummins considers the founder of St. Lawrence's. We are still in hope that some day his portrait will be unearthed, and that we shall be able to reproduce it in the *Journal*.

The portrait of Fr. Baker, which we have reproduced, is from a steel engraving by W. Holl published in the *Laily's Directory* of 1836. Apparently it was made after the portrait now in the Refectory of St. Michael's, Belmont.

Our frontispiece has been etched with the help of one of the many excellent photographs Fr. Prior has taken of the College and grounds.

The drawing, for which we have to thank Mr. Bernard Smith, is a perspective of the design of the bell tower which will connect the West Gable block with the new Library. When completed, it will be the prettiest feature of the New Monastery.

The following extract is from the *Catholic Times*. It will serve to report progress.

HELMSLEY.—On the feast of Our Lady of Perpetual Succour, patroness of the diocese, there was a special afternoon service in this pretty little church of our Lady, erected three years ago by the generosity of Mr. A. F. Bateman. The announcement of the service caused much attention and interest in the neighbourhood, chiefly because there was to be Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament for the first time since the "Reformation." By the appointed time the church was well filled, the congregation being increased by several Catholics from Kirbymoorside and not a few non-Catholics of Helmsley and the neighbourhood. The service which began at 3-30, consisted of Rosary, which was briefly explained by Father Aelred Clarke, O.S.B., for the benefit of the non-Catholics present, sermon, and Benediction. The preacher, Father Cuthbert Jackson, O.S.B., taking for his text the words of St. Paul: "This is the will of God, your sanctification" (Thess. iv. 3) ably pointed out the chief works of God for man's salvation, and showed how important and necessary it is to co-operate with those means. The choir of St. Chad's, Kirbymoorside, most kindly lent their services and rendered valuable assistance under the conductorship of Mr. A. F. Bateman.

Dr. Porter is to be congratulated on the new alphabetical decorations which have been appended to his name. He has been made J.P. and Medical Officer of health. Also he has been elected on the Parish Council and been honoured with the title of Lieutenant Colonel Surgeon. We may be allowed to express our pleasure at this recognition of his many good qualities.

May we also be allowed to congratulate Canon Wade on his improved health, and to hope that Fr. Wilfrid Brown will recover, as rapidly, his usual strength and energy?

Fr. Cummins has wonderfully improved the appearance of St. Anne's, Edgehill, by a judicious lighting of the roof. Mr. Bernard Smith suggested the very simple and effective alterations.

Br. Stephen Dawes has returned from South Africa strong and well. He has busied himself usefully in tatooing the wood and

iron work of the Old Monastery. Br. Philip Willson has also returned and taken charge of the organ and choir.

Mr. Oberhoffer's clavier entertainment in the study convinced those who were present of the efficiency of the instrument in teaching pianoforte playing. The training of the memory, which is a part of the system, should have excellent results.

Drs. Philip Willson, Stephen Dawes and Thomas Noblett, were ordained deacons and Drs. Oswald Swarbrick, Benedict McLaughlin, Basil Primavesi, Theodore Rylance, Elphege Hind, and Maurus Powell, subdeacons, on the Feast of SS. Peter and Paul.

Our thanks are due to the Ampleforth Society and to Messrs. Penney and Raby, for the encouragement they gave to the Athletic Sports and Cricket by gifts of money and prizes.

The authorities at Oxford have come to a conclusion about our house in the University, which at first sight seems disappointing. They declare that it is contrary to the statutes that undergraduates should occupy a private house, which is not either a licensed lodging house or a private hall. It is true that an exception is made in regard to members of the University residing with their parents, but when we urged the plea that the priest at the head of our house stood 'in loco parentis' to the rest of the household, they did not fall in with this view. Accordingly a notice came to Fr. Prior last month that the permission to reside at 103 Woodstock Road, which had been granted for the present academical year, would not be renewed in October, and the intimation was given that, in any arrangement we might suggest to meet the difficulty, it would be necessary to have a master of Arts of the University at the head of the house. Not having a member of our own familia who enjoyed that distinction, Fr. Prior and the council came to the conclusion, that, sooner than see the Oxford settlement nipped so early in the bud, it would be advisable to secure the services of some M.A., who was not a member of our body. Application, accordingly, was made to the Abbot of Fort Augustus, and he kindly consented to 'lend' us Fr. Oswald Hunter-Blair to tide over the present difficulty. However, not even a master of Arts can open a private hall, unless he has been residing for a

certain time within the precincts of the University, and so there was a further delay for a short time. The conclusion of the affair is that the permission for us to reside in a private house is granted for another year on this condition, that at the expiration of that time application is made to open a private hall, and provided further, that the house be under the charge of Fr. Hunter-Blair during the year. We think the friends of Ampleforth would be disappointed, if, for any reason, we had to sever our connection with the University, and that they will be glad to hear that a solution of the chief difficulty has been found.

The MS. life of Fr. Baker which has been begun in this number, has been transcribed at Oxford by Br. Elphege Hind. It is plainly by one of our old Benedictine Fathers, and might have been attributed to Fr. Serenus Cressy but for the fact that a word for word quotation from this life, used by Father Cressy, is put by him within inverted commas.

Perfect hay weather has produced one of the best crops ever known. But, though Mr. Perry is in clover, he is not altogether happy. The foundation of a really satisfactory harvest is the 'roots'. And these have not been favoured by the weather.

The new greenhouse makes goodly show with its 150 healthy tomato plants. The rich fruit is not a profitable investment from a procuratorial point of view. But it may be reckoned as an asset from the point of view of the negro who thought it no harm to eat his master's chickens, because 'if there was less chicken, there was more nigger.'

Why is it that when a batsman gets out he always declares the bowling easy? We have come to the conclusion, that what our eleven wants is an easy bowler. Some of our adversaries this season seemed to find our difficult bowling a pleasant nut to crack. The season has not been a bad one, but with batting superior to that of many previous years, we ought to have done better. The fielding, though smart at times, was never thoroughly reliable.

An article in the number of the "Downside Review" reminds us that we have no record of the history of our portrait of the Ven. Oliver Plunkett. It is on canvas and identical in design with the one recently transferred to the National Gallery in Dublin by the

trustees of the National Portrait Gallery, London. There are slight variations in drawing, as if the one was a not very careful copy of the other, and the Ampleforth painting is larger in size. Can any of our readers tell us how and when this painting came into our possession?

Mr. Maurus Powell has painted new wings and rearranged the scenery for the Merchant of Venice. Fr. Cuthbert Jackson has continued the preparation of the play begun by the late Subprior.

The Hovingham Festival this year was honoured by the presence of Herr Joachim, the celebrated violinist, who played at each of the performances. The little country town, and Canon Hudson the conductor have reason to be proud of the success of their work.

Rain in the earlier months and cricket fixtures afterwards prevented the customary picnic at Goremire this year. We hope that this will not lead to its discontinuance.

Mr. Granville Ward has paid us a short visit, and left behind him a handsome donation to the new buildings.

We congratulate C. Quinn on passing his first Examination as a Solicitor. Our best wishes to Mr. Thomas Cooper-Clarke on occasion of his marriage to Mary Josephine Burke of Bessels Green, Sevenoaks.

We are pleased to hear that Fr. Leo Almond, who has been suffering from the after-effects of Influenza has recovered his usual health.

We ask the prayers of our readers for Fr. Benedict Rowley and Fr. Bernard Saunders, lately deceased. Both, though members of the Douai familia, were directly connected with St. Lawrence's; Fr. Rowley by passing some years of his boyhood there, Fr. Saunders by acting as Sub-prior and Professor of Theology. The story of their sudden death is well known. May they rest in peace.

We beg to acknowledge receipt of the following Magazines: the *Downside Review*, the *Douai Magazine*, the *Ushaw Magazine*, the *Raven*, the *Stonyhurst Magazine*, the *Ratcliffian*, the *Beaumont Review*, the *Revue Benedictine*, the *Abbey Student*, the *Harvest*, the *Barda*, the *St. Augustine's Ramsgate*, the *St. Bede*, Illinois and the *Bulletin de Saint Martin*, Lign  .

The New Monastery.

BEATISSIMO PADRE,

Il Priore del Monastero Benedettino di Ampleforth in Inghilterra, prostrato al bacio del S. Piede umilmente implora la S. Vostra, di voler benignamente concedere la Benedizione Apostolica, a tutti i Benefattori che hanno contribuito alla fabbrica del Nuovo Monastero. Che della grazia, &c.

E  mus D. N. Leo Papa XIII. benedictionem Apostolicam impertivit.

Ex Aedibus Vaticanis, die Julii 7, 1894

   J. Archiepiscopus Nicomedensis.

(Translation.)

Most Holy Father,

The Prior of the Benedictine Monastery of Ampleforth in England, kissing your Sacred Feet, humbly implores your Holiness to graciously grant the Apostolic blessing to all the Benefactors who contribute to the building of the New Monastery.

His Holiness Pope LEO XIII. has granted the Apostolic blessing.

Given at the Vatican, July 7, 1894.

   J. Archbishop of Nicomedia.

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Thomas Ainscough, Esq.	1	0	0
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Per Very Rev. P. M. Anderson (a legacy)	200	0	0
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PART II.

The Fathers of the Desert.

It is a great pleasure to have the opportunity of giving some account of the admirable work in textual and historical criticism done by Dom Cuthbert Butler, O.S.B., in a volume recently published.*

There are, I fear, some of the readers of the *Ampleforth Journal* who do not know even by name the "Lausiaca History of Palladius" (*Palladii Historia Lausiaca*). All, however, have, at some time or other, read about the Fathers of the Desert. Picturesque anecdotes of these monks and hermits have not unfrequently brightened the hours prescribed to unappreciative youth for "spiritual reading," and wise sayings, deep views and solid rules of spirituality, derived from the same source, have enriched the ascetical literature of the West from the days of St. Benedict downwards.

The work of Palladius which Dom Butler has taken for his subject is not the only source of our knowledge of the Desert saints. In most libraries there is found a thick and heavy tome, called "*Vitæ Patrum*." It is a collection of nearly all that has come down to us from the days of Paul and Anthony, Pachomius, Ammon and Macarius. Its

* *The Lausiaca History of Palladius.* By Dom Cuthbert Butler. Cambridge, The University Press, 1898. (Vol. vi. of the Cambridge "Texts and Studies.")

compiler and illustrator is the celebrated Jesuit, Herbert Rosweyd, of Utrecht. This able and learned critic, the predecessor and pioneer of the Bollandists, found a worthy and powerful patron in Anthony de Winghe, Abbot of Liessies. There had always been close ties between Liessies and the Society since the time that the Venerable Blossius, Abbot of that monastery, divining the possibilities which lay hidden in St. Ignatius's great idea, had intervened with the Spanish Government of the Netherlands in their favour, and had adopted the "Exercises" in his own community. It was with Abbot de Winghe's material assistance that Rosweyd was able to bring out his book, the second title of which is *De vita et verbis Seniorum Libri X. auctoribus suis et notis pristino restituti ac Notationibus illustrati*. "Ten Books of the life and words of the ancients, restored to their true authors, set forth in their original purity, and illustrated with annotations." It was first printed at Plantin's press at Antwerp in 1615; other editions were not long in following. It was either this first Antwerp edition, or perhaps more probably the Lyons reprint of two years later, that St. Francis of Sales had before him when, in writing a sermon for the third Sunday of Advent (Dec. 13, 1620), he refers to what he calls "un beau trait que j'ay leu avec plaisir *ès Vies des Pères* tout fraîchement imprimées; l'auteur les a recueillies fort curieusement et soigneusement."^{*}

The following is a brief recapitulation of the contents of the *Vita Patrum*:-

Book I. consists of Lives by various authors, such as St. Jerome's Life of St. Paul the first hermit, St. Athanasius's Life of St. Anthony, &c. This is by far the longest book.

Books II., III. give the *Historia Monachorum* of Rufinus of Aquileia.

Book IV. contains various excerpts from the first Dialogue of Sulpicius Severus, and from the works of Cassian.

^{*} *Chavree*, Mackey's edition, ix, 429.

Book V. consists of eighteen sections, by what author is not known, of the most delightful short anecdotes and sayings of the Fathers; a book which is probably more quoted than any of the others.

Book VI. is a repetition of part of Book V. in a different Latin version.

Book VII. is another collection of anecdotes and sayings translated by the Roman Deacon Paschasius.

Book VIII. gives us the *Lausiac History* itself; that is, the "pilgrimage" or journeyings of Palladius, Bishop of Helenopolis.

Book IX. is a collection of lives, called *Philothens*, by Theodoret Bishop of Cyr.

Book X. is the well known *Pratum Spirituale*, or Spiritual Meadow, of John Moschus.

In an appendix, Rosweyd prints two other versions, or recensions of the *Lausiac History*, one of which is some times called *Heraclidis Paradisus*, or the Garden of Heraclides.

It is therefore with Book VIII. of Rosweyd's collection that Dom Butler's Essay is chiefly concerned. It is a goodly volume of some 300 pp.; but it only represents half the task to which he has addressed himself. His purpose is to edit a critical text of the *Historia*, and also to annotate the text in such a manner as to throw light both on the ancient Egyptian monachism and on its connection with the monastic systems of the West. The present volume is chiefly taken up with an inquiry into the interesting questions of the true original text of Palladius, of its authenticity as the work of a contemporary, and of its historical value.

Palladius was a Greek of Galatia, who saw many vicissitudes and visited many lands, at the end of the fourth century and the beginning of the fifth. He was made Bishop of Helenopolis (in Bithynia) in the year 400; but between that date and 417 he must have seen very little

of his episcopal see, for he became involved in the fortunes of St. John Chrysostom, travelled to Rome, was banished to Africa and lived some time in Palestine on the Mount of Olives. After 417 he appears to have been left in peace, and it was about 420 that he wrote his history, which takes its name from being dedicated to the Prefect Lausus. Palladius appears in the pages of St. Jerome as a heretic. Weighty writers, however, with whom Dom Butler agrees, think that St. Jerome was mistaken in classing Palladius among those Origenists whom the holy doctor denounced so indiscriminately. At all events, there is nothing in the history which affords any grounds for doubting his orthodoxy—and, for the rest, it is full of piety, simplicity and spirituality. And when we recall that he was an intimate and trusted friend of St. John Chrysostom, we are the less surprised at the sterling qualities of his work.

The principal achievement of Dom Butler in the present volume is to have settled beyond mistake the original text of the History. Textual criticism is only dry to those who have no taste for literature at all. If a book has a career, if it has been often copied in olden times, and often reprinted in later, if it has attracted the attention of the compiler and the adapter, and, most of all, if it has become in any sense of the word popular, its text is sure to have suffered dislocation and disfiguration. There can be nothing more interesting, to anyone who possesses the requisite sense, than to hunt out among many versions or recensions that which was first and original; to recognize additions, to supply *lacunæ*, to correct mistakes by showing how they arose, to throw the light of comparison and of recent discovery on the mechanical work of the ancient scribe; above all, to enjoy the blissful chance of finding a hitherto unknown MS. I need not say that a book, in order to be worth dissecting, must be a real book. It must be a book which has a real human interest. It must represent strong ideas, and be related to the history

of mind and the fates of mankind. It must be a transcript of some intellect or heart which the world has recognized among its teachers—or it must have been taken up by the intelligences and the hearts of more than one generation as something that they would not willingly let die. On a book of this kind the new critical science which was born in the middle of the sixteenth century, which grew so strong in the seventeenth and eighteenth under the hands of Bollandists and Maurists, and which has now developed into such exact and fruitful methods, may be employed not only with profit, but with a keen sense of that pleasure which always attends the investigation and discovery of what is precious.

The conclusion to which Dom Butler has come, after a most minute, shrewd, and exhaustive analysis, is that the real genuine original text of Palladius is that version which is printed by Rosweyde in his Appendix, and which is called the *Paradisus* (or Garden) of Heraclides. Thus, the version printed by Rosweyde in the body of his work—Book VIII. as described above—is not by Palladius at all. Dom Butler describes it as a clumsy compilation. When we look at it closely we see that it is made up from two distinct sources; first, it virtually incorporates the *Paradisus*, secondly, it adds to it and fuses with it the *Historia Monachorum* of Rufinus. The process of fusion has been so unskillfully done that this unfortunate version is full of anachronisms, contradictions, doublings, and confusion of various kinds. When St. Paul the simple is received by St. Anthony, he is described by the *Paradisus* as fasting four days; in Rufinus it is stated that he fasts eight; but the version here spoken of adds the two numbers together and makes him fast for twelve. Paul is represented as being sent into the desert twice; and other trials imposed by St. Anthony are similarly duplicated. Dom Butler prints at full length, in parallel columns, the triple history of Paul; that is, the account given by the

Paradisi and by Rufinus respectively and the fabric woven out of the two by our version, and to anyone who takes the trouble to study the matter, there cannot be a shade of doubt that the version is made up of the other two. Two other demonstrations of the same kind are given to the reader. It is shown, further, how Or of Nitria and Hor of Lycopolis are turned into a single individual, and how our version makes a feeble effort to change a word or two in order to remove glaring contradictions but leaves deeper inconsistencies wholly untouched. When it makes Or, on a single occasion, wash the feet of *seven thousand monks*, we begin to understand why some modern critics have protested against Palladius as an historian.

Having made two men into one, our version attempts to restore the balance by making one man into two. This was Ammonius, the oldest of the "Four Tall Brothers," who cut his ear off in order to prevent his consecration as Bishop. Finally, whereas the *Paradisi* has its epilogue and Rufinus also gives a perfectly natural conclusion to his narrative, our version, in order to be perfectly regular, adopts the two, and produces them one after the other, with a ludicrous misconception of the fitness of things. Hence, as Dom Butler sums up:—

It is certainly a matter of surprise, that a text thus teeming with palpable corruptions of all kinds, should not only have passed muster up to the present, but should in our day have been defended as genuine even by such critics as Weingarten, Lucius, and Zöckler." (p. 44.)

The latter portion of the excellent study now before me is chiefly taken up with the subject of Palladius's veracity. Here the author has to enter the lists against such critics as the three just named. Weingarten maintains that the History is only a novel, or romance, of the sort called "Tendenzschrift"—composed for the edification of the pious people of that day. Dr. Lucius considers Palladius

"a monkish falsifier of history." Dr Zöckler, in the great Protestant Theological Encyclopædia which goes under the name of Herzog, does not by any means go as far as these two; he admits Palladius to be, on the whole, genuine and historical, but thinks that he has largely added, out of his own imagination, both the miraculous element which so strongly prevails in the work, and that colouring which contributes to render it so life-like and fascinating. It is in a similar spirit of depreciation of Christian traditions that the Anglican Dean Farrar, speaking of the life of St. Anthony by St. Athanasius, says, in his *Lives of the Fathers*, "I must reluctantly acknowledge a deepening uncertainty about any single fact in the life of Anthony."

The proof that any given work is historical and authentic, and not fiction, legend, or romance, must always be chiefly of a negative character; it must largely consist in the solution of difficulties and in the answering of objections. Dom Butler gives all the positive argument of which the matter is susceptible. He takes Palladius's chronology, his topography and his geography; he considers the character of his treatise, and compares it with contemporary facts; and he gives his view of the difficulties arising from the miracles.

Chronology is generally a test that is fatal to the forger. If he gives one or two dates, he is found out; if he gives none, he is quickly regarded with more than suspicion. Dom Butler shows in a very striking series of collations that the chronology of Palladius holds well together. One convincing proof of the writer's accuracy is afforded by the comparison of the dates given in the Lausiaca History with those which we find in the *Historia Monachorum* of Rufinus, so often referred to. These works are admirably adapted to check one another, for they are demonstrably independent, they both cover to some extent the same biographies, and neither of them shrinks from giving notes

of time. It is a decisive proof of the historical character of Palladius's work that no important error is to be found in his dates.

It is next shown that his geography and topography are completely accurate. The eminent French critic, M. Amélineau, who has produced a standard work on the geography of Christian Egypt, assures us that there can be no doubt that Palladius knew the country by personal acquaintance. The local descriptions of the "deserts" of Nitria and Scete are clearly from the hand of one who had seen them; the journey from Alexandria to Nitria is given with equal fidelity, and the incidental "notes" relating to the sea-shore about five miles from Alexandria, with the scattered stones, the "wells" and the adder, as set down in the story of Dorotheus the Theban, clearly prove that he knew the district perfectly.

Moreover, the general history of the times and the conditions of life at the period are shown to agree well with all that Palladius writes. The monks are human beings, not angels. They work miracles, but they have their trials and temptations. They perform extraordinary fasts and penances, but we know from many other sources that such things did actually and frequently occur. It is a curious fact, and one which tells strongly in favour of the historian's accuracy, that in describing the austerities of the Fathers of the Desert, he never mentions scourgings, chains, or any instances of that kind of penance which consists in pain directly inflicted on the skin—but only privation of food, drink, sleep, &c., exposure to cold and heat, enclosure, silence, watching, wandering in the desert, and similar natural, as distinguished from artificial, penances. (p. 188.)

The question of miracles, it need not be said, is one which covers a much wider area than the Lausiak History. There are some stories in Palladius which are no doubt apocryphal, and many which argue excessive credulity; and the corruptions of the current text account for one

or two extraordinary assertions. But the History, in its record of the miraculous, differs in no degree from innumerable other documents which are recognized to be fairly authentic even by the severest critics. Dom Butler only indirectly faces the question whether we are to believe in the extraordinary stories we find in the *Vite Patrum*. He thinks that by a proper exercise of the "historical imagination" we can place ourselves at the point of view taken by Palladius. "The Copts lived in an atmosphere of the supernatural; they expected miracles at every turn; they believed with avidity whatever wonders were suggested to them." (pp. 192, 3.) Palladius, besides that he belonged to a credulous age, was strongly affected by the local Egyptian atmosphere. He may have been easily taken in, or been highly unsuspecting and imaginative. Dom Butler lets it be clearly seen that he does not think that either Catholicism or Christianity in general should prevent our discussing any given miracle in Palladius simply and purely on its own merits. What he is concerned to show is that the presence in the History of so much that is miraculous is no proof whatever that the author did not write in good faith, and throws no doubt upon his witness as to other facts. The parallel case of St. Augustine would alone suffice to establish this. Had Dom Butler been writing for any purpose except cold criticism, he would have probably insisted, with Cardinal Newman, that an *à priori* incredulity as to ecclesiastical miracles is a fault; that if we believe that, as Christians, we are living under an extraordinary and supernatural dispensation, "we shall in mere consistency be disposed to treat even the report of miraculous occurrences with seriousness, from our faith in a present power adequate to their production;" nay, "we shall feel that, after the Incarnation, no miracle can be great, nothing strange or marvellous, nothing beyond expectation." *

* The Miracles of early Ecclesiastical History, ch. iv.

There is a very thoughtful "epilogue" to the volume before us, in which the writer treats of the influence of the Egyptian monachism on that of Western Europe, and of the characteristic differences between them. It is to be hoped that he will go into this subject more fully on a future occasion. But, in the meantime, it is only just to say, that the rapid sketch given at pp. 245-250 is new, at least to English readers. It is not easy, without a precise study of the *Vita Patrum* and the early Oriental monastic Rules, to understand how truly the Rule of St. Benedict was, to use a much abused word, epoch-making. Dom Butler demonstrates that the "note" of the Benedictine revolution was not precisely that of "stability." Perhaps indeed he makes too little of this Benedictine element; for it would appear clearly that the irrevocable devotion of the monk to the monastic life, as distinguished against what might be called, in the desert, a perpetual novitiate, was strongly, if gradually, emphasized in the Benedictine constitutions—in the solemnity of the vows, and in the establishment of *clausura*. But no doubt the chief results were obtained from the two principles on which he lays stress, viz., the elimination of austerity, and the insistence on community life. To speak of austerity being "eliminated" from the rule of St. Benedict may seem somewhat surprising. But what is meant is, that the austerity of the Egyptian monks was both extreme and unregulated. The idea seemed to be that a monk was no monk unless he tried natural endurance to the very limits of possibility—in fasting, watching, solitude, and silence. This crude idea was doubtless, as we see in Cassian, corrected by the wise councils of the desert; but in the desert discretion was the gift of a spiritual man, under St. Benedict it was the character of a Rule. St. Benedict gave his monks "proper clothes, sufficient food, ample sleep; he reduced the time of prayer, and discouraged private venture in asceticism." I am inclined to add, that he substituted

"rule" for unregulated fervour, thereby the better ensuring perseverance, and obviating that self-seeking and self-applause which, in ancient times as in our own days, is the rock on which so much asceticism goes to pieces. What a real revolution he effected in Europe is well brought out by Dom Butler. The early monasticism of Gaul, as we can see from the account given by Sulpicius Severus of St. Martin's monasteries, was the monasticism of the Egyptian desert. The monasticism of Lerins was just the same—solitude, prolonged fasts, sleepless vigils, prayer that turned night into day and was not content without ecstasies and wonders, and grotesque forms of self mortification. The Celtic monks of Ireland and the British Isles, whose organization was very loose and vague, imitated, if they did not excel, the Egyptian solitaries in their extraordinary austerities. As for Italy, although no wide spread Rule seems to have prevailed in the sixth century, yet we trace, in all the monastic settlements, of which we have any account, the strong inspiration of such documents as Cassian's works, the *Historia Monachorum*, the Rule of Macarius, and others like these. This was the state of things in the West when St. Benedict wrote his Rule. And one comes to understand, from a study of this kind, what St. Gregory meant when he said that the distinction of St. Benedict's Rule was its "discretion."

I know that I have very imperfectly indicated the solid learning of this book, or shown its interest and utility. The writer deserves, and will receive, the congratulations of his brethren, as he has already had the applause and approval of the academical authorities of Cambridge University. I foresee that the result of the work, when completed, will be to put on solid ground the most important documentary monuments of monasticism at the time which immediately preceded St. Benedict, and so to illustrate that most interesting subject—the "origins" of St. Benedict himself. What did he find? Who were the

fathers and masters of his spirit? What was there in Rome that he took with him to Subiaco? What echoes of the Pauls and the Macariuses, of St. Athanasius and St. Basil, were heard at Monte Cassino? These are questions worthy of being treated by a scholar and a monk.

✠ J. C. H.

The Poetry of the Bible.

WE speak of the literature of Greece and Rome and Scandinavia, and of all the countries of the world which have seen a civilized period, yet in speaking of the Hebrew race we are apt to forget their literature. Their literature is summed up in the Bible, and the mission of the Bible, so lofty and divine; its origin so great and supernatural makes us forget that it might be viewed as the literature of a nation, with characteristics of nationality and individuality such as the works of other nations have. The Bible has its own distinct characteristics of thought and treatment; of illustration and expression considered apart from the sacred inspiration of its origin. It is perhaps the grandest body of literature existing.

Now, I think it is very important to study the Sacred Scriptures from this point of view. I do not mean, as some have suggested, that they should be used in the school room side by side with Homer and Virgil for the liberal education of youth.* Such a suggestion is open to objections. But I mean that a literary study of the Bible will help very much to a just appreciation of the Bible; will help us to penetrate its meaning; will throw light on many difficulties; and will largely help to that familiarity and love

* Moulton. *Literary Study of the Bible*, 1896, Preface.

of the book which, for reasons deeper than literary excellence, should be ours.

In the Sacred Scriptures, as in other ancient writings, we notice that they are in great part poetic. It would seem that the primitive form of literature was song. The primitive imagination is vivid, fresh and fervid. Its speech is full of figure, personification, striking and emotional phrase. Even serious history and most valued ethics were enshrined in song. This appears in the Vedas of India, the Iliad of Homer, the Sagas of the North. We find the same in the primitive writings of the Hebrews, which, we may add, are the primitive writings of the world. The breathing of the Holy Spirit through the human instrument makes sacred the tone and ensures the correctness of harmony, but does not take away either the general features of genius, or particular features of individual minds. These clothe their thoughts in prose or poetry; show a style florid and involved, or terse and clear; manifest strength or weakness, sternness or tenderness, richness or simplicity. The Word was made Flesh, and His limbs grew weary sometimes on the roads of Palestine; sleep oppressed Him; tears stained His cheeks. Sometimes beauty and majesty flashed from His eyes and His voice spoke with power. So here the word divine is found in human garb, and why should we fear to say it shows the changeful variety which belongs to all human things?

We may say the Sacred Writings throughout are poetical in diction and mode of treatment. The figurativeness of the style is highly imaginative; its direct simplicity most expressive and emotional; its graphic detail of description quite dramatic. We must recognize that, though the Hebrews wrote on matters so lofty, yet they did not neglect purposely to adorn their style; sometimes indeed with all the wealth of Eastern imagery. Like other poets they avoid the common-place, seek elegance of expression; oftentimes, perhaps, leaning towards the archaic; they use

bold construction, striking metaphor, ellipsis, dramatic setting. Take a verse, one from a multitude, and you will see how far removed it is from ordinary speech. "O Lord my God Thou art clothed with majesty and honour, Thou deckest Thyself with light, as with a garment; and spreadest out the heavens like a curtain." (Ps. civ.) How forcible is the simple narrative of the creative act: "God said, Be light made, and light was made." The very brevity of the sentence realizes the facility, in things most wonderful, of God's Almighty power. In the description of Elias and the prophets of Baal (3 Kings, xviii.) how dramatic is the following!

"They called upon the name of Baal from morning even till noon, saying, 'O Baal hear us!' But there was no voice, nor any that answered. Elias jested at them saying, 'Cry with a louder voice for he is a God, and perhaps he is talking, or is in an inn, or on a journey, or perhaps he is asleep and must be waked!' So they cried with a loud voice, and after their manner cut themselves with knives; and there was no voice, nor did anyone answer! Elias said to the people: Come ye unto me! and he said: 'Hear me O Lord, hear me! that this people may learn Thou art the Lord God!' Then the fire of the Lord fell and consumed the holocaust." The passage gives us too, an illustration of the lively and vigorous satire of a prophet of Israel in those ancient days.

Sometimes the poetic mode of treatment is more extended in the way it characterises the Scripture narrative. Look at the story of Ruth! Is it not a beautiful prose poem, a touching pastoral? It is a story enshrined in the Hebrew traditions and culled from them by the Prophet Samuel or some other, under the impulse of the Holy Ghost, to record the genealogy of David, to speak to us of the ancestors of Christ, and show us the reward of faithful love. The framework of the record, that will always rest upon the world's imagination, is the field of Boaz, golden with the

early barley harvest; the glowing sun upon it tempered by the fall of evening; the song of the reapers, the sweep of the sickles through the air; Ruth among the sheaves gleaning behind them,—Ruth, the faithful and affectionate, who stuck close to her mother-in-law, the desolate Noemi. Such is the picture through which God has been pleased to unfold to us the high mystery of His Providence!

I should think there are no writings more remarkable for poetic treatment than the Sacred Scriptures, and, if we are to believe Herder, the Hebrew language is especially adapted for it. The Hebrew language, he says, has qualities which make it the most suitable of all languages for poetry. Not that it is rich in words or expressions, but any poverty here is compensated by force of figure, and the energy and loftiness with which an idea is clothed. It has few abstract terms, but the more profusely therefore does its use call forth concrete illustration, allegory, personification. It has too a capacity for that musical rhythm which in some form or other is so recognized a part of poetic composition.

When, however, I say the Bible is in great part poetic, I mean more than this remarkable style of it. I mean that this rhythmical capacity of the Hebrew tongue is largely called into use, that many portions of the Book are written according to fixed rules of poetic art. Besides poetic genius to create, there is much poetic art to express that genius;—art intricate and refined;—wonderful to find at so early a date. Some of it far earlier than Homer, nearly all of it earlier than the great Greek tragedians. That this art was used profanely we know from references in Sacred Scripture. For example, in Isaiah (xxiii. 16,) we read: "Take a harp, go about the city, thou harlot, sing well, sing many a song that thou mayest be remembered." We find, too, fragments of songs of war and of triumph recorded, which will have had further develop-

ment and preservation in some ancient books now lost to us.

All the Hebrew poetry, however, that remains to us is sacred, and doubtless, since the Hebrews were a Theocratic and religious people, their literature, in the main, was centred round heroes who were sacred, and a theme which was divine.

The books of the Sacred Scripture, which are in strict sense called the poetical books, are Wisdom, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, Ecclesiasticus, Job, and the Psalms. To these may be added the Lamentations of Jeremias, and the Prophecies of Isaías, since according to some authorities, save for the amount of some half-dozen chapters, the whole book is poetic in form. Poems moreover are scattered through the other books of Sacred Scripture, and in the earlier books they have a special interest if only for the sake of their antiquity. The closing pages of this paper I will devote to some remarks on the poems of the Mosaic books. First, however, a few words on the Hebrew poetic art. Rhythm is of the essence of poetic form. It is fashioned on various principles. On quantity, as in Greek and Latin; on accent, as in English; or on the number merely of the syllables, as in French. Whether the Hebrews had rhythm formed on such principles is doubtful. Some authorities say their writings were thus arranged in metre, some say not. There the controversy rests. Nor can we conclude that they used rhyme. Neither metre nor rhyme is requisite to make Hebrew poetry a fine art. The Bible is not a work of imagination to be turned and played with, and fitted to the softer cadences of metre and rhyme. Its truths, rugged and grand, piercing and deep, are better, we may surmise, left untrammelled by them. Rhythm is capable of the greatest excellence without them. There is a kind of rhythm which though it will distinctly appeal to the ear, yet primarily appeals to the mind, and therefore a rhythm of a higher kind than that

of sound merely. This is the rhythm we find in the Sacred Scriptures. It is less dependent on a language, hence more easily preserved through versions as they clothe themselves in varying tongues; hence it is a characteristic the stability of which—Divine Providence sweetly disposing all things—has enabled the Bible to keep, in its passage through the ages, salient features of its original form, though certainly impaired. This rhythm consists in harmony of sentence and idea arranged in certain parallelisms. It is the characteristic of poetic form in the Hebrew writers. It is used also in Assyrian, Chaldean and Egyptian literature but is emphatically Hebrew. With Synonyms, Antithesis and Synthesis, the variety, beauty and force of arrangement in these 'parallelisms' is very wonderful. It would take long to examine into this art and I will not attempt it here. It is easily recognized and its power felt when we have examples before us. I will just give two simple examples:

(Ps. xxi.) "The Lord is my light and my salvation.
Whom shall I fear?
The Lord is the Protector of my life,
Of whom shall I be afraid?
If armies in camp stand against me,
My heart shall not fear.
If they shall rise up in battle against me,
In this will I hope."

(Ps. xxxvi.) "I saw the impious exalted,
Exalted like the Cedars of Libanus.
I passed by and lo! he stood not;
I sought him and he was no more!"

Now let us turn from the Hebrew art to the Hebrew poet, around whose name what we have most ancient of song centres, viz., Moses. A special importance from a literary point of view attaches to the poems he has left us. He is the father of Hebrew poetry. From him we learn

the spirit of the art of those far off days, for he was educated in all the wisdom of the Egyptians; all of art that there was Moses had;—surely the art of music and poetry, since, according to Philo, he was the instructor of Orpheus. Some of the canticles contained in the Mosaic books doubtless passed down to Moses through tradition, yet it can scarcely be but that his hand polished and fashioned them to his special art and genius. Others are entirely, under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, the outpouring of his own soul, and have the peculiar interest of reflecting his own individuality. I will speak first of those indirectly Mosaic.* Perhaps the oldest fragment of song is found in the fourth chapter of Genesis. It is sung by Lamech the father of Tubal Cain. Tubal Cain was an artificer in brass and iron; We may call him an armoured, and some critics have called this the 'Song of the Sword.' Lamech, exulting in the weapons his son has forged, and the strength of them, defies vengeance although he had slain a man. The text is obscure but it illustrates the Hebrew art—

"Adah and Zillah hear my voice,
Ye wives of Lamech hearken to my speech;
Surely I slay a man for wounding me,
And a young man for bruising me:
If Cain shall be avenged sevenfold
Then Lamech seventy and sevenfold."

† We have a poem again in Genesis xlix. It is the prophetic blessing, and I might say cursing, which the patriarch Jacob spoke over his sons. Gathering his

* It will be noticed that I speak of Moses as the author of these writings without regard to controversy,—the question does not affect the aim of this paper. In my quotation of text I have not always followed the Douai Version, nor the Vulgate.

† In these other quotations I have not given the complete text but sufficient to illustrate the poems referred to.

strength together, and calling his sons around him, he sat up in bed, and said;

"Assemble yourselves and hear ye sons of Jacob,
And hearken to Israel, your father."

Then, though dying, he spoke with the stern severity of an Eastern chieftain his curse on Simeon and Levi, for he knew their lives to be evil;

"Simeon and Levi are brothers,
Vessels of iniquity waging war.
Let not my soul be in their counsel,
Nor my glory be in their assembly.
Cursed be their rage, for it was strong,
And their wrath for it was cruel.
I will divide them in Jacob,
And scatter them in Israel.

Next he lengthens out his words in triumphant admiration over Judah. In his line he sees, by prophetic vision, the Hope of Israel and the Expectation of the world.

"Judah is a lion's whelp;
From the prey, my son, thou art gone up.
The sceptre shall not be taken from Judah,
Nor the leader's staff from between his feet.
Dark flash his eyes as wine,
And white are his teeth as milk!"

He hurries over Dan and Gad and Asher and Nephtali—of Nephtali he says;

"Nephtali is a tall terebinth tree,
Putting forth beauteous branches." (Septuagint.)

He hurries over them, to dwell with tenderness on the son of his old age, his favourite Joseph.

"Joseph is a young fruit tree,
A young fruit tree by a fountain.
The God of thy fathers shall help thee,
God, the Almighty shall bless thee,

With blessings of Heaven above,
 Blessings of the deep, that coucheth beneath,
 Blessings of the breast and of the womb;
 Let them come on the head of Joseph,
 On the crown of the prince among his brethren!"

When he had thus blessed, and prophesied, and finished speaking, Jacob's 'gathered up his feet into the bed'—and died.

We have another poem in the Book of Numbers. Chapters xxiii. and xxiv. It comes to us through the mouth of Balaam the prophet, the son of Beor, from among the children of Ammon; he was contemporary with Moses. The setting of the poem is highly dramatic. Balak, son of Zippor, King of Moab, sent his nobles to bid Balaam to him to curse the people of Israel coming up from Egypt. For the love of gain, against his conscience, Balaam listened, and followed them. In the morning Balak led him up the mountain, to the high places of Baal. Thence he could see just the fringe of the Israelitish people. The burnt offerings lay on the altar of Baal: the princes of Moab were there. Looking down upon the plain, the prophet, constrained by the spirit of God rather than his own will, began his Rhythm and said:

"From Aram has Balak brought me,
 The King of Moab from the mountains of the East,
 Come, curse me Jacob;
 And come, rage against Israel!
 How shall I curse, whom Jehovah has not cursed?
 And how shall I rage against him with whom Jehovah is
 not enraged?
 From the top of the rocks I see him,
 And from the hills I behold him.
 Who has counted the dust of Jacob,
 Or counted the fourth part of Israel!"

Balak exclaims, 'I took thee to curse and thou hast

blessed. Come with me to another place whence thou mayest curse them.' They tread the steep pathway still higher up the mountain. Both are silent. Balak with darkened brow and face flushed with anger. Balaam wondering at the strange impulse within him. The princes of Moab follow gloomy and troubled. A second time the burnt offerings lie upon the altar; the princes stand by, and Balaam beholding beneath part, not all, of Israel, still utters no curse but more abundant blessing. For he began his Rhythm and said:

"God is not as man that He should lie,
 Or the son of man that He should repent.
 Behold I have received command to bless,
 And I will bless, and will not reverse it!
 No calamity is beheld in Jacob,
 Or trouble seen in Israel.
 Jehovah, his God is with him,
 And the shout of a King is among them."

Again Balak exclaims against the prophet, and we behold him in angry silence, with his princes swiftly hurrying over rock and crag, Balaam following vaguely considering whether or no he shall obtain the reward so evilly sought; stricken more and more with awe and wonder as he feels the spirit of the Lord overbearing him. On a sudden the third time they stand beside the pagan altar with Israel full in view. Balaam casts his eyes upon the multitudes of God's chosen people ranged in their ranks; their spreading tents scattered thick and white throughout the plain. The Spirit rushed upon him, and he burst forth into his Rhythm:

"How goodly are thy tents, O Jacob,
 Thy tabernacles, O Israel!
 As gardens by the river side,
 As lign-aloes which Jehovah has planted,
 As cedar trees beside the waters.

A Star shall rise out of Jacob,
A Sceptre shall spring up from Israel.
It shall strike the chiefs of Moab!
And shall waste all the children of Seth."

"And Balaam returned to his place and Balak also went his way."

The chief poems, directly from the tongue of Moses, are the song of triumph after the passage of the Red Sea (Exodus xv.), the prophetic song over Israel, its greatness and its failings (Deut. xxxii.), his blessing of the tribes (Deut. xxxiii.), and Psalm lxxxix. For this is at least commonly attributed to him.

The Song of Triumph is the earliest. It is a poem of his warmblooded manhood, of a time when yet he was unchastened by that wonderful life in the desert; by those intimate communings with God on Mount Sinai. He was the true servant of God, resting all things entirely on Him. His people were God's people: their triumph and the triumph of Jehovah were one, but he was yet the fiery patriot who in the exuberance of physical strength slew the Egyptian whom he saw maltreating the Israelite. There seems to be a ring of almost ruthless exultation in his lyric outburst over the Egyptians dead upon the sea shore, and the mighty hand that the Lord had used against them.

"I will sing to the Lord, for He hath raised Himself high,
The horse and the rider He hath thrown into the sea,
Jehovah is my strength, and my song,
And he hath brought me victory!
Jehovah is a man of war.
Jehovah is his name!"

The chariots of Pharaoh and his army He hath cast into the sea.
With the blast of Thy nostrils the waters were piled up;
The floods stood upright as a heap
The enemy said; 'I will pursue, I will overtake.
I will draw my sword, my hand shall destroy them.'

Thou didst blow with Thy wind, the sea covered them;
They sank as lead in the mighty waters.
The peoples have heard, they tremble;
By the greatness of Thy arm, they are still as a stone:
Till Thy people pass over, O Jehovah,
Till they pass over, the people Thou hast gotten!"

Such was the composition of the leader as he entered the desert with his people. On the farther confines of it, on the eve of his death he wrote another poem. Forty years he had wandered in the desert; he had seen warfare, he had withstood rebellion, he had suffered solicitudes, borne with famine, endured the wrath of God in pestilence and fire. In his own phrase he had 'carried the people of Israel in his bosom, as the nurse is wont to carry the little infant,' carried them to the promised land, but they had been faithless and will be punished though God still shall guard them. His tone is different now from that in which he sang the Song of Triumph. He is chastened, and subdued. One hundred and twenty years have gone since as an infant he was found among the reeds of the Nile, when Pharo's daughter was charmed by his beauty, and the passers-by stood still to gaze at it. Prophet and poet, one hundred and twenty years of age, he stands before his people still in that great physical beauty they so loved and venerated; of which Josue wrote in affectionate admiration: 'his eye was not dim, neither were his teeth moved.' Prophet and poet he speaks to them. In his words there is the old loyalty to God, and there is much tenderness.

"My doctrine shall drop as the rain,
My speech shall distil as the dew;
For I will proclaim the name of Jehovah.
Ascribe ye greatness to our God!
For Jehovah's portion is His people.
Jacob is the lot of His inheritance.

He found him in a land that was wilderness,
In a waste howling desert;
He compassed him about, He cared for him,
He kept him as the apple of His eye."

But in spite of this the people of Israel fall away, and there is something of the old severity in the poet's denunciation of them!

"Without shall the sword bereave,
And in the chambers terror;
It shall destroy young men and maiden;
The suckling together with the grey haired."

There is too, the old ring of fiery exultation when God's anger is turned from His people once more against His enemies:

"If I whet my gleaming sword,
And my hand take hold of judgment,
I will make my arrows drunk with blood
And my sword shall devour flesh."

I will close my remarks on Moses with a quotation from the eighty-ninth Psalm. In this Psalm we have the secret meditation and aspiration of his heart in the sight of God; doubtless during all the busy years of camp life in a hostile land. In something it is not unlike the utterances of Job. I will give but a few verses:

"Before the mountains were made,
Or the earth, and the world were formed,
From Eternity unto Eternity, Thou art God.
In the morning man shall grow up as grass,
In the evening he shall fall, dry up and wither,
For in thy wrath we have fainted away,
And are troubled in thine indignation.
We are filled in the morning with mercy,
We rejoiced and are pleased all our days,
We rejoiced for the days when thou humblest us,
For the years in which evils have fallen."

The canticle of Debhora is a very ancient poem following not far after Moses. It is fiercely descriptive of the slaying of Sisara by Jahel, and is sometimes brought forward as a difficulty against the pure morality of the Old Testament. But literary criticism helps to clear away any such objection. It is a narration of national triumph told in song with the intenseness of patriotic feeling. Warfare was savage then. It is now, and there is no divine imprimatur given to the details of the action. If it sounds savagely exulting, we must remember that it is the exultation of the hour of victory with excitement of bloodshed in it: that it is not personal exultation but, as is so characteristic of the Hebrew race, exultation for the triumph of Israel, and the triumph of God. I will end with quoting from the text.

"She put her left hand to the nail,
Her right to the workman's hammer.
She struck Sisara, seeking his head,
And strongly pierced through his temples.
At her feet he fell, fainted and died:
He rolled at her feet,
And lay lifeless and wretched!
His mother looked out of a window and wailed,
She mourned in her chamber, and spoke:
'Why stays his chariot so long,
Why are his horses' feet so slow?'
One that was wise replied;
'Perhaps he divides the spoils,
And chooses the fairest of women!'
So let all thine enemies perish, O Lord!
But them that love Thee, shine as the sun in his rising."

J. A. W.



The Sealed Chamber.

A LEGEND OF A HIGHLAND CASTLE.

THE following story of a visit to a haunted castle, comes from the land of romance and mystery; and if as a tale it lacks completeness and perhaps seems pointless, it only resembles in this many experiences of real life, where adventures are not rounded off so symmetrically as in fiction. For so far as it goes the tale is true, being mainly the narrative of what fell under the writer's personal observation.

In one of the north-eastern counties of Scotland, amid wide uplands and wooded dells watered by clear streams, a famous castle stands, which shares with Glamis the honour of hoary antiquity and the further distinction of being the home of a mystery. It contains a Secret Chamber which has never been opened for centuries. We

will call the place Tiffie Castle, though that is not its real name. It dates at least as far back as the twelfth century, previous to the wars of Independence. Edward I. found it already standing, and during his victorious campaigns stayed there more than once, leaving it much strengthened as a fortress. Built originally in quadrangular form, with massive square towers at each of its four corners, it has suffered from the ravages of warfare and the long siege of time, and at present only two sides remain connecting three principal towers. One great tower and two sides have disappeared. The south front rises grandly, frowning in severe strength, the old gateway in the curtain, flanked by two substantial round towers in addition to the square towers at the corners, the machicolated walls and many turrets corbelled out from the angles giving a very imposing appearance. Apart from the modernized aspect of the windows, of the high-pitched roof and white-washed walls, the place looks fit even now to withstand a siege, if only the foe would refrain from the use of villainous saltpetre. The arrow-slits are there, now mostly turned into sashed-windows, and holes beneath the battlements from which to drop stones and pour molten lead on the bold besieger.

The other front to the west is somewhat less ancient and more regular; it contains the chief apartments, the grand reception-rooms and dining-hall on the first floor, up to which in easy gradient sweeps a superb stone stairway. The broad low steps wind round a huge central column, the ascent being so gradual and the steps so ample that one could ride a horse up easily, and might almost drive up in a chariot. The Castle seems a fitting home for goblins and mysteries. Memories of fierce battles and cruel deeds haunt its halls and corridors, legends of ghastly vengeance and of tragic woes linger about its grim walls. Many a foeman has beleaguered it, successfully or in vain; more than one bloody fight has raged on that wide stair-

case, where one sad day the Chatelaine saw her two sons slain before her eyes. Fiction and poetry have added romance to its history. Through the gloomy corridors a Green Lady still glides by night; the tragic story of Anne o' Tiftie, a daughter of the house, has been enshrined in a famous ballad; a rough unheaven stone that lodges in the high garret still sweats whenever danger overhangs the house. But the chief interest of the place lies in a mystery that comes down in vague traditions, wrapped in impenetrable gloom, concerning a certain sealed chamber or vault, which may not be opened under penalty of an awful malediction. As to the existence of the chamber there is no doubt, nor as to its being sealed up without door or window. It can be easily distinguished; it forms the basement of the central or south-west tower from which the main building's run at right angles east and north. This tower is twin to another one at the south-east angle, the basement of which is a vault, with door and window however, corresponding to the Chamber of the mystery. One can go all round the Secret Chamber, inside and outside the building, and over it as well; but it presents no opening, nor shows any sign of an opening having ever been in existence. There are no blocked-up doors and windows. Judging by the construction of the sister room in the opposite tower the walls are of enormous thickness, fully four feet, being built as the base of a lofty tower and meant to resist battering-rams. Immediately above the thick groined roof of the Sealed Chamber is the muniment-room, whose deep-splayed windows betray the thickness of the walls and whose stone floor rests on the crown of the arch beneath. The former and the easiest entrance into the room beneath would be through this floor. It is not difficult to guess the purpose of such a dungeon. It was the castle-prison into whose darkness unfortunate wretches would be dropped through the roof, possibly to perish there from hunger. Tradition tells that the vault has not been opened for over

two centuries, and that some dreadful curse shall fall upon the intruder who should first violate its secrecy. The nature of the curse is not stated; it was generally thought to be blindness, or some other great calamity.

Some ten or twelve years ago good fortune brought the present writer, together with a clerical friend, to the gates of Tiftie Castle as the guests of its new proprietor. On general grounds the visit promised to be interesting, but there was the further prospect of assisting at the *dénouement* of an ancient mystery. The new owner had promised to throw open the Secret Chamber during our visit; we were invited to be present at the function, to take part in the spoils found, and if need be, to ward off the malediction. Nothing could have been warmer or more cheerful, nothing less ghostlike or uncanny, than our reception in the historic house. The old castle, that under its late misanthropical occupant had worn a gloomy and forsaken air, was now filled with a fashionable and cheerful company assembled to celebrate the incoming of a young and hospitable chieftain. The days of the "gay and gallant Gordons" seemed come round again. The sombre staircase, heavy with memories of fratricidal strife, rang with the pleasant laughter of a merry crowd of young people who raced irreverently along the old corridors and up to the secluded resting place of the Stone that was the Fate. Rumour went that the Green Lady had been seen by a daughter of the house; but ghosts slunk back shivering before the unaccustomed merriment, as well they might, for the sound of wedding-bells was in the air, and in a few days one of the daughters was to be given away in marriage. All was brightness and gaiety; the castle was full of guests, neighbours were making their calls on the new baronet just come into residence; hospitality reigned in old Highland fashion; and each evening at the stately banquet that closed the day, a tall piper in the full tartan of the clan marched to the skirl of the pipes, up the grand staircase

and through the hall. Thrice he paced round the tables in barbaric pomp and panoply; then standing by the Laird's right hand, tossed off the *usquebaugh* to the Chieftain's health.

But it is time for the story of the Secret Chamber, the tradition of which goes back to the stirring times of the Covenanters and the fall of the Stuart dynasty. Tiflie in those days belonged to a gallant nobleman who remained faithful to the old line of Scottish Kings. After King James' flight the Earl of Dumfermline upheld the Royal Standard in the Highlands, fought with "bonnie Dundee" for the King at Killiecrankie; and when that gallant Cavalier fell in the hour of victory the Earl, succeeding to the command, led off the successful but dispirited forces. Outlawed by the usurper, his title attainted, his estates confiscated, and with a price on his head, Dumfermline fled to St. Germain's, but not before he had sealed up this vault and left his malison to guard it. Here then begins the Legend of the Sealed Chamber. For thirty years after the flight of the Earl the castle remained untenanted, with no inhabitants save perhaps an old custodian, and no owner but the distant Government. At the close of that period the castle and estates were sold to an ancestor of our host; but during the long interregnum there were ample time and favourable opportunities for strange stories to get about or for legends to grow upon slight foundations. Possibly the Laird before his flight did really leave some solemn curse upon those who should violate the hiding-place of his household gods. Perhaps some faithful retainer started the story to protect the property of his exiled chief, and the superstition of the country folk did the rest. The countryside is haunted by the marvellous and the preternatural. Second sight and dark forebodings are common as dreams elsewhere. Ancient maledictions and traditional mysteries form the daily or nightly talk of the crofters. Ghosts and goblins had peopled the castle for ages past; whilst secret



visitors during the long years of desolation, or the sights and sounds of a deserted house would all conspire to impress the story upon the superstitious peasantry, if not to invent it.

But what could be hidden in the Secret Chamber that needed to be guarded by this awful apparatus of supernatural terror? There might be many things. Gold and silver plate, or anything of value too heavy to be hurriedly carried off;—if not money and jewels, then old title deeds and records of the house. What more natural than to tumble such things into a dungeon, and set a goblin or a curse to guard them. What more effective custodians could be found against the curiosity or the cupidity of superstitious neighbours? Another suggestion was rife as to the contents of the unopened chamber. Before the close of the seventeenth century the Old Faith was still strong in these far-off northern counties. Though the exiled Earl was no Catholic himself, his wife was a Gordon of the Huntly family,—staunch Catholics all of them in those days; and surely she would have a chaplain, and there would be Mass in the castle for herself and her Catholic neighbours. Before the hurried flight the altar furniture would need to be disposed of; vestments and sacred vessels or relics might be secreted in this vault, and the terror of the judgments upon sacrilege might well be invoked to save them from desecrating hands.

In whatever way first started, the tradition had grown up and had endured, and, so far as one could tell, it had served its purpose effectually. There had been no opening of the sealed chamber solemn or public enough to dissipate the superstition. The Laids of Tiftie were not the kind of men, either in mental attitude or race feeling, to defy preternatural terrors; one after another, during the lapse of two hundred years, swayed less by curiosity than by dread, they had left the mysterious chamber alone. The story went that one owner had plucked up courage to

defy the doom; but the mere intent had been promptly punished and effectively prevented. Towards the end of last century the Laird had brought in workmen from Aberdeen, strangers to local superstitions, and ordered them to force an entrance through the thick walls. Marks of pickaxes and chisels are certainly visible on the stones where a commencement had been made, but hardly had the men begun to work when the curse began to work too. The Lady of the castle, either imagining or feeling incipient symptoms of blindness, sent down instantly and implored her husband to desist from tempting fate. So the tradition continued till to-day, growing in definiteness and weight with each decade; and the chamber, safe in the malison of the past and the fears of the present, remained still unsealed. And lo! the time had come when the mystery of ages was to be solved! Like the last of the old line from whom the curse had come, the new owner, a Baronet of ancient name, who had just succeeded a distant kinsman, was married to a Catholic though not one himself. Once again then Catholic priests were honourably received, and Holy Mass celebrated beneath the old roof. After the long failure of heirs to the original line the new Laird might well come in as a rightful owner, and any relics or sacred vessels found in the chamber he had promised to restore to the Church. If the old days were thus come back again,—the malison, having fulfilled its purpose, should pass harmlessly away; the spirits who watched over the secret treasure might be dismissed in peace at sight of the salvation that had come. Were it a blight from heaven that had hovered over the castle so long, the Church was there to avert its fall or to declare its purpose accomplished! Were it a blast from hell that threatened, the Church was present in her ministers and her blessings to turn away the ban!

And here the chronicler must not pretermit a strange incident which had unexpectedly arisen to confirm the

truth of the legend and of the surmises to which it had given rise. The story is given for what it may be worth; but it was told in all seriousness by the lady to whom the incident occurred and whom there was no reason to suspect of romancing. Some three or four months then before the date of our visit to Tiffie this lady, a near relation of the new proprietor, was staying in Paris, where on returning one day from a prolonged shopping expedition she missed a brooch of some value which she had been wearing. Enquiries at the shops where she had called, and where she supposed the brooch to have been mislaid, led to no results; nor could the police afford any clue. Mentioning her loss a little later to a lady friend, she was strongly urged by the latter to consult a certain *clairvoyante* who enjoyed a great reputation for second sight and knowledge of hidden events. After some hesitation and with little expectation of any satisfaction, the English lady accompanied her French friend to the *clairvoyante* and told her of the loss of the brooch. The woman, after some enquiries and a few minutes pause, passed into a kind of trance during which she appeared to be looking intently at something distant. On returning to herself she told my informant that the brooch had been lost, as she supposed, at a certain establishment where she had been shopping; that it had been taken by a tall dark man whom she described and who was recognized as one of the assistants; furthermore that he, knowing the police to be on the scent, was anxious to return the brooch to its owner, and that it would be sent back to her without delay. Struck by the confidence of the seer and urged now by natural curiosity, the English lady was moved to enquire further, and to pry into the secret of the castle which had come into the possession of her family. Accordingly she described the house in general terms to the *clairvoyante*, and asked to be informed about anything mysterious connected with it. The woman passing again into her mes-

meric trance proceeded to describe what came before her sight: she beheld a great castle with towers and battlemented walls standing in the midst of a forest and close to a large lake. Here the French lady laughed incredulously, supposing that the woman was guessing the castle to be near one of the great Highland lakes, which it is not; but her companion was satisfied as the very large piece of ornamental water lying near the house might fairly be described as a lake. The *clairvoyante* continued: she could see a dark room or vault in one corner of the castle, and it had neither doors nor windows. Greatly excited her visitors demanded what was inside this chamber.

"There is nothing particular in it," returned the woman at first; "I can see nothing,—nothing; but stay!" she added; "Yes! I can see something now; there is a large chest standing there, fastened."

"And what is in the chest?" cried the two ladies now really roused; "tell us what you can see in it!"

In a few moments the answer came:

"I can see papers; it is full of papers, but they are of no value;" but then again, "there are stones there as well. I can see stones (*des pierres*,—precious stones?) and gold, and more stones; and that is all!"

My informant could only add that the first part of the *clairvoyante's* vision had been exactly fulfilled;—the lost brooch was returned to her next day from the shop at which she had noticed the tall, dark assistant, with the message that she had mislaid it when trying on some gowns. It only remained to see whether the second prediction would prove as accurate.

Such a story naturally increased our interest in the secret of the sealed chamber and our anxiety to assist at its opening. Would the gold and stones prove to be family heirlooms, or altar plate and sacred relics? But the Laird now hung back. He must put off the opening of the vault till his daughter's wedding was over.

Something disagreeable might be discovered in it; an old dungeon might reveal some very ghastly sights,—the skeletons of wretches done to death there!—and he could not have a timid bride scared by evil omens on her wedding-eve. It was a reasonable excuse. The wedding day came and went. Meanwhile, in the chapel formed in the great library Mass was being said for the first time since the days of Killiecrankie, and the overhanging curse might be held to be dispersed. On the wedding-day the marriage and nuptial Mass were celebrated in the grand drawing-room; whilst priests in their robes and monks in their cowls paraded the place, to the horror of the ministers of the different Kirks, who with consternation marked the growing boldness of Rome. It was bad enough to have the Green Lady pacing at night through the moon-lit passages; but here was the Scarlet Woman flaunting her abominations in the full glare of day!

When the wedding was well over and the house grew quiet again we waited for our host to redeem his promise. We were doomed to fresh disappointment. Alas for a weak man's resolution when pitted against ancestral fears and the superstitions of ages! One excuse was found after another for not carrying out his purpose. He must wait till the wedding guests had left the castle, or till quiet days came after the shooting parties were over! Meanwhile the present writer had to return to his work, and a week or so later his friend must leave also, with the promise still unredeemed! A little accident to the Laird, who sprained a knee while wrestling with a friend, seemed a punishment for the wish to violate the secret: it afforded another excuse for delay, if it did not still further weaken his purpose. Month after month slipped gradually by, and then year after year; the bold baronet fell deeper under the spell of the old house, and the Secret Chamber of Tiltie was left undisturbed.

Here my story ends! So far as I could learn the vault

has never been opened. But trouble and sorrow began to crowd on the unfortunate owner. Within a few years the castle and estates passed away from him to strangers; shortly afterwards his wife died; not long ago he died himself, a broken bankrupt, leaving no heir to his title and nothing to his next of kin. Were these misfortunes a retribution for a presumptuous promise,—for the purpose, even though never fulfilled, to defy the traditional curse? Were the *clairvoyante's* revelations merely a gross deceit, or were they lying suggestions of the Evil One? Who knows? the misfortunes might be traced to other causes, but the mystery still remains unsolved;—and so ends an unsatisfactory story!

J. I. C.

Mozart.

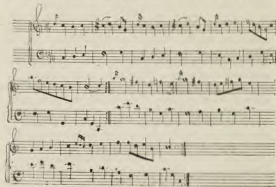
IN these days of enthusiastic admiration for Wagner and his school, the question is often asked of musical students: What position does Mozart now take in the musical world? What are we to think of him by the light of the new gospel of music? Many followers of the new school have no hesitation in declaring Mozart very *thin*, and this is a serious flaw in these days of sonorous and sensuous orchestration. How strange is the whirligig of popular taste! In his own day Mozart offended his hearers by making his orchestras too full, too rich,—“There are too many notes in your scores, my dear Mozart,” said the Emperor Joseph to him one day. “Sire,” replied the good musician but bad courtier, “there are just as many as there ought to be.” And now it has come to pass that the composer who was the first to employ the fullest resources of harmony in his score, who compelled an unwilling

public to abandon the predilection for “thin” scores, is himself now voted “thin.”

But in truth Mozart will not be judged by musical students on his failure to produce the massive effects of the modern school. Mozart will ever remain the delight of the studious for the perfection of his form, and for the versatility of his gifts. In his counterpoint and organ playing he all but rivalled the great Bach; in his piano-forte playing he equalled, if not surpassed Beethoven; while his operas still remain masterpieces that cannot be surpassed. Above all, the great charm of Mozart which can never fail to endear him to the thoughtful, is the perfection of his work. One may search in vain for a clumsy or misplaced passage; there is not a note too much or too little; he has the most exquisite sense of proportion in all the parts of his compositions; his developments rise and fall with complete satisfaction; his resources in connecting together his subjects are boundless. He moves amongst the most intricate subjects with consummate ease; in fact the more awkward the theme, the more his wonderful fertility of resource comes into play. He seems to have had the same power of wielding the resources of his art that the old Gothic architects possessed over their materials, which renders their work so marvellous in proportion and beauty. These are qualities that must ever command admiration and delight, and the verdict of the studious stands at present unshaken: that the work of Mozart is the most perfect in form that the world has yet ever seen. Our wonder must increase when we recall the circumstances of his life, how poverty, neglect and opposition dogged his steps throughout, and how when his powers were maturing to a marvellous development, when a liberal competence was assured him, when he was being hailed as the first composer of the day, the summons came to drop the pen. The life of Mozart, with its wonderful incidents, its pathetic trials can never fail to interest

each succeeding generation. I can only hope to give a mere sketch of his life in this paper; some musical examples might have proved interesting, but musical examples are the terror of editors, for they are both troublesome and expensive.

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart was born in the middle of last century, 1756, and died in 1791—a brief span of thirty-five years, but what a golden harvest was that young reaper enabled to garner. As some one remarked “the world had waited eight centuries for him, and he was to remain only a moment.” Music seems to have been born in him. At four years of age he could remember and play even difficult melodies, while composition came to him quite naturally. For even at this age, when many parents will scarcely allow their children to exercise their brains at all, this little four year old darling used to compose pieces, which his father wrote down for him. This is an example of a piece written certainly not later than his fourth year.



At six years of age he was taken by his father to make

a tour of the capitals of Europe. Vienna was the first visited, and the Emperor Francis was charmed and delighted with the “little magician” as he was called. They covered the key boards of the claviers, they blindfolded the little performer, but he passed successfully all through his tests. The boy was not much of a courtier. When Princes and Archdukes were crowding round his piano, he would ask them to move aside as he caught sight of some musician in the distance to whom he desired to play. Once, as the boy was walking across the waxed floors of the palace, he slipped and fell. One of the young Princesses, Marie Antoinette, afterwards the ill-fated Queen of Louis XVI., ran and picked him up. Mozart was so grateful, he threw his arm round her neck and kissed her, declaring that he would marry her some day! As wife of Mozart she might have led a happier life than that which was ended by the guillotine in Paris.

The next year, 1764, they were in Paris. Wolfgang played before the Royal Family at Versailles, and gave an organ performance in the Chapel, which was attended by the whole Court. His organ playing was more highly esteemed than even his performance on the clavier. It was here at the age of eight, that his compositions first saw the light. He published two sets of Sonatas, with accompaniment, for the violin.

The family passed over to London in April of the same year. This is how his father, in a letter, describes their reception. “Five days after our arrival we were with their Majesties. The present was twenty-four guineas, but the condescension of both the King and the Queen was indescribable. . . . The King placed before Wolfgang pieces by Wagenseil, Bach, Abel, Handel, all of which he played on the King’s organ in such a manner that his hearers preferred him on the organ to the clavier. He then accompanied the Queen in an air and a performer on the flute. At last he took up one of Handel’s airs that

by chance lay in the way, and upon the mere bass performed a melody so beautiful that it astonished everybody."

The father also gave some public concerts which were very successful. There is no doubt that, when we look into English music of this period, we find that Mozart, young as he was, had exercised an influence that is quite unmistakable. The Mozarts however, both father and son, were bad managers, and before the year was out they began to find themselves straitened for want of means. When Haydn a few years later visited London, he managed so well with his English concerts that he laid the foundation of a modest competency for life.

Fours years later, the father and son made their tour in Italy, a tour which every artist of that day aspired to undertake, for Italy then was regarded as the cradle of the Muses and especially of Music. The journey of the Mozarts reads like that of a triumphal progress; everywhere the utmost astonishment at Mozart's brilliant performance and extemporization, and the most enthusiastic welcome. At Naples there was likely to be a disturbance, as the audience were convinced that Mozart's amazing powers were due to a magic ring that he wore on his left hand. But when, in response to repeated calls, he laid the ring aside, the music was found to be not a whit less extraordinary. One of his great feats at this time was to copy down, from hearing, the famous *Miserere* of the Sistine Chapel. The musicians of the Chapel were so jealous of their treasure, that all sorts of pains and penalties were threatened to any one that attempted to make a copy of this famous composition. But Mozart managed to write it down after two hearings. When it is remembered that the piece is for eight voices, abounding in fugue and in curious traditional rhythms, the feat becomes almost incredible for a boy of fifteen. His Opera "*Lucio Silla*," it was the third he had already composed, was performed amidst boundless applause at Milan.

With the completion of his boyhood, the tide of his good

fortune reached its height; the rest of his life is clouded with neglect, poverty and jealousies, while he was pouring out in unstinted measure compositions that will delight the world to the end of time. He had the misfortune to live in Salzburg, under an Archbishop who had not the least taste for music, but who still insisted upon retaining Mozart on his establishment. This brilliant composer and performer was paid at the Archbishop's Court the magnificent salary of one guinea per annum! He did his utmost to please the prelate; he poured out masses, motets, concertos, serenades, but all in vain. In disgust Mozart threw up his post and went on a tour to offer his services to the first prince who would engage him—he tried Munich and Mannheim, but the electors while showering upon him applause would not open their pockets to secure him. He then settled down in Paris, and though he made every attempt to please the French taste, there were so many intrigues, so much underhand opposition, that Mozart left the city in disgust. It is probable, however, that had he patiently braved the opposition, he might have steadily fought his way to public favour, and enjoyed at Paris a position similar to that taken by Handel in England. He returned to Salzburg at the Archbishop's invitation, who could not obtain a musician at the salary offered to Mozart. This engagement also ended in failure, for the Archbishop treated him with such indifference and coldness that Mozart again resigned in disgust.

He determined now, in his 25th year, to throw himself on the favour of the public, and set out for Vienna, trusting to be the fashionable performer, teacher and composer of the day. He was not without hopes that the marked favour shown him by the Emperor might result in an appointment at the Imperial court. But evil fortune seemed ever to dog his steps. The Emperor was profuse in compliments but niggardly in his purse, on the other hand Mozart was a bad manager, he had no care for

money, and the Italian school intrigued incessantly against him. His stay at Vienna resulted in the production of imperishable works, and the sacrifice of his life in struggling against the difficulties in which he was involved.

He now had some opportunities offered to him for which he had so longed, that of writing opera for the theatre. He had long felt that the opera of his day was too cold and formal; he felt new ideas stirring in his brain that would give a more impassioned style to dramatic music. In the opinion of critics his opera *Idomeneo*, produced at this time, (25 years of age) is the basis of the music of the day.

In Mozart's hands the orchestra, instead of being a mere vamping accompaniment to the voices, becomes an integral part of the drama; it gives additional colour to all the situations; brings the sentiments of the words into stronger relief; in a word floats the drama on the waves of sonorous expression. *Idomeneo* was his first important work for the lyric stage. It was written for the Elector of Bavaria, and first performed at Munich. The opera was received with the greatest enthusiasm, and each successive representation received immense applause. In the same year he composed the opera generally known by the shortened term *Il Seraglio*, and this is his own account of its reception in a letter to his father. "My opera was given yesterday with great applause, and notwithstanding the dreadful heat (it was July, 1782) the theatre was crammed to the ceiling. The public, I can say with truth, are quite crazy about this opera, and it is really very pleasant to have gained such applause."

In 1786, he produced "*Le Nozze di Figaro*." Kelly in his reminiscences gives rather an interesting scene on the occasion of the first rehearsal: "I remember Mozart was on the stage with his crimson pelisse and gold-laced cocked hat, giving the time of the music to the orchestra. Figaro's song, "*Non più andrai*," Benucci the actor

gave out with the greatest animation and power of voice. I was standing close to Mozart who kept repeating "Bravo, Bravo, Benucci" and when Benucci came to the fine passage "*Cherubino alla gloria militare*" which he gave out with stentorian lungs, the effect was electricity itself, for the whole of the performers on the stage, and the players in the orchestra, as if actuated by one feeling of delight, shouted out "Bravo, bravo, maestro; long live the great Mozart," those in the orchestra I thought would never stop applauding by beating the bows of their violins against the music desks. The little man acknowledged by repeated bows the enthusiastic applause bestowed on him." It is sad to relate that the Italian party managed to mar the success of this beautiful work; after its third representation it was withdrawn, and the composer was landed in serious debt.

If Vienna proved cold and unappreciative to the composer, the neighbouring town of Prague endeavoured to atone by the warmth of its reception. Here Mozart was always enthusiastically received, and when he took his '*Figaro*' to Prague the success became almost intoxication. The conductor of the orchestra at Prague often declared the excitement and emotion of the band in accompanying this work to have been such, that there was not a man amongst them who, when the performance was finished, would not have cheerfully recommenced to play the whole thing again. It is pleasant to think that one town at least was ready to open its arms to one whose life was so unrecognized by contemporaries, and chequered by so many calamities. Mozart's feelings at his reception at Prague were so stirred that he said to the theatre manager Bondini: "As the Bohemians understand me so thoroughly, I must write an opera on purpose for them." Bondini promptly took him at his word, and thus was projected, the immortal work '*Don Giovanni*.' A curious incident happened in connection with this Opera. The day before

the first representation had arrived and the overture was not yet written. Mozart continued to postpone its composition until the very last evening. He was then obliged to set to work, but he was so drowsy that his wife had to resort to all kinds of tricks to keep him awake. She would tell him silly stories until he was convulsed with laughter, at other times she would pinch him till he was angry. At last she was compelled to allow him a little sleep, but woke him again at five. When the music copyist came at seven the overture was finished. It was an unusual trial to call upon an orchestra to execute an elaborate overture at first sight, but Mozart knew his men and they did not fail him on the occasion. *Don Giovanni* has been thus described by Gounod: "The score of *Don Giovanni* has exercised the influence of a revelation upon all my life; it remains and ever will remain a kind of incarnation of dramatic and musical faultlessness; I reckon it a work without stain, a perfection without flaw."

Don Giovanni, however, failed to please the Viennese audience; they said it was too learned, too crowded with scientific harmony. While the inferior composers of the day, whose names are now utterly forgotten, prospered exceedingly in Vienna, poor Mozart was abandoned to the tender mercies of the slave-driver, necessity. It was after the composition of *Don Giovanni* that his three great symphonies were written,—the G minor, the E flat and Jupiter. Here we see him at his best. No one who has not made acquaintance with his symphonies can have an adequate idea of the power of Mozart. Into his symphonies he put his best work; he relied upon them for his reputation with posterity. Most of his other compositions were dashed off with startling rapidity; over his symphonies he lingered, he corrected, re-wrote, embellished until they became the masterpieces of musical form and beauty. Up to this time the symphony had been little more than a full accompaniment to the first violins. It

was he who made each instrument independent, with independent melody, all woven and knit together with every resource of harmony; the whole resulting in a massive body of sound almost bewildering in its richness and beauty. His symphonies still remain to this day the wonder and delight of the student, so perfect is the form, so masterly the devices, so delightful are the melodies that are scattered in profusion through the score. Not a note too much; not a note without its meaning; not a clumsy awkward, unfinished phrase throughout. And is there any other composer in the world of whom this can be affirmed? Not even Beethoven, and certainly not Wagner.

These immortal works to the everlasting shame of the Viennese were received with absolute indifference. Accustomed to the bald scores of the Italian music, they found Mozart too full, too incomprehensible. These continued disappointments at last began to tell on his spirits; he became more and more involved in money matters; the music publishers declined his work, unless he wrote something more popular. Mozart however declared that he would rather starve and go to destruction at once than prostitute his muse. And yet we cannot acquit Mozart of blame in this matter. Had he left Vienna and settled in Prague, he would have at least received an appreciative welcome for his works. Frederick the Great about this time invited him to Berlin with the offer of a liberal salary, but strange to say Mozart could not tear himself away from Vienna and poverty, and so went from bad to worse. A dark cloud rests upon this period of his life. His cruel disappointments threw him into the company of wild and dissolute companions, and for a time his art was forgotten for the sake of punch and billiards. We cannot believe that he fell so low as some of his biographers would lead us to think. We have still his letters written at this time to his wife and sisters. They are still marked by that spirit of truthful, and almost

childlike, affection and goodness of heart which characterized his younger days. Still, as he himself admits, he did many things which were better left undone.

A letter written about this time to a nobleman, one of his great admirers, gives us an interesting insight into his state of mind at this period. "You good people make too much of me; I don't deserve it, nor my compositions either. What shall I say to your present, my dearest baron, that came like a star in a dark night, like a flower in winter, or like a cordial in sickness! God knows how I am obliged at times to toil and labour to gain a wretched livelihood. To him who has told you that I am growing idle, I request you sincerely (and even a baron may do such a thing) to give him a good box on the ear. How gladly would I work, and work, if it were only left me to write always such music as I please, and as I can write, such, I mean to say, as I myself set some value upon. Thus I composed three weeks ago an orchestral symphony, and by to-morrow's post I write again to Hoffmeister (the publisher) to offer him three pianoforte quatuors, supposing that he is willing to pay. O heavens! were I a wealthy man, I would say: 'Mozart compose what you please, and as well as you can; but till you offer me something finished you shall not have a single kreutzer. I'll buy of you every MS. and you shall not be obliged to go about and offer it for sale like a hawker. Good God! how sad all this makes me, and then again how angry and savage, and it is in such a state of mind that I do things that ought not to be done.'"

It was this Baron that drew from Mozart the secret of the intellectual process that went on during his composition. He seems to have revealed it with a good deal of reluctance, for he declares that to others he would never have answered such a question. It is rare that one meets with so lucid and so complete a revelation of the inner workings of the mind of a genius. And who will not stand

amazed at the marvellous gift with which the composer was endowed! "You say you would like to know my way of composing, and what method I follow in writing works of some extent: I really cannot say more on this subject than the following; for I myself know no more about it and cannot account for it. When I am, as it were, completely myself, entirely alone, and of good cheer, it is on such occasions that my ideas flow best and most abundantly. Whence and how they come I know not, nor can I force them. The ideas that please me most I retain in my memory, and am accustomed, I have been told, to hum them to myself. If I continue this way, it soon occurs to me how I may turn this or that morsel to account, so as to make a good dish of it, agreeably to the laws of counterpoint, or the peculiarities of the various instruments. All this fires my soul, and provided I am not disturbed, my subject enlarges itself, becomes methodized and defined, and the whole, though it be long, stands almost complete and finished in my mind, so that I can survey it like a fine picture or statue at a glance. Nor do I hear the different parts successively, but I hear them, as it were, all at once. All this inventing, producing, takes place in a pleasing dream. What has been thus produced I do not easily forget, and this is perhaps the best gift I have to thank my divine Master for. When I proceed to write down my ideas, I take out of the bag of my memory what has previously been collected in it in the way that I have described. For this reason the committing to paper is easy enough, for everything as I said before is already finished, and it rarely differs on paper from what it was in imagination. I really do not study or aim at originality. I should not, in fact be able to describe in what mine consists; although I think it quite natural that persons, who have an individual appearance of their own, are also differently organized from others both internally and externally. May this suffice my best friend and never trouble me again with such thoughts."

It is sad to think of the loss to the world of the musical treasures which might have resulted from this marvellous gift of Providence had the composer been placed in more favourable circumstances. The production of the opera *Zauberflöte* is another instance of the dissipation of God's marvellous gift. Schikaneder, one of Mozart's undesirable companions at this time, was director of a theatre which was fast falling into decay. Schikaneder implored Mozart to get him out of his difficulties, and pointed out how he might easily do so by writing an opera with particular regard for that class of persons who are not judges of good music. The idea was intensely repugnant to Mozart, but he could never refuse a piteous appeal. He only stipulated that he might indulge his own ideas in certain parts of the work. When they came to terms Mozart did not like to ask for anything from one who was in such distress, and merely claimed the copyright of the work. And thus we have the greatest musician of the day setting the silliest of stories to clap-trap music, and consoling himself by lavishing on certain scenes some of his grandest and noblest work. It is perhaps not necessary to add that Mozart reaped little or no pecuniary benefit from the opera. Schikaneder had the heartlessness not only to deny the composer a share of the very handsome profits that the work brought in, but he was villain enough to furnish copies (contrary to his agreement) to the other theatres that applied. It was during the composition of *Zauberflöte* that the first symptoms of the break down in his health occurred. He was attacked by frequent swooning fits, so that for a time he was obliged to give up composition altogether.

It was about this time that the mysterious commission to write a *Requiem* was placed in his hands. In August, 1791, a stranger appeared enquiring whether he would undertake the composition of a *Requiem*. He offered a liberal fee on condition that no enquiries were made, and

that Mozart renounced all claim to the copyright. Nothing could have been more acceptable to Mozart, for he always longed to produce some great work in Church music. The bargain was soon struck and the stranger disappeared. Mozart was soon absorbed in a task so congenial. He had only just made a start when he received a commission to write an opera, "*La Clemenza di Tito*" for the coronation of the Emperor at Prague, and only a month was allowed him. He now had three great works in hand at the same moment, *Zauberflöte*, *The Requiem*, and *La Clemenza di Tito*. The latter was finished on September 5th, *Zauberflöte* at the end of September, then, with characteristic ardour, he threw himself into the work of the *Requiem*. But symptoms of the approaching end were manifest. He would sit for hours brooding over the score; he was a prey to profound melancholy; and was possessed by the hallucination that he had been poisoned. He declared that the *Requiem* was for his own decease. Alarmed at these symptoms, his friends had the score removed and the relief from the strain brought for a time a marked improvement in his health. At last the tide of his evil fortune, had ebbed, he now began to receive important commissions for compositions from Holland and Hungary. The post of musical director to the Court of Vienna with all its emoluments was also bestowed upon him. But it was too late. On resuming his work at his *Requiem*, the former weakness returned. He was seized with sudden sickness, and almost total incapacity of movement. His faculties remained unimpaired, but he sighed bitterly as he exclaimed "Now I must go, just as I should be able to live in peace. I must now leave my art when no longer the slave of fashion, nor the tool of speculators, I could write now whatever my heart prompted." Even in his illness the *Requiem* lay continually on his bed. Süssmayer, his pupil, was continually at his side, receiving instructions as to the work which he could never hope to finish. On

the very day of his death, at two o'clock in the afternoon, some of his friends came to see him. He desired the score of the *Requiem* to be brought and it was sung by his visitors round his deathbed, he himself taking the alto part. His art was a ruling passion even in the throes of death. He kept Süßmayer continually at his side and he was speaking and giving directions about the *Requiem* even to the end. One of his last efforts was an attempt to explain to Süßmayer an effect of the drums in the score. He blew out his cheeks and tried to puff out his meaning to his pupil. Throughout the day he had a strong presentiment of his coming end, he declared that he could *taste* death. Late in the evening his physician Dr. Closset arrived, and ordered cold applications to be applied to his burning head. They caused the patient extreme shuddering, and brought on a delirium from which he never recovered. He expired at midnight, December, 5th, 1791. He was buried in a common grave undistinguished by any memorial, and when some of his admirers came, a few years later, to seek out his last resting place, no one could tell where the great Mozart had been laid. He died at thirty-five, at an age when one might reasonably expect that his great powers were opening to their fullest development. We must bear in mind this premature extinction, when we are comparing Mozart with others composers. Had Handel died at thirty-five, not one of his oratorios would have been written. The death of Beethoven at the same age as Mozart would have deprived us of half his symphonies, half his pianoforte sonatas, his two great concertos and both his Masses. This would have seriously diminished the greatness of his fame with posterity.

A few words of explanation must be offered regarding his Church music and his Masses in particular. First of all, we must protest against the so-called twelfth Mass being fathered on to Mozart. If the external evidence was not sufficient to dissipate such a notion, the internal evidence

of the Mass itself furnishes abundant proof. Mozart, to use his own words, "would have gone to destruction first," before lowering himself to write such trashy, tawdry music for the Church. With regard to his own Masses we must bear in mind the conditions under which they were written. Nearly all were composed during his time at Salzburg, while on the establishment of the Archbishop. The latter cared nothing for music, all that he insisted upon was that the High Mass must never exceed three quarters of an hour, and that trumpets should be prominent. How all this fettered the musician can well be imagined. Unfortunately, the only way in which he could realize the Archbishop's injunctions was to leave out portions of the sacred text.

Again, it must be remembered that his Masses were written for orchestra, although it is true a small one. As his Masses are usually heard, the organ is substituted for the orchestra, and what a substitute especially for the rich and highly coloured instrumentation of Mozart! Most of the figures of the violins have to be omitted on the organ, and the effect produced is totally different from that intended by Mozart. No one is in a position to judge of the effect of one of Mozart's Masses unless from a hearing, or a study of the full score. Whether these Masses come up to the ideal of Church music is a large question into which this is hardly the place to enter. In any case it is quite unfair to Mozart to render his Masses with a truncated accompaniment, and on an instrument whose timbre is widely distant from that designed by the composer.

The amount of work that issued from his pen during his brief career is simply prodigious. From his own catalogue in which he recorded only the works of which he kept copies, we gather that he wrote for the piano, thirty-four concertos and sonatas, ten for violin and piano, seventeen symphonies, sixteen operas, over twenty Masses, six oratorios, twenty miscellaneous orchestral works, twelve

quartets, eight quintets, and innumerable songs and dances. When we bear in mind that there is another catalogue almost equally extensive, not recorded by the composer, of works left incomplete, or bestowed on friends, we must feel that his biographer was not unduly enthusiastic when he declared Mozart *Vir Summus*.



LANTERN TOWER OF ST. OUEN, ROUEN.

A Holiday in France.

AN anxious housekeeper, wanting to please a young priest temporarily in charge of a mission, asked him, the first day, what he would like for dinner. He answered, with a wisdom worthy of grey hairs: "Anything you like; only

let it be a surprise." This should be the frame of mind of the holiday maker. I suppose it is not necessary to have a definite aim when one starts for a vacation. The getting away is the chief thing. New surroundings bring the holiday feeling at once. I am quite in sympathy with the venerable father who is reported to have begun his holiday by asking for a ticket to Manchester. "Manchester train just gone, sir." "Hm—where does the next train go to?" "Edinburgh, sir." "Then give me a ticket for Edinburgh." It matters little where one goes as long as it is 'to fresh fields and pastures new.' Anywhere, only let it be a surprise; and somewhere else, as soon as the novelty or surprise has been worn off,—this, to my mind, is the right idea of a holiday.

It is not to be supposed that such a hap-hazard system will suit everybody. There are some who need to be personally conducted, if they are to do any moving about at all. When they start they are only dragging their anchors, and will come to a stop wherever the flanges grip. They need some one to cut their cables and take them in tow. Others again map out their vacation like a task, and take their pleasure in measured doses like medicine. But the best policy is to move about as inclination prompts; to have an object wide enough to allow the details to be arranged at pleasure; to arrange to go to Scotland, or Ireland, or Switzerland, or Germany, or France, and then do just as little or as much as accident or the whim of the moment suggests.

With this excellent piece of advice, which I have never intentionally acted upon myself, but am obliged to make an apology for, as being my usual practice, I come to the holiday in France. There were two of us, and our chosen destination was the South of France. We therefore crossed the channel to Dieppe, a seaport in the North.

This was not out of perverseness. It makes little matter where one begins a journey so long as one reaches the

end, sometime or other. The fact is, there were no Bordeaux steamers starting just then, and there is little to choose between the other routes in the matter of directness. I think we both fancied we should like a day in Dieppe. Besides it was cheap. The French proverb says: "Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte." Our first step on French soil would only cost 17/7. Voilà!

Dieppe in the small hours of the morning is not attractive. There is the ugly Custom's room to struggle into and scramble out of, and then a comfortless railway station. You may succeed in getting a cup of coffee. We did; and we finally gave up the notion of finding a cab and hunting out a hotel. We permitted ourselves to be absorbed by a brightly-lighted railway train waiting outside the refreshment room—the pleasantest looking object at that moment in Dieppe—and found ourselves, much before we wanted it, at Rouen.

Rouen was still sleeping when we moved out of the railway station in the gray dawn. There were no early birds to be seen, and we might have had every first worm in the place, if we had wanted it. Even the ubiquitous gendarmerie was nowhere about. Our stay in this city was not a long one. But it was quite long enough for me to find myself in entire disagreement with Mr. Ruskin about the famous lantern-tower of St. Ouen.

I think that "La Couronne de Normandie"—the name the tower goes by, according to Baedeker—must compel admiration at a first view. I thought it one of the most beautiful things I had ever seen, when I first visited Rouen many years back, and I found myself admiring it, with only a very slightly tempered enthusiasm, at my second visit some years later. Then, reading Mr. Ruskin's *Seven Lamps*, I began to doubt I had been in too great a hurry in trusting to my untutored sense of the beautiful. The professor says: "I do not know anything more strange or unwise than the praise lavished upon this lantern; it is



CHARTRES CATHEDRAL.

one of the basest pieces of Gothic in Europe; its flamboyant traceries being of the last and most degraded forms; and its entire plan and decoration resembling, and deserving little more credit than, the burnt sugar ornaments of elaborate confectionery." However, with this my third visit to Rouen, the old admiration has regained its equilibrium. Its plan and decoration, to my mind, does not at all resemble the 'burnt sugar ornaments of elaborate confectionery', except in an admirable lightness and delicacy. This, perhaps, is its chief charm. It sits as gently upon the fragile-looking intersection of the roofs as a *fliche*; distinguished in this from the solid, ponderous lanterns of our English Cathedrals. There is nothing of the vulgarity of design, or the clumsiness of execution, about it which one expects to find in a sugar ornament; neither does it suggest, in any way, that it has been run in a mould, or stuck together, or that it will melt, or make one sick to eat too much of it. It crowns the building as the sugar ornament crowns the cake; but there can be no fault in that. Coming to details, Mr. Ruskin quarrels with the traceries and the pinnacles. As for the traceries, one would have to be educated to an unreasonable dislike of a particular form to find fault with them. They are, says Ruskin, "flamboyant of the last and most degraded forms;" but in the note explaining this, it would appear that Mr. Ruskin failed to notice so grave a fault himself—often as he must have looked at the tower—and quotes Mr. Whewell's authority for the fact that the traceries form the figure of the *fleur-de-lys*, "always a mark when in tracery bars, of the most debased flamboyant." The architectural eye of my companion pointed this out to me, otherwise, I might not have noticed it. As a matter of fact, the *fleur-de-lys* occurs, if I remember rightly, in four windows of a tower, which has more than twenty traceried openings, and a quantity of traceried arcading. Except as a trade mark of inferior workmanship it is

entirely unobjectionable. There is very little of it, and what there is is skilfully managed. It is, undoubtedly, a "mark of the most debased flamboyant," but even in the most debased flamboyant, it is easy to find exceedingly beautiful pieces of work,—a fact which, I think, Mr. Ruskin himself would not call in question.

The chief ground of complaint, however, is the "flying buttresses." "The buttress," Ruskin says, "became (in later Gothic) a decorative member; and was used, first, where it was not wanted, and, secondly, in forms in which it could be of no use, becoming a mere tie, not between the pier and wall, but between the wall and the top of the decorated pinnacle, thus attaching itself to the very point where its thrust, if it made any, could not be resisted. The most flagrant instance of this barbarism that I remember (though it prevails partially in all the spires of the Netherlands), is the lantern of St. Ouen, at Rouen, where the pierced buttress, having an ogree curve, looks about as much calculated to bear a thrust as a switch of willow; and the pinnacles, huge and richly decorated, have evidently no work to do whatsoever, but stand round the central tower, like four idle servants, as they are—heraldic supporters, that central tower being merely a hollow crown, which needs no more buttressing than a basket does." There is a very simple answer to this sentimental grievance. Where does a buttress end and a pinnacle begin? Surely, it is no longer a buttress when it has finished its work as a buttress, and it becomes a pinnacle the moment it is lifted up higher than the wall it is intended to strengthen. The four buttresses at the corner of the square tower are prolonged into pinnacles quite in a familiar fashion, reminding one of the turrets of Peterborough or Chester. The only difference is that the turrets or pinnacles at St. Ouen, being loftier, are wisely and gracefully made more secure by being tied to the octagon. We find these tied pinnacles in the north tower of Chartres, and

elsewhere. Call them pinnacles, as they really are, and not flying buttresses, which they were never meant to be, and we have Mr. Ruskin's authority to make them as useless and as pretty as we like. "It is just as lawful," he says, "to build a pinnacle for its beauty as a tower."

A little tablet in the Cathedral at Rouen marks the spot where Richard Cœur de Lion's heart was buried. We took ours away with us. Sentiment seems out of place in modern Rouen. Its treasures of medieval work are becoming as much separated from its real life as though they were locked up in glass cases in a museum.

Through the inadvertence of our cab-driver, who allowed his horse to walk a little too fast, we caught the afternoon train to Chartres. It was the longest journey of the tour. The last half hour was enlivened by the company of a crowd of harvesters, whose day's labour in the hot sun had left them as merry as schoolboys let out of school. "The homeward ploughman plods his weary way" is a sentiment which would need interpretation to the French labourer. Those in our compartment were not intoxicated, except with the idea that their task was over. One of them sang a ballad which lasted most of the half hour. The vocalization was not remarkable, but what did surprise us was that, before commencing, he politely and gracefully asked permission of *messieurs* (the two strangers) to sing his *petite chanson* for the entertainment of the public. Then he stood upon the seat and declaimed his war story to his own unbounded contentment. I fancy he was a little disappointed at the want of enthusiasm in *messieurs*, since he did not ask our permission to encore himself.

Chartres means the cathedral, to all except those who live in the town. One has a somewhat irritated recollection of streets and houses that got in one's way when viewing the cathedral, but one hardly conceives the place as a city of 23,000 inhabitants. There are objects of minor interest,—an old house or two, a parish church with

wonderful Limoges enamels of the twelve apostles, too precious to be made use of, and therefore shut up in a little chapel ; but one's eyes are always seeking out

"the Minster's vast repose.

Silent and grey as forest-leaguered cliff
Left inland by the ocean's slow retreat."

Boulevard-belted cliff would be a more accurate description of Chartres, for there is a pleasant ring of trees round the city, but outside the boulevards there is nothing at all suggestive of a forest. The words are Mr. Russell Lowell's as quoted by Baedeker.

The general impression left on me by Chartres cathedral is one of strength. Not that it is abnormally massive, though it is one of the great cathedrals, but that it seems built to endure. Its severe west front—usually redundantly decorated in French Gothic—leaves an impression of its being stripped for action. The north tower of the west front is as elaborate as it well could be, but it is plainly an after thought, and, if taken away, would be a beautiful thing the less, but no material injury to the cathedral. Throughout, there is a look of security ; nothing exposed to wind or weather, which a storm can snap off, or wind or frost crumble away ; no slender pinnacles, or brittle crocketing, or delicate fretwork, or unprotected reliefs ; come foul, come fair, it is ready for the best or the worst.

It will hardly be suspected, after such a description, that Chartres is a great storehouse of Gothic sculpture. But it is so. I believe there is no building in Europe where transalpine sculpture can be better studied. From the twelfth to the sixteenth century, there is a very complete series of well-preserved examples of admirable work. It begins with the early twelfth century statues of the west porch,—gaunt, flat-bodied mummies, but with strong distinctive features, and ends with the lovely groups of the choir-screen,—a work that a Pisano or a Della Robbia would



NORTH TRANSEPT OF CHARTRES CATHEDRAL.

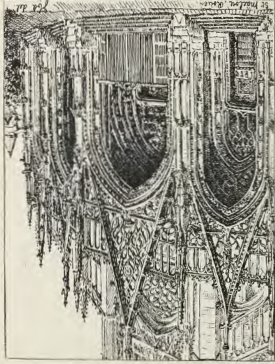
have no cause to be ashamed of. Presuming, as we have a right to do, that it is all, or most of it, the work of local artists,—the last and greatest was Jean Texier, architect of the north spire—Chartres must be considered to have possessed a school of sculpture, which will rank with the highest. The city had its advantages. The stone at its masons' command was much less perishable than that found in Normandy. On the other hand it must remain a matter of speculation what a degree of artistic perfection its sculptors would have reached, if they had had the beautiful marbles of North Italy to deal with. Local advantages and happy circumstances always have so much to do with the development of genius.

Orleans, our next stopping place, is a new city, with some disreputable old streets, and delightful old houses—too well known to call for any description—situated on the banks of a noble river-bed. The cathedral is much restored, and completely spoilt by a huge west front in imitation Gothic. This seemed to me to have every element of vulgarity,—falseness, pretentiousness, boastfulness—it has the inscription cut in big letters "*nec pluribus impar*"—and ignorance. There is little left in the city to connect it with past history and its patron saint, the Maid of Orleans. There are no old walls or gateways, and nothing to give one any idea what the place looked like when it belonged to the English. A Jeanne d'Arc museum, in a charming Renaissance house, is a disappointment, and is largely made up of the casts and statues and statuettes that fill every shop window in the streets.

From Orleans to Sens,—a little city, with a fine cathedral, a Renaissance Archbishop's palace, and an *Officialité*. This last is a sort of ecclesiastical Court House, a fine building of the thirteenth century, admirably restored by Viollet-le-Duc. The *Salle Synodale* is a noble room; its only fault is that it looks too new.

The question of what restoration is right and what

wrong, or if any restoration is allowable at all, forces itself upon one everywhere in France. The French Government has a very definite policy, has had it for a long time, and is determined to go through with it. Mr. Ruskin thinks it barbarous. That buildings should be "scraped and patched up into smoothness and smoothness" is, he says, "more tragic than uttermost ruin." Personally, I am not fond of new walls, whether newly scraped or newly built. But that scraping and patching up is "more tragic than uttermost ruin" is as much as to say that, if a building looks brand new, it had better be destroyed. I suppose all buildings have been smug and smooth in their infancy, and I do not see why one should object to a similar second childhood, if it means a new lease of life. One may very readily admit that the sculpture on a building, where any of it is left, should be preserved and not restored,—that, as Mr. Ruskin says, "the life of the whole, that spirit which is given only by the hand and eye of the workman, can never be recalled." It is quite true that "the whole finish of the work was in the half inch that is gone; if you attempt to restore that finish, you do it conjecturally. . . . There was yet in the old (work) some life, some mysterious suggestion of what it had been, and of what it had lost; some sweetness in the gentle lines which rain and sun had wrought." But to replace broken meshes of a reticulated moulding; to fill up the crockets and cusps and trails and pinnacles; to patch the gaps in a parapet, and renew the rotten stones in delicate tracery, is mason's work rather than sculptor's, and one may trust a modern workman to do it sufficiently well, under the eye of a competent architect. And this means so much. It means, generally, the stopping of decay, the extinction of the disease. Mr. Ruskin would forbid any attempt to cure, and would allow only what prolongation is possible of the diseased life. He bids us defend the gaps in our defences with our lives, but refuses to allow



(Example of base and degraded Flamboyant.)

us to make them sound again, or to strengthen them. This seems unreasonable. "Watch an old building," he says, "with an anxious care; guard it as best you may, and at *any* cost, from every influence of dilapidation. Count its stones as you would jewels of a crown; set watches about it as if at the gates of a besieged city, bind it together with iron where it loosens, stay it with timber where it declines; do not care about the unsightliness of the aid: better a crutch than a lost limb; and do this tenderly and reverently and continually, and many a generation will still be born and pass away beneath its shadow." But, surely, a new limb, in place of the lost one, is better than a crutch, and to renew the decayed foundations of a building better than to shore it up with timber. One has to remember that much of the most beautiful Gothic work in France is fifteenth and sixteenth century restoration of twelfth and thirteenth century work,—the famous north tower of Chartres for instance; would Mr. Ruskin call such restoration a 'Lie,' with a capital L? The "brute hardness of the new carving," which Mr. Ruskin complains of, will be gray enough and softened enough to our grandchildren. "There may come" the professor continues, "a necessity for restoration! Granted. Look the necessity full in the face, and understand it on its own terms. It is a necessity for destruction. Accept it as such, pull the building down, throw its stones into neglected corners, make ballast of them or mortar if you will; but do it honestly, and do not set up a Lie in its place." Why a careful copy in stone is more of a lie than a careful drawing, it is not easy to understand. To my mind restoration is right, if well and reverently done. Worn down sculpture I would leave alone, it cannot be restored, and, however defaced, is more interesting than new work; modern imitations of archaic work are worthless and, if meant to deceive, deserve the name of lies. I would mend where mending is possible and renew where renova-

tion is necessary; I would even go so far as to put modern statues under the old canopies, and new bas-reliefs in the empty spaces, provided they were frankly modern and the best work that can be got.

A Catholic may be allowed a further word in this important matter. To him these cathedrals and churches are not simply works of art and national monuments; they have a living use; and this demands that they be made, if possible, fit for their work,—sound and strong and able; not that they be laid up carefully in a hospital as examples of broken anatomy.

I am afraid to describe in detail the remainder of our journey. The interest of it was almost entirely in the cathedrals and churches we visited, and the reader has probably had enough architectural talk for the present. After Sens came Troyes,—with the usual cathedral, a world-famed *Jubé* or Rood-screen, and seven interesting and delightful parish churches; then Rheims,—with something of the beauties of whose cathedral our readers are familiar; Laon,—a cathedral-crowned cliff; Soissons,—with cathedral and a noble remnant of an Abbey Church; Beauvais,—a choir and transepts, 225 feet to the ridge of the roof, the height of a tall spire; and lastly Dieppe,—with St. Jacques, most lovable of parish churches.

And what about the south of France? Well, the fact is there was no political reason why we should have advanced any further. We had no instructions to hoist the British flag in territories which had been taken from England by force and never formally abandoned. If there had been a possibility of earning a decoration,—the Order of the Bath, for instance, we might have braved the hot sun, and deliberately got ourselves into hot water; but, having no ulterior motives, we preferred to keep cool, in a comparative sense. We found, from the papers, that tropical heats and dysentery were awaiting us in the south, and there seemed no sufficient reasons why we should make their acquaintance.

As a holiday, this going from city to city, church to church, and house to house was pleasant enough. It was, for the most part, life in the open air and in the warm sunshine, with unfamiliar experiences, both internal and external;—the total being that complete change which is the real holiday. I should not like it to be supposed that any special technical knowledge, or unusual tastes, are requisite for the enjoyment of such a tour. A thing of beauty is a joy to everybody, and architecture is an art in which the recognition of technical dexterity has little to do with the pleasure one receives from it.

Architectural *tours de force* are usually, things that anybody can appreciate. Moreover, it is these *miracles*, as the French call them, which save architectural sight-seeing from becoming monotonous. We have some in England, but in France one may hope to find an example wherever one hears of a fine old piece of work. French architects and sculptors in the middle ages, seem to have been allowed to indulge their fancies without any consideration of cost. They seem to have been permitted to exhaust themselves over some darling feature. It is sometimes a beautiful excrescence; often a costly vanity; always an "event" to the sight-seer. A rose window, with tracery and stained glass like silver filagree embedding a star of coloured gems; a great portal, the statues of which are the life-work of an artist; a balustrade of soft stone, the labour spent on which would have plated it with thick gold; a staircase, light almost as a cob-web and beautiful as a poet's dream; a screen like an edging of rich lace, stretched between pillar and pillar; surface ornaments in low relief, of endless variety with never a repetition, and soft and delicate as the pattern on white damask; a tower worth a king's ransom;—it is things such as these which sweeten to the imagination, and embalm in the memory, the somewhat unromantic personal incidents of a holiday in France.

An account of the Life of the Venerable Fr. Augustine Baker.

(Continued.)

This was at the time when the Union of all English Benedictine Monks out of all other Congregations, Spanish, Italian, &c., into one new and renewed Congregation was proposed, and Bulls from His Holiness for that purpose promulgated. Many there were that came into the said Union, but more out of the Spanish than the Italian Congregation. Mr. Baker was the first of all monks in the mission that accepted of the Union. And being asked by a friend what had made him so forward, all the answer he gave was this:—"A domino egressus est sermo, &c." "The matter hath proceeded from Our Lord neither could I do any beyond or against His Will." Yet he parted fairly with his Italian brethren. He was made conventual of the Monastery of Dieulward in Lorraine.

Having taken leave of his mother, he was by the R. F. Vincent Saddler, who was chief of the mission, settled in the west country at the house of one Mr. Philip Fursden; a place where he might have all conveniences for his design of retirement and recollection. This happened a little before Whitsuntide, A.D. 1620.

For a few of the first days after he was entered into this solitude, he loitered (as he himself said); not giving himself seriously (as he had meant to) his recollection. A week being thus lost he chanced one evening to go into the garden alone to walk; where calling to mind his former resolution and his present negligence to fulfil it, he found himself assaulted with a violent temptation to quit his present solitude. The tempter was most furious because

shortly to lose his hold, and suggested to him that he had committed a great folly in quitting all comfort and conversation of friends to imprison himself in an unknown family, &c. Amidst such disquieting discontented thoughts which were ready to force him to make a resolution of changing his present state, God's holy spirit was not wanting to him, discovering the snares that lay under such discourses. By a strong impulse therefore of his heavenly guide he sharply reprehended his own inconstancy and ingratitude to God who had brought him to his so long and so much desired solitude, where he might enjoy all possible advantages to perform all his promises to God, and restore himself to that degree of Light and Grace from which he was fallen. And that now to neglect or forsake so great conveniences for that purpose would be most obstinately and inexcusably to resist the voice of God who had so often called upon him. He then considered; and perceived that nothing was more destructive to recollection than the society of persons to whom we are obliged by the tender bonds of nature or of inclination, and in whose good or ill successes we are daily interested; that he might be more beneficial to his friends by praying for them, and by disposing himself so as to make those prayers acceptable and prevalent with God, than he could by frequent conversations. In a word, he concluded even from those very thoughts and suggestions by which formerly he was almost driven from his solitude, that he ought by no means to quit it. "For," said he, "surely some great good is reserved for me in this place, otherwise the devil would never be so busy and earnest to chase me away from it." And hereupon he fixed in his heart a firm resolution by God's grace to give himself wholly to Him, and to make internal prayer his daily most important business, "never to be omitted, neglected, or postponed to any other affair whatsoever." The which resolution he never after to his life's end (which was above twenty years after this)—

he never failed in on one day, but executed most constantly and religiously. And hereupon he began his third and last conversion (as he called it) or attempt on the exercise of internal contemplative prayer; which was about the forty-fifth year of his age.

The invincibleness of his courage in prosecuting his prayer from this time forward appeared in this, that no changes of place, no infirmity of body, nor no external employment (all which in great measure happened to him) did at all distract or interrupt his prayer.

For the manner of his prayer it was thus:—He began this his third conversion with the prayer of meditation; in which after he had continued about three months he was brought into the exercise of immediate acts of the will; in the which he spent about a year, and then he was called to the exercise of proper aspirations. Yet not so but that sometimes he was driven to the use of acts, till that about six months after, he came to have a settled exercise consisting of aspirations. In the time that he lived in Devonshire (which was little more than a year) he won many souls to God and His Church. Now the way, skill, and art by which he wrought such conversions was not any readiness or eagerness to dispute, no nor so much as any directing or persuading them, but only the giving of good example,—full of modesty, void of all singularity, &c., but principally by praying himself for them, and inviting or instructing them how to pray with a sincere resignation to obey the truth when God should reveal it to them. But his own reason, and daily experience in the practice of others, showed him how unsuccessful disputations were to produce good conversion. Or if by convincing arguments the mind were enforced to submit to Catholic verities, yet unless, according to the proportion of faith in the understanding, the will also were inflamed with charity and adorned with other virtues, the poor convert would rather receive a prejudice than a blessing by such a

conversion; because he would then sin against a greater light and so to all his other sins add one more of ingratitude to God. Therefore Fr. Baker's method of converting souls was by bringing them into God's presence by the practice of the same prayer which God had taught him Himself, for he knew that by such approaching to God, the Father of Lights, they must needs be illuminated and warmed. As soon as a soul was persuaded to pray he accounted her conquered.

Here also he drew some to give themselves seriously and with great profit to internal prayer, as Mr. Fursden's eldest son who proved afterwards a most exemplary, virtuous, recollected religious man, called R. F. Cuthbert Fursden; who according to the instructions for internal prayer received from him in his youth at home, never after left the practice of it, neither in his Monastery nor in the Mission, where he lived also in great abstraction and endeavoured the conversion of souls more by good example and prayer than by disputing. He drew moreover two unmarried gentlewomen to give themselves to a contemplative life, the one of them Martha, the other Edith, sisters to the said Mr. Fursden, who profited so much by the few short instructions which he gave them that they were held in great veneration by all their neighbours and acquaintances for their contempt of the world, charity, great solitude and devotion; though some out of ignorance wondered at that new silent devotion which they practised.

Almost all the time that he lived with Mr. Fursden he was very infirm; but such weakness, though it were the effect of a very bad cause, viz., his youthful excesses, yet he accounted it among the blessings which God's good providence sent him; for had not the overliveliness of his natural temper been so abated and qualified it would have been very difficult for him to have preserved himself in that abstraction and purity which his religious and contemplative estate required. Besides, his habitual infirmity

did not at all hinder, but rather promoted his prayer, resignation, and dependence on God.

Towards the latter end of his abode in Devonshire his weakness did daily increase, and though he could not attribute it to the air of the place, &c., yet was he urged by an interior invitation to remove from thence to London, being assured that such was the Divine Will; for from the time of his third conversion he never changed place or course of life of his own head, but therein observed the Divine call, abstracting himself from all self-willed alterations, and from all distractive employments which were not imposed by necessity, or the immediate Divine impulse. And hence it was that no change of place or undertaking of employments did hinder but rather advance his progress in prayer; whereas changes that are made out of self-will do much hinder prayer.

When he came therefore to be better assured that it was God's will that he should quit his present condition, he presently undertook a journey to London, although he was at that time so weak that both his friends and he himself thought that he could never be able to go through with his journey, unless God, whose will it was, did give him extraordinary strength, as indeed He did. Being arrived at London, he took up his lodging where he seriously prosecuted his prayer, the which at that time did not take up so many hours as it did before; but it was no less beneficial being become more efficacious and vigorous.

His prayer at that time was the prayer of aspirations or perfect contemplation; yet so as the forepart of his exercise seemed to be annihilations, humiliations and examinations exercised immediately upon himself. After which followed those which are properly called aspirations which are directed immediately towards God; being an application of the spirit to God by most pure love, and such as require a greater purity and deeper recollection.

Now the manner of producing such aspirations was

thus:—Sometimes they were vocal, sometimes only mental, sometimes they were exercised together with saying the Office—the Office then proving aspirative. Again, sometimes he said the Office with a very great though not affected distractedness. Moreover, for about the space of the first year and a half, it seemed to him as if his soul did work and exercise those aspirations without the body, as it were without the doors and windows of it; or, as if he directed his working (which was purely of the will) forth of the body. But, afterwards, his internal workings seemed to draw towards and into the body but yet without any motion produced in the heart, &c.; for this action, though it seemed to be exercised upon the body, yet was it an action purely spiritual; yet, some while after, his said workings were accompanied with very violent motions in the body, as stretching out of the right arm, &c. (especially during his evening recollection): the which motions yet passed with a great readiness and facility, and no harm or peril to corporal health came by them. The said actions were accompanied with senseless operations in the venting of which he was sometimes loud enough, but being far remote from company he could not be overheard, which if he had, doubtless, those that heard him would have judged him scarce sound in his wits.

All this while his exercise was advancing or drawing the soul, or somewhat of it (what it was or how to term it he knew not), towards the head, the seat of its faculties. And when all seemed to be thus drawn upward his exercise grew to be less for the time. So that whereas before he spent four or five hours in the morning and one in the evening, yea sometimes eleven hours of the twenty-four, now all put together was little more than an hour's space and of that the best part was in saying of Mass. Having thus prosecuted a spiritual course for the space of more than six years, when the foresaid work was got into the head, there happened upon a Mid Lent Sunday such an

alteration both in head and body that he greatly wondered at it, inasmuch that he doubted lest he should have died upon it.

Now whatever it was, the effects of it, at least the accidents that followed (though perhaps from some other cause, natural or supernatural) were these:—First, whereas before he was much addicted to reading, especially such books as were either spiritual or conducting to spirituality, now he had a great aversion from such reading; and no wonder, for souls that are come to have a settled and habitual ability to exercise the superior will towards God do seem to neglect or even loathe all knowledge, thirsting only after an union with God which they know will furnish them with all knowledge necessary both for themselves and others, in case they be called by God to instruct others. Secondly, instead of his former extended praying, he betook himself to writing of spiritual treatises, &c., or to make spiritual discourses to some that stood in need of light or comfort; for the which he found in himself a great ability and facility, whereas formerly his spirit did even abhor to set pen to paper, especially for any long discourses, &c. A third effect far more considerable than the former was a great stability in prayer, so that no employment of which he was capable could be so distractive to him, but that if he had had but one half quarter of an hour free, he could fully have recalled himself so as thereby to have given full satisfaction to his soul; yet was this stability of prayer far short of that which is caused by a passive union for a good time after it.

Now, though he had many changes in his spiritual doings and workings, &c., and so behaved himself differently in them, yet he never doubted but that (except daily occurring defects, &c., imperfections in the manner) the things done by him were for the substance acceptable to God and according to His will.

And such were either the effects or accidents that did

attend his prayer; and in several degrees of it did such changes happen both to his mind and body. The which, though to some they may perhaps seem not important to be recorded, yet at least they are a great proof of God's providence over him in that He had designed him to be a conductor to souls simply, plainly and intelligibly, through the several degrees of contemplative prayer taught and practised by former saints, but never so exactly and even catechistically delivered; as in a world of spiritual treatises compiled by him doth appear. Now the proof that God designed him for such an employment may be this, viz., the change and alteration which was caused by his prayer in corporal nature, and particularly the ascending (perhaps of the animal spirits) into the head; by means of which he was disabled from long prayer but extraordinarily disposed for writing and instructing. I say, these two happened to him just when by command of superiors he was ordained to be an instructor to a convent of religious women who stood in great need of an experienced director. The which office he could not have discharged with any considerable profit if he had continued to spend so many hours in his daily recollections, and likewise if he had not received an enablement to write of such matters from which formerly he had very great aversion. Moreover, it is observable that when God had made use of him for this purpose sufficiently, He afterwards took away from him both the will and ability to write; and then prayer became again almost his only exercise.

About two years after his coming to London, there was an employment recommended unto him by superiors which he readily undertook and discharged faithfully and prudently, yet so as not to hinder or prejudice his prayer at all. And although this employment (which was of searching after, and finding out, records for proving of the ancient congregation of the Black Monks in England formerly) may seem to have been of great distraction and

solicitude, yet Mr. Baker amongst all his painstaking and running up and down, and waiting (as is unavoidable in such a business), yet made his prayer and recollection his main business, and as for the other, either searching, or reading, or studying, or writing, he made it all his divertisement; that is, he did it without any affection to it; he was neither troubled when he was at it, nor perplexed or disappointed when he was kept from it, nor lastly solicitous to see an end of it. But in all things and above all things he was careful to preserve inward peace and true liberty of spirit. And yet it was performed by him as exactly as if all his time and thoughts had been employed about no other things but it. From whence it appears that to pour out one's soul upon any employment doth not cause the same to be more perfectly done, but that a spiritual person, without any intense regard of a work, may both merit more in the performance thereof and besides perform it far more exactly.

And thus the Reverend Father spent his time in London till about the year 1624, at which time he was several times invited with great kindness by the V. R. Fr. Rudiscind Barlow (the President of the English Congregation) to come to Douai. This invitation was occasioned not only by the esteem of Fr. Baker's piety and good offices done to the Congregation, but withal upon the opinion which some had that his abstracted life was not so proper for the mission, especially persecution then arising upon the breach of the Spanish match. Yet he did not accept of this offer (which though coming from the chief superior was yet left purely to his own choice) till he found himself strongly urged by an interior impulse, which he did not doubt but that it proceeded from God, to go beyond seas (as to avoid impediments to his recollection); yet not perceiving himself clearly directed to what place he should go, and several ones presenting themselves to his mind, he resolved to go to Douai, as well to see whether that place

might be proper for him, as to be at Fr. Rudiscind's disposal, who intended to employ him in compiling an Ecclesiastical History of England; for the which he came very plentifully provided with store gathered out of ancient records and MSS. At Douai he found not that convenience to settle there, much less that assurance and satisfaction in his mind that that was the place which God would have him stay in. But ere long it was made known unto him for what purpose God had inspired unto his mind to take that journey.

The religious convent of English Benedictine Dames at Cambrai was then but newly begun, not one as yet being professed besides those that came from Brussels; so that divers of the beginners stood in great need of a spiritual director. For having strong desires to serve God in an internal life—to which not only their interior propension drew them, but to which also by their profession they had consecrated themselves—and withal enjoying a wonderful abstraction and solitude from distracting employments and conversations, the practice of those vocal prayers and of that sort of mental prayer which their mistress had only learned (*viz.*, meditation) was utterly insufficient to feed their souls. For not only the natural unaptness for discursive prayer, which was in most of them, made them incapable of making much use of it, but also it might become the more useless and even in time insupportable to them by reason that, through their great abstraction of life (especially considering their innocence being most of them very young and virtuously bred), there were no new distracting images that had need to be chased away by such exercise of the imagination. Therefore, for want of some information how to address themselves to God internally by some more effectual way, it was no wonder (prayer being that by the virtue whereof all other burdens are to be supported), if that being wanting, all other exercises should become dry, spiritless and oppressive (notwithstand-

ing their good wills), or at least that it should cause (as it did in some of them) apprehensions, difficulties and dissatisfactions, since they found themselves so far from complying with that duty for the exercise of which they had quitted the world, notwithstanding all their exactness in exterior regularity.

To remedy these difficulties, all possible care and endeavour was used both by their careful director and superior, V. R. Fr. Rudiscind, and also by others employed and sent by him. Some of them also having recourse to whomsoever they heard of to have experience in spirituality; but, none of those being practised in pure affective prayer, they found no remedy by them. But God out of compassion to tender souls, whose misery and sufferings consisted only in that they knew not how to love Him as much as they desired, and as much as they knew they were obliged to do, at last, when they least looked for it, sent them an experienced spiritual guide, moving the said Fr. Rudiscind to send Fr. Baker to Cambrai; not only as being a place more proper for his own convenience, but also hoping it might prove for the spiritual comfort of those novices and the great future profit of the new convent, by establishing and imprinting in them (that were beginners and then in their youth) the true spirit of recollection and internal prayer.

Thus the Rev. Fr. Baker was sent to Cambrai; indeed only in quality of one that was to be boarded there, but yet Fr. Rudiscind recommended him to the mistress of the novices to present him to her disciples as a most spiritual man and one well able to instruct and assist them, giving his free leave to any that would so recur to him; as some also did. Among these there were some who through their natural prudence and calmness had kept themselves from making any great show of difficulty, who yet had much felt the forenamed want of direction in order to an internal life. These did very soon find and acknowledge

wanting instruction to follow that profession, which in the depth of the soul she had, to seek God internally (by which she might have received light to use her natural gifts for



D. GERTRUDE MORE.
MAGNES AMORIS AMOR.

R. Lechman fecit.

the benefit of her soul], decayed much in her natural vertuousness. Her simplicity became turned into craftiness, her tractableness into stoutness of stomach, &c., by which her guilt of conscience daily increased; though

her exterior carriage in the sight of those that were not intimate with her was not to be disliked; and she was also very exact in external observances so far as her health would permit. But the said dissatisfaction and remorse caused in her much discontent with her state, repenting the undertaking of it, desiring to change the monastery, &c., her soul finding no satisfaction in exterior things, and as for the ordering of the interior she was very ignorant. Yet she consulted all she could meet with that were reputed experienced or of ability to direct her, and did read all the spiritual books that she could come by. She went several times to Fr. Baker yet held out long against him, deriding the simplicity of his discourses and mocking those that were most diligent to make use of his directions. Yet the only impediment to the procuring of satisfaction and peace to her mind seemed to be the great difficulty there was to find a proper kind of internal prayer for her. For by her nature she was very affectionate, and she was not capable of using meditation—forced acts she could in no wise relish. But, in fine, upon a serious consultation with her (she being urged by divers friends, particularly by her mistress, who could not possibly tell what to do with her in so many difficulties, to have recourse to him again by whom others found much benefit), he recommended to her to make trial of the prayer of affections; the which she did, and much liked it, but was disheartened by frequent aridities; till one day he reading to her (and others) a short passage, in the prologue of *Secret Sentiers*, of some souls that are led from the beginning by aridities, and that in their poverty they ought to be contented to do their best and to comfort themselves with the divine will, &c. At this she cried out aloud: "Oh! Oh! Oh! this must be my way." After which she made great use of that doctrine, continuing her prayer constantly to the last with great profit notwithstanding her frequent desolations. Having

by this happy chance got some light for an entrance into the way proper and provided by God for her, she without the least delay entered into it, and, under the guidance of this her spiritual director, pursued it so courageously that from that moment she became his obedient disciple, continuing in the practice of that her prayer of aridity to her life's end. The which prayer had so blessed an effect on her that she never complained for want: and instead of her former anguishes, passions, &c., (though there remained some scrupulosity of conscience) yet she obtained great peace and satisfaction of mind in her way, a great perfection in prayer, and some good signs she gave of great supernatural favours received from God: and in conclusion, after some eight years most devoutly and exemplarily spent, she happily died at the age of twenty-seven with a most sweet confidence in God.

By this and many other examples may be seen how invaluable a blessing to the said convent the coming of Fr. Baker thither ought to be esteemed, since the troubles of their minds and consciences before was such, that Fr. Rudiscind, being then President, professed that to give satisfaction to their disquieted minds he would not refuse the pains to search through all the orders of God's Church for an able director for them. And indeed if he had searched perhaps he would never have been able to have found one more proper and sufficient, one that had a skill obtained not by practice of directing but by practice of yielding himself to be directed by God. For it was in a manner by prayer alone that he got this skill.

All places and changes were alike to him wheresoever he was: his whole conversation was with God whose conversation he enjoyed everywhere. His instructions have given such true comfort to many souls, that, had they wanted the same, they have professed (some even upon their death beds) that they should have lived very disconsolate lives, sad and dejected, not for want of true

vocation or of good desires to live well, but merely for want of help to make them transcend their fears and scrupulosity, &c., and of information how to have recourse and relation to God immediately in their interior.

It is to be noted that Fr. Baker had such a demeanour and carriage that there was nothing singular to be seen in all his conversation either with his domestics or wheresoever he were; only his solitariness and much keeping of his chamber was more than ordinary.

His last retirement was when, being removed from Douai into England,* he was placed with one Mr. Watson; where he continued his internal contemplative life with great good success, receiving many the like favours from God as in his second conversion he had received—I mean passive contemplations—as may be gathered from his own expressions in a letter to a dear friend and disciple of his. He died the ninth day of August, 1641, at London, as he said long before that he thought he should: to which place he had observed that from a child he was either drawn or driven in the days of his vanity by a natural propension or will. He wished that he might die without any company about him, and I think he did so. The day before he died he took a leaden pen and wrote this:—"Abstinence and resignation I see must be my condition to my very expiration."

Some Early Printed Books.

HERE is another instalment of the Catalogue of old printed books in our library. It contains the rest of the *incunabula* which I have been able to identify as printed in Italy. A very little more patience and the Catalogue of Early

* This time he settled in Holbourn, near London.

Printed Books will be complete. Altogether this section should be an interesting one. It contains handsome specimens of the work of many of the best early Italian printers. For the most part a modern student, taking up one of these books, will be excused from making any attempt to read it. He is welcome to say with Robert Browning:

"Plague take all your pedants, say I!
He who wrote what I hold in my hand,
Centuries back was so good as to die,
Leaving this rubbish to cumber the land."

But I hope he will have a good word for the honest artisan who printed it.

Printed at Venice:—

21 (a). *Lactantii Firmiani Opera.*

Blank leaf and index 12 ff.; "Quomodo legendi sunt libri lactantii &c.," 1 leaf; 184 ff. with the date 1472 and the verses:

"Impressum formis iustoq; nitore coruscans
Hoc Vindelinius condidit artis opus."

Added there is a blank page and 7 ff. of *Nephithomon Lactantii Firmiani*. No pag., sigs., catchwords or printed initials. Roman, folio.

John of Spire (Speier), the elder brother of Wendelin introduced printing into Venice in the year 1469. John died in 1470, and his brother printed from 1470 until 1477, spending part of his time in Germany.

The above volume is the second Venetian edition of *Lactantius* and is, says Dibdin, "not only scarce but of great intrinsic value." It is beautifully printed, with quotations in a very intelligible Greek character. Our copy is clean, with illustrated capitals, and was presented to the Library by the Right Rev. Bishop Vertue of Portsmouth.

19. *L'Historia Fiorentina di Messer Poggio (Bracciolini)*: Scritta da Lui in Lingua Latina et tradotta in Toscano per Iacopo suo figliuolo.

116 ff.; titlepage, but no pag., catchwords or printed initials; long lines, 41 to a page.

Auinegia (at Venice) per Iacopo de Rossi (Jacques Le Rouge) gallo, 8th of March 1476. Roman, folio.

"Edition très belle et recherchée des curieux; c'est la première de ce livre, et les exemplaires ne s'en trouvent pas communément." Du Bure, Bib. Inst. 5082.

65. *Antonini archiepiscopi Florētini secunda pars Summæ Theologiæ sive Summæ Majoris.*

320 ff. (there should be 322); no titlepage, pag., catchwords or printed initials; illuminated capitals; double columns of 36 lines. "(Venetiis)" ex iclyta officina Nicolai Jenson Gallici quartas calendas Julias. 1480." Gothic, folio.

66. *Antonini &c., quarta pars Summæ.*

372 ff. (Hain says 374, but I have found nothing missing); same description as 65. *Decimas quartas calendas maias*, 1480.

Nicholas Jenson was a French engraver of coins and medals, whom Charles VII., on receiving private information of the invention of printing at Mentz, sent to that city to learn the art. On his return Jenson found the King dead. He then went to Venice, where he made a great name for himself, especially for the beauty of his Roman letters. His earlier works are all in Roman type and are much prized. Later he made use of Gothic type, and the books so printed are less valuable.

128. "In nōie dñi &c." *Incipit liber q; dicit: supplementū* (Fr. Astesani, O. M. Nicholas de Ausmo.)

328 ff., a—y, A—Y, 1—22; No pag., or printed initials; double columns of forty lines. Colophon at end of sig. 18: "venetiis per Franciscū renner de Hailbrun 1483." Gothic, 8vo.

21. *Opus aureum Sancti Thome de aquino super quatuor euangelia.*

318 ff., 5 not numbered; then 1—313; double cols. of 66 lines to a full page of commentary. Device of Scotus. "Venetijs arte ingenoy; (?) Boneti locatelli: Impēsa nobilis viri Octavianus scoti modo etiēsis pridie nonas Junias, 1493." Gothic, folio.

136. *Summa Rosella (casuum) per fratrē Baptistam trovamālā, O. M. (Baptista de Salis).*

Venetis cura & studio Georgi Arriabeni, v Jdas Septembres, 1495.

4 unnumbered leaves, then 1—12; 1—352. Printer's device on last leaf. No printed initials; double cols. of 44 lines. Gothic, 8vo.

94. *S. Thome de Aquino, O.P. opuscula. "Legenda Sancti Thome, &c."* 436 ff.; aa, a—x, A—Z, AA—HH. No pag., catchwords or printed initials; double cols. of 54—56 lines.

Venetis ingenio, ac impēsa Hermanni lichtenstein Coloniensis. VII. Idus Septembris. 1490.

Hermann Lichtenstein printed at Vicenza in 1475.

23 (1). *Joannis Pici Mirandvlæ omnia opera* (in reality the volume contains only some opuscula) cum vita ejusdem per Joannem Franciscum illvstris principis Galeotti Pici filium edita.

136 ff., [the two parts should have together 262 ff. but our copy has the second part of a different edition printed at Bologna, v. 23 (2)]. No pag.; long lines, 44 to a page. Venetijs per Bernardinum Venetum, (B. de Vitalibus) 10 Oct. 1498. Roman, folio.

140. *Liber Vite (Biblia) cum Tabula &c. P. Petrū Angelū de mōte Ulmi, O. M.*

10 ff. unnumbered; 1—164 and 38 ff. of Appendix; double cols. of 52 lines.

In felici paganorum ciuitate, sumptibus & arte Paganini de Paganinis Brixiensis pridie nonas Maij 1501. c, 8vo.

38. *Gulielmi Duranti Rationale Diuinorum Officiorum.*

Titlepage and page of Index; Fo. 1—Fo. CXXXVII: a—v. Woodcut initials; double cols. of 67 lines. Venetijs, per Petrum de quarengijs, 29 Jan. 1503. Gothic, folio.

143 (a). *Pindar Callimachus, Dionysius and Lycophron.* 8 ff. unnumbered, page 1—173; no printed initials, 26 lines. Venetijs in œdib. Aldi et Andrea Asulani Soceri, mense Januario 1513. Device on Title. 8vo.

This is the *Editio Princeps* of Pindar and a beautiful specimen of the Aldine Greek fount. It was chiefly the gracefulness of his Greek characters that won for Aldus so great a name among early printers. He was also the inventor of 'Italics,' a style of printing first called 'Venetian' or 'Aldine,' and by the Germans 'Cursive.' It was designed to do away with the contractions, which the first printers had inherited from the MS. writers, without increasing the bulk of the book. The fount is said to have been a copy of the beautiful handwriting of Petrarch, and was engraved by Francis of Bologna. It was first used in 1501. The preface to this edition of Pindar is printed in Italics.

Printed at Treviso:—

54. *Gulielmi Duranti rationale diuinor: officior:*

Begins: "Ioannes Aloisius tuscanus &c.," and ends "Finis R. D. O. 280 ff. without title, pag., or printed initials; catchwords; double cols. of 48 lines. "Explicit tabula huius libri MCCCCXXVIII."

(Treviso by Michele Manzolo) Roman, Folio. Pasted on the inside of the cover is a Calendar of Feasts from 1489 to 1546. "Impresso in Venetia. Per Baptista Da Sessa Milanese, 1489. A Di Primo Nouembrio. Gothic Folio."

The name of the printer is given on the authority of R. Procter. Index of Early Printed Books in the British Museum II, p. 428. This volume has the bookplate of the Duke of Sussex.

Printed at Mantua:—

40 (a). Eusebii Cæsariensis Historia Ecclesiastica.
171 ff., no pag., sigs., or printed initials; catchwords;
long lines, 34 to a full page. Colophon in verse. Mantua
Johann Schall, July 1479.

Printed at Vicenza:—

116. Sermones aurei de Sanctis fratris Leonardi de
Vtino (Mathæi) &c.

356 ff., a—y, 1—20; without title, pag., catchwords or
printed initials; double cols. of 38 and 19 lines. Vincetie
p. Stephanū Koblinger de Vienna 1480. Gothic, 4to.

Not in the British Museum, nor in the Bodleian.

Printed at Bologna:—

133. Manipulus curator: a Guidone d. mōte rocherij.
156 ff. (2 first leaves of Index missing); a—t; no pag.,
catchwords or printed initials; 29 lines to a page.
(Bologna) P. Joh' em (Walbeck) de Nerdlingen, 8. April
1480. Gothic 8vo. Not in the British Museum, nor in
Bodleian.

112 (2). Vincentii [de Bandelis] de castro nouo O. P.
Tractatus de singulari puritate et Prerogativā con-
ceptionis Salvatoris D. N. J. C.

Foliation at the foot of each leaf 1—113, 5 ff. unnumbered.
Two leaves missing, 5 and last fol. No catchwords, sigs.,
or printed initials; long lines 31 to a page. Bologna, by
Ugo de Rugeris, 12 Feb. 1481. Gothic, 4to.

"Cette édition, qui est l'originale de cet ouvrage a été
faite par Hug. de Rugeris. Elle est d'une rareté extra-
ordinaire et très recherchée des curieux, tant à cause de
cette rareté excessive, que parceque c'est le premier
ouvrage imprimé dans lequel l'Immaculée Conception de
la Vierge ait été attaquée . . . les Exemplaires en
sont devenus très rares et il y a apparence que la plupart
des Bibliographes qui en ont parlé, l'ont annoncé sans

l'avoir jamais vu, puisqu'ils l'ont caractérisé de *format in
folio*. De Bure. Bib Inst. 418.

23 (2). Ioannis Pici Mirandvlæ Disputationvm adversus
Astrologos Libri XII.

112 ff. (5 missing); a—t; no title, pag., or catchwords; long
lines, 44 to a page. There should be 40 ff. of Proemium
at the end of the book. Bononias, per Benedictum
Hectoris (Faelli), 16th July, 1495. This is the first edition.

Printed at Brescia:—

104 (2). Tractatus Ludovici a Turri de Verona (O. M.)
de Immaculata conceptione B. Mariæ, sive compendium
virginis Honoris.

122 ff. (last blank) a—q; no pag., catchwords, or printed
initials; double cols. of 34 lines. Brixia p. Boninū de
Boninis de Ragusia, 19 Aug. 1486. Gothic, 4to.

The only edition, I believe, of this work. A duplicate
copy is 112 (1). There is no copy in the British Museum,
but there is one in the Bodleian.

112 (1). Ludovicus a Turri: de conceptione Beatæ
Mariæ. A duplicate of 104 (2).

137. Breuiarium Monasticum sm cōsuetudinē Monachor.
vnitatis ordinis sci. Benedicti: seu cōgregatiōis de observā-
tia sancte Justine.

544 ff., no pag., catchwords, or printed initials; double
cols., of 33 lines. Printer's device (Ang. Britannicus) in
red. Brixia, Jacobus Britannicus, 1488. Gothic, red and
black letters, 8vo.

This is the second edition of the Benedictine Breviary;
the first was by Ratdolt, Venice, in 1483. It is a perfect
copy. Hain says it should have only 531 ff., but the copy
he examined was plainly without the 12 leaves of Calen-
dar and Index. There is no copy in the British Museum,
nor in the Bodleian.

132 (1). Sermones Aurei Quadragesimales. . . .
Fratris Antonij de Brixia O. P. . . . Vna cum sermoni-
bus de Sanctis.

Title and table two leaves; then a—o, a—d; 114 ff., no pag., double cols. of 44 lines. Brixiae p. Angelū Britannicum, 14 April and 15 April 1503.

Printed at Rome:—

108 (1). Vegetius de re militari.
36 ff., a—i; no pag. or catchwords; woodcut initials, long lines, 40 to a full page.

Romæ, per Eucharium Silber Alamannum (alias Franck),
23 Oct. 1494. Roman, 4to.

(2). Sexti Julii Frontini viri consularis Stratagematicon.
30 ff., a—q; uniform with above. 3 Nov.

(3). Modestus de re militari ad Theodosium Augustum.
4 ff., with sig. q., uniform and continuous with 108 (2), except no printed initial on first page.

(4). Aeliani de instruendis aciebus opus ad Divum Hadrianum a Theodoro Thessalonicense factum. 18 ff., s—y; continuous and uniform with (3).

(5). Onosander ad Q. Veranium de optimo Imperatore . . . p. Nicolaum Sagundinū e greco in latinum traductus. 16 ff., A—D, 40 and 42 lines; uniform with above.

There is an earlier edition from the same press. A. D. 1487.

86. Abbreviatio Pii Pont. Max. (Pius II., Æneas Sylvius) svpra decades Blondi (Libri X. Romæ triumphantis).

156 ff. without title, pag., sigs. or printed initials; long lines, 32 to a page D. D. L. D. S. P. V. 1481. Roman, folio.

No explanation of these initials has, I believe, been given. Panzer says Venetiis, but Procter attributes the book to Oliverius Servius, at Rome, who used the small type in the first portion (a—d) of a Boethius printed in 1484.

Printed at Florence:

111. Tractato o uero libro chiamato Pungi lingua . .

compilata & facta per fratrem Domenico Cavaicha da Vico
 pisano, O.P.
 112 ff. a—o; woodcut title; no pag., catchwords or
 printed initials; long lines, 33 to a page.
 Firenze (Bartolommeo di Francesco del Libri) 10 June,
 1494. Bookplate of the Duke of Saxe.
 J. C. A.

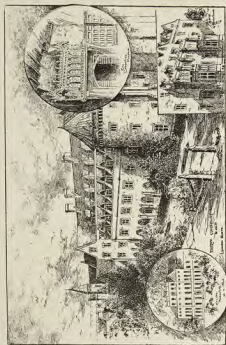
BISHOP HEDLEY'S SILVER JUBILEE.

On the 29th of September of this year the Right Rev.
 John Cuthbert Hedley, O.S.B., Bishop of Newport, cele-
 brated his Silver Jubilee. This is an event of importance
 and interest enough to deserve a notice in the *Ampleforth*
Journal, of which the Bishop has been since its commence-
 ment a kind and zealous promoter and brilliant writer.
 The event, moreover, is of interest not only to the Catholic
 public at large, but especially to St. Lawrence's, of which
 he is so distinguished a son. Here he was a quiet, thought-
 ful, studious boy in the fifties and gave unmistakable
 promise of the intellectual work he has done since. Here
 in the fine bracing Yorkshire air his strong and healthy
 constitution was developed, and his habits of persevering
 intellectual labour formed. It is well known how he
 was called shortly after being ordained priest, in
 the early sixties, to be a professor at St. Michael's,
 Hereford, the house of studies of the Benedictine Order in
 England. Here he proved himself a close student and
 assiduous worker, and here he remained until 1873, when
 he was appointed Bishop and was consecrated on the 29th
 of September of the same year in the monastic church of
 St. Michael's by Archbishop Manning. The day was a



memorable one, by the number of the Bishops who were present, the large gathering of Benedictine brethren and the brilliant assemblage of laity. In the same monastic church and on the 29th of September of this year, 1898, Bishop Hedley celebrated the Silver Jubilee of his episcopate. He sang Pontifical High Mass surrounded by his Benedictine brethren, and in the presence of a number of the secular clergy and a large gathering of the faithful of his diocese. The Right Rev. Dr. Mostyn, Bishop of Menevia was present and occupied a place in the Sanctuary. The music of the Mass was harmonized plain chant and was rendered in excellent style. After Mass an address on the part of the Cathedral Chapter was read to the Bishop as he sat surrounded by his Benedictine brethren. He responded in feeling and touching language. The Bishop Pontificated at Vespers at 6 o'clock and at Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament during which a solemn *Te Deum* was sung. As all the clergy of the Diocese could not meet and be accommodated at St. Michael's on this occasion, another celebration took place at Cardiff on the 5th of October. On that day the Bishop again sang Pontifical High Mass in the Church of St. David, at which the remaining part of the clergy and a large number of laity were present. After Mass an address was read to the Bishop on the part of the clergy and faithful of the diocese. In the course of the afternoon the Bishop gave a reception in one of the large halls of the town. Many handsome presents were made to the Bishop on the occasion of his Jubilee. Amongst others a beautiful altar, carved in oak and designed by Mr. Bernard Smith, was presented by the clergy of the diocese and is to be erected in the Bishop's private oratory at Llanishen. An offering of £1,000, from the laity is to be presented in a short time.

The twenty-five years of Dr. Hedley's episcopate have been marked throughout by great energy and activity, both on the part of the Bishop and his clergy. The



Bishop is well known for his kindness, his sympathy and paternal solicitude towards all his priests. The clergy secular and regular are an unostentatious, persevering and laborious set of men, and form a striking example of priests living in the best relations towards each other and united in the kindest fraternal charity.

Though the Bishop is a prodigious literary worker and never seems wearied in the use of his pen, he is quite alive to the minute details that concern each of his missions. His priests feel that they will find in him a sympathetic attention to the smallest difficulties and troubles in their individual cases.

It is the earnest prayer of clergy and people that their Bishop, of whom they are so proud, may long be spared to them. Whatever may happen in the future modifications and changings and redistributions of dioceses, Bishop Hedley by his zeal, his kindness, his laboriousness and his learning, has made the Benedictine name so loved and revered, and stamped it so deeply on the diocese of Newport, that it will take long years to obliterate it.

The Rev. John Placid O'Brien R.J.P.

"DIED in the 73rd year of his age, the 50th of his Religious profession, and the 46th of his Sacred Priesthood." This is Fr. O'Brien's history in the annals of the English Benedictine Congregation. A veteran of the rank and file, with an unblemished record of faithful service, devoted to his duty and fondly proud of the flag he served under,—this, to most people, was the story of his life.

A long service distinction, honourable as it is, seems but a scant reward for the labour of a lifetime. Yet it is true to say that Fr. O'Brien looked for nothing further. It was his pride and his pleasure to tell of his many years on the mission, and to thank God for his life of unbroken health, and for the vigour of his old age. He seldom spoke of past work without a glad reference to its continuance in the present. What he had done in the past he was still able to do; the rests and comforts he had denied himself in his youth, he was proud to be able to refuse himself in his declining years. A break down must come some time or other; but he believed and wished to believe that the time was still a long way off when his career of useful service would come to an end. The ambitions of his younger days—if, indeed he ever had any—were gathered together and woven into the one desire to lengthen out his praiseworthy record of untiring fidelity to duty. It is, and always has been, and will be, an old-fashioned virtue, this—

"The constant service of the antique world
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!"

It is only at the end of a long life one can lay claim to it, and prove that one is not of "the fashion of these times,

Where none will sweat but for promotion."

But the grace of it is one of the beauties of old age, and remains fresh and green long after other, perhaps nobler, ambitions are faded and forgotten.

Fr. O'Brien's undoubted talents were neutralized by a singular mistrust of himself;—singular, because he was conscious of many, at least, of his gifts,—his fine voice, sweet-toned, but robust and manly; his faculty of speech, a talent, only a little lower than genius; and his ready wit. Those who know him only from an Ampleforth re-union or

an Exhibition evening, when with speech after speech he made the meeting almost a one-man entertainment—a delightful one, will be inclined to question this statement. Nevertheless, it is the truth that he never willingly sang, or preached out of his own church. Practically, he never refused when asked, but this was through his good nature. His assent always left one under the impression that he honestly thought himself unfit to do the thing as well as it ought to be done. And this mistrust of himself was the negative side of what was one of the pleasantest traits of his character—his almost childlike appreciation of the gifts of others. Nobody enjoyed other people's songs, or speeches, or humorous remarks more than he did. He had no jealousy, and would only pose as a rival for the sake of amusement; he was unstinted in his praise of others, and seemed to enjoy their success even better than his own. It should be said of him that he could never bring himself to say an unpleasant word to anyone, and, what is still more to his credit, that his keen wit never took the form of caustic remarks; he was even especially careful to avoid saying an unkind thing of one who had displeased him. Whether he was particularly sensitive or no, it is impossible to say; he had the art to conceal his feelings. But one felt that there were sore places, for the reason that he would not allow them to be touched. There were names and subjects whose mention always led to a jocular remark about the weather, or to some disconnected anecdote which abruptly turned the conversation.

Another characteristic, which an enemy, if he had one, might scoff at, and which his friends made a joke of was his faculty for saving. He himself believed it to be a virtue, and certainly it entailed considerable sacrifice on his part. If any one took offence at a manifestation of it he was accustomed to turn the matter into a joke, and whatever loss of sympathy or esteem it cost him he willingly bore it, knowing the advantages his sacrifice would bring to the

mission he was serving, or to the monastery he loved so dearly.

What people envied in Fr. O'Brien was his irrepressible good spirits and his immense capacity for simple enjoyment. It seemed the outcome of his robust health, and was so to some extent, but it was at least quite as much the result of his life of self-denial. To his last days anything in the shape of comforts and pleasures was fresh and new to him. He had never experienced the surfeit that kills enjoyment. His few and short holidays had, to the end, the flavour of a first vacation. In his last illness, a stranger, listening to his talk, might have judged him to be suffering only from what Mark Twain calls "an attack of the panegyrics." The little comforts, usual in a sick room, were luxuries to him. Grapes, sent by one kind parishoner, were described as though they had been grown in paradise. Jellies, made by another, were decorated with adjectives that lent them a patent of nobility. "I have just had a *grand* cup of Bovril," he said a day or two before his death, and then he launched into a description of its qualities that far outstripped the advertisements. He spoke in the same way of the friends who remembered him. Everybody was so good, everything was so excellent:—"a bit of nausea, now and then, but no pain, and my faculties as good as ever." One could not help but be reminded of the "age as a lusty winter, frosty but kindly." Only it seemed, at the time, as if the winter had hardly yet begun.

The College Diary.

THE Exhibition of 1898 was distinguished by the fine production of Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice." A. Byrne who took the leading part did credit to himself and to his masters.

Owing to a misunderstanding, the annual cricket match between the past and present did not take place.

Sept. 15. The day appointed for the return from holidays. A fair number returned on the right day, amongst whom were the following new boys:—Peter Allanson, Philip Cartwright, Charles Crookell, Thomas Heffernan, Joseph Sebastian Howard, Francis Worsley Hesketh, John McKenna, Denis McCormack, Maurice Neville, Adrian Primavesi, John Punch, Sydney Punch, James Quinn, Ernest Tott, Dominic Traynor, Edward Taunton.

Sept. 28. The voting for the captainship resulted in V. Nevill obtaining the position. He chose the following government:—

Secretary	- - -	A. Gateley
Librarian of Upper Library	- - -	J. Pike
Officemen	- - -	C. Havenith
	- - -	G. Fishwick
Recorder	- - -	H. Weighill
Commonmen	- - -	W. Dowling
	- - -	W. Forster
Gaemen	- - -	M. Cloran
	- - -	V. O'Connor
Clothesman	- - -	M. Walsh
	- - -	F. Birmingham
Collegemen	- - -	D. Burn
	- - -	J. Nevill
Librarian of Lower Library	- - -	F. Neal
Vigilarii	" " "	W. Field
	" " "	W. Foote
Librarian of Upper Grammar Room	- - -	W. Hodgson
Vigilarii	" " "	J. Kevill
	" " "	D. Field
Vigilarii of Lower Grammar Room	- - -	B. Bradley
	- - -	V. Richards

Football Captains for 1898:—

1st set	-	-	-	-	{	R. Dawson
					{	V. Nevill
2nd set	-	-	-	-	{	J. Pike
					{	H. Weighill
3rd set	-	-	-	-	{	G. McDermott
					{	F. Hayes
4th set	-	-	-	-	{	E. Corry
					{	P. Higgins

V. Gosling, later in the term, replaced V. O'Connor in the post of gasman.

We were glad to welcome Br. Wilfrid Wilson back from Belmont, and we wish every success to A. P. Hayes who has recently entered the novitiate.

The ranks of the Band have been swelled by the welcome additions of Br. Stephen Dawes (cello), Mr. E. Calvert (Bassoon), W. Dowling (Clarinet), H. Weighill (Drums).

Oct. 6. Month-day. The boys spent an enjoyable day at Kirby Moorside, where Fr. Cuthbert Jackson was holding a bazaar in aid of the new church. In the evening Mr. Calvert, W. Forster and F. Birmingham helped the charity by the performance of an excellent farce.

Oct. 12. The Rector's feast. In the afternoon the boys had a pleasant walk to Riveaulx Abbey, coming back by Helmsley, where Fr. Prior kindly provided them with tea.

Oct. 13. Fr. Edmund, Br. Elphege, W. Byrne and S. Parker returned to Oxford.

Oct. 20. Fr. Feeny from Barton-on-Humber came up to give the school the usual Retreat.

Oct. 26. To-day we played our first match against the Friend's School, Bootham, York. The eleven chosen to represent the school was as follows:—

Goal-keeper, A. Gateley; *Full-Backs*, M. Galavan and F. Quinn; *Half-Backs*, W. Forster, R. Dawson and F. Dawson; *Forwards*, C. Martin, H. Crean, E. Weighill, A. Byrne, W. Field.

During the first half the play was very evenly divided. Bootham, however, managed to score shortly before half-time. Great excitement prevailed in the remaining half, especially after E. Weighill had equalized the scores with an extremely fine shot. Neither side

scored again, and when time was called, the game stood: Bootham 1. Ampleforth 1. The forward line scarcely came up to expectation though Weighill and Byrne played excellently. Galavan and Quinn were a decided success, and the half-backs played in good form.

Oct. 28. News arrived of Fr. O'Brien's death. He was much revered by all, and his loss will be deeply felt. R.I.P.

Oct. 29. Solemn Requiem Mass was sung for Fr. O'Brien.

Nov. 3. To-day being the month day, the upper boys, had a long and enjoyable walk. Football afforded ample amusement for the remainder of the school.

Nov. 9. St. Crux, a York team, met us to-day on our own ground. Our XI. was vastly strengthened by the addition of Br. Stephen Dawes and Br. Maurus Powell, who took the places of H. Crean and W. Field. After five minutes play the game ceased to be exciting, as already we were leading by three goals. Eight more were registered before half time, and twelve in the second half. The final result was Ampleforth 23. St. Crux 0. Br. Maurus Powell contributed 14 of the goals. This score is a record in the football annals of Ampleforth.

Nov. 13. All Monks. The usual festivities, were enjoyed, not least amongst which, from the boys' point of view, being the traditional goose.

Nov. 14. Mr. R. Holmes (Bob), the Preston North End full back, who for many years has trained the Stonyhurst boys, arrived here to-day. He will coach our football XI. during the coming week.

Nov. 16. A home match against Harrogate School. E. De Normanville took the place of W. Field as left inside, the latter being unable to play. Both sides played with vigour. Our adversaries' efforts to score were frustrated by the brilliant goal-keeping of A. Gateley. Shortly before time, however, E. Weighill managed to shoot a goal, from a rather doubtful penalty, and obtained for us a victory.

Nov. 21. Father Clement Standish paid us a few days' visit. We were all extremely pleased to see him once more amongst us.

Nov. 22. Feast of St. Cecily. Match against Pocklington, away. The College team for this, the first of the two most important

fixtures of the season, was almost at full strength. The only member absent was W. Field, the left inside. Consequently F. Dawson, the half-back on that wing, went forward, J. McCann filling the place of the latter. No sooner had the ball been started than our forwards rushed down, and E. Weighill received an injury which constrained him to leave the field for the rest of the game. This piece of ill luck seriously handicapped the College, since the many excellent centres from both wings were thereby wasted.

During the first half we had undoubtedly the best of the game, but in the second the home XI, cheered on by the curious though encouraging cry of their partisans, after ten minutes hot pressing, scored a goal from close quarters. This encouraged them to redouble their efforts and, fifteen minutes from time, they again scored. The College now made vigorous efforts but all in vain, and when time arrived the result stood: Ampleforth 0, Pocklington 2.

We were well beaten, but still no one can doubt that E. Weighill's accident made a considerable difference.

On the same day, our 2nd XI met the Pocklington 2nd XI, on our own ground. We obtained an easy victory. All the forwards showed considerable talent. H. Pilkington promises well as a half-back. The result was Ampleforth 6, Pocklington 1.

Nov. 29. The choir and the élite of the orchestra under the leadership of Mr. Oberhoffer gave a concert at Knaresborough for the benefit of the Catholic Church.

The performance of the vocalists, who sang various selected pieces, including a "Kyrie" of Mr. Oberhoffer's own composition, was eminently successful. V. O'Connor received a well merited encore for his pianoforte solo.

Dec. 1. The First XI visited Scarbro' to play Oliver's Mount School. As E. Weighill was unable to play, V. Gosling took his position in the forward line. The game was scarcely a fair test, owing to the bad state of the ground and the high wind which prevailed during the match. Our back division was as usual excellent, and although the forwards missed E. Weighill in the centre, H. Crean proved a valuable substitute. Our opponents, as arranged beforehand, played their masters, who greatly added to the strength of their team. Oliver's Mount scored early on in the second half, and things looked very black, until V. Gosling, just within the time limit, saved his side from defeat. The game resulted in a draw.

Dec. 7. The return match with Pocklington was eagerly awaited by us, for we were bent on regaining our lost laurels. Unfortunately A. Byrne and W. Field were both unfit to play. E. Weighill took his place in the centre for the first time since his injury. E. de Normanville and J. O'Hagan formed the left wing. The teams were very evenly matched. Our defence indeed was superior, but the Pocklington forwards played with far greater science than our own. The visiting goal-keeper stopped several very hard shots. The Pocklington men scored through a misunderstanding on the part of our backs.

During the second half we had most of the play. But our forwards could not get the ball through the goal. At the call of time we stood defeated by one goal to none.

Dec. 8. We played the last match of the term against Harrogate College. Three of our forwards were unable to play. Br. Stephen Dawes and Br. Maurus Powell, however, kindly consented to play for us. The forward line was therefore E. de Normanville, Br. S. Dawes, Br. M. Powell, H. Crean, C. Martin. The ground being on a slope, we decided to play up hill. Neither side scored in the first half. But soon after recommencement of play our opponents scored. Our men now strained every nerve and very soon Br. Maurus equalized the score, and a few minutes later a fine shot from the same player gave us the lead. Four more goals were added in the last ten minutes,—two by Br. Maurus, one by Br. Stephen, and one by H. Crean.

The final result was Ampleforth six, Harrogate one.

Government Debates.

In the public meetings of the school this season little of importance has occurred. The captain and his government have worked well, and given but little cause for discussion or complaint.

R. DAWSON.

V. GOSLING.

Literary Debates.

We are glad to say the members of the Senior Library have continued to show their interest in the Literary Society. Without criticism we are content to say that this interest is a most valuable stimulus in a boy's Education, and we hope it will continue unabated through the coming term.

We record the 'Papers' and Debates, and congratulate the writers and speakers.

Monday, Oct. 17, 1898. Fr. Anselm, the Vice President, called a preliminary meeting to settle matters for the new term. Having explained the objects of the society to the new members, he proceeded with the business of the night.

V. Gosling was proposed and seconded as Secretary, which position he accepted.

The following members agreed to read papers or lend debates, viz., R. Dawson, J. McCann, M. Cloran, V. Gosling, F. de A. Galiano, and W. Forster.

The day of meeting was changed from Thursday to Sunday, to suit the convenience of several members.

The meeting then broke up, a vote of thanks having been accorded to the chairman.

10th Meeting, Sunday, Oct. 23, 1898. As this was the first meeting of the new term, the President, Fr. Sub-prior, read a paper.

Fr. Anselm and Mrs. Benedict and Philip were present. The subject was:—"The Expression of Emotion." The lecturer spoke very skillfully of the different expressions, and treated of grief in particular. Fr. Sub-prior having been thanked for his most interesting lecture, Fr. Anselm and Fr. Philip arose, and made a few remarks; among other things it was noted how expression is much influenced by surroundings.

The subject did not meet with very general discussion.

The meeting broke up at 8.30 with a vote of thanks to the chairman.

11th Meeting, Sunday, Oct. 30th. In the absence of Fr. Sub-prior, Fr. Anselm, the Vice-President, took the chair, supported by Fr. Bede and Br. Benedict. Fr. Anselm then introduced the lecturer,

Mr. Galiano. The paper was entitled 'Judicial Sentences.' Mr. Galiano then read his lecture. It was very interesting and was thoroughly enjoyed by all. He touched very skillfully on the different punishments, and advocated strongly a deeper consideration by the judges of the motives which caused the prisoner to commit the crime for which he was being tried. He also thought that the prisoner should be allowed to choose between death and penal servitude.

Some discussion then took place on which was the better mode of capital punishment,—the Guillotine or Hanging. Messrs. Nevill, Havenith, Cloran, and Gosling took part in the discussion.

Fr. Bede defended the abolition of capital punishment, and was ably opposed by Mr. Dawson. As the debate aroused considerable interest, Mr. Cloran proposed an adjournment which was seconded.

The meeting then broke up at 8.30 p.m.

Sunday, Nov. 20th, 1898. Continuation of Debate on 'Judicial Sentences.' Fr. Sub-prior took the chair at 7.45 p.m. attended by Fr. Bernard and Br. Wilfrid.

Mr. Cloran opened the debate by defending capital punishment. Fr. Bernard then arose and explained that punishment was to be vindictive and deterrent, and that, if a life punishment could be made more severe than death, it would certainly be preferable.

Messrs. Nevill, Gosling, Galiano and Havenith argued for some time in favour of their different opinions.

Fr. Sub-prior then summed up, and put the question to the House: "Whether capital punishment should be abolished." The votes were strongly in favour of capital punishment, only two voting for its abolition.

Several members, including Mr. Dawson, then raised a discussion about several other modes of punishment, which lasted until the meeting came to a close at 8.30 p.m. A vote of thanks to the chairman.

12th Meeting, Sunday, December 11th, 1898. Fr. Sub-prior took the chair at 7.45 p.m. Fr. Anselm and Br. Benedict were present.

Mr. Cloran then read his most interesting and instructive lecture on Mexico, particularly treating on the manners of the Aztecs and their high state of civilization.

Their religion was also very remarkable, a striking similarity

existing between several of their religious observances and Christianity. They believed in a Supreme Being, and a future state, and baptized an infant to cleanse it from sin. They were much addicted, however, to human sacrifices.

Fr. Sub-Prior thanked Mr. Cloran for his lecture, which showed great research, and over which he had evidently taken a great deal of trouble.

Fr. Anselm, Mr. Dawson and Mr. Havenith then gave us some interesting opinions about Spanish civilization and colonization in Mexico. Br. Benedict in a very able speech gave us an interesting comparison of several modes of colonization. The meeting came to a close at 8-30 p.m. with a vote of thanks to the chairman.

Notes.

THE distinctive feature of the Exhibition of 1898 was the absence of crush and inconvenience. There was room for everybody. With an in-rush of visitors rather above average, none of the ordinary inmates of the house were crowded out. Of course it was the additional accommodation of the New Monastery which made the difference. It is safe to prophesy that the Old Exhibition is a thing of the past and that, under the influence of novel conditions, a new and distinct variety will be produced.

We are not yet quite convinced that the world is in a state of decline, that it reached its apogee about the time the influenza was introduced into England, and has been in a retrograde movement ever since. Hence we are willing to believe that the new Exhibition may be an improvement on the old one. By the action of the law of the survival of the fittest it might have been expected that, in the course of a few hundred centuries, if the old conditions had been maintained, a race of Amplefordians would have been developed, who could rest themselves more thoroughly by a six miles walk with a bathe inserted in it, than by an eight hour's

sleep. This might have been a desirable accomplishment if it could have been satisfactorily acquired in the usual scholastic course. But as a possible progressive development, in an unborn geological epoch, it could hardly figure in the new College prospectus.

Of course, there is something to be said in favour of the old state of things. Anything that teaches the spirit of self-sacrifice is wholesome. To give up one's room to a visitor, and sleep on a mattress on the floor could not do much physical harm, and might have an important beneficial effect on the character. We quite believe it had such a result in the past, and we recommend its practice without misgiving to future generations of Amplefordians. But, for ourselves, we are satisfied we have got all the good out of it we are likely to get. And we gladly welcome the new and more comfortable state of things.

Henceforth, stories of the hardship of the Old Exhibition will, no doubt, find a place among the tales of the days when the Lavatory was a frozen pump in the kitchen yard, and the annual Exhibition suits of clothes were of two sizes, one for the bigger boys and one for the smaller ones. Such things are pleasant to talk about, but we do not want them to happen again. Some of our pleasantest memories are those of hardships satisfactorily done away with.

The Exhibition was none the less successful for this unforeseen element of gentleness and quietness arising from the feeling of roominess and comfort. Everyone was in the best of humours. Poor Fr. O'Brien, looking very worn and thin, quite brightened up, and seemed to recover something of his vigour. *The Merchant of Venice* was well done, and quite sufficiently appreciated by the public. The drilling was good, and the swimming contest was quite up to average; the only thing missed was the annual cricket-match.

We subjoin the report, read by Fr. Prior at the distribution of prizes, of the Oxford Local Examinations. The reader will appreciate our candour—for which we take some credit, as it is quite unusual—in printing it in full, omitting nothing that Mr. de Selincourt has been able to say about imperfect work or unsuccessful

efforts. We have had rather a broken year, through an outbreak of the measles and the necessity of re-vaccination. The report however is quite creditable.

To the delegates of local Examinations, Oxford.

"Gentlemen,

"The papers done by the boys of *Ampleforth College, York*, in the recent examination, were on the whole satisfactory. Though the average result is hardly equal to that which was attained last year, yet there were several candidates whose work shows a marked improvement, upon which both they and their teachers are to be congratulated. In many cases the papers seemed too difficult for several of those who were attempting them, the reason probably being that they were new to the work: the first year either as Junior or as Senior is naturally a somewhat severe test. And it will be interesting to see whether, after another year in the same division, the efforts of the majority will not be much altered in quality. At the same time I should like to mention that I noted with pleasure the excellent work done in the Senior papers by two or three students whose Junior papers won commendation in July last.

"With classical work, and especially in the Greek, there was a general want of style and finish, even where the translations were correct, whilst, as a whole, it did not seem to me that enough pains had been expended upon the preparation of set books. The prose was in every case better translated than the poetry—Cicero and Plato of the Seniors were quite satisfactory—but in their treatment of Virgil and Homer there seemed to be a lack of that sympathetic appreciation which is essential to the translation of poetic authors. The Virgil of the Juniors was not well done for the same reason. On the other side of the case, it may be remarked that the boys showed themselves well grounded in the elements of the grammar of both languages—so necessary a foundation for a scholar—but were weak upon questions of Syntax, and in dealing with the grammatical questions rising out of their set books. The compositions were weak.

"The French unseen translations were decidedly good in every case, the grammar also satisfactory: the compositions again proved

beyond the powers of the candidates, though of course one must admit that the writing of anything approaching a French prose is a very difficult thing, rarely attained by schoolboys.

"Much of the English work was excellent in Grammar, Shakespeare and History, though the Essays were again disappointing. It was a curious thing that boys who wrote quite well and in good style in their History papers failed to express themselves adequately when the ideas to be expressed were more or less their own. I am aware that this is a very common fault in the work of young boys, but it is important that it should be eradicated, and I cannot but feel that it might in some measure be met if a greater emphasis, was laid upon essay work in connection with other subjects of study, together with a more urgent insistence not only upon the accuracy but also the style of translations from foreign language into English.

"I venture to make these criticisms and suggestions in the hope that they may prove useful and encouraging.

ERNEST DE SELINCOURT, M.A.
Lecturer at University College,
Oxford."

OXFORD LOCAL EXAMINATION LIST: 1898.

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PRELIMINARY.

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Joseph Smith.	" " "
Oswald Williams	" " "
Francis Allanson, 2nd.	" "

We have reason to congratulate ourselves that the Rev. Sir David Hunter Blair, M.A., has accepted the position of Head of our little Oxford House. His willing and friendly assistance has helped us over a difficulty. There is already an earnest of success in the fact that our junior students, W. Byrne and S. Parker, have recently passed in 'Moderations.' They have worked hard and deserve their good fortune. We also congratulate Br. Elphege Hind on his success in the Divinity Examination.

In another part of the Journal will be found a notice, by an old friend, of Bishop Hedley's jubilee. It is a matter of regret to us that we have not been able to reproduce a really good portrait of his Lordship, who from the beginning has been the Journal's best friend. A portrait block has been very kindly lent us by the Catholic Press Company. We do not know yet if it will prove in a fit condition to be printed in these pages. But, whether we are able to make use of it or not, we are grateful to the manager of the company for his courtesy.

We are quite sure our kind contributors and artists would not be offended if we omitted a formal expression of our thanks. But unusual circumstances have interfered somewhat with the issue of this number, and we feel that it is quite necessary to publicly acknowledge the readiness with which our friends have put themselves to exceptional trouble in the emergency.

The illustrations are by the old hands, and should be quite up to

the standard we have so far been able to reach. Br. Maurus Powell's etching—the first he has bitten and printed by himself—is quite a mature and finished piece of work. We are indebted to Dr. Gasquet for the portrait of Dame Catherine, Abbess Gascoigne. He found the original engraving, amongst odds and ends, in a London shop and has kindly lent it for reproduction. Its existence had not been suspected before its discovery. There is a curious fault—a freak of the acid when working upon the zinc—in the reproduction; the Lady Abbess has the appearance of holding in her left hand a half-smoked cigar. The reader will please excuse this blemish. The portrait of Dame Gertrude More is a copy of that prefixed to the little volume of her devotions. The old engraver is responsible for the Latin of the family motto.

The Very Rev. Fr. Alphonsus Morrall writes:

"Sir,—In the July number of your journal, to face p. 59, there is a very pleasing portrait of the venerable Father Augustine Baker, O.S.B. And at p. 116, there occurs the following notice of it. 'The portrait of Fr. Baker which we have reproduced, is from a steel engraving by W. Holl published in the *Lally's Directory* of 1836. Apparently it was made after the portrait now in the Refectory of St. Michael's, Belmont.'

"Instead of the engraving by W. Holl being taken from the painting at St. Michael's, this painting must have been taken from one, or other, of the pre-existing portraits of venerable Father Baker, or from Holl himself. The late Mr. Baker Gabb, of Abergavenny, a convert, and, later on in life, a chamberlain at the Vatican, under Pius IX., caused the portrait at Belmont to be painted specially for St. Michael's, and he presented it to that monastery, which was formally opened on November 21st, 1859. The portrait given by you in your last number, was taken, as you mention, from the steel engraving by W. Holl in the *Lally's Directory* of 1836. This latter was evidently taken from an engraving that is signed, Jac. Neefs. This portrait, of which there is a framed copy in the calefactory at Downside, is 5½ in. by 3½ in., and is a three-quarter portrait in hood and cowl, with face slightly turned to the left. Beneath the portrait there is printed:

Vera effigies Ad^m. R^o. Patris

Augustini Baker

Ætatis 66 Anno Domini 1641

I nothinge Am, have nothinge, nothing Crave

But Jesus, he redeems. all els enslave.

Jac. Neeffs

Sculpsit.

"There is also another portrait, an engraving, but without any artist's name attached to it. It was, apparently, executed, or at least was first published, for the first edition of *Sancta Sophia*, in 1657. It is 4½ in. by 3½ in., and is a full length figure, with hood and cowl, seated in a high-backed chair, with the hands clasped together in front, the face slightly turned to the left, and an open book on a stand and table at his left. Underneath is printed:

Vera effigies R^o Patris

Augustini Baker

Æt^{is} sue 69. Martii 26. A.^o 1634.

"This portrait was inserted in the first edition of *Sancta Sophia*, namely in 1637; and to face it were printed four stanzas composed by Fr. Leander Norminton, beginning:

In sable lines laid o'er a silver ground
The force of that mysterious Man is found,
Whose secret life and published Writings prove,
To pray is not to talke, or thinke, but love.

"In the library at Downside there are no less than four copies of this edition, but only one of them is in the original binding, and only in this one is this engraving to be found. It was probably taken out of the others for devotion's sake, and was lost. The portrait by Jac. Neeffs was probably designed, or executed, for a second edition, but I do not remember having met a copy of the work with it in. Was there a second complete edition before that brought out by Dr. Sweeney? An imperfect edition was published in America. The dates of the two portraits do not coincide. Father Baker was born Dec. 9th, 1575, and died Aug. 9th, (Saint Lawrence's his eve), 1641, in his 66th year. In the earliest portrait, that of the unknown artist, the age there given (69), is certainly

ly wrong, for he was then only in his 39th. year. Does the year that is given, 1634, imply that the portrait was taken in that year? This portrait represents him as younger, and with more life and energy, than the one by Neeffs. A facsimile of this unsigned portrait, but somewhat smaller, is inserted in the edition of *Sancta Sophia*, that was brought out by the late Right Rev. Abbot Sweeney, D.D., in 1876. I remain, Mr. Editor, Yours truly, J. A. M."

An interesting event, that is probably unique in modern monastic annals, was celebrated a few weeks ago in the Cathedral Monastery at Belmont, when both Prior and Sub-prior kept their Silver Jubilee in office. In these later days of frequent elections it is sufficiently singular for a Prior to remain in office for twenty-five consecutive years. To have a Sub-prior holding his office for the same length of time is even less usual; but for a Sub-prior to continue in office for a quarter of a century, and under the same Prior, is something absolutely unheard of, and therefore well worthy of chronicle. To Fr. Raynal the Cathedral Prior, and to Canon Woods his Sub-prior, who have laboured together so cordially and long, we offer our respectful congratulations. *Ad multos annos!* They have broken the record! In a case like this the record of the subordinate may be judged the more admirable achievement; but both deserve the praise of fidelity and stability; and together they afford an instructive object-lesson in the possibility of combining temporary terms of office with the practical perpetuity of officials.

Work at the New Monastery is exclusively confined to the completion of the cloister connecting the new buildings with the old. The corridor is roofed in, and the covered bridge leading over the cloister is a pretty feature. The great boiler has begun work, but so far it has only taken over a small portion of its intended duties.

Mr. Perry has this year been more successful with his roots than ever. The newspaper reports have been particularly complimentary.

The *Agricultural Gazette* says: "Many of the root specimens are remarkably fine and high class, considering what the season has been. In class 1., consisting of specimens of Long Red and Yellow Globe Mangolds, together with Swedes, for Messrs Procter and Ryland's Prize, the trophy was awarded to Mr. John Perry for remark-

ably solid and weighty specimens of each variety. Class 2 was for a prize offered by Messrs. Webb and Sons for Mammoth Red Mangolds and Mr. Perry was again the winner with roots, not only large but full shaped and of high quality. It was quite an object lesson to compare them with those beside them. Messrs. Webb's prize for Globe Mangolds was likewise awarded to the same exhibitor, who must certainly be complimented on the many choice products displayed on the present occasion especially when the rare quality as well as size and good forms of these roots are considered."

"In the *Kohl Rabi* class Mr. John Perry won prizes with prime specimens of Webb's green variety.

"The open class for Swedes invariably causes great interest with keen competition. There were no fewer than sixteen exhibits and the large size and high standard of merit of a considerable portion of them were surprising considering the trying season growers have had. Mr. John Perry carried all before him in this class, as he won both prizes with Webb's Imperial, his first lot being of immense size and weight, yet perfectly well-shaped, while his second of less weight were so nicely shaped and even, as to be preferred by many onlookers to the other.

"In the yellow-fleshed class of common turnips Mr. John Perry won both prizes . . . leaving the barren honours to the Duke of Portland, Mr. Thos. Penn, and Messrs. Graham."

From the *Birmingham Daily Post* we take the following extract. "Mr. John Perry of Oswaldkirk, Yorkshire, is the principal winner. He carries off the three cups which are offered, among his exhibits in these competitions being a new selection of mangold, partaking rather of the intermediate order, which has all the indications of exceptionally good feeding properties. These were declared by one of the judges to be the best mangolds he had ever seen, being shapely and well grown, and having simply one tap-root. They are unquestionably the outstanding feature of this section of the show."

Altogether, at the great Birmingham show, Mr. Perry won five silver cups, three first prizes, five second prizes, and a reserve. At London, he obtained one first and three seconds; at Dublin, two firsts, two seconds and one third; at Edinburgh the first prize, and

at Leeds six first prizes, all in open classes. The record is even better than is apparent from the list we have given. When a second prize is mentioned it does not necessarily mean that some one else got the first. Usually in Mr. Perry's case it means that he won the first prize with one class of exhibit and the second with another. At Leeds he won a first prize with every collection of roots he sent.

We notice also in the *Birmingham Daily Post* that Mr. Ainscough has also had unusual success in the Game Fowl section. He won the two valuable cups and some other prizes.

A successful concert was given at Knaresborough by a select portion of the College Orchestra and Choir. The band has been re-organized, and Br. Benedict McLaughlin deserves credit for the improvement it has made.

The Kirby Moorside Bazaar was even more profitable than the one held last year. A Bazaar was also held in the school-room at St. Anne's Liverpool, which realized the handsome profit—handsome for a sale of work on so small a scale—of more than £300.

"We learn from the Warrington paper that one of our Fathers took the kick-off at the beginning of the football season. The paper says "it was a fine kick," are we to understand from this that it was a good deal "off" also?

"We are pleased to record the success of an old Amplefordian. Mr. Joseph Cockshutt, who is articulated to Mr. Nicholas Cockshutt (late Secretary of the Ampleforth society), has successfully passed the Intermediate Examination of the Incorporated Law Society, held in London on the 9th, November.

"We ask the prayers of Laurentians for the repose of the soul of the Rev. John Placid O'Brien, who died on the 28th, of October 1898, and also for Mr. Charles Francis Cheetham (Old Amplefordian) who died on Nov. 18th.

The notices of two works, sent us by our foreign brethren for review, have been unavoidably postponed. They will have a place in our Easter number.

The annual Ampleforth dinners took place at London in September, and at Liverpool, November 14th. At the former Fr. Prior Smith presided; at the latter Thomas Taylor, Esq., was in the chair. Both meetings were well attended,—the latter especially so, since as many as sixty-eight sat down at table. The Liverpool menu-card had on its reverse the following 'Latin toast':

"Alma Mater tibi volunt
Nati tui omnia bona;
Tibi cordiam gratia datur
Aurea ferenti dona.

Sacra floreas in futura;
Nihil doceas nisi verum
Tibi parcat Fata dura,
Parcat Tempus edax rerum.

Alma Mater semper floreas!
Alma Mater!"

An effort has been made to revive the Old Amplefordian Football Club. A good ground, with pavilion, has been rented at Hall Lane, Aintree, and a long list of fixtures arranged. It is too early as yet to talk about success. A certain amount of disappointment has been felt that so many of our old 'cracks' have declared themselves unable to take part in the games.

We beg to acknowledge receipt of the following Magazines: the *Downside Review*, the *Dowry Magazine*, the *Ushaw Magazine*, the *Raven*, the *Sionhurst Magazine*, the *Ratcliffian*, the *Beaumont Review*, the *Revue Benedictine*, the *Abbey Student*, the *Harvest*, the *Barda*, the *St. Augustine's* Ramsgate, the *St. Bede*, Illinois, and the *Bulletin de Saint Martin*, Ligugé.

The New Monastery.

BEATISSIMO PADRE,

Il Priore del Monastero Benedettino di Ampleforth in Inghilterra, prostrato al bacio del S. Piede umilmente implora la S. Vostra, di voler benignamente concedere la Benedizione Apostolica, a tutti i Benefattori che hanno contribuito alla fabbrica del Nuovo Monastero. Che della grazia, &c.

EEmus D. N. Leo Papa XIII. benedictionem Apostolicam impertivit.

Ex Aedibus Vaticanis, die Julii 7, 1894

✠ J. Archiepiscopus Nicomedensis.

(Translation.)

Most Holy Father,

The Prior of the Benedictine Monastery of Ampleforth in England, kissing your Sacred Feet, humbly implores your Holiness to graciously grant the Apostolic blessing to all the Benefactors who contribute to the building of the New Monastery.

His Holiness Pope LEO XIII. has granted the Apostolic blessing.

Given at the Vatican, July 7, 1894.

✠ J. Archbishop of Nicomedia.

—♦♦♦—

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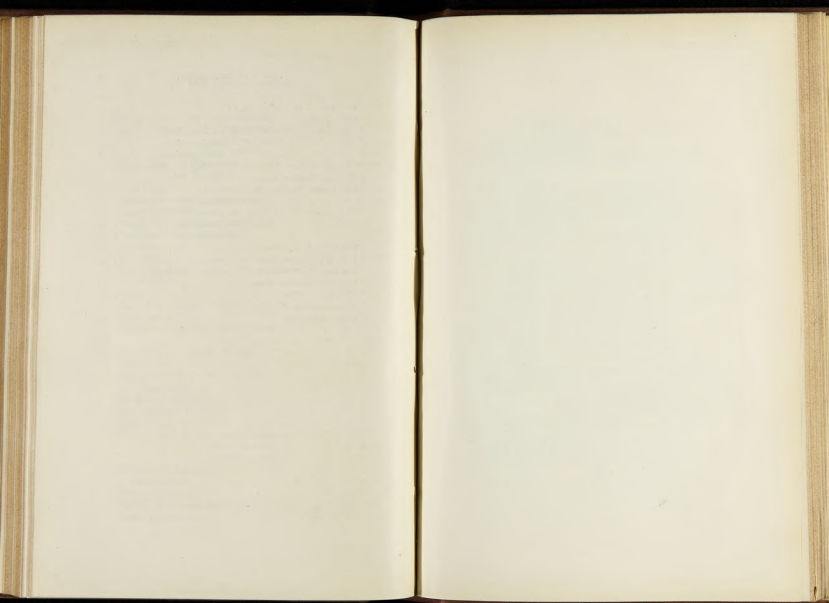
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THE AMPLEFORTH JOURNAL.

VOL. IV.

APRIL, 1899.

PART III.

Two Lives of a Saint.

MOST of the readers of this *Journal* are acquainted, let me hope, with the learned and complete "Life of St. Edmund of Canterbury," by the late Dom Wilfrid Wallace. They would no doubt be somewhat surprised, as I must confess I was myself, when, just before Christmas of last year, another biography of the same Saint was brought out by the Baroness de Paravicini.* On examination, it is clear that this latter work must really have been written before the biography of Dom Wallace appeared—for, except in two notes of a line and a half each, it contains no reference to Dom Wallace's labours. It is now published five years after the Benedictine Father's book was issued. I should be sorry to say that it was superfluous, or that it has been superseded. On the contrary, it has many useful and interesting characteristics. Without pretending to review either book, I shall venture to make a few remarks on points suggested by one or the other.

The work of Dom Wallace, as my readers need not

* *Life of St. Edmund of Canterbury.* From original sources. By Wilfrid Wallace, D.D., M.A., priest of the Order of St. Benedict. London, Kegan Paul & Co., 1893.

Life of St. Edmund of Abingdon. By Francis de Paravicini. London, Burns & Oates, 1898.

be told, is marked by learning, solidity, common-sense and piety. On the one hand, he takes a wide view of the historical circumstances in which the career of St. Edmund occurred, and, on the other, he has endeavoured, with great pains and genuine success, to trace every particular of his personal history which has survived in the records of the past. Dom Wallace may not have the easiest or the most winning of styles. Perhaps he is not always sufficiently solicitous to turn out a readable sentence, and sometimes crowds into his narrative what would have been better in a footnote, or even in an appendix. But the book is a sterling contribution to English Catholic literature, and all things considered—and not forgetting even Père Massé's admirable monograph—it may be said to be the best history of the great English Archbishop that we possess.

Madame de Paravicini's work is much shorter, being not more than a quarter of the length of Dom Wallace's. It is, like his, to a great extent founded on first-hand acquaintance with MS. materials. Written in a pleasing, eloquent and even enthusiastic style, it will appeal to those who prefer a warmly coloured narrative. The picture given in its pages, whilst not lacking a good and striking historical back-ground, is mainly concerned with the touching and charming character of the Saint himself.

The first thing that strikes the reader in Dom Wallace's book is the thoroughness with which he has set to work to come at the original sources of our knowledge of St. Edmund. For these he searched the British Museum, the Bodleian, the libraries of many of the Oxford and Cambridge Colleges, Lambeth library, the muniments of Canterbury, Abingdon and other places—not to mention the large collections that are already in print. It is a pity that he was not able to visit Pontigny, and go through the extensive series of documents still existing there and at Auxerre. If the Welsh MS. preserved at Peniarth,

in the Hengwrt collection, is really of the thirteenth century, it should be carefully examined by some one, for St. Edmund, as Archbishop, if not before, as preacher of the Crusade, visited Wales, and may even have met the great Llewelyn himself. Dom Wallace admits that he knows nothing of "that interesting language," Welsh. But almost all that has been written about his Saint in Latin, English, or French, old or new, he seems to have examined and used. The chief source of the life which he has compiled is the narrative of the monk Eustace, of Christ Church, Canterbury. This document has never been printed before, although it has been used to some extent. It exists in the Cotton collection in the British Museum. Madame de Paravicini has examined it, evidently with great care, and comes to the conclusion that it is the life known to have been written by the celebrated Chronicler of St. Alban's, Matthew Paris, now missing. Dom Wallace, on much more solid grounds ascribes it to the Canterbury monk who took so prominent a part in promoting the Saint's canonization. He has printed it in full as an appendix—and we can see that it contains all that the usual lives give us, together with many particulars which have never before been reproduced in any modern shape. Dom Wallace has also made two more very striking identifications. It is well known that both Robert Rich, the Saint's brother and Robert Bacon, a Dominican and an intimate friend of St. Edmund, wrote lives of the wonder-working preacher and prelate. The life by Robert Rich, Dom Wallace considered that he had discovered in a Cotton MS.—a vellum quarto of the fourteenth century, written in double columns—which he prints at full length, after having collated it with another copy found by him in the Bodleian. That by Robert Bacon, he identifies with a MS. in St. John's College, Cambridge, which, by the permission of the authorities of that College, he also inserts bodily in his

volume. Both these two lives, although they are, of course, contemporary and of the greatest authority, seem to have been entirely overlooked by other modern writers. Doubtless, they give very little which is not known from other sources—but the particulars which they do give are just those vivid and intimate traits of the Saint's youth which could have been known at first hand only to his brother and a bosom friend.

It will thus be seen that Dom Wallace not only uses but prints, three contemporary lives of St. Edmund. There is a fourth which he uses, but does not print. It is that by Bertrand, the Saint's chamberlain, and has long been known to the world by having been transcribed in Dom Martène's *Thesaurus*. This life, before Dom Wallace wrote, was the grand "source" of all biographers of St. Edmund. The life by Eustace, however, which he has taken as the ground work of his narrative, contains (as he tells us) all that is found in Bertrand, and a good deal else besides. It may be noted that we have, according to this enumeration, no less than four lives of St. Edmund written by persons who knew him personally.

Another very interesting discovery of Dom Wallace may be mentioned. It is well known that one of the troubles of St. Edmund was his long contest with the Monks of the Cathedral Priory of Canterbury. Hitherto it had been far from clear what the controversy was about. The monk Eustace, the writer of the most approved life, who was himself a member of that community, makes it evident that the convent was extremely divided in policy, and that the opposition to St. Edmund, so far as it was factious and bitter, came from the minority. But Dom Wallace, by a search in the Canterbury archives, has found two documents which throw a flood of light on what was hitherto obscure. One is the Report of the three judges whom Pope Gregory IX. had appointed as arbitrators between the Primate and the Convent; and the other is

the final agreement made between the parties, which Edmund took to Rome, in 1237, for confirmation by the Holy See. The latter is the original indenture, sealed with the saint's private seal. I need only say here that the revelations of these documents prove that the litigation between the Archbishop and the Monks raised issues that were natural enough, as to exemptions and jurisdiction. There is no sign of any factious opposition on the side of the Convent as a body, whilst it seems clear that the Saint yielded as far as he could for the sake of peace. The truth is, that the really painful stage of the conflict was only reached much later, viz., in 1239. It is plainly asserted by Gervase (a Canterbury monk, who wrote in the next century) that St. Edmund had then made up his mind to suppress the Cathedral Priory and to substitute secular Canons in their place. It may be that such a measure was needful; and it is certain that St. Edmund, if he promoted it, was actuated by the purest of zeal. But it is not to be wondered at that the Convent strained every nerve to defeat him. In the end, St. Edmund retired, sick and dispirited, to Pontigny. But I take leave to think that it was not altogether because he was treated so badly by the Monks. It was more because, in the existing condition of the Kingdom and of the Church, it was impossible to get any ecclesiastical question settled at all. A weak King, a political legate, a turbulent baronage, and a Pope who, though worthy, was not either strong or keen-sighted and had a thousand troubles to attend to—it was all these things together that broke down St. Edmund. He was by inspiration and duty a reformer; but by temperament he was a man of peace, and the benefit he was to confer upon his country was not that of a successful leader and controller of men, but of a martyr, who, by a martyrdom as real as that of his patron St. Thomas, was to triumph after his death, and to give to England three centuries of settled and tranquil Catholicism.

Let me return to the most charming and consoling period

of the Saint's career—his boyhood and youth. Neither of the biographies before me has succeeded in increasing to any great extent the "local interest," as it is called, which is connected with St. Edmund. They both try to identify the place of his birth, at Abingdon. People on the spot, being interrogated, point without hesitation to a house in Ock street. But Madame de Paravicini finds that this does not agree with what she sees in *Anglia Sacra*, and Dom Wallace reports that it is contradicted by the archives of Abingdon. He is convinced that the house must have been situated in the narrow crooked "lane which connects Ock street with West St. Helen's street, and is still known as St. Edmund's lane." The site, on which a chapel was afterwards erected, called St. Edmund's Chapel, is now occupied by a malt-house.

Coming to Oxford, where the Saint spent so many years of his boyhood and early manhood, we are fain to identify the locality of his meeting with the Infant Jesus—one of the most beautiful stories in all the Lives of the Saints. Dom Wallace unhesitatingly rejects the assertion that this vision took place at Paris—in the *Pré-aux-Clercs*, as Père Massé would have us believe. None of the contemporary "lives" name the place, nor even state that it was near Oxford; but later writers mention that city. But where was it? We are told that it was in a "meadow," or field. Madame de Paravicini seems to think it happened at Abingdon itself, at the place where a tree, now surrounded with iron railings, stands by itself and is still called "the lonesome tree." Abingdon is only six miles from Oxford, and St. Edmund in his childhood often went backwards and forwards between the two places. But all the authorities state that the incident occurred on a day when he had gone out for recreation with other scholars—older scholars, they are called. As he certainly went to school at Oxford, and not at Abingdon, the party would hardly have wandered five or six miles from home. Dom Wallace

mentions Wood's conjecture that the vision happened on the spot where once existed a miraculous spring known as St. Edmund's Well, a little to the south of the former site of St. Clement's Church. In modern Oxford, "Holywell" street leads out to the Cherwell meadows, and near its termination is "Church" street, whilst a little further east is "Holywell" Mill, on a branch of the Cherwell, very near to "Addison's Walk." There is no improbability in the guess—for it cannot be much more—that hereabouts was the scene of the apparition. Happy ages of faith, when such things happened in England! The story of St. Edmund and the Infant Jesus, and how the saintly scholar was commanded to adopt the practice of tracing on his forehead the words he read upon the brow of the Child Himself, "Jesus of Nazareth," has comforted and inspired many generations. St. Alphonsus, as I need not recall, relates it among the "Examples of the Infant Jesus" which follow his discourse on the Sacred Name.* He cites a book which he calls the "Mirror of Examples," and does not seem to advert to the fact that the "devout English boy named Edmund" is no other than Edmund of Abingdon. His authority also adds that, on a certain occasion, the enemy of mankind seized his hands, in order to prevent him from signing himself, but was overcome by prayer, and was then forced to confess that he feared nothing so much as those words. The incident to which this refers is related by Dom Wallace (following Eustace and Bertrand) as occurring at Oxford when the Saint was a priest and lecturer in Theology, (p. 101.) Dom Wallace says he was "about to make the sign of the cross;" but can it be doubted that it was the special "sign" which had been revealed to him, that the saint was about to make?

Another incident which took place at Oxford when Edmund was twelve years old, and most probably after the apparition of the Child Jesus, was his dedication of himself

* English Centenary Edition—"The Incarnation" p. 168.

to Our Lady and binding himself to a life of chastity. This certainly happened in St. Mary's church. The image of Our Lady on the finger of which, in his devout simplicity, he placed the ring, stood on the north side of that church. The school which St. Edmund at that time frequented was very near St. Mary's.

The pious picture, drawn in *Christian Schools and Scholars* (p. 477) of St. Edmund in the little country church of Binsey (about two miles from Oxford), kneeling before the statue of St. Frideswide, the virgin-patroness of Oxford, is not authenticated by anything that is found in the contemporary "lives;" but it probably represents what really happened. Indeed, if there is any church or shrine or fragment of a holy place now to be found which was already existing in the life-time of this flower of Oxford scholars, we may assert without any fear of being mistaken that he prayed there. He was always occupied in prayer and study. There was no altar at which he did not say or hear Mass, no crucifix before which he did not kneel in devout contemplation of the Passion, no image of Mary that he was not in the habit of saluting, no Saint's tomb at which he did not pray. All the soil of Oxford is hallowed by his presence, especially the neighbourhood of St. Mary's church—whilst we know that he must have often visited St. Frideswide's (now Christ Church Cathedral), St. Peter's in the East, St. Mildred's, St. Martin's (Carfax), and St. Michael's.

It is one of the consoling mercies of God that the incorrupt body of St. Edmund is still among us, for our veneration and encouragement. Pontigny, where this treasure is, has been wonderfully protected by Divine Providence, both in the Calvinistic disturbance of the sixteenth century, and in the fury of the great Revolution. Dom Wallace says a good deal about the shrine, and the various translations of the holy relics. But there is an interesting reference to Pontigny and its great treasure which he does not quote.

It occurs in the *Voyage Littéraire de Deux Religieux Bénédictins* (Vol. 1. p. 57). As the passage is inspired equally by the learning and the piety of Dom Martène, I venture to translate it. The date of the visit referred to was November, 1708.

"The feast of St. Edmund of Canterbury happily occurred during my stay at Auxerre. The devotion which I naturally have for this Saint whose name I bear, urged me to keep it at Pontigny, where his holy relics repose. Monsieur Caron, who had recently been chosen Abbot, received me with great kindness, and kept me two days, during which I examined two fine cartularies, which afforded precious information. On St. Edmund's day I said holy Mass under the shrine of the Saint, wearing his chasuble, which is of a rounded form, like the old chasubles. I had the consolation of inspecting his holy Body, which God, by a continued miracle, has preserved incorrupt to the present day. It is raised on high over the high altar, in a large shrine of gilded wood. Through glass, you see the head of the Saint, which is entirely uncovered; the rest of the body is clothed in episcopal vestments. One arm was detached for the veneration of the faithful, at the request of St. Louis of France, who caused it to be placed in a golden reliquary, in which it is seen uncovered; but the flesh (of the arm) is black, whereas that of the body is quite white. Matthew Paris, an English author who lived in those times, mentions the reason. He says that when the arm was separated, the Monks, fearing that on being detached it would corrupt, (—as if the Power which preserved it when joined to the body could not keep it when disunited!—) to prevent so great a misfortune, embalmed it, and that in punishment of their want of faith, it turned black. Nevertheless, it seems to me that the miracle has not ceased, for it is more than the mere force of nature that the embalming, however potent, could have kept the holy flesh without decay for

over five hundred years. The same author states that out of veneration for St. Edmund, English women are allowed to enter the church of Pontigny, contrary to the custom of the Cistercians, who do not permit women to enter their churches. At the present time, not only English-women but women generally may come into the church at Pontigny, but they are still kept out of Citeaux and Clairvaux. In the treasury, is shown the pastoral ring of St. Edmund, the chalice and paten which were buried with him, and his cup."

Neither Dom Wallace nor Père Massé mentions that it was at the request of St. Louis that the arm were detached.

St. Edmund's life is worth studying for the reason among others, that it is almost the only example that we have of mediæval Catholic piety displayed in a thoroughly English character. Doubtless we are not left to this single life to conjecture what the piety of Catholic England was in the ages of Faith. But there is no illustration of it on so wide a field, in so concrete a form, and in a subject so attractive. Students, especially, can never be too devout to the memory of the Oxford student and teacher. From him, better than from anyone, can they learn that threefold spirit of childlike faith, hard application and love of the cross, which distinguishes those who study in the school of Christ.

✠ J. C. H.



A Yorkshire Passion Play.

(A PARABLE.)

WHAT began it was nothing but an outbreak of the schoolboy in some North Yorkshire peasants, whose bursts of high spirits seldom led to anything beyond a startling slap on the back to an unconscious friend, or a hat tipped over a dreamer's eyes. The brisk spring day will have had something to do with it; a light east wind and a dry cloudless sunshine; a white rime glittering on the tops of the hedges;—the sort of day when one whistles for lack of something better to do; cold enough to forbid loitering, but warm enough to make one like to be out of doors;—a day when the nod to a slight acquaintance is expanded into "a fine day," and for the "fine day" to a friend is substituted a word or two of gossip. Perhaps also the Palm Sunday procession, with the sprigs of box or yew or the willow twig with its buds of grey velvet in one's hands, stirs up in older people something more than a reminiscence of their youth. However it may have been caused, a mad playfulness took possession of the crowd when the procession had hardly left the church.

The date of the occurrence was more than three hundred years ago, and the place a little Yorkshire town on the banks of a river. The occasion was the Palm Sunday procession, which began at the parish church, where the Blessing of the Palms had taken place, and ended at the larger priory church, half a mile outside the town, where the grand Mass was to be sung. The road led, first, up a slight incline between rows of small thatched houses, and passing the castle gates, made straight for the priory church, following the course of the river and separated from it by a flat meadow fringed with willow shrubs. At the

castle gates and leaning against them was Simeon the Jew.

It was an unfortunate meeting. The Jew might have slunk within the gates and nothing would have happened; but it cannot be said he provoked the disturbance. As the procession began to pass by, he laid down his pack and stood reverently facing the procession with his eyes cast down. Nothing could have been more inoffensive than his attitude. Nevertheless, something impelled good-natured farmer Bullen to step out of the ranks and, snatching off the Jew's cap, bundle him roughly into the disconcerted procession. Perhaps it was the cap that provoked him, and it was simply the natural forgetfulness on the part of the heretic of a Christian's idea of reverence that was the immediate cause of the mischief. Certainly, no one could suspect the good farmer of hatred, even of a Jew. Still the result was, the Jew walking meekly in the midst of the Palm Sunday procession, like a prisoner gracing a victorious soldier's triumph.

Another accidental circumstance completed the disturbance, or rather changed the peaceful and sacred ceremony into a riot. A sheep-faced donkey was grazing in the meadows by the river, and with a sort of half-interested curiosity moved quietly towards the procession. No sooner was it noticed than, with a vague notion of the part the ass's colt had played in the Scripture history, some young men left the procession and seizing the animal lifted the Jew upon its back. Someone put a willow branch in his hands, and the crowd moved noisily towards the church. It is a mistake to suppose that the scene was in any way premeditated or pre-arranged; neither was there any hatred in the matter. It was simply a rough practical joke. The clergy who brought up the rear of the procession were horrified and covered their ears to shut out the jeering "Hosannas" and the mocking insults of the rabble. Afterwards the preacher stigmatised the affair as a

blasphemy. But the rebuke fell unheeded, and the popular feeling expressed itself in the two opinions that it was grand fun and that it served him right.

This was the first scene of what proved afterwards to be a tragedy. The Jew's name was Simeon—Simon the people called him—and, from the letter he left behind him, addressed to a Van Hoop of Rotterdam, he was presumed, without sufficient reason, to have belonged to that family and to have been born in Holland. All that was commonly known of him is, that he was a pedlar, and that for about three years he had made his rounds in the neighbourhood with some regularity.

He was quite a young man, with the usual dark hair, brown eyes, and a very slight foreign accent. English he spoke well, and his talk was that of an educated man. He was said to do a good business, and he did one; not however in the ribbons and cheap trinkets he carried on his back, but in contraband goods landed and stored in one of the many safe hiding-places on the Yorkshire coast. His pedlar's avocation gave him an opportunity of taking orders secretly from the squires and tradesmen and more reverend gentlemen of the countryside. He was not disliked in any way. He was a convenience, and something more; for he supplied a dear want at a cheap rate, and he did this punctually and securely as though there were no difficulty in the way of its execution. He had at least as much of the goodwill of the Yorkshire folk as is given to one who can be trusted and whose word is as good as his bond. Such was the Jew who rode in the Palm Sunday procession, meekly heedless of the clamour of those around him, in imitation—some said in mockery—of the triumph of our Lord.

His behaviour had caused a good deal of talk. What was the meaning of it? Was it reverence, or stoical indifference, or mockery, or simple bewilderment? The people, thinking over it afterwards, would have been better pleased

if he had struggled, and been indignant or openly contemptuous. There was no anger in the mob at the time; but, afterwards, they did not know exactly how to take it. On the Sunday afternoon, they were a little bit sorry for what they had done. On the Monday morning, when they found the Jew still about the place, they were not sorry at all; and in the afternoon they suffered the children to hoot and throw stones at the infidel without checking them. On the Tuesday they began to be really vexed. The Jew seemed to be braving them by staying in the place. There were mutterings when he passed, and the expression, many times repeated, that they had been too easy with him on the Sunday, showed how people's minds were working. It is a curious thing, but we are so made that we feel put out when we discover we have not been quite so rude and cruel as we had at first remorsefully imagined. "Hit me again" is the boy's ingenious taunt to increase the anger of his aggressor. Here was a fairly good-tempered Yorkshire town, bearing no particular ill-will to the Jews, and none at all to the individual Jew, working itself into a passion, because it had not succeeded in disturbing a foreign pedlar's equanimity, when it had behaved rather badly to him. Even yet they did not want to hurt the man; neither does the flame want to burn the moth; but the fire was lit and the rash victim had better keep out of the way. They admired his boldness, but they might be tried too far. And the Jew did provoke them, for, on the next occasion, he seemed deliberately to put himself into their hands.

It was at the Tenebræ on the Wednesday evening at the priory church. The 'Spy Wednesday' service and the frequent mention of the traitor Judas in the Liturgy had nothing to do with it. There was no gathering of a mob, and it is probable that those present had never thought of the Jew during the ceremony. But when all was over, and some lanterns were lit for the journey home, they found the Jew

near the door of the church, with the same appearance of meek reverence—or was it contemptuous indifference?—that he had borne on the Sunday. It was too much for some of the hot bloods of the congregation. Rough hands hustled him out of the church; and the wretched Judas, as they called him, was driven back into the town, and beaten unmercifully by the ruffians as he fled along the road (the lanterns lighting them in their evil work), until he was mercifully thrust, by kinder hands, into the pound where stray animals are shut up until claimed. There he was left to spend the night in the cold.

Holy Thursday passed without an incident. The Jew had been removed in the early morning to his lodgings. He was badly hurt, and probably would hardly have been able to stir out even if he had wished. It might have been expected he would now be left in peace. But it was not to be so. There was yet another scene to the tragedy.

One of the customs of the place was a great open air sermon, preached by one of the friars outside the western door of their church, on the Good Friday afternoon. For this a large cross was prepared, and erected on a platform before the old Norman portal. In the morning the cross was being roughly put together at a carpenter's shop in the town. It was completed, and the question arose who should carry it to the church. Be it said in extenuation of what happened, that in this case also there was no premeditation. It was a chance suggestion of someone present—made perhaps at random—that the cross should be carried by the Jew. The idea fitted in with the humour of the moment, and the poor victim was dragged out of his lodgings.

It was a cruel thing to do, even to drag him out half-clothed into the street. But in their present temper they were prepared to be cruel. The idea of retaliation on the Jew for the sufferings his ancestors had inflicted on our

Blessed Lord had taken hold of their minds. They never reflected how offensive what they were doing must be to Him, who had prayed "Father forgive them for they know not what they do." Their Christianity was forgotten for the moment. They saw a fitness in it which attracted them. To their minds there was a show of retributive justice about it which gave them a warrant to be as cruel as they wished. Cruelty in the robes of justice is a disguised fiend. It was without a thought of the wickedness of it that they laid the cross on the victim's shoulders, and so the march to Calvary began.

The scene was such a one as an old Flemish artist would have chosen in order to represent the real "Carrying of the Cross," save that the street had not the picturesqueness of Antwerp or Bruges, and the modern realism was more unreservedly brutal. The gala-day hilarity of the Sunday was changed into a work-day earnestness; it was the business-like persecution of a vulgar, heavy-fisted mob,—an unlovely street riot, under a solid grey sky. The usual swarm of children had gathered around at the first sound of the disturbance,—timorous, half-inclined to cry, many of the younger ones running away in fear. One woman came out of the house and cried "shame," and would have taken the cross from the poor man's shoulders and led him away; but she was hustled roughly aside. As the procession moved slowly along, the crowd greatly increased, and so did the jeers and the hootings and the confidence of the actors in the tragedy. As for the Jew himself—be it said with all reverence—he was, even as the Holy One in whose footsteps he seemed to be treading, "like a sheep led to the slaughter, not opening his mouth." Indeed it is difficult to describe him except in words so sacred that one hesitates to make use of them. But we may be permitted to say of him, in the words of the prophet, "there is no beauty in him, nor comeliness: and we have seen him and there was no sightliness that we should

be desirous of him." The grace and strength of his youth was gone from him; dirt-stained tears, forced out of his eyes by pain, discoloured his face, and dirt-clotted blood his shoeless feet; his long black hair hung untidily down his cheeks; already ill from the buffeting of the Wednesday, he was hardly able to drag himself along. There was nothing noble or inspired about his appearance; he had, rather, the appearance of a wretched, diseased cur, hunted with stones and clubs out of the streets of the town. But there was the cross upon his shoulders, and this transfigured the scene and lent it the dignity of a martyrdom. Indeed, it was this feature that made it so intensely pathetic; this, and the patient endurance as of a dumb animal dragged to its death.

Dragged to his death he proved to be, though the merciless mob had no thought of killing him. As the riot neared the priory church, some priests from the convent succeeded in rescuing the victim from the hands of his executioners, just when he seemed unable to move a step further. Indeed, when the cross was taken from his back, he fell down in a faint, and was carried unconscious into the convent. He died there on the following day.

The story, told afterwards by the friars, made the repentant townspeople so ashamed of themselves, that they disliked to hear mention even of the Jew's name. It proved that for some years the poor foreigner had been half a Christian. He had hardly grown out of his boyhood when he began to feel a distaste for the elaborate Jewish ceremonial, practised in Holland among his kinsmen. And he became further alienated in spirit from his brethren, after a companion of similar temperament had introduced him to the New Testament. He learned to love the Child Jesus, and to believe in him as the last, best and noblest of the Jewish prophets. He had no thought of becoming a convert. It seemed impossible for him to be anything else but a Jew,—as impossible as for a leopard to change its spots.

But he dreamed of a nation of Christian Jews, re-established in a conquered Palestine, and offering an example of perfect Christianity to an imperfect Christian world. The one thing that seemed to him to forbid the realization of his dream,—the one sentence of the book he loved so much that made him shudder when he read it, was the cry of the rabble before the judgment seat of Pilate: "His blood be upon us and upon our children." These words haunted him like a curse,—a curse upon himself and his race.

Partly for the sake of business, but much more because of his state of mind, he had come to England. He had no love of Christians or wish to live with them, but he did love the Nazarene whom his brethren hated. This made him desire to be away from them. He was still a Jew in every sympathy save the one; but he could not join with his brethren in the old worship, and he was not strong enough, or perhaps sufficiently sure of himself, to openly profess and preach what he believed. Indeed he was afraid even to influence his wife or to undertake the bringing up of his own child. And so he spent his life in reading the little book he carried always in his breast, and in making money.

Coming to the incidents of Holy Week, he declared himself quite innocent of any idea of self-sacrifice. There was nothing of the hero in him; it was the very lack of a martyr's courage which made him afraid to face his brethren in Holland. It was the purest accident he had met the Sunday's procession. But the beauty of the ceremony appealed to him; he would have been glad to be allowed to join in the Hosannas to the Son of David. He was not angry, therefore, when compelled to take part in it. The episode of the ass he felt to be a shameful thing; nevertheless it seemed to unite him more strongly to the Master whom he loved. He had thought the mob, on reflection, would be ashamed of itself and would have had enough of him; he felt a strong attraction to the ceremonies which commemorated the beautiful death he was never tired of

reading about in the gospels, and he thought he could be present at them unnoticed. This led to the lantern scene on the Wednesday night. He had never been angry with his persecutors; it all seemed to him but the fulfilment of the curse that hung over him and his race: "His blood be upon us and upon our children." Yes; he had thought and felt he could gladly die, if by his death he could remove anything from himself or his brethren of the weight of that terrible curse.

A strange fact, that the un-Christian behaviour of professed followers of Christ should have led to the infidel's conversion! Truly the ways of God are wonderful. It was a baptism of blood; in reality he had been a martyr to his love of his Lord. He died reconciled to the Church of his persecutors, and at peace with all men. He was buried privately; and the good friars cut on the stone that covered his grave the inscription they thought he would have wished: "greater love than this no man hath that he lay down his life for his friends."

Some notes on the Monumental Brasses to members of the Camoys family in the Church of Trotton in Sussex.

THE parish of Trotton is situated in the extreme west of the county of Sussex on the borders of Hampshire. The village, if the collection of houses composing it can be dignified by the name, lies on the river Rother, about three miles north of the Downs, and on the high

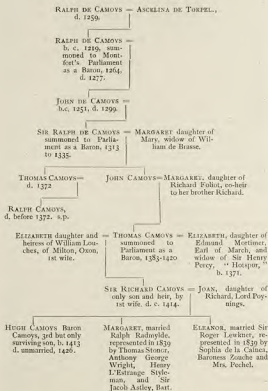
road from Petersfield to Midhurst. It is a place of small importance, and apart from the beauty of its situation, which must attract all who know it, its chief claim on our attention is derived from the family of Camoys with which it was connected for several generations. The family first held lands at Trotton in the reign of Edward I, but the manor is mentioned in Domesday, having belonged to Githa, the mother of Harold, and at the conquest having been granted to Earl Roger.*

The annexed pedigree of the Camoys family shows the descent of the principal members of the family from the thirteenth century to the time when the barony of Camoys went into abeyance between the two daughters of Sir Richard Camoys.†

The church of Trotton, in which are the Camoys brasses, is a curious rectangular building with no aisles and no division between the nave and chancel. It is in the style of the beginning of the XV century, though there was certainly an earlier church on the site, for as early as 1260 some lands at Brocehole were given to the Abbey of Durdurford, for which the canons were to give to the church of Trotton on the feast of St. George a candle of 1 lb. weight.‡

The earlier of the two brasses is that to Margaret de Camoys dating from about 1310, or nearly a century before the existing church was built. It lies on the floor of the nave, and consists of an effigy dressed in the simple but unbecoming costume in which women at this period were represented on their funeral monuments. Over the head is a veil, and the chin and the sides of the face are covered by a wimple or gorget which also covers the neck; the

PEDIGREE OF CAMOYS.



* Dalloway's Hist. of Sussex, vol. I, part ii, p. 216.

† There has been a good deal of confusion about the Camoys pedigree: as given here it is taken from the Complete Peerage by G.E.C. John Camoys, the father of Thomas Lord Camoys is given there as "undoubtedly s. of Ralph de Camoys, probably . . . Ralph Lord Camoys, 1313-35."

‡ Sussex Archaeological Collections, vol. VIII, p. 60.

gown is simple in the extreme, it has short sleeves reaching only a little below the elbows, allowing the close sleeves of the undergown or kirtle to be seen. The only attempt at ornamentation on the dress is in the nine shields which are placed on it; these were no doubt filled with enamel, but this has long since disappeared, so that there is now no trace of the arms that were depicted on them. Besides the effigy there was originally a fine canopy, and eight more shields of arms, together with an inscription round the slab, each letter having been separately let into the stone; besides this the surface of the slab was powdered with small stars and other ornaments, all of which are now gone. The indents in the stone enable one to trace the general form of the canopy and to read the inscription; the latter was in old French, as was usual at this period, and reads as follows:

MARGARET DE CAMOYS GIST ICI DEUS DE SA ALME EIT
MERCY AMEN.

There is no date on the brass but on comparing it with other monuments of the same period it would seem to have been laid down about 1310. Who Margaret de Camoys was is not so clear. Dalloway* says that she was the widow of Ralph de Camoys who died in 1277, that she held the manor in dower, and that she died in 1305. The brass evidently represents someone of importance and not merely an unmarried daughter of the family; the date of the first Ralph de Camoys is too early for this brass to have been in memory of his wife; nor could this Margaret be the wife of John de Camoys, as immediately on the death of the latter his widow married Sir William Peynel.† The shields of arms had they remained would very likely have settled the difficulty; as it is the balance of probability leads one to suppose that the brass represents the widow

* Hist. of Sussex, vol. I, pt. ii, p. 224.

† Dugdales Baronage, vol. I, p. 767.



of John de Camoys. In any case it enjoys the distinction of being the earliest brass to a lady remaining in this country.

The second brass at Trotton is on an altar tomb in the middle of the church just in front of the chancel step. In this case there is no doubt as to the persons commemorated, the inscription and arms enabling one to determine them with ease. The effigies represent Thomas Lord Camoys, who died in 1419,* and his second wife Elizabeth. The figure of the knight is represented in full plate armour, with sword and dagger; the lady is shown in the curious costume known as the sideless cote-hardi, a dress with the sides cut away to show the undergown or kirtle; over this she wears a cloak fastened over the shoulders by a cord. The most striking part of her costume is however the veil head-dress, a style of ornament which was much used at this period and which was capable of an endless variety of design.† Lord Camoys having been a knight of the Garter has the emblem of that order on his left leg; and both the figures are represented in collars of SS. On the origin of this collar there is a great diversity of opinion. Boutell says: ‡ "Next to the Garter itself, the most celebrated knightly decoration of this class is the collar of SS. introduced by King Henry IV.... This letter S... is the initial of the word 'Souveraine,' Henry's motto, which he bore while Earl of Derby, and which as he afterwards became sovereign, appeared auspicious." Ashmole treats of these collars,§ and after mentioning a religious "Society of St. Simplicius" who used a collar composed of double SS's, he says that they began to be used in England about the time of Edward III, and that they were worn

* 1420 new style.

† This style of head-dress developed into a variety of shapes, which may be seen on brasses of the XV and XVI centuries.

‡ Boutell's Monumental Brasses, p. 133.

§ History of the Order of the Garter, p. 177 (ed. of 1715).

by persons of both sexes. "Fevin tells us," he says, "that our Henry V instituted an order surnamed the Knight of the SS's on the day of the martyrs St. Crispine and Crispianus; which though he found nothing of it in our English historians, yet from the Chronicle of Juvinale des Ursins, where he treats of the Battle of Agincourt, he collected this following relation: 'The King of England exhorted his men and commanded, that if any had trespassed against another, they should be reconciled and confessed to the priests, otherwise no good success would accrue to them in their attempts. He advised them to be civil in their march, and to do their duty well, and agreed upon these conditions, that those of their company who were not of gentle extraction he would make so from the fountain of honour, and give them warrants that for the future they should enjoy the privileges the gentlemen of England had: and to the end they might be distinguished from others, he granted them leave to wear a collar powdered with the letter S.'" Lord Camoys was one of the leaders at Agincourt, and if there is any truth in the statements quoted by Ashmole he would certainly have been one of those who would have worn the collar of SS. Another explanation of this ornament is that the letter S represented the initial letter of the word *Seneschallus*, and that the collar was a badge connected with John of Gaunt, *Seneschal* or High Steward of England; and yet another derivation is from the word *Sanctus* with the initial letter of which church vestments were often powdered. The subject however is very obscure and no certain derivation of the collar has been put forward; what is certain, however, is that it formed a badge conferred on persons of distinction by the House of Lancaster.*

Returning to the subject of the brass, the effigies stand

* For further information on this point see an article on Collars of SS. by Albert Hartshorne, F.S.A., in the *Archæological Journal*, vol. xxxix, p. 382.

under a double canopy, which is itself surmounted by a supercanopy; between the two were four shields of arms, one of which has however been lost. In these shields the heraldic "or" is represented by brass, while the other tinctures were probably in enamel, which being less durable, has perished. Two of the shields bear the arms of Camoys, or, on a chief gules three plates, surrounded by the Garter bearing the usual motto of the order; the other remaining shield bears Camoys impaling Mortimer, azure three bars or, on a chief of the first two palets between as many bast esquires of the second, over all an escutcheon argent. The knight's feet rest on a lion. The animals at the feet of knights and ladies in monumental brasses have been given various symbolical meanings, the lion signifying courage, the dog fidelity, &c.; but there is no proof that these meanings were in the minds of those who designed these monuments; it is difficult to see what qualities, at any rate flattering ones, could be signified by such animals as bears, elephants, or porcupines all of which are to be found on brasses. The fact is that brasses were at first intended to be pictorial representations of recumbent effigies, in which for artistic reasons animals were introduced as a support for the feet. Of course the association of the lion with the idea of courage and valour may have suggested it as an appropriate animal, but it was not, I am convinced, particularly intended to commemorate the virtues of the deceased. Often the animal was taken from the crest or badge of the family; in one case certainly, and I am inclined to think in several, a favourite dog has been commemorated in this way; at Ingham in Norfolk was a brass, now unfortunately almost all lost, in which at the feet of the knight were a lion and a dog, the latter with a label bearing the word *Jakke*.

At the feet of Lady Camoys will be noticed a small figure dressed in the costume of a civilian; who this is intended to represent will be considered in dealing with the

history of Lord and Lady Camoys. Below the figures is a plate bearing the inscription in Gothic characters:

Orate pro animabus Thomae Camoys, et Elizabethae ejus consortis, qui quondam erat Dominus de Camoys, Baro et prudens Consul Regis et regni Angliae, ac Strenuus miles de Gartero, suum finem commendavit Christo xxviii die mensis Marci Anno Domini MCCCCxix, quorum animabus propicietur Deus, amen.

One other point should be noticed on the brass, and that is the reversed letter N on the base of the canopy shaft on the dexter side. This is perhaps the mark of the person, or more probably the guild, who made the brass. There are many reasons for believing that almost all the brasses laid down in England at this time were the work of one guild, which was situated in London; a little later local guilds make their appearance, and it is possible to assign brasses to the different guilds by the style of the design and engraving. It is curious that the only other mark of this kind occurring on any early brass should also consist of the reversed N; it is on the brass to Sir John de Creke and his wife at Westley Waterless in Cambridgeshire; in this case above the letter is a mallet, and on one side a crescent, and on the other a star; the date of the brass is about 1325. On a seal of a deed of the year 1276 we find this mallet, star, and crescent, and round the seal the words: S: WALTER: LE: MASON. "May it not have been the badge of some guild of masons? If so, it will suggest that the same minds that designed the architectural structures of the Middle Ages also designed the sepulchral monuments." *

Lord Camoys as I have shown in the pedigree was a member of the Sussex family of that name, and was almost certainly the grandson and ultimately the heir of Ralph de Camoys who had been summoned to Parliament as a Baron. The first notice of him is in the year 1373, when

* Waller, *Monumental Brasses*, under Sir John de Creke.

he obtained a charter for a market at Broadwater in Sussex. Ten years later we find that he is summoned to Parliament as a Baron. He served in several of the military expeditions in the reign of Richard II, notably in Scotland in 1385, when the English burnt Edinburgh, and in John of Gaunt's expedition against Castile in the next year. He seems to have been one of the favourites of the king, and with others he was removed from the court by the "Lords Appellant" in 1388, when several of Richard's councillors were executed. During the rest of this reign Camoys does not seem to have been employed on any service of importance, but in 1400 he manned a ship for service against the French and Scotch; in the next year he was summoned to take up arms against Owen Glendower. In 1403 he received £100 for his expenses in conducting Joan of Navarre, Henry's bride, from Brittany to England. In the next year he was called upon to defend the Isle of Wight against the threatened invasion of the Count of St. Paul; in the same year he went to Calais to treat with the Flemish ambassadors; and in 1406 he went with the Bishop of Winchester, Henry Beaufort, to treat with France.* From a roll of a subsidy made in 1411-12 we find that at this date Thomas Camoys had in Sussex "manors, lands, &c., worth yearly beyond reprises £100 6s. 8d. viz. manor of Trotton £20; manor of Ellistede £8; Dedelyng £6; lands &c., in Penyng £6; lands &c., in Bercamp £5; lands &c., in Bevyngden £3 6s. 8d.; lands &c., in Alkissbourne £2; a manor in Bradwater £45; lands &c., late William Grene's, in Goryng £5; &c."†

The most memorable event in the life of Thomas Camoys was his command of the English left wing at the Battle of Agincourt. For this expedition he indented to serve with two knights,‡ twenty-seven esquires, and sixty archers, the

* For the events of the life of Lord Camoys see *Dict. of National Biography*,
+ *Sussex Arch. Coll.* vol. x., p. 113.

‡ He served with only one knight, Sir Thomas Hoo.

latter being mounted. The English army was collected under the King at Southampton; before sailing Henry discovered that a conspiracy was on foot to place the Earl of March on the throne; the Earl of Cambridge, Sir Thomas Grey, and Lord Scrope, who were the principal persons implicated, were at once tried, Lord Camoys being on the committee for their trial; they were all three found guilty, and executed before the expedition left for France. The first event of the campaign was the siege of Harfleur, at which the English suffered so heavily from dysentery that some authorities state that two thirds of the army perished. In a list of the esquires and archers who served under Camoys it appears that four of the esquires were left sick or dead at Harfleur. The events of the campaign which culminated in the victory of Agincourt are matters of national history and need not be dwelt on here. It may prove interesting however to note the expenses incurred in this war, and some idea of them may be gained from the accounts of Lord Camoys for his share in the expedition. He acknowledged the receipt of £362 8s. 4d. for prest money received in the Easter Term for wages &c.; and also £16 3s. 11d. being the third part of the ransom of French prisoners taken by men in his retinue, making a total of £378 12s. 3d. On the return of the expedition his account was presented showing a total expenditure of £543 18s. 0½d., and therefore a sum of £165 5s. 9½d. still due to him. The expenses were distributed as follows: wages for Lord Camoys 4s. a day; for the knight 2s. a day; twenty-four men at arms 12d. and sixty archers 6d. a day; the account was from the time that the retinue was at Southampton, July 8th, until eight days after the king landed at Dover, namely till Nov. 24th, being for a quarter of a year and forty-nine days; the whole amounting to £420; besides wages the following items also appear, £68 17s. 8½d. for the accustomed reward for the men at arms, £13 13s. 0d. for three

additional men at arms, £16 13s. 3½d. for another reward, and £14 14s. 0d. for the shipment of seventy-seven men and seventy horses from Calais to Dover after the battle, being at the rate of 2s. for each man, and the same for each horse.* In considering these accounts we must bear in mind that the purchasing power of money at that time was ten or twelve times what it is to-day.

Of the life of Lord Camoys after the Battle of Agincourt there is not much to add. He was made a knight of the Garter in 1416. In 1419 he was again called upon to collect troops to repel a threatened invasion, that of the King of Castile and Leon. In the October Parliament of the same year he was a "trier of petitions" for Great Britain and Ireland; and on the 28th of March following he died, (1420 new style).

Lord Camoys is supposed to have built the present Church of Trotton, and the date of the building together with the important position of his tomb in the church seem to countenance this idea. The ancient bridge over the Rother near the church is also supposed to have been built by him. †

The first wife of Thomas Lord Camoys was Elizabeth daughter and heiress to William Louches of Milton in Oxfordshire. He married secondly Elizabeth daughter of Edward Mortimer Earl of March, and widow of Sir Henry Percy, the famous Hotspur. This second wife, the "gentle Kate" of Shakespear's Henry IV, is the lady represented on the brass. Her mother was the Lady Philippa Plantagenet, only child of Lionel Duke of Clarence, the second surviving son of Edward III. Her brother Roger Mortimer was declared heir presumptive to the throne by Richard II; but he died before the deposition of that king. His son was kept in prison by Henry IV owing to his claim to the crown; but Roger's great grandson ascended the

* *Sussex. Arch. Coll.* vol. I. 133.

† See Horsfield's *History of Sussex*, vol. II. p. 89.

throne as Edward IV, his claim resting on his descent from Lionel Duke of Clarence. Elizabeth Mortimer was born at Uske in 1371. The date of her marriage with Hotspur is not known, but she was left a widow in 1403 when he was killed at the battle of Shrewsbury, in his rising against Henry IV. After her husband's death the king issued an order for her arrest but she probably fled with the Earl of Northumberland who took her young son with him to Scotland. This son, Henry Percy, was reinstated by Henry V in the family honours which had been forfeited by the treason of his father and grandfather. The date of the second marriage of Elizabeth Mortimer, like the first, is unknown. There is as far as I know no record of any children by the second marriage of Lord Camoys, and it is therefore uncertain who the figure at the feet of Lady Camoys on the brass is meant to represent. There may of course have been a son, of whom no record remains, but I am inclined to think that this figure is meant to represent her son by her first marriage, namely Henry Percy, afterwards Earl of Northumberland. If it had been intended for the son of Lord Camoys by his first wife, it is unlikely that the figure would have been placed so prominently at the feet of his second wife; in any case the position of the figure is peculiar. Of the death of Lady Camoys we have no certain information, but she was alive in 1418, and very probably survived her husband.

By his first wife Lord Camoys had a son, Sir Richard Camoys who married Joan, daughter of Richard, Lord Poynings; he died in his father's lifetime leaving a son Hugh, who was born in 1413, and two daughters Margaret and Eleanor. Hugh became Lord Camoys on the death of his grandfather, and died unmarried in 1426, when the barony of Camoys went into abeyance between his two sisters. The elder, Margaret, married Ralph Radmylde, the younger, Eleanor, Sir Rodger Lewkner. The barony remained in abeyance, between their descendants until 1839, more than

400 years, when it was revived in favour of Thomas Stonor, of Stonor, in Oxfordshire, who previous to the termination of the abeyance represented one eighth part of the barony of Camoys. At the same date one eighth part of the barony was vested in Anthony George Wright; Henry L'Estrange Styleman; Sir Jacob Astley, afterwards Lord Hastings; Harriet Anne, Baroness Zouche, and her sister Mrs. Pechell; while a fourth part was vested in Sophia de la Cainea.* There are thus at the present day many descendants of Thomas Lord Camoys.†

CHARLES J. P. CAVE.

* See the Complete Peerage by G.E.C. vol. II, pages 127-8.

† The figure of Margaret de Camoys is illustrated in Boutell's *Monumental Brasses* p. 81, and in the *Portfolio of the Monumental Brass Society* Part 41; the latter shows the whole slab with the matrix of the canopy, &c. The brass to Lord Camoys is reproduced in Dalloway's *History of Sussex*, vol. I part ii, p. 224, and in a photo-lithograph, published by Dr. F. R. Fairbank, F.S.A. in Haine's *Monumental Brasses* the figures and inscription are given on page 59 and the canopy page 127.

Dom Lorenzo Monaco.



"QUOMODO FIET ISTUD"

(By Lorenzo Monaco).

EVERY noble inspiration and every great movement that the human race has a right to be proud of has had its birth and beginnings under the cloudless skies of the East. God has willed it that the two greatest facts in the history of man—the Creation and the Redemption—should be pages of Eastern records; and to the East the world owes also the Mosaic doctrine of the one God, and the sublime morality of Christianity.

The beautiful conception of renunciation of self, expressed in monasticism, had its origin in the deserts of Egypt and on the hills of Greece. Philosophic thought not only first took shape, but reached mature development, in the schools of Athens, and the names of Plato and Aristotle will belong to every country and every age as long as the world lasts. Modern Chemistry has grown out of the keen prying of the Arab race into the secrets of the unknown, and even Geometry and Algebra (Al Gebr, Arabic) were introduced into Europe through its invasion and partial conquest by the Moors.

Mr. Ruskin, in his *Stones of Venice*, claims the same origin for Architecture, or, at least, for all that is good in it. He pictures two successive waves from the East, flowing from Greece through Italy;—the first crystallizing, in the cooler

atmosphere, into the Romanesque and Lombard styles in Italy, and later into Norman and early Gothic beyond the snow-covered Alps; the second, the Byzantine, pouring "like a lava stream from the fervid East," meeting at Venice with "the glacier-torrent from the North," to deposit in North Italy and Western Europe the inimitable later Gothic buildings of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries.

In Literature, we have been able to add to the forms and laws accepted from the Easterns nothing in the nature of a discovery, except the jingle of rhyme and the modern novel.

Music, as we know it, is certainly of Western creation, both as a science and an art. Orpheus was probably nothing more than a poet's deified conception of a snake-charmer. Yet here again we owe to the older civilizations of Assyria and Egypt and Greece the forms of our musical instruments,—not even excepting that of the modern pianoforte, which, as its first name, the harpsichord, tells us, is nothing more than a development of the principle of the harp.

As to sculpture, we are still the humble and admiring pupils of the old Greek masters; and in painting, though no longer pupils but proud of our stronger and more perfect maturity, we are indebted to the East for the hand that supported and guided the steps of our infancy.

In the revival of painting in Europe, it is not only a question of Greek influence, but of Greek work. Greek artisans were imported to do the Fresco and Mosaic decoration in the newly-built churches in Italy. Western Europe had no art of painting at the time. The demand for decorative work—and even the framed canvas is essentially a decoration—only arose when there was something to decorate, and something that made decoration desirable.

Up to the thirteenth century, after the crumbling to pieces

of the old Roman Empire, the Westerns had been busy—during the short breathing intervals between wars—in establishing themselves as nations and kingdoms, rebuilding and founding cities, making dwelling-room for an increasing population, and establishing industries to supply wants. It was a period of reconstruction of everything; not of cities and castles and churches only, but of countries and races; the regeneration of old peoples by the infusion of new blood, and the welding together of alien races—the conquered and the conquerors—into a national unity. They were days of the formation of tissue and fibre, not of flowering and the bearing of fruit. And among the blossoms of leisure, and last of the Liberal Arts in order of time, is the art of Painting. For painting not only presupposes the thing to be painted, and the leisure to paint, but a sense of settled security and permanent possession. The impulse to beautify a thing does not come until we have had it long enough to have grown fond of it and proud of it. And above all it must be our very own.

Only in a few spots, dotting here and there the broad expanse of Western Europe, could homes of cultured peace be found in those days, and they were the convents and universities, in both of which the active principle was the same,—the monk.

The question, therefore, which connects itself with the monk-painter of the monastery Degli Angeli at Florence is the share of the Italian monks in the revival of painting in the fourteenth century. It is admitted they played a devoted part in the preservation of ancient classics and the study of dead languages. Conceded also, a little more grudgingly, is the activity they displayed in philosophic enquiry and physical research. The influence of their refined taste and thoughtful skill in Architectural design and construction has never been denied, even where it expressed itself only in the guidance and encouragement of lay artisans. Was the art of Painting unknown

to them and forgotten, when Literature, Philosophy, Natural Science, and Architecture, Music also and Medicine, were the traditional studies of the monks and, for the most part, owe their very existence, during some centuries, to their fostering care! No one can doubt that the monks gave a liberal and enthusiastic welcome to the art after its birth. The extensive and numerous paintings that adorned monastery and monastic church sufficiently dissipate any suggestion of disapproval or suspicious interference. But did they play any direct part in its renaissance?

Bear in mind that there were two irruptions of Greek art into Italy,—the first in the days of the Cæsars, which spent its cherished but feeble old age in the Catacombs and early churches of the Christians; the second in the first years of the fourteenth century, which matured into the grand and perfect art of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. It is with the second alone we are now concerned.

Vasari tells us—and on this point his testimony has never been questioned—that the second birth of painting began with the importation of Greek mosaic-workers and fresco-painters to decorate the churches. These Greeks held for a time a monopoly of the work. Probably they kept their methods secret, and the Italians had not thought it worth their while to discover or imitate them. The quality of the work was hardly calculated to create a furor among intelligent people. Stereotyped repetitions of conventional designs, rich in gilt and colours, and hence sufficiently admirable as a mechanical decoration, we may take Vasari's description of them "with senseless eyes, outstretched hands, and standing on the points of their toes," as the impression they would make on an artistic race like the Italians. But there was money in the business, and its adoption as a recognized artistic handicraft was only a question of a few years.

Meanwhile, another branch of the art of painting had

an earlier revival. Byzantine also in its origin, it passed rapidly through Italy and over the Alps, reaching its highest development in the Low Countries. This was the art of illumination, a factor in the renaissance of painting quite overlooked by Vasari. Even modern writers are slow to recognize its influence, at the same time that they are in admiration at the perfection it was brought to. In the thirteenth century, in Belgium and France, Germany and England, it attained an accuracy of design and a truthfulness to nature which is found only in the best paintings of more than a century later. In Italy, it is supposed by many connoisseurs to have lain dormant until the revival of painting, and to have advanced *pari passu* with its bigger brother. But I think we are warranted in questioning this supposition.

The dates of most MSS. are merely conjectural. Those whose dates have been ascertained with certainty are generally MSS. illuminated by artists distinguished as masters in the nobler art of painting. Such miniatures would naturally correspond exactly in style and degree of skill with the painter's larger work. Fra Angelico, the miniaturist, would differ only in the size of his designs from "Il Beato," the decorator of the cloisters of San Marco. The canvas or panel of Girolamo dai Libri would be a magnified page of one of his books. But though from the paintings of Fra Angelico or Girolamo we may judge the part they played in the development of painting, we cannot necessarily deduce from their miniatures their influence on the art of illumination. The inventor of a new prose style may be an old-fashioned poet; a first-rate actor may be a common-place orator. Giotto and Masaccio, the inventors of modern painting, as illuminators, might easily have been retrogradists. And this would become even probable if the dwarf art of miniature had already reached its manhood, and the larger-limbed but immature art of painting was stooping to practise the steps of its diminutive elder brother.

We may assume, therefore, the possibility that MS. miniatures of Giottesque maturity may be anterior in date to Giottesque painting, notwithstanding the existence of certain Giottesque miniatures of later date by well-known Giottesque painters. Is it however warranted by fact? On this side of the Alps, we can point to miniatures of a style and workmanship only reached in the art of painting a century later. May it not have been the same in Italy? Does it not seem improbable that an art so highly developed in the northern nations should be so backward in artistic Florence? There was a close fellowship between monasteries and monasteries of the same order, however scattered over the face of Europe, and it was in them chiefly that the art of illumination flourished. Again there was the unbroken relation between every monastery, however distant and sequestered, with the Holy See. There was the customary interchange of art presents between Kings, the ordinary barter of commerce, and many another agent, to introduce northern skill in miniature to the notice of the Italian scribes. It is possible, of course, that the Italians were backward in such work, but hardly probable. Certainly, it is quite impossible that they should have been altogether ignorant of its excellence elsewhere. And Dom Lorenzo's history goes to show that the art of illumination was cultivated in Italy quite as keenly as on the colder side of the Alps.

We do not know the date of the monk-painter's birth. It is usually given as about 1370, but this is pure guess-work. It might very well have been twenty years before. All we know of the matter is, that he was a finished artist in 1413, and for a few years before that date. Vasari's somewhat loose note that he painted Dante and Petrarch from nature must, if not rejected altogether as a blunder, be interpreted that he made life-like drawings of them, or that he put in their traditional portraits, or that in painting them he copied living models. An artist who could do good

work in 1413 could not possibly have painted from the life the portrait of a man who died in 1321. We do not know the date of Lorenzo's death, nor his birthplace—though it is supposed to have been Sienna—nor even his surname. From his own time to the present day, and probably for all time, he is, and will be, simply Dom Lorenzo, the Camaldolese monk.

Though Vasari enumerates many works of his, it is Lorenzo's misfortune that only a very few of his pictures have been preserved for us in these days. Only one signed altar-piece, I believe, is known to exist. It is a very important one; but beautiful as it is, and beautiful as all that we have of his handiwork is acknowledged to be, the work of Dom Lorenzo is insufficient to create an enthusiasm, for the very reason of its insignificance in quantity. If Giotto had left but two or three works, though his best and the most characteristic of his style, he would hardly have held his present important place in the history of art. He would have found admirers; Dom Lorenzo has found them. But one good poem does not make a great poet, nor one great speech a great orator,—at least in the common estimation.

In some respects the monk Lorenzo is more modern and less immature than his lay contemporaries. His style is simpler than that of the saintly Dominican who was just beginning to paint as Lorenzo finished. He was less dependent on gilding and ornament. There is an ease in the unartificial pose of his figures which marks him as a keener observer than the painters of his day. Take for instance the pose of St. Joseph in the *Adoration of the Kings*, as we see it in the little Dusseldorf print. The Saint is half stooping over, half leaning against the Mother and Child,—an unaffected attitude expressing not only protection but the habit of protection; at the same time, he stretches out his right arm towards the Kings, as though encouraging their timidity and drawing them closer to the

feet of their Infant Lord. In the *Flight into Egypt* (in the same collection) the action of the ass is admirably true to life, and could not be much bettered by a modern animal painter. Even in his perspective of trees and houses, the monk shows a very notable advance on the work of his predecessors, and prepares the way for Masaccio.

The interesting question of Lorenzo's life is that of his art training. Vasari speaks of his adhering to the style of Taddeo Gaddi and his disciples. It is probably truer to say he was an independent product of the same forces and influences. As a Camaldolese Benedictine, in the days of the severest austerity, any idea of a training in an art school, or an atelier outside the monastery, is inadmissible. The *raison d'être* of the Camaldolese as a branch of the great Benedictine order is their strict seclusion. They were hermit Benedictines, and for two years at a time the monks retired periodically into strict solitary life. Their austere silence was tempered by the slight relaxation of conversation with each other, strictly limited by rule, on certain days in each week. But the monastic enclosure, before 1470, was kept rigidly inviolate. Guests had their own quarters outside the walls, and were admitted only into the church. Even in the heart of a great city, the monks were as completely cut off from the world as though they were surrounded by a desert.

Unless, therefore, we suppose the monk to have been a trained artist before he entered religion—and if this had been the case we should probably have known his surname—we must look for his training within the monastery walls. Here a note of Vasari will help us. He tells us that in the monastery Degli Angeli there flourished, for a long period, and before Lorenzo's time, an excellent school of design and painting. He mentions by name a Dom Jacopo and a Dom Silvestro who collaborated in beautiful writing—"the best ever known in Tuscany"—and miniature work—"no less excellent"—to produce choral books, about

the year 1350, "more or less." He speaks of their beautiful execution and accuracy of design, "in a period when the arts of design were almost wholly lost." He also takes notice of "many specimens of ancient embroideries in a very beautiful manner, done by the ancient fathers of the monastery when shut up in perpetual seclusion."

Montfaucon, in his notes of travels in Italy, speaks of his visit to the monastery and the paintings he saw there, —executed, he says, about A.D. 1300, by monks who were the scholars of Giotto. The learned writer makes no pretence to be an authority on art matters. "Scholars of Giotto" we may take, not in the literal sense, but as expressing his judgment as to similarity of style. "About the year 1300" also is perhaps a little previous, though Montfaucon is always careful and authoritative in his dates. But two things may be noted. First, that the pictures were such as to attract his attention and deserve record in his diary (an honour not conceded to the wonderful works of Fra Angelico at San Marco) and, secondly, the existence of a *school*. It was most probably the antiquity of the pictures that seemed to the great archaeologist to call for a note in his diary; and his omitting special names, speaking simply of *the monks*, shows that there was not at Degli Angeli a painter so exclusively prominent as Fra Angelico at San Marco.

To sum up; we may look upon Dom Lorenzo's work as the latest and most perfect expression of a distinct and notable school of art developed wholly within the monastery; and an example of a growth of the art of painting out of that of the illuminator, *without the additional influence of Greek mosaic or fresco work*. The technique of the larger work may have been learned by the monks from an altarpiece in their church, painted, as Vasari tells us, by Puccio Capanna, one of the disciples of Giotto. Or it may not; either way it makes no difference. The growth and expansion of this school must have been from within; ex-

ternal influence could hardly reach them to benefit them. And by comparing Dom Lorenzo's *Coronation of the Virgin* in the Uffizi with that, say, of Filippo Lippi in the Florence Academy, we can make an estimate of the probable share Greek decorative work, on the one hand, and miniature MS. work on the other, had in the revival of painting in Italy.

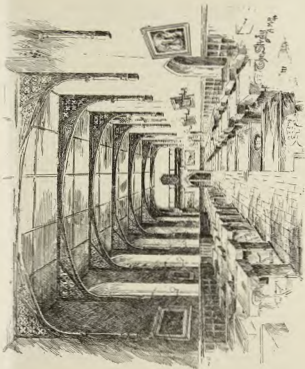
We cannot argue anything, in this matter, from the peculiarities we find in Fra Angelico's designs, because he was an illuminator who became a painter; but, it seems to me, that a comparison of the work of Giotto and his school with MS. miniatures tells us something. Why paint little toy houses, in which the figures can hardly stand upright, when space is no object? * Why trees no bigger than men when practically in the same plane? Why make a distant object pretty nearly as big as a close one? It may be answered that the laws of perspective were not known in those days. But, surely, an elementary knowledge of perspective is one of the first necessities of drawing, and it is not altogether absent in the pictures that offend so much against it. The true answer seems to be, that these peculiarities were inherited from the miniaturist, whose influence was too strong to be shaken off at once. Narrow borders and initial letters offer only a very circumscribed space to the draughtsman. With an inch or two only of vellum at his disposal, he must stretch his figures from end to end, if he is to give any detail; if he wishes to add a house or a tree or a temple, he must reduce its size to squeeze it in; and he is afraid to diminish much the size of distant objects for fear they would be unrecognizable. The spangled draperies, the gold backgrounds with sunk lines and diaper work, the *encadrements* of many of the old Italian pictures, so distinctly

* If the reader should visit Pickering Church, let him notice the sentry-box prison of St. John the Baptist in the fresco. The saint could have carried it away on his back. Here we have an English beginning of painting on a large scale, with the same peculiarities of the miniature.

suggesting an illuminated border, what are these also but the pupil's unthinking fidelity to the master? I should not be at all inclined to make light—as Vasari seems to do—of Giotto's friendship with a certain Oderigo of Agobbio, an excellent miniaturist. Rather I should suspect that his great and masterful advance in the art of painting was due, in great measure, to his familiarity and study of the riper MS. work. The relation of the carefully finished drawings of the older Italians to illuminated miniatures may easily be studied by those who wish it, and I do not doubt it will tell the same story of the connection between the illustrations of the scribe and the paintings of the artist.

There is still, in connection with Dom Lorenzo, a further supposition, which at least I may be allowed to put as a question. Is it not possible that "Il Beato Angelico" learned the art of illumination and the rudiments of painting in the monastery Degli Angeli? There was an established school at the latter, and there is no evidence there was one at San Marco. It is hardly likely the Dominican was apprenticed to a layman, or studied in a secular school; where then could he better have learnt the principles and practice of Art, without forsaking the cloister, than in the monastery of the Camaldolese monks?

J. C. A.



The Poetry of the Bible.

II.

It has been said that Hebrew poetry is a thing which had no growth, but burst at once into fulness in the writings of Moses. This is not true; for, as the Elisabethan period followed with culminating excellence long after the age of Chaucer, so the golden age of Hebrew literature followed long after the Mosaic era. The golden age of Hebrew literature is without doubt the age of David and his son Solomon. The finest artistic work belongs to it.

After our brief consideration of the poetry of the Mosaic period in a former article, we come now to occupy ourselves with the later school. The name of David—the sweetest lyrist of Israel—naturally suggests itself first, but the poetry gathered round the name of David, viz., the Psalter, belongs to very various periods, and arose in very various circumstances, therefore I will pass on to the name of Solomon as representative of the golden age of sacred literature.

Leaving aside what might be said of his wonderful and charming sapiential books, I will confine my remarks to the book of Job and the Canticle of Canticles. Between these books there is similitude of form. It approaches the dramatic, yet the essentials of the drama are really wanting. There is no dramatic poetry among the Hebrews. The drama and the stage—as other Greek customs—were held in disesteem by the Jews. We find no mention of a theatre in Jerusalem until the days of the Herods. But if similar in form, in theme, in sentiment, in circumstance, they are most widely apart. The one is didactic, the other lyric: the one treats of suffering and contradiction, the other of joy and love: the one is weighed down with

the mystery and burden of life, the other rests in the sunlight. Speaking from a natural and literary point of view, if one man be the author of both compositions, it manifests the wonderful fertility of his genius.

First, to speak of the book of Job. There has been no book whose authorship has been more in dispute. Dates varying from 1600 B.C. to 500 B.C. have been assigned to it, and names from Moses to Jeremias. The language indeed is, according to some, so distinctly different from that of the other Hebrew writings, that they have been inclined to consider it a piece of Edomite literature. There is, however, great difficulty in admitting this, for there is too much evidence of Hebrew authorship. Job was one of the Gentiles, perhaps Jobab, the Edomite, mentioned in Genesis (xxxvi), therefore in part at least the setting of the work is necessarily not Hebrew. It may be, moreover, because the writer was transposing an ancient Gentile tradition that he affected an archaic style, and introduced foreign terms. Spencer was contemporary with Shakespeare, but we find a very marked difference in their language. Whatever is said to the contrary, there is authority and intrinsic evidence which claims strongly that, if the book of Job is not a work of Solomon himself, it is at least a work belonging to his age. The author chose for his hero, round whom he would centre his teaching, one living in the far past, whose virtues had become a tradition; a man of patriarchal life, shut out from the clear revelation of the chosen people; one who with the dimness of broken tradition and the light of natural reason was striving to penetrate the secrets of life, and to possess his soul in patience in the midst of them. The theme would be congenial to the subtle mind of the wisest of men.

The poem begins with a prose prologue ending with the thirteenth verse of the second chapter, and finishes with a prose Epilogue consisting of nine concluding verses. The rest is all in strict poetic form. The scope of the book is

to set forth the mystery of suffering, and how to bear it. Job is very commonly taken as a model of patience, but it is scarcely the primary lesson of the book. Job's language, I think, is sometimes a little too strong for imitation. When St. James in his Epistle refers us to the 'patience' of Job, he perhaps refers rather to the 'sufferings' of Job, than to the subjective virtue. The argument is carried on in dialogue. The whole arrangement of the composition is very artistic. The Prologue with high artistic truth gives at once the clue to the mystery of suffering, viz.: God allows, for His greater glory, satan to attempt the virtue of his faithful servant. By this the reader is saved from bewilderment; he sees through the false arguments of Job's friends, and through the weakness of Job's ignorances. The lesson of the book is impressed more forcibly in every chapter until, like Job himself, the reader is completely overborne and humbled by the climax. The Epilogue satisfies his judgment by its condemnation of Eliphaz, Baldad and Sophar, and his sympathies by the restoration of Job to prosperity. The diction, the metaphor, the whole style of the poem is unsurpassed. "I call the book of Job one of the grandest things ever written with pen," says Thomas Carlyle, "a noble book, all men's book! There is nothing written, I think, in the Bible or out of it of equal literary merit."

A few illustrations from the text will be enough to show that neither Homer, nor Shakespeare nor any other can excel the author of Job in power and beauty.

Job is seated in affliction with his friends; emphatically, candid friends. His outbursts of grief give the cue to the first speaker.

"Let the day perish wherein I was born,
And the night which said, a man-child is conceived.
Let it expect light and not see it,
Nor the rising of the dawning of the day.

Why^d did I not straight from the womb ?
For then should I have lain still and been quiet,
Like infants which never saw the light."

Eliphaz, with an assumed responsibility, an unnecessary zeal and a cruel directness, takes on himself to rebuke Job, asserting that God only punishes sinners, intimating his guilt before God. If weak in matter, he is powerful in word:

"Unto me a word was wafted by stealth
And my ears received the veins of its whisper,
In the horror of a vision by night,
When deep sleep falleth upon man,
Fear seized upon me and trembling,
And all my bones were affrighted.
Then a spirit passed before me,
And the hair of my flesh stood up.
It stood, but its form I could not distinguish,
It spoke as a gentle wind :
'Shall a man be just as God,
Shall a man be more pure than his Maker'?"

Job not unnaturally is more offended than soothed. He hotly rebuts the accusation of his friend, and vindicates himself. His words bring a storm of abuse on his head from Baldad, and in further argument from Sophar. So that 'Job's Comfortors' have become a proverb. With great pathos he exclaims against them:

"How long will ye harrow my soul,
And crush me with words?
God hath stripped me of Glory,
And taken the Crown from my head.
On all sides hath He destroyed me and I am undone.
My hope he hath felled, like a tree.
All my cherished friends abhor me,
And they whom I love are turned against me.
Have pity, have pity on me, O my friends,
For the hand of God hath touched me.

Again he answers Sophar, and overthrows his theory by appeal to the fact, that even to the end of life the wicked are prosperous, though in the end, indeed, there is destruction.

"Hearken to me and be astonished,
And lay your finger on your mouths!
Why then do the wicked live,
Are they advanced and strengthened with riches?
Their little ones go out like a flock,
And their children dance and play.
They take the timbrel and the harp,
And rejoice at the sound of the organ.
They spend their days in wealth,
And in a moment they go down to Hell."

Finally, comes the climax, overwhelming in its grandeur, from God Himself. It closes the discussion. Confronting the harsh theory of the friends, and constraining Job to bow his head in humility and reverential submission to the mystery of God's over-ruling Providence.

"Then the Lord answered Job out of a whirlwind and said:
Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth?
Tell me if thou hast understanding,
When the morning stars praised me together,
And all the sons of God made a joyful melody,
Can'st thou send lightnings, and will they go, and will they
return, and say to thee, 'here we are?'
Wilt thou give strength to the horse, or clothe his neck with
neighing?
He breaketh up the earth with his hoof, he pranceth boldly;
Above him shall the quiver rattle, the spear and shield shall
glitter.
When he heareth the trumpet, he saith Ha! Ha!
He smelleth the battle afar off, the encouraging of the
Captains and the shouting of the Army."

Verse after verse unfolds the mysterious origin and magnificence of the vast creation; the powers of the air

and of the deep; the wonders of the great living creatures of the earth. In presence of their greatness, Job remains aghast. All strength or wish for argument is silenced. Meekly he replies:

"I have spoken unwisely, and things that above measure exceed my knowledge.

Therefore I repent myself and do penance in dust and ashes."

God's ways are not man's ways; His ways are unsearchable. It is not for man to explain them, nor to rebel against them, but with reverence to receive them!

Our remarks now turn to the very difficult and I will say delicate subject of that remarkable book, the *Canticle of Canticles*. Solomon we suppose to be the author. According to Josephus, Solomon composed, among other writings, books of odes and songs, one thousand and five! This was his 'Song of Songs,' as it surpassed all others in loftiness of matter and beauty of diction. The poem seems similar to that class of poem called a 'Masque;' a class which had mediæval popularity in Italy, and which adorned the Court festivals of Henry VIII in England. In it masked individuals personified certain characters, and spoke dialogue of satire, pastoral joy, or love. In the *Canticle of Canticles* there is colloquy of Bridegroom and Bride; and there are the 'Maidens of Jerusalem,' or friends of the Bridegroom who remind us of the chorus in a Greek drama. The poem is an Epithalamium, and its style emphatically Epithalamious. Bossuet has gone so far as to divide it into what we might call seven scenes, answering to the seven days nuptial celebration, approved by Eastern custom.

There are passages of extreme beauty, expressive of sentiment as true and fresh in human nature a thousand years before our Lord as now; sentiments of tenderness and affection; yearning and disappointment. There are flashes too of grandeur and of strength. There is through

all a wonderfully rich use of the beauties of the natural world, and a wealth of metaphor which flows in an unbroken stream. As roe and hart are the Bride and Bridegroom.

"Show me, thou whom my soul loveth, where thou feedest, Where thou liest in the mid-day, lest I begin to wander after the flocks of thy companions." (i. 6.)

Or the bride is the flower of the field:

"As the lily among thorns, so is my love among the daughters." (ii. 2.)

Or as the palm tree, whose beauty is so cherished in the East:

"Thy stature is like to a palm tree; I will go up into the palm tree, and will take hold of the fruit thereof." (vii. 7.)

Or like a garden of aromatical spices:

"My sister, my spouse, is a garden enclosed.
Thy plants are a Paradise, spikenard and saffron,
Sweet cane and cinnamon, with all the trees of Libanus."
(iv. 12.)

Again, in a similitude, we have described the charm of love in rustic life:

"Come, my beloved, let us go forth into the field;
Let us abide in the villages: let us get up early to the vineyards; let us see if the vineyards flourish; if the flowers be ready to bring forth fruits, if the pomegranates flourish!" (vii. 11.)

There is a vigorous change in this description of the Bride—the Church of Christ:

"Thou art beautiful, O my love, sweet and comely as Jerusalem; terrible as an army set in battle array."
(vi. 3.)

"Who is she that cometh forth as the morning rising; fair as the moon, bright as the sun, terrible as an army set in array." (vi. 9.)

There is strength, in contrast to former tenderness, in the following:

"Pat me as a seal upon thy heart, as a seal upon thine arm, for love is strong as death, jealously as hard as hell, the lamps thereof are fire and flames." (viii. 6.)

If, in this richness of imagery, metaphors, met with in the Canticle of Canticles, sometimes seem grotesque and unmeaning, we must remember that without a knowledge of eastern custom, and realization of eastern scenery, it is impossible to give them a just appreciation. If somewhat of coarseness seem to obtrude, it may help us in our criticisms to refer to that strict separation between the sexes which obtained: for then, as now, perhaps, the isolation begets a larger limit to discourse, and from discourse a reflection may well fall upon the literature. If the language seem too highly coloured and material, we must remember that Solomon took for the model, on which to frame his poem, nuptial festivities, such as he there knew them, in the East. We must call to mind too the character and surroundings of the author. For though inspired in his theme by the Holy Ghost, character and surroundings will be deeply impressed on what he writes. Solomon was the magnificent king who built the temple; who built his own palace so royally, and named his house the forest of Lebanon; who planted the beautiful garden of Etham, where the charm of stream and woods and hill, and all the life of nature haunted his recollections. He lived in the midst of luxury:—gold and ivory; carving and all manner of artistic work; setim wood and cedar of Lebanon! He grew luxurious and sensual, we know; although we do not know when sensuality first tinged, or when it finally dominated him. It is necessary to bear all

this in mind to appreciate in detail this piece of Hebrew literature. But more necessary, all important it is to know that the Canticle of Canticles is an allegory only. Whatever some commentators may have suggested, it is allegory. Origen warns us against a material interpretation. The whole ancient synagogue, and the whole primitive Church agree in the tradition that it is so. Theodore of Mopsuesta, who on other accounts was condemned, was condemned also for holding that this book was 'neither bad nor yet good to be numbered among the books of prophets,' but that Solomon wrote it in reference to his marriage with Pharaoh's daughter. As Theodoret says, if the argument of the book were materially understood, the Fathers would not, with one accord, have numbered it among the Sacred Scriptures. Neither would the Church and the Saints have made the wonderful use they have of it. They declare to us what the allegory is. The poet represents the union of Christ with his Church, and, we may say too, the union of Christ with the individual soul.

Notice from two or three examples how touching is the use which the Liturgy makes of this book in some of her Antiphons. Here is one taken from the first chapter. It is an appeal of Christ's Church, beaten down by the storm of persecution from without, wounded and disfigured from within, by the unfaithfulness of her children.

"I am black but beautiful O ye daughters of Jerusalem,
As the tents of Cedar, as the curtains of Solomon.
Do not consider me that I am brown, because the sun
hath altered my colour.
The sons of my mother have fought against me."

Again, how tender is the Liturgy's transposition of the eleventh verse of the third chapter, wherein the glory of the bridegroom is extolled,—its transposition to Christ on Good Friday, crowned with thorns and ready for the Sacrifice!

"Go forth, ye daughters of Sion, and see king Solomon in the diadem, wherein his mother crowned him in the day of his espousals, and in the day of the joy of his heart."

On Calvary, Christ was wed to the human race most truly; and the day of the joy of his heart was Good Friday above all other days!

When we come to speak of the union of Christ with the soul, and its expression in this allegory, the theme becomes too lofty, too subtle, too secret. 'Procul! Procul! O profani!' The saints and the ascetics have the key to this. Especially St. John of the Cross. He has written a short but beautiful poem based on the Canticle of Canticles, and a long commentary upon it, lucid and touching. To treat, however, further of this subject would be beyond the scope of this article.

In conclusion, in order to more fully illustrate the poem under consideration I will give an extract of some length, fashioned with scenic setting and marked dialogue, as it would, perhaps, have appeared to contemporaries.*

(The shades of night have fallen, the Bride retireth to rest; the Bridegroom gently singeth in the distance).

BRIDEGROOM.

I adjure you, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, by the roes and harts of the meadows, that you stir not, nor awaken my beloved till she wishes.

BRIDE.

Hark! the voice of my beloved; like a young hart he cometh o'er the mountains. 'Arise make haste my love, my dove, my beautiful,' he sayeth, 'for winter is now past; the rain is over and gone; the flowers have appeared in our land. Arise my love, my dove, my beautiful and come! Shew me thy face; let thy voice sound in my ears, for thy voice is sweet and thy face comely.' Thus he sayeth, my Beloved! my Beloved! He is mine and I am

* The Extract is not given accurately in the unbroken sequence of the Bible texts.

His. He reclineth there among the lilies, in the woodlands till the day break and night's shadows shall withdraw.

BRIDEGROOM.

I adjure you, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, by the roes and the harts of the meadows, that you stir not, nor awaken my Beloved till she wishes. How beautiful art thou, my love! thine eyes are as dove's eyes; thy teeth as shorn sheep which come up from the washing, all with twins; there is none barren among them. Thy lips are scarlet lace, and thy speech is sweet. Lo! here upon the scented mountains I recline, till day break and night's shadows shall withdraw.

BRIDE SEEKING THE BRIDEGROOM.

I sleep and my heart watcheth! I heard the voice of my Beloved knocking: 'open to me, sister, my love, my dove, my undefiled, for my head is full of dew, and my locks of the drops of the night.' My Beloved put his hand upon the door-latch, and my heart was stirred at his touch. I arose; my hand dropped with myrrh; my fingers were full of choicest myrrh. I draw back the bolt for my Beloved—but he had turned aside, and was gone! My soul melted when he spoke: I sought him and found him not; I called and he did not answer me.

I adjure you, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, if you find my Beloved, tell him that I languish with love.

CHORUS OF MAIDENS.

What manner of one is thy Beloved, O thou most beautiful among women? What manner of one is thy Beloved of the beloved, that thou shouldest so adjure us?

BRIDE.

My Beloved is white and ruddy, chosen out of thousands . . . such is my Beloved, and he is my friend, O ye daughters of Jerusalem!

CHORUS OF MAIDENS.

Whither is thy Beloved gone, O thou most beautiful among women? Whither is thy Beloved turned aside? and we will seek Him with thee!

J. A. W.

Court Farm.

THE village of Damesham, on the borders of Wiltshire and Hampshire, lies on the outer verge of a belt of woodland which separates the heath of the New Forest from the Wiltshire Downs. It formed one of the estates possessed by the monks of Glastonbury abbey, having been given in A.D. 975 by Ælfræd for "Edmundes cinges sawle." The Domesday Book assesses the manor at 50 hides, or about 8,300 acres, and it was therefore one of the biggest estates under the rule of the Abbot of Glastonbury, indeed so important was it thought that a monk seems to have lived at the Manor house, instead of leaving it in the charge of the reeve or bailiff.

The manor house referred to above still exists, although it appears to have been rebuilt and altered at different times; and there also remains a part of the stone-built monastic barn. It is known at the present day as the Court Farm, and stands on a wooden knoll overlooking the village, with the parish church not far from it. The first mention is made of it when Abbot Henry de Blois (1126-71), afterwards the famous bishop of Winchester, records that in the manor house he found six canons living, each taking a prebenda (apparently dividing the demesne among them). He waited till their deaths, and after restoring the fabric of the church and its ornaments richly, appointed a single resident chaplain for the service of the church, and refitted the manor house for its proper uses. The records of the Abbey state that Abbot Adam (1322-35) built a handsome chapel and chamber at Damesham; perhaps the traceried windows still remaining in front of the farm house are his work.

At the Dissolution, Henry VIII. gave the manor to Queen Catherine, from whom it passed to Elizabeth, who

sold it to the Bishop of Sarum. At the end of the last century the then Bishop sold it to the present owner.

Local tradition has it that Sir Walter Raleigh was living here when his ardour for smoking was so suddenly damped by a servant. In the last century it was used as a hunting seat by the Duke of Newcastle, and a path through the oak woods behind the house is still known as the "Duke's Walk." In these woods, even now, wild deer which have strayed from the New Forest are occasionally found.

A survey made in 1741 records it as being let to a certain R. Randell, its area being 180 acres, and the rent £130. It mentions the "exceedingly well built brick house" and goes on to say that "this tenant has gained very considerably upon the farm, has brought up eight children, has given most of them fortunes and placed them out in the world, and has now a hundred pounds a year left besides money." Court Farm is now 206 acres in extent and is let at a rent of £190, and the present occupier seems to be trying to rival Randell in prosperity.

Saint Jozephat Kuncemicz.

UN APÔTRE DE L'UNION DES ÉGLISES AU XVIII^E SIÈCLE
SAINT JOSAPHAT ET L'ÉGLISE GRÉCO-SLAVE EN POLOGNE
ET EN RUSSIE, PAR LE RÉVÉRENDISSIME DOM ALPHONSE
GUÉPIN, ABBÉ BÉNÉDICTIN DE L'ABBAYE ROYALE DE
SILOS (ESPAGNE). H. OUDIN, PARIS, 1897, 15/7r.

THOUGH the name of Poland is not yet erased from the map of Europe, the sympathy which was felt for the dismembered and ill-treated kingdom has faded out of people's minds. The patriotic Pole is no longer the fashionable object of chivalrous admiration, and an uprising of the still

sorely-oppressed race would be a complication European politicians would refuse to sanction or encourage. A complaint from the Catholics of Russian Poland has nowadays no hearing outside the walls of the Vatican. Historians may still speak of the abolition of the Polish kingdom as a pity and a mistake; but, if a pity, it is one no one now has any leisure to think about and, if a mistake, it is an irremediable one. There is such a thing as a statute of limitations even in our sympathy with the unfortunate.

It is not so very many years since our late poet-laureate wrote of it as "a matter to be wept with tears of blood."

"How long, O God, shall men be ridden down,
And trampled under by the fast and least
Of men. The heart of Poland hath not ceased
To quiver, though sacred blood doth drown
The fields, and out of every smouldering town
Cries to thee . . . Lord, how long shall these things be?"

But the friendship of "that o'ergrown barbarian in the East" is become so valuable that the statesmen of the present day, cannot afford to take notice of the hopeless sorrows of the Polish Catholics.

Abbot Guépin, in his history of St. Josaphat, gives more than 150 pages to a very necessary introduction. The martyrdom of the Saint would be hardly intelligible without knowing something of the events which led to it. He was a Catholic bishop, who suffered martyrdom during the reign of the most devoted of the Catholic Kings of 'the bulwark of Christianity.' English readers will—many of them—be surprised to hear of religious troubles among the Christians of a country which has been celebrated for its devotion to the faith. But in reality Poland has never, during the whole of its existence, had a long period of universal and undisturbed Catholicity. It was too close a neighbour of the schismatic Greek Church, and was composed of a number of elements which never became fused into a perfect nationality.

The essential cause of this was not a difference of race, but of rite. Christianity, according to an ancient tradition, was first preached among the Slavs by the Apostles Thaddeus and Bartholomew. At the Council of Antioch, there was present a bishop of the Russi. But the country, remaining in a state of barbarism, relapsed into paganism. The faith was reintroduced in the ninth century from three distinct sources. Latin missionaries, chiefly Benedictines, entered from the West; the brothers SS. Cyril and Methodius, Greek monks from Thessaly, preached in Moravia; and Greeks from Constantinople invaded Serbia and Bulgaria. Here we have three distinct ecclesiastical languages,—the Latin, the Slav and the Greek; and two orthodox rites, the Roman and the Greek. Practically all the Polish Christians were either of the Latin rite or the Slav-Greek * rite. But, with the schism of the Eastern Church, there came divisions among the Slav-Greeks. Their rite was Greek, their obedience Latin; they were bound by ties to both Rome and Constantinople; and between the two they wavered, swaying now to the one side, now to the other, finally splitting into hostile parties. The Pope was like Moses on the mountain, and if, during the course of centuries, his arms grew weak and his vigilance relaxed, the fight went in favour of the schismatics. It was these Slav-Greeks who were the Ruthenians of whom St. Josaphat was the Apostle.

The word "Rutheni" had originally a much wider significance, and comprised most of the peoples speaking Slav dialects. Baronius tells us that the Rutheni and the Russi are the same, "*sed et quod Rutheni pariter sint Galliâ Aquitanicâ populi, visum est recentioribus scriptoribus eos Russos vocare potius quam Ruthenos.*" Nowadays, writers are agreed to call the Russians of Baronius' time, Ruthenians and the Muscovites, Russians.

* SS. Cyril and Methodius invented a Slav alphabet and translated the Greek Liturgy into that tongue. The success of their Apostolate demanded it. This is usually called the Slav-Greek rite.

The Poles of the Slav-Greek rite, all of whom we shall speak of without distinction as Ruthenians, were subject to the Metropolitan of Kiew, and at the time of St. Josaphat there were seven suffragan bishops, whose sees were: Polock, Luck, Wlodimir, Przemysl, Leopold, Chelm, and Pinsk. But before Ruthenia became part of Poland Christianity in that country had undergone many vicissitudes. Its conversion was completed in the reign of Vladimir the Great, and though Latin missionaries had helped in the work—notably St. Bruno, bishop and martyr, the disciple of St. Romuald—the liturgy and discipline was that of the Greek Church of Constantinople, in the Slav language adopted by SS. Cyril and Methodius on the Danube. At first, of course, there was full obedience to the Holy See, and at the consummation of the Greek schism under Michael Cerularius, the Ruthenians refused to join with the schismatics. But this union with the true Church was not maintained. Rome was too far away; correspondence with it was at times impossible; a time came when the difficulty of finding men fitted to be bishops suggested an application to Constantinople for help, and gradually the obedience was transferred to the Eastern patriarch. As Abbot Guépin tells us, in the 11th century the Metropolitan of Kiew was in perfect communion with Rome; in the 12th “sa situation est déjà équivoque”; in the 13th the Ruthenians had, without any formal revolt, fallen away into schism,—not, however, even then without certain feeble efforts at reconciliation.

It was during this last century that the country was invaded by the Mongols, the great metropolitan city of Kiew destroyed, the country ravaged and the inhabitants massacred. The century afterwards, in 1340, Ruthenia became annexed to Poland, and at the close of the century, Jagellon, king of Lithuania, through his marriage with Hedwige of Poland became king of the united kingdoms,—the Poland celebrated in history as Christian Europe's first line of defence

against the invasions of the Mahomedans. Unfortunately, this Jagellon, great and wise king as he was, is responsible in a great measure for the religious difficulties of Poland. With the object of re-converting the schismatics, he made a law that only on their reconciliation with Rome would he admit the Lithuanian nobles—Ruthenians, most of them, by birth, and all of them in rite—to the liberties of the Polish nobility. Also he promoted the emigration of Latin Poles to the desolated districts of Ruthenia. As a consequence the larger portion of the Ruthenian nobility was absorbed by the Latin, and, the peasantry clinging with unreasoning fidelity to their old liturgy, there was developed a privileged Christianity and a serf Christianity, the Latin and the Slav;—a division emphasized and embittered by the creation of Latin bishoprics, recognized by the state, in the Ruthenian cities among unrecognized Slav-Greek bishops, and benefited with property which had belonged to the ancient sees.

There was never any real persecution, but the Ruthenians had a grievance which barred the way to their conversion. They were a race who could not be forced to do a thing, even by a bribe. Many of the nobles still remained faithful to the discipline and ritual of their fathers. And those who went over to the Latin obedience, most of them took little trouble to encourage the conversion of their vassals. They thought as little about what peasants believed as about what they ate; they were treated as beneath notice in such matters. If they had been infidels, just as if they had been starving, the grandees might have understood that there was a call for their charitable help; but, as it was, they had their churches and their priests—popes as they are called in the Greek church,—their Liturgy and their bishops, and what more did they want? They did not choose to become Latins, and the idea that the abolition of a few abuses, and the transfer of their obedience to the Sovereign Pontiff, would make them as

good Catholics as their betters was not yet seriously considered.*

The next incident in the religious history of the Ruthenians was the reconciliation of the Greek and Latin Churches at the Council of Florence, A.D. 1439. The Ruthenians, retaining their rites and discipline, had no difficulty in being reunited to the Holy See. Their bishops were now given equal rights with the Latin bishops. But, without reform, and without the civilization so much needed, the difference of caste remained, and there was a gradual relapse into schism. With the next effort to bring the Ruthenians to the Roman obedience, St. Josaphat was intimately connected.

A further word of introduction is necessary to describe the depth of degradation reached by these unfortunate schismatics. Cut off from Greek influence by their Slav language, and from the Latin by their Greek rite, their union, whether with Rome or with Constantinople, brought them no civilizing advantages. The popes, or parish priests, were generally uneducated peasants, who learned by heart the Slav-Greek Liturgy in the homes of their parents; their office and parish was a trade and a livelihood handed down in the family. Celibacy, of course, was not expected of them. There were no schools worthy of the name; the libraries, even of the monasteries consisted, as a rule, of the Liturgical books, two or three of the Greek Fathers translated into Slav, and perhaps a few devotional treatises. Most of the ecclesiastical appointments were in the hands of the princes and nobles, and were begged, bought, or stolen as occasion offered. In the matter of theft, even the Latin nobles were very much to blame, and otherwise pious people had little scruple in appropriating the church lands. Simony,

* Pope Innocent IV. showed that he was prepared to recognise the Greek rite, after some necessary reforms, but this was an isolated act. Generally, a complete conversion was considered necessary.

drunkenness* and superstition, naked and unashamed, disgraced every rank and grade of the neglected Ruthenian Church.

Let Abbot Guépin's history of Theodore Lazowski and John Krasienski suffice to illustrate the ways of the times. These two unprincipled rogues bought, each of them, the appointment to the rich See of Włodimir. It was a race who should get there first. Krasienski succeeded, and knowing of his rival's pretensions, garrisoned the palace and cathedral against an attack. Lazowski, however, brought with him 200 footsoldiers, 300 horsemen, and cannon, and after six assaults, failing to force an entrance set fire to the palace. The fire reached the cathedral and some neighbouring houses, but "peu importait à l'évêque" since he succeeded in driving his enemy out.

Krasienski then had recourse to law, and the royal chamberlain went in person to summon Lazowski to give an account of himself. The bishop, however, was equal to the occasion. He beat the king's official unmercifully with his stick. Afterwards he was suffered to remain in possession, and administer the diocese as he thought fit. His method in this, says the historian, was to go about at the head of a horde of ruffians "pillant ses voisins, détournant les paysans, commettant mille violences." His unsuccessful rival, Krasienski, succeeded later in purchasing the bishopric of Luck, where he behaved even worse than Lazowski, going so far as to drive out his own priests, seizing their churches and holding them to ransom. These were by no means, isolated examples.

It is time, however, to come to the history of St. Josaphat. John, afterwards Josaphat, Kuncewicz was born at Włodimir about the year 1580. He was of noble family † which

* In the beginning of reform it was thought advisable simply to fine a cleric "nimium ebrius in conspectu hominum" one "secum aureum."

† The Russians dispute this violently, though it is the statement of St. Josaphat's contemporaries. They say his father was only a shoemaker. It should not

had sunk into the ranks of the "petite bourgeoisie ruthène." His parents were pious Christians, schismatics like the rest of the Ruthenians, but ignorant even of the question of schism. The Saint, as he himself considered, was miraculously imbued with a love of ecclesiastical ceremonies in his infancy. When his parents missed him, they looked for him in the church. He learned Slav and Polish, and committed the Divine Office to memory, never omitting its daily recital. He became apprenticed to a rich merchant, Hyacinth Popowicz, at Vilna, and did his work faithfully; at the same time that he showed the bent of his mind by spending all his leisure in reading pious books. It was whilst still in the merchant's service that two ways opened out before him and he was called upon to make his choice. This choice was to remain a schismatic or to join with the promoters of the Union of Brzesc. *

This, the final union of a part of the Ruthenian Church to the See of Rome, was brought about in a somewhat extraordinary manner. It seems that, in the year 1586, Joachim, Patriarch of Antioch, had visited the Ruthenians and had carried off a nice sum of money. Two years later Jeremias II., Patriarch of Constantinople, threatened with a rival, found himself in need of funds to defend himself, and was encouraged by his brother patriarch's success to make a visitation also. He did so; and did a lasting

matter much, except perhaps to the Russians. Abbot Galpin tells of a Russian peasant, whom the Holy Synod at St. Petersburg thought fit recently to make into a Saint. Before the decree of canonisation they procured, for him a *posthumous patent of nobility*. Think of the Holy See asking Lord Salisbury to put the English Martyrs in the next list of Birthday honours, before proceeding to issue the decree of beatification ! !

* In Abbot Guejyn's book there is a very useful table of the sounds which the letters in Polish words represent. But, even after reference to this key, the word Brzesc remains something of a puzzle. The table states that *cz* is pronounced as a *j*. This is satisfactory enough in the example given, *Zachrydowski* (*Zachydowski*), but when we tried the experiment with Brzesc (*Brjesz*) the result was a splutter. Not even an automatic coupler will hook a B on to a J in the same syllable. We believe the word is pronounced Brest. (Ed.)

mischievous, on the occasion, by instituting a Patriarch of Moscow. He did a few other mischiefs, not so important historically; but, at the same time, he did one very great good,—he disgusted the Ruthenian bishops by his rapacity and intrigues; and he did one lesser good,—he ordered an annual episcopal council under the presidency of the Metropolitan. At the first of these yearly synods, in 1590, the bishops agreed they had had enough of Constantinople, and determined to ask the king, Sigismund III. to be their supreme authority. Sigismund, being a staunch Catholic, refused and bade them unite themselves to the Holy See. In 1594, at a Synod held in Brzesc, this was privately decided upon; an address to the Sovereign Pontiff was drawn up and signed; and a deputation, consisting of Pocley, bishop of Wlodimir and Terlecki, bishop of Luck, was appointed to carry it to Rome and solemnly profess obedience to the chair of St. Peter in the name of the Ruthenian Episcopate. They did so; and Baronius, the historian, who was present at the ceremony, has recorded the scene.

At the time of the return of the delegates and the publication of the decree of Union, St. Josephat was fifteen years old. He had no knowledge of the rights or wrongs of the question, but he knew it to be a choice between right and wrong, and a serious one. He therefore, prayed earnestly for God's guidance and, as he says, he found himself repeating the words of the Psalm "I have hated the assembly of the malignant (Ps. xxv.)," and was seized with a hatred of the schism. The enemies of the Union had it all their own way at the time in Vilna, the capital of the Ruthenians, and the Cathedral Church of the Holy Trinity, to which the Saint attached himself, was deserted. Young Kunciewicz, although still in the merchant's office, daily assisted at all the celebrations, filling the offices of cantor, lector, and sometimes of bellringer.

In the Monastery attached to the church, there was only

one monk left,—the Archimandrite, or Abbot, who held the benefice.

It is impossible, in the limits of a review, to enter into the interesting details of the struggle between the Unionists and Schismatics. Fortunately for the Ruthenian Church there were men of ability and sanctity in its Episcopate. There was Terlecki, the youthful Bishop of Luck, who in the councils of the bishops swayed the wavering prelates to the cause of the Union. There was Pocięy, afterwards metropolitan,—a noble character, brave, honest, strong and steadfast, by temperament a soldier and commander, the very man to hold up what, at one time, seemed a hopeless cause. There was Rutski, his coadjutor and successor, equally brave and equally true and devoted, more however a politician than a soldier, putting his trust too much in princes,—a scholar and a saint rather than a commander of men. And there was St. Josaphat, who now threw himself into the struggle, both saint and soldier, the martyr and hero, who threw away his life to ensure the victory.

In the year 1604, John Kunciewicz left his master, and casting himself at the feet of Archbishop Pocięy, begged to be clothed with the habit of a monk. Between then and 1607 he was the solitary occupant of the cloisters of the Holy Trinity. He spent his days in prayer and what proved afterwards to be invaluable studies of the Slav sacred writings and Liturgy. His austerities gained him, even at that period of his life, the reputation of a saint. With the admission of his friend John* Rutski and four novices in 1608, the much-needed reform of the Basilian monks was begun.

More correctly, perhaps, it was the foundation of an entirely new congregation, modelled to a great extent on the re-

* A custom of the Basilians, in taking the usual religious name, was to choose one beginning with the same letter as their Christian name. Hence John Kunciewicz took the name of Josaphat, and John Rutski the name of Joseph.

form of St. Justina. It was placed under the patronage of the Holy Trinity. There was a President General, elected by the monks, called the Proto-Archimandrite; a general chapter held every four years; the prelates of the monasteries had only a short term of office; and it was one of the principles of the congregation "*de combattre de toutes ses forces les prélatures à vie.*" The President General had very large powers. Besides the right and duty of visitation and the admission of novices, he had the ordering of the monks to the work and the places where they were needed, and the appointment of the local Superiors. It was essentially a missionary congregation constituted to do valuable missionary work.

Abbot Guépin, to our regret, gives only the most meagre sketch of its organization. Instead, taking as his text "*Cette organisation était vigoureuse, mais était elle monastique?*" he spends some pages in trying to convince the reader that this reform of the Basilians was all a mistake, and that the essence of monasticism is in the perpetuity of Superiors and devotion to the Liturgy. He has no accusation to make against the young congregation with regard to the recital of the Divine Office and the practical carrying out of the Liturgy of the Greek Church. His protest is against active work being made a part of the recognized duties of a monk. St. Josaphat, he believes, was a monk "*des vieux âges*," who, by his presence in the congregation, saved it from monastic ruin. But there is not a particle of evidence—indeed the assumption is the other way—that the Saint disagreed with the organization of the congregation of which he was practically the founder. He himself, as his biographer relates, entered heart and soul into the missionary work of preaching, hearing confessions and administering the Sacraments. However, Abbot Guépin honestly admits that, in spite of "*institutions de plus en plus défectueuses*," the new Basilians were "*durant deux siècles et demi*" (that is, until the

recent Russian persecutions] "les pères nourriciers du peuple ruthène."

Raised to the diaconate in the year of his profession, ordained priest in 1609, founder of two new monasteries in 1613, St. Josephat entered Polock, in 1618, as bishop auxiliary to Archbishop Gideon, who was old, weak-minded and infirm.

The Saint was well received although, practically, the whole diocese was schismatic. There were some Latin Catholics and a college, in the cathedral city, conducted by Jesuit Fathers. But St. Josephat had to begin his apostolate even in the bishop's palace with the conversion of the old Archbishop. Gideon lived only a short time, but he died reconciled, in the arms of the saint.

The strength and energy of St. Josephat's character were quickly apparent. He had what looked like a hopeless task before him. But he never dreamed of failure; he had complete faith in his cause and in the help of God. In the reform of his clergy, he had to begin with their instruction in the very elements of belief; in the restoration of his cathedral, he had to begin without money; in the establishment of schools, he had to begin without teachers; in the erection of monasteries he had to begin without monks. He had to recover his churches from the hands of schismatics, and the ecclesiastical revenues from the hands of the nobles, who only parted with them under compulsion. He seems to have had a very simple method of overcoming his difficulties; he refused to recognize them as difficulties. He took possession of the churches served by schismatics as though opposition were impossible. If he had a priest to put in charge, he installed him; if not, he locked the doors and put his seal upon them. He invited his enemies to his house, or seated himself unbidden at their tables. His pastoral work was not done by deputy. Wherever he was, it was he who preached, and he who catechized; he who visited the sick and the

poor; he who celebrated the Holy Mass, heard confessions and administered the Sacraments. He took a personal part in the daily liturgy, and on his journeys, he so arranged his halts that he and his companion might chant the hours of the Divine Office at the times appointed by the Greek rite. And in the five years of his Episcopate, by his preaching and prayers, by his sanctity and the force of his personality, by his labours and example, and, above all, by the grace of God which was in him, he converted his forsaken and degraded flock, and left behind him an organized Catholic diocese, which furnished martyrs under Russian persecution, and even to this day still endeavours to cling to the faith.

He had enemies and bitter ones. It would be hardly correct to say he made them; he found them already made. But he irritated them, not by his manner, simply by making them conscious of their helplessness against him. They called him "the ravisher of souls;" he snatched even their champions from their ranks. They had only one real accusation to make against him. His austerities and sanctity of life were freely admitted; his charities and many good works were universally acknowledged; there was no accusation of ungentleness, or cruelty, or persecution, or wrong-doing. They said, nevertheless, he was a tyrant. It was nothing but the angry cry of a defeated party. They could make no head against him. He refused to recognize them as having a right to a place in the country. The churches of his diocese belonged to God and he would not suffer them to be given over to a sacrilegious use; neither would he permit the Schismatics, if he could help it, to build other churches in their place. At the end of the five years they had only one stronghold left, the town of Vitebsk, and with his usual courage he entered in to take possession of it. In their fear of him, as much as their anger against him, they murdered him.

"The Lord set his mark upon Cain." This brutal act

branded the schism with a disgrace from which it never recovered. By the sacrifice of his life St. Josaphat had consummated his work.

We have purposely avoided, in this sketch, reference to the supernatural in St. Josaphat's life. This we have done because, in these few pages, it would have been impossible to do justice to it. A chance mention of a miracle or two would have failed to convey the impression, a perusal of Abbot Guépin's history gives, of the constant and wonderful strengthening of his servant's arm by the power of God. The reader will not suppose we have forgotten God's work in the acts of His instrument. Much of the two volumes is taken up with the narration of the mighty things which the Almighty does, and did, in order to bless and sanction and confirm the labours of His Apostles. As the learned Abbot says, the history of St. Josaphat is the history of a Thaumaturgus.

In closing this notice of Abbot Guépin's admirable and painstaking work, the author will forgive us if we take exception to the sentiments of a page or two at the close of it. Fifteen years, as he tells us, before the date of his writing the lines, the Holy See had made an effort to revive the Basilian congregation, which the Russians had broken up, as a body of missionary monks. They are already doing great and good work. But Abbot Guépin is dissatisfied. He is afraid the tendency will be to reduce their role "*à celui qu'exerce dans notre occident, en France, par exemple, telle pieuse et utile congregation de missionnaires diocésains. L'Eglise attend d'eux autre chose.*" Then, after speaking of the ideals of Mount Athos and Troltza and Kiew, he says: "*pour montre ce que peut même de nos jours une famille religieuse pauvre &c, qu'il nous soit permis de citer le nom de D. Guéranger, notre Père, et de l'abbaye de Solesmes.*" Is it altogether right to suggest that the young Basilian congregation, one of the latest works of the Holy See, is making a departure in the wrong direction?

Is there only one ideal and one work for the monk? The monasteries of Mount Athos and the crypts of Kiew are institutions as precious and as venerable as the Pyramids, but are they quite what the Holy See desires the Basilians to hold before themselves as their great ideal? And is the passage in the best of taste?

The Blessed Sir Thomas More.

[The concluding portion of a Lecture on "Blessed Thomas More: and a few of the lessons he teaches the English citizen of to-day."]*

WRITTEN on the long bead-roll of England's worthies and of England's heroes are many famous and glorious names; but there is none other more glorious nor famous than his. In him mind and deed united well. They struck one chord of music, sweet and strong, deep and tender, which through the subtle wondrous spirit of man shall vibrate for ever.

And in our own day and generation, we his national descendants, so to speak, with the eye of faith and the ear of love, may sometimes well-nigh see him once more standing in our midst; and hear him bid us with modest yet lordly mien and in kingly yet gracious tones,—“To be just and fear not:” to quit us ever as England's valiant high-minded yet lowly sons: “to play well our part in life for therein all honour lies.”

“*What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue!*” exclaimed Edmund Burke, one of England's statesmen, whose name she will ever chronicle, whose memory she will always cherish.

* Printed at the request of some York friends.



But Thomas More strikes for us a clearer, a higher, a more harmonious note.

"For an impulse from the distance
Of his deepest, best existence
To the words,—“Hope, Light, Persistence
Strongly set and strongly burned.” *

For he testifies to this:—That from out the unseen and the beyond, three Realities, three living Presences to man have been sent and granted, which are to dwell with him perpetually as his light, his strength, his stay.

The first of these three Realities is the human conscience,—that wonderful dictate of the reason, whereby man “judges, here and now, what (as being good), is by him to be done; or what (as being evil), is by him to be avoided.”—

“Say not the Law divine is hidden
From thee, or afar removed,—
That Law *within* would shine,
If *there*, its glorious light were sought
and loved.” †

This Reality is the lively trusty messenger of the living God,—by whom man’s spirit lives.

The second of these Realities is a *man*—“THE MAN CHRIST JESUS;”—united to His Father and our Father consubstantially and ineffably: Jesus Christ,—“true God and true man,”—Who holds for us the keys of either home, earth and the world to come:” ‡ Jesus Christ,—*the Man Christ Jesus*,—on earth (once) crucified, (now) in Heaven glorified, and (again) on earth Sacramented!—Jesus Christ, whose delight is to be tabernacled with the children of men, who is the same to us “yesterday, to-day, and for ever.”

This Reality is the Faithful Testifier, the unimpeachable

* Matthew Arzold.

† Bernard Burton.

‡ Cardinal Newman.

witness, who has been sent by the Infinite and Absolute to finite relative man, to prove to him, by the sacrifice of an Only-Begotten Son, co-substantial with an Eternal Father, that unspeakable charity the Creator had towards even fallen rebellious creatures.

The third and last of the Realities or Presences is the Holy Ghost,—the Paraclete, the Comforter, proceeding from both the Father and the Son and along with them, (by angels and by men) to be eternally adored and glorified.

This Reality is man’s great unfailing guide and constant companion, and He has been sent to lead man from the bondage of mental error into the princely liberty of a knower and possessor of Truth:—*

“For he’s a free man whom the *Truth* makes free,
And all are slaves beside.” †

Here then ends the Blessed Thomas More’s threefold testimony to the supreme Realities of the transcendental Invisible World.

He ends indeed: yet like some sweet strain of melodious repeating music, he ends that he may,—though for one brief moment only,—begin again.

For he tells us that in order—if it were possible,—certainty might be made more certain and assurance doubly sure, the Wisdom of the Father, the Love of the Son, and the Goodness of the Holy Ghost designed in the fulness of time to execute a new Creation, which was love for Man, the reflection and shadow on earth of the attributes of the Three Persons in the One Indivisible God. This new Creation is the Divine Representation in time of the Most Holy Trinity, and is none other than the visible Church of Jesus Christ.

Yes! the one visible Catholic Church of Jesus Christ,—that marvellous proof of the wisdom and loving kindness

* Man is a hunter after Truth.—Plato.

† Cowper.

of a merciful God,—infallible and indestructible,—our supernatural and imperishable refuge, our superhuman and unquenchable light amid the dangers and darkness of this mortal life,—like some mighty, fair majestic ship,—with sides of 'beaten gold' and with sails of crimson silk, outspread and swelling, slowly glides down the dark river of time.

Crowding the banks on either side of the waters may be seen the eager wistful generations of the human race.

They that choose may instruct and delight their sight by the blessed vision of her and her steersman, as through the ages, with Him at her helm, she unerringly floats onward, glistening and radiant in the white supernal light that streams forth upon her from the Sun of Justice,—her sovereign owner and Lord. Whilst, on each 'burnished side,' 'writ large' in celestial character, can earnest souls ever plainly discern the revealed thoughts and desires of eternal goodness towards the sons and daughters of men.

For the writing that the sacred mystical vessel beareth upon her is this :—"O thou once fallen and enslaved, but now restored and ransomed Humanity, with a boundless and everlasting love hath thy Creator loved thee,—therefore He wills to draw thee unto Himself."

HENRY HAWKES SPINK, JUN.

Notices of Books.

CHRISTIANITY OR AGNOSTICISM? By the Abbé LOUIS PICARD. Authorised translation, revised by the REV. J. G. MACLEOD, S.J. London: Sands and Co., 1899. 12/6 nett.

THIS is a very admirable translation of the Abbé Picard's book. It is easy and pleasant reading, and only in a few sentences, in a volume of more than 600 pages, is the reader conscious that a foreign metaphorical expression or sentence has suffered in the English paraphrase. It should prove a very valuable book for a certain class of readers.

Perhaps we ought rather to say classes of readers since the Abbé's volume may be put to more than one use. In the hands of a professor, it will make an admirable text book for a class of philosophers, or young Divinity students. In itself, it is a readable and able *apologia* against modern heresy, which may be strongly recommended to undergraduates in a non-Catholic University, or to young professionals thrown among scientific or literary men. Our Catholic Colleges do not profess to teach our young men more than the principles and practice of their religion. Polemics are usually avoided as much as possible. Books, antagonistic to the Church are carefully kept from their hands. The names of Strauss, Rénan, Darwin, &c., are known to them only as historical heretics like Arius, Photius, Luther and Calvin, and the average student will have only a vague knowledge of their teachings. This is quite as it should be. The first training of a youth is to believe and to know what he believes, and during that period of formation the less he hears and thinks of adversaries and objections to Faith the better.

It would, of course, be still better for him if the surroundings of his after life were as devoutly Catholic as his surroundings at College. But this is an impossibility. Everyone, besides being "girt about with truth and having on the breastplate of justice," must, in this country, and perhaps in all countries in these days, take "the shield of faith" and "the sword of the spirit" to defend himself against the examples of immorality and heretical indifference he will meet with. For this, we believe, the general college training will, with the grace of God, be sufficient. But there are some who will be called upon to resist direct intellectual and quasi-philosophical attacks against their faith. They will need some guidance and exercise in the handling and wielding of shield and sword. And to these the Abbé Picard's book will be of the greatest assistance.

We are not referring, in this statement, merely to railway carriage or newspaper controversy. Of course a book like *Christianity or Agnosticism* might be useful even on such occasions. But one hardly needs shield and sword against such adversaries. Against these hailstone batteries the equivalent of a mackintosh or an umbrella would be enough. The antagonists we refer to are the modern sceptical students and professors of science and literature. The Church in principle has nothing to fear from the attack of science and philosophy, and neither, strictly speaking, has the individual Catholic. But from the influence of the professors of modern science and philosophy, the young Catholic student has much to fear. Science and philosophy are not in themselves opposed to the Catholic teaching but many of its devotees are. Perhaps this is because the Church has its theories and answers in questions they want to dogmatize about. The beginnings of the world, the origin of life, the existence and operations of the soul,—in these matters the Catholic Church has a teaching it refuses to allow theory to interfere with. By nothing it has said or says does it narrow, in any way, the field of

discovery, or cramp the methods of research, or interfere with rational inquiry, but it curbs, to some extent, the vagaries of scientific and philosophic imagination, and this is vehemently resented. There are some truths or facts which the Church claims the right to teach as divinely-revealed truths or facts. Herein is the modern philosopher's, and scientist's grievance. They cannot humble themselves to be disciples. Their ambition is to teach. They must have a doctrine and theory of their own. It is very much the desire to be new and original—to be leaders of thought, that creates opposition to the Church. Many of these modern theorists would, doubtless, be willing enough to teach what the church teaches, if no one else had taught it before them.

The scope of Abbé Picard's volume is wider than its title,—in the sense that Agnosticism is only one of many adversaries that he deals with. Evolution, positivism, materialism, determinism, pantheism, biblical scepticism, and the heresies and schisms of the national Churches are discussed, and all, perhaps, more fully than Agnosticism, strictly so called. But the title may be understood to suggest that the object of the book is to prove that Catholicism is a completely justifiable belief. The word Agnosticism, nowadays, is not kept to its strict meaning. Every lazy sceptic who wants to justify his laziness calls himself an Agnostic. It is practically impossible for a man who thinks seriously to be without a belief of some kind, either positive or negative. As a professed creed, Agnosticism is really a contradiction in terms.

"Christianity or Agnosticism?" naturally suggests that the author states a case. He does so; but not in the sense of a judge's impartial summing-up between plaintiff and defendant. It is an able advocate's appeal to the reader, as a jury, in defence of Catholicism. The author is only impartial so far as to treat his adversaries with scrupulous and courteous fairness. He has a strong case,

and he relies confidently on the strength of it. He never questions the integrity of an opponent, or minimises his arguments, and, by using as far as possible his own chosen words, he gives him the further advantage of his, in some cases very great, literary ability. There is little in the way of counter attack in the book, and nothing in the way of sarcasm and bluff,—weapons used freely by the enemies he encounters. The author is content to show that the defensive armour of the Church, which has been so easily equal to the needs of the past, is proof against modern weapons of precision.

Happily, this is well done. Though the work covers so large a field, it is impossible to call it slight or insufficient. It might have been a very hurtful book, if the author had been less skilful, and less completely a master of his subject. A weak comrade, and especially a weak leader, is only an embarrassment in a combat. But the tone of the volume is absolutely fearless, and the defence more than equal in strength to the attack. Every intelligent reader no doubt, will feel inclined to add to the arguments used by the learned apologist, just as the onlooker in a game of chess thinks he can see better moves than are made by the players. But the Abbé Picard may be trusted in all cases to have given a sound and sufficient answer—usually the classical answer—to the arguments of his opponents. Perhaps the student reader would, in one or two matters, have been better pleased with guidance as to his belief, rather than as to the defence of his belief. In the question of Evolution, for instance, whilst duly grateful to the author for enumerating the weak points of the theory;—the extravagant postulates required by its supporters; how, so far, the law of natural selection has only been proved to have developed certain specific variations, necessary or useful, under existing circumstances, for protection or the preservation of the species; the counteracting process of degeneration; the barrier interposed between allied species by the

law of the sterility of hybrids, &c.—one is inclined to ask what exactly one ought to believe, or might reasonably assume as a working hypothesis. For whilst his arguments are against Evolution as being the one, only supreme and all-sufficient article of faith of certain modern materialists, Père Picard admits, as everyone else does, that with certain limitations, the doctrine is tenable. We do not suppose the author means the student to reject it altogether,—its consideration, in these days, it is quite impossible to refuse; the useful word to the student would be, therefore, to say what portion of its tenets one might safely admit, without the risk of meeting with a concealed danger to one's faith.

As this is essentially a polemical work we are not sure if it is suited for everyone. To raise doubts and then answer them is not with every body a wise procedure. To swallow a poison-pill, though carefully encased in a safe antidote, is an amusement that has its dangers. People who have never heard of the theories of Rénan, Strauss, &c., are, for the most part, best left in their ignorance. But we do not anticipate any harm from the book to any one who reads it carefully and intelligently. And there is, as we have said, amongst a certain class of readers, a real demand for exactly such a work as the Abbé Picard has given us. In France, the translator tells us, the volume has been the instrument of much good. May it be of equal benefit to its English readers!



The College Diary.

AFTER a Christmas holiday, remarkable only for the mildness of the weather, the Spring term opened with a slight increase of numbers. The new boys were Joseph Telfener, Walter McCann, Robert Wood, Michael McDermott, Thomas and William Heslop, Gerald Crean, Hubert Barnett and Leonard Drees.

Jan. 18, Wednesday. The day appointed for the boys' return showed an excellent attendance.

Jan. 21. The voting for captain resulted in the election of R. Dawson to the post. He chose the following government:—

Secretary	-	-	-	-	J. McCann
Recorder	-	-	-	-	J. Rochford
Clothesman	-	-	-	-	H. Crean
Officers	-	-	-	-	V. Gosling
					G. Fishwick

THE COLLEGE DIARY.

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Librarian of Upper Library	-	E. de Normanville
Gasmen	-	V. O'Connor
	-	C. Martin
Librarian of Lower Library	-	D. Burn
Vigilarii of Lower Library	-	F. Quin
	-	F. Neal
Librarian of Upper Grammar Room	-	P. Higgins
Vigilarii of	-	D. McCormack
	-	D. Traynor
Vigilarii of Reading Room	-	H. Bradley
	-	W. Williams
Collegemen	-	F. Bermingham
	-	H. Pilkington
	-	J. Heads

The Captains of the Football games were:—

1st set	-	-	-	-	R. J. Dawson
	-	-	-	-	V. R. Nevill
2nd set	-	-	-	-	J. Rochford
	-	-	-	-	H. Weighill
3rd set	-	-	-	-	G. McDermott
	-	-	-	-	F. Hayes
4th set	-	-	-	-	P. Williams
	-	-	-	-	P. Lambert

Jan. 27. A hard frost during the night rendered the ice fit to bear; in consequence of which the authorities gave a play-day. On this day and on the following day the skaters had a thoroughly enjoyable time.

Feb. 2. Month-day. The weather was extremely bad, the snow lying thick on the ground. Nevertheless, the time was pleasantly spent in walks and paper-chases.

Feb. 4. We are extremely pleased to welcome back to Ampleforth B. P. Mawson who returned to-day. Mr. Raymond Mawson, his brother, who came with him, remained with us a few days.

Feb. 8. To our great regret Fr. Aelred Clarke who has been associated with us so closely as sub-prefect and infirmarian left for the mission.

Feb. 12. The Shrove-tide holidays commenced.

Feb. 13. The top class under the guidance of Br. Benedict had a long and enjoyable walk to Castle Howard. Bad weather prevented the lower schools from having outdoor amusements. They

Literary Debates.

13th Meeting. Sunday, March 5th, 1899. The Rev. President took the chair at 7.45 p.m. Fr. Anselm, Br. Philip and Br. Benedict accompanied him from the Upper House. The minutes were read and passed, and Mr. Martin arose and read a well-written and interesting paper on the Jews.

He espoused the cause of the Jews, and evinced a righteous anxiety to protest against the Anti-Semitic movement just now emphatic in France, and which had cropped up continually in the history of the past. He was a little nervous at the beginning and consequently his voice grew somewhat husky, interfering with his persuasive flow of eloquence. However, he warmed to his theme, and afterwards spoke with a directness and decision which his audience appreciated.

The speaker sat down, and Fr. Anselm stood up in opposition. He addressed the meeting with some vehemence. Colloquially, he came down like a load of bricks on the arguments of the paper, objected entirely to the tone of it, and, though I don't believe it, he inclined people to think he was quite Anti-Semitic.

Mr. Galiano followed, very much in sympathy with the first speaker. He is a speaker who knows his mind and seems to mean what he says. He would do well to speak with a louder voice, and with a more confident manner; but a pardonable nervousness, almost desirable because natural in young speakers, will account for a defect of this kind.

The Rev. chairman now arose. He spoke from the more lofty position of the chair, and rightly assumed—as in a junior debating club like ours must be the case—that his audience should pay deference to his criticisms and remarks.

He delicately insinuated that, whilst he liked young men to have opinions of their own, yet they should be modest,—especially in the more serious questions where reverence is to be expected. They should not form opinions without sufficient reason. Certain subjects required more knowledge, before forming opinions, than students could be expected to have. His reference was to some emphatic and sweeping statements about the Inquisition, and about the reported sympathy of the French Jesuits with the Anti-Semitic movement in their country. He briefly elucidated certain matters



with regard to the Inquisition, and pointed out how the report with respect to the French Jesuits was a calumny, one among many which have been so readily and so frequently brought forward against Jesuits and the Catholic religion. The Debate closed at 8.30 p.m. with a vote of thanks to the chairman.

14th Meeting, Sunday, March 12th, 1899. Fr. Sub-Prior took the chair at 8 p.m. supported by Fr. Anselm, Br. Benedict and Br. Wilfrid. The minutes were read, and met with no comment until the Rev. President arose and suggested an alteration in their style. He proposed that they should more resemble the style of the Oxford Union Debating Club, which was much livelier, and gave a better sketch of the proceedings. He read some minutes of the preceding debate, which he himself had written, and which were passed instead of those read by the Secretary.

Mr. R. Dawson then arose, and after apologizing for the unfinished state of his paper, explained that he had chosen his subject because it was one about which many mistakes were being continually made. It was entitled "The Carlist Movement in Spain." He warmly advocated the claims of Don Carlos, both on account of his hereditary right, and his splendid personality which so aptly fitted him for managing with success the affairs of a country such as Spain. The clear, concise way in which he gave the history of the Carlists from the very beginning, deserves commendation, although the effect would have been heightened, if he had not read quite so quickly.

Mr. Galiano now arose, and immediately struck the keynote of his speech by declaring that he completely disagreed with everything which Mr. Dawson had said. This was rather a comprehensive assertion, yet he defended it very clearly, attacking the historical points in Mr. Dawson's paper, and taking a decidedly different view of Don Carlos' personal character. From the several sides from which he reviewed affairs, it appeared that Don Carlos was not an admirable character, and that to have him on the Spanish throne would not add to the happiness of that country, but would most likely plunge it into bloodshed and confusion. Mr. Gosling made a few remarks about the hereditary right of the reigning dynasty, and he considered that Ferdinand VII. had a perfect right to revoke the Salic Law, in order to leave the throne to his daughter. The occasion especially called for it, since his

brother, the heir, was a madman. This remark caused some laughter, and the depths of his own feelings seemed to stand in the way of further utterance.

Fr. Anselm upheld the reigning dynasty, being of opinion that as it had been established on the throne so long, it would only upset the country to change it. He compared the case of the Carlists to that of the Stuarts, and remarked that monarchy had originally been elective. He asked if the revocation of the Salic Law had been constitutional. Mr. Galiano answered this in the affirmative.

Much cheering now took place as Br. Benedict arose. He gave us his speech in his usual logical style, fact after fact being disposed of in rapid succession. If the abrogation of the Salic Law had been effected constitutionally, and if the mass of the people sympathized with the reigning dynasty, their right was indisputable. Some of his views were rather revolutionary, stating the opinion, as he did, that people had a right to elect their own monarch. This speech met with much applause. Indeed the members were lively enough in applauding, but by no means so lively in rising to their feet to speak,—a thing to be deplored and, I hope, remedied.

Mr. Dawson now quoted numerous authorities in defence of his statements.

Br. Wilfrid has read that the Cortes had passed a law which excluded Don Carlos and his descendants from the throne for ever: in which case they were only pretenders.

Mr. Galiano defended the statement about the madness of Ferdinand's brother, by asserting that 'although he was not exactly mad, yet he was a perfect fool.' The Rev. President now arose, and summed up clearly and comprehensively as is his wont.

He confessed himself somewhat surprised at the revolutionary spirit displayed by Fr. Anselm and Br. Benedict, the former of whom, however, denied that his views were revolutionary. He admired Mr. Dawson's sentiments, but thought the arguments were not in favour of Don Carlos. A show of hands proved this to be the opinion of a large majority of the members.

The meeting was closed at 8.30 p.m. with a vote of thanks to the chairman.

V. S. GOSLING.



Notes.

THE Christmas festivities of 1897 were held in the new Calefactory. We wonder if any one felt any regret about it. They were pleasant enough the old days in the long, low, stone-floored room (how small it looks now!) when the community had settled itself down in the shallow recesses of the three panelled windows, and begun to compare notes about how tired they felt after the church work on the Eve, and the midnight and morning ceremonies. There never was much attempt made to decorate the old Calefactory. Some ends of spruce and holly, rescued from the débris banded out of back sacristy and church, were loosely thrust behind the pictures, and sometimes a sulky specimen of a yule log made a pretence of burning in the grate. But we had the Christmas feeling for all that, and a homely good-fellowship lengthened out the ordinary bunch-of-raisins and glass-of-wine formality into a comfortable and happy afternoon of gossip and song.

As it proved, the new Christmas was even pleasanter than the old. Of course, there was every reason that it should have been. There

is nothing like having plenty of room to be merry in. Cosiness is a very small virtue, and we only prize it when we are unable to get anything better. If a place is big and comfortable, then, within reasonable limits, the bigger it is, the larger the comfort. We are already beginning to wonder how we could have been happy in the old place, and to feel as if we had grown too big for it.

The winter was mild and inactive, until it was time for it to leave us altogether. Then it exerted itself a bit. The modern version of Shakespeare's winter song "When bicycles hang by the wall" was hardly appropriate during the greater part of the time. Spring when it visited us seemed quite out of sorts, and appeared to be suffering from the prevailing epidemic of influenza.

A library is being arranged and fitted up in the west rooms of the new building. What a comfort it will be when we can really say we have a library! The books have been 'sleeping out' for some time, and have contracted vagrant habits, which it may take them some time to get rid of. We hope they will soon settle down comfortably in their new quarters.

How are we to describe the wall-paper of the new Calefactory? To say it is 'Anaglypta' or 'Camptulicen' or 'Lincrusta-Walton,' or whatever it may be, will be Greek to most of our readers. It is an embossed paper, with a pattern we are unable to describe, because it has the excellent quality that one never notices it; and it is of a warm green colour, varying slightly in tint, as though parts of it had been more exposed than others, or had got a little rubbed,—a device which takes away the mechanical monotony, which is the most objectionable feature of wall-papers. The material is about as thick as the back of a book, and is said to last for ever, and to allow its face to be washed, and, generally, to behave as paper was never intended to do. It gives an admirable finish to the already beautiful room.

Building operations are "tailing off" with some necessary additions to the servant's quarters and the Procurator's office. (We do not mean to suggest a resemblance, in this last piece of work, to a caudal appendage.) The front of the Monastery is being laid out and planted, and the unsightliness of broken bricks, rejected stones,

packing cases, disabled wheelbarrows, and planks arranged to guide the unway into various mud paddles, is now almost entirely removed. It is pleasant to think that, at the solemn blessing of the building, to take place at the Midsummer Exhibition, we shall be able to dispense with the ingenious discomforts, arranged by clerks of the works for opening ceremonies.

Bishop Hedley has kindly consented to officiate on the occasion. A *Hymnus in honorem S. Laurentii martyris, ad evocanda novi monasterii S. Laurentii, apud Ampleforth* has been composed by the late Prior, Fr. Anselm Burge, and set to music by our learned professor Mr. Oberholfer. We have not yet had the pleasure of listening to it in rehearsal, but we are sure it will be worthy of the occasion.

In January last, his Lordship, Bishop Hedley, presided at the great reunion of the Birmingham Catholics, and delivered an address to the Association, which was responsible for the gathering. The audience was most enthusiastic, and it was arranged that the address should be printed as a pamphlet. During Lent, the Bishop delivered a course of lectures, at Cardiff, on the Liturgy.

The handsome Altar, presented to the Bishop of Newport at his Episcopal Jubilee, by the clergy of his diocese, has been erected in his private Chapel at Llanishen. It is a fine piece of oak carving, designed by Mr. Bernard Smith, and executed by Messrs. Oor, of Roermond. On Tuesday, February 28th, the Bishop consecrated a marble altar-stone, or "portable altar," for it, and celebrated Mass. He was assisted by Canons Woods and Hurworth, O.S.B., Monsignor Lewis, V.F., Rev. A. Vanden Heuvel, V.F., Father Siegbert Cody, O.S.B., and others.

The fine relic—a fore-arm—said to be of St. Lawrence the Martyr, which the Bishop of Newport some time ago received from Italy, and which he intended to present to Ampleforth, is now under the consideration of the Sacred Congregation of Rites. The authentication which accompanies the relic is perfectly regular—but a doubt has been raised whether it is really of the great St. Lawrence. It is believed that the Sacred Congregation intend to raise the whole question of the relic of St. Lawrence. It will be recollected that the "body" of the martyr is undoubtedly under

the altar of the Constantinian Basilica of St. Lorenzo—fuori-le-mura, at Rome. The "head," however, is said to have been taken out of the shrine as far back as the time of Pope St. Sylvester. Up to the Piedmontese invasion, it was preserved in the Quirinal, but was then removed to the Vatican, where it is now. The Cathedral of Genoa, which is dedicated to St. Lawrence, boasts of some large relics.

We can absolutely promise that the Midsummer number of the Journal will be chiefly a New Monastery number. As a sort of remote preparation, our artists, in this issue, have given us some excellent sketches of the College. We know they will be appreciated by our readers. The Senior Library drawing, especially, is an admirable piece of work. Some older Laurentians may notice a little change or two from the days when they were young. This should not be a matter of regret. There is no real life without growth, and no growth without change.

To us, the only important difference, between the College as it is, and the College as it used to be, is in the study-hall. The strong and handsome desks, recently introduced, distinctly change the appearance of the room. We know that the modern open-file formation is superior as a working arrangement to the obsolete shoulder to shoulder ranks. But there was something more parade-like about the old arrangement.

Personal experience will abundantly justify the change to the older students. A studious boy has now a better chance of doing himself justice than in the days when his less-studious neighbour urged him on by the process of joggling his elbow. Also, the present arrangement does away with the systems of telegraphic communication between desk and desk, which were not very useful from an educational point of view. Nevertheless, old boys, will miss the 'footprints' they had left 'on the sands of time,' if we may so designate the names or initials written or carved on the desks that have been swept away.

Are there any of the old lamps that used to hang in the study in existence? We are afraid not. We remember that they made an occasional re-appearance, many years ago, when the gas failed; but

we also remember that, even as many as thirty years back, we were, on a similar occasion, reduced to candlelight. There is a history connected with the incident. During the process of teasing a slightly eccentric, but thoroughly good-natured boy—afterwards a priest in South Wales—whose custom it was to study by candlelight in the evenings, an experimentalist discovered that, if a pen be dipped in ink and pricked well into a candle, when the wick burns down to the pen-prick, the candle mysteriously goes out. The sight of a lay-brother fixing candles, four to each desk, throughout the study, in preparation for the English Composition hour, suggested a demonstration of this interesting scientific fact on a wider scale. Under pretence of helping to fix them, some experts succeeded in inoculating each of the candles, an inch or two below the flame. This operation had been concluded during the confusion of the entrance of the students after the bell had rung, so that a great many of the more innocent boys had also an expectation that something would happen. The presiding master was a very respected Professor of Poetry, whose order at class was little inferior to that of the Prefect. A quarter of an hour of delightful suspense, during which, we are afraid, not many sentences or rhymes were strung together, and then a candle, in the senior part of the study, incontinently went out. The question, mildly but firmly put by the master to the boys nearest to the scene of accident, "Did you blow the candle out?" being answered in the negative, the master, too much of a gentleman to doubt the denial given him, struck a match to relight it. It refused however to be coaxed, in the ordinary way, to its proper behaviour, and a surgical operation was found necessary. The cure completed, with every sense now on the alert, the master patrolled the room. Suddenly, another candle succumbed in another part of the study. During the operation on this second patient, two more were seized with the mysterious complaint. Then for fully half an hour the interesting question, both with master and boys, was which candle would go out next. The professor, early in the proceedings, had convinced himself that no one blew out the flame, or even so much as touched the offending articles. At the very moment he was looking at a seemingly healthy and innocent looking candle, the flame suddenly bobbed and, with a faintly audible protest, gave up the ghost. Apparently it died a natural death. Certainly, the students

near it had done nothing to it. In fact the behaviour of the boys was admirable. There was no noise,—only a quiet offer of assistance or the proffer of a knife, and no laughter,—only a pleased smile, which broadened to its extreme limit when candles went out at different ends of the room, and the master hesitated which to go to first. He, be it said, never lost his patience or his dignity; but when he was heard to say: "It's very clever; I'd give anything to know how it was done," the joy of the mischief-makers was full.

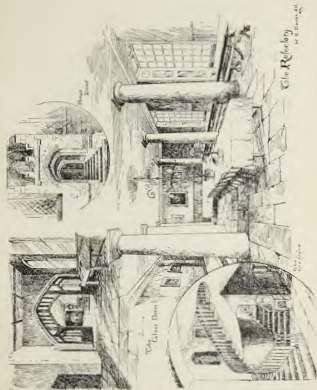
Another juvenile scientific discovery was the fact, that if a few drops of sufficiently cold water are ejected against the glass shade of a burning lamp, it will break to pieces. We remember a youth in the second division demonstrating this truth to a few of his companions, in the near neighbourhood of the second Prefect. We do not think he ever repeated the experiment.

The drawing of the 'Hall' reminds us that it was very nearly done away with, in the scheme for the connection of the new buildings with the old. Of course, it would not have been sacrificed except for something better, but we confess to a fondness for it just as it is, with the Ness Hall fireplace and Br. Paul Vassalli's unicorn, which had and has the habit of shedding its horn regardless of the seasons. The specimens of old Father Bolton's famous dessert service, in one of the cases, will remind some of our readers of days (before the discovery of Beecham's pills) when they hardly dared to touch them, because they were "worth a guinea a box,"—we mean "a guinea a plate."

Our thanks are due to C. Cave, Esq. for his interesting article on the monumental brasses at Trotton. The reproduction is made from a rubbing which he kindly lent us for the purpose.

Our best wishes to F. Aelred Clarke, who left us to join the brethren at St. Anne's Priory, Liverpool. We also wish a successful career to Mr. G. McLaughlin, by whose departure a long and pleasant connection has been severed. Br. Elphege Hind has returned from Oxford to take up his work.

Every best wishes and our heartiest congratulations to Frs. Philip Willson, Stephen Dawes, Thomas Noblett and Oswald Swarbrick,



The Refectory
by C. Cave, Esq.

recently ordained priests, and to Bcs. Basíl Primavesi and Benedict McLaughlin ordained deacons. Fr Oswald Swarbrick was ordained deacon and priest on successive days.

Fr. Subprior gave a successful mission at Dowlais during the last weeks of Lent. Fr. Anselm Turner, the Prefect, gave the Retreat to the boys in Holy Week, and the Retreat to the Religious was given by Abbot Bergh of Ramsgate.

It has been suggested that a prize essay, written each year by a one of the students, should be printed in the midsummer number of the Journal. We welcome the suggestion.

This year, our excellent friend, Mr. Boddy, completes his 40th year as our drawing Master. The Journal, through the training of its illustrators, owes much to him. May his robust health and youthful spirits be preserved to him for many years to come!

We hear that the ventilation of the church is to be taken in hand at once. That it is defective has been recognized for a long time.

Fr. Placid Corballis has returned to his monastery, Fort Augustus. He has our good will wherever he may be.

A system of telephones has been introduced into the house; also, a lift has been fixed in the new Monastery. These are not luxuries; with the growth of the place they have become a necessity.

Congratulations to Mr. John Tucker who passed his final examination as a solicitor in January.

We owe thanks to our architect and good friend Mr. Bernard Smith, who has presented us with some excellent 'Arandels' to be hung in the new cloister. They are particularly choice and scarce examples, not easily to be purchased.

The members of the Guild are now admitted to the Choir, and wear a semi-monastic garb,—a sort of cowl, open in front, with a hood attached to it.

The old Calefactory has entered on a fresh career of usefulness as a Refectory for the monks. It takes kindly to its new duties.

A recent examination of St. Cuthbert's tomb in Durham Cathedral is said to "dispose of the assertion that at the Reformation the remains were removed to a secret place known only to a few." The fact which is supposed to identify the skeleton of the tomb with the remains of the Saint is the assertion of some medical man, that the bones were those of a person who suffered from scrofula and lameness. Whether such an assertion about the bones of a skeleton, more than a thousand years old (if it is that of St. Cuthbert), is indisputable, we are not expert enough to say but we can say that, as circumstantial evidence of identity, its value is next to nothing. Both are among the commonest of the 'ills that flesh is heir to.' Then too, nothing is said of the discrepancies between the skeleton found and the historical statements about the condition of the body. Anything against their theory does not count.

We ask the prayers of our readers for the repose of the soul of Harold Giglio, who left the school only a year or two ago, and also for Catherine Wray, mother of Fr. Placid Wray, and Mrs. Gibbons, mother of Fr. Bernard Gibbons. R.I.P.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the *Dowds Review*, the *Dowds Magazine*, the *Ushaw Magazine*, the *Raven*, the *Stonyhurst Magazine*, the *Clongowshan*, the *Ratcliffean*, the *Stamont Review*, the *Revue Biblique*, the *Abbey Student*, the *Harvest*, the *Oratory School Magazine*, the *Baede*, the *St. Augustine's Ramsgate*, and the *St. Bede*, Illinois.

The New Monastery.

BEATISSIMO PADRE,

Il Priore del Monastero Benedettino di Ampleforth in Inghilterra, prostrato al bacio del S. Piede umilmente implora la S. Vostra, di voler benignamente concedere la Benedizione Apostolica, a tutti i Benefattori che hanno contribuito alla fabbrica del Nuovo Monastero. Che della grazia, &c.

EEmus D. N. Leo Papa XIII. benedictionem Apostolicam impertivit.

Ex Aedibus Vaticanis, die Julii 7, 1894

✠ J. Archiepiscopus Nicomedensis.

(Translation.)

Most Holy Father,

The Prior of the Benedictine Monastery of Ampleforth in England, kissing your Sacred Feet, humbly implores your Holiness to graciously grant the Apostolic blessing to all the Benefactors who contribute to the building of the New Monastery.

His Holiness Pope LEO XIII. has granted the Apostolic blessing.

Given at the Vatican, July 7, 1894.

✠ J. Archbishop of Nicomedia.

—*—

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