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Père Bourdaloue, S.J.

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PART I.

A Famous Preacher.

THERE are few more interesting subjects than French pulpit eloquence in the reign of Louis XIV. When one meditates in the old Church of St. Paul-Louis, in the Marais, where Bourdaloue lies buried, it is not difficult to re-people in imagination the vast nave and the series of lateral tribunes with the great crowd of courtiers, fashionable ladies, and others, who used to flock to that church to listen to him, about the time that James II had to flee from England. Bourdaloue has a very marked place among the sacred orators of the great age of France, whether as regards his excellencies or his defects. A very striking book,* recently published, raises some questions about him which it will not be inopportune briefly to discuss.

On the 14th of May, 1904, it is proposed to celebrate the second centenary of the death of Bourdaloue—a few days after that of Bossuet. Some of his admirers and fellow-Jesuits have taken up the idea of keeping that memorial year by a new and definitive edition of his works. No project could be more worthy of the great preacher, or more acceptable to the reading public. To carry it out, a *Revue Bourdaloue* has been started, with Père Griselle as editor. Probably no living man knows more about

* Bourdaloue. Histoire critique de sa prédication. Par E. Griselle, S.J. Paris, Société Française d'Imprimerie, 1901.

Bourdaloue than Père Griséle. He has been engaged in studying him for many years, and has published numerous articles and brochures on his life and works. The two handsome volumes which we have at present under notice furnish a complete history of his preaching during nearly half-a-century, and contain an enormous amount of illustrative matter, of which a great deal is new, and which it must have cost infinite labour to gather together.

Louis Bourdaloue was a native of Bourges, a town that is full of historic memories from Caesar to the English wars, situated in the very centre of France, about 100 miles direct south of Paris. The year of his birth was 1632—ten years before the accession of Louis XIV, whom he was to "compliment" so often in his sermons. His father was a lawyer, occupied an honourable place in the magistracy of Bourges, and appears to have been an excellent speaker. The future orator went through his Humanities in the Jesuit College of his native city, and entered the Order himself whilst still very young. After teaching grammar and "science" in various Jesuit Colleges, and going through his own philosophy and theology, he was ordained in 1660, and sent to Rouen as professor of moral theology in the College of St. Louis. It is said that it was at Rouen that his talents as a preacher were discovered. At a certain retreat, we are told, the preacher broke down, and Bourdaloue was called upon, at a moment's notice, to take his place. His success was so striking that, in spite of his resistance, he was set apart to preach in public. Père Griséle cannot find any real authority for this story, and considers it to be one of those "common forms" of anecdote which do duty for every great orator. Bourdaloue, however, began to give public courses of sermons in the Lent of 1665—five years after his ordination. It would appear that his first public sermon, properly so called, was delivered in the little village church of Malzéville, in the environs of Nancy.

The present pulpit—a wooden hexagon supported on a sort of pedestal and fixed in a corner near the chancel—has an inscription on it, asserting that Père Bourdaloue preached therein, but giving an impossible date. It is a possibility, and no more—for there is not a scrap of evidence, as far as I am aware, to support the idea—that English Benedictines from Dieulouart may have assisted at this sermon.

Bourdaloue began to preach in Paris in 1669. Père Griséle has found an entry in an old Jesuit account-book of the College of St. Louis at Rouen, containing an entry, on the 10th of October of that year, of twenty livres advanced to Bourdaloue for his journey to the capital. When he arrived at the professed House in the Rue St. Antoine, and prepared to take up that work which was to be the great task of his life, Bossuet, not yet a Bishop, but recently named to the see of Condom, was preaching before the court at St. Germain, and was about to close his career as a preacher of "courses." It has been said by imaginative writers that Bossuet fled before the overpowering success of Bourdaloue. Considering that Bourdaloue had never been heard in Paris before this winter of 1669, the story appears to be pure invention. He preached the "Advent" of this year in the Jesuit Church in the Rue St. Antoine, but only on the Sundays. In the following year, 1670, he preached the "Lent" in the same church. We now begin to find his name mentioned in the gazettes, the news-letters, and the general literature of Paris. His success seems to have been striking and immediate. After three or four sermons he began to attract such a crowd—including Bishops, great nobles, and high dignitaries—that the church overflowed; people sent their servants at six o'clock in the morning to secure places for the three o'clock discourse, and the Jesuit fathers themselves could hardly find seats. At the end of the year, he was selected to preach before the King, and

delivered the "Advent" in the chapel of the Tuilleries. He continued to preach in Paris, chiefly at the Court, for five and thirty years, till the day of his death, May 14th, 1704.

It is difficult, at this distance of time, to understand the extraordinary *vogue* and fame of Bourdaloue. Some have gone so far as to assert that he owed his success to the assiduous advertisement given to him by the celebrated Madame de Sévigné, the great letter-writer and wit of that day. This is ridiculous. At the same time, Madame de Sévigné's references to him are extremely interesting. I quote a few of them. Madame de Sévigné, when in Paris, occupied her hotel in the Marais, now a kind of museum, not very far from the Church of St. Paul-Louis, where he so often preached.

Of his first "Advent" at the Tuilleries, she says (Dec. 3rd, 1670):

For the rest, Père Bourdaloue preaches divinely at the Tuilleries. We were wrong in thinking that he would never succeed except in his own show; he is infinitely beyond anything we have had before.

The expression, "qu'il ne jouerait bien que *dans son tripot*," has much scandalised many worthy biographers; to call a Jesuit professed House a "gambling room"! The truth is, the lively writer had no such intention. The word, in her time, had no specially bad meaning; it is used, no doubt, with a spice of polite slang in it, but signifies nothing more than what I have attempted to convey.

In the Lent of the following year, the Marquise was again in Paris, and Bourdaloue was preaching at Notre Dame. His opening sermon of this station seems to be the one we find in his published works: *Sur la pensée de la Mort*. She writes (March 27th, 1671):

I have been to hear Mascaron on the Passion. He was certainly very beautiful and very touching. I was strongly tempted to make a dash for Bourdaloue (*de me jeter dans le Bourdaloue*);

but I saw it was impossible and did not care to make the attempt. The footmen were on the spot as early as the Wednesday, and the crush was killing. I was aware that he was going to repeat the discourse (on the Passion) which M. de Grignan and I heard last year at the Church of the Jesuits, and that was the reason I was so anxious to be there; it was perfectly beautiful, and I remember it like a dream.

A fortnight earlier, during the same Lent, she had already alluded to him twice (March 11th and 13th, 1671):

Père Bourdaloue is our preacher; *bon Dieu*, one cannot praise him as he deserves. . . . I dined to-day with Mme. de Lavardin, after having been in Bourdaloue (*en Bourdaloue*,—as if in a battle, storm, or ocean!). The Mothers of the Church were there; that is my name for the Princess de Conti and the Princess de Longueville. The whole world was at the sermon; and the sermon was worthy of the audience. . . . Ah! Bourdaloue, what divine truths you told us to-day on death! Mme. de La Fayette was present for the first time in her life, and was in transports of admiration.

On Christmas Day of the same year she made the following note:—

Last night I was at the Minims (in the Place Royale); and I am just starting for Bourdaloue (*je m'en vais en Bourdaloue*). It is reported that he has taken to giving portraits of people, and that, a few days ago, he made three points out of the retirement of Tréville (or Troisville, a converted Calvinist); the name alone was missing, but it was not required. With all that, I am told that he is surpassing all his past marvels, and that there has never been a preacher till now.

But the sermon to which we find her "just starting" seems to have failed to move her very much. Later on the same Christmas Day she writes to her daughter:—

I have been to the sermon. My heart was not touched. This Bourdaloue

. . . tant de fois éprouvé
L'a laissé comme il l'a trouvé.

Perhaps it was my own fault.

It was in the following year, and most probably in the chapel at Versailles, that this next occurrence took place; Mme de Sévigné is writing under date of the 13th of March, 1672 :—

Marshal de Gramont, the other day, was so transported with the beauty of a sermon of Bourdaloue, that at one passage he exclaimed aloud, Mordieu, he is right! Madame burst out laughing, and the sermon was so interrupted that no one knew what would happen.

Passing over a year or two, we come to 1674. Bourdaloue was preaching the "Lent" for the second time before the Court—at St. Germain. Mme de Sévigné writes of a sermon delivered by him on the Feast of the Purification of that year. (The "Lent" was generally supposed to begin with this feast.) Her letter is dated Feb. 3th, 1674 :—

Père Bourdaloue preached a sermon on Our Lady's Day which transported everybody. His vehemence made the courtiers tremble; never did preacher present Christian truth so independently and so loyally. His subject was to show that all power should be submissive to laws, after the example of our Loed presented in the Temple. He pushed this point home to the utmost perfection; certain passages were worthy of St. Paul himself.

In 1680 he again preached at St. Germain before the King. Mme de Sévigné attended the discourse of March 27th, about which she expresses herself as follows (March 29th, 1680) :—

We heard, after dinner, Bourdaloue's sermon. He hits out like a deaf man, pouring out truths without restraint, inveighing against adultery in season and out of season; on he goes, regardless of everybody.

One more citation—this time from some remarks which she makes (Sept. 15th, 1683) on Bourdaloue's funeral oration on the Prince de Condé :—

And would you ever have believed that Père Bourdaloue, about six days ago, at the Jesuit Church, delivered the most beautiful funeral sermon that can possibly be imagined? Never was an action more admired; and with reason. He dwelt on the more favourable side of the Prince's life. His return to Catholicism, of course, told strongly on the Catholic side; and Bourdaloue's treatment of this episode formed the most beautiful and the most Christian panegyric that was ever pronounced.

These passages, which reflect the very image of the passing moment, are enough to show, not only what the writer thought of Bourdaloue, but also, what his generation thought of him. Very many additional testimonies could be collected from the Jesuit *Lettres annuelles*, from the public journals, and from casual allusions in all sorts of contemporary sources.

We ask ourselves whether his sermons, as we have them now, warrant all this enthusiasm.

The eloquence of Bourdaloue is not poetical, tender, or emotional. He has not the unction, the elevation, or the pathos of some of his own contemporaries. But he is a master of *statement*. He takes a point that is capable of effective treatment, and he never leaves it till it has long ceased to be a point, and stands out with a stereoscopic effect. This art of development consists of two elements—the art of detail, and the art of phrase. Bourdaloue produces much of his effect by the enumeration of details. He seldom reasons; that is, he makes no show of reasoning. But he presents a general idea in every kind of concrete actuality. He heaps trait on trait. He searches the whole field of moral knowledge—human character, human passions, human life, Scripture, history, and even science—to throw one gleam of light after another upon his central thought. He is not led away into mere rhetoric, poetry, or conceit, but grips his thought fast till he has hammered it into his hearer's head. Then he has the power of making effective phrases. His language is not mere

repetition, not mere used-up terminology, but a strong, bright and fresh presentment of his idea. Let the reader take up the famous sermons on Ambition, or on the Pardon of Injuries, and he will soon feel that "eloquence of reason" which Voltaire credits him with. His elaborate "divisions" are now felt to be out of date. The advance of literary art, to say nothing of other things, now demands, in a great sermon, a more organic structure than the three wooden limbs of the old performers. The "divisions" of Bourdaloue vary in aptness and effectiveness. But when he has got his division—when he has his single point well before him, there are few preachers who give the reader such an idea of fertile and persuasive development.

But the existing Sermons of Bourdaloue, as we have them now—are they, in the strict sense of the word, the Sermons with which he drew all Paris in the seventeenth century? After carefully reading all that Père Griselle has to say, I am forced to think that, in spite of a certain amount of editing, they are really Bourdaloue's Sermons.

The text of the Sermons, as now printed, was first given to the world by one of Bourdaloue's brethren, the Jesuit Father Bretonneau, in sixteen octavo volumes, which began to come out in 1708—four years after the preacher's death. Bretonneau's ideals of editing were not those of the twentieth century. "In giving to the public the sermons of a celebrated preacher," he observes, "one becomes responsible for his reputation, and that reputation must not, on paper, fall below what it was in the pulpit." And again:—"The great reputation of Père Bourdaloue brought upon him so much work that he seldom had time to revise his sermons himself and to give them the finishing touch. This is what I have striven to supply."* A few of the Sermons were printed in the lifetime of the orator. But nothing like a complete collection existed, even in manu-

* Cited by Père Griselle. I, 134, 137.

script, when Bourdaloue died. There are some hints of an "official manuscript." But this can hardly mean a manuscript prepared by the preacher himself. It probably refers to the MS. prepared by Bretonneau for the use of the censor; and if it is ever recovered it will be among the dispersed treasures of the Jesuit professed House in the Rue St. Antoine, suppressed in 1767.

It is true, however, that whilst Bourdaloue was still living and working the Sermons got copied in various ways. Sermons—especially the sermons of celebrated preachers—were a marketable commodity in the seventeenth century. There were in Paris two corporations, or trades, the "School-masters" and the "Writing-masters,"** which not only made it a business to copy and distribute manuscript sermons, but were ready to fight fiercely to prevent any one else from doing so. Readers of the life of St. John Baptist de la Salle will recall how, in 1680, both these Guilds prosecuted him for teaching writing in the schools which he tried to establish in Paris, and how, by the help of the police, they actually drove his teachers from the city. These professional copyists were ready to supply sermons, complete or otherwise, to various classes of buyers. Frequently, it was preachers of inferior note who wanted matter. Sometimes, it was a devout Christian who wished to have by him a passage of a favourite orator which had touched him. Or again, the great preacher himself might have his sermon carefully taken down, beautifully written out, and sumptuously bound, for presentation to a patron or a friend. There exist, in the the public libraries of Paris, huge MS. collections, in some cases running to several volumes, made by one man, of sermon-passages taken down from the lips of preachers of the seventeenth century. Such is the "Collection Phelipeaux," now in the Bibliothèque Nationale, in which are found numerous sermons of Bourdaloue, showing

** *Maîtres d'école*—*Maîtres écrivains*.

interesting variations from the official text. The Paris churches were frequented by reporters just like churches in our own day, and we are told that it was not unusual, at a great sermon, to see twenty copyists pursuing their business beneath the pulpit.

A very painstaking comparison made by Père Grisellet between Bretonneau's official edition and the numerous fragments which have been discovered in independent and contemporary collections seems to establish what Père Grisellet calls the "relative fidelity" of the official recension. Bretonneau's purpose and aim was to furnish a complete "course" for the use of preachers. For this end, he had to sacrifice all attempt to print the sermons in chronological order. In some cases, also, he had to piece out one sermon with another. Then, he had to polish—to tone down, to eliminate what was too "common," to fill up *lacuna*, to give a finish to what was incomplete, to provide point where the phrase seemed dull. But all this is quite compatible with substantial fidelity. Père Grisellet cites, from a contemporary MS., a striking passage from a sermon on the Thought of Death. It is evidently the same as that which is printed for Ash Wednesday in the *Carême*. But the official edition has been "corrected," or retouched, with a bold, but not an altogether unskilful, hand. I translate a few lines from both sources, placing them side by side:—

THE MANUSCRIPT.

Come to the mouth of that tomb; enter within. It was a beautiful woman. She was young, *spirituelle*, lovely, gay; *veni et vide*. Do you see that horrible face? Do you see the hollow eyes? Do you see that rotting skull? Behold what it

THE PRINTED EDITION.

Come and see! It was a young woman like yourself. Like you, she was the idol of the world; as *spirituelle* as you; as much sought after, as fondly adored, as yourself. But do you see her now? Do you see those lifeless eyes, that hideous

will come to—that beauty and horrible face? Let this which you make your ideal. teach you to fight against your excessive love of yourself.

It is clear that the writer of the MS. took down a more primitive version. There is a literary form about the printed passage which is wanting in the other. Then there are certainly one or two graphic touches which the editor has toned down, such as *Venez à l'ouverture de ce tombeau*; the *yeux enfoncés* turned into *yeux bleints*, and the *lèle fourrie* left out altogether.

In considering the genuineness of the present form of Bourdaloue's discourses, we must remember that the preacher himself often re-wrote them wholly or in part. That he prepared his public sermons most carefully, is certain; in one of his later letters he implies that the preparation of these sermons is his chief work and business. Once prepared, they were sometimes used again and again. This custom of repeating a sermon—of making what was called a *redite*—was so far from being thought unwarranted in the seventeenth century, that it was frequently demanded by the public. When a sermon was repeated it would be, to some extent, altered, either in the study or in the pulpit. Then, a preacher sometimes patched up a new sermon with passages from a former deliverance. So that, it is not strange if even the preacher himself spoke the same sermon with a certain degree of variation.

Now, Bourdaloue did not read his sermons. He delivered them wholly, or practically, without notes. There are one or two instances of his breaking down, and being obliged to have recourse to his manuscript. But in spite of what we read here and there in later writers, it would appear certain that Bourdaloue's memory was excellent. The legend has been very generally received that, in order to avoid distractions, he spoke his sermons with his eyes

shut, and with an almost entire absence of gesture. As to the former, there is not a shred of contemporary evidence for it. As to the second, it is absolutely disproved by testimony of the first class. Bourdaloue's "action" is spoken of, by his contemporaries, as abundant and even excessive. His voice seems to have been magnificent. His elocution was extremely rapid, but so distinct that not a word was missed. The truth is, that the popular conception of Bourdaloue has been formed on a famous passage in Fénelon's *Dialogues sur l'Eloquence de la Chaire*, which almost certainly was not written of him at all. That great arbiter of literary taste wrote the *Dialogues* in 1680, when Bourdaloue was still in the vigour of his life, though they were only published in 1718. It is just possible that the passage referred to—it occurs in the second Dialogue—may be a criticism on Bourdaloue's style. "Nothing familiar or popular; nothing living or touched with imagination; nothing sublime. A flow of words, that tumble over one another; exact deductions, conclusive reasoning, striking portraits; a man who certainly rescued the pulpit from the mere declaimer. He convinces you—but I never knew a preacher who persuaded you less." But when he goes on to say that he habitually speaks with his eyes shut, that his memory is evidently heavily burdened and is labouring all the time, that every now and then he has to repeat a word or two, like a scholar who has learnt his lesson badly, in order to regain his hold on the thread of his discourse—all that can be observed is that there is absolutely no evidence that this was Bourdaloue's manner. But the eighteenth century writers chose to see Bourdaloue in this portrait, and since Cardinal Maury's *Essai sur l'Eloquence* (1810) the idea has passed into general acceptance.

If I might hazard a conjecture myself, I believe that it was chiefly Bourdaloue's delivery that made his success so great. His matter—principles, development, and phrasing

—is most striking. Even to read, he is one who forces the great truths upon the heart. Still, as far as his matter is concerned, he does not seem to tower so far above his contemporaries as to enable us to understand why his generation went wild over him. But I can well imagine that this great language of forcible truth became absolutely overpowering when informed by the living power of a splendid voice and a noble energy of gesture.

There is one instance in which the great Jesuit preacher comes into connection with our English Benedictine nuns, and which is pleasant to note. He preached on April 16th, 1689, in the chapel of the English Benedictine nuns at Pontoise. A colony of English Benedictines of Ghent had been brought to Pontoise (after an unsuccessful foundation at Boulogne) by Louis XIV in 1638. It is a small town on the banks of the Oise, some eighteen or twenty miles north-west of Paris. The occasion that called Père Bourdaloue there was the clothing of a young lady, sister of the Duke of Berwick. The ceremony was attended by the exiled Queen of England, Mary of Modena, and, no doubt, by a large and fashionable company. A newspaper of the day, the *Mercure Galant*, tells us that "Père Bourdaloue preached with the eloquence and edification usual to him." It would be interesting to find, among his extant works, the sermon he preached on this occasion. There are some six sermons on clothings or professions. In one of them there is a passage in which he addresses a postulant in very touching words, as specially protected and called by God, as saved by His providence in the midst of storm and danger, and as having found, in a certain noble and devout lady whose name he may not mention, a second mother in the place of the one she had lost. This, in a certain degree, fits the Duke of Berwick's sister; but who was this lady? It seems impossible to guess. Lady Ann Neville, of the House of Abergavenny, was Abbess of

Pontoise in that year. The monastery came to an end in 1784, and may now be said to be represented by St. Scholastica's, Teignmouth.*

✠ J. C. H.

* I am indebted to the Lady Abbess of St. Scholastica's, Teignmouth, for the following extract from the Pontoise Abbey Register of clothings and professions relating to the novice mentioned in the text:—

"Dame Ignatia Fitz James, natural daughter to our present Sovereign, King James 3^d her Mo^r was M^{rs} Arabella Churchill, daughter of Sir Winton Churchill of . . . M^{rs} Churchill's mo^r was daughter to Sir Jhon Hoske of Ash in Devonshire, who was Knighted by K. Charles 1st 2^d anno 1660. She was cloath'd 1st 16 of Aprill 1689, and was profest 1st 30 of Aprill 1690, at 16 years of age 1st february before. . . . She dyed 1st 7th of 9^{mo} 1704. . . . She was ever pious, and 1st fear of God rais'd all her actions, sickness and infirmity grew up with her, w^{ch} was a great hinderance to her Zeale in all common observance, her religious Comportment at Graves and w^{ch} seculars was ever of edification, her last sickness of 8 months sharp sufferance w^{ch} she sustained wth much patience and conformity to God's Divine will w^{ch} was a great comfort to all, as was her serious preparation for death w^{ch} she long expected wth much Cheerfulness and Equality, amongst her other vertues w^{ch} she could not but inherit from our holy King James 3rd 2^d who's natural daughter she was." It may be added that it is certain that James II, in his exile, became a true penitent and died a holy death.

The Dead Earth.

I.

Haply when from this surely-dying earth
The spirit of life hath passed, that now makes live
And grow all things, both man and beast and plant,
Some soul of those that sinless suffer not,
Yet unbaptised, see not the face of God,—
If such still be, rewardless, uncondemned,—
Shall wander through the stars until he light
On this dead world, and seek again the spot
Whereon he dwelt in life; and steep his heart
In desolate yearning, such as he but tastes
Who, in the wild, chances upon the walls
Of some dead town of the forgotten past.
The silent gaping depths that held the sea,
The unwatered plains, and mountains vapourless,
All whitening in the fierce untempered sun,
All freezing in the swift unclouded night,
Dissolving to their primal elements
Like calcined craters on the lifeless moon,—
A joyless world; but O the bitterness
To trace the outline, dimly recognised,
Of hillside or sweet valley where he dwelt,
To clothe the skeleton of the cherished past
With fancied life of lane and wood and field,
And know the beauteous earth is dead for ever!

II.

Green Vale of Mowbray, hollowed in the prime
 With groans and dismal riving of the earth,
 And moulded through the dim, unfruitful ages,
 Moulded and rounded by the shattering frost
 And winds, and wash of waters manifold,
 To be the loveliest home for man and bird
 That ever smiled back to an April sky
 Or lured the migrant swallow from his flight ;
 I see thee, mead and copse and bounding hills,
 All rich pure colours of the fruitful spring
 Softened and blended in the throbbing light ;
 I hear the joyous carolling of the wood ;
 And all thy multitudinous life I love.
 But comes the voice of death from the abyss ;
 The past void calling to the void to come :
 "Thou wert not ; and again thou shalt not be ;
 From nothing came thy beauty and thy life ;
 They pass again to nothing in their hour.
 In other planets round another sun
 May be another life and other beauty ;
 But never, never more shall blackbird's song
 Be heard through all the worlds that God has made.
 The primrose shall not bloom ; and o'er grass fields
 Shall fly cloud shadows never, never more."
 A hateful doctrine. Every poet's voice
 Cries out in wrath against devouring death,
 And speaks the yearning of the heart of man.
 All beauty is for ever ; evil dies,
 And all things foul ; but fair things all endure ;
 All that we know of this world's loveliness
 Shall live while lives man's spirit.

O my friend,

My friend who art not with me, nor hast seen
 This hour of deepening beauty in the vale,
 Thou shalt be with me in the distant time,
 And see with me this selfsame scene, and share
 My joy, and in the sharing double it.
 And all the beauty I have known and loved,
 And all the treasured splendours of thy life
 Shall inextinguishably live with us
 To glad the souls we love for evermore.

III.

Ah me! we dream our dreams of that new life
 Tasking the narrow human wit to sate
 The unmeasured longings of the human heart.
 We shape our dream to satisfy the need,
 Then, standing back to view, espy the flaw,
 And know such dream fulfilled would leave us void.
 Shall we take any joy in fashioning
 An unsubstantial vision of the past?
 For now I hold the solid earth in view
 In vigorous joyful life; yet sink in heart
 And lose all joy, foreseeing coming death;
 And shall I then rejoice to frame a world
 Of empty shows, false as the golden fruit
 The Indian juggler grows for eyes bewitched?
 For now, what beauty is in bird or tree
 Save only that they live, and form and voice
 Express their life's abundance gloriously?
 The living heart shall feel no sympathy
 With empty pageants in a lifeless world,—
 The fancied singing of the nightingale



Vainly imagined in a phantom wood.
 So falls my dream, and leaves but faith behind ;
 For where it fails I hold it wholly false,
 And where it satisfies I hold it true,
 And know it shall be surely brought to pass
 Beyond our highest hope abundantly.
 All beauty is for ever, and all joy ;
 All that we know of this world's loveliness
 Shall inextinguishably live with us
 To glad the souls we love for evermore.

J. B. McLAUGHLIN.

A Social Aspect of Mediaeval Monasticism.

THERE is a very common supposition, yet a very erroneous one, that none became monks except those who were already leading a good and useful life in the world. The truth is that the monastery, by the natural agencies alone of its order, and discipline, and frugal fare, of its regular and wholesome employment * of mind and body—not to

* It is time to explode the "jolly-lazy-monk" theory ! It is a fact that they worked, those who had the requisite strength, literally like savvies. St. Ached, for instance, when a young monk, described himself as "dressed more like a poor fisherman, living as a woodman and rustic among the rocks and mountains, and sweating and toiling for his daily bread with axe and hammer." One of his novices assured him that he would not, when in the world, have endured for an hour such hardships as were his constant portion in the monastery. Even Mr. Hallam—who, with all his fairness, bristles up at the mention of monk—pays tribute to their arduous labor: in some, at least, of the *Scriptoria* or writing-rooms, "though he cannot forbear to cast sneering doubts upon its utility." (*Middle Ages*, chap. XI.)



speak of the supernatural and all-powerful aids of prayer and penance and constant recourse to the Sacraments—saved hundreds of men from becoming habitual criminals, a burden and a danger to the state, hundreds of others from lunacy and mania, and both classes from casting upon society offspring with training and tendencies making for vice and insanity.

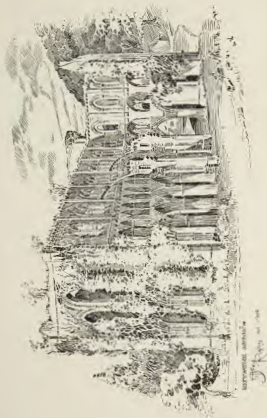
This consideration may serve to explain why certain princes and nobles, whose general conduct showed them to be no sincere lovers of religion, founded and endowed religious houses. And it accounts to a certain extent for the scandals which at times arose from vicious men who refused to make use, even in the cloister, of the abundant means for their regeneration and preservation.

It is a reflection forced upon us by not a few passages in St. Aelred's sermons. Preaching on the Ascension of our Lord, he remarks: "*He led them forth to Bethania,*" which is interpreted the *house of obedience*. . . . He truly has ascended to Bethania, whom the Lord has led forth. Firstly, forth from out of this world, when he makes them to love not the world, nor those things that are in the world; forth also from *their evil deeds and ways*, when he makes of the *lustful* a chaste man, of the impatient a patient man, of the proud a humble man. Further also, he leads him from himself, that is, from his own will, that he may have always in his heart what the Lord has said: "*I came not to do my own will but the will of him that sent me.*" And more diffusely, in a passage which is well worth quoting in its entirety, from the sermon for Advent: "*The wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; the calf and the lion and the sheep shall abide together, and a little child shall lead them.* (Isa. xi. 6.) What a great thing this would be, if God were to do with the many beasts what men often do by their cleverness,† namely,

† It would seem that "trained animals" were not unknown, even in the Dark Ages.

that the beasts which are contrary by nature should live together. . . . But if we observe this congregation and consider it, we can see that this prophecy is much more beautifully and better fulfilled than if those beasts were together. Consider how God has gathered you together, from what divers regions, of what divers manners. One of you when in the world, what was he in likeness but a lion, when because of his pride and riches he despised others, and extolled himself above others? Another, was he not like a wolf, when *he lived by rapine and studied how he might snatch others' belongings?* The leopard is an animal of varied hues all over; such were some of you, by craft, by deceit, by fraud. Again, there are many in this congregation who were rank through lust. They who were such, were like the kid; because the kid is a rank animal. . . . How beautiful it is to see some of you, who in the world were so wise, so powerful, so proud and crafty, now become as simple and natural as if they knew nothing. How has all this come about, except because our Lord has come down, and the mountains have melted away before His face?"

And, as if to meet the objection that this is a pious exaggeration, a rhetorical device to sharply contrast the perfection of the monastery with the imperfections of the world, he says: "There are also some who, when they were in the world, lived innocently; who may well be compared to the lamb. Others, again, who on account of the simple life which they led, were like sheep." Elsewhere, in the sermon on St. Benedict, he draws a clearly-cut distinction between those who were merely imperfect in the world and those who were utterly wicked; those who, like himself and St. Bernard, had left position, wealth and prospects, and those who had abandoned nothing but evil designs and covetous thoughts. "The devil held you captive by love of the world, by love of parents; he bound you by your own unworthy desires; he held you by your



evil ways. . . . But perchance some one may say: 'How have I done this, as I have left nothing? because I had nothing in the world, I left nothing.' Whosoever thinks this, let him answer me; when he was in the world, did he covet others' riches, did he, to the best of his power, make all his own that he could?"

Yet it must not be supposed that the cloister was the refuge of convicted criminals, fleeing from the just retribution of the law. It was rather the asylum of the man who, feeling the power of his own vicious propensities, sought in the company and co-operation of others—innocent some, repentant others, and all penitential and practising self-restraint—the strength which he despaired of amidst his old associations. "Let us make offering, my brethren," said St. Aelred (Serm. III on St. Benedict), each and all of us, towards the building of this tabernacle, and every one from that which abounds. *'Every one, hath his proper gift from God; one after this manner, and another after that.'* (1 Cor. vii. 7.) One can offer more in labour, another more in watchings, another in fasts, another in prayers, another more in reading or meditation. . . . Let no man think anything to be his own, but let all things be common to all. . . . Most truly do I say it, that whatever one does, this belongs to all. For as the members of one body have not all the same office; so, as the apostle saith: *'We being many, are one body in Christ, and every one members one of another.'* (Rom. xii.) Let the weak man therefore say: 'I am strong,' because just as in him another has the merit of patience with his weakness, so he has himself the strength of firmness in another."

For in those times men had not yet learned, as so many have in the past three centuries, to blunt the sting of remorse and to hush the voice of conscience. The sense of the supernatural had not been destroyed in them, as it has been, and is now being, destroyed in the vast majority. They were under the influence of religion in a way we find it

hard to realize. Hell and heaven, judgment and eternity and the devil, were to them stern realities and practical truths, not mere speculations—nor fables as so many are nowadays taught to regard them—to be rejected with a laugh, if indeed they ever think of them or hear them mentioned. Hence there often occurred the spiritual evolution of the lion into the calf, the wolf into the lamb, which St. Aelred thus traces. "Then he drove us before himself (Isa. xi. 6) when he made us consider our sins, our evil conversation; when he made us fear the pains of hell, and on account of this fear, to leave the world and come hither. And so, brethren, whoever is here, and is obedient and lowly, and keeps order: and does this through fear lest he be damned . . . whoever through this consideration does the things that are commanded and pertain to his order, him our Shepherd drives before Himself. But he who has already tasted how sweet is our Lord, who has begun already to love Him; who has found his heart to be such, that although no other punishment should follow, except the offence offered to his Lord, or the smallest lessening of His love, he would not leave off what he has begun;—he already follows, and it is not necessary that his Shepherd should drive him, but only go before, and show him the way He wills him to follow. He can say; *I have run the way of thy commandments, when thou didst enlarge my heart.*" (Ps. cxviii. 32).

In short, God's grace drove them to the cloister by the terror of His judgments, it kept them there by the sweetness of His love.

There can be no doubt at all that in working out the destruction of religious houses, the arch-enemy of mankind was bringing into line his strongest forces. And as a result, we have, not poor-houses and workhouses only, but prisons and reformatories and lunatic asylums, the poor-law and the criminal code, instead of the monasteries and religious constitutions.

Mr. Hallam, of course, thinks otherwise. "Whether," he says (*Middle Ages*, chap. ix), "the superstition of these dark ages had actually passed the point when it becomes more injurious to public morals and the welfare of society than the entire absence of religious notions, is a very complex question, upon which I would by no means pronounce an affirmative decision. . . . In the original principles of monastic orders, and the rules by which at least they ought to have been governed, there was a character of meekness, self-denial and charity, that could not wholly be effaced. These virtues, rather than justice and veracity, were inculcated by the religious ethics of the middle ages; and in the relief of indigence, it may, upon the whole, be asserted, that the monks did not fall short of their profession." This last grudging admission, however, he withdraws in a note. "I am inclined," it runs, "to acquiesce in this general opinion; yet an account of expenses at Bolton Abbey"—he means Priory—"about the reign of Edward II, published in Whittaker's '*History of Craven*,' makes a very scanty show of almsgiving in this opulent monastery. Much, however, was no doubt given in victuals. But it is a strange error to conceive that English monasteries before the dissolution fed the indigent part of the nation, and gave that general relief which the poor-laws are intended to afford." Had Mr. Hallam condescended to read what he elsewhere cynically describes as "monastic trash, or at least useless in *our modern apprehension*" (!)—instead of basing his accusation of "ignorance and jollity, such as we find in Bolton Abbey," upon items omitted, where he thinks fit to expect them, from the Abbot's account-book,—he might have seen "ground for materially altering his own views."

Whatever he may think, it is none the less a deplorable truth that the destruction of these half-ruined homes of piety and learning and charity—"restored" and preserved only as curious relics of "an effete age," or as recreation-

grounds for the thoughtless crowd—is still bringing forth its natural and bitter fruit in the shape of gaols and asylums: gaols that flourish on public crime, and asylums, ever multiplying, that teem, in great part, with the results of personal excess and unbridled immorality. We may well ask, "Are the new lamps worth the old?"

Some will object that here is a massive structure upon a very slight foundation. *Transat*: the foundation is not of sand, and if any will delve, out of their more extensive reading, materials to build the buttresses, they will confer a great benefit.

A. J. SAXTON.

Edward Elgar (Mus. D. Cantab).

THERE are many who, hearing of the appearance of our latest musical genius in England, Dr. Elgar, have concluded that he must be a German. The name has rather a Teutonic sound, and we have grown accustomed to expect anything of eminence in the musical world to come from Germany. But Dr. Elgar is a thorough Englishman, born in the very heart of England, near Worcester; the Saxon derivation of the name "Aelfgar" will account for the suspicion of a German patronymic.

And not only for his nationality will the career of our gifted countryman interest us, but the readers of this *Journal* will be more delighted still to hear that he is "one of the number of the prudent;" and the Catholic Church, so fruitful of musical master-minds in the past, seems to see some of her youth renewed in the achievements of this her latest scion.



EDWARD ELGAR. (MUS. D. CANTAB).

The career of Dr. Elgar presents many features of interest which may concern even the most unmusical of our readers. In the first place he is practically self-taught in music; he has not had the hard unrelenting tutoring of a father like Mozart, nor the scientific direction of a Zelter like Mendelssohn; his lot has resembled rather that of Schubert.

"He lapsed in numbers, for the numbers came."

Although one of the greatest masters of modern orchestration, for his scores are perhaps the fullest and the most complicated in English music, he has never received a lesson on orchestration in his life. The sum total of his obligations to the profession is a course of five lessons on the violin from Mr. Pollitzer, and a vast amount of economy had to be practised before the railway fare and fees for the course could be collected. This, of course, does not imply that, genius though he be, he was dispensed from the drudgery of his craft; there is no man who has worked harder and more perseveringly at his art. His own private studies were so fruitful, because he could so readily grasp and assimilate all that he read. Aspiring musicians must not gather therefrom that they, too, can arrive at eminence without sitting at the feet of a master. Albeit, wherever the truth may lie, the true genius breaks away from the conditions that steady inferior minds and pursues an untrodden path, and no name will go down to history linked as Master to Elgar's artistic development.

Another remarkable feature of his career is that he has gained the lofty position, in which he now finds himself, without influence, favour, or partisanship. Throughout his life he has had to contend with every form of obstacle, from the "res angusta domi," from his religion, from his stern refusal to play to the gallery. No wealthy friend has come forward to push his works and open to him the doors of society; no lucrative position has given him opportunities to test and mature his works. He has

lived at Malvern, a quiet part of England, so that his lines have fallen among conditions anything but conducive to the path to eminence. He has risen by the sheer force of superior merit; his noble works have appealed alike to the public and to the profession; and he has soared out of the region where petty jealousies and sectarian bigotry cease to trouble.

Edward William Elgar was born near Worcester in 1857. His father was a Kentish man, his mother from Herefordshire. She must have been a very gifted woman, for her delight was to read the ancient classics of Rome and Greece in their English garb, and to inspire her children with her literary tastes.

His father set up in Worcester as music-seller and dealer in pianos, and was not only an excellent performer on the violin, but he also played the organ and conducted the choir at the Jesuits' Church in Worcester. As a boy young Elgar often accompanied his father to the organ loft and early made acquaintance with the classical Masses and the music then in vogue in Catholic Churches. He soon aspired to play himself, and often when quite a boy extemporised voluntaries and accompanied the choir. He was educated at Mr. Reeve's, Littleton House, a school well known to many of our Catholics who received their first training there before entering our Colleges. The advertisement in the "Catholic Directory" states that at this school "Young gentlemen are prepared for commercial pursuits by Mr. Reeve, who has been engaged in tuition since 1848."

As a boy at school he did not attract much attention. He was very shy and reserved, and was considered rather delicate; he had no taste for the rough games and rarely joined in them. Mr. Reeve, who is still amongst us, was much struck one day, while watching Elgar play croquet, to hear the boy remark as he struck the mallet, "Why, there is quite a note in it!" He bore a very high character

for obedience and attention to his work. Later on in life he attended as music master at Littleton House, and Mr. Reeve was often much amused to see him during meal time take a card out of his pocket and write down some musical idea that had struck him.

It was first proposed to send him to Leipzig to pursue his higher studies in music, but this scheme had to be abandoned. He then entered a solicitor's office, but his growing musical talents did not well harmonise with the drudgery of office work. About this time a bookseller in Worcester, about to remove to another place of business, hired a loft over Mr. Elgar's stable and there deposited a large number of books for which he had no accommodation. This was a perfect treasure mine to young Elgar. His love of reading impelled him to devour almost every book he came across, and every moment that he could steal away was devoted to his darling books, and the grimy old loft was the starting post of those literary tastes and that keen poetic insight that have distinguished his career. Another important factor in the fashioning of his future was found in the Worcester Glee Club. This was a musical institution very popular in the city. The lay clerks of the Cathedral were of course the mainstay of the Club, but many musical amateurs of the City attended the meetings with enthusiastic regularity every week during the winter months. The old English glees were the chief store drawn upon; but once a month there was an instrumental night when the chief musicians of the town reinforced the talent of the club. The Elgars were very early associated with the club, and when quite a boy Edward was invited to play first violin. Very soon he appeared as "Pianist and Conductor," and at once made a most favourable impression both upon performers and audience. He began early to show his leaning to the school of music known as modern. His orchestra was very limited, but he arranged with wonderful skill some of the complicated scores of modern musicians.

He took infinite pains to secure careful and accurate performances; he rehearsed the individual parts himself, and was thus acquiring that mastery over instrumental music for which he afterwards became so remarkable. The disappearance of these old Glee Clubs with their unaccompanied part-singing is a matter of genuine regret. We spend now over £100,000 per annum to teach the rising generation the elements of music, and still it is most difficult in these days to keep going any musical society or club beyond a very limited period. There never was a time when it is more difficult to find singers capable of reading at sight the simplest music with anything like accuracy. So little influence has the State on forming the artistic tastes of a nation!

At the age of twenty-two he received the appointment of Bandmaster at the Worcester County Asylum. His chief duties were to conduct and teach the band formed from the attendants and officials. The material was not always promising, but Elgar threw himself with characteristic ardour into his duties. This very elementary work was not altogether lost upon the young musician. Nearly all the great masters have had to pass through similar experiences, and the great assimilative powers of genius enable them to draw profit and ideas from any work, even the humblest.

In 1885 he was appointed organist to the Jesuit Church at Worcester. He seems to have left the pleasantest of remembrances upon the minds of his fellow-workers in the choir. He was, as usual, thoroughly in earnest over his duties, ever writing, arranging, and rehearsing. His tastes inclined rather to the florid style of Church music. Mozart and his works were most sought after; although the Masses of Haydn, Hummel, Beethoven were given, Mozart was always the favourite. In his own organ playing he drew chiefly upon his own store; we can quite understand that such an exuberant fancy as his

would imperatively demand utterance. He composed a large number of pieces, which are mostly in MS. in St. George's Choir. An "Ave Verum" has been published by Novello, and some Litanies by Cary. He was very fond of English hymns, and composed several for his choir. At one time he had the intention of publishing a Catholic Hymnal of a better class than many of those in vogue, and one not unworthy of Divine worship. A good deal of material was collected and much progress made, but the press of other occupations stood in the way and it was never completed. It was with genuine regret that the choir had to part with their eminent organist. They still remember with pleasure the happy hours spent in the organ loft.

Up to the year 1880 Mr. Elgar continued to practise his his profession as teacher of music in Worcester, and often appeared at concerts in the neighbourhood as a solo performer on the violin. In the same year he married the only daughter of the late Major-General Sir Henry Roberts, K.C.B., a distinguished Indian officer. After his marriage he decided to take up his residence in London. He stayed there for two years, but the Metropolis proved a hard step-mother to her gifted son. He offered several compositions for performance, but no one would look at them. There are several large and wealthy musical institutions in London for the encouragement and advance of music; but it does not seem to be their object to seek out and bring forward any talent but that which is enclosed within the regulations of their several establishments. Since that date he has resided at Malvern, and the Metropolis would now perhaps gladly open its frivolous doors to welcome him, but he now sings with Horace

"Ille terrarum milii præter omnes
Angulus ridet."

It was Mr. W. C. Stockley who first placed at Dr. Elgar's disposal an adequate orchestra for the production

of his compositions. This is his account of Elgar's first introduction:—

"Mr. Elgar played in my orchestra for some time as first violin. But my first real knowledge of him came from Dr. Wareing, who told me that Elgar was a clever writer, and suggested that I should play one of his compositions at one of my concerts. At my request Wareing brought me a Romance (I think it was), and I at once recognized its merit and offered to play it. This I did, and his (Elgar's) modesty on the occasion is certainly worth notice, for on my asking him if he would like to conduct he declined, and further insisted upon his playing in his place in the orchestra. The consequence was that he had to appear, fiddle in hand, to acknowledge the genuine and hearty applause of the audience. The occasion I refer to was, I think, the first introduction on a large scale of any of Elgar's compositions."

Gradually and steadily the composer drew ahead until in 1896 he was invited to contribute a work for the Three Choirs Festival at Worcester. The subject chosen was "The Light of Life" (Lux Christi) and treats the story of the blind man healed by Christ after washing in the pool of Siloe. The work pleased the connoisseurs who detected at once a master's touch, but the general public exhibited no particular enthusiasm. In truth the book was hardly suited to the temper of Elgar's genius. It is a very simple story and Mr. Capel Cure's words are very dignified and proper, but gave little opening for the musician's intense dramatic powers. Elgar is above all things a child of his time, a progressive in music; who aims in all his work to bring the full powers of his art to pourtray the words proposed or the situation before him. To carry out such soaring ideals he is ever striving to make the bounds of music wider still, drawing out new harmonic effects never dreamed of in the 16th century. He has an unmistakable horror of the common place in his work, and thence an "air," in the

usual acceptance of the term, is not to be found in his cantatas. The musical figures follow the varying moods of the words, and the multifarious devices and colouring of the orchestra are called upon to bring out all that is deepest in the words. Not that there is no melody; his pages are studded with the most winning phrases, scattered with a profusion that at first is quite bewildering; melodies too of the most original character, that evidently owe their inspiration to no other source than that of an unusually gifted imagination. And his rhythms, like those of all great composers, are at once so original and so catching, daring to the last degree, but appealing at once to the most ordinary musical intelligence. One would infer that his sympathies lie rather with the orchestra than with the voice. The vocal effects are hardly elaborated with that care and richness of colouring that is observed in the instrumental part. A not unusual device of his is to allow the voices to proceed in unison and to give the working out and the counterpoint to the instruments. All this, however, is admirably arranged with a view to the dramatic effect, which at times becomes perfectly overwhelming from the complicated efforts of every voice and every instrument in the company. It would require one as gifted as Elgar himself to enter into the full meaning, the consummate mastery and the witchery of his effects. One can only give the impressions conveyed to the ordinary musical intelligence, and declare one's impression that no modern composer can strike as he can strike.

In one other point Elgar stands out from all native composers, that is, in his profuse employment of the "leading motive" or "representative theme" so largely developed by Wagner. Most of our composers, fearing, perhaps, the taunt of plagiarism, have been very lady-like in their use of the devices. Dr. Elgar's "leading motives" are the groundwork of all his dramatic efforts. Having associated

a certain character with a special musical phrase, he connects the two so closely in his mind that the reappearance of the character invariably evokes the phrase. And yet all is put together so naturally, so deftly, that it is clear that the connection is the outcome of the musician's imagination and not something made to order. In this he has been charged with copying Wagner. He declares, however, that he became acquainted with the "representative theme" long before he had heard or seen a note of Wagner. It is another instance of the clashing of genius!

For the North Staffordshire Musical Festival of 1896 he contributed "King Olaf," from Longfellow's well-known, poem. There Elgar found a thoroughly congenial subject, and the enthusiastic reception of the work by the general public at once lifted him to the front rank of modern composers. The poem lends itself to bold stirring situations, into which Elgar at once threw himself. How massive and thrilling is the challenge of the God Thor "Here in the Northland, rule I the nations!" We can almost see the swaying, the gentle lapping of the sea in the movement "King Olaf's prow at Nidaros furrow the golden shore." "The wraith of God Odin" entering the banquet hall is portrayed with the most realistic weirdness. One of the most striking pieces is the chorus:

"And the gossips report she has come to court."

But there is no time to dwell on the very striking numbers with which the work abounds—numbers that compulsorily arrest the attention. The reception of "King Olaf" by the audience was most enthusiastic, the composer was recalled again and again to the platform to receive a storm of applause from both the performers and public. When the chorus had sung "I am the War God, I am the Thunderer," a well known musical critic gave his score a bang with his fist and turning to his colleague said, "Well, that beats all I have ever heard!"

"Caractacus" was written for the Leeds Musical Festival in 1898 from the book of Mr. H. A. Acworth, who has a pleasing fancy and a good eye for dramatic effects. The readers of the *Journal* who remember the "Silver Cross" would be amused to see our old friends reappear in this work—the god Taramis, the Archdruid, the Sacred Grove, the "Awful Curse," and the Incantation Scene, &c. The composer seems to have made this work a labour of love, and the scene is laid near his home at Malvern. The character of Caractacus was one evidently dear to him. The music assigned to the hero is among the sweetest and most drawing of his melodies; he even comes very near giving an "air" to Caractacus in the number, "Leap to the light, my brand of light."

The magnificent march representing the Roman Commander taking his triumph through the streets of Rome with the British captives in his train is worked out in a most original and stirring manner. The final chorus, "Britons Alert," is calculated to stir every heart with Imperial ideals, and would be adopted as a representative British chorus were the music not quite so difficult to execute.

"The Dream of Gerontius," the well-known masterpiece of Cardinal Newman, was set to music by Elgar for the Birmingham Musical Festival in 1900. The poem was presented to him by the late Father Knight, S.J., who had inserted in the pages the marks which General Gordon in his copy had put against passages especially striking. This work, we may venture to say, is Elgar's masterpiece; for nearly eight years he had been turning over and assimilating the poet's ideas in order to bring his own musical inspiration into thorough harmony with the poem. The composition is such a transcendental one that it is difficult for humble mortals to express in words the indefinable feelings to which the work gives rise. The musician is deeply in debt to the poet; the mystic weird feelings of Gerontius,

the shivering on the brink of eternity, the mockery of the demons, the glorious strains of the Angelic host are drawn out by the Cardinal with realistic and poetical power. The music gains enormously by being wedded to such imaginative verse. The varying scenes, so to speak, of the poem are almost too striking and ethereal to be portrayed in music. Hence we are not surprised to hear that many musicians have begun on the work and then abandoned it in despair. But no demand seems too severe for Elgar's prolific powers of production. The music opens mysteriously, mystically, and lends fresh terror to the trembling accents of the poor soul in his agony. The under-current of the prayers of the assistants around the death-bed convey impressions of the deepest emotion. No one but a consummate master would venture to put the "sour and uncouth dissonance" of the demons' chorus to music. But Elgar has done it, and the German critics have described the effects as "terrific." Scarcely has the despairing cry of the Satanic host died away, when "like the summer wind among the lofty pines" steals in the first notes of the angel host, "Praise to the Holiest in the height;" now afar, now near, the glorious strains break out to die away. Never surely has a chorus been written that combines such majesty, sweetness and massive soaring effects. The singers are divided into two choirs, and a most mysterious effect is produced by the word "Praise," interjected throughout on a single sustained note, by different sets of voices in turn. The first part is opened by six treble voices in harmony, sung almost throughout *pp*, and when the full chorus, orchestra, and organ break in *ff* the effect is stupendous. The intervals are rugged; a flavour of the Gregorian runs throughout; the harmonies are full of strong suspensions; the whole has a character of great majesty and dignity. It is hard to imagine a more elevated and more soaring treatment of such a sublime theme as "Praise to the Holiest in the height."

It is very tempting to linger over the display of musical

beauties with which the whole work abounds. But space forbids. The work was produced at Birmingham in 1900. Unfortunately the Birmingham Festival Chorus, relying upon laurels gained fifty years ago in the "Elijah," failed to rise to the height of the work, and gave a very poor rendering of the choral numbers. The work, one of the greatest masterpieces of our time, was threatened with the limbo of neglect, when the Germans "discovered" "The Dream of Gerontius." Herr Butts, of Dusseldorf, prepared a German translation and gave it at a special concert on January 16th of the present year. The reception was all that the most enthusiastic admirers of Elgar could desire. The composer was called to the platform at the end of each part—a rare honour in Germany—and at the conclusion the chorus presented him with a huge laurel wreath. It was a rare experience to hear an Englishman hailed in the Fatherland as "Revered Master." One of the chorus innocently remarked to an Englishman present: "Of course you are familiar with this work in England!" "Alas," the reply was, "it has been performed once only, and then murdered!" The Dream was repeated on May 19th ult., at the Lower Rhine Musical Festival, and a welcome, if possible more enthusiastic still, again greeted its production. And some of our critics, with a pettiness almost phenomenal, have hinted that the success was due in a great measure to the fact that the South German audience was largely Catholic!

Finally, Dr. Elgar has been selected as the representative British musician to compose the Coronation Ode which by "Royal Command" was to have been given at the Royal Gala Performance at Covent Garden. Alas, the saddest of sad events has interfered with this project. The Ode, however, is published, and displays not only the usual ability, but also the versatility of our musician's powers. He leaves the heights that he trod in Gerontius and adopts a popular spirited style more in harmony with the

occasion. There is the usual strong and refreshing contrast between the numbers, and save in the duet, "Music, sweetest child of heaven," where he displays some of the crafts of the master, the work cannot fail to appeal at once to the general audience.

On November 22nd, 1900, at a Congregation held at the Senate House, Cambridge, the degree of Doctor of Music (*honoris causa*) was conferred on Edward William Elgar.

Our composer has now arrived at an age when the combined effects of hard work, experience, and consciousness of his powers have served to bring his gifts to maturity. He has done much to throw open to us new vistas and new possibilities in music. Whether he is destined to unfold fresh developments in his art, time alone can show. His motto is "*nach auf*," and we may be sure that he is dreaming of fresh worlds to conquer, for he is above all a progressive in music. There are many who cling with affection to the old masters, and ask, with petulance, why not be satisfied with the glorious vocal music of Handel, the perfection of Mozart, the deep emotion of Beethoven? What more do we want? But we must bear in mind that "Art is long," that the old Masters were *progressives* in their day. The Emperor Francis complained that there were too many notes in Mozart's scores, and when Beethoven published his C Minor Symphony the critics all implored him to go back to the sweetness and charm of his earlier writings. An artistic genius by the nature of things must be always in front of his age; he is the seer whose eye can penetrate depths where all is dark to the ordinary observer. If we cannot follow him, if our mental vision cannot grasp the forms which he presents to us, the fault is rather with us than with him. At all events the attitude of true lovers of art should be a willingness to learn new possibilities, new developments. The lovers of music will therefore follow Dr. Elgar's career with great interest in his daring attempts to wring further favours

from his reluctant mistress. We can then cordially re-echo the words of Richard Strauss, the greatest living German composer: "I raise my glass to the welfare and success of the first English Progressivist, Meister Edward Elgar, and of the young progressive school of English composers."

T. A. B.

A Bacon—Shakespeare Argument.

EMERSON'S advice "hitch yourself on to a star" is excellent in its way, but may be subject to inconvenience. There are stars of various brands and makes. The American philosopher would not have advised his friends to hang on to the tail of a runaway comet. Nor would it be very safe to hitch oneself on to a "nebula."

This is what Mr. Harold Bayley seems to have done in his book entitled *The Tragedy of Sir Francis Bacon*—a veritable "tragical-comical-historical-pastoral." Lord Bacon, according to Mr. Bayley, was a member of the "Highly Wise and God-Beloved Rosicrucian Fraternity," and for this reason, among others, we are to believe him to have been the author of Shakespeare, Speasor, Greene, Peele, Marlow, Burton and other notable works not yet discovered by Mrs. Gallup and her friends. Mr. Bayley does not say so in so many words. But he points out mysterious signs and coincidences—as he considers them—and leaves the reader to make use of the Baconian method of induction to reach the required conclusion. This conclusion, Mr. Bayley seems to think, is that the Highly Wise and God-Beloved R. C. Fraternity

was essentially a benevolent book-publishing society, which undertook the printing and publishing of a number of useful books like Lord Bacon's. It is, certainly, a novel idea, this, that the mysterious Fraternity of the Rosy Cross should have been a secret society for the promotion of Baconian knowledge, with paper-mills for laboratories, ink-pots for alembics, printers' devils for familiars, and for its grand mystery the Gallapian cipher. Yet this is certainly what one gathers from Mr. Bayley's book.

Lest the reader should wonder what the Bacon-Shakespeare theory has to do with the *Ampleforth Journal*, and what the writer has to do with the controversy, let me hasten to say that a fact casually met with in looking up the early history of St. Lawrence's in Lorraine throws a very clear light on certain paper-mark inscriptions, which to Mr. Bayley are suggestive evidence of Rosicrucian mystery.

The *preuves de conviction* in the matter of Lord Bacon's connection with the Rosicrucians are the paper-marks in certain of Lord Bacon's books. Some other coincidental evidence is adduced, but it is not claimed to be of value except as corroborating what Mr. Bayley considers his important discovery. These paper-marks, it is asserted, are unusual in design and variety, and the devices are believed to be wholly unintelligible except as cryptograms and mystic emblems, made use of by this mysterious Confraternity.

In Bacon's *Advancement of Learning* (Oxford, 1640) Mr. Bayley found fifty-four varieties of water-marks. In another pott quarto volume, he made drawings of forty-six different designs. With these designs—well-recognised paper-mark devices, most of them—were occasionally one or two initial letters, and in a number of instances a seeming jumble of letters forming no known word, mystic and unpronounceable—evidently, as Mr. Bayley thinks, a Rosicrucian cypher. It is this mysterious combination of letters we have to deal with in this note.

Before going into detail, it may be useful to speak of paper-marks in general. Having made, like Mr. Bayley, a considerable number of drawings of them from books of the fifteenth and early part of the sixteenth centuries, I have been impressed strongly with two facts. First, that they were constantly getting out of order. In many books it was difficult to find a reasonably perfect specimen. A water-mark, as no doubt the reader knows, is the impression left upon the paper by a pattern constructed out of fine wire. Each sheet of paper is a thin layer of pulp dried in a mould or tray made of wires stretched in a frame, through the sieve-like interstices of which the moisture escapes. A glance at a sheet of old paper will show a series of close white lines ruled across the shorter side of the paper, with other bolder lines crossing these at right-angles, an inch or so apart, like the iron supporting bars of a leaded window. These are the impressions left by the wire sieve. The paper-mark design was usually, in old paper, fastened to the larger supporting wires. Made of fine wire, bent, twisted, hooked or soldered into the desired shape, it was a fragile thing, easily crushed and distorted, with oftentimes stray ends, broken from their fastenings, straggling over the paper. Modern paper-marks are usually perfect, through the excellence, no doubt, of their workmanship; but old paper-marks bear evidence of needing, and of being, constantly repaired and patched up in a rough and ready fashion. The other observation, which I wish to record, is that, in the sixteenth century, book paper-marks were so numerous, so varied, and so elaborate, that to make a collection of them was impossible, unless one had a lifetime to devote to it.

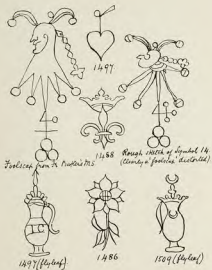
With these two facts premised, let us turn to Mr. Bayley's discovery. Taking the more important item, the lettered combinations first, the author makes the following statement:—"The inscriptions which occur with such curious variations do not appear to be in any known

European language. They are certainly neither English nor Dutch; in fact, so incomprehensible are they that it is doubtful whether they are not the initial letters of certain mystic phrases or sentences. Sometimes they occur beneath devices; at other times merely enclosed in a cartouche, such as fig. 21. What is it possible to make out of such a cabalistic jumble as this? In addition to hearts, small circles are to be found interjected, and likewise stars. The star appears to have served as a symbol of the soul. 'Thou hast a starre o' men within thee, exceeding these in all these things—that soule of thine.' The commonest forms of inscriptions are DVAVLEGEAD, DVAVLEGARD, DVALEGEARD, &c. They are obviously not the names of paper makers, nor do any two of them seem exactly alike."

The cat is out of the bag. Laurentian readers will have little difficulty in guessing the true form and undoubted meaning of this "cabalistic jumble." It is certainly, as the author remarks, neither English, nor Dutch, and neither is it the name of a paper maker. But, though in each instance distorted, the word is easily recognisable as an archaic form of the name of a little French town on the banks of the Moselle, no other than Dieulewart, Dieu-le-garde, Dieulouard, the foreign birth-place of our Abbey of Ampleforth.

One might suspect this, and yet be none the wiser for the suspicion. What has Dieulouard to do with the paper on which Lord Bacon's works were printed? Simply this: that at Dieulouard there was in old times a paper manufactory.

This fact I had come across in looking up the history of St. Lawrence's. The castle of Dieulouard stands upon a low hill, and out of its cellars rises a fine stream called the Chaud-Rupt or Chaudrup, which after flowing through the village joins the Moselle. On this stream were two mills, one a flour-mill belonging to the Castle, and the other a



moulin-à-papier. Documents in the Archives Départementales at Nancy (Série 6) show that this mill was in existence in the fifteenth century. It was destroyed by a flood in the year 1734. Here are two mentions of the mill, taken from the Abbé Melnotte's *Notice Historique*. A deed of Oct. 15th, 1480, refers to "une pièce de pré fourrière, sise au long de la Tanche du Chaud-Rupt, depuis le moulin du seigneur, en tirant vers la papeterie." Another deed of the date June 1st, 1483, records the sale of "une fourrière derrière le moulin à papier entre le Chaud-Rupt d'une part et le chemin d'autre."

This fact of the paper-mill at Dieulouard, disclosing, as it does, the meaning of the inscriptions so unintelligible to Mr. Bayley, puts an end to cabalistic suppositions. And the discovery of the origin of the paper used in these works of Lord Bacon destroys the theory of a special manufacture of paper, under Rosicrucian auspice, for Lord Bacon's publications. The idea of Lord Bacon ordering the paper of his books from Dieulouard and sending the makers or choosing for them special devices to be made up and used as paper-marks is untenable. The Moselle, canalised in some fashion from above Dieulouard, no doubt, carried the paper into Holland, and from Rotterdam it found its way into England. I have had no opportunity, since I read Mr. Bayley's book, of testing the matter; but I have no doubt our Fathers at Dieulouard, in the early years of the 17th century, made considerable use of the so-called Rosicrucian paper in their letters and manuscripts.

An attempt to criticise in detail Mr. Bayley's fanciful and rather far-fetched interpretations of the emblems used by the paper makers would be a waste of time. No doubt some of them had a significance—allegorical or otherwise—when they were first used. When a bookseller hoisted the "Sign of the Blue Garland" over his shop he probably meant something by it. The inn-keeper who first chose it

had, doubtless, some exquisite reason for the name "Snig's Foot." But these meanings were of no possible consequence to the customers who called at the Blue Garland, or frequented the Snig's Foot. Commercially the names were a trade-mark and nothing more. It was and is the same with the water-marks of papers. They were in old days quaint, fanciful, unaccountable,—many of them; but commercially they meant simply a certain manufacture of paper—a special size or quality. Any one conversant with paper-marks would recognize the accepted trade signification of some of the devices Mr. Bayley worries about. The one marked No. 14 is a very ordinary form of the cap and bells which denoted a special size and quality of paper called foolscap. It is somewhat twisted out of shape, but unmistakable. The Crown, Nos. 1 and 3, had a similar trade meaning. So also the Fleur-de-lys, Nos. 6, 8, 9, and the Vase or Pot, No. 11. The names derived from these emblems are still in use, and we still speak of Foolscap, and Crown, and Royal, and Pott, quarto or octavo. The three latter devices were in common use before the year 1500. Variants of these marks were the rule and not the exception. No two makers of them would manipulate the wires in quite the same way—just as no two sign-painters would produce just exactly the same White Horse or Green Dragon. Different paper-mills also added initials, or other marks, to distinguish their special make. Hence it is a wild flight of fancy to speak of the "Pot," one of the commonest of water-marks, whose meaning is so well known, as seeming "to express metaphorically that the books wherein this water-mark is found contain the 'Liquor pressed from countless grapes,' with which he (Lord Bacon) pledged mankind." It is only fair to Mr. Bayley to say that he is aware this was no new symbol. It is really only certain variations and additions to it which he attributes to Lord Bacon—grapes and various other symbols, such as expanding rays, moons, crosses and

Fleur-de-lys. But none of the supposed Baconian elaborations are original. I have in my notes a drawing of a Pot or Vase with a Cross, taken from a book published in 1512; one with a Crown and Cross (1492); with the so-called Grapes—really a rude form of Crown—(1527); and with all the elaborations, as in Mr. Bayley's illustration (1500). With regard to the other mystic Baconian emblems in Mr. Bayley's list, the "Grapes" design makes its appearance in my notes in 1474, the "Heart" in 1488, and the "Rose" in 1486, and all of them are frequently met with in one shape or another. Only No. 10, the "Clock Face" and No. 13, the "Shield with Three Balls," the Medici arms, were not found in the books I examined.

I have still to notice the use of two capital letters, which, perhaps, suggested to Mr. Bayley his Rosicrucian theory. They are C. R. and R. C. I believe these to be simply initials of the names of the paper-makers. Among the inscriptions the author has recorded are the names, RCONARD and ICONARD, words suggesting Conard (Coignard) the family name, and R. and J., the initials of the front name. R. C. and C. R. probably denotes paper manufactured by R. Conard. Inversions of initials are very commonly met with. Or these initials may mean only Chaud-Rupt, the name of the stream which worked the mill and may have given its name to it. The flour-mill on the same stream was called the "Moulin de St Laurent," because, although the property of the Bishop of Verdun, the Seigneur, the canons of the Collegiate house had a monopoly at Dieulouard of the grinding of corn.

Reviewing the question as a whole, Mr. Bayley's argument is only tenable on the supposition that the inscriptions and devices in the paper are *unusual* and suggestive of cryptic or symbolic purpose. This has been quite sufficiently answered. A further point insisted upon, that the water-marks are unusual in number and variety, is of no value if the symbols have a prosaic meaning and were

in common use. It would be ludicrous to suppose that it could have been profitable, or useful, or instructive, or ornamental to use a large variety of common devices, simply for the sake of variety. On this point, also, I think Mr. Bayley is inclined to see a mystery where no mystery exists. A "job lot" of paper at the printers would account for the number of different trade marks. I have found as many as eighteen and twenty wholly different designs, not counting variants, in books of the early sixteenth century. Possibly the cost of a new mould was considerable, but paper-making was not an industry of individual mechanics, like that of the goldsmith or the weaver, but of factories. We have the mill at Dieulouard for an instance. These factories will have varied in size, but any old established one would have a considerable number of moulds, each, probably, with its separate device. Even in Lord Bacon's time the mill on the Chaud-Rupt had been in existence for one hundred and fifty years. Without knowing this, Mr. Bayley's copies of the water-marks would have suggested an old-established mill from the very imperfection of the designs—many showing signs of long use, being bent and twisted, imperfect, patched and mended, not by an expert, but apparently by a common workman for the need of the moment.

On the general question of Shakespeare *v.* Bacon, thanks are due to Mr. Bayley for adding to the difficulties in the way of believing that Bacon could have written Shakespeare. Mrs. Gallup's labours towards the same result are very creditable. It must have relieved the minds of many of Shakespeare's admirers to find that, if we are to believe in a secret understanding between Bacon and Shakespeare, we must believe also in a similar understanding between Bacon and Greene, Bacon and Marlow, Bacon and Peele, Spenser, Burton and others—most of whom were admittedly a bad lot, "bacon-fed knaves," who were not to be trusted in their cups. Were they all members of the

Highly Wise and God-Beloved R. C. Fraternity? Here is a cryptic allusion to the Bacon controversy in Shakespeare's works, not, I believe, hitherto noticed: "Hang-hog is the Latin for Bacon, I warrant you."

J. C. A.

The Mycenaean Age.

From the time of the Revival of Learning in Europe, the interest in Greek history has been a distinguishing feature of our liberal education. Aroused by the influx of Greek masters who brought the treasures of their ancient literature into the western world, this interest has been continually fed by the discovery, from time to time, of some long-lost work that has thrown new light on disputed questions, or has given a setting to facts hitherto isolated. It is only a few years ago that the "Constitution of Athens" was discovered, a work that has made Grote's treatment of the Athenian constitution out of date. Naturally, the possibility of discovering other lost works grows less in every generation. Greek history has tended to settle down, and the local colour of the different versions has depended on the political views of the writer. If we had to wait for another discovery of a literary record before we could hope to have new light thrown on the history, we might have to wait a very long time. Fortunately, a new vein has been opened up, a new chapter revealed, in our knowledge of Greek antiquities. Literature has failed us, but we have found "sermons in stones" that will compensate, in some measure, for our loss.

In the early and middle parts of the nineteenth century the interest in the past centred, to a great extent, on the political struggles of the older nations. The fashion was set by the leaders of the French revolution. Men sought to confirm and justify their political faith by the examples in the "bazaar of constitutions" presented by the Hellenic world, and historians met the demand by an exhaustive enquiry into the constitutional character of the Greek States. During the last thirty years a new source of interest in connection with Greek history has come forth prominently. The enquiry into "origins," so characteristic of present day research, has received a strong impulse, in the case of Greece, from the results of the excavations carried out during that period. No history of Greece can, for the future, dispense with a treatment of the country's fortunes before the existence of literary records. The first Olympiad becomes an unsatisfactory point of departure. To know the Greeks even of the fifth century we must go much further back. The days of the "Sun-myth" explanation of the early legends are of the past. It must not, however, be imagined that this new chapter is as yet quite fixed and definite in outline. The spade has turned up, it is true, abundance of objects of interest, each embodying some fact, some incident of the past, some thought of its maker; but the deciphering of these facts, the reading of these thoughts, is a work requiring an "infinite capacity for taking pains," and the results at present can scarcely rise above the region of hypothesis. There is nothing easier than to read preconceptions into these silent records, to see only half the meaning, to misplace the units in the series. If the historian, with a written record before him, can be said "to make (history) out of something he does not make," how much more likely is this to be the case when he is handling records that more than "half conceal the soul within."

Nevertheless, we are not wholly abandoned to the "chaos of conjecture." If we have not the assistance that the Egyptian archaeologist has in Manetho, we are afforded a helping hand by the prevalence of a constant tradition and especially by the work of Homer. Schliemann raised a smile when he asserted that he had discovered the grave of Agamemnon, but it cannot be denied that the discoveries and the Homeric text are oftentimes mutually explanatory of one another. We need not regard the one as the "counterfeit presentment" of the other, but the two come very close in many particulars. There is, moreover, a growing tendency to practical agreement among archaeologists in their interpretation of the "finds," and the order in which they are to be placed.

A word is necessary on the term "Mycenæan." From an archaeological point of view it is really a kind of *petitio principii*. "Homer" pictures for us an array of contingents from all parts of Greece owing allegiance to the King of Mycenæ. Accordingly, when the famous discoveries were made on that site in 1876 A.D., the term was immediately associated with these particular objects, and applied to similar objects which were brought to light elsewhere. We have to bear in mind, however, that other sites round the Aegean have yielded results of great interest and importance, e.g., the lately discovered palace of Knossos in Crete, so that it might be more accurate to use the term "Aegean" to describe the "finds." The countries that encircle this inland sea, all, so to say, face it. Each of them has given up treasures that suggest mutual intercourse, and a community of civilization, between the whole group. The Aegean binds them together, and however true the temporary supremacy of Mycenæ may be claimed to be, we have to remember that as there were "brave men before Agamemnon," so also were there mighty cities, probably older than Mycenæ, dotted round the Aegean.

There are three questions to which we attempt to give very brief answers: (1) What do the excavations tell us about the character of Mycenaean culture? (2) Who are the authors of it? and (3) Can any date be assigned to it?

I. What, firstly, is the general consensus of opinion in respect to the discoveries that have been brought to light by means of spade-work in Hellenic lands? A very good account of this is given in H. R. Hall's "The Oldest Civilization of Greece," from which work a great part of the following sketch is taken.

In the lowest strata of human settlement we find a state of civilization which is on the border between the Age of Stone and the Age of Metal. The implements in use are chiefly of stone, but the use of copper is already known. The pottery is of a primitive description.

(A). As we pass from this lowest stage we find an increase in the knowledge of copper-working, weapons being made of this material. Pottery also has progressed, as appears from the attempts to imitate animal and human forms on the vases. The town walls are of considerable size, and the chief's house stands out prominently. In many of the islands we find "plain 'cist-graves' constructed of marble slabs, excavated but a few feet deep in the surface soil; their occupants were buried, not burnt, and their skeletons are often found in that cramped and huddled position which seems characteristic of many primitive races." As is usually the case amongst primitive peoples, weapons are found in the graves, but it does not appear that any swords can be with certainty attributed to this style of culture. Female images of barbaric style in Parian marble, objects made of ivory, and a few Babylonian cylinders suggest commercial relations with distant countries. The chief home of this civilization is in the islands of the Aegean, but traces of it appear on the Greek mainland and in Asia Minor, and reach as far as Italy. It is known as the "Copper Age" of the Eastern Mediter-

anean, a name which describes its chief characteristic, but it is often called by the vaguer name, "præ-Mycenaean." Between this stage and Mycenaean proper, archaeologists are disposed to distinguish another stage which they name "Cycladic," from the fact that it is found chiefly in the Cyclades, or "proto-Mycenaean." It overlaps the later stages of the primitive culture, and approaches very near to the fully-developed Mycenaean. Its chief feature is that, instead of roughly-incised or overlaid patterns, it presents us with painted floral and other designs, placed directly on the clay without varnish-ground. Fresco painting occurs, and there is a generally higher level of civilization than that possessed by the "cist-grave" peoples. At Phylakope in Melos the stages of præ-Mycenaean, proto-Mycenaean and Mycenaean proper are clearly marked.

(B). This intermediate stage brings us to the fully developed Mycenaean age. Copper has given way to bronze as the material for implements. Gold is scattered about in profusion; we find gold diadems, plates of gold, masks and breastplates of the same material, vessels of gold and silver, expressive of a high state of luxury as well as of artistic power. The gem-cutting, vase-painting with varnish or glaze, and fresco-painting, show evidence of considerable skill in art. The structure of the palace fortresses of Mycenæ and of the remarkable beehive tombs, displays great knowledge of the building art. The commercial intercourse with foreign lands is vividly brought before us in the gold and ivory ornaments, the scenes in which appear lions, wild ducks, cats, lotuses, ostrich eggs, palm-trees, etc., and the golden plaques with the famous spiral design; but it must be noted that permeating all this foreign influence is a dominant Greek element, an art breathing "freedom, spontaneity, and a wholly un-Oriental spirit." It is impossible to realize this Greek element without illustrations, but any one viewing the representations on the sword blades of

Mycenas or the cups of Vaphio would have no hesitation in distinguishing it. This feature shows us, further, that the genuinely Mycenaean culture is a development peculiar to Hellenic lands, spreading from Crete, Argolis and Northern Greece over the Aegean as far as Cyprus on the East and touching Sicily on the West. We saw that bronze displaced copper at the beginning of the stage of culture we are discussing, and it was in its turn to be displaced by another metal at the end of this stage. Scarcely any iron is found in the period of Mycenaean culture, but through some agency or other it comes in at the close of this civilization.

(C). The career of the Bronze Age is cut short by the appearance of iron, at least on the mainland of Greece. Iron weapons and tools take the place of bronze weapons and tools. Contemporaneously with its introduction we find a marked decadence of Mycenaean vase-painting. For the ease and grace of natural forms are substituted geometrical patterns. Later on, the artist takes to representing men and animals, but it is in a very crude form. He seems to be filled with a dread of leaving any space unoccupied, and puts in juxtaposition the most incongruous subjects. There is no life or movement about the designs. The best illustration of the change of style is from a tomb at Menidi, where we have an unbroken series of Middle Mycenaean, Late Mycenaean, and Geometric fragments. The greater number of the Geometric vases have been found in the Dipylon at Athens, and from this fact the name "Dipylon" art has been derived. It is evident that this stage was a retrogression from the previous one. Something must have occurred on the mainland of Greece which brought some new forces into play, changed the character of the people, and gave a new type to the nation. Without going so far as Plato in maintaining that a change of style in music may lead to a revolution in the state, we may certainly take as evidence of some revolution such a

marked change in artistic treatment, especially as it occurred almost suddenly. The two styles partly overlapped, but we cannot imagine the same artists, nor even the same people, manufacturing both. Students of the period are inclined to agree in attributing this change to the coming of the Dorians. That event is a deeply-grounded tradition of the Hellenic people. We had to wait for modern times to find doubt thrown upon it, but that doubt is being gradually dissipated. As Hall puts it, "Surely it is not going too far if we see in the conquering Dorians the rude iron-using people of the Geometrical Period, who, armed with superior weapons, overwhelm the more highly civilized Achaeans, and so, while bestowing on Greece the knowledge of iron, at the same time cause a temporary set-back in the development of her civilisation?" This Dorian invasion is said to have taken place somewhere about 1000 B.C. In some respects it plays in Greek history a not very dissimilar part to that played by the Norman invasion of our own country. It was a distinct infusion of new blood, it brought a new spirit, a new character into the land, and whilst adopting much of the conquered people's civilisation, it introduced a great deal of its own, and dominated a considerable portion of the country. Hence we see the importance of determining the relation of the Mycenaean culture to the Dorian people. The fact that the students of the subject are practically at one in making it pre-Dorian is a result that justifies the labours of the archaeologists and shows that their work is to play a very important part in determining the course of events in early Grecian history. The view, moreover, receives remarkable confirmation from the treatment of the Dorians by "Homer." To those who would attribute a late date to the composition of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, the neglect of the Dorians by the author has proved a great stumbling-block. There may be some reference to them in one place in the catalogue, and the name occurs in the *Odyssey* in the

divisions of the people of Crete, but it is not clear that these are the Dorians of history (cf. *Monro on xlx, 175*); certainly they have not the prominence that a person, writing after their settlement in the country, would give them. What Mr. Hall means by saying that "in the *Odyssey* they (the Dorians) have nearly reached the end of their migration" is difficult to see. They are not taken into account in either poem. The picture given in the two *Epics* is that of a civilization in its main points essentially pre-Dorian. The current view as to the date of the Homeric civilization is, as was shown in a former article, that it may be placed in the late Mycenaean period, when the stage of decadence had set in. How far this may be so is not the point we are discussing at present; but we may argue that if the Homeric civilization is pre-Dorian, *a fortiori* the Mycenaean is.

With the advent of the Dorians we are on the fringe of historical times. It is beyond the scope of the present article to give the results that archaeology furnishes for the age between this event and the classical period. A few sentences will be sufficient to sum up the evidence. The Geometrical art had, as we saw, ousted the Mycenaean from its strongholds on the mainland of Greece and the islands, but this latter art still flourished in Asia and Cyprus, though it was more and more influenced by Oriental conceptions. It now reacted on the Geometric art, and a period of mixed styles prevailed. Exuberance of decoration is its chief characteristic. It will occur to many that the word "Asiatic" to describe this feature meets us in Roman literature. By degrees this influence was shaken off until we find ourselves on the threshold of the "Attic" spirit, the classical artistic spirit of Hellas in historic times.

This brief sketch gives, in outline, what the work of the archaeologist has done for us in early Greek history. There are readers who will distrust the symmetry of the results attained. The steps seem too clearly marked to have

happened as they are represented. That there should have been a Copper Age, that this should have been followed by a Bronze Age, and this, in turn, replaced by an Iron Age, seems almost too clear to be true. But if we say this, we are flying in the face of evidence. Archaeologists tell us that, on the Acropolis of Athens, below the fragments of the classical period lie those of the Geometrical Period (the Iron Age), below these those of the Mycenaean (the Bronze Age), far below these again those of the pre-Mycenaean, (the Copper Age), below these the flint scrapers of the Neolithic "Greek"—each stratum well defined. The same order of stratification occurs in other places. At Phylakope in Melos we have a pre-Mycenaean settlement, followed first by the intermediate proto-Mycenaean, and then by the fully-developed Mycenaean settlement. In Crete we have a distinct pre-Mycenaean stage, followed by a brilliant Mycenaean epoch. Indeed, there seems no reason to doubt the main fact of the development of prehistoric European culture through copper, bronze, and iron.

This being the case, it is clear that the Mycenaean period forms the highest point of early Grecian history. It represents a period when men had subdued the forces of nature and made them subservient to their wants. It shows us towns of considerable size, possessing walls of immense thickness, adorned with palaces elaborately arranged, the abodes of luxury and ease. We meet with rock-cut tombs of a remarkable kind, each with a roof of stone supported by beams of wood shod with bronze. In these have been found bodies of men and women, their heads adorned with lofty gold diadems, the bodies of the women covered with plates of gold which had been sewn on their dresses. With them were buried vessels of gold and silver betokening great wealth and a high state of artistic skill. As a frontispiece to Schuchhardt's work on Schliemann's excavations, a picture is given of Mrs.

Schliemann adorned with the ornaments taken from these graves. The amount of jewellery and the exquisite nature of the work fills one with wonder. We can get a glimpse of the artistic merit of the worker of the period from some swords which were found in the graves. At first they appeared to be of merely rusted bronze, but they were cleaned and show us devices inlaid on the bronze in gold and silver. Mr. Percy Gardner (New Chapters, p. 66.) describes them as follows:—"On one sword we see a series of galloping lions. On two others we find a scene of hunting. A river full of fish runs down the blade. Lotuses grow in it, and wild ducks are feeding upon them. Two cats, probably tame, and trained for the purpose, leap among the ducks and seize them with mouth and paw. This is a subject which is found in wall paintings of the eighteenth dynasty in the British Museum from Thebes in Egypt: the river, the fish, the lotus, the cat, the ducks all recur. On another sword we have a very vigorous representation of a lion hunt. There are three lions, all in varying attitude; one flies, another also runs, but looks back; the third turns on the pursuers, and drags down one of them; the others in various attitudes, armed with the spear and the bow, and sheltered behind huge shields, hasten to the rescue of their fallen comrade." To appreciate the degree of civilisation such a design suggests, we must call to mind the other prehistoric work that is familiar to anyone who walks through one of our museums. Similar work we find scattered amongst the remains in Hellenic lands. Take, for example, the scenes on the gold cups found in a "beehive" tomb at Vaphio. The subject is the capture of wild bulls by hunters. In one, the animals have overthrown the man and are dashing wildly away. In the other, the animals have been tamed, and the contrast in attitude and expression to the former picture is a work of art in itself. Or turn to Crete, where a prehistoric palace has been uncovered, built on a far larger scale than

that of Mycenæ. Here are frescoes of wonderful skill and vigour of expression, amongst which we find the portrait of a cup-bearer, with limbs finely moulded, and an almost classically Greek profile, while ladies are represented with hair elaborately curled, wearing fashionable puffed sleeves, and lounced gowns. Vases of most elaborate workmanship abound, and there even seems to be an anticipation of a Gothic arch.

These instances suffice to suggest the degree of civilisation attained not merely by the artists of the period, but also of the patrons for whom they worked. The wonder is, that we have not yet discovered any intelligible method of writing. In the Palace at Knossos Mr. Evans has found a clay tablet bearing on it incised characters in a linear script, accompanied by numeral signs, with regular divisions between the words, and for elegance hardly surpassed by any later form of writing. Hitherto the attempts to decipher it have not proved successful, though there is a rumour that one of the Oxford dons hopes to have made something of it. If this tablet could be made to yield its meaning, much of the confusion still clinging to this period might be cleared up.

II. What people, we must now ask, produced these objects called Mycenaean? The traditional view of the Greeks themselves, as we see from their historians, would derive a great part of their early culture from Egypt and the East. This view obtained for long, and it has found advocates up to the present day. Lydian, Carian, Illyrian, Phœnician and Egyptian influence have found defenders. Others, *e.g.*, M. Tsountas, have denied the Eastern influence altogether, and are inclined to maintain a purely European origin for the early culture. It is, however, evident that the East and Egypt have had some share in developing the civilization. The mere mention of the subjects delineated on the vases and in the frescoes, the lion-gates at Mycenæ, the pottery with the names of

Egyptian monarchs inscribed on it, these and many other circumstances show that there was an extensive intercourse between the Aegean and Eastern lands. When a people borrows the subjects of its artistic work from another nation, and at times represents these subjects with marked fidelity, as is the case in Mycenaean art, we are justified in attributing a decided influence on its art to the people from whom these subjects are borrowed. Yet notwithstanding this connection, the work of the Mycenaean is, as we saw above, possessed of a peculiar feature of its own, a life-like power and vigour, a freedom from convention that makes it quite distinct from the Oriental spirit. As Hall puts it: "The palm trees on the Vaphio cups point to Egypt for their origin; but the spirit of the whole design in which they are an accessory to the main idea, and its execution are totally un-Oriental, they are truly "Mycenaean; that is, they are Greek." If this is true of Egypt, it is still more true of Phoenicia and the East. Their influence was less marked; indeed, in the case of Phoenicia it is not at all apparent. This fact is becoming more and more agreed upon by writers on the subject, who, with few exceptions, never fail to insist on the essentially Hellenic aspect of the early civilization of Greece. The importance of this conclusion lies in this, that it makes the authors of that civilization the ancient Greeks themselves. It gives us a Greek people as distinct in the days of pre-historic times as their descendants were in the fifth century B.C., a people with a national life and national characteristics as marked and as decisive as those which are evidenced later in the buildings on the Acropolis or in the monuments at Delphi. But, as everyone knows, there were Greeks and Greeks. What tribe or tribes of Greece can claim to have possessed this culture? We have seen that in its main feature the civilization is *prae-Dorian*. Moreover, archaeology suggests that it was immediately *prae-Dorian*. Who, then, were the

peoples who occupied the mainland of Greece and the islands immediately before the coming of the Dorians? For answer to this question we are entirely dependent on tradition. There is no written record of the Mycenaean period to inform us. Tradition tells us that the rulers of Greece during this age were the Achaeans and the tribes connected with them. When we recall the fact that the chief seats of their power are the chief seats of this culture, the conclusion seems irresistible. The "Mycenaean" were the Achaean people of legendary history. It must be acknowledged that there is a dissentient voice from this inference. Professor Ridgeway has put forward a theory and defended it at length, to the effect that the Mycenaean culture is of an age previous to the Achaean dominion pictured for us in Homer—in fact, belongs to that earlier substratum of Grecian peoples known to history as the Pelasgian race. He lays great stress on the differences that mark the civilization revealed by archaeology and the sketch of Homer, notably the Homeric custom of burning the dead, in strong contrast to the Mycenaean mode of burial; the use of iron in Homer, a very rare "find" in the Mycenaean period; and the material differences in armour, dress, and ornaments. These points he supplements by long genealogical arguments. If one may be allowed to say so, he does not seem to have established his contention. The differences he suggests are not so vital as he would try to make out. They might be accounted for by the view that "Homer" was describing the later stage of the Mycenaean period, or that when "Homer" wrote the beginnings of the Dorian invasion were in progress and he was reading a portion of his own time into that of a previous generation. Certainly when we remember the points of agreement between the two presentations, the differences seem scarcely sufficient to justify us in allotting them to different races.

III. It remains for us to get approximately at the date

of the civilization we have been considering. The line of argument we have been pursuing has led to the inference that it is certainly prae-Dorian, that is, it is before the period 1000 B.C., and further that it immediately precedes that date. It is evident that the word "immediately" in the case of archaeological records is one of vague meaning. A few inches of deposit may require centuries to accumulate, and if we are left merely to the evidence of stratification we must be content with conjectural dates. There is, however, a class of evidence which helps us to get nearer the actual facts. It is the discovery among the remains, of objects which have come from other countries, and have evidence upon themselves of the date of their production. For example, pottery has been found in the graves at Mycenæ which are inscribed with the names of monarchs of Egypt, whose date can be determined, and *vice versa*, Mycenaean vases have been found in Egypt accompanying deposits of a certain reign with the date of which we are acquainted. There are numerous illustrations of this character, but one or two are especially remarkable. We have on the walls of some tombs at Thebes certain metal vases brought as tribute by the "great men of Keftiu and of the islands of the Very Green." Of these Keftians, to quote Mr. Hall, "one is depicted as a Semite, while the others are Mycenaean with boots, waistcloth, long hair partly hanging down the back, partly twisted up in front into a *uſpas* like that of Paris (II. xi, 385), just as we see them on the Vaphio cups, and not only in type and costume, but even in attitude and gesture identical with the Cretan Mycenaean of the frescoes of the palace of Knossos." These tombs belong to the period of the King Thotmes III, about 1550 B.C. Evidently the value of this discovery rests on the credibility of the dating of the Egyptian monarchs; but, as far as one can judge, this dating is absolutely reliable, and the conclusion seems forced upon us that in the middle of the second millennium

B.C. Mycenaean civilization is flourishing. Similar evidence can be adduced to show that the same civilization was flourishing in 1200 B.C. Vases of evident Mycenaean character are found painted on a tomb of Rameses III, (c. 1200-1250 B.C.). These two illustrations will serve to suggest a period during which the culture known as Mycenaean was in vogue. We know that it does not come much further down than 1100 B.C., and there is no evidence to take us beyond 1300 B.C. Between these two dates, then, we may safely say that the Mycenaean civilization was predominant in the Grecian lands.

Such is the story, in brief, of the work of the excavators in the country of perennial interest, Greece. Their work is not complete, the inferences drawn from it are not absolutely certain, but there is sufficient fruit from it to make the world grateful to them for their labours. They have made us better acquainted with the early childhood of that fascinating people whose career in the world has rivetted the attention of after generations. They have "linked each to each" the days of the child and the man. Their work is that of the "Grammarian;" they have "grappled with the world, Bent on escaping," but it was a world that men were the poorer for not knowing.

"What's in the scroll," quoth he, "thou keepest furl'd?
Show me their shaping,
Theirs who most studied man, the bard and sage."

J. E. M.

Gloucester College, Oxford.

A NOTE AS TO ITS CONFISCATED PLATE.

BY way of supplementary note to the valuable articles on Benedictine foundations at Oxford which have appeared from time to time in the pages of the *Ampleforth Journal*, it may be of interest to put on record a discovery quite recently made, from documents in the Record Office,* as to the disposal of the silver plate (probably most of it church plate) in the possession of Gloucester College at the time of its secularization.

It was in December, 1541, that the land belonging to the College was alienated by command of the King; and less than a year later, in September, 1542, we find the *quondam* Benedictine College included in the formal grant of temporalities to the newly-constituted See of Osney. Bishop King, ex-Canon-Regular of St. Frideswide's, and first occupant of the new bishopric, is said (though this does not seem quite certain) to have lived at the College during the years 1542 to 1545, and then to have moved his residence to the new royal foundation of Christ Church.

It is to this period, that is, to the year 1543, the thirty-fifth of Henry VIII, that belongs the document to which I have referred, and which is an extract from "An account of the property of the religious houses which came to the hands of Edward North, treasurer, during the four years ending Michaelmas, 1543." This particular extract deals with the *argentum de bonis nuper Collegii voc. Gloucester*

* Communicated to the writer by the courtesy of the Rev. H. Daniel, M.A.

College in Oxon, and is in the form of an acknowledgment or receipt duly signed by John Williams (spelt Wyllyams), *miles magister focalium*; "knight," that is, and "Keeper of the King's Jewels." The plate mentioned in the acknowledgment consists of 92 ounces of silver vessels, parcel-gilt, belonging to the said late college, and taken over for the King's use (*ad usum domini regis*) by the hand of one Blackwell, cleric; and also of 29 ounces of silver (*argenti puri*) taken for the same use and by the same hand; and all, properly weighed, "*que omnia et singula libantur.*" The document is duly signed by John Wyllyams, and ends with the words *Rem Nil, i.e., Remane Nil*: "Nothing is left," or, as it might be colloquially put, "That's the lot."

The Wyllyams or Williams above is a well-known personage of the time, who appears in the service of Wolsey and the King from 1530 onwards. He was first Clerk and (after Cromwell's attainder) Keeper of the King's Jewels until 1544, the year following the transaction we have been speaking of, when he became Treasurer of the Court of Augmentations. He was knighted in 1537, and had many connections with Oxford, being on the Commission of Peace of that county in 1535, and Sheriff three years later. He seems to have got for himself some nice pickings from secularized monastic property in Thame and elsewhere.

I have not been able to trace the identity of the Blackwell mentioned in the indenture; but it is quite likely that he was related to George Blackwell, afterwards (in 1577) appointed Archpriest of England by Clement VII. The Blackwell family was much connected with Gloucester College, and later with the Hall, which was described as a "hot-bed of Popery" in Elizabeth's reign. George Blackwell was in residence there in 1572, and other noted Papists, Thomas Allen, Edmund Rainaldes, &c., were living on the same staircase.

Nothing further seems to be known as to the fate of the *argentum parcell deauratum* and the *argentum purum* belonging to the dispossessed monks of Gloucester College after it was commandeered "for the use of my lord the King." Very likely it disappeared in the troubles of the Civil War; or part of it may still be stowed away among the immense and priceless treasures of plate which fill the strong rooms of Windsor. No one of the hundred and twenty confiscated ounces has ever found its way back to the institution which now occupies the site, and some at least of the buildings, "nuper Collegii voc. Gloucester College in Oxon." *Rem Nil!*

D. OSWALD HUNTER-BLAIR, O.S.B.

The Benedictines at Oxford before the Reformation.

3. Canterbury College.

AT Trinity and Worcester Colleges there are still small portions of the old monastic buildings to be seen, from which we can gain some idea of the whole; but nothing remains at Oxford to remind us of the College of the Canterbury monks, save the name of the smallest quadrangle of Christ Church, built on the site of the old college, and now known as Canterbury Quad. It is possible, however, to obtain some notion of the chief features of Canterbury College during the 13th century. It was

built in the years 1396 and 1397 during the wardenship of William Chart or Chert; from his statements of expenses, still to be found among the Registers at Canterbury, Mr. B. Sheppard has drawn the following picture:—

"There was the great gate—built of Taynton stone and furnished with a costly lock, hooks, and hinges—leading to the quadrangle, three sides of which were occupied by buildings among which the Chapel certainly, and the Hall* probably (for there is evidence of the existence of this essential element of a college), formed prominent features. A third side of the quadrangle opened to the garden, upon which abutted a set of rooms much desired for their pleasant situation. Leading into the space which is now Peckwater Quad was the *porta posterior*, and near the kitchen was a well, freshly furnished with a new rope. The buildings were, of course, in the early perpendicular style, which implies that they had high pitched gable roofs, and these roofs, as the warden's bills tell us, were covered with Stonesfield slates. The upper stories were pargetted, that is, built of timber and covered with plaster impressed with fantastic designs, while the ground story was strongly constructed of Headington stone; latticed windows were very abundant—unless the vitrearius and plumbarius charged very highly for their raw materials and labour—and a gutter suited for carrying refuse-water ran from the kitchen into Merton Lane."†

Here we have the chief features of the College as it stood at the end of the 14th century, a well-organized, fully-developed part of the University. But it had grown up out of very humble beginnings, which in more than one respect were not unlike St. Lawrence's first efforts in the establishment of an Oxford house.

* Ast. A. Wood, in his life of himself, speaking of King James II's visit to Oxford in 1687, says of his visit to Christ Church, "he went to the chapel lately set up by the dean (viz, the old refectory standing north and south, sometime belonging to Canterbury College) in the quadrangle called Canterbury."

† Christ Church Letters, Camden Soc., p. 13.

In August or September of the year 1331 three Canterbury monks started for Oxford. The senior of the three was, I think, Dom R. de Godmersham; the other two, Dom Hugh of St. Ives and Dom William de Mondham. Provided with a viaticum of 50/- they managed to spend 37 of them on the journey, leaving a balance of 13/- with which to commence housekeeping.* Evidently they were young and inexperienced, and no doubt did their best to make the journey a pleasant one. Canterbury, when compared with Durham, is but a short journey from Oxford, and yet the Bursar at Durham found 6/8 quite enough to take a Durham student to Durham College. They first sought out a suitable lodging, and found one in the Parish of St. Peter's in the East, which they hired at a rent of six marks a year; this arrangement received the approval of the Prior of Canterbury.†

They thus established themselves in what is now known as Queen's Lane; they had no endowment to depend upon, but had to look to Canterbury for all that was necessary. The estate nearest to Oxford which belonged to Christ Church was Newington, near Henley, so its bailiff was required to keep them properly supplied.‡ Next, the senior of the three formulated a number of rules for the direction of study and discipline, which when submitted to the Prior and Chaplain in 1331 received the necessary approbation. Now, as early as December of the same year, Dom Hugh was ready to be preferred to the public reading of the *Sentences*, and according to custom was expected to give a special entertainment: the bailiff sent up extra supplies of food and money, and the Prior added a present of a couple of swans, thirty fowls, and a share of the offerings made at Canterbury in honour of St. Thomas. There ought to have been a goodly spread, and no doubt there was; but Dom Hugh himself could

* Lit. Cant., Roll Series, vol. 1, p. 415.

† *Ibid.*, p. 392.

‡ *Ibid.*, p. 414.

have enjoyed it but little, for before the presents reached Oxford, his fellow-student R. de Godmersham died.*

This must have been a sad blow to the house in its infancy; one would think it ought to have drawn the remaining two together more closely. Differences, however, seem to have arisen between them; the Prior previously fearing something of this kind might happen, counselled them in a letter † to follow St. Paul's advice:—"Sol non occidat super iracundiam vestram sed date locum iræ." Then later Dom Hugh must have written to explain how matters stood, for the Prior again writes:—"Aliud, contentum in litteris vestris, erat de caritatis diffusione; pro qua instanter laboramus, ut inter fratres continetur ac etiam augetur." ‡

It is likely that such differences were only those that usually happen when two persons are necessarily thrown much together and it becomes possible to see too much of each other. Dom Hugh was put in charge of the little house and the Prior promised to send another companion for them. After the lapse of about three months, the Bishop of Lincoln allowed them to have Mass in the house, § provided they were careful not to encroach on the rights of the Parish Church.

The number of students at this house in Queen's Lane never seems to have been more than two or three at a time. In 1340, when it was time for them to return to Canterbury for the summer vacation, there were only three: the Prior sent horses for two of them, giving the third permission to remain in Oxford. The last we hear of this first Canterbury Hall is in 1343, when the Prior requests Dom James to act as tutor and guardian to the son of his friend Hugo Champneys; soon after this Christ Church severed its connection with Oxford for a short time. In 1355 the Archbishop complained to the Prior that none of the

* *Ibid.*, p. 417.

‡ *Ibid.*, pp. 417, 418.

† *Ibid.*, p. 415.

§ *Ibid.*, l. p. 358.

younger monks were at the university, urging him to send some of the more promising students lest the prestige of Canterbury should suffer.*

This Archbishop was Simon Islip, who a few years later was to become their greatest benefactor and the founder of Canterbury College. His entreaty was listened to, so that the Prior before 1359 had again brought Christ Church into touch with Oxford. The old home in Queen's Lane was not returned to, but chambers were purchased in Gloucester College, the general house of studies for the Benedictine Order; here for a time we must leave the Canterbury students.

Simon Islip held the see of Canterbury at a time when the ranks of its clergy had suffered many losses through the ravages of the Great Pestilence. There was great difficulty in worthily filling up the vacant places, and unfortunately it often became necessary to supply these vacancies with men who by education were but little fitted for such positions. A remedy was needed; the Archbishop determined to found a college at Oxford where worthy men could be trained in the piety and learning necessary for the proper fulfilment of their clerical duties. No attempt was at first made to erect a new college: the site chosen was already occupied with a number of small hostels. He set aside some of these for the use of his students, letting others to tenants, whose rents served as an endowment for the College. This site adjoined the Priory of St. Frideswide, and, along with the various tenements, was purchased from the Abbot of Abingdon, the Priory of St. Frideswide, the Abbess of Godstow, Balliol Hall and several citizens of Oxford. This was in 1363, and in the same year the Archbishop provided a further endowment by appropriating to the College the revenues of the Church of Pageham in Sussex: a few weeks later the Archbishop's brother further enriched

* *Ibid.*, p. 332.

the foundation by the gift of the Manor of Woodford in Northampton.*

The question of the constitution of the new College was no easy matter to determine. Islip wished to help the secular clergy of the diocese: he also realized that the monks of his own Cathedral Church had claims upon him. To have ensured success it ought to have been made entirely secular or entirely regular; the Archbishop unwisely attempted to come to a compromise by joining both parties together. In his statutes,† however, there is no mention of any intention to especially benefit Benedictine monks; he founded the College for the education of the clergy of his diocese. It is from another source that we learn that he allowed the Prior and Chapter of Christ Church to nominate three monks, one of whom he chose to be the first Warden.‡ John de Redyngate, Henry de Wodehull, and William Rychmond were the three nominated, and the Archbishop's choice fell on Henry de Wodehull.§ This arrangement may have been a mere experiment: it was certainly a failure; the monastic customs, rules, and method of discipline did not suit the tastes of the secular students. They gained the ear of the Archbishop, and Wodehull was supplanted by a secular Warden, John Wycliff,|| who, as the Master of Balliol, was a prominent personage in Oxford, undoubtedly a learned man, and to all appearances an honest one.

* *Lit. Cant.*, ii, pp. 445-447.

† *Wilkins' Concilia*, iii, 53.

‡ *Lit. Cant.*, ii, 416.

§ He had been originally a monk of Abingdon, who afterwards migrated to Canterbury. The promise of the Chapter to receive him, provided he had obtained the necessary licence from his Abbot, is dated 24th March, 1360, *Ibid.*, 497.

|| Whether this John Wycliff was the Reformer or not is still a matter for dispute. Though the learned note of the Rev. W. W. Shirley at the end of his edition of the "*Fasciculi Zizaniorum*" (Roll Series) goes a long way to disprove the identity of the Reformer with the Warden, it scarcely justifies one in setting aside the contrary opinion of the Grey Friar Wodeford, who was practically a contemporary of the Reformer.

Within six months from the time of this change, Archbishop Islip died, leaving his work at Oxford in a very unfinished state: his successor, Simon de Langham, immediately turned his attention to it. In so difficult a matter he did not act hastily; he took time to look about him, and, like the skilled legalist he was, examined carefully the rights and wrongs of the case. Influenced by the fact that Canterbury College had been endowed by an Archbishop of Canterbury out of funds of which he had deprived himself and his successors, Langham thought it but just that his own Cathedral Church should have the first right to receive benefit from such generosity. He had taken possession of his see on November 5th, 1366; on April 22nd, 1367, he discharged Wycliff from the Wardenship and recalled Henry de Wodehull:—"Wherefore we command all and each of you in virtue of obedience . . . to admit the aforesaid Henry to be Warden of our said Hall, and that you receive him or his substitute in this matter, and effectually obey him in all things, as is becoming. Dated at Mayfield, 10 Kalends of May, in the 1st year of our consecration."* No attention was paid to these commands, so the Archbishop proceeded to sequester the revenues of Pageham; then came the appeal to Rome of Wycliff and his adherents.

There are documents in the Lambeth library † which enable us to follow the litigation; a synopsis of these documents, made by David Wilkins, and addressed to the Rev. Mr. Lewis, at Margate, is to be found amongst the Rawlinson MSS. in the Bodleian.‡ The following information is taken from this synopsis.

On Wycliff's side it is stated that the College had been founded by Archbishop Islip for a Warden and eleven religious scholars, and endowed with the revenues of Pageham; the Archbishop had made him Warden for life; Simon Langham, for no reason whatever, had

* Langham's Reg., fol. 98 b. † MS. 104. ‡ D. 376, ff. 193 et seq.

deprived him of the Wardenship, appointing H. de Wodehull, whom the scholars together with himself would not acknowledge, as it was against their oath; to force them to submit, he had sequestered the Church of Pageham, and had taken away many books and other things which the founder had left to the College.

On Archbishop Langham's side it is asserted that the College was founded for a Warden, three monks, and eight scholars; it was the privilege of the Prior and Chapter to nominate for the Wardenship, one of the nominees being chosen by the Archbishop agreeably to the statutes made by Simon Islip, which were confirmed by the Pope; John Wycliff is accused of having contrived to get himself made Warden by the scholars during the lawful absence of Wodehull and some of the monks and scholars; Archbishop Islip was in a very infirm state and connived at the change.

Cardinal Andronicus de Rocha was deputed to hear the case and decide the dispute. The hearing took place at Viterbo, the case for Wycliff being opened by one Richard Bengier, a Fellow of the College. He gave a simple narrative of the main facts, leaving it to his opponents to prove Langham's right to interfere with his predecessor's arrangements. After this opening of the case Bengier never appeared again; time after time when summoned to appear he failed to do so, and finally, being judged contumacious, Wycliff himself was cited. He, too, did not appear, and incurred the same censure; judgment was accordingly pronounced in favour of the Archbishop and monks, which gave them undisturbed possession of the College.

An examination of the founder's statutes seems necessary to throw further light on this contention. The only ones we need to notice are:—The establishment had to be called "Aula Cantuariensis" and to have a superior called the Warden; with the Warden there were to be eleven Fellows and a chaplain; at the election of a

Warden the Fellows had to nominate three candidates, one of whom the Archbishop should appoint; the Archbishop alone had authority over the College, and he and his successors could lawfully explain, correct, augment, and alter the statutes, whenever and as often as they might consider it necessary.*

It is nowhere discernible that preference was to be given to the monks; yet the Lambeth document asserts that the Warden should be a monk nominated by the Prior and Chapter, and that there should be three other monks on the foundation. This method of election was undoubtedly followed in the case of the first Warden; † the method legislated for in the founder's statutes was apparently used when Wycliff obtained his own nomination during the absence of Wodehull and others.

Now in 1383, Archbishop Courtenay, lawfully taking advantage of the authority given him by the founder, altered the statutes, beginning his new code by quoting the enactments of his predecessor:—

“Voluit et statuit predecessor noster . . . quod sit in dicta Aula sive Collegio unus Custos, *Monachus Ecclesie nostrae* maturus, sobrius, etc., et debet ipse custos præfici sicut Supprior, Celerarius, etc., . . . dictæ Ecclesie Cantuariensis per Dominum Archiepiscopum Cantuar: præfici consueverunt; videlicet Prior et Capitulum eligent de toto Capitulo tres idoneos et meliores in religione.” ‡

Now Archbishop Islip enacted nothing of the kind; his regulation was:—“Et debet ipse (custos) præfici tali modo; videlicet senior Domus . . . post quam custodis officium fuerit vacuum omnes Socios . . . congregabit; qui . . . eligent, de toto Collegio, tres personas habiliores . . . et eos in scriptura communi

* Statutaque prædicta cum et quotiens opus fuerit, declarare, corrigere, adijcere et mutare.”

† *Lit. Cant.*, ii, 416.

‡ *Ibid.*, p. 30.

Domino Archiepiscopo nominabant,” etc.* How account for the wide difference between these regulations? No one has any reason to accuse Archbishop Courtenay of maliciously quoting the statutes wrongly. The mistake has been well accounted for: Islip and Langham had the same Christian name, Simon, and as all documents of this kind began with the name of the Archbishop, followed by the phrase “*permissione divina*,” in this case “*Simon permissione divina*,” Courtenay mistook Langham's statutes for Islip's; and though Langham's statutes are no longer extant, this mistake seems to point to the fact that Archbishop Courtenay had them before him, and quoted them as the founder's, Simon Islip.

If this surmise be correct, then we must look upon Simon Langham as the great benefactor of the Canterbury monks with regard to Oxford, and the one who really gave them the College. Now just as Archbishop Islip acted within his rights in the dismissal of Henry de Wodehull from, and the subsequent appointment of John Wycliff to, the Wardenship, so also did Archbishop Langham, when he chose to dismiss the latter, reinstate the former, and convert the College into a monastic house of studies for his Cathedral Church of Canterbury. The Roman decision, then, which more than one writer has considered unjust and tyrannical, was free from all injustice; for Archbishop Langham had the right given to him and to his successors “*statutaque prædicta, cum et quotiens opus fuerit declarare, corrigere, adijcere et mutare.*”

But Wycliff claimed to have received a life appointment to the Wardenship! Of course it was necessary to prove this in the court of justice, and the fact that he would not appear is sufficient testimony to show that he had no proofs in support of his claim.

The Papal Bull of Urban V, conveying to England the decision of the court, was given at Vierbo in May, 1370.

* *Ibid.*, p. 25.

From this date Canterbury College belonged to the monks of Christ Church; they no longer had need of the chambers in Gloucester College, and in 1371 we hear of them selling their share in that college to the Abbey of Westminster, reserving, however, to themselves a power of re-entry in case of any sudden misfortune befalling the new College. There was evidently some fear of court interference: the Roman litigation and the changes in the statutes had in some way or other put them in the king's power, so that there was a possibility of the revenues of Pageham falling to the Crown. Their steadfast friend, Archbishop Langham, had lately been raised to the Cardinalate, and was in Rome; the Canterbury authorities therefore, begged of him to intervene in their favour, telling him that they feared the king intended to present to the Church of Pageham as vacant. The outlook was not at all bright; they were unable to find the legal documents necessary to support their cause, and the new Archbishop was anything but favourably inclined. The danger was still hanging over them in 1373, when they again wrote to the Cardinal, at the same time forwarding two legal documents.*

No harm came to them, and very soon after we find them purchasing more land from the Priory of St. Frideswide. Seven monks with the Warden were in residence at this time, and as all fear of disturbance quietly passed away a slow development began. In ten years' time Archbishop Courtenay remodelled the statutes, adding many regulations for the direction of the daily life of the students, and these seem to have remained in force until the dissolution of the College.

As soon as they felt safe in the possession of the College, they unconditionally handed over to the Westminster monks their rights over the chambers at Gloucester College,† and proceeded to build the new College which has been described at the commencement of this article.

* *Lat. Cnat.*, ii, pp. 491, 511.

† *Ibid.*, iii, 14.

The Canterbury monks allowed their brethren from other monasteries to live and study with them. Chambers were rented by the monks of Winchester, Evesham, Rochester, and Battle Abbey. The Prior of Coventry also had subjects there, for a certain Richard Blake, on his return to Coventry, was very troublesome to his Prior.* Peterboro', too, had some connection with the College: during the Wardenship of Dom William Chichele the Peterboro' monks left and settled for a time at Gloucester College; when the next Warden, Dom Humfrey, came into office they returned to Canterbury College. They do not seem to have had much taste for study, so that Warden Langdon in 1494 had to complain of them to the Prior of Canterbury:—"They be as frowardly disposed or worse than ever they were. It were too long to write unto you the process of their guiding, therefore what they have done and propose to do, I have committed unto my fellowship to inform you, especially to Dom Robert Eastry. The said brethren of Peterborough be now at home at their monastery, and shall be till Michaelmas, wherefore I pray your fatherhood to write on to their Abbot, desiring him to give them charge, if they shall come again to us, that they be guided as scholars should be, for they be no students." †

Here and there in the Canterbury Letter Books there are interesting chatty letters which passed between the collegians and their friends and superiors at home. About 1480 Dom Richard Selling becomes dissatisfied with his progress, and tells the Prior he has made "lytyll or noight profett in arte." He feels more attached to the study of Law and wishes to change his course. "I have had, I thank your Fatherhood, a long prose in Arts, and the season is in a manner but lost, which is sorrowful to my heart to remember, and my only comfort is to remem-

* *Christ Church Letters, Camden Soc.*, p. 29.

† *Christ Church Letters*, p. 60. The spelling has been modernized.

ber, if it shall please you that I go to Law, that such small crumbs as I have gathered in Arts shall somewhat feed me in Law."

That even wardens were human appears from Dom Humfrey's letter to his Prior in 1476. He is very comfortable and happy at Oxford when the Prior wishes to put him in office at home. Of course he is ready to do as the Prior wishes, but thinks there are many reasons why he ought not to be changed. However, if the change has to take place, he writes: "I beseech you that I may have such stuff and apparel as I have at Oxford," and he would also like "an honest chamber."

In the year 1500 Dom Benedict Ivory was appointed Subcellarer of Christ Church and was not allowed to return to Oxford. He writes to tell his friend, Dom Thomas Tysted, about the change, and wishes him to look after his few belongings:—

"Truss up my stuff and send it by Buck with all speed: and because the great coffer is cumbersome to carry, truss them in my bed, laying my clothes in the middle of my stuff and my books thereupon." He makes a few small gifts, and is very anxious about the safety of a volume of St. Jerome's Epistles, which some one had borrowed from him. After telling his friend to sell all he can, he makes a very curious request:—"heartily cause my table of Saint Dorothy to be safe conveyed without hurt," and concludes: "if you have made sale of any of my stuff send me six pair of gloves, buttoned, in cheverett."²

What anxiety is here displayed for his books; they were his dear friends and had to be packed in the middle of all, that they might travel safely; one hopes that his cherished

² *Ibid.*, p. 45.

¹ *Ibid.*, pp. 37, 35.

¹ L. Cass., Roll Series, iii, p. 535. Table is here used for "tablet" or picture. Frobenius says: "When St. Dorothy's life was written or read in any house, it was deemed a protection from lightning, thieves, sudden death, and disease without the Sacrament."

St. Jerome was returned, though no doubt the borrower, as borrowers of books in all times, would find it hard to part with it.

The College had a firm friend in Dr. Chaundler, the Warden of New College, afterwards Dean of Hereford. He provided the means for the consecration of the chapel, for the erection of several new altars and an annuity sufficient to pay the salaries of two servants.* An eminently learned man, a writer both in prose and verse, he was a prominent figure in Oxford in the middle of the fifteenth century. He was Chancellor of the University for eleven years and Vice Chancellor for four; that Canterbury College should have deserved well of him is a signal proof of its worthiness. The good will he bore the College no doubt sprung from his personal friendship with William Selling, of whom more will be said later: Selling must have been one of the marked students during Chaundler's first Chancellorship. Moreover, the latter's benefactions, both to the College and to the mother house also, were made during the first year of Selling's Priorship at Canterbury.

It was not uncommon for the students, after finishing their Oxford course, to go abroad to some foreign University for further theological training. So late as 1512 Dom Thomas Goldwell and Dom William Gillingham, both Doctors of Divinity of Oxford, were at Louvain; in fact the statutes provided that pensions should be paid to such as wished to study abroad, for the space of two years.

As was the case with the other Benedictine Colleges the Wardenship was often the stepping stone to positions of higher authority. The Priors of Canterbury—Molash, Salisbury, and Goldstone—had all been Wardens. Another of the Wardens was Edward Bocking, who for openly professing his belief in the inspired character of the Maid of Kent's predictions, suffered death at Tyburn.

* *Ibid.*, ii, p. 267.

The most famous of all the alumni of the College, its brightest ornament, and the man whose connection with it ought to cause it to be remembered for all time, was William Selling. The village of Selling, near Faversham, gave him his name, for in those days it was a custom to call a monk by the name of his native place. Indeed, as the Canterbury monks were largely recruited from the manors belonging to the monastery, and as each adopted the name of the village from which he came, there was hardly any period of time during which there was not a Bocking, a Wodnesborough, or a Selling in the community. Selling entered the cloister about 1446, and afterwards pursued his studies at Oxford. In 1464 he received permission to go abroad, and in company with William Hadleigh (he had been Warden in 1454) availed himself of this permission not later than 1467; they went to Bologna, where they both obtained the degree of D.D. During this stay abroad they studied under the most famous professors at Padua, Bologna, and Rome, at which centres the great teachers of the new classical learning were gathered together. At Bologna Selling became the intimate friend of Politiano, whom he astonished by his wonderful skill in acquiring a knowledge of the classical tongues. At the end of three years the two students returned, but Selling did not come empty handed; he brought with him many Greek and Latin MSS. Shortly after he made another short visit to Rome, doubtless snatching another opportunity of gathering in more MSS. On his return from this journey he was elected Prior of Canterbury; he ruled for twenty-three years, from 1472 to 1495, a length of time which allowed him to firmly establish a systematic teaching of Greek in the claustral school. To this school came Linacre, who learned his first Greek lessons at the feet of Selling. Now there is a strong opinion to the effect that Linacre's Oxford career began at Canterbury College; at any rate he always kept

in touch with his first tutor, who, in 1846, when on an embassy from Henry VII to the Pope, took him in his train to Rome. Selling left Linacre at Florence to study under his old master Politiano; he himself of course soon returned, but Linacre stayed on and in a year or so drew to his side an old Oxford friend, William Grocyn.

Selling returned to the cloister at Canterbury, and though much occupied in the political life of the time, found time to keep up his interest in the classical revival; his school at Canterbury kept him well occupied, and we also hear of him procuring a master for the grammar school there—one who had taught at Winchester; he translated a sermon of St. John Chrysostom into Latin—probably the first in England to do a work of this kind.

Now it has been said, and constantly said, that Linacre and Grocyn were the first to introduce the study of the classical languages into England. In treating of this subject, the name of Selling is passed over almost in silence, and if his name is mentioned, then it is merely as Selling; * as though they wished to conceal the fact that he was a monk, one of that class of which it has been said: "They contributed nothing to the general intelligence of Christendom. They hardly left any intellectual or moral mark on their age." To make the case more clear I quote the following passages from Abbot Gasquet's "Note Book of William Worcester":—"Dates are important things when it becomes a question of who has, or has not, the right to be considered first in such a matter as this. Grocyn was admitted as a Winchester scholar in 1463 and

* Mr. Montagu Burrows, in the Second Series of his "Collectanea," tells us that "Linacre went out as early as 1485 in the train of the learned man, who had been his tutor at Canterbury, Tilly, more generally known as Selling, Henry VII's ambassador." His "Memor of William Grocyn" is of course mainly concerned with this revival of letters in England, and yet William Selling's name is only mentioned three times: (1) As in the above extract; (2) in a footnote which is written for the sake of Linacre; (3) when Linacre is spoken of as "the pupil of Selling."

was at Oxford in 1467. In 1488 he left England to study Greek in Italy, but he apparently had already some acquaintance with the language. . . . "Thus whilst Grocyn was beginning his career as a boy at Winchester, William Selling, a man of thirty-four, a trained Oxford scholar, with the highest aspirations to profit by every opportunity, was drinking at the fountain head in the cup of the new learning."[‡]

One other alumnus should be mentioned—Blessed Thomas More, Chancellor of England, and also that which is a far greater distinction, a martyr for his Faith. Many may perhaps dispute this, but the evidence of Cressacre More is more than sufficient testimony for it. That the name of Canterbury College is linked with the names of two such men as William Selling and Sir Thomas More gives it a right to a place amongst the most eminent of the Oxford colleges of the 15th century.

G. E. H.

[‡] "The Old English Bible and other Essays," pp. 307, 308. For the full discussion of Selling's merits see Albot Gasquet's "Eve of the Reformation" from the First Essay of the volume most of the above information about Selling has been taken.

The Beginning of St. Edmund's.

To the Editor of the "Ampleforth Journal."

SIR,

Fr. C. Almond, in his article in your issue of April, entitled, "The Last Prior of Lewes," says that I have been "bold enough to challenge" Weldon and Hewlett and *Gallia Christiana* in their account of the foundation of St. Edmund's (p. 288); and that I have attempted "to upset the St. Edmund's tradition" (p. 291). According to him the novelty I have broached is "that Fr. Bradshaw was the first Prior of the house" (p. 288). But there is nothing new in this. In the printed list of Priors of St. Edmund's given in the Appendix to Abbot Snow's *Index* to the old Constitutions (1878), and that given in the Appendix to Weldon's *Chronological Notes* (1881), Fr. Bradshaw holds the first place. And Weldon says (*Chron. Notes*, p. 93): "This residence totally depended on Fr. Walgrave . . . and Fr. Bradshaw was Superior of it till the next year, namely 1616," *i.e.*, evidently for the first year or two of its existence, and therefore at the date of Fr. Rudesind Barlow's letter of 8th Feb., 1616, cited by me to show not who was the Superior of the little community, but who were his subjects.

On one point I did challenge Weldon and his followers, viz., the omission of Dr. Gifford's name from the list of Superiors of St. Edmund's, and I pointed out that it ought to be inserted and to hold the third place. I did this on the authority of the *Carbophylacium Calense*. If it be upset-

ting the tradition of St. Edmund's to restore to its list of Priors the honoured name of one to whom St. Edmund's otherwise owes, as I am sure it recognizes, a debt of gratitude, this action of mine receives the countenance of Fr. Almond himself (p. 290).

Seeing that in the one case I follow those who went before, and in the other depart from them with Fr. Almond's approval, I am at a loss to understand the point of his criticism. The character of the documents contained in the *Cartoph. Cal.* which (he says) "Weldon, and Hewlett and Allanson . . . passed by as worthless," and the question whether such neglect is well advised, are matters upon which I shall not enter now.

I of course accept Fr. Almond's correction as to Hames's profession, and the limitations of the letter of the Chapter of Nancy. I quite believe the chapter was void of offence, in any case, then or later.

I am, Sir,

Yours faithfully,

EDMUND BISHOP.

April 30th, 1902.

Mr. Bishop will not, I am sure, take it unkindly that I add a few words to make the position clear.

Weldon, Hewlett and *Gallia Christiana* give a list of six monks sent from Dieulouard to begin St. Edmund's. *Gallia Christiana* says they were obtained "from Fr. Augustine Bradshaw, Vicar of the Spanish Mission in England"—seemingly a mistake for Fr. Leander Jones, Bradshaw's successor in the Vicariate. To this list Fr. Hewlett, the historian of St. Edmund's, adds the assertion that Fr. Clement Reyner was "the first Prior of Paris." Mr. Bishop, in his article, struck Fr. Reyner's name out of the list of those sent, in the first instance, to St. Edmund's.

Moreover, with what seemed to me special pleading, he laid undue stress on Fr. Bradshaw's slight, though useful, connection with the Paris House.

About the same time as St. Edmund's was begun, or rather a little before, an order had been received from Rome rescinding the Anselmian Union, and ordering all monks to return to the Congregation of their Profession. Fr. Walgrave, as is well known, stood out against this order and refused his obedience to the Spanish Superiors. Fr. Bradshaw did not join with him in this rebellious act. This is quite sufficient to account for his departure from Chelles. He could not remain a subject of Fr. Walgrave, or acknowledge his Superiority, without, as it seems to me, incurring the charge of disobedience to the Holy See. Hence his presence in Paris. He is there looking out for something to do. Whilst there, he gives his counsel and help to the young monks and acts as their Superior. At the first opportunity of independent work, he leaves Paris at once for Longueville. I do not believe Fr. Augustine would have deserted the little Community in its difficulties, in the way he did, if he had believed himself to be responsible for them as their Prior.

Weldon's statement, as I think, does not really contradict this. No one doubts the help Fr. Augustine gave to the Paris brethren, nor that he acted as their Superior during his very short stay at Paris. But it is a different thing to be officially their Prior. That he had formal authority I think more than unlikely. He could not, without disregard to the Roman decree, recognise Fr. Walgrave's authority, or accept an appointment under him. The letter Mr. Bishop quotes bears this out, and leads one to infer that he did not even live with the monks, but, at one time, had some of them living with him as guests.

I quite admit that it is most reasonable to interpret the passage in Weldon in the sense Mr. Bishop understands it, if one looks only to the words, and shuts one's

eyes to the circumstances. Fr. Allanson is in full agreement with Mr. Bishop on this point. But I have thought, and still think, Mr. Bishop treats the list of the original members of St. Edmund's unceremoniously. It was this I had in my mind when I referred to the Edmundian tradition and to the documents, not now in evidence, which the older historians may have been able to consult. It is surely a wrong attitude to assume that we have better and increased knowledge in these days; the probability is that the Edmundian writers had the evidence now in our hands and much more. My real disagreement with Mr. Bishop was not over his opinions, but over the quality and authority of the evidence he advanced to support them. This seemed to me quite unworthy of the reliance Mr. Bishop placed on it.

Mr. Bishop seems to think I have treated his opinions as a novelty. Surely, it is admitted that they are as old as the *Cariophylacium Calense*. The true novelty was the easy way in which he brushed aside, in his article, other people's statements. The very useful lists, printed at the end of Weldon's *Notes* and of Abbot Snow's edition of the old Constitutions, do not profess to be authoritative and are not litigious. One is grateful for them even where they are mistaken.

Those who would leave Fr. Bradshaw's name out of the list of Paris Priors would not deny the assistance he gave the house in its infancy. Neither would those who leave Dr. Gifford out of the list deny him credit for his invaluable service. In Dr. Gifford's case, we have his own authority, in an existing letter, to call him Prior. But if his claim to the title rested solely on Fr. Walgrave's appointment—we know it did not—neither Mr. Bishop's effort, nor my countenance of it, would help to make the claim a genuine one.

I am sure Mr. Bishop does not believe I refuse him credit for the valuable work he has done in unravelling

portions of our early English Benedictine history. I am sure, also, he will give me credit for being willing to change these or any other opinions, if to my mind the evidence warrants it. Indeed, I wish to make a correction here and at once. It now seems to me evident that Fr. Leander had nothing whatever to do with the first sending of the six monks to St. Edmund's. They were sent from Dieulouard by Fr. Maihew. In a letter, of which Fr. Dolan has made a copy, Maihew informs Fr. Leander that "we have accepted another residence." There was no other newly-accepted residence, at the time the letter was written, except St. Edmund's. It seems clear, therefore, that Fr. Leander could not have had anything to do with it, since Fr. Maihew tells him of it as an item of news.

J. C. A.

Oxonienſia.

It is long ago since I came to the gates of Brasenose, as a trembling freshman, to be for four years the innocent victim of scouts and examiners. The porter guided me up a staircase, dark and winding, to my rooms. There was very little room, however, for though the sitting-room was comparatively magnificent, being quite twelve feet broad and eight wide, the bedroom was almost inconceivably small. It measured, perhaps, five feet by ten, and was furnished in proportion. A small iron bedstead and a chest of drawers almost filled the room. The window-ledge served as a wash-stand and the top of the drawers as a

dressing table. I found, too, that the previous owner of these drawers had, for some reason or other, had the fronts of the drawers sawn off, so that they had to be jammed in with pieces of paper. It was in some respects a convenient arrangement, because the width of the room did not admit of the full opening of a drawer. The door opened on to the middle of the bed and just wide enough to allow a man of moderate depth to enter. I have always had vivid memories of this room because in it I met the only ghost that I have ever had the doubtful pleasure of addressing personally, but that is too long a story to enter upon now.

The sitting-room was an ordinary college room containing a table and the usual number of rickety chairs. I was trying to balance myself on one of these when my scout came in to put me through my paces. I am afraid that he found me a very helpless prey. He sold me many things which were very much second-hand at prices which were undoubtedly first-hand. One thing only he sold me at a reasonable price, and that was a fine-looking pedestal lamp. I really did not need it, having bought two lamps already, but William seemed so firmly resolved that I should have it and have it cheap that I gave way and bought it. Long afterwards I found out that he sold that same lamp to four other men on the same staircase, but he managed so cleverly that none of us discovered it for months. Of course, if we asked for the lamp when it was in use in another owner's room, William had a good excuse ready for its non-appearance. It wanted filling or cleaning, or the chimney was broken. However, such is the scout-nature, and in time William and I came to be very good friends. He looked after me very well, and later on condescended to give me much good advice about my work. He has gone into the church now, preaches at a Methodist Chapel outside Oxford, and is, I am told, much respected.

The routine of Oxford life is very simple. Chapel at seven-thirty, breakfast at eight, and lectures from nine to one. Lunch follows, after which all betake themselves to the river, football, or cricket until five. From five to seven most men work. At seven the dinner (or hall) bell calls to the chief meal of the day. The remainder of the evening is devoted mainly to social pleasures, meetings of societies, and here and there to work.

It is not, however, the long hours of work and play that remain most vividly impressed on the memory, but rather the eccentricities of the lighter side of University life. Most of these memories, of course, group themselves round the proctors. Soon after I went up, an undergraduate who was euphemistically termed "Venus," being undoubtedly the ugliest man in Oxford, wrought a deed of incredible audacity and shamelessness. A kindred spirit laid a wager of five pounds with Venus that he would not kiss the Senior Proctor. Protected by the shades of evening, the young man sallied forth with a small following, and searched the highways until he espied the Proctor in all his glory. Promptly then did Venus swoop upon his victim, and having saluted him most affectionately on each cheek, had almost escaped, when one of the attendant bull-dogs deftly tripped him up. Bull-dog, it may be necessary to explain, is the technical name given to a man who accompanies the Proctor on his rounds. He must be a man fleet of foot, since his chief duty is to overtake delinquents who seek to escape by flight. Poor Venus spent the time intervening between his capture and his second visit to the Proctor in packing up his property to be ready for the expected dismissal. He was, however, agreeably disappointed to find that he was let off with a fine of five pounds. Why he was not sent down, no one but the Proctor ever knew. As Venus won and lost five pounds, he really went unpunished.

A few weeks afterwards, the same Proctor suffered another

grievous assault, even at my hands. My rooms looked out upon the square behind the Varsity Church, and as the whole square is flagged and surrounded by high buildings, the slightest sound in the square is magnified and re-echoed. Now I am, and always have been, of a retiring disposition, that is to say, as a rule I go to bed at a respectable hour. For many nights I was irritated by belated individuals who about midnight came along the lane, halted under my window, and engaged there in loud and heated conversations. One night, being awakened from my first slumbers by a louder altercation than usual, I rose, and, on the impulse of the moment, emptied and entirely without malice, the water, which George had laid ready for my morning tub, out of the window. It fell in the right place—for I heard a shout as of people drowning—I closed my window, returned to my couch, and slept the sleep of a happy man. Early in the morning, however, came a message from the head of the College that I was to go at once after breakfast to see the Proctor at Queen's College. Thither I went, wondering why I had been summoned. The great man was in a fearful state of indignation, and to my great horror I found that most of the water had fallen on him. I explained how I had been disturbed so often, and that, of course, I had no idea that he was underneath. Fortunately he was in a good humour, and let me go with the advice that in future I should put my head out before the watering. So this adventure, too, ended happily.

Then there was the great procession which escorted to the railway station one hero who had been sent down for participation in a Fifth of November riot. It was really a most effective ceremony (the procession, not the riot). There were, perhaps, two hundred vehicles, all draped, with occupants and drivers in deep mourning, too, and they moved at a slow pace through the leading streets of the City, halting only before the Proctor's rooms, where three groans were given before the procession moved on again

on its circuitous route to the railway station. This procession reminds me of another much smaller one. A Pembroke undergraduate who was dyspeptic and inclined to worry his acquaintances with imaginary ailments, made up his mind one summer that he was too ill to walk and must needs get about in a bath-chair. Lo behold him one morning being wheeled slowly across the Parks to view a cricket match—Oxford were, I believe, playing Gloucestershire, and a fair crowd had assembled to see Grace. The bath-chair—an object very rarely seen at Oxford—excited great interest, and much undeserved sympathy was wasted on the poor fellow inside it, so that certain of the rarer sort decreed that he must be taken down for it. On the next morning again behold our invalid being wheeled across the Parks, and behind him an apparently endless line of invalid-chairs of all sorts and sizes. On they came, and when the first one had been wheeled into position, the others were ranged in close order alongside. Our invalid had apparently so far been unconscious of his train, for, when at last, he bent forward to watch the game, he caught sight of the lines of chairs on each side. He took the situation in at once and ordered the man to take him away immediately. So the procession started on its return journey, amid the cheers of the crowd. Our friend never appeared in a bath-chair again, at Oxford at any rate.

Some of the lecturers, too, were impressively peculiar. I remember tramping one dismal winter's morning to a lecture at Oriel through about two inches of slushy snow. The lecture-room was draughty and cold, but at one end burned a small fire, in the proximity of which we took a little comfort until the entrance of the lecturer dispersed us to our seats. To our great disgust, this worthy man planted himself (and all his dimensions were ample) in front of the fire, so near that he was in imminent danger of conflagration, and only the memory of the rays remained to

cheer us. Shortly a New College man, being desperately cold, with great ostentation commenced to rub his fingers and blow upon them, whereupon the tender-hearted lecturer remarked "Ah, gentlemen, you are better off than I, who am in the coldest place in the room." Then, perceiving incredulity on the countenances of his audience, he proceeded to explain how the cold air in the room was drawn towards the fire-place through which it escaped. We were edified but not warmed, and at the next lecture appeared in great coats and mufflers, after which the benevolent scientist vacated his post as fire-screen. The one lecturer in my time, who became famous in story in his own days was the Rev. W. Spooner, of New College. He was one of the kindest and most popular of dons, but was very short-sighted and possessed of a fatal faculty for muddling up the pronunciation of words. I am reminded of him here because a terrible tale is told of him how when, on a cold day, he was basking before his lecture-room fire, he suddenly said cheerily, "How pleasant, gentlemen, to revel in the ruddy blaze," at least he meant to say that, but so confused the last two words that I am ashamed to write what he actually did say. Mr. Spooner first became prominent when a paragraph appeared in one of the funny papers relating how the Rev. Mr. Spooner, of Oxford, was robbed by the wind of his black silk hat whilst walking on the confines of Oxford, and was observed nearly an hour later, two or three miles away, chasing an old black hen in the direction of Banbury.

Another tale links Mr. Spooner with Jowett, who was the great man of the time. Sitting one evening next to Jowett at dinner, Mr. Spooner could not find his bread, but at length spied it close to Jowett. Digging his fork well into it, he said, "My bread, I believe," but was surprised to find that it was Jowett's right hand that he was annexing. Jowett also must have been surprised, but there is no record of the conversation which ensued.

Notices of Books.

THE ANGLO-JEWISH CALENDAR. By F. M. POWER.
S.J. London, Sands & Co.

Badhu.

INTERPRETED into plain English, Badhu is MoWef—a nonsense-word representing Mo(nda)y, We(dnesda)y, F(ri-da)y, in the same way as the *cif* of commerce represents c(ost), i(nsurance), f(reight). It is the central point of interest in Fr. M. Power's work, a delightfully got up little book of 93 pages, which is to serve as an introduction to a coming work on Gospel Chronology. The Calendar extends from 5th April, A.D. 29, to 17th June, A.D. 31, which Fr. Power takes to be the date of the first Whitsunday; this period, part of three years, being assigned to the public life of our Lord. Fr. Power puts forward the Calendar as a scientific hypothesis is put forward; it is to be tested by seeing whether it fits in with and accounts for all the known facts of the Gospel Chronology, and satisfactorily solves difficulties. This testing Fr. Power proposes to do in detail in the longer work above mentioned; but it is well that the Calendar should be in the hands of other scholars for independent investigation before his own solutions are published. Meanwhile it may be of interest to give here the outlines of the chief problem and the reflections on Fr. Power's theory that present themselves to a reader unskilled in biblical criticism.

The central question is: Did our Lord die on a Passover, or on the eve of a Passover? that is, on the 15th of the month Nisan, or on the 14th? At the Last Supper, our Lord ate the Passover; it would seem, therefore, that this day before His death was also the day before the Passover. But on the following morning the Jews would not enter Pilate's house that they might not be defiled, but might eat the Passover. That is, they meant to eat the Passover that evening after He was dead; so that to them the day of His death was the day before the Passover. How was it that He ate the Paschal Supper a day before they did? Fr. Power's Calendar answers the question as follows.

The Jewish months have alternately 30 and 29 days each, in order to keep accurately with the moon. For the time from new moon to new moon is $29\frac{1}{2}$ days (within a few minutes); so that two lunations occupy 59 days. Every two months, therefore, of the Jewish Calendar contain 59 days; twelve months contain 354 days, or 11 days less than the solar year of 365 days. To prevent this error accumulating, a thirteenth month is added every few years at irregular intervals. According to this Calendar the Passover is always and immutably the 15th day of Nisan, the first month of the year. In A.D. 29 it was Tuesday, 19th April; in A.D. 30 it was Saturday, 8th April; in A.D. 31 it was Friday, 27th April. But at this point Badhu interferes. Badhu is a rule requiring that the Passover shall not fall on Monday, Wednesday, or Friday; a rule unwritten, not promulgated, simply acted on; year after year the Calendar comes forth, giving the Passover on the 15th Nisan, and yet never by any chance on Monday, Wednesday, or Friday. Now, left to itself, the 15th Nisan might just as easily be any one day as any other; it would move about the week as freely as does the 25th of December. Indeed, as already mentioned, it fell on Friday in A.D. 31. The inference is that it is not left to itself; when-

ever it would fall on a Badhu day it is removed. At a safe distance—in the 8th month of the previous year—an extra day is inserted in the Calendar; the 30, 29, 30, 29 series is broken into; Heshvan, which should have 29 days, receives 30; and all succeeding days of the month, including the 15th Nisan, find themselves advanced one day in the week. Just as our juvenile calculations that next year Christmas would fall on Friday have been sometimes cruelly upset by the intrusion of a 29th of February, so did it fare with the Passover of A.D. 31; contrary to all expectation, and in defiance of lunations, it found itself on a Saturday.

This is the view on which Fr. Power bases his Calendar. It answers the question proposed above by saying that our Lord disregarded the intruded 30th day of Heshvan, and kept the day of His death, April 27th, A.D. 31, as the Passover; while the Jews, following the received Calendar, held this 27th April as the Passover-eve, the 14th Nisan.

In his introductory remarks Fr. Power gives some of the arguments in support of his view. How these will fare at the hands of experts we cannot guess; though in a science in which above all others doctors differ, one is inclined to wonder what weight attaches to expert opinion. But to the ordinary reader the little volume does not carry immediate conviction; difficulties suggest themselves which doubtless will be fully discussed in Fr. Power's larger work.

Abbé Fouard* dismisses the Badhu theory with the remark that it "appears to be of later date than the Christian era." Fr. Power appeals to the argument from prescription; the Badhu rule is a revolution in the Calendar; if introduced in Christian days, where is its mark in history? But he seems to answer this himself; it is not a published law, but a secret of Calendar-

* The Christ, the Son of God, ii, 393.

Makers; and it provoked from the Karaites the only possible outcry against such a secret innovation—they asked that the Calendar-making process should be explained. And he seems prepared to find that the Monday and Wednesday part of the rule is really post-Christian.

Again, in explaining the objection to a Friday Passover, there is a puzzling distinction between laying in food and cooking it. On p. 33 the laying in cannot be done on a Passover; on p. 42 the cooking can. Is this distinction founded in fact?

Fr. Power does not seem at all afraid of maintaining that for the six months before His death our Lord followed a different Calendar from the rest of the Jews. And indeed he has here to support him a piece of evidence that seems almost compelling; the *Canon Hippolyti* gives in some year undated 14th Nisan as equivalent to "xi et xii Kal. Apr.," *i.e.*, to both 21st and 22nd March. This is perfectly intelligible if, as Fr. Power's Calendar requires, there were two parties of Jews, one keeping the 14th Nisan a day later than the other.

A study of the book leaves one with a strong hope that in spite of the obvious difficulties the proposed Calendar will come successfully through all tests, and prove, as Fr. Power hopes, a step towards the final determination of the Gospel Chronology. Two points suggest themselves which are passed over in the volume, perhaps intentionally. If the legal Calendar were kept up by any party, as it was kept by our Lord, the difference of a day would go on indefinitely, and these differences would accumulate each time the Badhu rule operated, so that the difference between the two Calendars would ultimately be one of many days. And again the 29½ days' lunation, on which is based the lunar Calendar, is not strictly accurate; the real lunation is nearly three-quarters of an hour longer than 29½ days. This three-quarters of an hour yearly will accumulate in 33 years to a complete day, and an extra

day must be inserted in the Calendar if this is to keep strictly with the moon. So that three times in a century the intruded 30th Hesvan is required on astronomical grounds alone. This consideration seems to take some of the force out of Fr. Power's discussion in Parts III and IV.

LIVES OF THE POPES IN THE EARLY MIDDLE AGES.

By the Rev. HORACE H. MANN, Vol. I [in Two Parts]. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. 1902.

Father Mann's ambitious work deserves a welcome from the Catholic public in England if only as evidence of the literary labour that an energetic man can accomplish even among engrossing duties as Headmaster of a Grammar School. But apart from this the "Lives of the Popes" is an important contribution to ecclesiastical history. In compiling his two stout volumes the author has gone, if not directly to original sources—a task for which he had neither leisure nor opportunity—at least to the newest and most authoritative publications bearing on his subject, and he has produced a readable and reliable history of a very obscure period of Papal annals. The two hundred years elapsing between the pontificates of St. Gregory I and Leo III (590-795) are not centuries of great interest. Few notable names stand out in the catalogue of Popes, many of them Saints, who swiftly succeeded one another during that epoch. Yet events of moment occurred then, and the beginnings of great movements; whilst fresh materials have recently been worked up by competent authorities which needed to be made accessible in English. Father Mann deserves recognition for labouring so steadfastly in so unpromising a field. A vast amount of information lies within his pages, trustworthy, valuable, and not easily attainable elsewhere. His volumes, which we trust he will continue, should find a place in every English library.

Father Mann makes no attempt at either fine writing or original thinking; and his style lacks distinction. He

writes sometimes in a free, colloquial manner which is not worthy of the Muse of History; and he occasionally puzzles his readers with such a passage as this:—

"He (the Pope) would doubtless have been called upon to crown the usurper had he reached Rome; and he would then have had to choose between an emperor at Constantinople and an *intarlu* at his own door" (vol 3, p. 295).

THE ALTAR BOY'S OWN BOOK. By Rev. W. M. SMITH, Canon Regular of Prémontré. London, Art & Book Company.

The purpose for which this little work has been written is very clearly explained in the Author's preface. His efforts are designed not merely to instruct one important section of Catholic youth in their special duties, but to so imbue them with a sense of the dignity of their position as Altar-boys, and to foster and establish their piety, that the impression made will last through the after-years of life. The boy-server is reminded from the very beginning of the *dignity* of his office. It is well brought before him in the first words addressed to him, where he is taught that the office and the duties entailed by it are the very same as those for which the Church instituted the Minor Order of the Acolyte, and which is conferred still upon the young ecclesiastic by the hands of the Bishop. The Author, in a very excellent chapter on the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, not only instructs his servers on the Divine institution of Sacrifice and the ends for which Mass is offered, but addresses them in a way that should give them an intelligent interest in the duties they are chosen to perform. This is done by explaining the symbolism of the vestments worn by the priest, the meaning of the more important ceremonies, and by a short and simple translation of those portions said aloud by both server and priest. This is a very good point, for how often does it happen that the

ordinary Altar-boy will perform his duties for years so mechanically as to know little or nothing of their meaning and to be scarcely affected by the sacredness of his calling. The instruction given throughout is such also as to prevent him from contracting any of that familiarity with sacred things which is too often followed by a (seeming, at least) want of respect. Vespers, Compline and Benediction are also treated by the Author in a most interesting and instructive manner; their origin, history, meaning of the Psalms, &c., being clearly and briefly explained. A series of instructions on the Sacraments of Confirmation, Penance, and the Holy Eucharist follow with special reference to the Altar-boy. He is likewise urged to enrol himself in one of those Confraternities specially instituted for Altar-boys, by a clear and earnest recital of the spiritual benefits to be gained by a faithful discharge of their obligations. Devotion to the Sacred Heart, Our Lady, St. Joseph, the Angel Guardian and Patron Saint have each a chapter to themselves. The whole work is illustrated by devotional engravings, and the stories from the lives of Saints are such as to interest the young reader and to impress him with a high sense of his duties. It is a book calculated not only to make the Altar-boy intelligent, capable, and reverent in the discharge of his duties, but to influence him for good when not actually engaged in them or when the years of his service are past. For this latter purpose two excellent chapters are devoted to "The Altar-boy at Home," and "The Altar-boy in the World."

We heartily commend this little work to the clergy who wish to lighten their labours in the training of Altar-boys, and who desire to see them devout, edifying and well instructed, both as youths and as future members of their congregations.

The College Diary.

March 27. Easter Monday. In the afternoon the school went to Helmsley to watch our last football match of the season—v. Duncombe Park. After a hard struggle we won by two goals to nil. This match has closed a most successful season for the Eleven, since out of nineteen matches it has won eighteen and lost one.

April 1. The Lower Library played the School in the morning and were beaten. Score: School 3 goals, Lower Library 1. In the afternoon the first game of rounders was played.

April 2. The April Month-day, which fell on April 2nd, was kept to-day. A party of the Upper Library went to Hawby, where they thoroughly enjoyed themselves. The Order of Studies after the Easter Examinations was read out in the study.

April 3. Study recommenced. Rain kept us all indoors in the afternoon—all, that is, except some photographers who went to Sproxton to exercise their art.

April 6. Sunday. The scaffolding poles which have been ornamenting the nave of the church for the past few weeks, have now been transferred to the sanctuary, so that High Mass has been rendered almost impossible. We are, therefore, to have Low Mass instead, until the decorations are complete.

April 8. The Fifth and Sixth Forms played the Rest of the School at rounders.

April 11. Some of the XI practised cricket for the first time to-day, in view of the Colts' Match.

April 13. A match between the Government and the Opposition was arranged; the game was exciting, as rounders always is, the Government winning by a narrow margin.

April 15. As wet weather prevented out-of-door games those boys who were musically inclined gave an impromptu concert in the study.



April 16. Voting for Captain took place in the evening, resulting in the re-election of H. Byrne.

His Ministry was as follows:—

Secretary	- - - -	W. J. Lambert
Librarians of Upper Library-		{ J. Gomez J. Darby
Officemen	- - - -	{ J. Smith G. Chamberlain
Gasmen	- - - -	{ J. Kevill J. Nevill
Clothesman	- - - -	F. Hayes
Commonmen	- - - -	{ E. Pilkington C. de Normanville
Collegemen	- - - -	{ P. Williams P. Smith E. Taunton
Librarian of Lower Library	-	H. Chamberlain
Vigilarii " " " "	-	{ M. Neville A. Weighill
Librarian of Reading Room	-	A. Rosenthal
Vigilarii " " " "	-	{ R. McGuinness P. Bentley

W. Lambert was elected Captain of the Cricket XI.

April 22. F. Dawson returned to College after a tour in Italy.

April 23. Feast of St. George. An extension of recreation was given in the afternoon till 5.30.

April 27. The first set game of cricket was played this afternoon.

May 1. Month-day. The Cricket XI commenced the season by a victory over the Colts. The form displayed in batting and bowling bodes well for a successful season, but the fielding left much to be desired. R. Dowling played a very good innings of 42. Score:—

FIRST ELEVEN.

E. Pilkington, b W. B. Hayes	6
O. Williams, b P. Williams	20
R. Dowling, c Barton, b Williams	42
G. A. McDermott, b W. B. Hayes	5
W. J. Lambert, b W. B. Hayes	18

H. K. Byrne, c McKenna, b McCormack	18
G. H. Chamberlain, lbw, b McCormack	8
D. O. M. Traynor, c Crean, b McCormack	2
J. H. Nevill, b W. B. Hayes	4
H. de Normanville, c McCormack, b W. B. Hayes	12
G. Oberhoffer, not out	4
Extras	6
Total	145

COLTS.

W. Heffernan, run out	2
A. Neal, b Nevill	10
J. McKenna, c Traynor, b Oberhoffer	0
P. Williams, b Oberhoffer	13
W. Crean, b Oberhoffer	0
W. B. Hayes, b Nevill	0
F. Hayes, c de Normanville, b Nevill	10
P. Lambert, b Oberhoffer	4
C. de Normanville, b Williams	6
F. Barton, c Dowling, b Oberhoffer	0
C. Primavesi, run out	0
A. McCormack, c Oberhoffer, b Nevill	2
J. Kevell, b Nevill	0
B. Rochford, c de Normanville, b Oberhoffer	1
L. Bam, c Lambert, b Williams	8
M. Neville, b Williams	0
J. Darby, c Dowling, b Williams	2
E. Crean, not out	0
Extras	3
Total	61

May 3. The church has been cleared of the scaffolding at last. Some of us have turned art critics and look very wise about it—but it is really very beautiful.

May 8. Ascension Thursday. Pontifical High Mass in the morning. The XI went to Castle Howard for the first away match of the season. It was not an ideal day for cricket, as the cold east-wind which prevailed was frequently accompanied by showers. Castle Howard batted first and made 69. The XI began badly, but a stand for the fifth wicket brought the total to 68. Eventually we won by 26 runs. Score:—

CASTLE HOWARD.

H. Smith, run out	14
J. Thompson, b A. B. Hayes	11
W. Hall, b A. B. Hayes	1
B. Dickenson, c Powell, b G. Oberhoffer	5
G. Calvert, b A. B. Hayes	0
W. Goodwill, b G. Oberhoffer	1
H. Coates, b A. B. Hayes	7
Rev. J. Davies, b O. Williams	14
C. Luckhurst, b A. B. Hayes	5
J. Harper, run out	5
F. Wilson, not out	0
Extras	6
Total	69

AMPLEFORTH COLLEGE.

Rev. G. E. Hind, c Wilson, b Harper	2
Rev. W. B. Hayes, lbw, b Wilson	10
R. P. Dowling, b Wilson	1
Rev. A. B. Hayes, c Wilson, b Smith	15
O. M. J. Williams, b Dickenson	14
W. J. Lambert, b Dickenson	23
F. J. Dawson, c Calvert, b Goodwill	18
Rev. A. M. Powell, b Wilson	3
H. K. Byrne, lbw, b Wilson	1
G. Oberhoffer, not out	0
J. Nevill, b Wilson	0
Extras	8
Total	95

May 11. Bishop Hedley ordained Bes. Lawrence, Placid, and Hildebrand to the Subdiaconate. In the afternoon several boys were confirmed.

May 12. The headmasters arrived for the Conference.

May 15. The Bishop of Southwark was kind enough to obtain play for us to-day.

There was a match away against Bootham, York. Their total of 75 was passed with the loss of one wicket, E. Pilkington being not out 31. Score:—

BOOTHAM.

Carter, b O. Williams	5
Gibson, c Dawson, b O. Williams	0
Taylor, c Dowling, b O. Williams	8
Whiting, b O. Williams	2

Hunt, b O. Williams	8
Littleboy 1, run out	15
Wright, b J. Nevill	9
Thompson, b O. Williams	12
Littleboy 2, b O. Williams	0
Beck, not out	0
Smithells, run out	17
Extras	8
Total	75

AMPELFORTE COLLEGE.

E. Pilkington, not out	31
O. Williams, c Littleboy, b Whiting	23
R. Dowling, not out	15
F. Dawson	
W. Lambert	
G. McDermott	
H. Byrne	
D. Traynor	
H. de Normanville	
J. Nevill	
A. McCormack	
Extras	8
Total	77

} did not bat.

The Bootham 2nd XI came here, but not caring to face the elements went away again.

May 18. Whit Sunday. The holidays opened cold and wet. Set games were played.

May 19. A match was played here against the Hull Zingari. Winning the toss, they batted first, and kept us in the field for half-an-hour, during which they put together 34. We were dismissed for 70. In the second innings they made 76 for nine wickets. Score:—

HULL ZINGARI.

F. Till, c Pilkington, b O. Williams	12
T. Walford, c Williams, b A. B. Hayes	6
G. Dalling, c Lambert, b A. B. Hayes	0
L. Charlton, b A. B. Hayes	0
B. Askew, b A. B. Hayes	1
H. Johnson, b O. Williams	4
J. Robinson, bow, b O. Williams	0
Rawston, hit wicket, b O. Williams	2

J. Scott, b O. Williams	0
K. Sissons, c and b Williams	0
T. Potter, not out	9
Total	34

AMPELFORTE COLLEGE.

Rev. G. E. Hind, c and b Walford	12
Rev. W. B. Hayes, c Till, b Dalling	0
R. P. Dowling, c Robinson, b Dalling	9
Rev. A. B. Hayes, c and b Walford	5
F. J. Dawson, st Sisson, b Dalling	4
O. M. Williams, b Rawston	0
P. L. Buggins, c Sissons, b Rawston	8
W. J. Lambert, c and b Rawston	5
E. Pilkington, b Walford	2
H. K. Byrne, c Robinson, b Rawston	8
J. Nevill, not out	0
Extras	8
Total	70

May 20. The Choir went to Rievaulx for the day.

May 24. The Photographic Society went to spend the afternoon at Coxwold.

May 26. Feast of St. Augustine. High Mass at a quarter to nine. The Government in office last term were given an outing to Havenby. Having refreshed the outer man in the river there, they did the like to the inner at Helmsley. Benediction was given in the evening.

May 29. *Corpus Christi*. Fr. Abbot pontificated and there was a procession through the grounds. In the evening there was Pontifical Vespers and Benediction. A match was played against Kirby Moorside, which we lost. The batting of the XI was very poor. Score:—

AMPELFORTE COLLEGE.

Rev. G. E. Hind, b Anderson	22
Rev. W. B. Hayes, b Atkinson	2
O. M. Williams, b Atkinson	0
Rev. A. B. Hayes, b Anderson	2
R. P. Dowling, c Anderson, b Atkinson	10
Rev. P. L. Buggins, c Anderson, b Atkinson	1
F. J. Dawson, run out	13

W. J. Lambert, b Anderson	4
E. Pilkington, b Atkinson	0
H. K. Byrns, not out	7
J. Nevill, b Atkinson	11
Extras	12
Total	84

KIRBY MOORSIDE.

J. C. Frank, jun., hit wickets, b W. B. Hayes	23
H. Seely, b A. B. Hayes	2
W. P. Frank, c Lambert, b W. B. Hayes	10
T. King, c A. Hayes, b O. Williams	15
T. Covesdale, not out	20
H. Kutter, b O. Williams	2
A. Marton, c Lambert, b W. B. Hayes	1
W. M. Atkinson, bow, b A. B. Hayes	4
F. Dobson, b J. Nevill	6
T. Anderson, c Pilkington, b J. Nevill	4
T. H. Pouter, b J. Nevill	0
Extras	16
Total	115

May 31. An eleven had been chosen to play Ampleforth Village to-day. As the Villagers were unable to play, a second team was picked to take their place. The feature of the game was a remarkable innings of 87 by A. Neal.

June 1. The *Te Deum* was sung at Benediction in thanksgiving for the conclusion of the war in South Africa.

June 5. Month-day. Match here v. Pocklington. When their innings had closed for 71 we thought we had the game in our hands. The XI failed miserably, however, and were all out for 59. Our defeat caused universal disappointment. Score:—

POCKLINGTON.

H. Gathorne, c Traynor, b J. Nevill	12
J. C. Dalton, run out	7
S. E. Smith, b J. Nevill	0
L. A. Gilbert, c W. Lambert, b J. Nevill	8
E. D. Gilbert, c and b G. Oberhoffer	17
C. M. B. Skene, b G. Oberhoffer	0
F. Mitchell, c and b G. Oberhoffer	12
W. Randal, not out	3
M. E. Sherwood, c Williams, b G. Oberhoffer	4

C. Gathorne, st Dowling, b Williams	1
F. Robson, st Dowling, b Williams	0
Extras	7
Total	71

AMPLEFORTH COLLEGE.

O. Williams, run out	2
E. Pilkington, b F. Mitchell	5
A. Neal, b F. Mitchell	14
R. Dowling, b F. Mitchell	0
F. J. Dawson, b F. Mitchell	2
W. J. Lambert, b F. Mitchell	0
H. K. Byrns, b E. D. Gilbert	54
J. E. Smith, b E. D. Gilbert	1
D. Traynor, b E. D. Gilbert	0
J. Nevill, not out	2
G. Oberhoffer, b E. D. Gilbert	4
Extras	15
Total	59

June 9. At drill to-day we were thrown into a state of confusion by the introduction of the new method of turning, &c.

June 12. A match was commenced to-day against St. John's College, but after two of their wickets had fallen for 35, it was decided to abandon the game owing to rain.

June 15. Sunday. The rain kept us indoors all day.

June 18. Fr. Abbot's feast was kept to-day. A match was played against Harrogate College, in which we were easily victorious. Our innings was chiefly remarkable for the free hitting of Fr. Bernard and F. Dawson. Score:—

AMPLEFORTH COLLEGE.

Rev. G. E. Hind, c Malling, b Barker	8
O. M. Williams, b Thorpe	4
R. P. Dowling, c Sellers, b Barker	1
F. J. Dawson, bow, b Thorpe	31
Rev. A. B. Hayes, c Malling, b Barker	11
H. K. Byrns, c Gibson, b Barker	0
Rev. P. L. Baggins, b Barker	10
W. J. Lambert, run out	11
Rev. W. B. Hayes, not out	27
A. Neal, b Thorpe	3
J. Nevill, bow, b Thorpe	0
Extras	7

Total 113

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HARBOROUGH COLLEGE.

Mr. Lees, c Nevill, b Dawson	22
Mailing, b Dawson	19
Ganderson, c Nevill, b P. L. Buggins	6
Clough, b Dawson	0
Sellers, b J. Nevill	1
Mr. Murdoch, c W. B. Hayes, b J. Nevill	6
Thorpe, not out	8
Barker, lbw, b W. B. Hayes	0
Margrove, b P. L. Buggins	0
Gibson, b W. B. Hayes	1
Extras	2
					—
					Total 65

June 19. At the kind invitation of Col. Thorney a party dined at the Volunteer Camp in Duncombe Park. They returned greatly impressed with camp life.

June 21. A match was played against Ampleforth Village. Their total of 53 was easily passed, O. Williams being not out 71. W. Lambert hit with great power and precision—his 52 including eleven fours. Score:—

AMPLEFORTH VILLAGE.

R. Ludley, b J. Nevill	10
T. Elseworth, b Williams	0
J. Fox, run out	0
H. Corder, b Williams	0
R. Maynard, b Williams	0
H. Brown, c Pilkington, b F. Dawson	10
J. Fox, c Williams b F. Dawson	15
H. Fox, b Williams	9
Metcalf, not out	1
J. Chase, b Dawson	0
W. Preston, lbw, b Dawson	0
Extras	8
					—
					Total 53

AMPLEFORTH COLLEGE.

O. Williams, not out	71
H. Byrne, b J. Fox	1
R. P. Dowling, b Brown	5
F. Dawson, b Brown	0

W. J. Lambert, c	Ja. Fox, b	Jo. Fox	52
P. Lambert, b	Ja. Fox	4
E. Pilkington, b	Ja. Fox	0
J. Nevill, not out	27
A. Neal	} did not bat.				
J. Smith					
D. Traynor					
Extras	4
Total (for 6 wickets)					164

June 24. Both our elevens were successful to-day against St Peter's, the 1st XI here winning by 100 runs after declaring with six wickets down. Score:—

AMPLEFORTH COLLEGE 1ST XI.

O. M. Williams, b	Cadle	25
E. Pilkington, b	Cadle	20
F. J. Dawson, b	Cadle	0
G. MacDermott, b	Yeld	7
W. J. Lambert, b	Yeld	48
R. F. Dowling, c and b	Yeld	50
J. E. Smith, not out	22
H. K. Byrns, not out	6
A. Neal	} did not bat.				
P. J. Lambert					
G. Oberhoffer					
Extras	14
Total					184

ST. PETER'S 1ST XI.

E. E. Yeld, b	G. Oberhoffer	1
L. M. Cadle, c and b	O. Williams	14
G. A. Fisher, c	A. Neal b	O. Williams	8
T. C. Newton, c	Williams, b	G. Oberhoffer	7
M. H. Roy, c	Lambert, b	Williams	9
W. H. Crosthwaite, b	Lambert	16
G. J. Armstrong, b	Williams	4
P. H. Yeld, b	Oberhoffer	1
H. B. Loughton, b	Williams	4
M. Richards, b	Williams	17
H. R. Phillips, not out	2
Total					83



AMPLEFORTH COLLEGE 2ND XI.

W. Crean, b St. George	28
G. Chamberlain, b Farrow	6
D. Traynor, b Jones	12
J. McKenna, c Bulmer b Jones	2
T. Barton, b Jones	4
J. Kevill, c Baldwin, b Greenhow	19
H. de Normanville not out	21
A. McCormack c Clark, b Crowther	17
B. Rochford, c Baldwin, b Jones	2
P. Williams, c Crowther, b Jones	3
L. Bera, c Clark, b Jones	3
Extras	6
Total	123

ST. PETER'S 2ND XI.

A. Clark, c and b McCormack	8
Jones, lbw, b Williams	0
Newton, run out	9
Baldwin, run out	0
St. George, c Kevill, b Williams	0
J. E. Farrow, b McCormack	8
C. R. Mossop, b McCormack	1
S. Crowther, b McCormack	0
R. N. Greenhow, c Crean, b T. Barton	4
R. H. Verini, c Traynor, b McCormack	0
E. S. Bulmer, not out	2
Extras	4
Total	38

June 25. We went to Goremire for our annual outing to-day. It was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

The XI had a fixture with Hymers' School at Hull. All interest in the match was at an end before lunch, as their total of 22 had been passed without loss. Score:—

HYMERS' SCHOOL.

England, c Traynor, b Oberhoffer	7
Mackrell, b Williams	0
Brown, c Williams, b Oberhoffer	9
Smith, c W. Lambert, b Oberhoffer	0
Johnson, c Neal, b Oberhoffer	1
Young, b Oberhoffer	0
Beynon, c P. Lambert, b Williams	0
Storehouse, b Williams	0

Fris-Smith, b Williams	0
Cooper, b Williams	0
Tomlinson, not out	0
Extras	—
Total	22

AMPLEFORTH COLLEGE.

O. Williams, c and b Beynon	36
E. Pilkington, b Cooper	24
F. J. Dawson, lbw, b Beynon	43
R. P. Dowling, run out	4
W. J. Lambert, c and b F. Smith	21
P. Lambert, run out	7
H. Byrne, b F. Smith	8
J. Smith, b F. Smith	0
A. Neal, c England, b F. Smith	2
D. Traynor, not out	6
G. Oberhoffer, c Johnson, b F. Smith	0
Extras	11
Total	162

June 26. A High Mass of Intercession was sung for the recovery of the King. Play was given from twelve o'clock until half-past five for the match against the Religious. The XI were beaten by four runs; but we were unlucky in having one of our men hurt at a critical moment. W. Lambert played a great game for his side. Score:—

RELIGIOUS.

Rev G. E. Hind, b G. Oberhoffer	15
Rev. B. Turner, c P. Lambert, b Williams	0
Rev. B. McLaughlin, b Williams	0
Rev. A. Hind, b Williams	9
Rev. P. L. Buggins, b Oberhoffer	1
Rev. A. B. Hayes, c R. Dowling, b Williams	16
Rev. P. Doan, run out	10
Rev. W. B. Hayes, b Williams	21
Rev. V. H. Dawes, c Byrne, b Oberhoffer	1
Rev. B. Primavesi, b Oberhoffer	5
Rev. D. Wilson, not out	8
Extras	13
Total	99

187 XI.

O. Williams, b P. L. Buggins
E. C. Pilkington, bow, b P. L. Buggins	12
F. J. Dawson, bow, b A. B. Hayes	10
R. P. Dowling, c McLaughlin, b A. B. Hayes	5
W. J. Lambert, b P. L. Buggins	40
P. Lambert, run out	2
H. K. Byrne, c A. B. Hayes, b P. L. Buggins	2
G. MacDermott, retired hurt	0
J. E. Smith, not out	8
D. Traynor, b W. B. Hayes	0
G. Oberholzer, bow, b W. B. Hayes	4
Extras	4
Total	95

June 29. Sunday. Feast of SS. Peter and Paul. Set games were played.

June 30. The long-delayed bonfire in honour of His Majesty's Coronation was lit after supper. During the blaze, a band organized by Br. Hildebrand played, and the boys sang their various national anthems.

July 3. Month-day. A return match was played at Pocklington, resulting in a draw. Score—

POCKLINGTON.

H. Gathorne, b G. Oberholzer	10
J. C. Dalton, c P. Lambert, b Williams	13
F. Mitchell, bow, b Oberholzer	2
E. D. Gilbert, c Dowling, b F. Dawson	62
W. Rendell, b Williams	7
C. Gathorne, not out	59
L. A. Gilbert, c Dawson, b Oberholzer	10
C. M. B. Skene, bow, b Oberholzer	13
M. E. Sherwood, not out	6
L. P. Smith } did not bat.	
T. Robinson }	
Extras	16
Total	139

Innings declared closed.

AMPLEFORTH COLLEGE.

O. Williams, c Sherwood, b Gilbert	27
E. Pilkington, run out	13

A. Neal, b Gathorne	7
F. Dawson, not out	17
R. P. Dowling, c Gathorne, b Gilbert	3
W. Lambert, b Gathorne	2
G. MacDermott, not out	2
J. Smith	
H. Byrne	
P. Lambert	
G. Oberholzer	
Extras	4
Total (for 6 wks.)	69

July 8. We met the Helmsley Cricket team here in dismal weather. We declared with three wickets down, leaving them to win in an hour and a-quarter. Seventy was registered in twenty-five minutes, but after that their wickets fell fast, and we were left victorious two minutes before time. Score—

AMPLEFORTH COLLEGE.

O. Williams, b Aydon	50
E. Pilkington, bow, b Aydon	12
Rev. G. E. Hind, b Anonley	5
F. J. Dawson, not out	5
Rev. P. L. Buggins, not out	41
R. P. Dowling	
Rev. A. B. Hayes	
Rev. W. B. Hayes	
W. J. Lambert	
J. E. Smith	
H. K. Byrne	
Extras	15
Total	139

Innings declared closed.

HELMSLEY.

E. Trezza, b Williams	4
H. Cholmley, c and b Williams	27
Rev. Drew, c Dawson, b W. B. Hayes	27
M. Milton, b Williams	0
C. Aydon, c G. E. Hind, b J. Smith	10
F. Dawker, b W. B. Hayes	0
H. Anonley, b W. B. Hayes	8
Dr. Blair, b J. Smith	0
T. King, b W. B. Hayes	0

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A. Neal, c Lambert, b Williams	8
T. Barker, not out	0
Extras	5
Total					99

July 12. Just as we are going to press the following match was played:—Gilling challenged the 1st XI, and, batting first, made 74. The match was won for the loss of one wicket. The score was 422 (W. Lambert 282, O. Williams 119, both not out). This is the largest total that has been made on our ground, and W. Lambert's 282 the highest individual score.

H. K. BYRNE,
O. M. WILLIAMS.



Notes.

The event of the Term has been the Annual Conference of Catholic Headmasters, which was held at Ampleforth in the middle of May. We were proud to have the privilege of entertaining such distinguished guests. We hope and believe they were pleased with their visit. Perhaps there was ever so little of the feeling that we were under inspection whilst they were with us, but we were not uneasy on that account; we knew that our visitors were as anxious to be pleased as we were to give them pleasure. We were glad to have Bishop Hedley with us to augment our greetings and crown our welcome. He is, and always has been, so much our friend, that his presence among our guests was a help and encouragement to us.

We could have wished the weather had shared in our enthusiasm. Rain and snow and biting winds were not what we thought we had a right to expect. It was wholly inconsiderate of the merry month of May to choose this occasion to unload upon us its surplus Winter Stock. We had no particular use for it at the time. The drive to Ricvaux Abbey swathed in rugs and mackintoshes was like playing cricket in top-coats. No doubt it was healthy and invigorating. But we prefer our aesthetician served up warm. A garnish of moonlight may be the correct thing for ruins, but only as a summer dish. A shivering enthusiast is an anomaly.

Reading the very full report of the Conference—it is the excellence of this printed report which makes us confine our observations to a mere record of the visit—it seems to us to be distinctly complimentary to our modern Catholic students. They are presumed to be all that they should be. We dare not doubt that they are. But what a change from the old days when the

one settled subject of discussion at a meeting of Headmasters was the use of "the Rodde, the sword that must keep the Schole in obedience and the Scholer in good order"? Old Roger Ascham, the gentle "Scholmaster," would have been delighted to have had part and place in such a Conference. Not a word about athletics and its interference with work, and not a word suggesting the possibility of a naughty boy! We should like to take some of the credit of this excellent state of things to ourselves, and to think that, by our example in our student days, we helped to begin the tradition of youthful excellence. We are sadly afraid, however, that, in spite of the refining influences of "Dancing and the use of the Globes," our masters in old times were wont to consider us as "young barbarians," whether "all in play" or all in study. We may have "felt good," as the Americans say, but we do not seem to have looked it.

We are glad to hear that "golf" has been introduced into the *curriculum*. Hitherto it has only been included in the course of Tertiary Education, as we may call it. As a finishing element, in the matter of education, it has advantages over "Dancing and the use of the Globes." To teach the young idea how to "putt" is quite as worthy an ambition as the one the poet mentions. In these days, when games are becoming so mechanical—scientific is the incorrect word—golf remains a test of intelligence, especially to the less-practised player. This we discovered when we were devoted to the game. In the matter of the counting, it was always quite easy for the expert to reckon up his score; it was a question of simple addition and subtraction. But in our case, not being altogether an adept, to make a satisfactory reckoning we found it advisable to bring the higher mathematics into use. Also in the matter of difficult "lies," as they are called, a little intelligence proved more serviceable on occasion than the "mashie"—particularly when our partner was not looking our way.

Of the moral influence of golf we are not qualified to speak. Unfortunately our golf training was not extended enough for us to form any habits at all—good, bad, or indifferent. We never by any chance succeeded in doing the same thing twice over in the

same way. With a little more practice we might perhaps have acquired the habit of losing the ball. Our skill in "foozling" was a little uncommon, but we do not like to boast of it. Generally, we surprised others—we were never surprised ourselves—by doing exactly what we were not expected to do.

Mr. Dees and Mr. Fred Marwood deserve the thanks of all Amplefordians for introducing the royal game amongst us. Once introduced it is generally believed to be able to take care of itself. But there was a time when our long, thick, matted, Yorkshire couch-grass threatened to be too much for it. Thanks to Mr. Marwood's fostering care the perils of its infancy are over. Recently, Mr. Marwood has presented the Golf Club with a mowing machine. It may now be said to be in clover, with its railed-off greens, its teeing grounds and sand-boxes and other up-to-date appliances. Our thanks to Mr. Dees, Mr. Marwood, Mr. Perry and other benefactors.

Our readers will remember that the Bishop of Newport, about three years ago, laid before the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences the case of the large Relic of St. Lawrence the Martyr (the fore-arm) which came into his possession a short time before. The Bishop asked "Whether it was lawful to pay public veneration to this reputed Relic of St. Lawrence?" After a most searching investigation, after carefully considering all the grounds of objection, and going into the history of the Relic at Parma (whence it came to the Bishop), with the help of special experts, the Congregation has come to a decision which it announces in these words (July 5th, 1902): "*Non constare de non-authenticitate præfate Reliquiæ. Potest perinde Amplitudo Vestra, quoad cultum ejusdem, id facere quod in Domino expedire iudicaverit.*" That is:—"There is no proof of the non-authenticity of the Relic. As to its cultus, therefore, Your Lordship can act as you consider expedient."

This reply will be considered extremely satisfactory to all who understand the style of the Congregation and the circumstances of the case. This Relic can be traced back to the time of Charles V, and, practically, to the Middle Ages. There are very few of the dispersed relics of the ancient martyrs that can be now

authenticated by positive original evidence. But it has always been the rule in the Church that evidence of immemorial cultus, in the absence of positive proof of error, is sufficient to warrant public veneration. This great Relic had been questioned by weighty authorities. The Sacred Congregation of Indulgences has gone most fully into all the difficulties, historical and other. The investigation would fill a good-sized volume, and we hope at some future time to give an abstract of it. Meanwhile, we may rejoice that this splendid Relic has passed through the most minute criticism, and that the official Roman Congregation has pronounced that they have found nothing to invalidate the tradition of so many centuries. Few of the Relics in our Churches can have so much as this said in their favour. It is believed that it is the intention of the Bishop of Newport to present the Relic to Ampleforth—and we venture to express the hope that it will be fittingly welcomed.

The Shakespere Play, which had come to be looked upon almost as a part of the Exhibition programme, does not appear this year. It is probably as well to have a change now and then, and no doubt it is a relief both to masters and boys who are preparing for the public examinations not to find their time curtailed by "play practice." To those in charge of the studies this inroad on the time and energy of the persons engaged, coming, as it does, so near the time of examination, must be a matter of some concern. On the other hand, everybody would wish to see a Shakespere play a regular part of the year's work. Could the difficulty be met by having the play on the eve of the departure for the Christmas holidays? If the time between the summer vacation and the end of that term were considered long enough for preparation by those responsible for the play, it might be a not unwelcome method of utilising those long winter evenings of recreation days. It might be worth while, even if we had to dispense with some of the elaborate accessories of "staging" that seem to be in general demand at present. We were reminded a short time ago by the Shakesperian scholar, Professor Bradley, that in Shakespere's own time the dramatic interest prevailed over the spectacular. This he proved from a description of the Shakespere theatre.

It was, he told us, horseshoe in shape, the stage running out, as a platform, into the arena. In front, and at the sides, of this platform the "groundlings" took up their position. Along the sides of the horseshoe ran the boxes which rose in tiers to the roof. The arena was exposed to the air. There was no curtain and no side-scenes. At the back of the stage was the "tiring-room," and above this was a kind of second stage, often projecting in a balcony. A curtain, we believe, hung in front of this. This proved effective for dealing with "situations." Stage-properties there were, denoting armies, cities, rivers, etc., but these were dragged on and off without any waste of time "between the scenes." Scene followed scene immediately, and thus was rendered possible that passage from the serious to the comic and back again that is the despair of modern stage managers. Placed as the actor was in the midst of his audience, he could speak quickly and be heard by all. There was, hence, no necessity for cutting down the speeches, a proceeding, in fact, the audience would never have tolerated. The action of the play went on briskly, the whole occupying not more than two hours. The Elizabethans had, however, one weakness. They dearly loved a noise. Thunder is a not infrequent stage direction—cannon go off at every possible opportunity—alarums are sounded without any apparent call for them. Woe betide the stage manager who omitted a single item! *Nous avons changé tout cela*, but what have we not lost by the change!

Goremire day came off this year a little later than usual. The day was a glorious one and the view from Sutton Bank was perhaps richer than usual, owing to the extra month's vegetation. We have come to look upon the spot so much as "our own," that we are surprised to hear people, from a place so distant as London, referring to it. The following extract is from a London paper:—

"Where is the finest road-view in England to be obtained? The question was asked in a little company of cyclists the other day. Opinions varied, for one's impressions of a view depend so much on the circumstances. Amongst the first dozen, however, I would place that from Hartside Height, on the western road above Penrith, from Blackstone Edge, on the borders of Lanca-

shire and Yorkshire, from Taddington Pike, in Devonshire, from the Ridgeway of Warwickshire, over Malvern, from the hill going into Oxford, and those from the hills above Portsmouth and Folkestone. These are all scenes that live in my memory. But the grandest view in England, to my mind, is that from Sutton Cliff, on the Scarborough to Thirsk road. Here the road suddenly dives down the side of a precipice, at the foot of which the great Vale of York lies, a paradise of rural beauty. In the background the hills pile one on another in blue-black brilliance, through the haze the towers of York rise towards the sky, and all below are dotted the little farmsteads that breathe an air of rich prosperity. Under the setting sun it is a glorious picture: For sheer beauty, as distinct from grandeur, I would give the palm to the view of Canterbury as you descend towards the city by the hill on the road from Blean. The subject is one of interesting retrospect, however, and each will have his or her own preference. But having visited most of the beauty spots of England a-wheel, the places mentioned above come most readily to my mind."

We were pleased to find in a MS. of Fr. Baker's *Treatise on the English Mission*, which we had by us, a water-mark, slightly varied, but identical in type with one of the mystic Rosicrucian emblems in Mr. Harold Bayley's book. It is a "foolscap," and put side by side, in our illustration, with Mr. Bayley's crushed and distorted design, tells its own story. We do not doubt that the paper of the MS. came from the paper-mill at Dieulouard. This is an interesting fact in itself. The reader will notice the sign like the figure four standing on three balls. We have often wondered what is the meaning of this symbol. One meets with it everywhere, not only in water-marks but in printers' devices and masons' hieroglyphics. Frequently it stands on a single ball. During the building of the new monastery, we saw this same sign cut by a mason on the back of a stone which he had just finished dressing. It was part of the canopy over the statue of St. Lawrence. To the symbol the mason had added his own initials. We thought that perhaps we could learn its meaning from one who had it in ordinary use. But the mason could only say it was his mark.

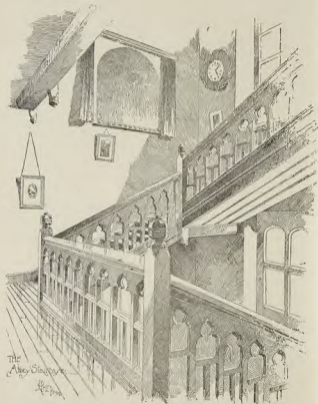
Mr. Bayley offers an interpretation of the symbol, but, as we think, an impossible one. He presumes that it is a "four." He says: "The number '4,' which appears above the globous triangle is a philosophical figure expressing the four elements, the four winds, the four seasons, and the four dimensions of space (were there four recognised dimensions of space?). It denotes the Universe, and by conjunction with the three upon which it is based we get the mystic number seven, which is generally held to signify completion or perfection—God supporting His Universe." The chief difficulty in the way of accepting this interpretation—there are many—is that the symbol seems to have been in use at times and in places where the accepted sign of four was wholly different, and took the form of a simple loop. Can it be that this mysterious sign is an elementary drawing of a vane or weathercock? It is always perched upon something—the three globes probably represent a hill, as in the calvary symbol—and most often surmounts a cross. Is it made use of by the freemasons of the present day? Anyway, it is far older than Lord Bacon, far older even than the Rosicrucians, who are only supposed to have come into existence in the middle of the 16th century.

We owe our reproduction of the portrait of Dr. Elgar to the kindness of Mr. Ramsden, of Leeds and London. The photograph from which it is taken is unique and much valued.

In an interesting article on Westminster in the *Catholic Fireside*, Mr. Dudley Baxter takes note of the Ampleforth succession to the rights of the famous Abbey. He writes: "Through this last survivor of the old community, Dom Sigebert Buckley, Westminster Abbey's spiritual existence was perpetuated and handed down abroad in exile during penal days. The community now flourishes once more in England, at Ampleforth Abbey, near York—the legitimate heir and lineal continuation of the royal foundation, the "West Minster," by the Thames, dedicated to St. Peter."

"Under Edward the Sixth the Mass was no more;
Edward the Seventh the Mass shall restore."

We are not sure if King Edward VII has the power, even if



he has the will, to make this old prophecy come true. But the passage in the *Catholic Fireside* has raised hopes in the breast of one who describes himself, in a letter to Fr. Abbot, as "now fifty-two, and an old bachelor, and living quite alone with my books and music, little if anything the richer in pocket for my thirty-seven years of toiling and mooling in the building trade (I am a carpenter, joiner, and builder's foreman); but if in my time the Abbey should be restored to real life, under the loving guardianship of your ancient Order, perhaps you might find me some suitable little post as master carpenter, joiner, or clerk of works to the Abbey. I am well skilled and experienced in the building trade. . . . I would to heaven that a certain rusty and grey-haired carpenter of London could help, in no matter how small and obscure a manner, to restore the Abbey of Westminster to its rightful owners—the Order of the Benedictine Monks of England!

"Now Doedalus, behold, by fate assigned,
A task proportioned to thy mighty mind."

We are afraid the task is beyond the power even of a Doedalus, backed by a majority in the House of Commons. But we are grateful for the expression of good goodwill.

Mr. Francis A. Moore, the writer of the letter, mentions, among other things, an article in the *Daily Telegraph* of Friday, June 27th, which accuses the old monks of Westminster of robbing portions of the Regalia and other treasures deposited in the Abbey Church, and speaks of Abbot Wenlock and forty monks being committed to the Tower by Edward I as a punishment. He asks "Is the story true, I wonder?" As we understand, the monks committed to prison were ten and not forty, and they were liberated by the King, who declared the imprisonment unjust—the Abbot was not sent to prison at all—the accusation, seems to have been wholly unfounded.

There was a suspicion that the bonfire prepared for the Coronation day would not keep in the hot weather. It was therefore consumed whilst it was fresh. A scratch band, organised by Fr. Hildebrand, played the usual loyal airs during the entertainment.

We offer our congratulations to Br. Placid Dolan on his getting a Second Class in the recent Mathematical Moderations at Oxford. He is the only candidate for "schools" from our Oxford House this year. We also congratulate Br. Bruno Hicks on his Second Class in Part I of the History Tripos at Cambridge. In connection with University news, one cannot pass, without notice, the success of a Catholic at Oxford. F. de Zulueta came up to Oxford from the Oratory School, Edgbaston, in 1897, as senior scholar of his year at New College. In Classical Moderations he obtained a First Class, and last year won the same distinction in Literae Humaniores. This year he read "Law," and in the recent lists his name again appeared in the First Class. There were only two names in this class, Zulueta's and Raymond Asquith's, both of them "Greats" men of last year. We understand that both are aiming at Fellowships, and there seems little doubt that both will be successful. We congratulate Zulueta and the Oratory School on the brilliant results.

Oxford has for long been distinguished as the stronghold of Greek, as a requirement from all candidates for entrance to the University. There has always been a small party in favour of abolishing this requirement, and the question is again to be brought forward. The increasing cosmopolitanism of the University, to be further developed by the advent of some two hundred Rhodes' scholars in the near future, is making for a more liberal interpretation of the conditions of entrance. Metaphors about "flyblown phylacteries" are in the air. If Greek were sacrificed, the change would be a momentous one, affecting not merely the course and character of the studies at Oxford, but also those of the public schools of the country. Oxford might then become the national university, but it would not be the Oxford of the past. There is room, no doubt, for a national university, but surely there is no need to destroy Oxford in the attainment of it. The change is not likely to be brought about at present, but it is interesting to know that the following resolutions will be submitted to Congregation in the Michaelmas term:—

1. That candidates shall not be required to offer both Greek and Latin in the examination in Stated Subjects in Responsions.
2. That all candidates shall be required to pass in two out of the four following languages, Greek, Latin, French, and German, one of the two being either Greek or Latin.
3. That in Greek and Latin an option shall be allowed between prescribed books and unprepared translations.
4. That in French and German the examination shall be in unprepared translations and prose composition only.
5. That the Grammar Paper shall be discontinued, but the papers on Greek prepared books shall contain grammar questions on the passages set.
6. That for those who offer Latin, prose composition shall be retained.

If the first resolution is not carried, the others will not be put.

Examination successes in the middle of the year are not altogether unusual, and yet are always exceptionally welcome items of news. In January and March of this year, Charlie Quinn and Goldie Fishwick each took a first class in the Intermediate Law Examination. The distinction of classes in this examination is a novelty recently introduced, and the first class is equivalent to an honours pass. In the Irish Preliminary Law Examination, held in May, Thomas H. Heffernan was gazetted first on the list in order of merit, and has been presented with a silver medal. John Quinn also has passed his final examination as a solicitor. Our sincere congratulations to all.

We give our best wishes, and the best wishes of all Amplefordians, to Mr. Hubert V. Blake, of Accrington, and his wife Marie, second daughter of Dr. J. M. Fox, on their recent marriage. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Anselm Fox, O.S.B. Both families are intimately connected with our Ampleforth Benedictines. May their life be a long and happy one.

There was a great celebration of Fr. Austin Wray's Silver Jubilee at Abergavenny on the 7th of April. Mr. J. A. Findlay

and Colonel Ivor Herbert, of Llanarth, spoke warmly of the work he had done during his residence in South Wales. The congregation presented him with a purse of money and an address. At Dowlais, a magnificent optical lantern, valued at £40, was presented to Fr. Corbishley as a recognition of his labours for the Young Men's Society of the town.

On Sunday, May 11th, Bishop Hedley ordained Mrs. Placid Dolan, Lawrence Buggins, and Hildebrand Dawes, Subdeacons. We wish to thank His Lordship for the interest he takes in our newly-arranged library, and for the gift of three volumes to complete our copy of the Bollandists.

Fr. Anselm Burge's Hymn Book, "Hymns, Plain Chant and Modern," has just been issued from the press. It is handy in size, cheap, and neatly and accurately printed. Besides the choicest of the Plain Chant hymns arranged with English words, we have Bishop Hedley's "Look down, O Mother Mary!"—for so many years the traditional Saturday night hymn at St. Lawrence's—and twenty-four of Fr. Burge's own compositions. To these our readers will not need to be introduced. They are, most of them, old favourites. We have long wished to see them in print. Such melodies as the "O come and mourn with me awhile" and "Mother of Mercy" have only to be heard to be adopted in place of the arrangements now in vogue. We are pleased to hear that Fr. Burge's hymns have already become popular in Liverpool. We hope they will make their way into general use throughout the kingdom, and be recognised as the standard melodies. There can be no question about their gracefulness and fitness of sentiment. The little volume may be obtained from Washbourne or from Burns & Oates.

Mr. Britten, in his *Book Notes*, could not refrain from having his "jibes and bouts" at the Hymnal. The public, however, will not forget that Mr. Britten himself made an adventure in the hymn book line, and that his production was, to say the least, not altogether successful. Half of the hymn tunes were lifted bodily from the Protestant "Hymns Ancient and Modern" and adapted to Catholic words. It is hardly a matter of surprise that his book was a disappointment.

The Westminster Cathedral has just been put to its first test of sonority by a concert given within its walls on June 13. The results from a musical point of view have been sufficiently discussed in the newspapers, and need not be repeated here. From the standpoint of acoustics the general verdict seemed to be that the reverberations of the building have a decidedly mellow and sweet effect upon the voices, but that the quantity of sound required to fill the vast space will be a serious difficulty in the future. Had twelve English Benedictines been selected to recite the Divine Office in its sanctuary, the utmost efforts of six upon a side might have produced the effect of the "whistling of a gentle air," but not much more.

We have received from the Government the handsome present of a large number of the Roll Series. It is a welcome and useful addition to our Library. We have to thank our friend, Mr. Milburn, of York, for the gift of two paintings—a Hogarth, and one attributed to Paul Veronese. These are not the first additions Mr. Milburn has made to our excellent collection of pictures.

The decorations of the church are completed—an admirable work. Work at the terrace on the hill is still continued. Someday, perhaps, the Ampleforth terrace on the hill, with its superb views, may become famous, and deserve to be classed with the unrivalled terrace at Rievaulx.

The *Bulletin de Saint Martin* has an appreciative note on the old Benedictine Colleges at Oxford. It holds them up as an example of Benedictine energy and devotion, which the Continental Monasteries failed to emulate. May our little Oxford Hall have a future which will make it a worthy successor of the famous Colleges of the past!

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the *Downside Review*, the *Dunai Magazine*, the *Stonyhurst Magazine*, the *Ratcliffian*, the *Bouconot Review*, the *Révue Benedictine*, the *Abbey Student*, the *Harvest*, the *Oratory School Magazine*, the *Raven*, the *Bardo*, the *St. Augustine's*, Ramsgate, the *Studien und Mittheilungen*, the *Oscition*, and *De Maria-Groci*.



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PART II.

On the Road.

LESS than a month after Dr. Marsh and his community were joined by Prior Sharrock and his fellow-prisoners at Acton Burnell, at a meeting, called by Fr. Gregory Cowley at Vernon Hall, attended by the two Priors, Bishop Sharrock, Dr. Brewer, Definitor of the Regimen, and Fr. Michael Lacon, Provincial of York, it was decided that St. Gregory's should remain at Acton Burnell and that St. Lawrence's should go elsewhere. Brindle was the place chosen by these Superiors of the Congregation as the future home of St. Lawrence's—chosen because it was freehold property, with a good house and church, in a pleasant and suitable neighbourhood.

Fr. Lawrence Hadley, who had served Brindle for nearly thirty years, consented to this arrangement. But when Dr. Marsh and his companion, Fr. Bede Burgess, went to take possession of the house, they found that he had either changed his mind or that others had changed it for him. A crowd of his parishioners had gathered around the house to receive the Laurentians, not with a welcome, but with insult and threats of violence. The doors were closed to them, and their confrère within refused to admit them, or even to quell the tumult and protect them. The two pioneers were compelled to retire and trudge ten miles to the house of Fr. Burgess' father, where they found

shelter for the night. For the sake of peace, President Cowley advised that the Brindle scheme should be abandoned, and Prior Marsh and his community had all England before them wherein to choose a resting place, or a home if they could find one.

Such a voyage of discovery Dr. Marsh was quite ready to undertake. He had the spirit of an adventurer. It was this which made him so prominent in this most unsettled period of English Benedictine history. He was not exactly a great man, though he did a great work. He was ready for anything. There was a time when he seemed to have the whole business of the Congregation upon his shoulders. Until he made a mistake—a serious pecuniary loss—no one in his own day, and few at any time, held so securely the confidence of his brethren. He was both Provincial of York and Prior of Ampleforth at one time, and both President and Prior of St. Edmund's at another. It goes without saying that he often attempted more than he could do. And yet, barring his mistake, which in his own days cost him his reputation and cancelled the memory of much of his great service, there were few things he failed to carry through with a measure of success. He seems to have had no very exceptional gifts, except courage and perseverance. He was a ready man, but not notably brilliant; a scholar and a theologian, but not exactly learned; fertile in expedients, but rather haphazard in his choice of them; wise, but somewhat too self-reliant; a man who had a solution for every difficulty, but not always the perfect one. When things were at their worst, he was invariably at his best; he was a rough-weather seaman. As a superior he is said to have been kind, patient, and pleasant, but it is also said of him that he made a confidant of no one. It was this habit of secrecy which, when he was successful, inspired such complete trust, and which, in the hour of his misfortune, so completely destroyed it.

Ampleforth has an excellent portrait of this remarkable man. It is a picture of an old man, but of one who could have been very little different in his prime. A lean face, with a long, straight, thin nose and narrow chin; small eyes set full in their place; a mouth habitually compressed and a well-shaped restless looking hand: the impression it leaves is that of persistency. One knows that such a man will never acknowledge defeat, and that beneath an appearance of quiet self-reliance there is an activity which will never tire. It is, perhaps, rather the face of an old-fashioned attorney than a priest—an attorney with a keen eye for business.

After some delay, in September of the same year, 1795, a first temporary settlement of St. Lawrence's was made in the Tranmere Hotel at Birkenhead. The house was placed at the disposal of Dr. Marsh by a Mr. Chamberlain. The community, however, remained in it only a few months—it was sickness seemingly which caused the monks to leave; Dr. Marsh's nephew, Bennet Marsh, died there—and in 1796 they recommenced their wanderings.

From the Tranmere Hotel, Prior Marsh led his remnant—the community was gradually shrinking in numbers—to a house near Prescot, about half-way between Liverpool and Warrington. Here St. Lawrence's advertised for scholars. The notice ran: "College of Scholes, near Prescott, Lancashire. The Rev. R. Marsh and assistants lately from the College of Dieulouard in Lorraine." The place was opened for students in the Midsummer of 1796. The pension was the very humble one of 20 guineas a year. But the establishment was too near a rival of another Dieulouard College—that of Vernon Hall, Liverpool. It is not probable that it promised success. The College of Scholes survived only twelve months, and then it merged itself in the older establishment at Mount Vernon.

Vernon Hall College was President Cowley's private venture. He had been Prior of Dieulouard so far back as

1765, and after an eight years' reign had been Prior of St. Edmund's at Paris for a further quadriennium. In 1789, he went on the English mission and had the enterprise to found, out of his own resources, a college for the education of gentlemen. He rented from a Mr. Plumbe a square, roomy, uninteresting house—a picture of it has been recently discovered by Colonel Walker and presented to Ampleforth—on a low hill outside Liverpool,—at that time a small seaport, rapidly growing in importance mainly through the slave trade. It was just a merchant's suburban residence, in a well-timbered, agricultural locality. Fr. Cowley taught in the college himself and he had assistance from local professors. An emigré priest, the Rev. J. B. A. Gérardot, Rector of Blêmes, Paris, taught French. The college advertisement is headed "Lorain, Dieulouard; English Benedictine monks," though at the time Fr. Cowley himself was the only monk who had anything to do with it. The pension was 20 guineas and extras, with a guinea entrance fee; but unpretentious as this may seem, many sons of the Catholic nobility and gentry were educated there.

In 1794, Fr. Gregory Cowley was elected President of the English Benedictine Congregation. He then found the duties of his office in the way of the successful management of his college. But he did not give it up. Neither did he raise objections to Dr. Marsh's rival establishments at Birkenhead and Prescot. He struggled on until—to use Marsh's expression—he found things "not to go on as he wished." His Presidentship was taking more and more of his time. It was necessary for him to make an official visit to Jamspring Abbey, and this would keep him for some length of time out of England. He therefore proposed that the Prescot and Liverpool establishments should be combined. Accordingly, in 1797, Dr. Marsh, and the Laurentians with him, removed to Mount Vernon and took possession of President Cowley's little college.

The advantages of this union of forces seem to us in

these days so obvious that we are bound to suppose there were disadvantages equally obvious in those days to President Cowley and Dr. Marsh. Why should not the Laurentians have gone straight to Vernon Hall from Acton Burnell? Why the abortive, useless, and essentially temporary settlements at Birkenhead and Prescot? We may not suppose any selfish objection on the part of President Cowley—such a supposition is wholly inconsistent with his character and acts. The truth is that Vernon Hall could only be a makeshift at its best. It could never be a revival of St. Lawrence's Monastery, and to give it up to the monks would benefit them only for a short while, and spoil, perhaps, a successful enterprise. Fr. Cowley and his college could at any moment be sent adrift at short notice. He had neither a lease of the place, nor an option to purchase it. It was for this reason Brindle was fixed upon by the Vernon Hall Council,—because it was a freehold. In so far it was preferable even to Acton Burnell. It needs no knowledge of canon law to know that there could be no final re-erection of St. Lawrence's, except on land the monks could call their own. Vernon Hall was not really any better suited to Dr. Marsh's purpose than the places already tried. The new arrangement was no less temporary than the former ones. This was very quickly made evident. Under the joint management of Cowley and Marsh there was got together a nice school "of the most respectable by number and family connections." The pension had been raised to 26 guineas and extras. President Cowley died in 1799, but the college flourished without him. In 1801, however, Marsh got notice from Mr. Plumbe to quit or have his rent raised. Hearing of a better house at a lower rent at Parbold, the Prior accepted the notice. He did not leave quite at once, more is the pity, for he was forcibly driven away in 1802 by a fierce outbreak of scarlet fever.

Dr. Marsh tells us that the fever was prevalent in most

boarding schools in the country, but this did not prevent a considerable injury to the little Laurentian College. To quote the Prior's account: "it [the scarlet-fever] began by Wm. Clifton, a son of Mr. Clifton of Lytham, who recovered. The next was George Titchebourne, son of Sir Henry Titchebourne, who died. The present Earl of Shrewsbury was between life and death a considerable time but did get over it, tho' his elder brother, Charles, who took it after him, died. We thought it necessary to send all the scholars away for a while, and in the meantime removed to Parbold."

Before this misfortune—and this shows most clearly the difficulties of the Laurentians at this period—there was a proposition made at Chapter (1798), and seriously considered, of removing St. Lawrence's to some English colony abroad. The fathers of the Chapter doubted if monasteries would be permitted in England. Moreover, there was no present possibility or future promise that the community would be able to propagate itself. A little college was something, but it was not a monastery. So far, anything in the shape of a novitiate or true community life had been impossible. President Cowley wrote in 1799: "Under the prudent management of Mr. Sharrock, I think we may conceive hopes that they [the Gregorians] will be able to perpetuate themselves. St. Lawrence's is free from every engagement, and I believe in its present state has little prospect of a succession of members to continue the community." Vernon Hall was flourishing when this was written, and it shows how unsatisfactory the situation was from a monastic point of view, and how clearly this was realized by the Laurentians themselves. Perhaps it was an offer, made by the Bishop of Baltimore in 1794, of a settlement at Pittsburg in Pennsylvania, that suggested colonization to the Capitulat fathers. But it is certain they took up the idea though they rejected the American offer, and it was resolved that the Regimen

should be empowered to ascertain the practicability of a convent in Portugal, or in some other Catholic country, and more particularly to consider the proposition of a Mr. Olivera, a merchant resident in London, to settle in the island of Madeira. Dr. Marsh had so little faith in the future of St. Lawrence's at Vernon Hall or elsewhere, that he seems to have jumped at the suggestion. With his usual readiness to do anything or attempt anything unusual, he volunteered to go himself at once to the island and make preliminary enquiries—arrangements also, if desirable. He was not, however, commissioned to do this, and no one was sent in his place.

Parbold Hall, to which St. Lawrence's removed, is a large, handsome residence on a hill which looks over the flat country between Bootle and the mouth of the Ribble. It is a beautiful and healthy situation—ideal one might even say. It would be difficult to find a place more favourable to the establishment of an English Benedictine College. The monks of St. Lawrence's at Dieulouard had been largely recruited from the neighbourhood. There was no place where they were more at home. There were brethren on the mission at Liverpool, Ormskirk, Crosby, and Standish, and, within a year or two, further Benedictine residences at Netherton, Croston, and Wrightington. There were well-to-do Catholic farmers and gentry sprinkled consistently over the country around them. There were large towns with large Catholic congregations, such as Liverpool, Preston, and Warrington, to draw pupils from. If St. Lawrence's was destined to flourish anywhere, here it might well have planted itself firmly and finally. But to take root it is necessary to be first possessed of the ground. This was the difficulty. Parbold Hall no more belonged to the monks than Vernon Hall, or Scholes, or the Tranmere Hotel had done. It was a roof to shelter under for a while—a place to lay one's head, but not where one could burrow or build a nest for oneself. The days of

wandering were not yet over. St. Lawrence's was still on the road.

But it was the last stage on the road. Dr. Brewer, who had succeeded Fr. Cowley as President-General, was altogether a different character to Dr. Marsh, a clear-headed, fearless, strong-willed man, who disliked makeshifts and looked beyond the actual moment. It was he who conceived the idea of a St. Lawrence's at Ampleforth. At that time Ampleforth lacked most of the advantages Parbold possessed. It was out of everyone's way; a difficult journey from anywhere; in the heart of an uncatholic district, notwithstanding that there were priests at Brandsby Hall and Easingwold; moreover, the house was small, not a third the size of Parbold Hall, and the little chapel was of the dimensions, plan, and appearance of a loft over a stable. But it was a fixture; though the house was a little one, it was our own, with some 32 acres of freehold land around it. Here Dr. Brewer determined to establish St. Lawrence's, Dr. Marsh was left behind with his some "14 scholars who paid punctually" at Parbold, and Fr. Appleton, who had been elected prior at the chapter of 1802, after his installation at Parbold, went in December to Ampleforth, and with Sharrock, the lay-brother, took up permanent residence there.

So the migration from Dieulouard ended. What with those who dropped out on the way, those left behind at the halting places, and those who died before they reached the journey's end, only one of those who crossed the Channel under Marsh's guidance joined Fr. Appleton at the finish. The long wanderings from place to place had proved as fatal as a march across a desert. Ampleforth had to set to work and establish itself. In the following spring Appleton got together some youthful refugees from Lammspring, of whom he and Dr. Brewer judged that three might be admitted to the habit—Molynoux, Baines, and Glover. Fr. Bede Slater was sent into the monastery by the

President to act as novice-master. Monsignor Shepherd, in his "Reminiscences of Prior Park," says that St. Lawrence's was started by the Benedictine Fathers from Lammspring. If he had said it was founded by some Lammspring students, he would have had some justification for his statement. For it was with these six people, two Laurentian fathers, one lay-brother, and three Lammspring boys, that Ampleforth Abbey was begun.

J. C. A.

A Prayer of "Emmanuel."

(Adapted from the German of Emmanuel Geibel).

BE with me, Lord, in all Life's ways—hold Thou my hand;
Still—whether blame I win, or praise—hold Thou my hand;
Ev'n as in Childhood's dawn, and the glad hours of Youth,
In Manhood's arduous noontide blaze—hold Thou my hand;
Shield me, in moods of Power, from vain Presumption's touch,—
And, when my Weakness Will gainsays—hold Thou my hand.
Prompt, in Thy Love, my lonely Song, that it ring true,
And—lest some word brook not Thy gaze—hold Thou my hand!
Thy grace withdrawn, my soul is as a Vine, of dew bereft—
Lord, that my thoughts I heavenward raise—hold Thou my hand.
O Thou my strength, Thou my Refreshment, my being's Light,
To the last day of all my days—hold Thou my hand!

C. W. H.

An Australian's Reminiscences of Ampleforth.

You will observe in the records of "Alma Mater" that I arrived at Ampleforth in the year 1840, which goes back so far into "the long, long ago" and savours so much of "Anno Domini" that the less said about it the better; so with your kind permission we will let that particular subject drop, otherwise it might tend to dispel the pleasing fiction (entertained by some friends) that I am "an evergreen." In that regard I sometimes feel in the position of the man who allowed his wife to thrash him, on the principle that it pleased her and did not hurt him.

Having arrived at York, and reached our last stage to Ampleforth, we spent a day seeing the sights of the old city, and I was taken by Fr. Maurus Cooper, under whose care I travelled, to see that noble old structure, the Minster.

Here I must digress for one moment by informing you that Fr. Cooper fostered the idea that he would live to see those old cathedrals, etc., revert to their rightful owners. We entered the Minster as the morning choral service was in full swing. Determined to be consistent with his long-cherished hopes, he located me in a seat, and then with his open Breviary he strode up and down the large open space in the Cathedral, reciting his office, and, so to speak, "bearding the lion in his den." Fr. Cooper was a man

of high and impressive stature and fine physique, so much so as to arrest the attention of any ordinary passer-by; but his peculiar position on the occasion referred to must have "astonished the natives," for it made a great and lasting impression on me.

We arrived at Oswaldkirk per coach the same evening about 7 o'clock, and after a damp and dreary walk our arrival was announced at the front door, and we received a cordial welcome from the then Prior, Fr. Cockshutt. Telegraphs and telephones were not much in vogue in those days, but it was immediately noised abroad that "a new boy" had arrived.

After refreshments in the Prior's room, I was placed in the charge of another small boy and marched off to the "play-room," when "the overture began."

Arrived at the play-room in charge of my cicerone, no introduction of a formal character was required, for I was carried or rather hustled by a large crowd of "old hands" into the small room at the western end of the play-room—by courtesy termed "the student's library," and which adjoined Anthony's boot and shoe shop, open twice a week, with Brother Bennett as assistant manager.

I had no sooner entered the library, which was packed "from floor to ceiling," than I found myself elevated on the top of what had many years before done duty as a piano. Dick Milner (my great friend out here in after years) acted as musical director, and in a very peremptory style ordered me to sing, and at once. The novelty of my position, the crowded audience, and the general uproar were not conducive to "concert pitch," so that I piped in a very minor key. Fortunately for me the hour for night prayers was at hand, so that there was no time for encores, and once within the little chapel I felt safe; and thus ended my first night at Ampleforth. I observe the "old play-room" is often referred to in W. B. P.'s "Old Recollections" as being "gloomy and unattractive," and

so it was most decidedly; but it was not always dull, nevertheless, and like every other cloud it had its silver lining.

In those days "the religious" during the winter months took turns to act as "guardians of the peace" in the play-room, much about the same as "the gentlemen in blue" in the streets of our cities; and in carrying out their duties they merely walked up and down the south side of the long room, with one or two boys as companions. Their duties were not of a very onerous character as long as my friend Milner was in a placid mood; but when he became "volcanic," it was then a case of "sauve qui peut." You must understand that we regarded Milner as a modern Attila—the champion and ring-leader when any mischief was abroad. Accordingly, when he was inclined that way, he converted the playroom into a sort of Coliseum. By arrangement with his auxiliaries, all candles were suddenly extinguished, a human chain formed at the west end of the room, and the floor, swept as if by a tornado, presented a huge mass of juvenile humanity. It was a repetition of the Assyrian coming down "like a wolf on the fold;" no quarter was given or expected—many took shelter under the tables—others climbed up into the deeply recessed windows for protection, awaiting in breathless anxiety the signal for night prayers which always settled the tumult—for that night at all events.

But there was one in the community whose duty it was to attend the play-room, and who exerted a magic influence over the boys, Milner included—it was the Rev. Anselm Walker, and to no one am I personally more indebted for the good advice, ideas, and suggestions received at his hands, for they have served me from that day up to the present. At the time referred to, Fr. Walker was not ordained priest, and in order to beguile the long wintry nights he initiated a tale that was to occupy the whole season, if not two winters' evenings. The title of his story was "Old Dick," and was run off night after night im-

promptu, a fact which rendered it the more attractive. It was a tale composed of the daring exploits of brigands, pirates, smugglers, "et id genus omne," tinctured now and again with a dash of ghost story to give it piquancy. When Br. Anselm presided over "the ring," packed closely with boys like herrings in a barrel, absolute darkness prevailed in order to give character to the occasion; the silence of the desert pervaded that long room, and our youthful imaginations were worked up to such a pitch that not one of us dare look over our shoulders. I think it is mentioned in "Old Recollections," that "the ring," which was very solidly put together, was round, and about 9 feet in diameter. I rather think it was of octagonal shape, and fully 12 or 13 feet across. I always associate with the play-room the name of Br. Joseph Lawson, lay-brother, who filled many offices, inter alia those of chief engineer and head stoker to the play-room. He was also "Managing Director" of the garden, then situated to the north of the play-room. At this distant date I could not enumerate the many conspiracies hatched in that room having for their object a descent on Joseph's fruit trees. I must here tell you that we boys always regarded our friend as living in a state of "religious incandescence," and concluded therefrom that he was the more easily got at. It was a very simple matter to induce the head-gardener to seek the assistance of a couple of boys for the afternoon, and it was just as simple a matter to have his want supplied. While Joseph was delving into Mother Earth, pondering over the words "laborare est orare," and ignoring the injunction to watch as well as pray, his auxiliaries availed themselves of the opportunity to sample the fruit trees, which was done with no sparing hand, as we had several sleeping partners in the background, all expecting a share in the result of our expedition. We were never troubled with qualms of conscience, as we always considered "the labourer was worthy of his hire;" and as aspiring young orchardists

we must have been prompted by the fact that to denude trees of a certain percentage of its fruit naturally tends to a larger and better development of the balance that is left. I consider we were far and away in advance of those boys referred to in the April *Journal*, p. 335, who, in climbing over the old ball-place into Jacky Sootheran's orchard, often mistook an apple for a hand-ball, and perhaps condoned the offence of "going out of bounds" by mentioning it to the Prefect afterwards. We did not resort to technicalities of that character; we worked on a systematic and scientific basis, and moreover had the satisfaction of knowing that we were there "permissu superiorum," a great thing in our favour.

Soon after my arrival at Alma Mater "Ash Wednesday" approached, and of course the boys were kept on very short commons on that particular day. About 11.30 a.m. I had a decided feeling of caving in, and an "in extremis" sensation crept over me. I must here tell you that, in those days, if any of the boys were possessed of surplus cash requiring investment, they had the privilege of opening up negotiations with Mrs. Bode, the housekeeper, with a view to the purchase of one of the kitchen residual luxuries, viz., dripping. She did not supply bread, a very necessary item as a concomitant to the former article, but we supplied ourselves; but as a witness is not bound to criminate himself, I can say no more. Some days before this particular occasion referred to, I had invested to the extent of threepence, and in the absence of bread the result of that negotiation (a good solid lump) lay maturing in No. 4 drawer at the western end of the play-room. As matters were getting worse and I felt it was a primary duty of man to maintain the union of body and soul as long as possible, I disregarded the "sub malo peccati" and "horribile dictu," pitched into that piece of unadulterated dripping and thereby saved the authorities an inquest! Although it has no direct reference to Ample-

forth, yet I must refer to another Ash-Wednesday spent out here. Some thirty years ago, Fr. Power, a Dominican and a very great friend of mine, when he commenced to give out the ashes suddenly found himself forsaken by the words "pulvis es et in pulverem" and could not bring them to mind. However, equal to the occasion, he substituted "cinis et cinerem," and got through the service without its being noticed by any one but myself. Meeting him next day in the street, I addressed him "Cinis es?"—when he remarked, "But for that Ampleforth boy I should have escaped." On the next occasion "that boy" did not score so well. It was on the occasion of "All Souls Day" some ten years ago, when at the latter part of the Mass the celebrant had given out in real Gregorian style the final "Requiescant in pace," the full choir replied with a very powerful "Deo gratias." I tried to cram in my "Amen," but it was no use—I only scored one, and had to submit to a big majority.

Referring to trees, I was shocked to learn from W. B. P.'s "Old Recollections" that the "two trees"—which for many years had done duty as two giant sentinels over the southern portion of the grounds of Ampleforth—had disappeared, "to suit the times" as they say. The shock was more than aggravated when I somewhere observed that these two monarchs of the forest had been referred to as "hoary-headed vegetables." I am wondering whether the perpetrator of that terrible epithet ever expects forgiveness—he must not come to Ballarat to seek it, for the remark has somewhat of a personal significance as regards myself. Should the fates ever prove propitious and matters so eventuate that I should re-visit the scenes of my youth, I presume that, "in order to suit the times," there would be a special "council of war" summoned, and that I should be at once invested with the Order of "Rip Van Winkle" or "The Ancient Mariner." And now to come to another "tree" that stood in the eastern hedge,

on a line with the old bath reserve, and which should be remembered by all the "Old Boys" still surviving and who were then given to the habit of "chewing." It was known as the "Quid Tree," as its succulent juice afforded us much pleasure and refreshment when "Old Anthony" was not on duty, or the exchequer had run low. I would have it understood that that particular accomplishment I left behind me when I quitted the walls of Ampleforth. The old bath or botanical reserve had fallen into a state of neglect on my arrival at Alma Mater, but even then it furnished a good hunting ground for sundry plants and specimens that had escaped the hand of the spoiler, and which were availed of by those boys who cultivated their own little parterres, I being amongst the number. I do hope that innocent recreation is still encouraged and maintained as in those days of yore—none more elevating and humanizing—I keep it up to this very day. Another old friend I must not pass by, viz., the "old willow tree" that stood at the south-western corner of the bounds, and partially overhanging the brook or beck. I suppose ere this it has been converted into cricket bats, or possibly been utilized in assisting in the development of a bonfire.

"How oft would the merry song echo and ring,
As o'er the clear brook on its branches we'd swing."

From reading over the "Old Recollections," I conclude that the lands connected with the College are much more extensive than in my time and in keeping with the wonderful additions to the old buildings; so that with the demolition of trees and the uprooting of hedges "Old" Ampleforth would be to me a perfect "terra incognita," although could I revisit the spot I feel certain that I could even yet hunt up many reminders of the past generation. The illustration and ground plan of the old chapel (appearing in the July, 1900, number of your *Journal*),—together with other details supplied by your very admirable corres-



pondent W. B. P.—is more than interesting, as I remember the very spot I last occupied in the boys' benches; and was a victim with others to the very "dim religious light" that prevailed in those days, possibly as a direct contrast to our devotions—at all events let us hope so. In my time the sanctuary lamp was suspended from the feet of a dove with outstretched wings, and it was said that the little figure was moulded and placed there by Dr. Baines long before he ever thought of Prior Park. It was in the gallery of that chapel that F. W. Cooper brought me out as a debutant in my first solo, and to encourage me he presided at the organ. I recognize the "reserved seat" of the organ blower, which I occupied as often as possible, impressed with the idea that "causa causæ, causa causatæ."

Although that "dismal old play-room" is associated with many pleasant and varied memories, the study above it is not altogether devoid of the same, more particularly in connection with our Midsummer Exhibition, which in those days always concluded with the production of some play—Shakespearian or otherwise. I shall never forget the acting of two of the boys, viz., Tom Unsworth and George Chamberlain—the former excelling in the heavy dramatic business, while the latter shone in his great character of Falstaff, and I would not wish to see a better portrayal of the same. I, too, had to "strut and fret an hour upon the stage," and, inter alia, was called upon to represent the characters of Richard II and the Fisherman of Naples.

I was nearly passing over Dom Gregorio, in whom I recognize "L'Abbé Le Canut." He was a French refugee and of a very excitable temperament, which I proved to my cost on one special occasion. During the short time allowed in the afternoon for recreation, Dom Gregorio was alone in the Prefect's room adjoining the study, while I was the only occupant of that room, and engaged adjusting

my books, etc. Unseen by me, some mischievous young customer stealthily approached the Prefect's room and played some trick on Dom Gregorio, and then vanished from the scene like a streak of lightning, being too smart for the professor, who rushed into the study and, of course, pounced down on me as the culprit. I never received such a drubbing in my life, almost within an inch of my life; and as neither of us could understand each other, my "non peccavi" appeals only added fuel to the flames. However, we became great friends after, and I think I was the only boy who did him justice in teaching him to correctly pronounce his English. We met a few years later in London.

Although I observe in perusing the *Ampleforth Journal* that Goremire day is still kept up, yet I have failed to see any mention of a certain day that we always looked forward to with much pleasure, viz., "Mel-day." On that particular festival, the whole community adjourned to Byland Abbey, and on the site formerly occupied by the high altar, assisted by the College Band, we sang the "Te Deum" by way of thanksgiving for the recently garnered harvest. The effect was very beautiful, and was a source of wonder and amazement to the ancient villagers who looked on. The feast of "Corpus Christi," as it was carried out at the College in those days, left an indelible impression on my memory. I still see the temporary altar erected between "the horns" of the crescent-shaped flower bed that occupied the centre of that beautiful oval extending from the Terrace to the "Penance Walk," and all of which has disappeared, I suppose, to make room for your late additions to the building. The old ball-place, too, has shared the same fate. I knew every flaw and crack in its flagged floor; in fact, made them a perfect study, as I always took much interest in hand-ball, and regarded our court as perfect. There were so many angles contained in the area it was not a difficult matter to "corner" your opponent. When the season was in, I always felt much

interest and pleasure in "tobogganing"—the eastern end of the upper College grounds being admirably suited for the amusement. W. B. P. in one of his contributions has given a very good account of the amusement, as he has done with every subject to which he has referred. There are a couple of very small items in "Old Recollections" on which we differ. In referring to a large "fig-tree" attached to the south wall of the study and play-room, W. B. P. speaks of "ripe figs." I can't remember the fruit ever having reached that stage. I never had any but "very hard green figs;" perhaps I was not such an expert with the "lasso" as others were, and I've been "there" many times too. I rather think your contributor has underrated the diameter of the very strong octagonal "ring" in the play-room—but I have mentioned that before.

Having spent four years at Ampleforth uninterruptedly, without a vacation at home, it is no difficult task to imagine how dearly I cherish the happy memories connected therewith, and how I always endeavour to instil into my daily life the spirit of the many salutary admonitions I received in the days of youth; and in bidding "good-bye" once more to my Alma Mater, I cannot pay her a greater tribute of praise than that hereunder expressed:—

"vultus ubi tuus
Affalsit populo, gratior ita dies
Et soles melius nitent."

JOHN LAKE.

English Church Dedications

IN A. D. 1500 AND A. D. 1900 COMPARED.

A complete list of the ancient church dedications in this country may be found in Miss Arnold Forster's recent work, and a comparison of the same with our present Catholic dedications here is of interest in several respects. The latter details were of course taken from the official *Catholic Directory*. Perhaps I may add that this weary task of arithmetical compilation was undertaken when becalmed on a friend's yacht in the Atlantic and *en route* to the Emerald Isle!

Of course our position here to-day is very different to that of A. D. 1500; owing to the far greater number of our churches then, the comparison can only be relative. In the 1900 list the double dedications are included separately, and thus are in reality divided.

In pre-Reformation England there appear to have been nearly 240 churches dedicated to the Holy Trinity; now we only have fourteen. In 1500 there were six dedications to the Redeemer under the title of "Christ Church," one of which was the Primatial Benedictine Cathedral of Canterbury itself. Nine churches were dedicated to the "Holy Saviour," two were known as "Jesus Church," one as "God's Gift" or Emmanuel, one alone—that of Boyton in Cornwall—was dedicated to the Holy Name.

In A. D. 1900 we find four churches dedicated to the Holy Name, four to "St. Saviour," one to the Most Holy Redeemer, and only one (in the Borough Road, Southwark) to the Most Precious Blood, two to the Holy Child Jesus, with others to the Good Shepherd, the Holy Infant,

and the Transfiguration. With each successive age *Santa Mater Ecclesia* brings forth new treasures of devotion, and so we find no less than sixty-six modern churches dedicated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, the sweet symbol of His Love. Also, eleven are now placed under the patronage of "the Holy Family"—another modern form of devotion.

Only one pre-Reformation building was dedicated to "Corpus Christi" (as its secondary dedication), viz., the Church of Hatherley Down, Gloucestershire; to-day there are thirteen Catholic edifices dedicated thus or to "the Most Holy Sacrament." How unutterably sad to think that all the thousands of ancient churches studding this land no longer, as once for centuries, enshrine the Blessed Sacrament—for Which, indeed, they were built and beautified by our Catholic ancestors.

Two old churches are dedicated in quaint Norman-French to the "Saint Esperit," while one only was dedicated to "the Holy Ghost;" this was at Basingstoke, and most happily, within a few yards of its ruins, there is now rising a new Catholic church under the same designation. Four others, besides, adorn our second *Ecclesia Anglicana* dedicated to God the Holy Ghost. The rarity of this dedication seems strange.

There were sixty-seven churches dedicated to the Holy Cross and twenty to the Holy Rood; to-day there are sixteen of them (and alas! how few roods). Four churches then were known as "St. Sepulchre" and two now, one of which is the historic conventual chapel at New Hall, in Essex.

Above all, this England of ours was, and is, our Blessed Lady's Dowry; so, excluding a host of double dedications, we find no less than 1,938 churches in A. D. 1500 were dedicated to her alone, as "Saint Mary" or "Saint Mary the Virgin." Including double dedications, it is with pride as well as pleasure one can add that in A. D. 1900 we persecuted and plundered Catholics have raised actually

415 new churches* to God's glory under the heavenly patronage of His Immaculate Mother.

In the old days of "Merrie Ynglonde" we find three churches were dedicated to the Blessed Virgin as "Our Ladye," and one, at Wareham in Dorset, to her as "Our Lady St. Mary." A church at Faversham was known as "St. Mary of Charity," and that of Postling, in Kent, was dedicated to "the Mother of God." The parish church of Petworth and the chapel in Dover Castle were placed under the favourite old English title, "Our Lady of Pity," and the church of New Shoreham was that of "Our Lady of Sorrows." Thirteen were built in honour of her Assumption, and twelve to her Nativity; the parish churches of Truro, Blidworth, and Wrexall were respectively dedicated to the Annunciation, the Conception, and the Purification, B.V.M.

To some it may seem more than strange that apparently not a single pre-Reformation church was dedicated to St. Joseph, now recognized as the chief of all God's Saints. To-day there are no less than 245 Catholic churches in England placed under his patronage.

As regards the Holy Angels, we find over 600 churches in A.D. 1500 dedicated principally to the great St. Michael—as "St. Michael and All Angels"—one only to him alone (at Lyme Regis). Only two were assigned to St. Gabriel, and not one to St. Raphael.

In A.D. 1600 we have thirty-four churches in honour of St. Michael (including the Benedictine Cathedral Priory at Belmont), two are entrusted to the Holy Guardian Angels,

* These include the Cathedrals of Middlesbrough (Our Lady of Perpetual Succour), Newcastle (St. Mary), Northampton (St. Mary and St. Thomas à Becket), Plymouth (St. Mary and St. Roniface), and Shrewsbury (Our Lady Help of Christians and St. Peter of Alcantara). Moreover, our Blessed Lady is invoked as the principal patron of every diocese—mostly under the title of her Immaculate Conception. It should be added that the new Metropolitan Cathedral of Westminster will be dedicated to the Most Precious Blood and to Our Lady, St. Joseph, St. Peter, St. Augustine and all British Saints, St. Patrick and all Irish Saints.

and one each to St. Raphael, St. Gabriel and the Holy Angels (2), and the Holy Archangels.

Pre-Reformation England, like all Catholic Christendom in those days, held St. John the Baptist in pre-eminent popular esteem; there were over 440 churches dedicated in his honour, while to-day we have only eighteen.

As is well known, our country from Anglo-Saxon days onwards was specially devoted to St. Peter, and a particularly zealous daughter of the Holy Roman Church. So we find without surprise the large number of 730 churches had the Prince of the Apostles as their patron saint (excluding double dedications). Nine were dedicated to St. Peter *ad Vincula*, in remembrance of those chains still preserved in Rome. Two hundred and seventy-five other churches were dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul together; curiously only twenty-nine were dedicated to the Apostle of the Gentiles by himself.

To-day we have thirty-six English Catholic churches "of St. Peter," sixteen dedicated to SS. Peter and Paul, and three to St. Peter's Chains. Five are under the invocation of St. Paul alone; moreover, two modern churches are dedicated to the Holy Apostles collectively—one being the pro-Cathedral of Clifton.

With regard to the other Apostles and the Evangelists, in A.D. 1500 there were 577 churches dedicated to St. Andrew (perhaps so popular because he brought St. Peter to Christ), over 320 churches to St. James the Great, 147 to St. Bartholomew, 103 to St. John the Divine, twenty-nine to St. Thomas, twenty-five to St. Matthew, seventeen to St. Luke, seven to SS. Philip and James and also to St. Barnabas, five to St. Mark, three to SS. Simon and Jude, one to St. Matthias, and one (Clerkenwell Priory) to St. James the Less.

In A.D. 1900 we find in modern Catholic England thirty-one churches, including the cathedrals of Portsmouth and Salford, dedicated to St. John the Evangelist, eleven to St. James the Great, apparently four to St. Thomas, only

three to St. Andrew, two to St. James the Less, and one apiece to St. Bartholomew, SS. Simon and Jude, St. Barnabas (the cathedral of Nottingham), SS. Phillip and James, and the three Evangelists—SS. Matthew, Luke, and Mark. It is curious how few churches either then or now these three possess.

Since the Crusaders' days England's patron saint has virtually been St. George, the soldier martyr; there were 106 churches of his in 1500, but to-day we have only raised fourteen in his honour.*

Naturally the Apostles of England were and are well represented; in 1500 twenty-eight churches were dedicated to St. Gregory the Great, twenty-seven to St. Augustine of Canterbury, but only two to St. Aidan. In 1900 St. Gregory has eleven (including the magnificent rising minster of Downside Abbey), St. Austin about a dozen, and St. Aidan three.

St. Anne, the mother of the Holy Virgin, was a very favourite saint in old England, but only thirty churches arose in her honour; to-day we actually have twenty-eight, including the Cathedral of Leeds now being rebuilt.

Curiously England's proto-martyr, St. Alban, was patron of only ten churches in 1500, while to day, even in our impoverished condition, there are nine—at St. Alban's itself a new church is to be built, if funds permit.

In Saxon and Norman days St. Edward the Confessor, whose shrine alone remains almost intact with its priceless contents, was his country's patron saint, though only twelve ancient churches are dedicated to him. By A.D. 1900 we have built twenty, and in this case surpassed our pre-Reformation record.

Of course England's greatest saint in every way was and is her glorious martyred Primate, St. Thomas of

* One of these is a Cathedral—that of Southwark; it, however, belongs to the period before the "Italian invasion"; in which its roof-structure and Gothic vestments were "destroyed."

Canterbury. In 1500 there were sixty-nine churches under his invocation and to-day there are thirty-one, including the Benedictine Abbey of Eddington. English Catholic devotion has always been lavished upon our two St. Edmunds; fifty-five churches rose in honour of "St. Edmund" (mostly, doubtless, the Saxon king and martyr) in A.D. 1500. At present apparently ten are dedicated to the latter and four to the holy primate whose body is still enshrined at Pontigny in France.

Another popular saint in once "merrie Ynglonde" was St. Nicholas, the *Santa Claus* of children and patron of sailors; no less than 385 churches were formerly dedicated to him here, but to-day there are only three (including the pro-Cathedral of seafaring Liverpool).

St. Stephen, the Church's first martyr, had then thirty-nine churches, and to-day has four; he brings us to Ampleforth's own patron—the glorious Roman martyr, St. Lawrence, who won the palm by that frightful agony of being roasted alive on a gridiron. St. Lawrence was very popular in pre-Reformation days here, as shown by the fact that 220 churches were then dedicated to him; to-day we have only eight, one of which is, of course, the Abbey Minster of Ampleforth itself.

Two hundred and thirty churches were St. Margaret's—probably in most cases the virgin martyr of Antioch; to-day there are only three, and are not these the canonized Queen of Scotland's? St. Mary Magdalene had over 170 churches, but only seven are now in English Catholic hands. 113 churches were dedicated to St. Helen in A.D. 1500, but in 1900 there are also only seven for this British princess—according to our local tradition a "Colchester native"!

The holy abbot Botolph possessed the patronage of over 60 Catholic churches then, but to-day has not a single one—like St. Germanus of Auxerre, who, moreover, only possessed two in 1500. 156 churches were dedicated to

St. Leonard the hermit, and only two are his now. St. Felix had two then and one to-day—at his own Felixstowe. Apparently St. Catherine the martyr was invoked as patron of fifty-seven churches, but her later namesake of Sienna in none; at present, apparently, the former has seven churches and the latter two.

St. Chad, over whose shrine rose Lichfield Cathedral, was entrusted with thirty churches; to-day five are dedicated to him, in one of which (the beautiful Cathedral of unlovely Birmingham) his holy relics are now said to be enshrined—a unique circumstance. That martyred Roman Pontiff, St. Clement, was accounted patron of thirty-five churches then, but now not a single Catholic edifice is in his heavenly keeping.

Another favourite saint, especially in the faithful north, has always been Durham's great Benedictine monk, St. Cuthbert; sixty-five churches were his in 1500 and even in 1900 he had seventeen. Still more popular, in pre-Reformation Europe, was the soldier-bishop, St. Martin of Tours; we find over 150 churches dedicated to him in 1500, but only three at the end of the nineteenth century.

Of other northern saints, St. Oswald, K.M., had fifty-six churches and St. Wilfrid of York forty-two, while to-day the numbers are respectively seven and fifteen. That southern Benedictine prelate, St. Swithin of Winchester, was formerly patron of over fifty churches, but only two now recall his memory. St. Denis of Paris possessed thirty-six churches and the good abbot St. Giles no less than 144; to-day each has only one Catholic church here—the latter owning Pugin's exquisite Gothic gem at Choadle.

Meanwhile St. Patrick, to whom over forty churches are dedicated in England to-day, was patron of only seven churches at the close of the fifteenth century—a unique comparison, but "thereby hangs a tale."

It is strange how little the founders of Orders were represented; thus our Holy Father, St. Benedict himself,

was patron of only eleven churches, St. Dominic of but one, and that most dear of saints, the Seraph of Assisi, together with St. Bernard and St. Norbert, apparently of not a single one. We have long ago beaten *that* record in this "Second Spring;" for in 1900 we find seventeen churches dedicated to St. Benet, four to St. Dominic, twenty to St. Francis, four to St. Bernard (including the Cistercian abbey in Charnwood Forest), and two to St. Norbert.

The other principal dedications in A.D. 1500 were twenty-one churches to St. Faith, V.M.; nineteen to St. Bridget (or Bride); sixteen each to SS. David and Dunstan; fifteen each to SS. Edith of Polsworth and Ethelbert, K.C.; fourteen to St. Petroc; thirteen to St. Hilda; eleven to St. Olave; ten to St. Werburgh; nine to St. Kentigern; eight each to SS. Cadoc, Guthlac, Kenelm, and Maurice; seven to SS. Etheldreda, Christopher, Columba, Julian, and Runwald; seven to one St. Pancras and six to the other; six each to SS. Cyril, Dubricius, Ethelburga, John of Beverley, and Mildred; five to SS. Alphege, M., Boniface, Charles (Charlemagne?), Kebi, Paulinus, Piran, Romigius, and Vincent; four each to SS. Agatha, Agnes, Aldhelm, Alkmund, Holy Innocents, Hybald, Milburga, Rumon, Samson of Dol, and Wonnou; three to SS. Blaise, Cecilia, Ebba, Edith of Wilton, Edward, K.M., Ives, Magnus, Mellon, Mawgan, Nectan, Neot, Nun, Ouen, Rhadegund, Seven, Wistan, and Leger (now only represented by a certain race-meeting!); St. Osmund, though originator of the Sarum rite, was patron of only three churches too.

In A.D. 1900 the above list was thus represented:—five churches are dedicated to St. Boniface (including the Cathedral of Plymouth) and St. Bridget; four to SS. Agnes, Paulinus, Etheldreda (including the recovered pre-Reformation church in Ely Place, E.C.); three to SS. Aldhelm and Pancras; two to SS. Werburgh, Ethelbert

Swithin, John of Beverley, and Osmund; one apiece to SS. Cecilia, Kentigern, Hilda, Agatha, Ehelburga, Begh, Edith, and Dunstan (at the pre-Reformation palace of Mayfield).

A large number of saints, chiefly local celebrities in Cornwall, &c., had merely two (or one) churches dedicated to them; curiously the following also were only thus represented:—SS. Basil, Jerome, and Theodore, two each; SS. Hugh of Lincoln, Wulstan, Benedict Biscop, Sebastian, Barbara, Clare, and Richard of Chichester, one each.

In modern England their numbers are:—St. Basil, one church; St. Jerome, none; St. Hugh, three; St. Wulstan, three; St. Benedict Biscop, none; St. Sebastian, two; St. Barbara, one; St. Clare, three; and St. Richard, five; also a church of Our Lady of Compassion and St. Theodore is to be built at Faversham.

Want of space forbids any enumeration of the numerous double dedications in pre-Reformation England; here many of the saints are re-introduced, generally with our Blessed Lady. Those of SS. Cosmas and Damian, Fabian and Sebastian, Gervase and Protasis, recall the ancient canon of the Mass.

And now we come to saints of the old kalendar, apparently unrepresented in A.D. 1500, but with Catholic churches dedicated to them in A.D. 1900; *e.g.*, St. Augustine of Hippo, thirteen; St. Bede, nine; St. Anthony of Padua, seven; St. Louis, five; St. Walburga, four; SS. Winifride, Monica, Scholastica, Anselm, Thomas Aquinas, three each; St. Thomas of Hereford, two; and SS. Ambrose, Ignatius of Antioch, Erconwald, William of York, Birinus, Simon Stock, Gilbert of Sempringham, with others, only one apiece.

But then Miss Forster states that the ancient dedication of over 300 churches is unknown, so the above may have been there included. Moreover, we must remember that our Catholic forefathers did not possess a *Catholic Directory* or include a Monsignor Johnson!

Finally, a very favourite and wise church dedication was that of the Heavenly Array *en masse* as "All Saints;" actually 1,044 churches were dedicated thus in A.D. 1500.* To-day we have fifteen churches placed under this collective patronage.

Moreover, we English Catholics now observe a kalendar enriched by the additional Saints living or canonized during the past 400 years. For Holy Church is as replete with life to-day as at her own birth, a life ever fruitful of God's holy fruit—His saints, our brethren.

Thus we have built fourteen churches to St. Charles Borromeo, nine churches each to St. Vincent de Paul and St. Philip Neri, eight to St. Francis de Sales, six to St. Aloysius, five to St. Francis Xavier, four to St. Alphonsus, St. Teresa, and St. Ignatius Loyola, one apiece to St. Rose of Lima, St. Paul and St. John of the Cross, St. John of God, or *inter alios*, the Martyrs of Japan.

In addition, there are those to whom this Second Spring itself is really due—verily a white-robed army, such as no other European nation has brought forth—the Blessed and Venerable Martyrs of England since A.D. 1534. Twelve modern churches are dedicated to them, in whose numbers our old English Congregation of St. Benedict will doubtless soon, after the lapse of centuries, have contributed her own new additions to Rome's wondrous roll of canonized saints.

DUDLEY BAXTER,
Cofrater. O.S.B.

FOOTNOTE.—There appear to be "fashions" in saints as well as in garments! also there are financial considerations to be taken into account over a new church's dedication. Unfortunately this produces a certain lack of variety and a certain failure to fully utilize so glorious a kalendar. It often means, too, that national or local saints are here not yet duly honoured or sufficiently remembered. Thus—without irreverence be it said—new altars or chapels in our churches seem now almost *always* to be dedicated to the Sacred Heart, Our Lady, or St. Joseph, while local martyrs or confessors often appear to be forgotten.—D. B.

* In addition twenty-eight were known as "All Hallows," and three dedicated to "All Souls"—as in 1900.

Notes of a Rambler.

III.

Neunkirchen.

One does not strike up a friendship with a hoarding-advertisement—as a rule. To be sure, I remember a little mite who did, but then she was a very little mite, and the Meat-Extract picture must have loomed very large in her small world: so she and the "tow in the tea-tup" fell in love.

But mine was a much less promising affair—to look at. As with men and women so with advertisements: those that catch the eye do not always catch the heart.

One woke up from a half-doze in the Brussels-Luxembourg express, somewhere near Chastre or Namur, for a last glimpse of the woods and the hills as the sun went down; but the sun-tipped hill-tops were pitifully vague: what one got full in the eyes was "Liebig Extrait de Viande"! True, one did sometimes get Sunlight.

One does not object to that fair-weather indicator when one has bestowed one's umbrella on the Harwich boat, but when the first thing a man beholds in a dismal Antwerp street is "Sunlight Savon," and, after undergoing throughout the length and breadth of the Fatherland a prolonged course of "Sunlight Seife," finally sits down for a quiet cigar in the garden opposite the Rotterdam Rhijn-Spoorweg only to find himself stared in the face by a glaring "Sunlight Zeep," he begins to understand more than he did about the perverted ray of sunlight that walks in all the colours of the rainbow. But mine was much less promising—to look at. There was much less of it.

Yet I should not have recognised the Bahnhof-strasse in

Neunkirchen had that "Quaker Oats" disappeared from the high brick wall where a side-street joined the main thoroughfare. It was staid and sober, in black and white, as became its name. It was puritanical and conservative, and, what we may hope both puritans and conservatives are, loyal to its native institutions, for its "Quaker" had a very careful diaeresis over the "a" to keep itself free from foreign innovation. At first, I must own, I used the advertisement to recognise my whereabouts, but, when I came to know the Bahnhof-strasse by heart, I dispensed with its services and accepted its friendship. It was the only piece of native English I met the livelong day, and I went in the ways of the Saxon.

No one of average imagination could call Neunkirchen picturesque. It has grown a small forest of tall chimneys, and enjoys, as a consequence, a greater or less degree of the shade of a smoky atmosphere. It is situated in Southern Germany, in the district of Trier (Trèves), though much more south than that famous old town, close to Elsass-Lothringen, and almost on the borders of Bavaria. It lies in the centre of a flourishing coalfield, and can boast of one of the largest iron-foundries in the world.

To me Neunkirchen was a promised land. After a spell of comparatively comfortless, if moderately picturesque, Bohemianism, which required that one should pay twice the price for what one ate and eat half the amount for which one paid; sleep either on hard benches under the stars and start to find one's self eyed suspiciously by a sworded policeman, or in station waiting-rooms where late arrivals perseveringly paraded the dim-lit Saal in heavy boots till dawn; doze in a swaying, rushing railway-car, only to be rudely awakened to a general stiffness, a chill air, lanterns and moonlight, and a custom-house officer who remarked on one's packing; after such a spell one felt that if there were no promised lands in life it would indeed be dreary.

There was not much noise and no traffic to speak of in Neunkirchen.

Even the station, which was of very fair dimensions, was in some respects primitive.

At least I felt as if there was something primitive about the portage arrangements which compelled one to march through the little town in the rear of one's luggage, which, along with that of other travellers, was wheeled on a very large truck by a very small boy who became an inappreciable quantity when anywhere in the vicinity of his load.

How he managed to know where he was going I can't pretend to say. He certainly could not see more than a label dangling before his nose, which (the label, of course) he must have grown weary of studying. How he managed to escape being run down *is*, however, explicable on the ground already mentioned, that Neunkirchen was innocent of traffic. The small boy with the large truck may have felt himself highly important, but one could not reasonably call him traffic.

Everyone in and around Neunkirchen knows Herr Conrad T—, the organist of the Roman Catholic Church—a man whom one had only to meet to love on the instant. He honoured me with his hospitality, and never do I expect to meet a more charming household, or to experience greater kindness than that I received at the hands of Herr Conrad and his family.

The first thing that met my eyes on rising in the morning was the "Guten Morgen," embroidered in red above the wash-hand-stand, and, if ever a greeting was a great deal more than an idle form, that "Guten Morgen" was.

The Germans are an early-rising people, but I venture to think that Herr Conrad set even them an example. He met the morning rain and the morning sun alike, the darkness and the light, striding through the still-deserted



streets, a straight and bearded and manly figure, to his beloved church and his duties there at half-past four of the morning, and he a man with some seventy years upon him.

As I entered the Church for the early-morning Mass and crept up to the gallery, the sight was one that always touched and impressed me—Herr Conrad at the organ and his sweet-voiced daughter at his side, morning by morning, leading the sacred song. I usually knelt among the little boys who formed the choir, for every morning the Masses were accompanied by the very devotional singing of German hymns, and the little fellows were sometimes amusing in their observance of the ways of the stranger.

"The Englishman," whispered one with a fear for my salvation, "does not strike his breast at the Elevation!"

There was always a good attendance at the week-day Masses, as one could well judge when the congregation, at the offertory, went up across the sanctuary in single file to deposit their pence on the Gospel side of the altar, and then passed behind, and back by the Epistle side to their seats.

The half-past seven Mass on Sundays was quite a long service. There was a sermon, and hundreds of people communicated every Sunday, the Schweizer, or Church officer, marshalling the long lines and looking very grand as he strode about in scarlet cap and gown, using his long bright halberd freely in the cause of order.

Close by the Church, and entered from the sacristy, was the garden, which Herr Conrad tended without help and with the greatest zeal, and he delighted in showing us all his flowers and plants and fruit-trees, and I have not forgotten the tenderness with which he explained to us the growth and symbolism of a passion-flower plant he was training into the form of a large cross.

"I would like to be one of two things in life," he said to me—"a gardener or a forester."

For such a man Neunkirchen is a fitting home.

It is no fashionable resort, can boast of no very grand buildings; chimneys and smoke are its portion; but the amphitheatre of hills that surround it make ample amends to the lover of Nature for the drawbacks of the little town in the valley.

I was fortunate in having most efficient guides, during my rambles in the forests that cover the country, in the persons of Herr Conrad and his sons, Josef and Heinrich. The latter are schoolmasters—Josef in Neunkirchen, Heinrich in Dillingen.

Fortunately for me, if not for himself, Heinrich was invalidated from work, the constant strain on his voice having injured his throat and necessitated a rest.

Josef was occupied in the day-time with his work, for the German schools do not break up till the autumn—which is unfortunate for the teachers—but the holidays are so appointed by the State in order that the children may devote their time, not like English children to running wild and driving their parents to distraction, but to working hard in the fields where all hands are required at such a time in districts such as these where machinery has not yet driven out the picturesque old ways.

On the outskirts of the town I often saw the old-fashioned flail at work on the threshing-floor, the men beating away lustily, while a little group of children stood at the doorway in the rosy evening light, with serious faces, watching.

Herr Conrad and his sons were the most interesting of companions. They knew the woods by heart. Herr Conrad loved them with a real love, and Heinrich rejoiced in them. But Josef studied them. Nothing escaped him. Every time he entered them he did so with the eager eyes, the quick step, and the alert manner of a pioneer. "Josef bitte," was always the cry from those behind, "wir wollen langsam gehen!"

I found the greatest pleasure in his company. The

whole personality of the man attracted me from the first: his whole soul filled with the hunger and thirst for knowledge of all kinds; his one desire—to learn and to be "thorough;" and withal as able and clever a man as one could wish to meet. Bright-eyed and bronzed and bearded, with a frank and cordial manner, he seemed universally liked.

He was well-built and proud of his height, though, tall as he was, he was by no means so tall as a friend of his who stood quite seven feet high, and who was the tallest man in the whole German army a few years back.

Herr Josef had seen many lands and had once cycled with his gigantic friend from Germany to the south of Spain, and so passed on to Algiers.

Our rambles were directed towards every quarter of the compass in turn, but the finest of the forests was the one which extended in an unbroken mass right from Neunkirchen to Saarbrücken full twenty miles away. The first time I entered it we walked for two hours without once leaving the pathway that wound through the dense mass of thousands upon thousands of trees, and we might have gone on for at least three hours longer.

"I should like to be one of two things in life—a gardener or a forester." I was not surprised at that saying of Herr Conrad's when I had seen the forests.

Beautiful groves of birches and acacias or impenetrable black masses of fir lined the outskirts; further on, the pathway passed amid thousands of thin trunks, and myriads of flashing leaves that looked, against the dark background, as though they floated in the air: but the glory of the forest were the great pines standing in gigantic aisles, stately, straight, and grey, and towering up to an enormous height. They are the trees from which the masts of the great ships are made, and which one meets floating down the Rhine formed into huge rafts with the line of steersmen at the stern toiling at the long oars.

"And yet these are nothing to the Tannen-bäume of the Schwarz-Wald," said Josef; "there they are wonderfully beautiful!"

Then with great warmth he told me all about the Black Forest, and, as it happened, at that moment, in the hand that emphasized his words he held a short carved pipe made from the Schwarz-Wald wood. The salubrious nature of the air in these forests is well known, and consumptive patients are in very many cases ordered by the German doctors to some district where they may be able to take daily walks in the pine woods. A young lady—a relative of the family I stayed with—when at Neunkirchen used to spend an hour each morning before breakfast rambling among the great pines and eating the resin that oozes in large quantities from their trunks.

Finely-built roads intersect the forests, and along one of these we passed one evening until we came to the frontier of Bavaria.

Standing out tall and sharp against the dark background of dense trees, on a grass plot by the roadside, stood the frontier-posts. On the nearer one were the arms of Prussia with the words "Königreich Preussen;" on the other, in metal, those of Bavaria and the inscription "Königreich Bayern." Between the two posts was a belt of land passing at right angles to the road and so into the forest on either side, and belonging to neither kingdom.

We stood by the Bavarian post and had the experience of being photographed in Bavaria by a man in Prussia across a strip of neutral country—which sounds like an instance of far-reaching photography.

As we passed, later on, along a road that skirted the forest on the Neunkirchen side, I was struck by the remarkable appearance of a large double tree standing all alone at the end of the wood. I pointed it out to Herr Conrad, and he told me that it was there for a purpose, and that every hill about those parts—for we were not far

from the frontiers of France—had such a tree. They were military landmarks—the distance between all such trees being known, and the sighting of guns being accordingly rendered easier and more expeditious.

Further on, we saw a pair of almost leafless trees standing together on the top of a high and otherwise treeless hill far away on the horizon. They made a splendid mark, tall and lonely against the sky.

"The Germans are clever," said Herr Conrad with a smile. "The French will do nothing round here."

They are very "thorough"—these Germans.*

On our way down into Neunkirchen we called at a quiet little Garten-Wirthschaft, where some hunters in their quaint attire were sitting with their long pipes and their beer. They were very good-natured and showed us a deer they had shot, and which was hanging in an out-house under the trees, still warm and bleeding.

As we sat upon a bench, in the warm evening air, near the edge of the forest, we had a very good view of Neunkirchen lying below us in the valley. Somehow, the German collieries and works never seemed to me to present the uninviting aspect of English collieries. Hundreds of thousands of men are employed in this Prussian coalfield, yet one scarcely noticed the collieries. They did not seem obtrusive. The roads were clean and white; the grass and the hills and the fields and the forests were everywhere around in all their freshness; grasshoppers innumerable chirped and jumped in the meadows; the great flies, with the poisonous stings, hummed among the leaves; the purple heather-like flower, that covered the mountainsides, shed its peculiarly sweet fragrance. The summer evenings, when the sun set in a blaze of glory over the forests, were full of peace.

* Abbot Gasquet, in his excellent article "Editing and Reviewing" (*Dublin Review*, April, 1902), gives many instances of German thoroughness. Any man, with ordinary powers of observation, can find, in the daily life of the German people, abundant evidence in support of his statements.

Neunkirchen is so surrounded by hills that, I was told, it rarely, if ever, is visited by thunderstorms.

Heavy rainstorms sweep all the hills around, and the lightnings play over the tops of the swaying pines, and the streets of Neunkirchen are as dry as powder.

We passed down by a road lined with walnut-trees and linden-trees.

When the walnuts are small the people put them in their whisky, and, they say, they improve the liquor wonderfully. Only the very poor people drink whisky. They also drink a deal of bottled beer.

We entered the town by the road that wound down the hill-side through the poorer quarter, that is to say, the part occupied exclusively by the miners, or *Berg-leute*, as they are called—the "mountain-folk."

Oxen and cows were on every side, yoked to waggons of hay; children playing in the gutters; men sitting at the top of the winding flights of steps that led up to the doors of their wretched dwellings along the roadside smoking their long German pipes and eyeing the stranger curiously.

One thing I do not know that I ever saw—a bare-footed child. I said just now that the *Berg-leute* liked their beer. For every three houses there was a beer-house, where bottled beer was sold!

One wet day I went to see the school and the workshop of which Herr Josef has charge. Both he and his brother Heinrich, who has a similar school at Dillingen, are very clever men. They are both keen photographers, and Josef at his home has contrived an excellent dark room—all the fittings being his own handiwork. Even his large stand-camera he has constructed himself, though one would certainly have believed it a first-class shop production. As soon as he saw the patent tripod I was using for my camera, he asked for the loan of it for one night, and

sent it back first thing next day, having quite mastered its construction (which is more than I have done after possessing it for a very considerable period), and being quite prepared to make one for his own use.

Josef and Heinrich are the only two men in the Rhine province who are allowed to teach in the schools the art of metal-work and wood-carving—at which they are most skilful. I was shown some remarkable work of theirs—furniture, metal-stands for flowers and photos, frames the most ornamental, and many other articles.

Indeed, the Germans seem to have a special gift for such work. I was shown, I remember, a beautifully carved pipe and a cigar-holder, done altogether by hand, but of the finest and most artistic workmanship. It seemed incredible that it was hand-work. Part of the cigar-holder was carved into the representation of an Arab leading a horse. Both the man and the horse stood upon the stem of the holder, perfect in shape and expression and every detail. Yet the man's face was at the very most one-twelfth of an inch square.

The schoolroom was scrupulously clean: indeed, they evidently believe in "cleanliness being next to godliness," for the schoolroom is thoroughly washed and cleaned every day. On the afternoon on which I went to see the workshop attached to the school I found Herr Josef working with his boys—a band of earnest little fellows in long blue overalls, very attentive and quiet and industrious. Some were busy at the anvils and the forge, others at the lathes and saws and benches. The working bench was fitted up around the room, but a space was left for one to pass along between the wall and the bench.

Herr Josef showed us the different stages of metal-work through which his pupils pass.

First, perhaps, they try their hands, under his guidance, at a triangle of copper-wire; then, a pyramid of metal; next, other articles more difficult, and so on from stage to

stage, learning the different ways of joining metal together by fashioning cups, funnels, and similar objects, finally reaching the height of their aspirations in the making of ornamental metal stands, which are afterwards painted and gilded. Many of the articles, which they had to make in order to learn the forming and soldering of circles, hooks, and so on, were at the same time puzzles to amuse them. I have by me as I write a couple of very ingenious puzzles made by Herr Josef's boys.

While I was in the workshop the boys were, for the most part, making moulds.

The large fret-saw used for cutting the metal, and worked by the foot, was made by Josef and another master. I thought it had been bought, so highly-finished was it and perfect in all its workings.

The Government supplies the materials to the schools, and, though the children are not obliged to take up this work and the classes take place only on the afternoons when the school-children are free from school, the workshops are always full.

In very deed the Germans are a "thorough" and a work-loving people. I am myself personally acquainted with young Germans who are at their work by five every morning, and do not return home till nine at night, and with others whose work begins at half-past four in the morning and does not end till six in the evening.

By six in the morning the whole town was astir and full of bustle and life. As a young German once said to me, "The Germans do not work to live: they live to work."

I was sitting in the little dining-room, one day, writing a few lines to a friend in Old England. Dinner was not long over—one of those German dinners which, though a real change, seem to an Englishman to be wanting in balance, beginning as they do with soup and coming to an abrupt termination after a couple of courses of different

sorts of meat and vegetables. The quality of the food, however, and the German cooking I consider excellent, and, as for price, I have met with nothing so moderate in England:—the German dinners in the German hotels were all much on the scale of a very good meal of half a dozen courses, excellently served, in a first-class restaurant in Saarbrücken, at *one mark*. In my Neukirchen home the cooking was, I must say, of the best. Frau T— and her daughter attended to the preparation of the meals in person, as is almost universally the case in Germany, and their Kartoffeln-Salat (potato-salad) was a marvel. Sliced sausages, of course, large and small, eaten sometimes with preserved melon, appeared at practically every meal; Sauerkraut now and again; beer and the clear straw-coloured Rhine-wine, non-intoxicating, are drunk at dinner and at supper, which is practically a second edition of the dinner. They give the wine a very pleasant aroma by steeping in it a herb called "Wald-meister" that grows in the forests of the neighbourhood. *Asperula odorata* is, I think, its botanical name.

I was writing my letter, then, at my ease after dinner, when I rushed my fellow-traveller, and at a word from him I dropped my pen, snatched up cap and camera, and hurried into the Bahnhof-strasse for a glimpse of yet one more feature of German life—a German funeral. The great bells of the Catholic Church were tolling at regular intervals, and in the street the *cortège* was standing waiting for the coffin.

The horses attached to the hearse were completely covered with long black cloths which hung down to the ground on either side, while tall black plumes waved above their heads. The driver sat upon the box with head uncovered, and a multitude of men and women in black stood behind the hearse, the men bare-headed, all praying devoutly while waiting for the cortège to start.

Every man in the street uncovered, and there was a deep

silence. No vehicle was allowed to pass that way, or indeed attempted to do so, the street being left on such occasions quite free for the procession up the hill to the cemetery at the outskirts of the town.

Presently the chanting of the *Miserere* could be heard as the coffin was borne to the hearse, and the procession moved slowly off through the bright sunshine, headed by a young man carrying what looked strange to English eyes—the wooden cross, some six feet long, which would be planted at the head of the grave.

Around the arms and the upper part of the cross hung a tremendous wreath of flowers, and the name of the woman who had died stood out conspicuous to all, painted in white letters on the cross in the centre of the wreath.

Next came the cross-bearer in cassock and surplice, the cross being three times as high as himself; then three choir-boys in surplice and cassock; then, in tall hat and wearing a bright sash, the flag-bearer of the Guild to which the deceased had belonged—the huge flag draped gracefully about the long pole.

Then came the priest in long surplice and stole, with Herr Conrad on his left, followed by the hearse and the long procession of mourners two by two.

In spite of an injunction in an English photographic journal that such scenes are not subjects for the camera, I could not resist the temptation to take advantage of the opportunity, and, though the arm of my friend came into one of my pictures as he tried to help me to do the thing clandestinely, I did not escape the observation of the priest—whose acquaintance I had already made—and a broad smile in the midst of his *Miserere* is duly recorded.

We sometimes went to visit the house of one of the King's Foresters. It stood in the midst of a clearing in the very heart of the forest. We passed through an iron gate, and along a path between two grass lawns before

the house, where a number of long-bodied puppies waddled forward on their tiny legs to insist on being petted.

The good Haus-frau received us most cordially, at once produced her home-made red-currant wine, and chatted volubly as we sat over our glasses. The walls of the little room were covered with horns and great antlers of animals killed by her husband. Carpets are unknown on the floors of most German houses, but, in this case, the floor was covered with beautiful rugs made from the skins of beasts killed in the forest. I was anxious to obtain a photograph of the forester in his full uniform, but, unfortunately, on the occasions when we visited the house he was away in the woods.

On the rack were some of his hats with the peculiar round piece of fur on the side, and the long curling feather standing up from the back. Seeing that I was interested in the decorations of the room Frau K—— laughed heartily—for she had been born and bred in such surroundings—and showed me into the next room where she allowed me to examine all the splendid uniforms hanging there, the muffs of fur, bugles of horn, rifles, and long hunting-knives—every article being carefully cleaned, and brass and steel beautifully bright.

Quiet and peaceful indeed must be the life of this good Catholic family, alone in the deep forests.

The children, I was told, go all the way by train, to Saarbrücken, twenty miles off, to school every morning, return for dinner, then back to Saarbrücken, and home again at night!

I never had an opportunity of visiting the great iron-works of Stumm at Neunkirchen, though almost every day we passed close to them under the massive railway-bridge, whose arches—as is the case with most bridges in Germany—are well stored with dynamite for the purpose of blowing up the bridge to obstruct an enemy.

I did, however, get an opportunity of seeing all through the great iron and steel works at Dillingen. Here are made the armour-plates for the ironclads—the only place in Germany where they are made—and the workmen speak to no visitors, as the mode of making the steel plates is a strict secret.

In some parts, where the big rollers were flattening white-hot plates, the heat was terrific; and the men turned away, as the plate came crashing through, hiding their heads behind doorways and walls.

Their dress consisted of a cotton-jacket and trousers, great wooden boards fitted to their shoes, and a broad-brimmed hat which, when they bent their heads, sheltered their faces from the blinding heat.

They rushed up to the huge plate with bundles of brush-wood and hurled them on, then fell back with the perspiration streaming, while the plate, with a roar and a crackling as of thunder, plunged beneath the roller.

There, too, we saw the largest steam-press in the world, used for giving the plates the necessary curve, and the gigantic machines, also, which cut the enormous plates as if they were paper.

It was a relief to find one's self in the open air again, and we walked under the trees by the pleasant river that runs beside the works, and saw the clean, neat swimming-baths, erected for the workmen, in the middle of the stream. How they must love that shady walk and that river!

I have already spoken of the Berg-leute. Fine big cheerful fellows, in spite of their occupation they returned to their homes clean and tidy, and they always had a smile and a hearty "Guten Abend" for us when we met them on the great roads in the forest that have been, in many cases, specially constructed for their convenience. The miners wore a distinctive uniform—a peaked German cap, with two red stripes and a crossed-hammer badge, a

large collar to the jacket like a sailor's, and stripes of black braid down front and back.

Every mine has its band of music, and I remember once hearing a performance, by the band of the König-grube, which in my estimation was equal to, if not ahead of, the productions of our finest bands.

It was all the more wonderful inasmuch as no man was admitted as a member of the band who did not actually toil at the manual labour of the mines, and as one looked upon those fine fellows on the covered stage, in perfect evening attire, smart and clean, with intelligent faces and nimble, supple fingers, one could hardly bring one's self to believe that, in a few hours, they would be labouring with pick-axe and shovel, grimy and hot, deep down in the earth among the beds of coal.

The whole audience, in the Garten-Wirtschaft, among the trees, as they sat at the little tables with their great glasses before them, listened in the deepest silence and with the most intense eagerness, breaking into thunders of applause when the pieces ended, clamouring for encores, performers and audience laughing and jostling with one another in right good fellowship.

Never did I see such hearty enjoyment. The whole soul of the people seemed stirred. They gave one the impression that they had not come there to gossip or pass an idle hour or two; they came in eager anticipation of a treat, and they certainly manifested the keenest relish and appreciation. The moment they saw the performers preparing to attack a fresh number there was dead silence. Their native thoroughness and earnestness of purpose were in the ascendant. Not a whisper would have been tolerated; not a rustle of a programme. The waitresses stood motionless where they were with their trays of glasses. Every face was fixed and stony; the whole being was concentrated in the one act of listening.

How different it would have been in England! Under

similar circumstances the piece would have been half over before the British public would have condescended to hold their gabbling tongues and "lend their ears."

There were many interesting places in the surrounding country within easy reach of Neunkirchen: the Brennende Berg, or burning mountain, a coal-bed which ignited spontaneously 170 years ago and from whose fissures smoke still issues; Saarbrücken with its great battle-field; Homburg in Bavaria with its famous ruined fortresses on the top of the beautiful Karlsberg and Schlossberg (I think it was in that district that I saw the placards of Barnum & Bailey's Show, which had paid a recent visit to the place and must have been very much out of harmony with its surroundings); the ruins of the Roman towns and reservoirs, and the wonderful fossils and petrified trees in the forests; the ancient Stumpfer Giptel—a sacrificial altar and mound of the Gauls of Caesar's day; the quaint little town of St. Wendel, so named after the Scottish prince Gwendoline who lived close by as a shepherd, became an abbot and a saint, and lies in the tomb at the back of the tabernacle in the curious old Gothic Church at St. Wendel.

Space will not permit me to tell of all the interesting sights one met with, or to recount the many incidents that befel us. But to me they are part and parcel of my stay at Neunkirchen.

Whether we returned by train, or on foot across the hills, Neunkirchen, when the night had fallen, was a wondrous sight. The glare of the summer day had blinded us to the brilliant and ever-varying spectacle that lay beside us, but, by and by, the shadows grew longer and blended and were night, and the round moon looked out through the bars of the pine-wood; and then the fires of the great works flashed up in wild conquest; and the flames from the chimney-top and the furnace-door sprang forth like

maned lions; and long bars of metal, undulating in the whitest heat, hurried from place to place, and were seized and held in the vice and turned and torn and twisted; and wire writhed and curled in coils of fire; and shorter bars rushed by in a blaze of light and fell under the gleaming rollers, and were crushed and pressed and squeezed and knew no mercy, till, from being a foot or two in depth and breadth, they were as thin as paper and as wide as gigantic floors.

And the red glow played over the forms of men in every attitude, and giant shadows danced and fell and rose, in and out and around, and the electric lights, turned blue by contrast, added their note of colour to the scene, and the mad orgie of that monarchy of fire went on unflagging, till the dawn should-creep softly in at the gate and stand by the furnace-door.

It was ten by the clock, and from the church steeple, rising black against the sky, began the booming of the bell, ringing out its warning, as for hundreds of years already it had done, over the valleys and the hills, to direct the steps of the wanderer on the lonely mountain-track or in the deep gloom of the forest, to quicken his lingering feet, to rouse his sinking heart, to guide him home.

EDWARD KEALEY.



An Army Chaplain in South Africa.

KORN SPRUIT, SANNA'S POST AND THABA'NCHU.

ON the 17th September, 1901, I received orders from the Senior Chaplain to do duty for the Royal Irish Rifles on Sunday, the 22nd of the same month. They were stationed at Thaba'nchu. It meant a drive of about 86 miles in a Cape cart, as Thaba'nchu is 43 miles to the east of Bloemfontein. In the evening of the 19th, the day before I started, a rumour came into No. 8 Camp that a disaster had befallen our troops at Boesman's Kop, and that a young R. H. A. officer who had been practising a few manoeuvres with two guns had been interrupted in his exercise by the sudden appearance of a small body of Boers and had been captured. Boesman's Kop is between 14 and 15 miles to the east of Bloemfontein, and was on the route I had to take next day to Thaba'nchu. The rumour came in while we were at dinner in the mess tent, and many commiserations and pieces of advice as to making my will and getting ready for the next world were showered upon me.

The prospect of being on the scene of action almost before the smoke of battle had cleared away was certainly interesting, not to say exciting.

A stoutly-built Cape cart, to which were harnessed four magnificent black mules, was waiting for me outside the lines of No. 8 Camp on the next morning, Friday, 20th September. They were requisitioned from the transport lines the day before. "Requisition" is a powerful word in the British Army. Though it has not such an imperative sound as "commandeering," it is about equal to the latter word in efficacy. The occupants of the cart for the journey were myself, my orderly, and the Cape boy driver, Aleck. The latter proved himself a very capable Jehu. Those four mules were his special team on which he prided himself greatly. Their names are indelibly imprinted on my memory; for from the moment we started until we reached the journey's end those names were on Aleck's lips. Hei! Hei! Hei!—Spooah! Slecht!! Eggairr!! Bach!!! began at No. 8 Hospital Camp, and with scarce a breathing space continued, accompanied by frequent flickings of a long cowhide whip, until we reached Sanna's Post, 22 miles. The animals responded well to the driver's continued efforts and kept up a good pace (about eight miles an hour). But oh! the jolting and bumping of the Cape cart over the veldt! The rough road from our camp to the south-west entrance to Bloemfontein gave us a little hint as to what we were to expect later on. We reached the entrance of the town about quarter of an hour after starting. On our right we passed the Convent of the Holy Family; on our left a High School for young ladies. Then we rattled down a decline, leaving ex-President Steyn's residence on our left, and in about five minutes we had threaded the little capital of the Orange River Colony. On emerging at the east end, we crossed the railway and saw on our right the Town Prison—the Boer prison with 200 prisoners—its wire entanglements and sentries; then along about a mile

or more of stores of every variety—the transport and ordnance camps. About a mile further we reached the outpost, stopped a moment to sign our names in the soldier's pass book, and then out on to the open veldt.

The road, or rather reddish brown track, along which we were moving was here in parts smooth enough, and the journey was pleasant for a while. The air was crisp and dry; the sun, tempered somewhat by a few fleecy clouds, did not glare, and the long wide stretch of veldt on either side of us showed signs of spring. Patches of green here and there destroyed the monotony of the vast expanse of khaki. But soon unpleasant sights and scents met us. The track began to be fringed with dead and dying horses, sheep, and oxen. The corpses were in different degrees of decomposition. Most of them happily seemed dried-up skeletons covered with hide, but some were very offensive to the olfactory nerves and the most vigorous puffs of tobacco were necessary to disinfect the tainted air.

The saddest sight possible was that of the poor dying brutes. In one place near a small patch of water were lying four horses worn to a skeleton. At first one thought them dead, but the movement of a limb showed that the last gasp had yet to come. It seemed as if they had tried to reach the water, but their strength had failed at the last moment.

After about seven miles trotting along, we waggled and lurched, and bumped and splashed over an ugly spruit. To our left rose the first height, Springfield, a broad, rough kopje covered with scrub. At its base stood some fair-sized farm buildings, surrounded by blue gum trees, and a bit of vivid green cultivation—a patch of young mealies. Another spruit was negotiated, and then the strange sight met our eyes of seven traction trains puffing and fussing, in a clumsy race across the veldt, towards a solitary hill whose ugly hogback shape broke the monotonous flatness of the plain. It was Boesman's or

Buschman's Kop. A number of tents on the flat summit showed it was a strongly held post. All around scouts innumerable dotted the landscape, and brought to mind the rumour that thereabouts a fight had taken place the day before.

On arriving near the hill we were halted for a moment by a guard of S. A. C. stationed at a farmhouse belonging to relatives of the great General Joubert, and called Joubert's farm. Here we learnt the true version of the disaster which took place, not at Boesman's Kop, but between fifteen and twenty miles to the south-east at a farm called Vlakfontein. The expedition had started from Boesman's Kop. It was a body of 160 mounted men of the Norfolks and Bedfords, with two guns U Battery, R. H. A., and a few burgher scouts. They intended to surprise a body of fifty Boers who had been seen at the Vlakfontein farm, but instead of surprising them they were themselves surprised, surrounded, and nearly all killed, wounded, or captured by Ackerman's and Koetzee's commandos, numbering over 300 men. The account of the whole affair, too long to detail here, was not flattering to the British skill, though there was plenty of heroism. The young artillery officer Barry fought his guns to the last, but sacrificed his life in vain. Only twelve of the gunners were captured unscathed. They and the rest of the column were taken to Wepener, and after being despoiled of their khaki clothes were released a few days afterwards to make the best of their way back to their own army.*

* A fortnight afterwards I was walking from No. 3 Camp into Bloemfontein when I met on the road a dozen rough-looking fellows, clad in all kinds of garments and rags, marching along looking sad and sorrowful. As I drew near they saluted, and I asked them where they came from. "We use U Battery, R. H. A., sir!" And they gave me a description of their capture at Vlakfontein, how they had to tangle all the way to the Basuto border near Wepener, and how the Boers had taken their clothes from them and given them the rags in which they stood, and had then turned them adrift to find their way back to Bloemfontein as best they could. When I praised them, and said everybody knew of the plucky and heroic way in which they had stuck to their guns, I thought: 1

We skirted the base of Boesman's Kop, and on reaching the east side, the chimney of the waterworks and the numerous white tents of Sanna's Post were easily visible about seven miles off on the plain, and in the background a great range of hills culminating in the giant Thaba'nchu, which we hoped to reach on the morrow.

After leaving Boesman's Kop, we encountered the roughest part of the journey. The track descends to a watercourse called Mealie Spruit, and though the mules were surefooted, the wheels of the Cape cart were alternately slipping into cracks and furrows. The bumping was well-nigh unendurable, and the poor body corporate was bruised and sore. After three miles of smooth travelling along the flat we reached another spruit, deep and sudden, with steep rough sides of sun-baked mud. We dived down, splashed through some stagnant water, and mounted on to the plain through a narrow cutting. We had crossed the famous Korn Spruit! What memories that name evoked! memories of a great disaster to the British arms. In the early dawn of the last day of March, 1900, some 400 Boers lay on those mud banks with Mausers ready loaded waiting, listening to the sound of their own guns, which were shelling Broadwood's column from the other side of the Modder river. I could picture those Boers crouching there in a state of excited expectation. Would any of Broadwood's scouts discover their position and by giving the alarm turn this gully into a death trap for the bold Boers? It was a daring act to seize that hollow on the very line of Broadwood's retreat. The slightest indication of their presence, and Broadwood's two batteries by a quick movement could have raked and enfiladed that long trench with shrapnel. But no sign was given. On came the hundred waggons which formed the British convoy,

some tears on the faces of some of them. It was a very touching sight; for from the accounts that had reached us of the fighting of the guns in that disaster, these poor men in traps were all heroes.

each with its team of 18 oxen, crawling slowly towards the spruit. No guard was with them to see if the road was safe. From Broadwood's position at Sanna's Post the plain seems absolutely smooth and bare. No hollow or donga is visible. Not until one is about 15 yards off does the spruit reveal itself, the bank on the Sanna's Post side being somewhat higher than the opposite side. And so the hundred waggons walked innocently into the trap. A hundred rifles were pointed at the head of each driver and he was told to drive his waggon down into the drift and then to dismount, whilst his place was taken by a Boer who took the waggon up the other side. Thus the whole of the hundred waggons were seized in this quiet gentle manner. Immediately after the waggons came the two batteries of Royal Horse Artillery, and only then an unknown hero fired his gun and gave the alarm. But it was too late. The limbered up batteries were too close to the Boer Mausers to escape. Seven guns out of the twelve were taken, and the rest were only saved by a most desperate effort. Five hundred Britishers were killed, wounded, or made prisoners. When one sees the spot, it seems a wonder that any of the guns were saved, for a pitiless hail of bullets at that range must have swept the shelterless plain with level drift.

It was about 1 p.m. when we reached Sanna's Post, where, after being challenged by the sentry near one of the forts, we were permitted to drive into the camp and outspan near the officers' mess-hut. An air of depression reigned over the camp. Seventy of the men and several officers had been killed, wounded, or captured the day before in the disaster at Vlakfontein, and the victorious enemy had just added insult to injury by bombarding one of the outlying forts of Sanna's Post with one of the captured guns. An hour or so after I arrived, the camp surgeon, Dr. Callum,* came in. He had been summoned

* Dr. Callum and the writer were great friends. He had been with me at

the evening before to the Boer lines to attend to our wounded, and gave us many interesting details of the action. Over thirty were wounded, but none dangerously. Twelve were killed, and all the rest prisoners. The camp was in readiness for any possible attack which might be made in the dark, but fortunately the enemy were content with their winnings of the day before. Some excitement was raised though about nine in the evening, when a big gun spoke out from across the Modder. We hurried out of the mess-hut and saw a Boer signal fire, lit at Vlakkfontein on the south, answered shortly by another from the north. Then bang, bang! again from across the river from one of our own forts, letting the enemy know that if they were wide awake so were we. After waiting about one hour we turned in, and I spent the night in the tent of one of the captured officers. He, poor fellow, Lieut. the Hon. E. Jebb, was at that moment wandering about the veldt with Lieut. Downes of the Norfolks, both having escaped from their captivity at Dewetsdorp, and were making their way to Thaba'nchu, where I met them next day.

Next morning, about nine, we inspanned and started for Thaba'nchu under a broiling sun. The initial movement was a vigorous banging and bumping and splashing over the Modder below the waterworks. After crossing, the road was comparatively smooth, though a gradual ascent as we were entering into the hilly country. It was a great comfort to find the whole way guarded by numbers of blockhouses, and here and there on the kops good-sized forts. After about an hour or so we saw a khaki regiment in the distance approaching us, and on nearing the Tommies we found they were the Gordon Highlanders, under the command of Major Berkeley, returning from Ladybrand to

No. 8 Hospital for some time, and had only left No. 8 for Sanna's Post a week before the Vlakkfontein disaster. I was grieved to learn a short time ago that he had been drowned in the Modder River at Sanna's Post last April 14th. He was a genial, clever Yorkshireman, and very popular amongst his fellow-officers.

Bloemfontein and destined for Kroonstad. A range of hills crossed the road at Israel's Poort, and then the great mountain Thaba'nchu came into full view. Thaba'nchu means the black mountain, and it certainly has a swarthy appearance, though its colour appears a deep indigo and sepia rather than black. Though it is scarcely 2,000 ft. from base to summit, its highest point is 7,000 ft. above the sea level, and it towers above its neighbours in sombre majesty. It was here that the famous Voortrekkers assembled after their great trek. After a few miles of fairly good road, and some more bumping over a couple of rough rock-bedded spruits, we were in the town of Thaba'nchu. The great town or collection of brown mud huts and bee-hive shaped dwellings is on the right, and is inhabited by 10,000 blacks of the Baralong tribe. It stood on the right of our track. Somewhat further on, perhaps a quarter of a mile, the white houses and figures of the white population presented an agreeable contrast to the huge mass of black barbarism. The whites number some 800, and judging from their habitations and their apparel seemed fairly well to do. In about five minutes we had crossed the town, scrambled through another spruit, and found ourselves at home in the Camp of the Royal Irish Rifles, where I was most hospitably received by Colonel Hawes and his staff.

A. D. F.

Carmina Mariana.

THE volume under notice, published by Mr. Orby Shipley, 1902, is the Second Series of "Songs of Mary." It is already in the second edition. The first Series was well received, and the Second is equally well received, and most fortunately the success of these two volumes has encouraged the Editor to prepare a third Series for publication.

The present volume is so excellently fashioned and printed that it becomes at once a pleasant thing to handle it and read it, but far more does the beauty of thought and richness of artistic expression make it a truly charming work.

It is a collection of beautiful poems directly or indirectly in praise of the Mother of God, a theme captivating to all whether it be taken as only representing an ideal hallowed by tradition, or a living reality enshrined in faithful hearts. Open the volume where we will, there is something to please, and an ever varying attraction leads us from page to page. We have poems by devout clients of Mary, and by others who would never claim to be her children. We have authors from Adam of St. Victor to Alfred Austin, from the convict Villon to Aubrey de Vere, from St. Anselm of Lucca to Shelley and Swinburne.

We have early English and modern American hymns. We have ancient songs from Connaught and sonnets from the Elizabethan age and verses from pens still busy in current literature. There is allegory and legend and ballad; there is mystic verse and lyric; verse with local colouring and personal reminiscence. The poems are gathered from all sources, varying widely in date, in place, in circumstance, in form, and it arouses special interest

to watch the different sentiment and treatment in the one subject.

In the preface there is a somewhat long and laboured defence for the introduction of poems not meant, or at least not consciously meant, by their authors to refer to the Blessed Virgin Mary. It implies a theory of subjective application by the reader apart from the consideration of the writer's mind. A parallel is drawn between the poet and the inspired writers of the Bible and the use we make of them; but I think the comparison and the whole theory is not very satisfactory. If the poet is merely and vaguely presenting to us the ideal it may be just and suitable for the reader to apply it to his special subject. But if it is not merely ideal, and if coloured by preconceived notions, the direct meaning of the writer will obtrude and be out of harmony, as for example in the last two lines, on page 7, where Spring is taken as a type of our Blessed Lady;

"In vain to teach him love must man employ thee,
The more he learns, the less he can enjoy thee."

True, the second allegory, page 8, is very beautiful and fitting, but the title so familiar to us of "Mary Star of the Sea" brings her into accord with the writer's theme.

The fourth allegory, page 10, to my mind suits St. Mary Magdalen better than the Blessed Virgin. In number six, Hope is so clearly the poet's theme that it is a distracting constraint to bring it to rest upon the form of Mary.

Or, again, take the lines from Shelley, page 299. To me it seems difficult, especially when we know Shelley's vague and rhapsodical aspiring after communion with intellectual beauty, to apply them to her whom we contemplate a sweet and holy maidenhood clothed with our human nature. Take the poem following, by Swinburne, and, especially since we know his material tendencies,

notes inharmonious are struck when we apply it to Our Blessed Lady.

In reading, I think the mind and the mood of the poet must be regarded, for though genius expresses, as Mr. Orby Shipley contends, more than it is conscious of, yet it will be expression of thought cognate to and stirred by the matter of the poet's theme and poet's mood.

One other criticism might be made. There are perhaps a few pieces, such as the extract from "All's well that ends well," where the reference to the Blessed Virgin is comparatively so slight that it could scarcely be classed among "Carmina Mariana." However, if these slight criticisms are just, they would but have a very limited application in the present volume. And we can speak with whole-hearted praise and gratitude in extolling a book full of beauty, interest, and edification.

J. A. W.

Old Recollections.

THE end of 1902 reminds us of the completion of 100 years of residence at Ampleforth; and already the "Ampleforth Centenary" has been acclaimed. At the annual dinner of the Ampleforth Society in Liverpool (Nov. 18th) the "alumni" of St. Lawrence's inaugurated the series of "centenary" festivities; and before this number of the *Journal* is published, another most interesting celebration will have been held, the *Centenary of Arrival at Ampleforth* (Dec. 11th, 1802). This has been the more private manifestation of the joy and gratitude of the "Laurentian Familia;" but we are eagerly looking forward to the *Grand Centenary Triduum* in July, when alumni and friends will be invited to rejoice with us.

But, evidently, where there is a "centenary," there must have been a "golden jubilee;" and it was not forgotten. Even from the pages of "Old Recollections" it must have been gathered that in the first 50 years there had been much to be grateful for. The growth from Ampleforth Lodge of 1802 to the monastery and college of 1852, coupled with the difficulties and dangers of intermediate years so wonderfully overcome, evidenced a debt of gratitude that called for more than golden thanks.

The golden jubilee was celebrated on October 12th, 1852, the Feast of St. Wilfrid, and also the Prior's Feast (D. Wilfrid Cooper). In the old chapel there was High Mass and Te Deum, and a jubilee address by a junior member of the community, Br. Aidan Hickey, afterwards Abbot Provincial. In what was described at the time as the "large newly-erected cloister" (a portion of which remains, from refectory to college) the community, visitors, and students afterwards assembled for speeches,

music, &c. There were two jubilee addresses, by students; and in the evening, theatricals. If thanks for past favours are efficacious in obtaining future blessings, we may reasonably infer that the golden jubilee was very thankfully celebrated.

The second half of the century very appropriately opened with the building of the church. If our "Holy Father" has said "Nihil operi Dei præponatur," it was wise to think first of the "House of God;" and seeing now how we are blessed with college and monastery, no one can doubt the wisdom.

It is not without interest to record that on the 3rd of May, 1853, Dr. Alban Molyneux, who was at the time President-General, kept his golden jubilee at Ampleforth, where he had received the habit of St. Benedict fifty years previously.

Preparations were made in the autumn of 1854; more active operations were carried on in 1855 and 1856; and early in 1857 the church was completed. But the internal fittings were all temporary; altars, stalls, &c. were brought from the old chapel. It was quite natural that Fr. Prior Cooper should take great interest in the progress of the building; the more so as, during his missionary career, he had been accustomed to the churches of St. Mary and of St. Anne in Liverpool, and must have felt the contrast on his return to the old chapel. The community, too, made frequent, if not daily, visits to see how things progressed. But they learned to time their visits, for nature had provided the prior with such considerable defence against cold, that he seemed impervious even to the cutting east wind! and hence some not so well provided dreaded being caught by the prior, who would detain them in conversation until nearly cut in two. So that, if asked to come and inspect progress, the rejoinder would be: "Is Fr. Prior there?" During the building, there was only one accident that was notable. The walls were up

and the principals of the roof fixed, when during the night a severe storm swept the valley and wrecked the roof. The stone-work suffered little, the tracery of the windows, &c., escaping injury. In the spring of 1857 the church was ready for use, and there was a private opening. As the church was 94 feet in length, and of this 40 feet devoted to chancel and choir, and as a nave of 54 feet remained for the accommodation of the students, it was not long before the remembrance of the past led to a feeling of wonder how it had been possible to get on in the old chapel. As a permanent furnishing of the church was only practicable by degrees, the solemn opening was fixed for Midsummer. Much as the change was appreciated by the inmates of the monastery, the villagers were slow in expressing approval. Whilst in the old chapel, they were accustomed to occupy on Sundays the whole of the lower floor, and thus were close to the sanctuary and altar. And to give them this accommodation, the students were packed in the gallery. But in the new church the latter, of course, occupied the chief part of the nave, and the villagers were relegated to the back benches. This they were inclined to regard as an infringement upon their prescriptive rights, and perhaps it prompted the inquiry as to when the gallery would be put up. In their eyes a gallery seemed essential; especially if it was accompanied by restoration to their old position. But experience has shown them that a gallery forms no necessary part of a monastic church.

The "Exhibition Day" of 1857 has been rendered especially memorable by the opening of the church on that day, the 15th of July. As might have been anticipated, an unusual number of visitors were attracted by the solemnity. As the opening took place nearly 50 years ago, it is not surprising to find the *Tablet* recording as extraordinary, that "within the new church were assembled at least 60 professed members of the English Benedictine Congregation, a gathering such as, perhaps, has never

been witnessed since the reformation." The Very Rev. Fr. Prior Cooper and his community were, of course, present, and, as was natural, many Laurentian fathers from the missions. But the most marked feature in the celebration was the manifestation of such cordial goodwill by the representatives of the whole English Benedictine Congregation. Not only were two Benedictine Bishops present—the Bishop of Newport and Menevia (Bishop Brown) and the Bishop of Troy (Bishop Morris)—but the President-General (Abbot Burchall), the Provincials of Canterbury and of York (DD. Heptonstall and Greenough), the Priors of the Monasteries of Downside and of Douai (Priors Sweeney and Hankinson), were prominent in the assemblage. The feelings of the two bishops must have contrasted strangely with their recollections of Ampleforth and its trials of a quarter of a century earlier. The venerable Bishop of the Diocese was also present, with representatives of his clergy. The Right Rev. Bishop of Beverley (Bishop Briggs) whose diocese was then co-extensive with Yorkshire, had ruled, as Vicar-Apostolic, all the northern counties besides, including Lancashire and also the Isle of Man. Since his consecration, in 1833, he had known Ampleforth well, and he came to take part in her joys, having been no stranger to her sorrows.

The opening ceremony is thus reported in the *Tablet*:—"The procession formed at nine o'clock, and proceeded through the cloisters, the northern transept and the choir. The long line of monks in cowl and hood, the number of youths in surplices, the ministers of the altar, and the three prelates in full pontificals, with their attending ministers, afforded a most imposing spectacle and one which is not seen every day, nor anywhere but in a monastery." The Right Rev. Fr. President-General (Abbot Burchall) sang the Mass; Very Rev. Prior Sweeney preached a panegyric on Our Holy Father, St. Benedict. The choir sang Haydn's Imperial Mass, which the

Tablet says "was admirably performed"—so we may take it for granted that it was not below usual excellence! The solemnity closed with the "Te Deum."

Later in the day came the "Exhibition" with its programme of music, speeches, and distribution of prizes. The dinner was more than an ordinary event, being graced by the bishops and prelates named. The hilarity of the gathering was raised to the highest pitch of merriment by a playful repartee by the Bishop of Newport and Menevia. When the news came that the bishop of the diocese had accepted his invitation, it was taken for granted that we should be treated to some account of his recent visit to Rome. His Lordship had had the distinguished honour of being lodged at the Vatican, a fact which found place in his speech. Then, in a strain of quiet humour, he dwelt upon a few traits in the everyday life of the Pope ("Pio Nono"), with the view of showing how he himself, as became a faithful son, rather closely imitated him. After enumerating a few points, he closed the series by saying that he noticed that the Pope said a very long Mass, thus suggesting, to the amusement of his audience, a reason for the length of his own Mass, for which he was proverbial. When the Bishop of Newport rose, he said that he had little to add to the remarks of his right rev. brother; but that, though he was rather diffident in expressing an opinion on the length of the Papal Mass, he must be allowed to supply a most important omission, which seemed to have escaped his Lordship's notice. Whether the Pope said a long or a shorter Mass, he was quite sure that he invariably said it at the appointed time. The unprecedented storm of applause is easily explained by the fact that the venerable Bishop had kept everyone, bishops included, waiting about 20 minutes that very morning. It may be added that the good old Bishop seemed to enjoy the joke as much as any one. In the evening the students performed "*Henry V.*" followed by the amusing farce entitled

"*To Paris and back for £5*" With regard to the structure of the church, it may be recorded that a relic from Byland Abbey was incorporated in the building, and now serves as a window in the Chapel of Relics. It is known as the Byland window. It stood in an orchard on the monastery property at Byland, quite apart from the ruins, and is a link with pre-reformation times.

About the same time minor, but very important improvements were carried out. Hitherto the only entrances to the monastery and college were to the south, viz., the front door in the old house and the door in the old study wing. The erection of the church necessitated a new arrangement. The present hospitium was built, with reception-room below and porter's room at the back, also used as a tailor's shop; and two bedrooms above. Adjoining, were erected new domestic buildings, viz., housekeeper's rooms, servants' dormitory, bake-house, storeroom, and larder. At the west-end, and connecting these with the main building, was a new procurator's office. Perhaps it would be more correct to say that, for the first time, the procurator was provided with an office fairly deserving of the name. For the previous five or six years, the room west of the present priests' room (in the old house, and at that time the principal guest-room) was shared between the procurator and the missionary, a wooden partition being fixed between the windows. But the missionary was the more fortunate; for he was located in the half nearer the old chapel, in which there was a fireplace, so that he got the warmth, and the procurator was left out in the cold. And as this was an improvement on previous arrangements, little could be said about the "sweets of office." To the west of the new office was a passage leading from the monastery to the new guest-house and to the domestic wing, and here was placed a western entrance door. This was very useful, and good for everyday work, but it was not deserving of

the name of the western entrance. Shortly after, a larger porch was built, with the present western door, and large double-doors opposite to the entrance into the church. All this has since been superseded by the present entrance-hall.

Contemporaneous with the building of the church was the erection of the sacristy, with a large room above, intended for a small infirmary, with a little oratory adjoining, in the small church tower. Consequent on the completion of the church, the greater part of the old chapel wing was available for other and very useful purposes. The first change was imperative and urgent, as in the lower floor a passage through the old sanctuary was the only way to the church, and a similar passage on the upper floor was to become the way to the infirmary and to the rooms into which the chapel gallery was to be divided. This of course necessitated windows in the north wall of each story. By the erection of a wall to form the passage to the church, the ground floor of the old chapel became a room similar in size to the old calefactory. By a connecting door access to it was obtained from the new sacristy, so that the whole was available, on occasion, for sacristy purposes. From the first, however, a third of the room was permanently assigned as an outer sacristy, being cut off by cupboards and folding-doors from the remainder of the room. Again, this outer-sacristy communicated directly with the cloister, thereby obviating the necessity for a cloister-entrance into the main sacristy; and thus was left an unbroken wall against which to place the principal vesting-table. By this plan the larger portion of the room was available for other purposes, and yet was always ready as a supplementary sacristy. The changes in the upper story increased accommodation by the addition of three cells; and a well-lighted corridor, opening to the chief landing, improved considerably the look of that part of the house. It is interesting to note

that the north wall of the middle cell is about in the line of the chain of the sanctuary lamp; and in the ceiling may still be traced the form of the dove from which the chain was suspended.

About the same period an engine-house was built and equipped for pumping, grinding and sawing; a water-tower, too, was erected, high enough to send water to any story. Soon after the opening of the church, a warming apparatus was fixed to warm the church and some portion of the monastery. An attempt had previously been made to warm the church and cloister by an amateur plan, confidently advocated by the inventors. As the cost was comparatively trifling compared with the usual outlay, and as the inventors were not men without experience, a trial was allowed. The result, however, was not a success, for only one person seemed to have derived benefit, and that indirectly, for he was only warmed in imagination, having appreciated the result half-an-hour before the fire was lighted. As the less spiritual were perhaps more liable to be corporally affected by the elements, it was necessary to fall back upon a more reliable system in no way dependent upon imagination.

It has already been stated that Mr. Charles Hansom was the architect of the church. After the opening it passed into the hands of Mr. Joseph Hansom, the elder brother, and between 1857 and 1861 much was done for the interior. A leading feature, contrasting strongly with ordinary church plans, whilst supplying most artistically and satisfactorily a leading requirement in a monastic church, was the allocation of the aisles to private chapels and altars. This plan also necessitated the placing of the benches in the middle of the nave, with the happy result that none of the architectural beauties were concealed, and that the occupants of the nave were in full view of choir and sanctuary. As will probably be generally acknowledged, the insertion of the Stations of the

Cross has added much to the beauty of the screens. But when they were first put up there were no station-groups; the openings were left as invitations to benefactors to fill them up. This was gradually done; and, as may be seen, the name of the donor and the date of the gift were inserted at the back of each station. During the same period (1857-1861), four chapels were formed, and altars erected, viz., the Lady-Chapel, St. Scholastica's and St. Joseph's in the south aisle, and St. Benedict's in the north; the fifth chapel was formed later, the position being at first occupied by the organ from the old chapel. In the treatment of St. Joseph's altar it is evident that the architect was mindful of his holy patron. Not only might this have been expected, but he made good his claim to more costly design by himself contributing fifty pounds in alleviation. The two sides of the choir screen were erected about the same time, but the arch and rood, &c., were not added until a few years later. The pulpit was put up at the same time as the screens. The high altar, too, dates from about the same period, but since its first erection it has been materially improved, as will be described later.

Although in the erection of the church and of the numerous other buildings the greater part of the stone was supplied from the hill-side to the north of the monastery, there was still a very large quantity of material only to be obtained from a distance. It is evident, therefore, that the cost of transit would have enormously increased the expense of building, only for the fortunate opening of a branch of the North Eastern Railway. The line from Malton to Thirsk was opened about 1852, with a station at Gilling and another about a mile south of Ampleforth. As in so many other places, transit for both passengers and goods was immediately revolutionized. The construction of the line became the topic of the day, and was an attraction for the community in their walks. On one occasion they came upon some navvies engaged upon the work,

who very soon let them know that they were expected "to pay their footing." When the spokesman of the party replied that they had no money, the representative of labour rather incredulously rejoined: "You look as if you ought to have some;" for the condition of voluntary poverty was, of course, quite unknown to him. At another point a man was engaged stubbing roots of trees. On being asked what kind they were, he with marked emphasis replied: "Hashes and helders, and hoaks and helms, and hole sorts."

But, although railway travelling was so welcome in contrast with the inconveniences of the past, for years there was no direct communication with York; through carriages except to Malton and Thirsk were unknown; and though there was economy in fares, it was often gained by enormous expenditure of patience. Detention at Pillmoor was only too well known; a good walker might almost have traversed the distance on foot in the time spent in waiting for the train to Gilling. But, as in very bad weather there is sure to be a change, and for the better, so with the new railway; things have certainly much improved. Although it occurred many years later, it seems opportune to mention here that, in the spring of 1864, there seemed some prospect of much better railway accommodation. A new railway company was formed, with the intention of carrying an independent line to the north. It was to pass through the valley, crossing the college playground, about the middle of the cricket-ground, and afterwards making for Helmsley and Stokesley. The North Eastern Company could not but look upon this as a hostile aggression. But, considering the awkward positions of the Gilling and Ampleforth Stations, it became to us rather a complex question, whether to befriend or to oppose the undertaking. The prospect of securing a college station, at least for passengers, with probably greater facilities for goods, was very tempting. On the other hand, a railway

embankment running through the playground, and so close to the house, was a heavy weight in the opposite scale. However, on opening negotiations, it was found that the grant of a station did not commend itself to the directors; on the other hand they were ready to compensate for trespassing on privacy in a sum of about £6,000. When it was represented that an embankment would be intolerable, they were ready to substitute a viaduct, to the design or at least subject to the approval of our architect, at an estimate of £4,000. But it turned out that, in case the viaduct was built, the compensation was to be only £2,000. In other words, the directors were ready to provide a viaduct at our expense. All things considered, it was determined to oppose the new line, and cast in our lot with the existing company. On the whole it seemed good policy to remain friends with the North Eastern Railway. And this was confirmed by the result. This company was not only glad of our co-operation, but welcomed our opposition to the contemplated line as one of great strength in Committee of the House of Lords as a residential opposition, their own being of special power in the Commons as a commercial one. They showed their appreciation of our action by agreeing to treat our expenses as part of the company's expenses. At the same time we were to act independently. In due course eminent counsel were engaged, the leader being no other than the celebrated Q.C. of the Parliamentary Bar, the late Mr. Hope-Scott. The case was opened in the Committee of the House of Commons, and the talk of the lobby was that this was to be the "cause célèbre," likely to occupy at least a fortnight. But, contrary to all expectations, the case opened and ended in a most exciting forensic duel. Scarcely had counsel for the petitioners opened his lips, than the Hon. Denison, Q.C., on the part of the North Eastern, interrupted the proceedings by asking permission to raise preliminary objections. This being granted he

proceeded to show that it would be waste of time to go into the details of the bill. After a defence from the other side, and a reply on the part of the North Eastern, the Committee Room was cleared to consider the preliminary objections. On reopening the doors, the Chairman quietly stated that the objections had been considered and that the Committee had come to the conclusion that it would be waste of time to go on with the case.

W. B. P.

Stray Fragments of a Past.

I.

I HAD got thus far in my literary project a few evenings ago and was just wondering what I should say by way of introduction, when my friend Sneer, under pretext of begging a fresh nib, suddenly entered my room. Catching sight of the above rather enigmatical title he immediately assumed his usual *air moqueur*. "Hullo, old man, what are you up to now?" (He is rather Bohemian in his language is Sneer, but a thoroughly good fellow.) "Going in for the archaic; prehistoric flints and such? Have you turned Egyptologist and disintombed some hitherto undiscovered documents of the long dusty past? 'Ta'en the antiquarian trade,' as Burns says? What is the matter?" "Neither one nor the other," I replied. "I have just been asked to jot down a few musical recollections of my days at college,

and they are going to be dignified with the name of 'article' and be honoured with a place in the *Journal*."

"Was music at such a pitch of excellence in your days that the memories of it are worthy of such a shrine?" he asked in his usual cynical style. "It depends entirely on the standard you set up for the judging of excellence," I retorted. "Have you never heard of comparative excellence, friend Sneer? Is no man to paint a picture because he can never hope to be a Michael Angelo or a Rubens? Are not our R.A.'s excellent in their way? Is no bard to sing because he cannot tune his humble lyre to the pitch of a Milton or a Dryden? Has Southey no excellence because Byron calls him 'Bob' and beats down his comparative flight with his own great eagle wings? Are our most super-excellent masters and models always quite perfect?"

"Perhaps," said I, adopting his own cynical humour, "it is some consideration of this sort, some such reverence for 'excellence,' as you call it, that has hitherto kept your genius from venturing into the regions of criticism?" Thus I returned blow for blow. Nothing confounds your cynic so effectually as a piece of smart contra-cynicism. He finds that two can play at the game and he doesn't like the war to be carried into his own country. "Apart from the question of excellence," I went on, "there is a charm, a relish that time gives to even the humblest recollection, as undeniable as the smack that age gives to your wine. Is it not human nature to linger over memories of a dead past merely because they are memories and to recall things with fondness which when they happened were too commonplace to be remarked? When people sneer about 'your modern authors' and prefer a stanza by Spenser or a sonnet by Waller, is it, think you, that they believe that the heart of poetry ceased with the reign of Elizabeth or at furthest did not survive the days of the Restoration? Is there not something in their preference akin to that

respectful interest with which a man handles an arrow-head of the Stone Age or lingers fondly over an Andrea Ferrara, though at best it is only poor steel?

"Would not you yourself relish your tea the more for knowing that you drank it out of a cup of Sévres or old Dresden than from a modest piece of modern pottery?"

"You, too," said I, knowing my friend's propensities, "when you feel life slipping away from under you and new generations have sprung up to make you feel old, will come to respect old recollections and catch at the memories of the past. To recall those of 40 years ago is to go back no small distance in life's journey, and it is no inconsiderable period either in the history of my institution which is only just celebrating its rooth birthday.

"Thanks, however, to a few carefully preserved papers, I am able to go still further back, to a time when the century that has just passed away was as yet in its teens. I am only sorry the memoirs of those days are so scanty. The 'moderns' of those times were too modest, no doubt, to put more of their doings on record, and forgot the glamour of interest that would gather upon them with the lapse of years. There now," I said, "you know the meaning of the mystic title and something of the design as well. So drop your cynicism, if only out of respect for others, and when the Stray Fragments of a Past are gathered together you shall inspect them and criticize them to your heart's content."

With some parting sneer about "old fogeys" and "dry rot" which I did not quite catch, my friend left me to plunge alone into the records and memories of the past.

The earliest record in my possession, a prospectus of 1813, makes no mention whatever of music, but we are not to suppose it had been neglected altogether. In those days music, like dancing, was one of the "elegant accomplishments" of a gentleman, and no self-respecting educational establishment could afford to dispense with it.

Either the "gentlemen" of the college must have taught it or some neighbouring instructor was called in to give lessons as was the dancing master from York.

In 1814 we read of music as an extra with drawing and dancing, and from that date onward the three are mentioned together in the prospectuses, till in 1817 it is notified that "Music will be taught by a gentleman of eminent professional talents resident in the College as Organist and Music Master." In 1815, a small organ, by James Davis, of London, was placed in the chapel and did duty at Ampleforth for 60 years afterwards.

In 1827, it is announced at the end of the play-bill that "a band will be in attendance." This band was more than probably a hired one for the occasion. In 1828 for the first time on record selections of vocal music were performed at intervals during the public examinations. I can hear some one remark that these must have been a great boon, and that the two days' examinations must have been very trying to all concerned without some such relief. No doubt you are right, gentle reader, but with regard to the latter part of your remark you must remember that in those times public examinations were *de rigueur*.

People then looked for such things, would have been disappointed had they not been held, and so escaped more or less of the *ennui* to which you allude by what they were prepared for and expected.

The musical selections were not, perhaps, of a very high class order. Our modern purveyors of public entertainment would hardly venture now-a-days to set anything so unambitious before their guests. But, at least, they were *native* (i.e., English) productions, of the genius of such men as Lord Mornington, Webbe, Bishop, Stevens, &c. I noticed (and the fact is worth recording) that in 1828 and on one or two subsequent occasions were performed compositions from the pen of our own professor of music (J. Manners) who taught music for several years at Ampleforth,

and whose time-honoured "Dulce Domum" was sung for the first time in 1828.

From this period to the year 1840 there is very little to record. The examinations continued to be held, interspersed with vocal music and speeches. In that year, too, we read of distinctions being awarded for vocal and instrumental music.

But it is not till 1847 that mention is made of a "College Brass Band," when it played "full accompaniment" to the National Anthem. From this date till 1850 no further mention is made in the programmes of music than that distinctions continued to be awarded for vocal and instrumental proficiency. In this year (1850) a "student's string band" divided the honours with the vocal selections and speeches, and again the brass band accompanied "God save the Queen." Subsequently, and until 1854, more ambitious heights were reached, and we read of the performances of Haydn's symphonies and of the scores of his and the Masses of Mozart.

Here the records at my disposal abruptly close. But there is every reason to suppose that for the next five years music of every kind continued to be cultivated. Father Cooper, himself a good musician and singer, was *prior*. There was musical talent of various kinds in both community and school, and the exhibitions were growing yearly in importance and splendour.

But during this period a building fever had set in. In 1854 the present church was commenced, and in the great interests awakened the lesser one of music may easily have suffered somewhat.

In 1859 my own personal recollections begin, and all I can recall at that time in the shape of a band is a big drum and some brass instruments piled up in a corner of the old dancing-room.

This room was doomed to the exigencies of space, for by this time the first stone of the new college had been laid

and the instruments would have to find a local habitation elsewhere. Circumstances were not favourable to the existence of a band. I have no remembrance of one, nor can I conceive where in those days it could have met for practice. But vocal music was not neglected, and continued in a high state of efficiency.

The Masses of Mozart, Haydn, Mazzinghi, and, among others, of "our own" Manners, were sung on Sundays and festivals. I well remember how a solo in one of the "Home" Masses used to be declaimed with trumpet-like intonation by Fr. Romuald (Woods). It was the announcement of the Last Coming. To us boys it was very realistic, very thrilling, and a triumph of vocalism. How we sat out some of these long, very long performances it is hard to realize on retrospect. But we knew what was coming, nay, I believe, looked for and enjoyed it, for the choir contained voices worth listening to and the practices had not been spared. The organ, it may be remarked, was not used to accompany the voices at Mass, except, perhaps, for the *Tierce*, which was always sung. On account of its position in what is now the Relic Chapel, it was thought inadvisable to use it for the accompaniment of anything else than unison singing.

An excellent harmonium was used instead, and was placed under the middle south window of the chancel at the end of the front row of stalls. The trebles, who were placed in this and the lower row, if necessary, could thus be brought well under the control of the organist. Plain chant had not then been introduced. Vespers, however, were regularly sung at 3 o'clock, and were once a month followed by Benediction.

The antiphons, I believe, were recited, and the hymns were either quasi-Gregorian or sung to traditional airs. The organ was played to accompany the antiphon at the end of Compline. We boys were particularly proud of "our" *Salve Regina*. It used to be said amongst us that

several petitions for a copy of its music had been rejected, and that the inexorably faithful prior had even declined a request for it which had been made from Rome.

I should like to say a word about the old "Kings' nights," which disappeared about the end of the fifties. I have a dim recollection of one, perhaps the very last "Kings' night," on the stage of the old study before the latter was partly demolished. This must have been the Christmas of 1850. The "Kings" was an ancient institution at Ampleforth, and the name is derived, says a memoir of 1854, "from the three sovereigns chosen to preside over the festivities of Christmas." These, with their courts, formed a fantastic procession which marched, to the accompaniment of a band, from the dormitory through the passages, and having finally reached the stage, went through a *pot-pourri* performance in which speeches blended with music, vocal and instrumental. Then came the period of the opera. The old stories of "The Babes in the Wood," "Ali Baba," "Jack the Giant-Killer" and the like furnished the basis on which original (sometimes very much so) musical plays were constructed. These were more interesting than the "Kings" which they superseded. They could be performed at Midsummer as well as at Christmas; they had a specific plot, and generally ended in a transformation of some sort of the principal characters.

But I am drawing near to the year 1861, when, on the 13th of November, the new college was opened in the midst of great rejoicing and ceremonial magnificence. Special musical efforts had been made to welcome the great day. Haydn's "Imperial" Mass was selected, and at the offertory was sung the "Exultet" of Moorat. The "Ode to Alma Mater" had been composed for the occasion, and was sung for the first time on that memorable occasion. The opera of "Ali Baba" had been brought to what was considered a high state of perfection and enjoyed a run of two nights before a crowded house. I can recall

the scene of enthusiasm which occurred when Ali Baba himself, having during the course of the performance come under the spell of some enchantment, various counterspells pronounced over him were totally ineffectual till the magic words, "We've opened the new college" were shouted in his ear, Ali Baba started, opened his eyes, rubbed them, looked around, and receiving reassuring glances that it was really the fact, leaped from his seat and led the stage in a special chorus of congratulation.

After the opening of the new college what remained of the old study was used as the music-room, and I believe that a year or two later a piano was placed there. It happened about this time that one of the boys began to extract a little music from the sub-prefect's violin. Two others, during a rather long convalescence from fever, came to acquire a certain, or uncertain, proficiency—one on the violin, the other on the flute. Here was the nucleus of a band. A fourth was persuaded to join and take up the 'cello. Immediately there was a writing out and arranging of Christy Minstrel melodies for these four instruments. Soon a small contribution was levied on the weekly pocket-money, and some simple pieces were bought and duly executed. Pleased with the indefatigable energy of this embryo orchestra, two of the community came from time to time to join in the practices, one playing a double bass, the other the viola.

But no regular college band existed. With the few brass instruments, however, that still remained, it was customary, I recollect, for a "scratch" band to be got up by one of the masters to play during the procession of Corpus Christi. It was its duty to accompany the voices during certain portions of the singing. It was a subject of congratulation when on these occasions this improvised band had played faithfully their allotted notes and had not departed from the lines of recognized harmony.

The feast of St. Cecily was duly observed then as now,

I think it was shortly after 1860 that the famous cantata was composed and sung for the first time.

The conviviality of the "Punch" nights was greatly promoted by songs contributed by the boys and by members of the community. Any boy who knew a song (especially one with a good chorus) was liable to be commandeered on these or any other social occasions. To drink a pint of salt water was popularly said to be the alternative or the penalty for refusal, but I never heard of it being administered.

I must not omit to put on record the Negro minstrels (shortened into "Niggers") who came at times before the public. They were, of course, an imitation of the Christy and other troupes, and sang their songs assiduously. They generally accompanied their efforts with such instruments as the tambourine, bones, and the like, and diversified the evening with stump speeches and (prepared) impromptu jokes. The "Niggers" flourished more in the old study; in the new college, "blacking" went somewhat out of fashion. But the Christy melodies were a great resource when no opera was forthcoming, for, with a few other songs interspersed, a very enjoyable substitute could be put upon the stage.

At the exhibitions, besides the opera or concert there was always plenty of good music, but the accompaniments were generally restricted to the piano. About the year 1863, Fr. Anderson, who succeeded Fr. Cooper in the priorship, introduced the singing by the boys of hymns at the end of their night prayers. One of these was composed by the organist and sung on Saturday nights. It was a favourite hymn, and is not quite forgotten even in these days.

Here, gentle reader, I must close, for the present, this record of musical recollections. I hear my friend Sneer coming up the stairs, and, as you remember, I promised him a sight of what I was to do. I am afraid he left me

in not the best of humours and is probably itching to indulge in some severe criticism (to "give it me hot," as he puts it). I must try and bear it with the same dignity with which, you recollect, I lectured him and with even more patience than he received my friendly admonitions.

J. A. W.

Hymn for Christmas Morning.

(From the Latin: "Christi Redemptor.")

HAIL Christ! Mankind's Redeemer, hail!

True God—the sole-begotten Son;
Before the worlds were framed, *Thou art,*
Ineffably-Proceeding One!

Thy Sire's essential Light art Thou,
And Beacon-Light of Hope for all;
Then shine upon Thy children's hearts,
That pray to Thee, and hear their call!

Be mindful, O supremest Love,
That, in the Virgin's spotless womb,
The Nature Thou Thyself hadst made,
Thou didst—O Love!—Thyself assume.

In Weakness didst Thou condescend,
To save weak man from guilt and shame;
A truth, this Day of rapturous awe,
Recurring still, doth still proclaim.

This Day all Nature greets with joy;
 The Skies, the Seas, and wintry Earth,
 Unwonted gladness wear, and hymn
 The Morn, which gave to them Thy Birth.

We likewise, whom Thy Sacred Blood
 Redeems to grace, and joyance free,
 On this Thy holy Natal Morn,
 New strains of rapture sing to Thee.

O Jesu, born of Virgin blest,
 To Thee by all be glory given,
 Who, with the Father and the Spirit
 Enthroned, dost reign in highest Heaven. Amen.

C. W. H.

A Casual's Itinerary.

SOME one recommended me to go to Heidelberg, and, being always as ready to take advice as I am to give it, I decided to go there. The same individual recommended me to a pension, kept by a man named Sandbank, where he had stayed himself and been very well treated. Unluckily for me, when I got settled in my room at Heidelberg, and not before, I found that Sandbank was dead and that his daughter reigned in his stead. Fraulein Sandbank was a lady that I soon learned to respect. Incomparably a greater genius than any London landlady that I have

ever met, she possessed the wonderful power of giving you nothing to eat and making you think that you had fared sumptuously. It is a pension that I can thoroughly recommend to any one who may be desirous of reducing his weight. However, that came later, and I had no thought of it in my mind when I left the Great Eastern train at Harwich and took myself and my belongings aboard the steamer, to enjoy ten hours' misery. Britons rule the waves, of course, but for my part I prefer the ocean when it has no waves on it. Now, when I reached Harwich there were waves, distinctly to be seen, even in the sheltered harbour, and, Briton as I was, my heart failed me. "Take a good meal," said my experienced friend, "and you will be all right." I did violence to myself and I did eat a good meal, so good that the poor steward looked very sad about it, and my conscience pricked me so that I had almost resolved to offer to pay for two suppers instead of one, when he was avenged otherwise. I will not try to write a description of that voyage in a journal that has hitherto enjoyed a good reputation—and so to Antwerp.

I remember climbing up the harbour side of that ancient city and being saluted when I reached level ground by a kind and courteous cabman, so different from the blunt and sometimes rude men of our own land. This good man was willing to drive me to my railway station, which was only forty minutes' drive away, at once, and so I seated myself gladly in his equipage. The porter, who carried my baggage up from the boat, helped to raise it to the roof of the cab, and received a gratuity for his services. Now, most people will tell you that, to enjoy foreign travel really well, it is necessary to have a thorough knowledge of the language of the country you move in, but I hold, on the contrary, that complete ignorance, or almost complete ignorance, is better for a man. Take my case now. That porter on receipt of his "pourboire" (I really

picked up a considerable amount of French in Belgium on the next day) made a great many remarks to me which, I am afraid, were meant to be unpleasant, but, as I did not understand a single word, and as the driver, who spoke a little English, did not condescend to interpret, I sat there quite calmly, waiting for the driver to start. The porter, on the other hand, got very excited indeed, and started waving his arms about very violently and very near to my face, so that first a crowd came round, and then the inevitable policeman appeared. The porter vanished as the policeman appeared, and this functionary, finding nothing else to do, asked me where I was going. I showed him my book of tickets, and, to my horror, he at once clambered up to the driver's seat and boxed the man's ears very soundly. He then pulled my baggage down and, ordering me to follow him, took me across the road, down a short passage, and there stood the Brussels train, apparently ready to start. Now I understood why the representative of justice had punished the wicked cabman that would have taken a young and innocent stranger in, and made him, perhaps, miss his train.

When my preserver had vanished, I settled down in the corner of my carriage to rest after the fatigue of the voyage. There were three other Englishmen in the carriage who were going down the Rhine to Switzerland, and were well provided with English journals and magazines. A quarter of an hour went by and nothing happened. One of the company, growing impatient, went out and asked a most resplendent official what time the train would start (it was really supposed to start soon after the boat got in), and was told that it would not start for forty minutes. So they all decided to go into the town for a short stroll. I was too weary to move, and stayed where I was. They had been gone five or six minutes, when the guard rushed on to the platform, bells were rung and horns were blown,

people came running from the refreshment rooms, and, though I explained to the guard that three passengers had been misinformed and were not in their places, no, he must not wait any longer, and away we steamed. Well, it is an ill wind that blows no good to any one, and I had plenty to read on the long journey to Brussels. At Brussels I had to wait four hours, and, as it was now midday and I had subsisted on less than nothing since my supper at Harwich the night before, I went forth in search of a good meal. The railway refreshment room did not interest me, and I prolonged my walk into the city. By the town hall I found a well-seeming restaurant, and herein I had some good soup, and then my choice seemed to lie between English beef-steak and beef-steak à la Tartar. I chose the latter, and was rewarded for my curiosity by having a raw beef-steak and a raw onion set before me. The waiter was very much surprised when I asked him to take this dish away. It was evidently a fashionable delicacy. I tried the English beef-steak. Now there is a great deal of ill-feeling against us in Belgium, and, since I struggled with that beef-steak, I have ceased to wonder at our unpopularity there. I am certain that I should bear an undying hatred to the nation that supplied me with a dish of that kind. Of course, it was not English beef-steak, but then those poor foreigners could scarcely be expected to know that. In appearance it resembled the meat that one sees in the butcher's shop in a harlequinade and was quite impervious to a sharp knife. It may even have been bullet proof. I finished with cheese, over which I had to drop my serviette to keep it to itself, so to speak.

I returned to the station, in time to see my train getting ready to move. There was evidently no time to lose. The train was five platforms off, and I started at full speed across the lines. Each platform had an inspector to watch over it, and, as each of these pursued

me, by the time I reached my compartment I had four panting officials in attendance. Here again an almost total ignorance of the language helped me considerably. There was a regular babel of noise at my window. I had, it seemed, incurred a fine of twenty-five shillings for crossing each line, and each of these inspectors were eager to collect the sum from me. When one of them got particularly pressing, I offered him my card, but this did not seem to satisfy him, and as I firmly resisted all invitations to leave my seat, the matter would have gone on indefinitely, had not the guard of the train grown impatient and started.

All my haste had been for nothing, however. We went out a few hundred yards, and then backed to the main platform. Here I expected to meet the inspectors again, but they had evidently despaired, for none of them came near me. In a few minutes we really started, and the same moment, saw the three Englishmen, who had been left behind at Antwerp, come running up the platform. There was no stopping us, however, and I saw no more of them. Their belongings had been transferred to the left luggage office in Brussels. Cologne we reached late at night, and here I took the opportunity of seeing the magnificent cathedral by moonlight, more beautiful then, I thought, than even in the daylight.

The train from Cologne left in the early morning and we had a day's continuous travelling up the Rhine, through Bonn, Bingen, Mayence, to Mannheim, and thence up the Neckar to Heidelberg, the most picturesque town I have seen as yet. There I stayed in the Sandbank pension, facing the river, on which or in which I spent most of my time. The baths, which lay just below the old bridge, were really only an elaborate raft moored, where the water was about twenty feet deep, and one walked out to them down a long gangway. Some of the Germans, I observed, took their pipes with them into the water and smoked, as they

swam or floated about. On the sides were rows of comfortable chairs in which one could sit and take a sun-bath, whilst, at frequent intervals, the proprietor came round with Lager beer and cigars. In the very hot weather, the baths were the only comfortable place in the town.

The boats were broad and heavy, but then the river was scarcely suitable for light skiffs. Mainly, I went afloat to fish. There were many kinds of fish to be had, at intervals. The passage of a schleppe, however, would always put the fish off the feed for a considerable time. A great heavy chain lay along the bed of the river, and stretched from Mannheim, at the mouth of the river, on the Rhine, past Heidelberg, as far as the river was navigable. The schleppe was a steam-boat with two immense cog-wheels on the decks fore and aft. The chain fitted the teeth of these wheels, and was placed over them, so that, when the wheels were turned, the boat was dragged up or down as was desired. On a rapid stream, like the Neckar, perhaps such a system is necessary, but the noise was a very dreadful one. On a quiet day you could hear the schleppe quite two miles away, and at night, when my window was open, I often fancied that I could hear the schleppe starting from Mannheim.

One day a schleppe had driven me ashore and I was trying a cast in a quiet pool from the bank, when, just as I thought I had a bite, some one tapped me on the shoulder. I looked round and beheld a policeman. "Have you a card?" said he. I told him that I had, but that I also had a bite, for at that moment my float went under, and I had a good fish on. At length it was landed, a two-pound perch, and I had leisure to put down my rod and give the angry policeman (policemen are very important folks in the Fatherland and are clothed in very fine raiment) my card. This seemed to make him still more angry, and he fairly shouted now: "Have you a fishing card?" No, I had not, and so I must needs write down

my address in his book. Being by this somewhat irritated myself, I filled two pages of his book with all the addresses I had, written large, and including, fortunately, as it turned out, that of my Oxford residence. With this he departed scornfully, as one whose day will come. Nothing came of it for a day or two, and I was beginning to forget the little episode, when there was delivered to me at the breakfast table a great long document—brought by two soldiers, as the good landlady told me—bidding me appear before a judge, who was also a general, a count, and a vice-president of the university of the town, for fishing without a licence and for violent conduct to "Schutzmann Schmidt." Being advised that the court opened at ten, I sallied forth about that hour, and after considerable trouble found my way to the Hall of Justice. This seemed, at first, to be empty, but, after searching about, I found two soldiers playing at cards in a small guard-room. They were intent on the game and, at first, would have nothing to do with me. I insisted, showing the long blue form, and one of them got up, took me by the arm down a whitewashed passage, pushed me into a small room, shut the door, locked it, and went away. Perhaps they wanted to finish their game. I don't know, but I sat there on a stone bench in that small room for over an hour. At last I heard footsteps, and there were my two soldiers, now with drawn swords, and so I was conducted to the court-house. There was no one in the room where the great man sat, but a clerk and about a dozen policemen, among them my old friend of the river bank. The case was entered upon, and the policeman gave, as far as I could tell, a highly-coloured account of my meeting with him. The count, who looked more like an English country-gentleman than anything German, then turned to me, and we entered upon a conversation, maintained with great difficulty, for I spoke little German and he little English.

"Why did you fish without a ticket?"

"Because I knew nothing about the ticket and had been told that I could fish without any permission."

"Why did you insult the policeman and write so much in his book?"

"I did not insult the policeman and did not quite understand what he wanted."

"Well, I will let you off with twenty-five shillings fine and seven shillings expenses."

"But that is too much. I did not know that I was doing wrong."

"Well, we will say fifteen shillings fine—ah, I see that you are from the great University of Oxford, which I have visited. I will let you off the fine, but you must pay the expenses, and must not trouble poor Schmidt again!" So I bade his worship a thankful good-bye, though "poor Schmidt" looked very sad about it. We became very good friends, later, however, and after I had taken his photograph, and given him a few copies, he was so grateful that I believe he would have let me empty the river of fish without asking me for my card. Later he was of signal service to me, when the internal affairs of the pension became troubled.

(To be continued.)

Notices of Books.

COMFORT FOR THE FAINT-HEARTED. By LUDOVICUS BLOSIUS, O.S.B. Translated from the Latin by Bertrand A. Wilberforce, O.P. London: Art & Book Company, 22 Paternoster Row. Price 2/6 net.

Perhaps no better estimate could be formed of this work of the Abbot of *Liessies* than may be gathered from the words of the translator which preface it. Abbot Blossius himself wrote a short introduction to his work. Fr. Wilberforce, taking this for a text, as it were, amplifies it and expatiates on the purpose and value of this book of the famous Benedictine.

The title gives the clue to the entire work.

It is designed to encourage those "men of goodwill" who having fully abandoned sin and striving after an ever closer union with God, are disheartened by the many difficulties that beset their progress. These difficulties and causes of discouragement are one by one gently suggested as likely to be met with, while for every darkness there is a light, for every difficulty a solution, for every heart-sinking its suitable encouragement.

The pilgrim is not, at the outset, disheartened with a gloomy forecast of the obstacles he is sure to encounter, but as his feet grow weary and the view darkens and his heart begins to fail, his kindly guide is at his side and with a firm and gentle hand and a cheering word helps him to brave the difficulties so many have had to face, and for lack of such encouragement have failed to overcome.

This work of Blossius is a compilation rather than an original composition. Copious selections are made from the writings of Blessed Suso, O.P., Doctor John Tauler, O.P., and John Ruysbroek, first Prior of *Vauvert*, in

Belgium, who, the translator reminds us, "have always been numbered among the masters of the spiritual life." Tender, strong, and cheering, too, are the words quoted from St. Augustine, St. Bernard, St. Ambrose and others, and these serve to remind the despondent soul that the highest as well as the more lowly masters have experienced heart-breaking difficulties in their pursuit of holiness, and have passed through darkness and struggle into the light of abiding peace.

In a word, this publication seems to realize what the old Benedictine editors say of it, that it is "a true panacea for all the diseases of afflicted souls and desolate consciences."

An epitome is prefixed to each chapter, or section, of its contents. These supply the place of the marginal notes to be found in the Latin editions, while the whole is supplemented by an exhaustive index in alphabetical order.

THE CROWN OF AGE. By S.D.B. London: Art & Book Company.

The words of the Bishop of Birmingham in the preface are quite sufficient to recommend "The Crown of Age" to many readers—"the many deep and fruitful thoughts scattered throughout the pages of this little book can hardly fail to give the reader a true and high appreciation of the Christian ideal of old age." Sighs, the seeing things as they really are: Liberty, which disengages us from worldly cares, anxieties and ambitions, leaving us free to follow the attractions of the Holy Spirit: and Love, both Divine and human, are set before the reader as the conditions which should be most desired by those Christian souls whose advancing years are leading them nearer and nearer to the threshold of eternity. There are many beautiful and consoling thoughts which lead the soul to a deep humility and perfect trust in God.

A SHORT RULE and Daily Exercise for a Beginner in the Spiritual Life. By LUDOVICUS BLOSIUS, O.S.B. Translated by Bertrand Wilberforce, O.P. London: Art & Book Company.

The idea of translating, and thereby bringing within the reach of all English readers, these excellent treatises of the Abbot Blosius, is indeed a most happy one. This "Short Rule" is more or less a compendium of the larger work known as "The Book of Spiritual Instruction." The latter portion of the little volume—"A Daily Exercise for a Beginner in the Spiritual Life"—is a series of excellent and short meditations, chiefly on the Sacred Passion, concluding with several very beautiful prayers for use before and after Mass or Communion. No one who makes good use of this treatise can fail to reap the highest spiritual advantages; it is the translator's earnest wish that "it may help many to seek God diligently and to love Him generously."

THE RELIGIOUS STATE, THE EPISCOPATE, AND THE PRIESTLY OFFICE. BY SAINT THOMAS AQUINAS, Edited, with Prefatory Notice, by the Very Rev. Father Procter, S.T.M. Sands & Co., 12 Burleigh Street, Strand.

The work of St. Thomas, of which this is a translation, is to be found amongst his "Opuscula." Though concerned with the "perfection" of the religious state, which in St. Thomas' day was sharply attacked by William of St. Amour, the editor does not think that it formed a part of that memorable controversy. The opening paragraph of Chapter XXI, however, does seem to point to controversy of some kind or other, for St. Thomas there speaks of having heard of certain objections "made by men who are too fond of disputing," and therefore he says, "in order to confute their arguments I must return to what has already been said," viz., to a further refutation of the claim of

parish priests to a higher state of perfection than Religious. The later chapters are far more controversial in tone than the earlier ones. The whole is a more discursive treatment of the questions concerning the religious life which the Saint discusses in his "Summa Theologica" (2^a 2^{ae}. Quæst: 186 to 189). Having shown what the perfection of the religious life consists in, how it is a condition befitting bishops and religious, and how the episcopal office is more sacred than the religious life, he turns his attention to the controversy above alluded to. Now that once again the Religious Orders in Europe are being attacked and put on their trial, this translation should be welcomed by many who wish to know the teaching of the Angelic Doctor on so important a question. All religious will find the book a great help in keeping before their minds the high state of perfection which they are bound to strive after.

LA CONSERVATION PROVIDENTIELLE DU CATHOLICISME EN ANGLETERRE, OU HISTOIRE DU COLLÈGE ANGLAIS. Douai (1568-1578)—Reims (1578-1593)—Douai (1593-1793), par L'Abbé A. HAUDECOEUR. London: Burns & Oates.

The Abbé Haudecoeur has done in French what should have been done in English long ago. He has given us a very complete, intelligent, and well-written history of the English College at Douai. A portion of the story has been told in Tierney's Dodo; some of it slumbers in the published Douai Diaries; not much of it is entirely new to us; but what is altogether new and admirable is the concise consecutive narrative, told without undue haste or brevity, from the inchoate scheme in the brain of Cardinal Allen to the abrupt finish in 1793.

An Englishman could not have written the book quite in the way M. Haudecoeur has been able to do it. Devout Catholic as he may be, it could be with an effort only he could do sympathetic justice to Cardinal Allen's political

views and intrigues. He could and would give him full admiration for his saintly zeal and his genius. He could and would give him full praise for his magnificent work for English Catholicism at Douai and Rheims. But he is not pleased to learn that the Cardinal's hat was bestowed on him at the request of King Philip II. of Spain as part of the Armada scheme. He may, like most English Catholics, have a devout admiration for Mary Queen of Scots, but he can hardly be expected to sympathize with the plot to forcibly supplant Elizabeth in her favour. They were good men and true who swore fealty to the Scottish Queen, and it could not "choose but be a noble plot" with such chivalrous conspirators, but, however little she herself may have had to do with it, it brought the sweet-faced Mary of Scotland to the scaffold. It is difficult to help wondering how it would have been if Mary had survived Elizabeth. England would no doubt have wanted her, and she might have been Queen without the whispering of a secret or the shedding of a drop of blood; and that "wise-fool" her son would have been brought up under her influence. Allen and Parsons' second plot had still less to recommend it. The proposal to set the Infanta Isabella on the English throne not only made the scaffold busy, but it broke up Catholic mutual loyalty and charity. It is wonderful that the Cardinal should have had such faith in it, when he dared not speak of it to a single one of the young men who were so devoted to him. Successful, it might have done some of the good expected from it, and would probably have done only a little less harm than it did as a failure. Only the blood of many martyrs in after years counteracted its baneful effects.

Fr. Parsons' third plot—Allen was dead when this was conceived—to substitute Arabella Stuart for King James, did little but set the secular clergy against the Jesuits. It seems now an inexcusable blunder. Fortunately there was not much known of it outside foreign

Catholic diplomacy. There was no popular English Catholic sentiment in its favour, and it was not taken up seriously by the Catholic nobility. But it shows how little England was understood at that time across the Channel that it was believed a possibility. Pope Clement VIII was persuaded to issue briefs to the English nobility and clergy separately, to be distributed in England on the death of Elizabeth. They were printed at Antwerp and sent over to Fr. Garnet, the Superior of the Jesuits, who wisely suppressed and burnt them.

The Abbé Haudecœur gives a brief but interesting account of these and other events. He is more impartial than an Englishman could be, not because he is in better sympathy with the ideas of Parsons and Allen, but because the fatal results of them are of less consequence to a foreigner. Every Catholic will admit that an heretical government is *per se* objectionable—"une monstraosité," to use the author's expression—and that it is an object of desire that the ruler of a country should be a Catholic. He would admit as excellent in theory that the Pope should be able to depose a prince whose rule was hurtful to religion, morality, or order. But how has this theory worked out in practice? Has it ever happened in actual history that Catholic truth was propagated, established, or revived by the sword? The great crusades were a failure. Spain claimed to have added new countries and continents to the kingdom of Christ, but the triumph of the Cross was one rather of extermination than of conversion. But this is too wide a subject. Looking nearer home, the Catholic religion lost far more than it gained by the Spanish occupation of the Netherlands. And in England the unsheathing of the Spanish sword did hurt to no one but those it was drawn to protect.

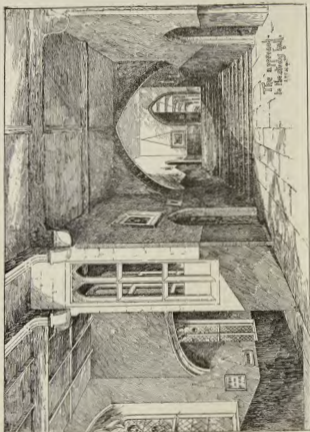
All through, the history of the English college at Douai is instructive and edifying. We do not except the bitter quarrel with the Society of Jesus. Here also the author is

very impartial, and no unkind words are written of either party. But the facts show clearly that the college was most prosperous in its administration and most fruitful in its work when it was entirely independent and trusted only to itself. What a splendid record it has left us! More than a hundred martyrs from among the students of the fifteen years at Rheims, and an incomparable list of controversial writers, historians and theologians, coming down in unbroken succession from such men as Allen, Martyn, Bristow, Stapleton, and Campion to Alban Butler and Lingard!

We owe the Abbé Haudecœur thanks for his work. It is worthy of his reputation. There are a few printer's errors, and some mistakes in English names and the titles of English books, but they are easily excusable and do not harass or mislead the reader. We might have stumbled over the word Craggenose as the name of a college if we had not met with Bragennose on the previous page. But we have no wish and no cause to find fault. The book will repay the reader who chooses to procure it.

WILLIAM GIFFORD, DIT GABRIEL DE SAINTE-MARIE,
O.S.B., 87^e ARCHEVÊQUE DE REIMS, par M. l'abbé
HAUDECŒUR. Reims, 1898.

This little memoir of our most distinguished Laurentian is a sort of Appendix to the history of the English College. It is quite the best and fullest account of the English primate of France that has yet been published. The writer is sympathetically and chivalrously enthusiastic over his subject. Perhaps some day he may be inspired to add to it and publish in full such letters, documents, and additional facts as may be unearthed in the ecclesiastical archives at Rheims and elsewhere. Such as it is, this sketch tells us nearly all that is known of one who was the founder of Dieulouard and St. Malo, a co-founder, at least, of St. Edmund's, and one of the originators of the English Benedictine Congregation.



College Diary.

Sept. 18. To-day we once more found ourselves within the sacred precincts of our Alma Mater. Much to our surprise and regret we heard that Fr. Basil Primavesi was about to set forth on his missionary labours to Warrington, but were also agreeably surprised to find that Fr. Maurus Powell was to fill the vacancy of sub-prefect, with Br. Joseph Dawson as his junior colleague.

At the same time we welcome back Dr. Basil Mawson and Br. Paul Nevil from Belmont and Brs. Joseph Dawson and Wilfrid Wilson from Rome.

E. de Normanville came back with us to visit his Alma Mater. The following are the new boys:—E. Rochford, Turnford; E. Cawkell, Glasgow; B. L. Wood, Harrogate; W. E. Wood, Harrogate; J. McLaughlin, Glasgow; M. Gregory, Bournemouth; J. Riley, Edgehill; E. A. Robertson, Argyle; P. Narcy, Beadford; L. Hope, Hull; D. Sumner, Transvaal; J. Newton, Glasgow; A. Newton, Glasgow; J. Forshaw, Southport; H. Williams, Clevedon; J. Speakman, Warrington; Astorqui, Spain; B. Harrison, Leeds.

Sept. 19. Basil and Cyril Marwood came back with their brother to stay for a few days.

Sept. 21. "All Comers" challenged the first XI and were beaten by three goals against two.

At night the usual voting for Captain took place. H. de Normanville, who was easily elected, chose the following governments:—

Secretary	- - - -	D. Traynor
Librarians of Senior Library	-	{ J. Darby T. Barton
Officemen	- - -	{ C. Primavesi R. P. O'Brien Dowling
Gasmen	- - - -	{ L. Burn P. Williams
Clotheman	- - -	B. Rochford
Commonnen	- - -	{ E. Pilkington M. Neville

Collegemen - - -	{	P. Lambert P. Smith R. Hesketh
Librarian of Junior Library	H.	Chamberlain
Vigilarii " " "	{	A. Blaney E. Crean
Librarian of Reading Room.	-	S. Lovell
Vigilarii " " "	{	A. Rosenthal J. Jackson
Captains of football sets were as follows:—		
1st set - - - -	{	H. de Normandie D. Traynor
2nd set - - - -	{	A. Weighill B. Bradley
3rd set - - - -	{	P. Allanson M. McDermott
4th set - - - -	{	J. Jackson J. Blackledge

Sept. 22. Commencement of studies. E. de Normandie and B. and C. Marwood left us to-day.

Sept. 27. Photographic Society went to Helmsley for the afternoon.

Sept. 28. Play was allowed until six p.m. so as to finish a cricket match between the Religious' Vacation Team and "All Comers." Ernest Rochford, a new comer, played and showed considerable promise. Meeting of school was held in Upper Library.

Sept. 29. The Religious went into Retreat, which was given by Fr. Bertrand Wilberforce, O.P.

Sept. 30. We regret to have to record the death of Walter Patrick Crean, who died at home on the 29th from typhoid fever. He was one of our most promising students, and was in the 1st XI at football, and 2nd XI at cricket.

Oct. 1. Solemn Requiem Mass for the repose of the soul of Walter Crean.

Mr. W. Taylor presented the Upper Library with a set of Butler's "Lives of the Saints;" we wish to thank him for his kindness.

Oct. 2. Fr. Placid Wray arrived to give us our retreat, which started, as usual, at 8 p.m.

Oct. 5. We came out of retreat much to our regret. In

the evening Fr. Wray gave us a lecture on aid to the poor.

Oct. 6. The Religious came out of retreat. Fr. Wilberforce, desiring to make the acquaintance of such enlightened students, visited our several libraries in the evening. We were all very pleased to hear that Stephen Noblett had passed his "Responsions" and had gone up to Exeter College, Oxford.

Oct. 8. The first match of the season was played to-day against St. John's College, York, but as the College XI was not in good form they sustained a defeat, the score being 3—2 in St. John's favour.

Oct. 9. Mr. Jos. Rochford presented the Upper Library with a handsomely-bound up-to-date set of "Chambers's Encyclopaedia," for which superb gift we offer him our sincerest thanks.

Oct. 15. The match against Harrogate, which was to have been played to-day, was postponed on account of unfavourable weather.

Oct. 17. Fr. Oswald Swarbrick, the worthy procurator, went on the mission to Warrington, and the vacancy was filled by Fr. Bede Turner.

Br. Placid and Br. Paul went up to Oxford for the Michaelmas term.

Oct. 18. The match against York Trinity resulted in a victory for the College, the score being 10—0.

Oct. 20. The Prefect's Feast, which is really on August 20th, was kept to-day. The Upper Library went to Hawby and the rest of the School to Rievaux. In the evening Br. Hildebrand Dawes gave an interesting geographical lantern lecture.

Oct. 21. On account of the overwhelming exhaustion entailed by yesterday's fatiguing enjoyments, we considerably curtailed the length of the set games.

Oct. 22. A. Pécoul came to revisit the bright scenes of bygone days. In the afternoon he played football with us for the first time since he left, five years ago.

Oct. 25. We played Hovingham with a mixed team of our 1st and 2nd XIs. A. McCormack and D. Traynor scored three goals each to Hovingham's 1.

We were all very sorry to have to part with Fr. Cuthbert Jackson, who went on the mission to St. Anne's, Edgehill.

Oct. 29. Match against Knaresbro' Grammar School. Although the elements were unpropitious we managed with tolerable facility to score 12 goals. D. Traynor again figured conspicuously as a good scorer, 7 goals falling to his share. A. McCormack, J. Kevill, P. Lambert, R. P. O'B. Dowling and W. Heslop scored 1 each.

Oct. 29. A. Blackmore returned to study for his "Matriculation."

Nov. 1. All Saints' Feast. Fr. Abbot pontificated at High Mass and Benediction. Many of us assisted at the Dirge at 8.30 p.m.

Nov. 3. All Souls. Solemn Pontifical Requiem Mass was sung by Fr. Abbot.

Nov. 5. 2nd XI match against Bootham. The match excited keen interest, as the XI was almost entirely new, only one regular member of last year's 2nd XI remaining. Nevertheless, Ampleforth won by 7 goals, Bootham failing to score. G. Chamberlain and N. Harrison each scored 2 goals, while E. Crean, A. Blaney, and W. Williams each scored 1.

Nov. 6. 1st XI played Bootham away and won by 6 goals to 3. Traynor's shooting was again conspicuous, 4 goals falling to his share. R. P. O'B. Dowling and A. McCormack each scored a single.

Nov. 7. General meeting of the school was held in the Upper Library.

Nov. 8. W. Preston brought a team, selected from the surrounding districts, against the 2nd XI, which was strengthened by three 1st XI players. The result was a draw. W. Heslop scored for the College. Score 1-1.

Nov. 11. Mr. W. Taylor, who had lately recovered from a severe illness, left us for a holiday; we sincerely hope he will return much benefited by the rest and change. Fr. Cortie, S.J., came once more. At night he gave a lecture on Astronomy, in which he showed, by almost undeniable proofs, the apparent age of the sun.

Nov. 12. At night Fr. Cortie again entertained us, taking as his subject, "Comets and Shooting Stars." His lectures were extremely beneficial to his audience, and we are all extremely grateful to him for his kindness.

Nov. 13. Feast of All Monks. Fr. Abbot pontificated, and during the Mass Br. Benedict Hayes and Br. Dominic Willson were professed. We take this opportunity of offering them our congratulations.

Nov. 15. Malton Church Institute brought their best eleven against our first in the vain hope of defeating us; but they lost, the score being 4-0, Fr. Maurus Powell scoring one while Br. Benedict Hayes scored three. The game was made interesting by the exemplary shooting of the full backs, namely, M. Neville and J. B. Kevill.

Nov. 21. At night the choir had their usual entertainment in honour of the morrow's feast.

Nov. 22. Feast of St. Cecily. The "Fiat cur meum" was admirably rendered by the first four trebles, as the choir could not trust to any single voice for the customary solo. The first XI went to Pocklington, and although their team played an extra man in the person of the referee, yet we managed to draw, the score being 2-2, owing to the excellent shots by Dowling and Traynor. However our 2nd XI beat theirs by two against none, G. Chamberlain and N. Harrison each scoring one goal.

Dec. 1. Another small billiard table arrived, so that now we are provided with three of them.

Dec. 3. The match, which ought to have been played with Bootham to-day, did not come off owing to an epidemic among their boys.

Dec. 4. Month-day. First XI played St. John's away, and won to our immense delight. Fr. Maurus Powell, Dowling, and Heslop each shot a goal, while the redoubtable Traynor shot two.

In the evening Fr. Denis Firth and Fr. Stephen Dawes, who arrived here on the 29th of October, gave us an interesting lecture on their South African experiences, illustrated by magic lantern slides. The enthusiasm of the spectators was simply overwhelming, for this was the first time that we had seen them since they went out to the war. In the morning, Fr. Stephen received a medal from the authorities for his services in the war.

Dec. 6. Play was given from 10.30 a.m. till 11.30 a.m. on condition that all the boys played football during that time;

for, as the pipes could not be heated for some reason or other, we all got half-frozen, and so we played football to warm ourselves up again.

Dec. 8. The Feast of the Immaculate Conception. Fr. Prior sang Mass.

Dec. 9. Br. Hildebrand Dawes, with the help of the magic, lantern, gave an instructive lecture on History to the Middle and Lower School.

Dec. 11. To-day completed the hundredth year of monastic life at Ampleforth. Although the real festivities are to be held at the coming Exhibition, yet the day was very appropriately kept by the concentrating of the greater part of the Ampleforth family at the Abbey. Fr. Abbot Pontificated at 9.30, and during the Mass Fr. Wilfrid Browne delivered an eloquent sermon splendidly suited to the occasion. After a sumptuous banquet, Fr. Abbot, Abbot Prest, and Fr. Wilfrid Darby made excellent speeches.

In the evening a concert was given in honour of the occasion by the boys. It was a great success, and Philip Williams' prologue, excellently composed by Fr. Watmore, was received with great applause. The choir rendered two glees in admirable style, while Fr. Denis Firth proved that his campaigning in Africa had not spoilt his voice. There was also a farce.

Dec. 12. The last debate of the term was held in the Upper Library. H. de Normanville was justly congratulated on his great success during the term as Captain.

Dec. 13. Match with Kirby Moorside. The College won by 4 goals to 1.

J. J. DABBY.
B. ROCHFORD.

Literary Debates.

Senior Library.

The first debate took place on Sunday, October 19th, 1902. Fr. Benedict McLaughlin took the chair.

Mr. de Normanville moved "That the introduction of elementary schools into England has on the whole been bad for the country, making the lower classes discontented and irreligious."

In the course of the discussion, Mr. Chamberlain argued that education was needed to fit the lower classes to be good workmen and good citizens.

Mr. Primavesi said that a little education had proved a dangerous thing, unfitting them for ploughing without fitting them for anything higher.

Mr. Williams gave the four necessary kinds of education, according to Devas, viz., home, church, school, and workshop, of which only the school has been cared for.

The motion was carried by 14 votes to 7.

Debate held on Sunday, November 9th.

Fr. Benedict took the chair.

The motion before the house was "That it is better that land should be worked in small holdings."

The discussion lasted three nights, through repeated attempts to make the wording of the motion more precise.

Mr. Primavesi, the proposer, argued that land should be so worked as to produce as much as possible, and that the holding of it in small portions tended to produce this result.

Mr. Pilkington opposed, maintaining that natural causes always led to the success of large holders and the failure of small.

Br. Hildebrand moved an amendment which caused great interest, but was finally rejected.

Mr. de Normanville favoured large holdings as providing park land and grazing land, and showed how difficult the construction of railways and telegraphs would be if small

holdings were common. After further debate the meeting was then adjourned, on the motion of Mr. Williams.

Resuming the discussion on Sunday, November 16th, Mr. Williams maintained that large holdings have substituted the degrading life of town and factory for the purer and nobler life in the country.

An amendment offered by Mr. Chamberlain was ruled out of order.

Another amendment was then proposed by Mr. Kevill and seconded by Mr. Primavesi, and the debate was adjourned on Mr. Kevill's motion.

On Sunday, November 23rd, Mr. Kevill's proposed change in the wording of the motion was carried, and for the rest of the evening it was discussed in the amended form: "That small holdings are beneficial in Europe and not in other parts of the globe."

Br. Hildebrand made an interesting speech showing how England's prosperity was greatly due to large land holders, and how London, after the great fire, was spoiled through small holders who wished to rebuild in spite of the persuasions of Sir Christopher Wren and the King.

The Chairman summed up, and the amended resolution, when put to the vote, was defeated by 13 votes to 9.

On Sunday, December 7th, Mr. Traynor's motion, "That colonies are a source of strength to the mother country," was carried by 18 votes to 8 after a lively and successful debate.

A. RICHARDSON.

Junior Library.

The first meeting of the House was held on Sunday, Nov. 30th, Mr. Robinson in the chair.

In private business Mr. Blaney was elected Secretary, and Messrs. Chamberlain, Heslop, and Crean were elected to serve on the Committee.

In public business Mr. Chamberlain moved "That Conscription would not be a good thing for this country." He said that

Conscription would necessarily injure our trade and would result in the demoralization of our young men. We had no need for a large army, as our frontiers were very small, and under the voluntary system we had as many men as we wanted. Finally, increased numbers would be mainly composed of unwilling soldiers; our army was better without them.

Mr. Corry seconded the motion.

Mr. Williams, the opposer, said "that Conscription would be a strong bond of unity," that the need of it was clearly shown in the late Boer War, and that it would not injure the trade of the country. Germany had Conscription, and yet her trade was increasing far more rapidly than ours. Conscription does not make a man fight badly. At present most men looked upon the army as a last resort, and so we got the worst men. Our frontiers were really very large, and we needed a very large army. Conscription was the only means of obtaining this.

Mr. Blaney said that Patriotism was the strongest bond of unity, whilst Mr. Crean laid stress upon the fact that if the willing and the unwilling were placed side by side the army would be ruined as a fighting machine.

Mr. Pradera said that Conscription was a good thing, since not only did it teach men to fight well, but also to be clean and orderly.

Mr. Allanson accused Lord Roberts of favouring Conscription because he would, through it, have more men to command.

Mr. Millars argued that Patriotism was a sufficiently strong bond of union because so many of our colonists came back to fight for us in the late war.

After the Chairman had congratulated the society upon the excellence of the leading speeches, Messrs. Sharp and Corry also supported the motion. The opposer and the mover then replied.

The motion was put to the vote and carried by 27 to 3.

The meeting closed with a vote of thanks to the Chairman, proposed by Mr. Chamberlain and seconded by Mr. Williams.

The second meeting of the Society was held on December 7th, in the Lower Library. In private business Mr. McGuinness was elected a member, and the minutes were passed without discussion. In public business Mr. McDermott moved "That

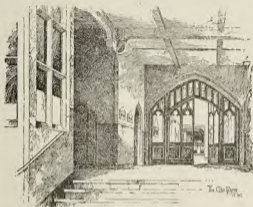
Capital Punishment should not be abolished in this country." He said that punishment served three ends—retribution, prevention of repetition of the crime by the criminal, and warning to others. After quoting L. J. Fry and Fr. Rickaby, S.J., he said that many philanthropists regarded punishment as solely intended to reform the criminal. Logically, then, a judge who regarded a criminal as past reformation would acquit him. This was of course absurd. No punishment had yet been found so thoroughly effective as Capital Punishment, and if that were abolished murders would be much more frequent.

Mr. Allanson, in seconding, said that Capital Punishment was much less expensive than penal servitude.

Mr. Crean, in opposing, said that in the 18th century, when men were hanged for small offences, crime was much more frequent. He showed also, from statistics of crime in Switzerland and other countries where Capital Punishment had been abolished, that murders had not increased in frequency. Penal Servitude, with floggings at repeated and regular intervals, would be a much stronger deterrent. Capital Punishment could not be undone, and many mistakes had been made. The question of sanity or insanity, too, was a difficult one to decide. We were now so far civilized that such a barbarous practice as Capital Punishment was unnecessary.

Messrs. Chamberlain, Blaney, Rochford, Bradley, Pradera, Smith, Sharp, and Cory supported the motion, and Messrs. Williams, J. Smith, Taunton, and Giglio spoke against it. After the opposer and mover had replied, the question was put to the vote, and the motion was carried by 17 to 13. The meeting closed with the usual vote of thanks, proposed by Mr. MacDermott and seconded by Mr. Crean.

A. BLANEY.



Notes.

AN elderly, very much respected member of our Congregation, long since dead, had an unusually rich melodious voice and had great skill and taste in the management of it. He was noted also for his eloquence both in the pulpit and out of it. He had, however, an amiable and forgivable weakness for using his eloquence in the praise of his own singing. Once, when descanting on his favourite topic in the company of some of his brethren, one of them broke in with the remark: "But, Father B—, you should let some one else say that." He replied with aggrieved simplicity: "But they won't do it."

At the present moment we are placed in a similar position. We are beginning in a quiet family way the celebration of the centenary of Ampleforth Abbey. Anything we Laurentians may say on the subject must seem like self-laudation. We should be glad if any one would take it off our hands. We

would cheerfully entrust the task to any special correspondent who would offer himself. If some Spectator, or Mail, or Chronicle would make the event one of national importance we would resume our native modesty. But since they won't do it, we must say something of what should be said ourselves.

We would, therefore, have every one know that St. Laurence's Abbey completed the hundredth year of its existence this December, 1902. The exact day is not quite a certainty. Most probably it was on December 11th, 1802, Prior Appleton with his community, Alexius Chew and William Sharrock, took up his residence at Ampleforth Lodge as a revival of the old Priory of St. Laurence, Dieulouard. The long interval since then has been a period of steady and uniform growth, an increase as regular and as definite and measurable as the rings in the thickness of a tree trunk. We, St. Laurence's, are proud of our prosperity and expansion, but we are most proud to feel, as we do, that we are as young as ever. We claim to be youthful because we have never ceased growing, and, with the blessing of God, we do not mean to be content with our present inches. "Things growing are not ripe until their season," but we hope we shall never have any seasons without both ripe fruits and young shoots showing together. St. Laurence's has seen its Decembers—it is one of these we are commemorating at this time—but we trust that when we meet with one again it will be like that of 1802—a spring in disguise, the beginning of a new life.

A great want in the matter of a centenary is some one who can say: "Dear me! it's just a hundred years ago to-day since I came here first, and then I could almost cover the place with my umbrella." There is just a little too much history about it and too little personal recollection. A golden jubilee, such as Abbot Prest writes about, is more within our measure; it appeals to the heart. A centenary appeals rather to our sentiments. What a pleasure it would be to show Fr. Appleton or Br. Sharrock over the new monastery! But of all our old Laurentian Fathers, the man whose delight would be most touching and whose rejoicing would be heartiest, one whose ghost even we would gladly welcome at this time as a guest, is worthy Dr. Bede Brewer,

the real founder of Ampleforth. He was the one man whose faith in the future of St. Laurence's was strongest when its prospects seemed blackest,—who believed that, give it but room to strike its roots and—were the soil ever so scanty and the circumstances ever so unpropitious,—with the blessing of God, it would lift up its head and stretch out its branches,—who was courageous enough to let Dr. Marsh go on with his school at Parbold whilst he himself commenced the new monastery and college with one monk and a lay-brother—our sturdy President-General, who on more than one occasion strained his authority and sacrificed his peace to rebuke intolerance and relieve the oppressed,—who brought Lammispring to submission and freed passionate, half-witted Fr. Maurus Chaplin from his long and cruel confinement, taking him away with him and securing his comfort during the few remaining years of his life,—who defended to the last against those in highest office talented, misguided perhaps, but certainly misjudged, Fr. Cuthbert Wilks, and this at the risk of his own good name; our clear-headed, blunt-spoken, big-hearted benefactor, who was as ready to empty his purse for the little college he founded, as to give it the support of his influence, or the encouragement or correction of his advice. May his name never be forgotten amongst us!

There was a bright and happy gathering in Liverpool at the first centenary dinner. Canon Wade, upon whom Fr. O'Brien's mantle has descended and whom it fits to perfection, but who wears it with a difference, was in the chair and did full justice to the occasion. Fr. Abbot was, of course, the principal guest, and his Lordship the Bishop of Liverpool graced the meeting with his presence and pleased it with his kindly words. More than eighty sat down to table. As usual our good friend Mr. Fishwick was Promoter, Board of Directors, Trustee, Treasurer, Honorary Secretary, and Head Office to the Honourable Company.

To follow this, a meeting of the brethren had been arranged at Parbold, to commemorate the migration of St. Laurence's from its temporary Lancashire home to Ampleforth. Migration is rather a big word for a flight of three, but, though it did not

weigh much at the time, they carried the future St. Lawrence's Abbey away with them. Mass was to have been celebrated once again in Parbold Hall by Father Abbot. Unfortunately the affair fell through. The proprietor repented of his concession, and did not see his way to lend the hall for the occasion.

But there was a good gathering of Laurentian fathers and brothers at the family meeting, on December 11th, to mark the actual centenary date of the erection of Ampleforth Lodge into St. Lawrence's Priory. Abbot Prest and many fathers of the mission were present. A solemn Abbatial Mass was sung. An excellent short sermon was preached by Fr. Wilfrid Brown. The vestments used on the occasion were the very beautiful ones presented to Fr. Whittle by the congregation of Woolton in 1880. They were made to do honour to our Holy Father St. Benedict. The figure of the Saint is finely worked in silk on the chasuble, with a decoration of rose and thistle, and scrolls on the maroon velvet cross bearing the inscriptions: "Gratia Benedictus et nomine," "Dilectus Deo et hominibus," "Scienter nescius et sapienter inductus." The dalmatics are treated in similar manner, with figures of St. Placid and St. Maurus respectively, and the inscriptions "Justus germinavit sicut liliu[m] et florebit in aeternum ante Dominum" on the one, and "Potens in terra semen ejus generatio rectorum benedicetur" on the other. The dalmatics have the Congregational symbol, "Pax" within a crown of thorns, on the front. The ground is a rich yellow damask silk. These vestments are Fr. Whittle's handsome centenary gift to his Alma Mater.

Our readers will be disappointed to miss Bishop Hedley's article at the commencement of the number. From our first inception he has been the mainstay of the *Journal*. We have always felt confident that our readers would never find great fault with us whilst we could offer them some interesting pages written by his Lordship. With unvarying kindness he has never failed us; and he was writing this time also, when an indisposition made it impossible for him to complete what he had begun. We hope and pray sincerely for his recovery. There is no one living whose friendship Ampleforth values more.

Another good friend of Ampleforth and of the *Journal*, not as a writer, but as an interested subscriber and reader, has been lost to us in Fr. Dunstan Ross, who died at Douai on November 30th. He was as fond of St. Lawrence's as if he had been one of her children. Many times he has said in our presence that there was nothing he missed so much in his later years as the annual retreat of the missionaries of the extinct North Province at Ampleforth, which gave him occasion to meet so many old friends, and to visit a spot hallowed to him by the best, holiest, and kindest memories. We recall how he used to spend hours together on the hill-terrace, never wearying of the lovely views. There was one he thought unrivalled. It was the vista along the old tramway, looking towards Gilling. We remember him, on a golden July day, after an unusually long period of silent enjoyment of the view, turning abruptly to a person rather intimately connected with ourselves, and exclaiming indignantly: "Why don't you artists paint that?"

The view is still most beautiful, but the ruder growth of the trees in the foreground has robbed it of some little of its grace—the grace of the young pines, straight as arrows, feathered throughout their length, their light swaying fronds breaking up the full stream of sunlight into a spray of gold-dust. Beyond the view is unchanged. Down below, at one's feet, the eye rests first on the dark tops of some Scotch firs, and through and above the large trees that fringe one side of the road the College roofs and gables gleam in the sunlight like a confused mass of dull steel and pale gold. Half-way across the valley the Omits hill lies in the full sunshine with the Lion wood stretched along its ridge, throwing a lazy arm over its shoulder, and further beyond, in the dip between the great woods, one can just discern the tower of Gilling church. Next to the hill at Ampleforth, Durham Cathedral and town, the shrine of St. Cuthbert, ranked highest in Fr. Ross' esteem. It is sad to think that we shall never meet our warm-hearted friend again. May he rest in peace!

"It's dogged does it." Fr. Wilfrid's labour of love in extending the terrace and opening out a new view to the east is nearly completed, and a fine work it is. "A pickaxe and a spade, a

spade for such a guest is meet." We make no account of our skill in the business of old Father Adam, or we would willingly have commandered ourselves in so good a cause. It is a poor thing to play the audience and clap our hands in praise and encouragement, but we do it with as much energy as we have in us.

Our sympathy goes out to our brethren of St. Edmund's, who may have soon to leave the once hospitable shores of neighbour France. But we are sure they will have a glad welcome from their own countrymen. In Belgium the old Benedictine Abbey of St. André at Bruges has been revived with the express object of restoring the Order in Brazil. The novitiate house was inaugurated with great solemnity on September 9th. The Bishop of Bruges took the leading part in the celebration, and the founder of the new St. André, L'abbé d'Olinda, received the profession of the first monk. His Holiness Pope Leo, through Cardinal Rampolla, sent a telegram of felicitation. May God bless the good work!

All good wishes to the silver jubilarians of 1902. One presentation and address we have already noted, that of Fr. Austin Wray at Abergavenny. On Sunday, the 19th of October, the Catholics of Workington presented Fr. Bernard Hutchison, Fr. Wray's co-jubilarian, with a handsome chalice, an address, and a cheque for £52, devoted as a foundation fund for a new Lady altar. We quote the words Fr. C. Standish used when presenting the gift:—

"He knew that the chalice which he was about to present to the Rev. Father was a very precious thing; he knew there was what the world cherishes in it; but there was something else wrapped round about it of more value than the precious stones, or the gold, or the silver. There was, far above these things, his people's esteem, their good wishes, their congratulations, and, he ventured to say, their love. In their name he had great pleasure in handing to Father Hutchison the chalice, and he could assure him that the only wish they had was that whenever he took the chalice in his hands to salute the Lord of Hosts he

would remember his brothers and sisters who loved him so much that they gave him that gift."

On November 17th a similar presentation was made to Fr. Sigebert Cody by the people of Cardiff. On this occasion the gift was a purse of £85, which it was intended should be increased. By Fr. Cody's desire £35 of the money was set aside for new altar rails in St. Mary's Church, and £50 was devoted to the purchase of a ciborium. With the balance he hoped to satisfy his long-cherished desire to visit the Eternal City. He will take our best wishes with him and those of his devoted congregation.

We copy the following notice from the Workington paper:—

"The Catholics of Workington and district will have learnt with great regret of the coming departure of Father Fishwick to a new field of labours. For some years he has been a well-known person in this town, and has endeared himself to all his co-religionists by his genial personality and persistent successful endeavours, and especially by his close application to the success of the schools, which under his guidance and supervision have been largely extended. Born in Liverpool in 1855, he was sent in 1862 to what was then a well-known Catholic School at Appleton, in Lancashire, conducted by Mr. Richard Bradshaw and Son. In 1867 he was removed to the Benedictine College at Ampleforth, in Yorkshire, where he finished his humanities. Thence he passed into the Novitiate House of St. Michael's Pro-Cathedral, Hereford, to complete his course of philosophy, and enter upon his theological studies. The year 1879 saw his return to Ampleforth, where, after a period of further mental research, extending over four years, he was ordained sub-deacon. The deaconate followed in due course, and he was made priest February 24th, 1883. In September of that same year his superiors sent him forth to do missionary work. He laboured assiduously at Warrington for two years, and at Brownedge, near Preston, for seven. Whilst at Brownedge he erected a school chapel at Tardy Gate, some two miles away, to meet the necessities of a large flock of Catholics who had gathered round the newly-opened mills. This coupled with

other work in which he was deeply interested, overtaxed his strength, and he fell into a serious illness, from which he did not recover for three years. Having sufficiently recruited he came to Warrington on May 26th, 1836, and now obedience calls him to a new field of labours not far away. He takes charge of the mission at Cockermouth, which has lately been handed over to the Benedictines of Ampleforth, and the good wishes of all follow him."

We are pleased to record considerable renovations and redecoration in several of our missions during the past six months. St. Peter's, Liverpool, took the lead in August last. To the great joy of the Congregation and friends of "old Seel Street" their church was reopened after redecoration and thorough cleaning on Sunday, the 10th August, the Feast of St. Lawrence. High Mass was celebrated by Fr. Placid Corlett, and the sermons morning and evening were preached by Prior Cummins, of Belmont. We quote the following summary of Prior Cummins' morning address from the *Catholic Times*—

"In a graceful and vigorous discourse he traced the leading historical and religious associations of St. Peter's, Seel Street. The church was built by Archibald Bennet Macdonald, a native of Lochaber, in Scotland, and was opened on the 7th September, 1788. Having been educated at St. Gregory's, Downside, he served as a priest first at Houghton in Yorkshire. He was translated to Standish, and in 1783 he came to Liverpool, and took possession of the Seel Street premises. The mission had been served by Father Williams and Father Harris, S.J., and they had, at the wish of the Vicar-General of Bishop Gibson, handed it over to Father Macdonald; but the lay managing trustees, represented by Mr. Clifton, of Lytham, objected. The case was taken to the Lancaster Assizes, and judgment was given in Father Macdonald's favour. At that time Liverpool was known at the General Post Office as a place not far from Warrington. When Father Macdonald commenced the erection of St. Peter's Chapel and House the undertaking was considered rash, and in order to secure a necessary sum the seats were on a certain day put up to auction. But at the age of 50—on the 7th September, 1788—he had the satisfaction of seeing the sacred

building solemnly opened. He lived to continue his missionary work for twenty-six years. The rev. gentleman died in 1814, and his remains rest beneath the chapel which he built to God's honour. Three years later the school, the first building of any pretension dedicated to Catholic public education in Liverpool, was erected. It was here the Jesuit Fathers met in 1844 when they contemplated building their church in Salisbury Street. The school is still in use, but now barely supplies accommodation for the boys' department. In 1871 the school buildings were completed at a cost, including the site, of about £5,000. The congregation grew steadily in numbers from the earliest years. In 1843 the chapel was enlarged by the addition of the priest's house, thus forming the present sanctuary and sacristy with the tribune above. The good that has been done at St. Peter's for religion it would be difficult to estimate. Rector after rector and assistants after assistants have worked with self-denying zeal, all the more admirable because it has been unostentatious. One of the rectors, Dr. Appleton, was a victim of the terrible fever scourge which carried off so many Catholic priests in Liverpool. The Catholics of Liverpool to-day remember with what devotion Catholic interests were served by another rector of Seel Street, the late Father Anderson. He spent himself for the spiritual welfare of the people, and they revere his memory. His charge he handed over to a priest, in like manner hard-working and popular, and so St. Peter's mission is carried on in a spirit which is worthy of the past and fully meets the requirements of the present."

On the 1st Sunday in October, St. Mary's, Warrington, kept high festival in honour of its silver jubilee. The church has been tastefully decorated by Messrs. Richardson, a new stained glass window has been inserted in memory of Richard Jackson, the faithful sacristan for many years, and extensive wood panelling has been placed in the sanctuary and side altars. Fr. Abbot pontificated morning and evening in presence of crowded congregations. Our felicitations to Fr. Vincent Wilson and his assistants.

Later in the month Fr. Placid Whittle had the happiness of seeing the completion of the installation of the electric light in

the Church and Priory of St. Alban, Warrington. It is the first of our establishments which has made the venture. It will not only show the beautiful painted panels of the high altar in a new light, but it will in all probability save them from destruction.

We are pleased to hear that Fr. Maurus Lucan is about to make further extensive improvements in St. Iltyd's, Dowdais. The church has been artistically decorated by Messrs. Richardson, of Warrington, and further improvements are to be made shortly by the insertion of stained glass windows. Our congratulations to both priests and faithful congregation.

The little suburban church of St. Austin's, Grassendale, now in charge of Prior Borge, has been enriched by a new altar, the work of Baycart, of Bruges, from designs of Mr. Charles Walker, of Newcastle. The church has been tastefully decorated throughout, and will be ready for Christmas Eve.

The following changes have been made on the mission:—Fr. Athanasius Fishwick, as we have already noted, to Cockermouth; Fr. Stephen Dawes to Workington; Fr. Thomas Noblett to Maryport; Fr. Oswald Swarbreck to St. Alban's, Warrington; Fr. Basil Primavesi to St. Mary's, Warrington; Fr. Gregory Browne to Canton; and Fr. Cuthbert Jackson to St. Ann's, Edgehill. Fr. Maurus Bluté has returned to take up his work at the Abbey.

When Fr. Oswald Swarbreck left Ampleforth, the little village congregation presented their retiring pastor with a handsome marble timepiece and an address. Fr. Bede Turner has succeeded Fr. Oswald as cellerarius of the Abbey.

The beginning of the centenary celebrations has almost put out of our minds the customary Midsummer Exhibition. Here, as in other of these notes, we prefer to quote the report of the *Catholic Times* :—

"The College of St. Lawrence, Ampleforth, on Monday commenced its annual exhibition and distribution of prizes. This

yearly occasion may be regarded in the light of a social function in the eyes of Catholics, who flock from all parts of England to renew old acquaintanceships and to join heartily in the festivities consequent upon the end of the year's scholastic work. The exhibition was this year favoured with most propitious weather, and the picturesque grounds, already beautiful through the natural progress of the summer, and their beauty intensified by the aid of human art, presented a most delightful panorama to the eye.

"The guests present during the celebration this year included Mr. Granville Ward, of Northwood; the Rev. Sir David Hunter-Blair, O.S.B.; the Very Rev. Canon Wade, the Right Rev. Abbot Prest, the Very Revs. M. W. Brown, Canon Dodds and A. P. Wilson, Lieut.-Col. J. Crean, etc. Dr. Hedley, the Bishop of Newport, accepted the invitation to be present, but at the last moment he was unable to come.

"On Monday evening the boys gave an excellent entertainment to the visitors in the performance hall, which was well filled. The first portion of the programme was devoted to a representation of Gilbert and Sullivan's famous dramatic cantata, 'Trial by Jury.' The cast was as follows:—The Learned Judge, Cuthbert Primavesi; the Plaintiff, P. A. Lister Smith; the Defendant, Stuart Lovell; Counsel for the Plaintiff, Wilfrid Lambert; Usher, Francis Hayes, Foreman of the Jury, Francis Dawson. A piece emanating from such masters of their art as the gifted authors mentioned requires very delicate handling, and perhaps one of the most subtle of their works is 'Trial by Jury,' the musical portion of that work being extremely difficult of exposition. It may be at once said, however, that after allowing a slight licence for the youthfulness of the performers, the cantata was given with conspicuous success, the wonderful enthusiasm of the young artistes more than compensating for any trivial errors that may have been made. Perhaps the most creditable delineation was that of Francis Hayes as the Usher. He had his part—and that is more requisite, the spirit of his part—off to perfection. Another good characterization was given by Wilfrid Lambert as Counsel for the Plaintiff, and the other parts were all well sustained, the very excellent singing of both the Defendant and the Plaintiff coming in for well-

merited applause. The concluding part of the programme consisted of a farce in one act, entitled 'Turn Him Out.' The parts were represented as under:—Nicodemus Nobbs, Dominic Traynor; Mr. Mackintosh Moke, Herbert Byrne; Mr. Eglantine Roseleaf, Francis Hayes; George, Wilfrid Lambert; John, George Chamberlain. The piece, which is principally concerned with a number of unfortunate cases of mistaken identity, brims over with laughable and absurd situations, and it may truly be said that the humour lost none of its brightness in the delivery. It would be invidious to single out any single performer for special mention, as each and all of them acquitted themselves most creditably.

"On Tuesday morning High Mass was sung by the Right Rev. Abbot Smith.

"Subsequently the exhibition and distribution of prizes by the Abbot took place in the performance hall, there being a large company present. The rector (the Rev. T. A. Hind) read the report for the past year. He said that they had not been able to prepare any boys, as in previous years, for the higher certificate examination owing to new regulations issued by the Board forbidding local entries for this examination unless a fixed number of candidates (not possible to them that year) was entered. The results of the last year's examination showed that 39 certificates were obtained by the students. This year they had entered 47 boys for the Oxford Local Examinations. The results of that examination, held the previous week, were not yet known, but they had received a report on the work from an examiner appointed by the University, and he (the rector) was pleased to say that it was again of a very satisfactory nature. After reading the examiner's report at length, the rector went on to refer to the excellent spirit of discipline maintained throughout the college by boys and masters alike. With regard to the spirit of the school he had not much to say that was not of a praiseworthy nature. He did not think there was a sufficiently ambitious spirit in the school. He could not call it a school that was enthusiastic over its studies; there was too much satisfaction in the obtaining of mere passes in examinations. Still, he was sure that the work of the school had been steadily and constantly improving, and he hoped it would long continue to do so (applause).

"Dr. Porter, the medical attendant to the college, spoke in glowing terms of the good health enjoyed by all the boys.

"On Tuesday evening the twenty-eighth annual general meeting of the Ampleforth Society was held in the college, the business disposed of being mainly of a routine character. In the course of the day swimming competitions were indulged in by the boys, valuable prizes being offered to the successful competitors, the races providing plenty of enjoyment for the on-lookers. A large meed of praise is due to the college authorities, from the highest to the humblest, for the kindly and courteous manner in which they sought to promote the comfort of their guests."

In the last issue of the *Journal* we referred to the proposed discussion on the retention of compulsory Greek in Responsions at Oxford, and the importance of its bearing on the course of studies in the secondary schools of the country. The proposition for the abolition of Greek as a necessary subject in Responsions was brought forward in conversation during the present term. Great interest was aroused amongst those concerned, graduates, undergraduates, women students, and their respective friends all entering warmly into the discussion. Most of the college debating societies talked over the matter; the *Magazine* had its contribution from A.G. :—

"Nor Greek nor Latin can survive alone,

The second withers when the first is gone."

Columns of the *Times* were filled with letters from head-masters, tutors, &c. The result of the voting in a very full house was a majority of twenty-three in favour of the retention of Greek. Most people were surprised at the smallness of the majority, and the upholders of the change were jubilant. It is clear that the matter cannot rest here, and already a circular has been sent round to urge the further discussion of the question, and to consider a better method of framing the resolution. Originally, it seems, the advocate for abolition intended to make Greek purely optional for all candidates. Such a proposition, involving, as it does, the sure, if slow, elimination of Greek in the secondary education of the country, would find

little favour in academic circles at Oxford. This point became very apparent in the preliminary discussion. Accordingly the "reformers" changed their ground and maintained that all the resolution implied was that Greek should not be made obligatory on all candidates. Thus interpreted, many votes were given in its favour by men who would be the last in the world to connive at the general abandonment of Greek as an educational medium. It is now suggested that the exemption should apply only to those who are intending to take honours in the final schools of mathematics and science. Under this form there is every likelihood of a majority being obtained for the resolution. We would urge the "mathematically inclined" to bear this in mind in their preparation for an Oxford change.

In connection with Oxford, we are glad to hear that Fr. President has consented to give the conferences next term to the Catholic undergraduates. It is quite on the cards that he may give some public lectures on some of the historical subjects that he has made his own. There is a flattering notice in the *Magazine* for the last week of term, of Fr. Joseph Rickaby's, S.J., "Oxford Conferences." After praising his choice of subjects, the kindness of the treatment of his adversaries combined with the uncompromising nature of his insistence on Catholic dogma, and the style that is somewhat reminiscent of Bishop Gore, it goes on to make the excellent suggestion that he should give some lectures on Moral Philosophy in connection with the school of *Litterae Humaniores*. We gladly re-echo the suggestion and think it would be to the advantage of numerous candidates for "Greats." Congratulations to F. H. Staples, of Downside College, who has lately gained a scholarship at St. John's. He is the first boy from a Benedictine college to win this distinction at Oxford, and we trust that he will be the forerunner of other successes from amongst our boys. F. de Zaluetta, from the Oratory School, has crowned the list of his undergraduate triumphs by the gaining of a prize fellowship in law at Merton.

Have any of our readers seen the morality play called "Everyman," which has of late been going the rounds of the country? If they have not had an opportunity of seeing it, if it comes in

their way they ought not to neglect it. There seem to have been several plays, or versions of the same play, current in pre-Reformation times, but the English version has been assigned by competent authorities to the latter half of the fifteenth century. From slight external but stronger internal evidence, the author of the Dutch version is conjectured to be Peter of Diest, "a historian and theologian of a speculative and mystic turn of mind who lived at Diest during the latter half of the fifteenth century." This Dutch version was probably the parent play, and the English "Everyman" was a translation or adaptation of it. The subject is the "Summoning of Everyman" by "our Heavenly King" to a "general reckoning." God sends His messenger "Death" to Everyman whose "mind is on fleshly lusts and his treasure," to bid him prepare his "reckoning." In his distress at the message, "Everyman" looks round for company on this journey. He appeals in vain to "Fellowship," to his "Kindred" and "Cousin," to his "Goods" to go with him in his "heavy journey." Then he turns to his "Good Deeds."

"But alas, she is so weak,

That she can neither go nor speak."

She comes to his rescue by sending her sister "Knowledge" to be his guide. "Knowledge" leads him first to "Confession," from whom he receives the "precious jewel called Penance, voider of adversity." This releases his "Good Deeds" from her bonds and she promises to "abide with him in every stound." But he will need other helpers, and at her bidding he calls "Discretion," "Strength," "Five Wits," and "Beauty" to be present to his help and comfort. "Everyman" then makes his will "in the way of charity" and justice, receives the "Holy Sacrament and ointment together," and bearing the rod is attended by his friends to the grave. Here "Beauty," "Strength," "Discretion," and "Five Wits" in turn leave him, but "Good Deeds" and "Knowledge" remain. With a prayer to the "Mother and Maid, holy Mary," he descends into the grave, his last words being:—

"In manus tuas o migh'ti most,

For ever commendo spiritum meum."

A "Doctor" appears and points the moral men may have in mind.

Such is the play, a simple and lovely yet vivid presentation of the manners and beliefs of our forefathers in the fifteenth century. What strikes one is the intense reality of the picture, the living and strong faith of the characters, the profoundly human pathos of the scene. For us Catholics it has the added interest of being at one with our deepest convictions. We may add that the Elizabethan Stage Society has taken every care to give an exact reproduction of the play. There is no attempt at "realism" in the staging, the parts are played with the most reverent sympathy, there is no air of artificiality about the handling, not even the names of the actors are announced. The Society deserves the highest praise for a high-minded devotion to historic truth.

"What do you want? Behold the earth hath roots?" Our answer to this question is that we want better roots than our neighbours. In this we are always successful. This year Mr. Perry, at the Crystal Palace show, secured two first prizes—one for swedes, the other for the best collection of roots—and a reserve. In the more important show at Birmingham the prizes won were more numerous than ever. Three cups were brought back and first prizes were taken for kohlrabi and cabbages, seconds for swedes and turnips, and there were five reserves. All these successes were won against increased competition both in the number and skill of the exhibitors.

We beg to thank T. J. Wilson, Esq., for the gift of twenty more volumes added to the excellent architectural collection he presented to us some years ago. Our thanks also to Canon Wade, Frs. Placid Whittle, Cuthbert Pippet, Gregory Browne, Wilfrid Darby, Bede Polding and Aidan Crowe for additions to our Library.

Our good wishes to Br. Paul Nevill and Mr. Stephen Noblet in their Oxford careers. The former has joined our little Hall and the latter has entered at Exeter.

Hail to the chess champion of Cumberland! After beating Mr. R. Brown, of Carlisle, Mr. J. H. Walker, of Cockermouth, and Mr. H. Needham, of Workington, Fr. Denis Firth came out victor of the final game, or rather series of games, with Dr. S. H. Hall, of Carlisle. It was a tug-of-war between the two left in the final of the tournament, but in the end Dr. Hall resigned a difficult game and the championship to the Benedictine.

The new picture post cards are excellent and should have a great sale. We particularly like the one taken from below Fr. Sumners' terrace.

The first "Weld sermon," an annual foundation sermon, instituted, as the title shows, by the late Monsignor Weld, was preached at Downside Abbey last Midsummer by the Right Rev. Bishop Hedley. The conditions of the foundation are as follows:—"Every year the Abbot of Downside shall appoint a preacher, who on some convenient day shall preach a sermon in the Abbey Church, Downside, on 'The love of God for men.' The sermon may not form part of the usual college instructions. The preacher must give the Abbot a full copy of the sermon, which the Abbot shall have printed and gratuitously distributed, or sold to such an extent as to fulfil Monsignor Weld's intention in providing the endowment for this annual sermon and its distribution." We do not need to recommend this sermon to our readers. The name of the preacher is warrant to every one of its excellence.

Our friends will be interested to know that whilst this number of the *Journal* is going through the press a little volume of "Simple Meditations on the Life of our Lord," from the pen of Fr. Abbot, is in the printers' hands. Fr. Abbot has determined to be his own publisher. The little book, which will cost the modest sum of sixpence, may be obtained at the Abbey in a few days' time.

List of boys who passed Public Examinations in the year 1902:—

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

Senior Local Examination.

1. H. K. Byrne, 30th in Honours (2nd Class). "Excused Responsions and Examination in an additional subject (French)" Distinction in Greek (13th).
2. O. M. Williams, 47th in Honours (2nd Class). "Excused Responsions." Distinction in Religious Knowledge.
3. J. E. Smith, 3rd Class Honours.
4. H. A. Barnett. 1st Division.
5. G. H. Chamberlain. " "
6. H. de Normanville. " "
7. F. L. Hayes. " "
8. J. B. Kevill. " "
9. W. J. Lambert. " "
10. A. J. McCann. " "
11. J. A. Parle. " "
12. A. C. Primavesi. " "
13. D. Traynor. " "
14. A. Richardson. 2nd Division.

Junior Local Examination.

1. T. Barton. 1st Division.
2. A. Hines. " "
3. A. T. McCormack. " "
4. A. S. Primavesi. " "
5. W. P. Crean. 2nd Division.
6. A. C. Croskell. " "
7. W. P. Heffernan. " "
8. P. J. Lambert. " "
9. J. J. McKenna. " "
10. M. M. Neville. " "
11. P. Williams. " "

Preliminary Local Examination.

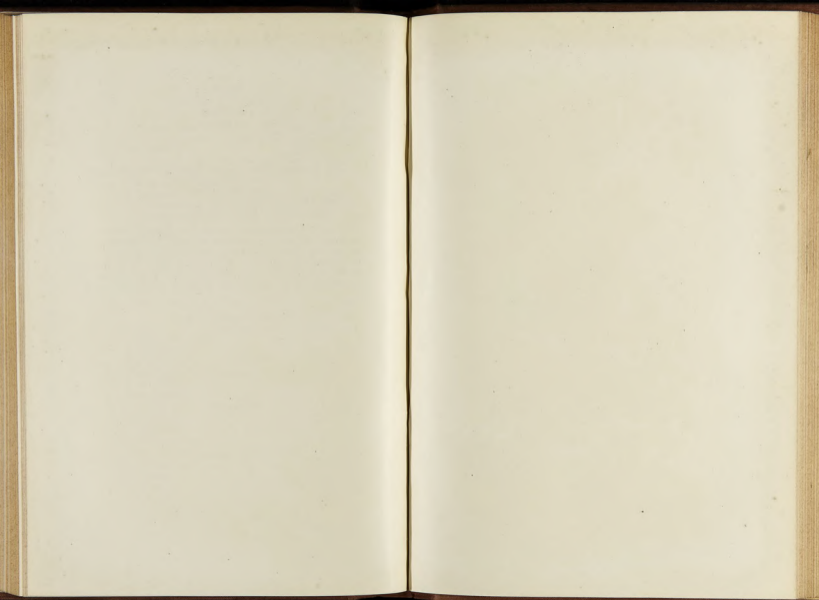
1. E. R. Hesketh. 1st Division.
2. P. P. B. Perry. " "
3. W. S. Sharp. " "
4. J. K. Smith. " "
5. E. F. Taunton. " "

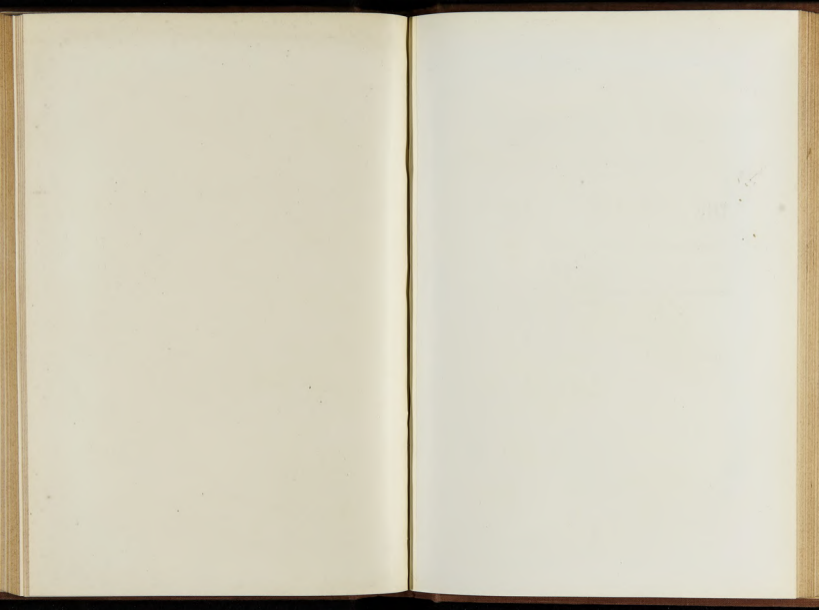
6. P. J. Ward. 1st Division.
7. J. G. Blackledge. 2nd Division.
8. W. N. Harrison. " "
9. V. Giglio. " "
10. T. D. Sinnott. " "

THE ASSOCIATED BOARD OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY AND
ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC.*Local Examinations.*

- J. Parle. Higher Division (Piano).
A. Rosenthal. Lower Division (Violin).

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the *Dowdsie Review*, the *Dons Magazine*, the *Stophard Magazine*, the *Ratcliffian*, the *Beaumont Review*, the *Rivne Bédicaine*, the *Abbey Student*, the *Harvest*, the *Oratory School Magazine*, the *Raven*, the *Baeda*, the *St. Augustine's*, Ramsgate, the *Studien und Mittheilungen*, the *Onotian*, *De Maria-Groot*, and *Bulletin de St. Martin*.







GENERAL VIEW OF SCHOOL BUILDINGS.

From the "History of Downside School."

(By kind permission of Egerton Paul, Trevelick, Publishers & Co.)

THE AMPLEFORTH JOURNAL.

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PART III.

A Great Catholic School. Downside.

THERE has recently been published an interesting series of histories of the public schools of England, histories which would have been incomplete without the inclusion of the Catholic colleges that perpetuated for two centuries in continental cities the traditions of the olden faith, until they could be restored at home. Catholics are apt to regard the English Public Schools as something unapproachable and far beyond their rivalry, forgetting in their diffidence that some of our own older Colleges can hold their own, in many important points, with the best of their Protestant rivals. In wealth of endowments or number of students, in reputation for scholarship and literary achievement, above all in social prestige and influence upon national life, the schools of a poor and persecuted minority—two-thirds of whose existence was passed on foreign shores,—cannot indeed compare with the favoured schools of the upper classes for whose benefit the ancient endowments of the poor have been diverted. But our schools have distinction of their own, apart from orthodoxy, with traditions and an ethos of their own. They have had longer lives for instance than most of the Established Schools, and a more stirring and romantic history. Some of them hardly need

yield the palm of antiquity, for the monastic schools were connected with an Order which was teaching in England ages before Westminster monks made way for Westminster boys, and when Winchester and Eton were undreamt of.

Among such notable schools St. Gregory's at Downside fills a foremost place. Its story has just been told by Dom Norbert Birt* in a fair volume, well printed, copiously illustrated, but what is more, compiled with accuracy and discretion, pleasantly written, well worth reading. The author has hit a happy mean in his narrative. His is neither an exaggerated or vain-glorious tale, nor a chronicle of small beer. It reads rather as the dignified record of the life of an ancient school, of its foundation and early struggles, its customs and institutions, its misfortunes and successes, its growing prosperity, its distinguished sons. And the record is one of which Gregorians may be proud.

The story that Dom Norbert tells is of the School of St. Gregory's, not of the Community to which it is attached; but the fortunes of the two are inextricably mingled, waxing and waning together, and of late very notably waxing. The School began its existence at Douay early in the 17th century shortly after the Monastery, both owing their inception and rapid growth to a favourable situation in a University town, not far from English shores and alongside kindred institutions. The munificent founder and chief benefactor of St. Gregory's was Cavarel, abbot of St. Vaast's at Arras,—a fine specimen of the princely churchman of the period, a man of far outlook and wide sympathies, a patron of learning and a promoter of higher studies. Besides a large college for Jesuits at Douay, Cavarel had just founded another smaller one where the monks of his own Flemish abbey might study in the same University. The

* *Downside.* The History of St. Gregory's School from its commencement at Douay to the present time; by Dom Henry Norbert Birt, O.S.B., priest of Downside Abbey, Bath. With twenty-five illustrations. London, Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., Ltd.

happy inspiration came to him of giving a share in this institution to his exiled brethren from England. He carried out his plans with a munificence which earned their eternal gratitude, for besides providing their college, and undertaking its repair, he further endowed them with an annual income of "8000 reals," and later gave them the country-house and demesne at Esquerchin. The establishments for the French, or rather the Flemish, monks and for the English occupied three sides of a fine quadrangle, the fourth contained the chapel, the whole forming one noble College



designated by the name of the parent abbey and in many ways dependent upon it. The collegiate chapel was Gothic, and served for both communities, the functions being apparently performed in common; precedence in choir was naturally reserved to the superiors and members of the native community; whilst the Abbot regulated the internal economy of both divisions, appointed their superiors and exercised a right of visitation.

This unusual arrangement worked more smoothly than might have been anticipated, and it is pleasant to record that amicable relations between the two parties suffered

no breach during the long period of their continuance. Provision was made in Cavarel's bequest for the resumption of the foundation in case his English guests returned to England. It is a curious commentary on his foresight that now all that remains of his great abbey at Arras should be this little foreign shoot which he so generously grafted three centuries ago on the parent stem. If St. Vaast's has left an heir to its glories and name that heir must be sought in the stately abbey that now towers on the slope of the Mendip hills; and though Downside has lost the college and endowments that Cavarel bequeathed, it has not lost the memory of his munificence, nor gratitude for the shelter and support which were continued for two centuries.

Hardly had the English Benedictines been settled at Douay when they began to take in scholars. Dom Birt suggests 1608-9 as the date of the school's opening, which would be just after the Holy See had given its sanction to the foundation. About 1626 the informer Lewis Owen writes in the *Running Register* that the monks "have many scholars which are beneficial unto them; and many gentlemen's sons (who are their friends and benefactors in England) do diet in the cloisters, but not in the same part where the monks live, but in the other side of the cloister." The number of boys during the century would average about thirty or forty, and though the greater number of these were intended for secular pursuits, still the school afforded an excellent recruiting ground for the monastery, this favourable circumstance giving St. Gregory's a lead in numbers which it easily maintained till the French Revolution. Among the church students were some who afterwards joined the other English communities not so favourably situated as was Douay. The pension, twenty five pounds annually, remained unaltered for two hundred years and more! All boys, lay as well as church students, wore the cassock, tucking it up in a bunch behind during games, like blue coat-boys. St. Gregory's



OLD ST. GREGORY'S, DOUAY.

From the "History of Downside School,"
(By kind permission of Kegan Paul, French, Trösch & Co.)

however, was primarily a lay school, and it was also exclusively English, hardly any foreign names occurring on its lists except just on the eve of the Revolution, when the number of boarders rose to about seventy or eighty. The prosperity of the school at this period justified the erection of new buildings, which consisted of a "plain, solid structure of red brick, with stone dressings, in the free classic style in fashion at the period, containing four storeys and dormers in the roof, each floor showing nineteen windows;" and in addition a colonnade, or open ambulacrum called the piazza. Dom Birt says they cost about £40,000, an enormous sum, if correct. Finished in 1781 these buildings are standing to this day. They were erected mainly at the monks' charges and alongside Cavarel's College, though apparently not on its land. Whilst Cavarel's foundation shared the fate of the mother abbey at Arras, and was sequestered by the State, the buildings which the English had themselves put up were restored after the Revolution; and ultimately, when St. Edmund's from Paris was being revived under Dr. Marsh in 1824, they were handed over to that community. They are now claimed as the property of the French Republic!

The Revolution found the Gregorian College at Douay well established, with its dependent School in a very flourishing state, and swept it away in an hour! Hated by the new powers both as Englishmen and as monks the community was dispersed in 1794, and its School and revenues confiscated. Most of the religious with all the students escaped in safety to England, but several, with Prior Sharrock who stuck manfully to his post, endured a rigorous and prolonged imprisonment at Doullens. When diminished by poverty and death the Community re-assembled in England they found a friend in Sir Edward Smythe of Eshe and Acton Burnell, the latter house which is in Shropshire, being placed at their disposal in May, 1795. For a few months their home was shared with the

Laurentians under Prior Marsh who, having escaped earlier from Dieulouard, had also been temporarily accommodated at Acton Burnell. As both communities were greatly reduced and their fortunes equally desperate Dr. Marsh suggested their amalgamation. The idea, though it frequently cropped up in these anxious times, was not seriously entertained. The two communities parted. The Gregorians remained at Acton Burnell till 1814; St. Laurence's left to continue the nine years odyssey which ended in 1802 on the hill-side at Ampleforth.

Still the stay of St. Gregory's at Acton Burnell, however prolonged, could not be other than a temporary arrangement. Nothing could exceed the generosity of the hospitable baronet who had given up his house to his old masters, and even enlarged it considerably for the accommodation of their score of boys. But an energetic community, jealous of its independence and ambitious of expansion, could not remain for ever under another's roof. The question of removal and whither was often discussed. The north of England was barred as already occupied by Stonyhurst, Ushaw and Ampleforth. At one time there was thought of taking a mansion near Ludlow; at another of settling by the seaside near Christchurch; a site in the Isle of Wight was considered, and one in Berkshire; whilst both before and after leaving Acton Burnell, it was almost decided to return to Douay. Finally in April 1814 the community removed to Downside, at Stratton on the Fosse, in Somersetshire; and thus for the first time in two centuries St. Gregory's was lodged in a house and on land of its own, with neither lay nor clerical patron to limit or control its fortunes. Independence agreed with it; steady, if not rapid progress was made in spite of discomforts, discouragement and debt; and at Downside the House struck its roots deep and firm enough to withstand one last great hurricane that threatened its existence.

Over the early years of Downside, as over the whole



THE MUSEUM.

*From the "History of Downside School."
(By kind permission of Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.)*

Congregation a shadow is cast, during the third decade of the 19th century, by the baleful figure of Bishop Baines. An energetic, able, high-handed man, and a Benedictine himself, the Bishop was the leading prelate of his time in England; and he naturally thought that the Western District, to which he had been appointed in 1823 afforded a fine field for the concentrated energies of the Benedictine communities dispersed, diminished, and discouraged by the reverses of the Revolution. He accordingly suggested that they should join with him in founding one large establishment uniting in itself Monastery, Seminary and College, with Cathedral church and Episcopal residence in addition. It will be seen that the Bishop was a man of large ideas, and was perhaps a century before his time; for his scheme was the combination of a Belmont, an Ushaw and a Downside with perhaps that University College for Catholics which is still only a dream! In Prior Park, Ralph Allen's noble mansion overlooking from its beautiful grounds the fashionable city of Bath, an ideal site was found for this magnificent conception, and one capable of development. The Benedictines were to man the threefold institution under the direction of the Bishop, who was to enjoy, however, more extensive authority over them than has been usually accorded to Bishops either by modern or medieval usage. His modest request to have assigned to him, over the Benedictines in his Vicariate, the powers of both Provincial and President was held at the time to be an outrageous claim; yet it is only fair to remember that such jurisdiction was originally wielded by Bishops in their cathedral monasteries, and that something very similar was exercised, without reproach or remark, about this very time by one of Baines' chief opponents, Dr. Polding, the pioneer Bishop of Australia.

As time went on the scheme underwent many variations. At first all the English Benedictines were to unite into one new community, abandoning the recently founded houses

at Ampleforth and Downside. Another idea was to transfer Downside bodily, school and community, to Prior Park; or again the two existing monasteries were to exchange places, with a view to the more sympathetic co-operation which the Bishop anticipated from his own house St. Lawrence's. Projects such as these might not seem so unreasonable then as they would do now, and should be judged by the conditions of the time. The very existence of the Benedictines in England was precarious; their communities had been reduced by one half; of the two survivors both were weakened in numbers and impoverished in funds, whilst their migrations had been too frequent and recent for their roots to have struck deep either at Downside or even at Ampleforth. It is conceivable that under such circumstances a policy of concentration might have been wise, and might have led ultimately to fuller and sure development. Carried out on the magnificent lines sketched by the enthusiastic Bishop, Prior Park would have become the leading Catholic establishment in England, attracting to itself all that was best in the country. From a stock so prominent and flourishing offshoots might easily have sprung more numerous and vigorous than those already existing. But the scheme, however grandiose in its conception and fascinating in its possibilities, never commanded the sympathy of the Congregation, through distrust of its author, amongst other causes. Without such sympathy and co-operation it had never really a chance of success.

What did happen was that Downside resisted successfully, first the blandishments, then the threats, and lastly the open attacks of its headstrong would-be benefactor. Self-willed men, with an imperfect appreciation of other people's rights, can go very far when crossed in their pet projects. The very existence of St. Gregory's was assailed when, as the dispute proceeded, the validity of the vows taken there was questioned; but in the tenacious and



THE NORTH TRANSEPT.

*From the "History of Downside School,"
(By kind permission of Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co.)*

able men who represented Downside and the Congregation at this crisis the Bishop met his match. Both parties suffered severely in the struggle. Though their exemptions and canonical status were recognised by the Holy See both Downside and Ampleforth were for a time crippled. And the Bishop had to look elsewhere for colleagues in his great foundation, which after a brief period of prosperity ended in bankruptcy and conflagration.

It is usual to rejoice over the failure of Bishop Baines' attempt to enlist the Benedictines in his projects, on the ground that the fate of Prior Park might have befallen the entire Congregation. Probably the more prudent counsels prevailed. On the other hand the resources and energies of the monks might have saved Prior Park from ruin and borne it on to glorious success. One man's abilities, however eminent or enterprising he may be, are no measure of the possibilities which lie in a strong and united community; and the Bishop's failure at Prior Park must not be taken as proof that English Benedictines would also have failed there. The fortunes of that School might have been very different if instead of being thwarted they had been upheld by the men whose dogged determination saved Downside from suppression and plucked Ampleforth from the brink of dissolution.

All this has long passed into the placid region of what might have been! Death and Time reconcile all enmities; and we can recall now with satisfaction that after the ruin of his splendid hopes, the restless Bishop found his final resting place not in the princely demense of Prior Park, but among his brethren, in the graveyard at Downside. The struggle was not without compensations if it developed the corporate spirit of St Gregory's, and brought into prominence its distinguished men. The palmy days of the House begin from that date; its subsequent history is a chronicle of steady advance in material development, in numbers of boys and monks, in influence and esteem.

During the past century Gregorians have made their mark not in the Church only, nor only in literature or scholarship, but in the army and at the bar, in Parliament and diplomacy, and on the bench. The names of Polding, Brown, Ullathorne, Morris, Davis, and Vaughan rank high in the hierarchies of England and the Antipodes. The school, one of the first to take up relations with the Universities, first of London and later of Cambridge, has been well to the front in educational enterprise. In architecture, music and art Downside has constantly been a pioneer. The Chapel opened in 1823 by Prior Barber marked a stage of Gothic revival, and was as remarkable in its own days as the imposing abbey-church in these. The college buildings of Priors Wilson and Sweeney (1854) were another great advance, though they have been since eclipsed by the grandiose reconstruction of the whole establishment begun under Priors Murphy and Gasquet, and still being carried out under Abbot Ford. The latter name and title bring us down to a date when the old College of St. Vaast has grown into an abbey, and when history is merging into the present day. The present needs no pen to describe it; we are no prophets to pry into the future; but a friend of Downside, closing this timely volume of its ancient annals, can express no fairer hope than that the future story of the House may be worthy of its glorious Past! ❧

J. I. C.

Memoir of the V. Rev. Canon Banns. D.D.

JOSEPH BANNS was born on the 22nd of February, 1828. His father was of French origin and his mother whose maiden name was Collingridge traced her descent from the same family as Bishop Collingridge, Vicar Apostolic of the Western District, to whom she was distantly related.

His early years were spent at Southampton, and he there made his first acquaintance with Provost Hunt, who was his life-long friend. With his elder brother James he went to St. Edmund's College in the year 1842.

After finishing his philosophy he passed to the English College at Rome, where he took his Doctor's cap with brilliant success, and where he was ordained Priest. He was for a short time Vice-Rector under Dr. Cornthwaite, but his weak health compelled him to return to England.

He then became Chaplain to the Benedictine Convent at Hammersmith but was sent to Spanish Place under Provost Hunt in November, 1858, and remained there till June, 1863.

In 1864 he was at Great Ormond Street and in 1865 he was Chaplain to Harley House Convent. In 1866 he was appointed Professor of Holy Scripture at St. Edmund's College, which at that time was still the home of the Divinity Students. He remained but for a short period, for he found the work too great a strain upon his mind. He was able nevertheless in 1869 to resume the same post at Hammersmith, where the Diocesan Seminary had lately

been established by Cardinal Manning. Here he remained until the Seminary was broken up by Cardinal Vaughan in 1893. The sundering of old associations told heavily upon a naturally weak constitution and on the 25th of March of the same year, he died from syncope of the heart. He received all the last Sacraments with the greatest calm and resignation, and gave his soul back to God with humble trust.

In consequence of a slight paralytic stroke in infancy, he suffered from a lameness which incapacitated him from missionary work, but this very defect had the advantage of enabling him to devote his whole time and energy to intellectual pursuits and to acquire a very accurate knowledge of the whole field of Theology, and to become a master of Catholic exegesis.

He held very strict views on the subjects of Scriptural inspiration and Church authority; and, as the whole current of human thought, outside the Church, is rushing with ever-increasing force against the breakwater of Catholic teaching on this very question of Scriptural inspiration, it may be well to put on record his views and belief on these important matters; for he possessed a clear intellect, a solid judgment and a thorough mastery of the subject.

In the year 1884 a Doctor of Divinity, who had been Professor of Dogma in the same college, when Canon Banns was Professor of Scripture, forwarded to him a letter that he had written in reply to a question from a layman as to the teaching of the Church on Scriptural inspiration, requesting a candid expression of opinion.

The pith of the letter may be thus given:

"There is no intrinsic difference between the writings in the Bible and good books out of it, as, *e.g.*, the 'Imitation of Christ.'

"The book of Esdras, for instance, or the Gospel of St. John, from the fact of being placed on the Canon has the

authentic testimony of the Christian Conscience—the Church—that these books are a product of the spirit of good (God) in man, and not of the spirit of evil (devil) and are therefore useful in bringing into play the Divine element in human life and history, but nothing more.

"Looked at in this way, the 'errors' of the Bible are of no consequence. This is true not only of errors in history and science, but also of what a hasty person without the historical sense living in the ideas of Europe of this century would call errors in Morals, though they would be more rightly termed judgments formed on principles less general than those that now obtain.

"Thus the Old Testament ideas of the relation of the sexes was evidently much more like those of the Mohammedans, than those of the Christians of the present day; thus the Old Testament God has very much narrower sympathies, and a less equal temper, than the Christian God in his most anthropomorphic aspects.

"These, however, should not be called errors, but narrowness such as belongs to a Community in a state of development.

"Authorities for these views may be difficult to find, but if Denzinger is consulted, very few Ecclesiastical declarations will be found of the Inspiration of Scripture, and those of the vaguest and most general kind.

"If the treatment of Scripture by a Father such as Origen and St. Augustine, or by a Theologian such as Cajetan is considered it will easily be seen to what lengths they went in making the Bible say and mean what the Christian Consciousness in them felt that the Bible *ought* to say and mean.

"They placed themselves outside the Bible, and above the Bible, and besides this they insisted on all parts of the Bible saying what they felt to be correct.

"This in truth is treating the Bible with less respect and greater freedom than the modern critic, who deals with

Scripture just the same as with other writings; and this is the right and only attitude for a critic, just as the right attitude for a Theologian is neither to take his Theology from the Bible, nor put his Theology into it.

"However strange and paradoxical it may seem, this is the attitude that the Catholic Church has consistently taken from the first.

"Anyone who feels the need of freedom in his Biblical studies must shake off the yoke of meaningless distinctions between 'maxima' and 'minima.'

"There is no great difference between these views and those of Cardinal Newman, if he is ready to apply freely to the 'Faith and Morals' of the Bible the Theory of Development that he used so successfully on the Theology of the Church."

To these clear yet bold views, Dr. Bannis, who, it will be remembered, had been for many years Professor of Scripture, sent the following reply.

"I do not know that I am right in giving an opinion on the statement regarding the Scripture which you submit to me.

"I do not know but that you are poking fun at one or the other holy Doctors at St. Thomas; though if so, it is a very grim kind of amusement, and one that has a very serious aspect. Such statements emanating from a priest in reply to a layman's enquiry constitute a breach of trust to the cause which he was ordained to support. Were I to investigate the nature of the "sacred books" of the Chinese, the Persians or the Indians, I should naturally go to those people to learn, if possible, something of their origin and aim, but with regard to the Sacred Scriptures, which we only possess as received from the Church, they might as well have dropped from the moon, or been dug out of the bowels of the earth, for any reference you make to that Church's authority. Your broad statements completely ignore, and practically contradict the declarations of the

Councils of Florence, Trent and the Vatican, and hence you cannot be surprised at my holding them unorthodox, and untenable by one who would wish to be considered a Catholic.

"The above mentioned Councils have defined, 1st that God is the Author of all the Canonical Books of the Old and New Testament, and 2nd that these Books have been written under the Inspiration of the Holy Ghost, and that they themselves are inspired. Whatever might be the meaning of the terms 'Author' and 'Inspiration' as taken by themselves, the sense in which they are used must be gathered from their combination. These definitions of the Church necessarily imply the presence of a Divine element in the Sacred Scripture; that they are the product of two factors, the natural powers of the human writer on the one hand, and the impulse and guidance of the Holy Ghost on the other.

"The Vatican Council makes this pertinent addition to what had been previously defined concerning the books of Scripture, namely 'that the Church regards them as Sacred and Canonical,' Canonical, not for the reason of their having been approved by her authority, nor for the reason of their containing Revelations without admixture of error, but for the reason that having been written by the Inspiration of the Holy Ghost, they have God for their Author, and have been delivered as such to the Church Herself.

"Hence there is an essential and intrinsic difference between the Sacred Scriptures and all other writings whatsoever, and no Catholic critic can approach them as he would approach even the pious "Imitation," not to mention the works of profane authors. No Catholic critic can place himself either above or outside the Bible, he can receive it only from the Church, and interpret it only in accordance with the interpretation of the Church. It is by no means a paradox to say that a Catholic Theologian

neither takes his Theology from the Bible, nor puts his Theology into it; yet it is no less true, that the Catholic Church proves her Theology from the Bible and interprets it, in accordance with her Theology.

"As to what you are pleased to say of the ideas which the Old Testament presents concerning God and morality, a believer in the Scripture would naturally reply that it was not for him to pronounce what is worthy or unworthy of the Divine Majesty.

"Infidels bring this argument against most of the truths of Revelation. The God of the Christian Revelation is no less anthropomorphic to the Agnostic than the God of the older dispensation. If we are to entertain any ideas of what God is, they must necessarily be, to some extent, anthropomorphic. A more negative description as to what He is not would leave most minds in doubt as to His existence. To all such vain reasonings I will only say '*Quis cognovit sensum Domini . . . quis consiliaris fuit?*' and I prefer to listen to St. Paul when he tells me, that not God's written word merely but His own Personal, Substantial, Incarnate, Crucified Word is a scandal to some and a folly to others, and yet that it was by this very folly that the world has been saved, that its own worldly wisdom has been turned into folly, and forced to acknowledge that the foolishness of God is wiser than man, and the weakness of God is stronger than man.

"A short meditation on these passages, and others in the first chapter of the First to the Corinthians, and in the following chapters would very considerably moderate your opinions on the Inspiration of Sacred Scripture, opinions which do not so much regard the Inspiration of Scripture as they do its very nature and authority.

"And now I have only to say that I hope you will pardon the remarks that I have felt it my duty to make and that you will accept them as coming from the affection that I bear and have always borne you.

"As you refer to Dr. Newman, and as you have a great respect for him, let me add that his first principles regarding the Scripture are, that they are infallible, and that they need an infallible interpreter. I fear that you will observe many defects in style, and I feel sure that many things might have been put a vast deal more forcibly; your intelligence however will see through to its substance, for substance I know it has."

The Doctor of Divinity wrote acknowledging the receipt of this letter, and said that Dr. Bannis had somewhat misunderstood him, and thereupon he at once received a further touching and gentle letter, in which regret and apology were offered for any pain unintentionally given, and which concludes with these words: "is it not so, that at the present day, the human mind is in a state of rebellion not so much against this particular doctrine or that, but against the truth and reality of the supernatural as a whole; and its appeal is to the logical faculty, which is but a part of man's understanding, when it should be directed to the whole moral nature of man, to the heart with which he is said to believe?"

These letters give us the standard by which the life and character of the late Canon can be tested. His was a life of humble modest retirement; of entire devotion to the duties that fell to him; his was a character firm indeed, yet gentle loving and attractive. He never spoke an unkind word, never did an unkind act; he had learnt the great lesson of our Master's life and became like Him—"meek and humble of heart." He was thoroughly appreciated by his fellow priests who loved and esteemed him; his merits were justly estimated by his Superiors, by whom he was made Canon Theologian to the Chapter of the Archdiocese. R. I. P.

Appendix. The writer has thought that the following letter on the same subject would be of the greatest possible interest to all those of his fellow priests who studied under

Bishop Weathers, who knew and loved this great and holy prelate.

"Canon Banns puts a letter or yours into my hands to look over and then pass on into the hands of Drs. Surmont and Sosnens. He abstained from expressing his own opinion that I might not be biased in my judgment.

"My opinion is—I cannot pretend to speak as a well-read theologian—that the view which you defend is untenable. To deny Inspiration would be of course heretical. And, as far as I am able to judge, your view practically comes to that. It quite ignores the teaching of the Council of the Vatican on the subject. In the constitution "De Fide Catholica" it says c. 2., that the books of the Old and New Testament, with all their parts, as we have them in the Vulgate, are to be received as sacred and canonical, to be received as such, not as having first been written by man's unaided power, and afterwards been stamped with the Church's approbation, nor yet as simply containing the doctrine of revelation without admixture of error, but as having God for their Author in this sense, that they have been written under the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, and have been delivered to the Church as having been written under Divine Inspiration. No one of course can know, unless the knowledge comes in some way from God, whether a book is inspired or not. Now the Church which speaks to us with authority from God gives us the books of Sacred Scripture as not merely true and profitable but as inspired, and She gives us the book of the Imitation as devout and profitable but not as inspired. You seem to me to concede nothing more to the Scriptures than to the Decrees of Councils and to the creeds put forth by the authority of the Church; yet we do not hold the latter to be the inspired word of God.

Again I do not understand what you mean by saying that you follow the rule of the Church, and that the Church does not take her Theology out of the Bible or put her

Theology into it. Is there any difference between the Theology of the Bible and that of the Church? Does not the Church send us to the Scriptures, the written word of God, to learn what she teaches (although in doubtful passages she does not allow us to follow our own private interpretation) and send us to the unwritten word of God—Tradition—to learn what she teaches over and above what is contained in the Scriptures? The language of the Council of Trent is:—"perspicies veritatem et disciplinam (evangelii) contineri in libris scriptis et, sine scripto, traditionibus, &c." (Decr de Can: Scrip:). But this last point is perhaps no more than a difference of words, whereas your view of inspiration is, as I take it, quite rationalistic and at variance with the teaching of the Church.

"My article on Inspiration is only a small thing written for a Protestant magazine, and giving the commonly received Catholic view. I have not got it by me at present, but when one who has borrowed it sends it back, you are welcome to see it. What drew notice to it was the fact of its appearing at the same time with Cardinal Newman's article in the 19th Century—a really able article, barring the sense of uncertainty and indefiniteness arising from the manner in which he deals with what he looks upon as 'obiter dicta' occurring in the sacred Text. When the Church has spoken, it is idle to trouble oneself about the conflicting judgments of scientific men, which change from age to age whilst they claim in every age to be infallible.

"Believe me,

"Yours Sincerely,

"W. WEATHERS."

T. GODDARD.

Saint Columbkille.

PERHAPS no saint in the Calendar has a feast day kept with a more lively if not devout enthusiasm than Saint Patrick the patron of Ireland. There is scarcely a shore, a town, a village, a fort, a factory, or mine, where the Saint does not receive some tribute to his name. For the Irishman is ubiquitous, and where he is Saint Patrick is remembered. It is so in the vast spaces of the new-discovered worlds. Of course it is so in the Emerald Isle—that jewel set in the heart of a people, whose brightness shines resplendent with the light of Faith given to it by the touch of Patrick's hand.

Unfortunately, however, either because patriotism needs no further stimulus, or devotion needs no further fanning, the riches of the country's calendar, the famous deeds of saintly heroes have been allowed, at least for some of us, to be covered with the dust of ages. Of Saint Patrick truly and beautifully it has been written :

“ So long as sea girdeth that isle, so long that name shall hang
In splendour o'er it, like the stars of God.”

But a whole host of glorious names might be clustered round the name of Patrick, a constellation as brilliant as ever shone from Heaven on any nation of the earth. One such name I am going to set before you, that I may sketch the character of the man and give you a picture of his work and influence—Columba or Columbkille, a true Irishman in blood and birth, in the ardour of his temperament, in his unquenchable love for his country. He, in the

unknown North, dwelt a contemporary of St. Benedict of Rome and Southern Italy. He was passing from his youth to manhood just as Benedict was passing from old age to everlasting youth with God. And just as Benedict's followers were landing on the shores of Kent, his were preparing for their mission to the north and midland district of the same benighted land. There is a strange likeness between Columba and St. Benedict. They were both great founders of Monastic life; they both wrought more widely by their followers than by themselves; they both were extraordinarily gifted with the power of miracles. Moreover some of their miracles have a marked similarity. Both Saints raised a peasant's son to life; both saw the whole world in a single ray of light; both saw a holy soul ascending up to Heaven; in both their lives the beautiful description of the closing scene was the same. Furthermore they are alike in their biographers. Their biographers are saints, who heard what they relate from those who had seen and lived and spoken with the men of whom they wrote. St. Gregory was three years old when Benedict died. Twenty-five years after Columbkille's death his biographer, St. Adamnan was born. The lives are written in a similar manner, although the Kelt may lack something of the polish and completeness of the Roman author. If we credit St. Gregory's life of Benedict, we should credit St. Adamnan's life of Columbkille. If Saint Adamnan's discernment be as just as he himself is near the subject of his biography, the truth of history must shine clearly through his story. Venerable Bede gives testimony to his learning, and the appellation saint to his truthfulness. Only those whose judgment, or incredulity, lead them to look askance upon the familiar interference of the supernatural are puzzled to know what authority should be given to his writings.

St. Adamnan's biography is divided into three parts, Prophetical Revelations; Miraculous powers; Angelical

visitations. It is, like St. Gregory's, a catalogue of miracles, and a series of pictures so wrought with touches of natural description and personal detail as to make us know the living man. The following sketch is taken from that original source.

Less than forty years after the long day of Patrick's venerable life had set, while Ireland was resting in the glow and glory of that setting, Columba was born. The year of his birth was five hundred and twenty; the place Donegal; he was of the royal house of O'Neil, Son of Fergus, Son of Conal, Son of Nial of the Nine Hostages. A noble source not yet run dry! At Gartan he was baptised. The name he then received, Columba, in Latin, means a dove and Adaman says: "Better is a good name than great riches; the dove, a simple and innocent bird, suited the simple innocent man to whom it was given for a name." The 'dove' too signifies the Holy Ghost and therefore suited him, for when a child sleeping in his cradle, over his face there hung suspended a ball of fire which, like the tongues of fire on the day of Pentecost, showed the fulness of the presence of the Spirit of God, as the holy priest who saw it knew. Moreover the breathings of the Holy Spirit over-shadowed him, even before his birth, in prophecy. Years before a saintly disciple of St. Patrick foretold: "In the last ages of the world a son shall be born whose name, Columba, shall be announced in every province of the isles of the ocean; brilliantly shall he enlighten the last ages of the world." Since those 'last ages' centuries have gone by. Over Erin there have been the rolling tides of change, the din of battle and the sound of song; the waxing of the nation and the waning; the struggling hopes, the mournful woe! Between the present and those 'last ages' which have become the first, the darkness and the stillness of a long, long night now rest. But look back across the abyss of time. The blue waves of the ocean wash the shores of Donegal as they do now; the sun shines down

upon its hills as still it shines; there we see Columba beginning the fulfilment of this prophecy. Unlike St. Benedict, whose youthful feet stood on the threshold of a Pagan world, whose boyish mind knew its first growth within the Pagan schools of Rome, Columba, with his infant breath, breathed a Christian atmosphere. He grew up instructed in God's love and a most devout frequenter of the Sanctuary. His name was changed from Columba to Columbkille, i.e., Columba of the Churches. Still by this name is he known in the reverent memory of his countrymen, and its origin if not from this early piety is certainly from that later piety in which he raised so many glorious shrines to God.

Under the tutelage of Finnian there sprang up within him an enthusiasm for learning; under the Christian Bard Germanus the spirit of the patriot and poet. He grew to be a true Celt in ardour, in faith, in sentiment; a lover of God, of his Country and of all things beautiful. He was ordained priest at the age of 36 and his ability and sanctity—even then the fame of his miracles was spread abroad—quickly gave him influence and an honoured name. He travelled through Ireland preaching the gospel, founding schools and monasteries. At Kells were to be found relics of his room and bed, at Durran relics of his cross and well; but the rude hand of the Danes, and the ruder hands of later and more bitter foes have swept across the footsteps of Columbkille and desecrated even the sacred tomb in which tradition laid to rest Ireland's great trio of saints, Patrick, Columbkille and Brigid.

At the age of 42 he sailed from Ireland to Britain. Much discussion has arisen about the reason of his departure, and in the Annals of the four masters (1580) we find a strange legend to account for it. It has been taken for serious history. Modern writers have adopted the story; for instance, Montalembert, Arthur O'Connor, the Duke of Argyll, and A. M. Sullivan. The legend runs as follows.

The youthful Columba was a lover of books. Books were rare in those days and jealously guarded, and one he specially coveted was called Finnian's Psalter. He did not know how to obtain a copy except by stealth. Therefore he hid himself in the church where the book was, and in the dead hours of the night made himself a copy of it. Finnian discovered what had been done and claimed the copy, appealing to King Diarmid to give a decision in his favour. The King did so in a homely proverb 'to every cow her calf, so to every book its copy.' Columbkille was very angry and cried out: 'It is an unjust sentence—I will revenge myself.' Aroused further by some other slight, he stirred his kith and kin to arm themselves and vindicate his right. They did so; the battle of Cul-drewny was fought, and much blood shed. Columba was considered responsible, summoned before a synod and excommunicated. Through the influence of St. Brendan this sentence was withdrawn, but the sequel was that for a penance he must go into perpetual exile, there to preach the Gospel and *never look on Ireland again*. He went, and when in later years he was much needed, he returned but with closely bandaged eyes that still he might be faithful to his penitential vow. Such is the legend; but we may rightly throw doubt upon it, if indeed we do not with the learned Dr. Lanigan reject it altogether—firstly because of the triviality of the story of the book and the decision of Diarmid as a cause of civil strife; secondly because of the grotesqueness of the story of the bandaged eyes, especially as we find Columba visiting Ireland several times, and no mention made of the bandaged eyes; thirdly because the legend is inconsistent with S. Adamnan's account of his early sanctity, in which he kept 'his purity of soul,' and though on earth yet lived like one in Heaven, with the Angels of God around him. The zeal of his character is changed into vindictiveness, and his studiousness and gentleness quite overwhelmed by the rashness which called down upon his head a deluge

of his kinsmen's blood. Why then did he go? Perhaps, because he was wearied by the strife of clan and kinsmen, which disturbed his peace of heart; perhaps, because driven by enemies whom he had made, as that story of the excommunication suggests. More likely still because, as St. Patrick heard the voice of the Irish calling him from Tours, so he heard folk of his own blood call to him from Scotland's shore. There was a Dalraidic settlement there fallen into the darkness of unbelief, and in Columbkille was embodied that missionary spirit which seems the peculiar vocation of the Irish race. Certainly, as his biographer says, he went into exile for Christ's sake. For indeed it was exile, to leave the land of his birth, and his heart bled as his boat swiftly sped from the receding shores. Listen to his song as he sits in the prow and gazes wistfully back across the waters.

"My foot is in my little boat; but my sad heart ever bleeds!"
 There is a grey eye which ever turns to Erin; but never in this life shall it see Erin, nor her soons, nor her daughters.
 From the high prow I look over the sea; and great tears are in my eyes when I turn to Erin.
 To Erin where the songs of the birds are so sweet, and where the clerks sing like the birds.
 Where the young are so gentle, and the old are so wise; where the great men are so noble to look at, and the women so fair to wed.
 Carry my blessing across the sea; carry it to the west, my heart is broken in my breast."

As he steered towards Scotland, he passed many Islands by, until he drew near Colonsay. Looking around he saw no sign of the Irish Coast. He slackened sail and ran the keel upon the beach. A hill was close at hand; he quickly scaled it and with shaded brow scanned the horizon. The blue hills of Donegal were yet in view. He stepped into his boat again still steering northward, for he could not bear to live in exile with Ireland within his sight. He

next touched upon an island off the Mull of Ross, separated from it by about a mile of shallow sea. He mounted the nearest height and found only the sea line marked the limits of his vision. *Calra-cul-i-Erinn* the hill was called,—i.e., the cairn with the back turned to Erin—Here he made his home. His chief reason for stopping short of the mainland doubtless was because the spot afforded him seclusion, so dear to his soul and to monastic tradition, while at the same time it gave him opportunity for his missionary zeal. It was a spot then unknown to fame, since famous as Columba's isle, Iona! Hy it is called by the biographer, which simply means 'the Island.' Afterwards "Iona" perhaps from Columba's name, for as in Latin Columba means 'Dove,' so in Hebrew does 'Iona.' The Island once was young, no doubt, and flourished in a warmth of climate and luxuriant vegetation, but that was in remotest time of geological change; all traces of such life are buried or crushed out in the most ancient strata; it has been beat upon by fire and by storm in the long ages of the past until its features have been hardened so as to no longer feel the touch of time. Before man's voice was heard on earth it seems to have lain as now, washed by the western waves, the grey sky overhead, the silent hills in solitary watch around. For a period it broke into life again—a life not its own—when Columba set his foot upon its shores, but he and his generations having passed away, it has relapsed into the eternal stillness once again. Iona is one of the barren and gloomy Hebrides, the dreariness of which seems to have shocked Montalembert coming from his sunny France, but a native writer has with enthusiasm defended the intense attractiveness of ocean, sky and hill; intense in the uniformity of their sownness, as in their wild and varied changes; in their rest as in their storms; in their mists as in their sudden bursts of glory. Certainly it does not seem to have displeased St. Columbkille, if we allow the genuineness of the following lines which are attributed to him.

Delightful to be on Benn-Edar; before going over the White Sea;
The dashing of the waves against its face, the bareness of its
shore and its boarder.

Delightful is that, and delightful, the salt main on which the
the sea gulls fly;

On my coming from Derry afar, it is quiet and it is Delightful—
Delightful!

Here for two years he remained at rest, the walls of his monastery rose and the monastic church; probably built of timber and wattled walls covered with some kind of plaster. With the growth of the building, the number of his companions multiplied. But after a time we find his barque upon the waves again; first towards Scotland where his relative King Conal ruled the colony of Dalraids. Then we find him with the book of the gospel and the banner of the Cross at the further side of the Grampians, among the Pagan Picts invading the stronghold of their Druids and their Kings.

One day at the palace gate of King Brude stood the tall figure of Columbkille simply clad in the garments of the poor, without the sign of spear or sword, and a group of simple men were behind him clad as he—Columba knocked upon the gate and bade them open for the tidings of great joy. The King in his pride, the Druids in their fear, kept the entrance fast barred against the messengers of God. The Saint signed the great gates with the Sign of the Cross and at once with violence they flew back and left the passage clear. The miracle subdued the King and meekly he received the truth.

Still tarrying amongst the Picts, from the palace he went to mingle with the peasantry. Here for the poor he wrought a greater miracle. A poor man with his household was baptised into the faith, and shortly after his son died. The Druids laughed to scorn the faith that brought such bitter fruit. Columbkille hearing of it burned with zeal to vindicate God's honour. Seeking the spot where

the body lay ready for the burial, he fell upon his knees and prayed with streaming eyes, then rose and spoke—the servant as the master;—In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ I say to thee arise! The youth arose and he took him by the hand and gave him back alive to his mourning parents.

Each island round about heard, in turn, the grating of Columba's keel upon its beach—even to the far away Orkneys. And the monks whom he had left at home to till the soil and tend the beasts, and above all to sing matin song and evensong within the church of God, often strained their eyes with glad affection to catch sight of the white sail of their Abbot's boat as it sped homeward, wafted sometimes by the miraculous breezes of the providence of God. I say the monks whom he had left at home to till the soil. For on this barren island of Iona their care had made a soil to bear corn fruitfully;—and there was pasture land for many sheep and oxen; there was industry in the dairy;—there was industry in the sea fishing. A busy peaceful life was spread throughout, and quickly overflowed on to the scattered islands that lay around. Columbkille ruled as Abbot over all. His fame waxed amazingly; first, most reverently and most tenderly amongst his own community, but also widely amongst the converts and the Pagan tribes, and proudly amongst the woods and valleys, the schools and monasteries of his own dear native Ireland. Men came to him from distant provinces for the sake of learning and of sanctity; they dwelt with him or on his Holy Island, and went forth again the Apostles of the North. They travelled further than the North, carrying the blessings of his name through England—even to the plains of France and Italy. Men came to Iona for counsel; they came there for healings. Great sinners came rehdanded with crime to do penance and receive absolution. Kings came, as Aidan came, to be consecrated and to gain in that blessing, strength for life. Also for centuries kings

came,—were brought hither, to be buried, that in death they might find peace. Sometimes the Saint was called away to Synod or to Council, to decide in matters of important policy. So it is we find him again in the land of his birth: once to save the bards from extinction—the bards whose art he loved, and with whom he had studied in his youth, and a second time to settle the matter of the Dalraidic tribute. How his aged heart must have grown young again as he drew near and gazed upon his native hills! How strong and firm once more grew the sinews of his aged limbs as he trod his native turf, for neither space nor time cooled the fiery passion of his love for country, no more than the wide Atlantic and the sweeping Savannahs of America can cool it now in the true Irish heart!

As he drew near his end he kept more closely to his island home. After all, the life he loved best was the life of daily service with his brethren, the life of contemplation, the chanting of the holy Psalms with that magnificent voice of his which rose with thrilling power and sweetness, so that clearly and distinctly it was heard sometimes across a mile of pasture land, not naturally but wafted by the Holy Spirit. Once that voice, among the Picts, arose like thunder in his chanting, when on a time the Druids tried to drown with clamour the Songs of Christ, as he and his monks sang them nigh the fortress of King Brude. More than ever in the evening of his life prayer became his passion. At the close of day, in summer time, we see him sitting on the hill side watching the gorgeous sunset, the purple hills and golden clouds, wrapped in the desire of desires that with the sunset his own earthly pilgrimage might end. Old as he was the hours of the night were shortened by his prayer, and more than once some curious or pious brother, stealing down to the church when all were hushed in sleep, found Columba kneeling before the Blessed Sacrament surrounded by a strange and wonderful

light. Truly, as St. Adamnan says, he seemed to have begun his heavenly life although he still trod the paths of earth.

Angels came to visit him, as all along his life they seem to have done, but now more frequently. Of a marvellous visitation let me speak. One morning with much sternness he addressed the Brethren: "To-day I wish to go alone to the western plain of this island;—let no one then follow me." But a brother, who knew well all the bye ways, hastened by another route and lay concealed on an eminence anxious to learn the meaning of the Saint's lonely journey. Soon he saw the Abbot come forth on the plain and ascend a rising ground; then with eyes raised and arms extended to heaven stand wrapt in ecstasy. While thus he stood, lo! a wonderful scene! for holy angels,—citizens of heaven—clad in white robes and flying with surpassing swiftness descended in a cloud around the Saint; then after a short visit, as if detected, they flew back again to the highest heaven, "Knoc-Angel," the place has since been called.

At another time they brought the message of his approaching end, and his face shone with happiness; but the Churches prayed God would spare him longer, and a shade of disappointment fell over it. Indeed the power of God was around him in little and in great. The winds and the waves arose and grew calm at his bidding; the dead came back to life; distance did not shut him out from knowledge, neither were things hidden from him in the womb of time. He seemed to play with the supernatural as if already a child of glory. At his prayer a favourite staff was wafted across the water; he prophesied how a clumsy visitor, whose call he heard across the strait, would upset his inkhorn when he entered, and it so happened. The monsters of the ocean listened to his voice; the reptiles fled the island at his word, as in Erin they had fled from Patrick; wherefore in Iona there is not found a

poisonous reptile, though in the neighbouring islands they abound. As we gaze back through the silence of the ages, and picture to ourselves those solitary regions where he dwelt, Columba presents to us a marvellous figure; a great and venerable enchanter wielding the power of his Maker and waking into life and fame a land that had lain motionless.

Four years had now gone by since first the angels spoke to him of death. The message came again. It was near Paschal time. A short while after Easter, too feeble now to walk, seated in his chariot he visited the western part of the island where the monks then were labouring in the fields. He told them that the day of his departure was at hand, and at the same time he spoke words of sympathy and consolation as well as he could. "In April," he said, "at the Paschal Solemnity, I desired with a great desire to pass hence, but I besought that I might tarry yet a while lest your festival of joy should be turned to days of mourning; and now indeed my sabbath is at hand, my day of rest!" He turned his chariot back towards the monastery; when he drew near he stopped and climbed a little hill, since called Torr-abt—the Abbot's knoll. It overlooked the buildings and the church, and there he spoke his last prophecy concerning Iona, which the ages have fulfilled.

"Unto this place albeit so small and poor great homage shall yet be paid, not only by the Kings and people of the Scots but by the rulers of barbarous and distant nations, with their people also. In great veneration too shall it be held by the holy men of other Churches."

He descended and returned into his monastery. Ever busy, as was his wont, he began transcribing the Psalter, the thirty-third Psalm. Coming to that verse 'they that seek the Lord shall not fail in every good' he stopped, and rose to go to the church for the Office on Sunday night. The Office finished, he returned to his cell and lay down,

the bare flag for his couch, a stone for his pillow. And thus he spoke his last words to the sorrowing Brethren gathered around him:—"Dear children, this is my last advice to you, that you preserve with each other sincere charity and peace. God the Comforter of the good will assist you, and I being with Him will intercede for you." After this, as the happy hour of his departure gradually drew near, he became silent.

When the mid-night bell tolled, he rose quietly and hastened to the church before the rest. And as he entered a wonderful and brilliant light shone down upon him. Diarmid his faithful attendant had hurried after him, but before he could cross the threshold of the church, the light had vanished. Groping in the darkness he cried in a mournful voice, 'where are you my Father?' But now the Brethren had come with lighted tapers and they found their Father prone before the Altar. The final scene had come, such a scene as a few years before had encompassed the venerable Benedict in the South, encompassed now Columba in the North. Diarmid raising him a little sat beside him on the ground and supported his saintly head upon his bosom. He was dying and his children gathered round could not but weep. The Saint raised his eyes, and on his countenance was a wonderful expression of joy and gladness, no doubt he saw the angels coming to meet him. Diarmid lifted the aged hand that it might bless the assembled monks, and the venerable Columbkille himself lifted it as well as he was able, so that though he could not speak the words, he might at least by the motion of his hand, give them his dying benediction. In the very act he breathed his last; and lay as in a quiet slumber, his face fair and comely still with that expression of joy which the vision of the angels had caused to rest upon it.

Three days and nights with lighted tapers and with canticles of praise the monks celebrated his obsequies, and the wonders which had accompanied the death of

Patrick in Ireland were repeated at Columba's death in the land of Iona. For a wondrous brightness rested on the Island and all the air was filled with breathings of sweet music. It was the celestial harmony and light of the angel hosts who came to bear his soul to Heaven.

J. A. W.

++ The blissful Things of Earth. ++

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy."—Wordsworth.

A Thought of long-past Childhood woke me to-day,
The Voice of Spring; and to my Soul were given
Clear Images of what is clear in Heaven:
A Memory of May-time in Life's May—
The blissful Things of Earth, now passed away:—
Pure Wind-flowers in the Woods; and, near to these,
Deep Banks of long, cool, English Grass, where Bees
Murmur among the Thyme—where oft I lay,
While, overhead, the unwearied Larks, since dawn,
Warbled full-throated in a cloudless sky—
And Poppies, lurking in the low, young Corn:
A Garden's fairy ground; pale Lilacs high,
Shedding their faint, sweet smell across the Lawn;
And, from a Hill, the Cuckoo's echoing cry.

C. W. H.

D

Rhythm in English Verse.*

To feel the rhythm or swing of a poem as we read it is a matter of practice, like spelling or batting; and to discuss it is useful only as a discussion on batting might be useful—it will probably help us on one step further from whatever stage we may have reached in the art.

In English verse, rhythm is simply the swing or "go" or tramp of the lines, produced by stressing or emphasizing a syllable at regular intervals of time. Just as in music the stress on the first note of each bar causes the flow or swing of the piece; so, in verse the stressed syllables coming at regular intervals of time give the feeling of movement. In silent reading this movement ought to be always present to the mind; without it we cannot get all that is to be got out of the piece. In reading aloud, the beat and movement are always present half-consciously to the practised ear; to the unpractised ear they can be brought home only by over-emphasizing them and so misreading the piece; just as we massacre a tune by over-marking the time in order to impress it on one who is ignoring it.

Right and wrong Rhythm.

It is possible to read poetry as prose, with no regular rhythm; or with the wrong rhythm; or with the right. Here is a passage read as prose; probably at first reading the rhythm will escape everyone.

Thoughts, like old vultures, prey upon their heartstrings,
And the smart twinges, when the eye beholds the Lofty Judge
frowning, and a flood of vengeance rolling afore him.

* A paper read to the College Literary and Debating Society, Feb. 1903.

But now read it with the rhythm intended by the author, the Latin rhythm of *Integer vixit*; the swing of it is familiar to us from singing the *Laudibus cives* :—

Thoughts, like old vultures | prey upon their heartstrings
And the smart twinges | when the eye beholds the
Lofty Judge frowning, | and a flood of vengeance
Rolling afore him.*

Reading it regularly, not exaggerating the beats nor giving a sing-song effect, we find it is a dignified satisfying movement; though the last word of the second line gives perhaps an impression of weakness.

Again, here is a passage read as verse, with a distinct rhythm, but with the wrong rhythm :—

When down their bows they threw,
And forth their bilbos drew,
And on the French they flew
Not one was tardy.

In reading the verse so, instinctively there comes an annoying pause at the end of each line; and the last syllable of the last line feels awkward and out of place. But now read it with the true rhythm; it is the rhythm that Tennyson used afterwards for the Charge of the Light Brigade; read it with the swing of "cannon to right of them" in each line, and it goes with a mighty tread worthy of the noblest of warsongs.

When down their bows they threw,
And forth their bilbos drew,
And on the French they flew,
Not one was tardy.

Only when we have found the right syllables to emphasize can we read the poem with the rush or the swing or the measured tread that was in the poet's mind when he wrote

* Isaac Watts, Day of Judgment.

† Dryden, Agincourt.

it. It is of course the poet's business to see that he chooses a movement that suits his subject; there are different characters in different movements as in different styles of prose; a thoughtful or tragic poem could scarcely be written in the rhythm of

Canny, Hobbie Elliot,
Canny, Hobbie now;
Canny, Hobbie Elliot,
I'se gang along wi' you.

Is it not Hutton who declares that all but two of Browning's poems are written in the wrong measure? If true, it would be a serious matter in a poet who has filled some 1500 pages of small print.

Regular and irregular Rhythms.

English rhythms may be grouped in classes according as they have—

(a) regularly two syllables to the beat, as

Thy voice is heard 'mid rolling drums.

or (b) regularly three syllables to the beat, as

Our bugles sang trace, for the night cloud had lowered,

or (c) no regular number of syllables to the beat, as

We buried him darkly, at dead of night.

The first two classes with their unvarying regularity give an impression of perfect workmanship:—

She left the novel half-uncut
Upon the rosewood shelf;
She left the new piano shut;
She could not please herself,

while the irregular third class has a far greater sense of power and freedom; as can be felt in the Burial of Sir John Moore, or still more in the early ballads:

For Wetharyngton my heart was woe
That ever he slain should be,
For when both his legges were hewen in two
Yet he kneeled and fought on his knee.

Read this with its own swing—a rub-a-dub-dub movement, giving two strong beats in each line; and then see how completely its power is gone if we shear off all the irregular syllables,—

For Wythington my heart was woe
That e'er he slain should be:
When both his legs were hacked off
He fought upon his knee.

Iambic or Trochaic.

A cross division of metres must also be made according as the first syllable of the line is or is not stressed. More especially in two-syllable rhythms is this distinction important; it makes a great difference in the character of the movement. Compare an ordinary line of Scott

The stag at eve had drunk his fill

with a line of Hiawatha,

Then he heard a clang and flapping
As of many wings assembling,
Heard a screaming and confusion
As of birds of prey contending.

Both have four beats to the line, both two syllables to the beat, yet there is no likeness whatever in the movement of the two; simply because the Hiawatha line has the beat on the first syllable while the Scott line has not.

The commonest Metres.

Perhaps the commonest of all measures is the five-beat line with two syllables to the beat;

Then slowly answered Arthur from the barge.

All blank verse is made of such lines; all sonnets contain 14 such lines; rhymed they make most of the rhymed portions of Shakespeare; and such poems as Milton's *Lycidas*; and Pope's heroic couplets; and Gray's *Elegy*.

A similar line containing but four beats is also built into many forms of verse; Scott's narrative verse

Hadst thou but lived, though stripped of power,
A watchman on the lonely tower,

mainly consists of such lines in rhyming couples. Rhymed in fourline verses it makes the metre of the *Angel in the House*,

How easy to keep from sin!
How hard that freedom to recall!
For dreadful truth it is that men
Forget the heavens from which they fall,

or of *In Memoriam* with a different arrangement of the rhymes,

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

"We will have such a prologue" says Quince at the rehearsal, "and it shall be written in eight and six." The eight and six is the common ballad measure, eight syllables and six syllables, giving four beats to the long lines and three to the short:

Why weep ye by the tide, ladye,
Why weep ye by the tide?
I'll wed ye to my youngest son
And ye shall be his bride.

Light and heavy Beats.

The most beautiful metres, those that have a music and charm apart from the thought of the piece, are found

among those that have a beat on the first syllable of the line, such as the rhythms of *Hiawatha*, *Locksley Hall*, or the *Psalm of Life*. But in these a most important distinction must be observed; in some all the beats are equally strong; in others they are alternately light and heavy. Take a verse of *Locksley Hall*,

For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the Vision of the world and all the wonder that would be.

Read it with the first beat strongly stressed, so that the prominent syllables are

For . . . to . . . far . . . eye . . . ;

(the same movement can be got by saying 'mé lan choly
mé lan choly');

the effect is quite ludicrous, especially towards the end of the line,

For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see.

But now reverse the beats, putting a very slight stress on *for* and a strong stress on *dípt*, and the line runs with a high majestic passionate movement that makes it worthy to stand beside Greek hexameter,

For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the vision of the world and all the wonder that would be,
Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales.

To feel the importance of this alternation of light and heavy beats, we need only read these lines again making all the beats exactly equal: the life is gone from the verse, the movement becomes lame and halting.

Yet not every piece has this alternation of light and heavy beats. Take a verse of the *Psalm of Life*; put a great stress on the first *Till* so that the second beat on *not* is extremely faint, and so go through the verse,

Tell me not in mournful numbers
 Life is but an empty dream,
 For the soul is dead that slumbers,
 And things are not what they seem.

This is evidently wrong; and to reverse the stresses only makes the verse ridiculous, like Gilbert's

'And perhaps the only riddle
 That should not be given up.

It would read

Tell me not in mournful numbers
 Life is but an empty dream, &c.

This piece evidently then requires that all the stresses shall be equal.

Pauses.

In dainty and delicate measures one half of the charm rests on this principle that the beats are sometimes all equal, sometimes alternately light and heavy; the other half depends on making the right pauses. As was said at the beginning, the beats of the rhythm come at equal intervals of time. It follows that we must wait for the right time to say the next beat-syllable, even when the poet has left a gap in the verse. This will become clear from such a poem as 'Break, break, break.' The last two lines

But the tender grace of a day that is dead,
 Will never come back to me

shew that the lines could contain four beats and three beats alternately. Therefore the first line must be read so that the three words occupy three beats and the fourth beat is silent.

Break, break, break, —,
 On thy cold gray stones, O Sea,
 And I would that my tongue could utter,
 The thoughts that arise in me

It will be noticed that instinctively we make a pause at the end of the third line also; because, packed though it is with syllables, it has yet only three beats, and the feeling for movement requires us to allow time for the fourth beat before going on to the next line. Similarly in

Lów, lów, bréathe and blów,
 Wind of the western séa,

all the beats come at equal intervals of time, whether that interval be occupied by one, two, or three syllables.

As an illustration of the combined effect of proper pauses and proper alternation of beats take a measure of Browning's. In a line of the rhythm of Locksley Hall, with the beats alternating as already explained,

But the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt that honour feels,

omit the word *that* towards the end of the line; this will throw more stress on *hurt*, and require a slight pause after it to compensate for the omitted word; the line will read,

But the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt honour feels,

That is the build of Browning's line; listen how it reads.

In one year they sent a million fighters forth
 South and North,
 And they built their gods a brazen pillar high
 As the sky,
 Yet reserved a thousand chariots in full force;—
 Gold, of course.

Here again is part of a ballad with a most satisfying movement, yet wholly dependent on making the right pauses,—after the last syllable of Aghadoe, after *hid* and *eyes* in the third line, and at the beginning of the fourth line to make up for the missing beat there.

There's a glén in Aghadóe, Aghadóe, Aghadóe,
 There's a deep and secret glén in Aghadóe,
 Where I hid from the eyes of the rédcóats and their spies,
 That yéar the trouble cáme to Aghadóe.

For they tracked me to that glén in Aghadóe, Aghadóe.

When the price was on his head in Aghadóe:
 O'er the mountain, through the wood, as I stole to him
 with food,

Where in hiding lone he lay in Aghadóe.*

Movement belongs not to the substance of poetry but only to the outward form; yet it is part of the charm of all poetry, and all the charm of some kinds of poetry. Shakespeare himself is not understood until his rhythm is understood, till his lines read naturally and without effort as they read to him. And at the other end of the scale, where a poet has devoted himself only to producing a dainty, tripping movement, his work is wholly wasted on us if we cannot get hold of the movement,—not a difficult thing to do, since it is merely to put the beat on the right syllables, with due observance of pauses and of light or heavy beats; yet needing constant practice to do it easily.

As a final illustration of a piece depending altogether on movement for its charm, take E.A. Poe's Bells;—a waste of thoughtless words till we have got the movement, and then a veritable fairy-dance.

Hear the slédges with the bélls
 Silver bélls!

the light beat is on the first syllable, the strong beat on the third, and we start with the dainty tripping movement of Locksley Hall, or of

Will you wálk into my párlour.

* By John Todhunter.

But there are traps and pitfalls; after the second line, instinctively we leave a pause,—enough to hear a mental echo repeat the words 'Silver bells'; and then begin the third line like the first, with a light beat. But it is wrong; it makes the line halt in the middle. We should have begun with a strong beat,

What a world of mérriment their méloody foretélls!

But once these three lines are set right the rest will run,—so, however, that we watch for the 'time, time, time' and the 'bells, bells, bells,' where each syllable claims a full beat to itself.

Hear the slédges with the bélls—
 Silver bélls!

What a world of mérriment their méloody foretélls!
 How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
 In the icy air of night!

While the stars, that oversprinkle
 All the heavens, seem to twinkle
 With a crystalline delight;

Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,

To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
 From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells,—

From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

J. B. MCL.

The Holy Shroud of Turin.

THE echoes of the din of wordy warfare waged over the authenticity of the H. Shroud can hardly have failed to reach the ears of the readers of the *Journal*. They will perhaps find some account of this controversy not altogether unwelcome.

The defenders of the Holy Shroud maintain that it bears the exact impression of our Lord's Sacred Body and Features just as they were after he was taken down from the Cross. The clean "linen cloth" in which Joseph of Arimathea wrapped the Sacred Victim was acted upon by the emanations of the tortured body and retained every detail of His Human Figure. The result is, we are assured, that we are enabled to gaze on that

Os suave, mite pectus et latus dulcissimum,

and a face of such majesty that it is beyond the power of human art to produce. If such be the true state of the case, we are in presence of the most wonderful relic, in fact one beyond all price and value, the most marvellous in the world. Imagine what thoughts must arise in the Christian heart to be permitted to look into that face "super quem desiderant Angeli prospicere," to gaze upon the most perfect of human forms, "the fairest of the sons of men," to examine those features which once were lit up and irradiated by the Son of God Himself; it would be a most impressive privilege, and no external object in the world could vie with it. No wonder then that crowds have come from far and

near to look on so wonderful a sight, that their devotion has been wrought to the highest pitch, for it would be difficult to fathom the depth of the emotions such a relic would be capable of exciting. It is precisely because it is so stupendous a relic that one seeks for the clearest proofs of its authenticity; one hesitates to expose the deepest and most spiritual emotions to the risk of a rude rebuff. It is therefore in the interests of piety and true devotion to demand the most rigorous proofs of its authenticity before yielding the very citadel of the spirit to its veneration.

Our readers then will naturally turn with fraternal interest to an article on the Holy Shroud written by Father Benedict Mackey for the January number of the *Dublin Review*. Father Benedict proclaims himself an uncompromising defender of the authenticity of the relic. We shall be glad to weigh his evidence in the course of this paper. The extraordinary interest that the case has excited in France may be judged from the fact that Father Mackey calculates that at least three thousand books, articles and pamphlets have appeared on the question during the last four years.

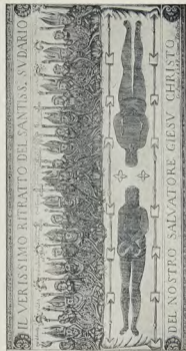
It was however reserved for M. Paul Vignon to bring the question prominently before the public. In a paper read before the Académie des Sciences on May 21 he contended on scientific grounds that the H. Shroud of Turin could only have received its impressions from the body of one who was enveloped in it under the conditions of Christ's Passion. The news was immediately flashed by News Press Agencies to the four quarters of the globe. M. Vignon has since followed up his first paper by a handsome volume, profusely illustrated, in which he treats the subject from a Scriptural and scientific stand point.

We will endeavour to give our readers some idea of the position taken up by M. Vignon.

There is at Turin a relic venerated as the Holy Shroud of Christ. It is a linen cloth nearly 5 yards long by 3½

feet wide. It is covered with stains, which upon close examination reveal the front and back of a corpse. When this is photographed, it is found contrary to expectation, that the light parts become dark and the dark parts light, and we are thus in presence of a negative. Entering into details M. Vignon finds the cheek bones too bright, the face too narrow, the thighs and shin-bones most marked. These things are exactly in accordance with the law of distances. This however is not the least extraordinary part of the photograph. We find one eyelid raised and contracted, the other at rest, the cheeks and nose swollen, the moustache matted, the nose plainly Semitic. If this is a painting, the artist must have been a distinguished anatomist. Moreover knowing that a crucified body could not be suspended by nailing the palms of the hand which would have been torn asunder by the weight, the artist places marks of the nails on the wrists. He must have known his archæology, for the wounds on the body point to the use of the Roman scourge with its nine tails armed with balls of lead. Again no artist would have dared to paint a naked Christ such as the Shroud reveals. But, he argues, such a genius, biologist, anatomist, archæologist could never have existed in the Middle Ages. Ergo. His own theory is that the body of Christ after the fearful tortures endured was covered with sweat charged with uric acid. This in the course of a few hours developed carbonate of ammonia, the vapours of which had left impressions on a shroud impregnated with myrrh and aloes.

In order to produce a sharp outline of the figure the corpse must remain only a short time in the shroud. Now we have only one Person who fulfilled all the conditions, of agony, short rest in the tomb, &c. M. Vignon is therefore convinced that we have the identical "linen cloth" brought by Joseph of Arimathea, and a true impression of the figure and face of our Saviour.



From a Sixteenth Century engraving.

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In order to verify his conclusions M. Vignon made an experiment with a plaster hand covered with a glove impregnated with carbonate of ammonia. He showed that the emanations from this glove made an impression on linen soaked with oil, myrrh and aloes. M. Vignon's work made a profound impression not only upon the devout but also on scientific persons. His views however have been challenged by so many able writers, and the difficulties that they have raised are so serious that before accepting M. Vignon's very plausible views we must hear "alteram partem."

There is one very weak point in the armour of the defence. All turns upon a single photograph taken by a lawyer of Turin in 1898, M. Pia. M. Pia admits that the negative was taken by a *new process*, whose secret he refuses to reveal. Repeated applications to the King of Italy to allow some independent commission to examine the Shroud have been refused. Everything therefore depends on the unsupported testimony of M. Pia.

The historical side of the question has been ably and cleverly worked out by Canon Ulysse Chevalier. The first mention of the Shroud occurs in "The History of those who took Constantinople" by Robert de Clary (1203) who describes a "Shroud in the Monastery of St. Mary des Blachernes in which the figure of our Lord could be clearly seen. No one either Greek or Frank knew what became of it." But what nobody knew in the 13th century has been guessed at by the writers of the 20th. Some maintain that it was taken by Otho de la Roche and by him deposited at Besançon. Others maintain that Garnier de Trainel, Bishop of Troyes, who had the charge of the distribution of the relics of Constantinople may have given it to one of his relatives, a Champlitte, who is supposed to have given it to another relative Geoffrey de Charoy; for 150 years after the fall of Constantinople, the Shroud now at Turin was in the possession of the Charny family. It may be added

in parenthesis that there were at one time actually 48 Holy Shrouds claiming to be the authentic 'linen cloth' of the Gospel. In the 14th Century we come across the first definite traces of the Holy Shroud of Turin. The Geoffrey de Charny above mentioned in 1353, built a collegiate church in Lirey for six Canons. Geoffrey obtained three Bulls from Pope Innocent VI, together with privileges and indulgences from Bishops in favour of his new foundation; eight of these documents have come down to us but there is not a word in them about the Shroud, or that the church was built to enshrine so precious a relic. It was his son, another Geoffrey de Charny, who was the first to exhibit the Shroud, which he said his father had received as a gift. If the 1st Geoffrey had been insensible to the value of the relic, the 2nd Geoffrey was wiser. The public veneration of the Holy Shroud at once drew crowds of pilgrims with their offerings. The Bishop of Troyes, however, at once stepped in and ordered the public exhibition of the relic to cease. The Dean of Lirey appealed against the order of the Bishop to the Holy See. Clement VII received the appeal and at first gave it against the Bishop who was ordered to remove the prohibition. Peter d'Arcis, the Bishop in question, was however not a man easily put down; he summoned a council of theologians and drew up a weighty memorandum on the whole question; this has been printed in full in Father Mackey's article. Father Benedict by the way is evidently hard on the Bishop for some reason; he styles him, curiously, a 'casual' Bishop. In this document (discovered by Canon Chevalier), the Bishop charges the Dean with a deliberate fraud in imposing a painted figure of Christ on the Shroud in order to get money out of the people. His predecessor Henry after diligent examination had found that the said cloth had been painted, and had proceeded against the Dean who then put it away. It was kept out of sight for 34 years, until the succeeding

Dean obtained the permission of the Cardinal legate to exhibit it again to the faithful on feast days. The Dean however was careful not to assert publicly that it was the true Shroud of Christ, but it was secretly put about and always called the Holy Shroud. The Bishop then concludes: "Paratum enim me offero hic in promptu per famam publicam et alias de omnibus supra per me prætensis sufficienter informare."—Father Mackey translates this: "I hereby offer to inform myself sufficiently and unquestionably for the discharge of my conscience on all the points above put forward about this fact." Either the good father has another text before his eyes, or he has given an incorrect translation, he has omitted the word *paratum*. On this translation he bases his grounds for doubting the Bishop's assertions. "*He can inform himself*," he says, "means that no official or judicial enquiry had been held, and we may distinguish with what he knows of his own knowledge and that which he has learned from others." After leaving out the word "*paratum*" he argues that the Bishop was not prepared to substantiate his charges *hic et in promptu*.

Du Cange (glossarium) gives as the meaning of *informare*, docere, monere, Fr: informer, and quotes from a letter 1370 "certitudinaliter sumus *informati*." I therefore venture to submit the following as a more correct translation and one that destroys the value of Fr. Benedict's argument. For convenience sake we place the passages side by side:

<i>Latin Text.</i>	<i>F. Mackey's Translation.</i>	<i>Writer's Translation.</i>
Paratum enim me offero hic in promptu per famam publicam et alias de omnibus supra per me prætensis sufficienter informare.	I hereby offer to inform myself sufficiently and unquestionably, for the discharge of my conscience on all the points above put forward about this fact.	For I offer myself as prepared, here and immediately, by facts of public notoriety and otherwise to give satisfactory information (evidence) on all the points above alleged by me. ii

Father Mackey has a second reason for dismissing the evidence of the Bishop, that there is "practically no converging or agreement of independent proofs."

Let us take this point. Clement VII. received the appeal of both Bishop and Canons and despatched four Bulls on the subject. In the first Bull he allows the exposition of the shroud, but only on condition that the person exhibiting the relic "informs the people publicly and declares in loud and intelligible voice that the figure or representation aforesaid is not the true Shroud of our Lord Jesus Christ, but is only a picture made after the figure or representation of the Shroud." This seems to most people a most independent support of the contention of Bishop Peter. What does Father Mackey say to this piece of evidence? That Clement was an Antipope and these documents were "So-called Bulls." But it is not now a question of jurisdiction but of testimony. And Clement's witness cannot be put aside because of the irregularity of his election.

But we have not yet done with the Bishop's statement. The Abbé Mollat in his researches in the Vatican Archives has discovered a document of Clement VII which quotes the Canons' petition for permission to exhibit the Shroud. In this document the Canons themselves describe it as "a figure or representation." The Bishop could hardly receive more independent evidence in support.

Again twenty-eight years later the English invasion and civil wars in France caused the Canons of Lirey to tremble for the safety of their precious relics. They therefore asked Humbert, Count de la Roche, to take care of them; and they received a receipt from the Count couched in these terms: "Ung drap ou quel est la figure ou representation du Suaire de Nostre Seigneur Jesus Christ." This warrior evidently had no idea of the value of the relic. His widow Margaret however had a shrewder perception of what it meant, and obstinately refused to

restore it to the Canons. She began to exhibit it on her own account, and benefited no little from the generosity of the faithful. In 1449 we find it exposed at Chemay in Hainault. There it was seen by the Benedictine Cornelius Zantfliet, who is reputed to be a veracious chronicler. He describes it as "a linen cloth in which with wonderful skill was painted the form of the body of our Lord Jesus Christ." The excitement among the crowds that flocked to see was so great that the Bishop deputed two of his best theologians to make a minute examination. Margaret was obliged to show these two commissioners the Bulls of Clement VII, and the theologians reported to the Bishop that the Shroud was "*dumtaxat representationem aut figuram.*" It is hard to see how in the face of all this contemporary evidence Father Mackey can still in three passages declare that the evidence of the Bishop of Troyes is 'unsupported.'

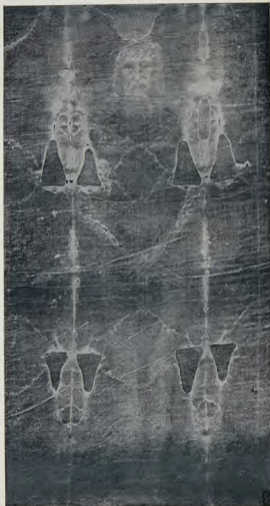
The shroud subsequently passed into the possession of the Dukes of Savoy, the Canons of Lirey vainly claiming and bewailing their lost treasure, and now reposes in a sumptuous chapel in Turin built to enshrine the relic.

We have also some very important texts in the Gospels bearing upon the burial of our Lord, which it will be well to examine. The Synoptics unite in recording that Joseph of Arimathea went in "boldly (Mark xv. 43) to Pilate and begged the body of Jesus. But Pilate wondered that he should be already dead. Joseph, buying fine linen and taking him down, wrapped him up in the fine linen and laid him in a sepulchre which was hewn out of the rock." St. John adds: "And Nicodemus also came bringing a mixture of myrrh and aloes about a hundred pounds weight. They took therefore the body of Jesus and bound it with linen cloths with the spices, as the manner of the Jews is to bury" (John xix. 39). St. John further adds that when Peter and John went into the Sepulchre after the resurrection they saw "the linen cloths lying, and the napkin that had been about his head not lying with

the linen cloths but apart wrapt up into one place" (John xx. 7).

These words then teach us what we can hold for certain about the burial of our Lord. A good deal must turn upon the words "as the manner of the Jews to bury." The only light that the Gospel throws on the burial customs is that contained in the account of the raising of Lazarus, who is described as coming forth "bound feet and hands with winding bands and his face was bound about with a napkin." It is also clear from St. John that the napkin and linen cloths (plural) were used for our Lord's burial.

So far we are on safe ground. It is not so certain that our Lord's body was washed before being laid in the 'clean' linen cloth. But the washing of the dead is twice referred to in Holy Scripture, and from the Talmud we learn that it was an observance invariably enforced. We may therefore take the following points as quite certain; that our Lord's hands and feet were bound with winding bands or bandages, that his head was fastened up with a napkin. The enormous quantity of myrrh and aloes, equal to nearly 70 lbs. avoirdupois, must have been enough to form a couch of perfumes in which the Sacred Body would be laid. Aloes, the aromatic bark of a tree, was broken up into very fine pieces, and 30 or 40 lbs. of these fine chips would cover a very large space. We are not so sure, but it is in the highest degree probable, that the Sacred Body was also washed before burial. Now let us compare this with the figure on the Shroud. In order to establish M. Vignon's theory, and to produce the figure of the negative with all its details, its light and shade, it would be necessary for the Sacred Body to have been deposited in the Shroud, all unwashed, with the blood, the sweat, the matted hair untouched. Neither hands nor feet could have been bound in bandages for the hands are folded in front in the negative. Nor could the head be bound with a napkin for the details of the head are about



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the clearest and most marked of the whole frame. Nor is there any trace of the excessive quantity of 'spices' enough to form a thick couch and prevent any impression from the body being formed on the Sindon. It is therefore exceedingly difficult to reconcile the linen cloths, at least three in number, of the Gospel, with the very sharp outline and details of the figure. In the middle ages these details were so clear and striking that both Zantfleet and the Poor Clares who repaired the Shroud in 1534 agree in describing the wounds all red as if quite recent. Father Mackey gets over these difficulties by ignoring the binding of the hands and feet and asserts that the linen cloths or bandages were used *over* the Sindon. The napkin for the head, he thinks, was laid on the already covered head. I fancy, if the writer had consulted anyone who has experience of these matters, he would have learned that such a proceeding would not only have entailed more work, but it would have been gravely wanting in reverence.

For we must bear in mind the great length of the Shroud, nearly 15 feet, which would necessitate a second folding over the head and feet. No one, with the least respect for the dead would venture to bind the head napkin *over* this quantity of material.

Father Mackey declares that it is useless to argue about the reverence which required the washing and anointing to be done before the burial. "It was to be done but not then." He says "It was *late, sero*. It is useless to seek the dictionary meaning of *sero*, and pretend that it may signify any time after three." It is certainly useless to consult the dictionary, for almost every commentator declares with Knabenbauer that *sero* "is the afternoon from our three o'clock till six" Com. in Matt.

There would then be about $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours to carry out the Entombment. Joseph would have to go to the Pretorium about 500 yards off. The Centurion would be sent for, and it would be at least 4-30 before the S. Victim would

be taken down from the Cross. The washing, anointing and swathing could easily be performed within the space of an hour, and by 5-30 the stone would be rolled against the mouth of the Sepulchre. That the Entombment was finished in good time we learn from a passage of St. Luke that seems to have escaped notice. The passage in question is fatal to the theory that the disciples barely had time to hurry our Lord into the tomb before the Sabbath was upon them. St. Luke tells us that the holy women "who came with him from Galilee following after saw the Sepulchre and saw how the body lay and returning home they prepared spices and ointments, and on the Sabbath day they rested according to the Commandment" (Luke xxiii. 56). These faithful followers then watched all the operations from a distance, the dead among the Jews were always laid out by their respective sexes, they were however permitted to see how and where the body was laid. And even after this they had time to return to their homes, and prepared spices and ointments before [circa] 6-30 when the Sabbath began; then they rested from servile work. If they could return home after the closing of the tomb and have time to prepare spices, &c., before the Sabbath began, the disciples must have had at least an hour to spare after their labours. They had no occasion to omit anything prescribed by reverence and law, and we are pleased to think that our Lord was not hurried into the Sepulchre with that indecent haste that the advocates of M. Vignon's theory require. We cannot therefore admit that Father Mackey's thesis receives the support of either Scripture or History.

Father Mackey relies upon evidence of another character in support of his contention.

1. From the fact that Sixtus IV gave the Shroud the name of "Holy" and is said to have written a treatise in which he affirms that the true blood and figure of Christ are to be seen thereon.

2. Because there is a feast in the Calendar under the title of the 'Holy Winding Sheet,' and its office is yearly recited by clerics.

3. Because miracles have been wrought through its instrumentality.

4. Because some of the Saints, especially St. Francis of Sales, had a great devotion to the Holy Shroud.

It is difficult to discuss such evidence as this without running the risk of appearing irreverent. The pious beliefs of the faithful are always worthy of respect, but they do not always rest upon historical grounds. We must leave to the prudent reader the task of deciding for himself on the value of the four points above named.

The scientific aspect of the question is not so easy to deal with. M. Vignon contends from the photograph that what the eye sees on the shroud is a negative produced by the ammoniacal vapours of a body exposed to prolonged torture, that the nature of the stuff forbids the idea of a painting. These and kindred questions can only be discussed on the condition, that the single negative taken by M. Pia, by a secret process of his own, is correct. The discussion will be more satisfactory when the King of Italy allows an expert examination. With regard to the painting M. de Mely suggests that the impression was produced by blocks. This becomes more likely from the fact that when the famous Shroud of Besançon was removed, the blocks for the renewal of the impression were discovered at the same time.

There are some minor points that seem to raise doubts on the authenticity of the Relic. The width of the Shroud 3ft. 6in. is too narrow for its purpose. Let any one try the experiment on the *corpus vile* of a grown up person, and even 4ft. will be found very narrow for a recumbent position. Again the marks found in the wrists are surely contrary to Holy Scripture. Our Blessed Lord said "Videte *manus* meas," and St. Thomas declared "Except

I see in his hands the print of the nails. . . . I will not believe [John xx. 25]. Such expressions surely preclude the notion that the wrists were pierced. If the Shroud is correct, then we shall be obliged to feel some doubt about the Stigmata of St. Francis, whose hands undoubtedly showed the print of the nails. And the remarkable prophecy of Zacharias "Quid sunt plagæ istæ in *medio* manuum tuarum" is robbed of its point.

In Sister Catherine Emmerich's Meditations on the Passion, a work which contains the most remarkable things, it is related that she saw the original of the Holy Winding Sheet, somewhat damaged and torn in parts, in Asia, and venerated by Christians who were not Catholics. She could not tell the name of the town, but it was not far from the country of the Three Kings. It is surely something more than a coincidence that a Holy Shroud was discovered by M. de Mely at a town named Iohannavank in Russian Armenia. Unfortunately it was found impossible to obtain a photograph of it.

We must then admit that we are not impressed with the value of Father Benedict's argument. He seems to lay much stress upon the fact that the devotion is in *possession*, and is encouraged by the Church. But even in law possession is of no value if there is a flaw in the title; still more it is the case in history where no amount of subsequent belief can establish an historical fact that never existed. And the testimony of Peter d'Arcis, confirmed by two witnesses who were his opponents, must at least result in this case of the authenticity of the Holy Shroud in a verdict of

NOT PROVEN.

T. A. B.



(By kind permission of Messrs. Custodi & Co.)

A Centenary Ode.

YEAR after year, with slow increase,
On stony ground, from lowly root,
The tree hath grown and borne its fruit
Of faith and love and peace.
Year after year a hundred years
Have brought and taken flower and leaf,
With springtime joy and autumn grief,
With mingled smiles and tears.
Now is the hour of gladness come
To raise to heaven a joyous song,
To make thanksgiving loud and long ;
Let not one heart be dumb.
The sun hath shed a quickening ray ;
The springtime's promise hath not been vain ;
The early and the latter rain
Have failed not in their day.
For light in gloomy ways,
For strength in doubts and fears,
For all the gifts of all the years
To heaven be thanks and praise.
Hermits and saints, who did not fail
For all a thousand years to throng
The cloisters, and uphold the song
Of praise in every vale,
The higher life by word and deed
Ye cherished, doing good to all ;
Yet saw at last your order fall
Before the tyrant's greed ;

Be ye with us and share our joy,
 For here your cloisters rise once more ;
 Here breathes the life that was before,
 That time cannot destroy.
 Here still to heaven the priestly hand
 Doth raise the daily sacrifice ;
 And here the chanted psalm doth rise
 For blessing on the land.
 O long, long may it stand
 A home of prayer and peace,
 A fount of praise that shall not cease
 For ever from the land.

Ye martyrs of the evil time
 Who saw the country sunk in night,
 And kept the lamp of faith alight
 Though in a far off clime,
 Who came to die for love and faith
 While faith decayed and love grew cold ;
 Yet ever hoped, divinely bold,
 England should rise from death ;
 Sing now for joy that once again
 In this dear vale the cloister stands,
 Brought home from exile in strange lands
 For ever to remain.
 The trembling life in that great flood
 Of waters was not swept away ;
 The torrent urged it every way ;
 By God's grace hath it stood.
 Your labour was not vain
 For faith and love and truth ;
 They live in strong unfading youth
 In England's vales again.

Great hearts who saw the second death,
 When all the shrunken exiled bands
 That lingered on in other lands
 Were laid low at a breath,
 How could ye dare, undaunted then,
 Replant the oft uprooted stock
 To brave once more the tempest's shock
 And rise to heaven again ?
 O, noble work of noble hearts !
 And blessed of heaven your work hath been ;
 The fruit is full, the leaf is green,
 The flower ne'er departs.
 For going forth, ye well might weep
 Sowing your seed with bitter tears ;
 But in the fulness of the years
 How gladly do we reap !
 Full richly heaven hath made
 The wilderness to bloom ;
 O pray that till the day of doom
 Its beauty may not fade.

J. B. McL.

Notes of a Rambler.

IV.

Double Dutch.

"You need never get lost as long as you've a tongue in your head." That's what they used to tell me when I was young and innocent enough to believe them. I've much more respect, now, for the man who first said 'it was all double Dutch to him,' and I claim the sympathy of all his descendants. I have a little respect also, even now, for that other admonition of my early educators that 'I should laugh at the other side of my mouth in a minute.' In Rotterdam that night, they'll be glad to hear, I started *allegro* and I ended *penseroso*.

I had a couple of hours to spare before catching the boat-train for the Hook, so I lit a cigar, buttoned my long coat well up, fixed my knapsack and camera comfortably on my back, and started for a stroll. That was the *allegro*, the beginning of it, and as per warning it didn't last long. But while it lasted, mind you, it was quite the thing.

It was late August. The night was falling, and the ships at the wharves were blending into a line of tangled masts and spars, with here and there a flaring lamp casting a circle of light into which, now and then, passed the dark figures of bustling sailor-men. Further down the river the great railway-bridge that spans the Maas towered dimly against the deepening sky. Over the river the island of Feijenoord, and, to the right, the town itself, were blossoming with many lights, while here and there a great windmill rose above the houses, black and threatening, like some giant spectre with its arms to heaven.

As I passed in among the streets, close by the foot-bridge that accompanies the railway over the river, I made up my mind to be more than ordinarily careful about the course I took. I had not an atom of Dutch in my possession beyond what I read on the tramcars and shop-windows, and even that I hadn't the faintest notion how to pronounce. I wasn't aware of a soul in Rotterdam that I knew or that knew me; I was utterly and absolutely a stranger to its streets; I had a boat-train that I must on no account miss; and it was dark.

However, I had a pair of eyes, and though I'm not acquainted with even the elementary principles of land-surveying, still I made a humble effort to fix a shop or a gas-lamp or an archway in a seemly row along my memory, so that I should have a guiding line from this labyrinth to utilize when I chose.

Of course 'Man proposes, &c.,' but then we never believe these mottos and maxims till they've been worked out true for our own special and individual case, and then we feel quite hurt when we run on the Q.E.D.

The streets and the squares and the boulevards were thronged with busy people. There seemed to be plenty of horse-trams but few carriages, and here and there one ran one's head into a comparatively deserted spot, where it probably had no business, with tall dark houses on either side and a feeling in the air that the noisy thoroughfare with all its bustling folk might possibly be safer.

Sometimes I stopped on the bridges over the canals and watched the long barges being driven under by a couple of shadowy occupants, one of the men standing at the stern and guiding the boat with his long oar, while the other walked back from stem to stern pressing upon the pole he had driven into the bed of the canal. As soon as he reached the stern he took his companion's place at steering, and the latter hurried to the front of the craft and in his turn did the propelling, the boat gliding under

his moving feet till he was at the stern again. Sometimes I stopped entranced by the picture presented by the houses lining some dark canal, the water lapping against the walls below the windows, and countless cheery lights reflected in the ripples.

After a time I felt that I was fixing the route in my mind so very clearly that I could afford to be a little venturesome. That's just where I made the mistake. I crossed and recrossed a street now and then for a change and to give my guiding-line variety; I idled at shop-windows; I took short cuts, with an idea in my mind of the general direction and lie of those cuts with respect to the boulevards and the squares and the gas-lamps set forth in my most methodical arrangement. I'd never hardly been right in previous dealings with the general lie of localities with respect to others, but that of course never occurred to me. It was all so abundantly lucid in Rotterdam by night.

The *allegro* was still in full swing when I came to a brilliantly lighted little street on my right. That nice little street was the ruin of my *allegro*. But not just yet. I had a full five minutes—I might even say ten—before the calamity, and I spent them conscientiously in getting my guiding-line into a tangle.

I don't know whose shop-window it was that I ended up at, but I'd like to offer this episode as an advertisement. The shop-window, whatever it contained, captivated me and a crowd of others, and I protest to that shop-keeper that I only turned away because I was tired of other people's elbows.

Then I stood on the curbstone, with my back to the window, and looked up the street and down the street, and began to think. Then I walked to one end of the nice short little street, and went on thinking there. Then to the other, and did likewise. Then I came back to the middle.

Gradually I was conscious of a dreadful tragic feeling

under my waistcoat as if I hadn't had a meal for five years, and a creepy, crawling, quivering sensation trickling through my nervous system, and a choking in my throat as if someone had tried to drive my 'Adam's apple' in. It was nothing other than the Q.E.D.—the proof, the realization, that my *allegro* had run away in the dark, and—taken the guiding-line? I was Mr. Mantalini all over—a 'dem'd damp moist unpleasant body.'

Most people would think that a street with two exits was easier to escape from than a street with only one. Let them say so within my hearing, and I'll do my best to bury them decently.

I stood on the curbstone. I never did like mathematics. The higher they got, the less I liked them. This was a shade higher than parabolic curves, and it took its place in my estimation accordingly.

The little street ran at right angles into a boulevard on the left. The little street ran at right angles into a boulevard on the right. Now, as I'd turned to the right out of the boulevard into the little street, the direction in which I was going when I turned depended on which boulevard I was in at the time I turned. It was uncomfortably like a rider in Euclid.

Now if I'd never crossed the street once I got into it, all would have been well. But I had to admit that I'd not only crossed the street, but I'd been crossing and re-crossing without much thought for a considerable number of minutes. So then came the question—how many times had I crossed? If that question could be definitely answered, once again all would be well. I examined my conscience and the nice little street, and I hadn't the faintest notion.

I looked at my watch. In view of that boat-train that I must on no account miss, I ought to have been already well on the return journey. It's all very well to say 'nil desperandum,' but the poet seems to have thought it

necessary to add 'Teucro duce,' and I had *no* 'Teucer,' d'you see?

Still, I might find one, or I might even pick up my guiding-line again. I resolved to try. One boulevard was the same as the other, and I couldn't try both, so I tried the nearest.

Then Rotterdam began to play 'blind man's buff' with me, and I don't think the Dutch way of playing it a bit nicer than our own. Foolish groping, and hope and disappointment and despair, and nervous irritation, and warm words war-dancing inside one's teeth,—well, it's not a very amusing game. It doesn't call forth a man's good qualities.

Of course as I'd made up my mind which exit to take out of the little street, my direction in the boulevard was also settled. I was determined to be really logical this time. I was encouraged for such a long distance to believe I was really picking up my guiding-line again, by first a square, and then a shop, and then an arch, and then a canal,—that I thought I recognised,—that when at last it dawned upon me that this couldn't be my guiding-line after all, it also dawned upon me that to find that little street again and go out at the other end had become an impossibility.

So I stood on a curb stone once again and faced the fact. If I had really come out at the wrong end of that street, I had been travelling all the time in the very opposite direction to the right one, and my boat-train was further off than ever.

I have but a dim recollection of what happened immediately after that. I believe I cast my self-respect to such winds as there were, opened my knapsack with feverish hands, extracted my Baedeker—from the bottom of course, and tried to study a map of the town.

I soon shut it up again with warm compliments to the draughtsman. The map *I* had drawn would have been

a really simple and intelligible affair—'a child could have used it'—a big black blob for the station by the Maas, with its name phonetically spelt, and a big black line from there to the little street, with numberless arrows pointing all the way there and back. As it was, I didn't know the name of the station and I didn't know where I was, and even Euclid says nothing, as far as I know, about finding a line that has no beginning and no end.

Then the big railway-bridge over the river came into my mind. Ah! if I could find that railway-bridge, I should be 'at home' again.

If I'd had to take 'private lessons in Dutch' just then, I'd have asked the gentleman to begin right away with "The railway-bridge over the river will suit me down to the ground," and then I'd have paid him—if I had time—for the whole course, and gone into practice.

Wasn't it a Dutchman who sang "Oh where and oh where is my something or other gone"? He must have hailed from Rotterdam. The very stones of the streets were ringing with the refrain, and there was a deal that was very pathetic—and peripatetic—about it.

It was very dark, and the time was passing, so I abandoned myself to fate, and moved on,—about as *penseroso* as I ever want to be. I did not loiter on canal bridges: there was no glamour now in ripples of light and shadowy boatmen. In foreign cities I have sometimes lighted straightway, in making an inquiry, on a true-born Briton. That, of course, was when I had no particular need of him. In Rotterdam it was otherwise. I accosted first one and then another, and, considering that I was probably equally unintelligible to them all, it was surprising at what different conclusions we arrived. According to the good citizens of Rotterdam I wanted to go to all the points of the compass, and between them they did their best to satisfy me. I wonder what some of them told the old folk at home that night. Two gentlemen for example,

who I really think did their best to understand,—and I tried them with all the tongues I knew, and some others,—seemed to gather something about boats and water and a railway-bridge, but when even they—intelligent men—finally shrugged their shoulders and apparently admitted that the case was beyond them—I felt that I had indeed some reason to be alarmed. They were exceedingly kind, and were evidently grieved that they could not understand, but of course *they* weren't lost, so they went their way.

I didn't despair—only because despair's not practical. Tramcars passed me now and again, but these I disregarded. Two persons within half a dozen yards had recommended tramcars going in absolutely opposite directions, and another a little further on advised one at right angles, so that it was clear that the conclusions arrived at by "signs and wonders" were not to be strictly depended on.

At length I came to a boulevard which, from the number of trees and the quiet dark houses, I judged to be on the outskirts. That was not a consoling discovery to begin with, but under the trees, quietly chatting together out of harm's way, were two dark figures that I recognised by their helmets and long trailing swords as policemen. At sight of them I instinctively hurried my steps—*towards* them, I mean.

"Ask a policeman" was sound British advice. Here were two. *One* was the British requisite but perhaps the Dutch for that would be *two*. One of them gave up the battle on the spot, the other pretended that he understood something or other—I don't know what—and, following the direction of his forefinger, I passed on down the road which was very dark, and very deserted, and to me inexpressibly dismal.

Of course if his forefinger had been pointing straight into the station gateway, I could have found the gateway, but it hadn't. The gateway I ran into, at some distance

down the road, was a very big and gorgeous one—all gilt and glory—obviously the entrance to something wonderful.*

I was no sooner through the grand portals than I was pounced upon by a stoutish gentleman in uniform, who asked me something—probably my business—in Dutch. I enlightened him in English, whereupon, to my most intense surprise, he proceeded to harangue me in my own language, and from its quality I reckoned him no Dutchman.

Now I put it to you, whether you think it "the thing." Every single citizen of Rotterdam that I'd accosted,—however unintelligible a specimen I seemed, and in spite of the fact that we were at war with their kinsmen of South Africa,—had treated me with the greatest courtesy. Here was a brother-Briton, to whom my plight was clear in three minutes, and he was the first man in the place that made me lose my temper. He insisted in a gruff and surly manner that the station I wanted was just down the road. *He* knew all about it. Well, I pardoned his rudeness in consideration of the good news, but I hadn't gone far down the street when I saw that the neighbourhood was no more the one I wanted than it was the Strand.

A young woman was passing along the same way, carrying a can of water. I made bold to question her, and after some time she caught on to the word station, pronounced it another way, and pointed to a large dark building in the middle distance. I reflected that it was no use going somewhere I didn't want to go, since it would take me all my time to get somewhere I did want to go, so, deciding that I'd better get my full worth out of the English-speaking individual before I got deeper, I turned back.

*It was. I have since discovered that it was the entrance to the Zoological Gardens situated on the outskirts of the town furthest away from the river, so that the whole town lay between me and the point I wished to reach.

I hauled him forth to the gateway again, reluctant and growling. I explained that there was only one station in Rotterdam that I had a mind for just then, and would be obliged if he would tell me how to reach it. It was on the Maas close by the bridges. He absolutely refused to say anything more than that what *I* was to do was to go and see if I couldn't find something to suit me in the station down the road. I told him I had no time and no mind for rummaging in a station I didn't want. I'd asked him a civil question and at the least he could give me a civil answer. I wasn't going to prosecute him if I went wrong after that.

He poked his finger into my shoulder—than which there's nothing more irritating—and said "You do what you're told." "Well," I said, "never mind the station. Can you direct me to the big railway-bridge over the Maas?"

"Yes."

"Well, will you be good enough to direct me then, and *I'll* look after the station?"

He got angry at that.

"If you want a station," he said, "there's one down the road."

Then *I* got angry.

"Look here, man," I said, "leave the station alone. Do you know the way I can get from here to the bridges over the Maas?"

"Yes."

"Well, will you direct me to them?"

"No, I won't. If you want a station, there's one—"

"Oh, go to blazes with your confounded station!" I said and I left him, both of us doing ample justice to the possibilities of our native tongue, and for some time after I left him I walked up and down on him and all his kin.

I was just getting out of the fiery furnace, when, as I turned a corner, I met a couple of landaus looking leisurely for a fare. I stopped one and got in. The fact that

there was always a dreadful uncertainty about the possibility of making myself understood troubled me no longer. I'd grown callous. So a conversation—of the sort that began at the Tower of Babel,—with the two men off the box, ended in their mounting again still vehemently discussing the situation: the horse was turned round, and off we moved.

I didn't sink back in the cushions in luxurious repose. I sat with my hands on my knees, and my eyes straining into the dark streets we went through, and in my head was a wild whirl of thoughts. What if we should miss the boat-train after all? What if these men had not really understood me? What if—and then the cab stopped! In the name of goodness, what was the matter now? One of the men got down,—I think he was an hotel-porter,—came to the carriage-door, and from out the middle of his voluble Dutch I caught the words 'American Hotel,' and understood that he desired confirmation of his impression that that was the haven I was wanting!

My feelings had better be imagined. I shook my head vehemently in protest, and, all over again, the 'signs and wonders' had to be resorted to in the endeavour to make them understand that the end of the bridges was all I desired in the world. Then we went on.

I'd never had a drive like that before, and I hope I may never have its like again. Even now, I had no secure feeling that they had understood me, and I sat in that landau—no human being, but a sheer mass of mental and bodily uneasiness. It's much better to be a human being I can tell you.

We passed along boulevards, we wound among little streets and big streets, we got jammed in among carts and people in narrow cobble-stoned slums, we zigzagged, we stopped with a jerk, we went on with another, we turned at right angles, obtuse angles, acute angles, we retraced our steps, we picked our way cautiously, we raced with

trams, we nearly ran over people and they said things to us, and, though, when we started, I had an idea that the river and the bridges were in exactly the opposite direction, yet I very soon felt that they might be anywhere.

So we went on for what seemed an eternity. Suddenly, I sprang up in my seat. What was that big dark cloud hanging across the sky? Another minute and another. I watched it with straining eyes. Lamps flashed—the street broadened—the cloud took shape. And out of the darkness loomed dimly the Bridge on the Maas!

I shouted to the driver, and my hand flew to the handle. A revulsion of feeling, a wild mad joy, ran over me like a river and carried my soul away. And as we three jumped down and stood in the roadway, I declare that in spite of his face I could have kissed that cabman.

My generous feelings however had to find expression in some more practical form, and we parted the best of friends. Then I glanced at my watch and ran. Whatever may be said of the Dutch as a nation, I won't hear a word against the Rotterdam cabman. For—I caught my train.

So 'All's well that ends well.' But if anyone should tell you that 'you can't get lost so long as you've got a tongue in your head,' just whisper confidentially "What! never!" He'll probably snap with a stare of defiance "No! never!" but then,—if you're firm,—“Well—that is—hardly ever!”

So please be firm.

EDWARD KEALEY.

Old Recollections.

I WAS much pleased to find, in the last number of the "Journal," that "Old Recollections" had been supplemented by an "Australian's Reminiscences;" only another proof of cordial union between the Mother-Country and the Colonies. Finding that there is only one year between our dates of first arrival at Ampleforth, I am glad to see such general confirmation in the Reminiscences. On the other hand, I can bear testimony to the "Mel-day," the "Quid-tree," and the interest in good Br. Anselm Walker's playroom story, which contributed so much to good order and quiet. With regard to the small points of difference, I must acknowledge that, though the Dictionary says that a ring is round, the ring in question was certainly octagonal. As to measurement, the ring unfortunately no longer exists, but I am inclined to think that neither estimate is quite accurate: at all events the width of the Playroom was about 19 feet, and there was fair passing room on either side. As regards "ripe figs," perhaps the seasons improved between 1844 and 1856! But, in support of historical accuracy, I must challenge the statement that "Dom Gregorio" was identical with "L'Abbé Le Canut." I do not for a moment wish to question the fact of the "drubbing" inflicted by the Abbé, much less the admirable effect, in the friendship that followed. But, "L'Abbé Le Canut" was a Frenchman and a Secular Priest; "Dom Gregorio" was an Italian, and a Benedictine. The latter came to Ampleforth some time after the departure of the former.

Before closing the "Recollections" of the first half of the century, a few words may be written on the system of

discipline. It seems safe to say that, in schools generally, the discipline of 70 or 80 years ago did not err on the side of leniency. An "Australian's Reminiscences," coupled with his correspondence, supply strong evidence that, more than 60 years ago, Ampleforth was a pioneer in the Science of School government. The material emblems of severity might have been relegated to the museum, so seldom were they required; and absence of continuous supervision during recreation, and the fullest freedom throughout the extensive grounds, marked the effect of conscience, honour and confidence. The ordinary correction of faults was regulated by "bad marks" and the "Penance-Walk." The marks were read out by the Prefect, after morning-prayers, at short intervals: to have 5 or 6 marks repeatedly, endangered one's character. Ordinarily marks carried with them "lines by heart." Punctual attendance in Study was regulated by a system of "tokens." Every boy had a wooden token numbered; which was hung on a hook, with corresponding number, in a box placed at the entrance of the Study. As each student entered, he took his token, and put it into his pocket. After the lapse of five minutes, the Presiding Master closed the box, and thus captured the tokens of late comers; the penalty being the loss of the next "Quarter" (*i.e.* the recreation of a quarter of an hour). At the end of study-time the Presiding-Master took possession of all the captured tokens, and re-opened the box, to receive the other tokens, as the students passed out to recreation. Those who were without tokens had to remain in the Study; if any one passed out with the rest, his token bore testimony against him. One form of penance, too, was the forfeiture of token, which entailed the loss of the "Quarter," equally with those who had entered late.

The perusal of the several articles of "Old Recollections," coupled with various illustrations, cannot fail to have impressed the reader with the magnitude of the

work done at Ampleforth during the first half century, and with the persevering courage required to accomplish it. Beginning with a house for a single priest, in twenty five years we find Monastery and College with 100 monks and Students, literally the "hundred fold" in this life. Then followed days of trial, days of loss, when a house full to overflowing seemed on the verge of depopulation. To begin again in 1830, in some respects must have been more trying than to begin in 1802. Another 25 years of courage and perseverance found College again enlarged and numbers re-established. Certainly the finger of God was there. The end of the second quarter of the century differed much from the close of the first. Trials were past, the times were as cheering and encouraging as before they had been gloomy and depressing. If, at the earlier date, less courageous men might easily have been driven to despair, at the end of the second period all was re-assuring, and everything betokened firm and permanent re-establishment. Most opportunely, therefore, did the 2nd half century open with the erection of a Church, a memorial of thanks for the past and of protection for the future, and as a presage of great things to come. The Hierarchy was established, the last great storm of religious hate was spent, winter was over, followed by the "Second Spring." For the most part Penal Laws were dead, liberty and equal rights were becoming living principles. It was time, therefore, that the worship of God should be in churches, and no longer in chapels and rooms; and that Monasteries and Colleges should be a good deal more than houses sheltering monks and students. Hence, the erection of the Church was a proclamation that, though the grand work of the past half-century must be continued, there must be a break with the past in material development. But, the full meaning was much more than this, as the end of the century so unmistakably proves. As in 1830 it was found necessary almost to begin again, so

after 1850 the same might have been said, but in a very different sense, and with very different emotions. It was necessary to begin again and gradually supersede both College and Monastery, not merely to keep up to the requirements of the times, but to prove true to the example and traditions of our Benedictine Forefathers in England.

Scarcely, therefore, had the Church been opened, than thoughts turned to the College, as distinct from the Monastery. There could be no difficulty in deciding as to what was desirable. Everything, would have been the reply. It is true that everything was not equally urgent, but it was evident that anything deserving of the name of improvement, would necessarily throw what remained into increased disrepute. And, when nothing was satisfactory, it would have increased enormously the difficulties of the architect, to have required a plan for permanent buildings, in connection with others, condemned to future demolition. How peaceable improvements might easily have marred future plans, may be illustrated by a speculative project, of raising the walls of the old playroom and the north passage, in order to obtain an additional Dormitory. A room, 90 feet by about 33 feet, with proportionate height and architectural treatment would unquestionably have supplied a fine and up-to-date Dormitory. But, to have built over the old study and Playroom, and with reference to no future plan, could only have proved disastrous.

The year 1858 may be looked upon as one of the most important years in the material prospects of Ampleforth, so much depended upon the decision regarding the New College. Fortunately, when Mr. Joseph Hansom was commissioned to prepare plans, the Buildings stood as they were in 1850. On his arrival, how much or how little was to be built, had not been determined. At first he drew a plan on a not very ambitious scale, yet one that could be enlarged. But, before presenting it, he very fortunately

drew an alternative plan, on very different lines. Of the merits of the two, a first glance was decisive. The larger one proclaimed a first class College, with a belief in its future, and not limited to the expectations of the day. It was drawn on a scale that seemed to guarantee it honourable position, when to call it *New College* had become a misnomer.

It was easy to say what one would like; much more difficult to decide what one should do, for as the plans varied so much in merit, they contrasted much in cost; something like £5,000 to £12,000. St. Lawrence and the Guardian-Angels must have been interested in the choice—the decision was against the smaller plan, and in favour of a larger venture, so much more worthy of Collegiate aspirations. But, the alternative plan was not more than suggestive, its purpose being to show capabilities, and, by contrast, to influence the great preliminary decision. Once decided, the Architect was free to concentrate attention upon practical planning. But, it is not to be supposed that all could be settled by a first draft. As far as position was concerned there could be no difficulty; for the Church occupied the most westerly ground, no part of the centre buildings could be touched, and there was not an inch in our possession beyond the east wall of the College premises. Therefore, the site of these premises, with land to the south, was the only position available. But the ground was peculiar; no part was level beyond a width about in line with the south side of the church; the rest was on an incline, with a rapid fall of many feet. Though the site was not an easy one, the Architect was much relieved, on learning that he need not consider existing buildings; whatever he found in his way, he was at liberty to pull down. He was not slow in condemning the Ball-place, the Wash-house (Lavatory was too genteel a name for such a rough and ready establishment), the Dancing-room, also used for music and as a classroom, a portion of the Play-

room, with a Lecture-room and portion of the Study above, and the east end of the north passage, with rooms above. As the level portion was in no way adequate, the Architect decided upon a large wing, running north and south, and terminating in an extensive southern frontage. This, however, was found to obtrude too much towards the west, and also not to adapt itself sufficiently to the connection between Study and Class-rooms. A possibly better external effect had to yield to the prior claim of scholastic convenience; but it still remains among future possibilities, to extend enlargement eastward, and thus do fuller justice to the Architect's original conception.

Though it was decided to build on so large a scale, the project was limited to essentials; and no one could question the necessity for new Study and Classrooms, Dormitories and Lavatory, Libraries and Recreation rooms, if Ampleforth was to retain a position amongst the Colleges of England. Considering the cost to be incurred, it would not have been justifiable to have attempted to supply, at that time, secondary, though useful additions. The urgent point was to build what was practically sufficient, and to aim at supplying that sufficiency in a manner really effective. It was a question too, not merely of satisfying the requirements of the day, but of aiming at a standard likely to command approval at more distant dates. In due course, the plans were approved, and the Architect was at liberty to prepare working drawings. Those who are strangers to the original character of the position, will not easily realize the initial difficulties. Owing to the great fall in the ground, the Architect discarded any idea of following the level of the existing buildings, and it is literally true to say, that he planned to build in a hole. Before digging foundations, an area was excavated to many feet below the surface, some idea of which may be formed by drawing an imaginary line from the Church Terrace to the opposite College wall. It was clear that

before all was finished, the Architect would have to turn Landscape Gardener; and the general opinion will probably be that he must have been an expert in both professions: and for the information of any who may not be aware of it, we may in passing add that he had already become famous as the inventor of the "Hansom" cab. In planning he profited by the fall in the ground to give greater elevation to the more southern rooms. In the Ambulacrum, from north to south, there is a gradual fall of about $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet, with corresponding greater height in the fine Library looking south.

In all building undertakings the great question is of "ways and means;" and when the idea of building was first entertained, an expenditure of £12,000 or £13,000 was not contemplated. A few years earlier a much smaller sum would have seemed prohibitive; but as Divine aid had previously been received in abundance, it did not fail at a very critical moment; and £7,000 or £8,000 could be counted on, which even a very few years later might not have been available. As a matter of convenience, it was intended to build first the great Study Hall and Classrooms, with large Dormitory above, and the various apartments below, including the Tower. This also suited the condition of the exchequer, as in case of need, it would be practicable, if unfortunately necessary, to delay proceeding with the northern portion, and to provide temporary connections. Happily this was not necessary, and the whole building was complete for the opening in 1861. Only one change of moment was made in the plans after what was supposed to be final completion; it would perhaps be more correct to call it an improvement in executive design; and it was justified by its most effective character. The Architect had given about 18 feet as the height of the Study Hall, the consequence of which was, that, as that height would have been excessive for Classrooms, he had provided above them what he termed

an "entre-sol," about five feet in height. This could only be of use as storage, and was far beyond requirements. On reconsideration, it was seen that, if about four feet were added to the height, a gallery of very useful rooms could be obtained, that an extra room could be made in the Tower, that the large southern Classroom could retain its additional height, and still have storage above it, and, not least, that four feet would be added to the height of the Study-Hall, raising it from 18 to 22 feet; in fact it would be a telling gain all round, to be obtained at an additional cost of about £700. Fortunately, the question was not confined to an outlay of this additional sum, merely to turn a fine Study into a noble Study-Hall; it was inclusive of more than the many advantages just named, which forcibly recommended themselves for adoption.

In order of time, the first operation was the demolition of the Ball-place. It blocked the way; not only was the site required, but the ground upon which it stood was to be excavated to a considerable depth. It was rebuilt in its present position, at the western limit of the property; for at that date, the fields beyond had not been purchased. The only other position might have been on the east side of the play-ground; but the levels were not what they are now, and it was not then known how far the plateau in front of the College would extend. As in the case of Church building most beautiful trees had been sacrificed, so amongst preliminaries the axe was again freely used; and then came the "beginning of the end" with the terrace, and the slopes, the gardens and the walks, that had for half-a-century been known as the "front." For eighteen months and more all was chaos, and it was more than most could imagine, how order could be evolved; restoration was impossible. There was no question of moving mountains, nor of vieing with public works, but as a piece of private enterprise, it was a huge operation, as the terrace wall and south slope around the Church bear testimony, as

well as the depth of embankment in front of the College. That in the end chaos ceased, and good order reigned supreme, is evident to any one who has seen the present "Front."

W. B. P.

Rain.

*"We receive but what we give,
And in our life alone does Nature live."—Coleridge.*

It rains, and all the sky is gray;
While I, with heart so blithe and gay,
Sit here, and dream my time away.

Heart-sunshine throws on outward things
Its own glad life: with ruffled wings,
The lark through rain soars up and sings.

And so it still must ever be,
The truest eyes shall only see,
Without, what is within: for we
Are makers everlastingly.

C. W. H.

A School of Philosophy at Oxford.

WHEN the term 'School' is used of a particular body of thought amongst the exponents of Philosophy at Oxford, we must not associate with it the sense it bears in connection with what we know as the Jesuit or Dominican 'School' on the question of Grace. We must not expect to find a definite and complete system, an authoritative text-book, nor even a recognized leader by whom disciples will swear. There is a detachment in the holding of views, an eclecticism whereby the bonds of system become loose and yielding. This may in some measure be accounted for by the fact that Philosophy at Oxford forms a part of the Humanities course; hence it has not the same professional character that it assumes in other centres of learning; it is not, we may say, studied directly for its own sake, its 'useful' aspect is subordinate to the 'liberal.' Though this is true, it is evident that Philosophy, if it is pursued with any seriousness, cannot remain suspended in the air, it must come into relation with the facts of life, it is not content with being a mere discipline, and in consequence it will tend to formulate itself, to take on a definite hue, to become characteristic of the view of life of its devotees. It will, for example, be indicative of a man's religious views.

For many years there has been at Oxford a prevailing tone in the teaching of the university. That tone is Idealist with the mark of German origin, and it would be prepared to be known as Kantian, but with a difference. There is a delightfully vague prefix 'neo' which has done duty in the history of Philosophy, and it has lost none of its vagueness in the modern term neo-Kantian. Still the re-

cognised watchword is 'Back to Kant' as we so often are told, and we may regard the general position as the point of view of Kant. Perhaps however we shall appreciate Oxford Idealism better, if we bear in mind the opponents of it, for we may know a man by his foes as well as by his friends. It is then a protest against all forms of Materialism, Agnosticism, Naturalism, the theory that would explain the world and all that is in it in terms of 'matter and motion.' The materialism it opposes would tend to eliminate 'spirit and spontaneity' from life, and substitute 'matter and causation' in their place. Its tendency, on the other hand, is to eliminate 'matter' and to substitute 'spirit' for it. Moreover it considers that its opponent has been effectually answered and silenced. This may seem a bold contention, but certainly the book, 'Naturalism and Agnosticism' by Professor Ward of Cambridge, published a short time back, goes a long way to make it good. Allowing this we are left with Idealism as the Key to the explanation of the universe.

We know, however, from the history of philosophy that its life, or rather its vigour, depends upon opposition. It flourishes in conflict, it is happy only when at war. When, then, Naturalism is driven from the field, we look around for the new foe. The difficulty is that there cannot very well be any 'external' system, for Idealism swamps everything external. The enemy, if there is to be one, must be of its own making, it must come from within. That such a one has appeared, is brought home to us by the publication last year of a volume of essays entitled 'Personal Idealism,' a series of 'essays by eight members of the University of Oxford.' From the preface we learn that the object of the volume is 'to represent a tendency in contemporary thinking, to signalize one place or aspect in the development of Oxford Idealism.' The writers see in the current Idealism a tendency to eliminate Personality. If we are 'unreal appearances of the Absolute,' it is clear

that the individual human self vanishes. Human experience as such, together with the volitional character of human nature, both alike are ignored. To show then that 'error and truth are not dependent upon the Absolute, in other words that we can know with certainty without knowing the absolute whole of Reality,' and further that we are 'free moral agents,' in short to develop and defend the principle of personality is the purpose of the work.

From these general remarks it is clear that this line of thought must have the sympathy of all Catholics. We have all along recognised as our adversary every form of Naturalism. The theory that would represent man as the outcome of merely physical process, that would 'extend the realm of matter and law until it is co-extensive with knowledge, with feeling and with action,' (Huxley quoted by Ward) is one that is diametrically opposed to all we hold dear. But we are scarcely less antagonistic to the opposite theory that would say that "all existence is but the manifestation, and knowledge but the apprehension of relations," that the whole theoretical and practical movement of self-consciousness culminates in the "absolute idea," i.e., in the "idea of a self-consciousness which manifests itself in the difference of self and not-self, that through this difference and by overcoming it, it may attain the highest unity with itself," that for "such a self there can be no absolute limit," that "man, in his development, has to realise his unity and the unity of all things and beings with the absolute Spirit, in whom they live and move and have their being" (Hegel by E. Caird). In spite of disclaimers we are forced to suspect an insidious Pantheism in such statements. If Naturalism may be termed a Pantheism of matter, its antithesis, absolute Idealism, can hardly escape being called a Pantheism of mind. No doubt, of alternatives, the latter may be regarded as nearer our own position, just as the "High" Church is nearer to us than the "Low", in a different field, but, as the analogy suggests we must

not expect it to turn out the surest of allies. The tendency of modern philosophic thought is to unification, to the giving of what is known as a monistic interpretation of the whole of reality—in the one case in terms of matter in the other in terms of mind. Any theory, then, which tends to qualify either absolute matter or absolute mind, which aims at preserving the differences in things, which emphasises the distinctness of the individual, which takes its stand on the separate personality of each of us, will be on the side of Catholic philosophy. It is in the stress it lays on this point, that Personal Idealism has its interests for us. By its insistence on the personality of God, on the personal immortality of the human soul, on the moral freedom of the individual, it joins hands with our interpretation of the world. We can now proceed to see how it does this.

It is noteworthy that it does not rest content with a merely negative attitude; it does more than criticise, it attempts a rival construction to the theories it opposes. How it fares in the case of Naturalism is not the concern of the present article. Suffice it to say that it claims to set forth 'the reality of human freedom, the limitations of the evolutionary hypothesis, the validity of the moral valuation, and the justification of [a] working enthusiasm for ideals.' With the establishing of these points, Naturalism falls to the ground. The system that it sets up in opposition to absolutism is the one that will concern us. Even of this, however, we can take only an aspect. The most characteristic is, perhaps, that which deals with the nature of the fundamental principles of the mind. Absolutism places mind at the constructive centre of the world and makes everything merely relations of that mind. To carry out this function, mind has to be endowed with a mass of principles, 'categories' in Kant's words, not derived from experience, but *a priori* forms which it imposes upon 'nature'—in the classic phrase, 'the mind makes nature.' What exactly

is the thing which is 'imposed upon' is not clear; the followers or interpreters of Kant lament his weakness in saying that it is something which 'the mind does not make,'—but we must leave this point at present. The question before us is, How are we to picture mind as it stands over against its object? Are we to say that it is stored with a number of axiomatic principles, unchangeable, complete, which it imposes upon something or other? The answer is given in an essay in this volume entitled 'Axioms as Postulates,' written by F. C. S. Schiller, Fellow of Corpus.

Knowledge is experience and experience implies two factors (1) a subject which experiences and (2) an object which is experienced. The explanation given of these two factors in the history of philosophy runs in two main lines. According to the one the subject is a passive factor which is stamped upon by the object, as wax is by the seal, and the object is an external world, independent of the subject, which leaves upon the object an impress of itself. According to the other theory the subject is an active factor, which stamps itself upon the object. What the object is, is, as has been noticed, not very clear. Kant would seem to have regarded it as so much wax which the mind stamps with its categories; at all events something which the mind does not make goes to the contribution of it. The thoroughgoing idealist, however, will have none of this dualism, mind and something the mind does not make. There is no objective world 'external' to mind, there is no world of matter impervious to mind. A thing is, in so far as it is perceived, it is essentially an object of perception. In Berkeley's phrase its 'esse is percipi.' We cannot imagine what a thing is except as something perceived. To speak, then, of a world distinct from mind is, to the Idealist, unmeaning. This is the language of the thoroughgoing idealist. Mr. Schiller for his part admits that there is something

which resists mind, and he explains it by calling to his assistance Aristotle's conception of 'Matter,' a kind of plastic potentiality which is receptive of the forms the mind imposes upon it. He rejects the first view we have mentioned—the empirical—by urging what he considers the 'fatal objection,' that principles cannot be extracted from experience because they must already be possessed before experience can confirm them. All we see in a series of events is 'sequence,' the mind has the principle of causality within it, which it applies to experience. Nor will he accept the Kantian view of the constitution of the mind, that it possesses a body of axioms which reveal the ultimate self-evident structure of the mind and are *a priori*. We must possess these principles indeed, but 'not in the manner asserted.' Kant's description is purely arbitrary and is based on the traditional psychology. His categories have a very close resemblance to innate ideas. At its best, it gives only a very partial view of man, making him into a logical abstraction. In short both the opposing theories are unsatisfactory, the first, Empiricism, in failing to recognize that the organism is active, not a merely passive factor, the second, apriorism, in failing to recognize that the whole man is more than mind with its paraphernalia of immutable principles. To describe adequately the whole man, the perfect man, we must take account of his volitional and emotional nature. Indeed, the theoretical side of man must be subordinate to the practical. Life is action, a struggle to maintain itself. Man is a creature of needs, of desires. He sets out to organize his experience. To effect this he is forced to make assumptions, to form hypotheses, which he tries on his environment. If they work, if they are useful, then and then alone is their validity established, then alone is he rewarded by finding that the world grants what was demanded. In other words, the first principles of the mind are, not axioms, but tentative

postulates arising out of man's needs and prompted by his desires, awaiting verification in their successful working. Having stated his case, the writer next proceeds to illustrate it, to exhibit one of these postulates in the making. The one he chooses is the postulate of identity. The question is how does the human mind arrive at the logical validity of the proposition, *A is A*? To get the utmost simplification possible, he pictures the first man whom he styles Edwin in what he considers a pre-logical stage of experience. Something however has to be taken for granted, so he allows Edwin to have a 'felt' self-identity of his own consciousness. Thus equipped he meets Angelina in her winter furs whom he admired last summer in a different guise. It is to Edwin's advantage that she should be the same person; he hopes that she is, he demands that she should be, the wish is father to the thought, he postulates her identity in the differences of her attire, and is rewarded by finding the smile of recognition. In course of time both of them change, but he keeps on postulating and finds it works beautifully, and so by degrees the 'ideal of absolute identity begins to dawn upon the logical horizon.' From recognizing individuals the step is easy to recognizing species, and lo! we are in the land of universals, whilst language has slipped in by the way.

In a similar way the author would account for the logical validity of our knowledge of the External World, the Principles of contradiction, Uniformity of Nature, Space, Time, and finally the Religious Postulates. They are all demands made by practical life, assumptions we wish to hold, they are expressive of needs we must satisfy, aspirations that must be fulfilled. At the same time we are presented with the mournful reflection that they may become otiose under changed conditions of experience. Evolution is ever working within us and without us, and we must be prepared for are adjustment on occasion.

Such is the qualification of Absolutism which Personal Idealism would offer. The name adopted to express this principle of Personality is Pragmatism, and we are assured that the effect on philosophy of the adoption of it would be a new and invigorating impulse, a harnessing of it to real life, a reunion of action and thought, a complete harmonizing of experience. This is no mean pretension.

Can we say it is fulfilled? The theory falls naturally into two parts (1) the Idealist position which is assumed, (2) the theory of Pragmatism. A few words on both parts are called for.

(1) Idealism. A consistent Idealist is an intelligible phenomenon. One can understand a man maintaining that the whole of reality is expressed for him by mind and affections of mind, but the consequence is that for the individual so circumstanced, there is nothing else. The physical world, we who do not think as he does, the absolute itself, are affections of his mind, accidents of himself. He is lord of all he surveys. If there were other things they would not be for him. Like the stars that are so far away that they give neither heat nor light, so these other beings would never impinge on his planetary system. Such a position, then, is intelligible, but as it is impossible to be external to it one cannot meet it in argument.

Where, however, an Idealist will allow that there is something in his experience which his mind does not make, something over against his mind on which his mind acts and which reacts on his mind, then it is possible to argue with him. Happily Mr Schiller does this. He remarks "Nay, in this sense, we are all nature's experiments, attempts to build up a world of beings that can maintain themselves permanently and harmoniously. We are asked, as it were, 'can you do this?' and if we cannot or will not, and do not answer, we are eliminated" (p. 58). Again, a few lines above this passage we read. "But experience is

always more than this: it is either experiment or reaction, reaction upon stimulation, which latter we ascribe to the 'external world.' Here we have a distinct second factor, a something the mind does not make, a resistance to the mind. Is it any explanation of this to call it 'matter' in the Aristotelian sense, as he attempts to do? Matter that exists is never entirely without form, however plastic or potential we make it. The 'resistance' in it can come only from some form. But if this is true, cannot we give both factors in experience, the subject and the resisting object, their due place? Cannot we find room for the play of Empiricism as well of Idealism in knowledge? Each may have a place without usurping the position of the other. If one conveys some truth it does not follow that it is the whole truth and that its opponent conveys none. It is only Cicero that could stand before a jury and argue either my client bribed the jury or his opponent did. But his opponent did. Therefore my client did not. The fallacy is patent. Both may have given bribes. Similarly in the case of knowledge. Both factors, the subject and the resisting object, may contribute their share. Water boils when brought into contact with a certain degree of heat. Here we have a resisting object presented to the mind. The mind reacts by furnishing the 'category' of causality. The birth of the proposition "Heat is a cause of the boiling" is the result of the union of the two factors. The same phenomenon in contact with a subject that could not furnish a "category," would not result in knowledge. There is a "fact" of "causality" as well as a "category," the two being coordinate. This is an old explanation, but it does not seem to have been silenced by modern discussion; certainly it has a claim for consideration. The interest of the theory does not, however, lie in its form of Idealism, but rather in the Pragmatism it defends.

(2) Pragmatism. The protest against Logic which this

system embodies is one that has frequently recurred in the history of philosophy. Readers of Cardinal Newman's works will remember his attack on "paper logic," and his predilection for the personal element in life. The echo of his view which is found in this theory would seem to have been roused by the modern development of the psychological aspect of the human organism. The origins of mind and its development have received more attention of late years than they did formerly. Witness for example such a book as Professor James' 'Varieties of Religious Experience,' where a detailed analysis of the religious faculties is made, and the value of them appraised. The content of the "whole man" is seen to embrace more than a logical capacity, and to discover this unexplored content is the work of many enquirers.

There is, no doubt, a truth in this contention. A philosophy that is to be worthy of the name must embrace the will and the emotions, must cover all the facts of life; Life is action, the 'practic part' must be 'mistress to the theoretic.' But if we recognise this does it necessarily dethrone logic, does it oust the intellect from philosophy? Philosophy, after all, is a science, it is an explanation of the world, and an explanation must be given in terms of the intellect. What, moreover, is the meaning of 'purposive' which the writers insist, is the character of the action of man and of nature? Surely it is the adaptation of means to ends; an intellectual function with mind as the *vis directrix*. If this is so, it is essentially logical, for logic is the science of the laws of thought, and it shows that you cannot divest the intellect of logic any more than you can divest the body of its physical conditions.

But to come to the actual exposition of the theory. Are we to say with the author that the fundamental principles of mental life are tentative postulates, with which we experiment on our environment? Are we left to make so many guesses in vacuo, the assurance of their truth depending on

their working? Is the first step a venture which we make with trepidation wondering whether we shall find a firm foothold or walk into an abyss? We might ask the critic of Kant's categories where he gets these remarkable postulates from, and we might wonder what the Idealist understands by this environment which is going to verify or reject them, this nature which is ever threatening to eliminate us, but we must waive these points. We might further ask the author how he reconciles his view with that of the first essay in the volume, that there are cases 'where the essential conditions of the possibility of error are absent,' 'where a question answers itself so as to render doubt meaningless,' in such propositions, for example, as $2 + 1 = 3$, or 'trilateral figures are triangular'? The answer to these and similar questions would be interesting from the writer's point of view. But when we turn to the evidence he gives of the establishing of a postulate, is the account satisfactory? His first man, Edwin, it may be remembered, had bestowed on him by the graciousness of his originator a felt self-identity of consciousness as the 'ultimate physical basis for raising the postulate of logical identity.' What is the meaning of 'felt' in this passage? Surely it is not a merely psychical fact. It has a value, it is logical. If this is true he is already in a world of axioms. He has the axiom of identity already in force, he is acting on the principle of contradiction in his self-identification, he has distinguished the self from the not-self. As Mr. Stout says in the essay above quoted 'Because I am certain that I exist, I am certain that all the conditions of my existence, whatever they may be, exist also. Be they what they may, they are logically included in the import of thought, when I affirm my own existence.' So it is with the case of any mental act. It comes into being clothed with axioms, all bearing a logical value. We do not stand outside an environment as a subject stripped of all determination, wondering whether we shall step into this

environment. The first mental act is an act in an environment, supported and sustained by fundamental axioms, to doubt of which would be intellectual suicide. We are born, so to say, into them, into a system that we have not made; which, moreover, we cannot unmake except under the penalty of thoughtless quiescence, of speechless scepticism. Aristotle's theory of knowledge remains unimpugned.

We are led then to conclude that the theory fails to effect its purpose. It is not consistent with itself, it does not adequately describe the facts. However valuable as a protest against the Pantheism of Matter and of Mind, we cannot say that it furnishes a satisfactory rival construction to the latter. The will and the emotions must be incorporated in a philosophy; but they must come in under the category of rationality. The practical life plays a part in the full life of man, but it forms a department of philosophy only as the adaptation of means to ends, only, that is, in its intellectual aspect. The protest against logic is in reality a protest against philosophy itself. The definition of man remains—He is a rational animal.

J. E. M.

Walter Patrick Crean.

Born April 4th, 1887. Died September 29th, 1902.

" — O Sir! the good die first,
" And they whose hearts are dry as summer dust
" Burn to the socket. . . . "

THE death of Walter Crean caused much real regret and sorrow to all at Ampleforth. News came that he could not return to the College for some time as he was unwell. We then heard that his indisposition had developed into Typhoid Fever. This was followed in a few days by the startling announcement of his death. None of us had expected so sudden and so tragic a termination to his sickness. He seemed to be meant for a long life. He came to Ampleforth in January, 1900. During his stay amongst us, he won the affection of his companions and the respect of his masters. Whilst being of a kind and gentle disposition he was yet full of manliness. He was energetic both in his studies and at his games, and in a very short time he would have been a leader amongst his companions.

By his death we lost a youth of great promise.

We offer our sincere sympathy to Colonel and Mrs. Crean and family upon their great loss. R.I.P.

William Edward Willson.

FROM the Directory of the Diocese of Birmingham we learn the following facts of Mr. Willson's life. He was born December 24th, 1826, at Lincoln, of an old Catholic family that has given many priests to the Church, among them being Bishop William Willson, of Hobart Town, Tasmania.

He was educated at Oscott from 1838 to 1841.

He came to live in Birmingham, in the year 1863. His name will ever be remembered for his great devotion to the cause of our Catholic workhouse children. He was on the commission appointed by Bishop Ullathorne in 1884 to visit the certified schools in other dioceses of the province. He took such great interest in this work that he was appointed chairman of the committee to which Bishop Ullathorne entrusted the formation and management of the schools. This post he held till the day of his death. During the eighteen years of his chairmanship (1884—1902) the Coleshill, Handsworth and Maryvale schools have grown and prospered and now provide for nearly 350 Catholic workhouse children. As a tribute to his untiring zeal, his colleagues and friends have erected a handsome memorial tablet to his memory in the chapel of St. Paul's Home, Coleshill.

These facts show that he was a sincere and public-spirited Catholic. His four sons are religious, members of St. Lawrence's Community, viz., Frs. Hilary, Philip, Wilfrid, and Br. Dominic Willson. For this reason, he is especially entitled to the prayers of the Community and the friends of St. Lawrence's. R.I.P.

William Joseph Dawes. R.J.P.

AN accident has prevented us recording in our last number the sad death of Dr. Dawes, of Longton, Staffordshire. We regret it extremely, for the reason that our expressions of sympathy with the bereaved family must necessarily seem colder and less spontaneous through the delay. Moreover, after a brief while we put off the signs of mourning and cease even to speak of the dead. It is a privilege of our human nature to be able to forget our losses, and this forgetfulness begins even as we stand by the grave. We very much fear that this belated obituary notice will seem no better than a faded wreath put unnoticed upon the tomb. But at the least it will be accepted as a record of our kindly remembrance and high esteem of one who was an old and constant friend of St. Lawrence's Ampleforth.

Dr. Dawes' connection with Ampleforth began as far back as the seventies of last century. He was a frequent visitor with us and for many years a prominent figure at our Exhibition Meetings. As the years went by the ties which united him to us, instead of diminishing, grew closer and stronger. Two of his sons have taken the habit and become members of the Ampleforth familia, and through this his relationship has passed from that of mere friendship to one that may be classed as affinity, or even brotherhood.

In the district and county where he lived Dr. Dawes was a man of great distinction. He was a Justice of the peace, and for twenty-two years had been the medical officer of health. His funeral at Longton was made a public event in which all the corporation officials and

organizations—even the volunteers and the police force—had a place. We have no room in this notice for the names of the hundreds who were present. The following list of the Magistrates and Town Councillors who took part in the obsequies will be sufficient to show the public acknowledgment of his worth and popularity:—The Mayor (Alderman G. Bennion), Mr. G. C. Kent (town clerk), Mr. G. F. Aun (borough treasurer), Alderman H. M. Williamson, J.P., J. Holdcroft, J.P., A. G. Prince, J.P., J. Leek, J.P., J. G. Bakewell, J. Ward, A. S. Walters, Mr. J. Aynsley, J.P., Mr. D. Chapman, J.P., Mr. G. Copsetake, J.P., Mr. T. Forester, J.P., Dr. H. Nicholls, J.P., Mr. E. Brookfield, J.P., Mr. A. B. Jones, J.P., Mr. S. Mear, J.P., Mr. J. Hall, J.P., Mr. A. L. Harber, J.P., Mr. J. Harding, Mr. G. H. Frewer, Mr. W. Huise, Mr. E. J. Brewer, Mr. W. Maner, Mr. J. Derbyshire, Mr. C. S. Meigh, Mr. J. Preece, Mr. S. Bullock, Mr. E. H. Bloor, Mr. W. Litchfield, Mr. E. Evans, Mr. G. Millington, Mr. D. Bowers, Mr. A. Colclough, members of the Town Council; Mr. T. Newell and Mr. W. G. Reid members of the School Board; Mr. T. Chrystle, captain of the fire brigade; Messrs. J. Shenton (borough accountant), W. T. Cope (deputy town clerk), J. W. Wardle (surveyor), W. Langford (gas engineer), W. Cooke (sanitary inspector), W. Percival (assistant surveyor), B. J. Garratt (building inspector), &c., &c.

Naturally it is the Catholics of Longton who will feel the loss of Dr. Dawes most. He had been their leader during the greater part of a long and active life. But here the words of his own parish priest, Fr. Stringfellow, will be more authoritative and may be left to sum up the career of one whose good works will live after him. "The life of him who has gone was a full life, a public life, and a useful life. There were the demands that a trying profession made both upon his time and his strength, and the duties attached to various posts of responsibility. He served the

town well, and the town is not slow in bearing its testimony to a man's worth. His popularity in the heyday of his public career is an established fact. The interests of the community had a big place in his heart. New generations may walk over his grave but he won't be forgotten. The congregation of St. Gregory's Church are in his debt. His very force of character found him in the forefront when the good of his religion was concerned. The church, house and schools speak eloquently of his zeal and generosity. Closely bound up with the history of this mission almost from its beginning, it was a pleasure to him to see its life grow. He remembered the old days of petty persecution when a child, and he held his own over them. So my friends, his good works have been sent on before to plead for him to his Judge. We may speak of him as a man of high principle who had the courage of his convictions, and who was up in arms at once if anything offended his eye or his ear. May he rest in peace! Holy Church, the mother of us all, shows us how we may help the dead. The sacrifice of the mass has been offered, prayers in the church and by the graveside will be said for the departed. "Eternal rest give unto him, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon him."

Notices of Books.

SIMPLE MEDITATIONS ON THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.

By the Rt. Rev. JOSEPH OSWALD SMITH, O.S.B.,
Abbot of Ampleforth.

This little book will need no other recommendation to readers of the *Ampleforth Journal* than the name of its author. We think it so good that in a little while it will have a fixed place among our English books of devotion. It is devout, thoughtful, earnest and extremely practical. The meditations are simple, with the simplicity of good strong sense. We are glad to understand that the venture is already so successful that a further little volume is in preparation. It is just one of those books which when doubled in size become more than doubly valuable. We should like to see these thirty-one meditations multiplied by ten. Here is one of the meditations, taken at random, as a sample of the rest. They are all built up on the same plan.

THE LIFE AT NAZARETH.

THE ORDER IN THE HOUSE.

Facts in our Lord's life.

Jesus was the most holy One on earth. His Mother, infinitely below Him in sanctity, came next, and an immeasurable distance above any other. St. Joseph came last. This was the order of sanctity.

The very opposite was the order of obedience. The first, with full authority over the others, was St. Joseph. The second, our Lady, owing obedience to St. Joseph, and claiming obedience from our Lord; and last, the infant Jesus, the subject of both. He voluntarily chose the lowest place.

Facts in my own life.

I have been given authority over others in many ways, and I have found it difficult not to assume authority where I have none. I try to get my own way with all, not only with those I have authority over, but also with those who have authority over me. I do give in, indeed, at times, but with a bad grace, and then I do not fail to let people know that what I proposed would have been better. I may not say as much, but I look it. Sometimes I make quite a disturbance over a very trivial matter.

O Jesus how kind and considerate it was of You to take the lowest place and be subject so completely to Your Mother and foster-father, though by all titles You had absolute authority over both, and an authority, too, which both of them would have been willing to acknowledge. It was kind of You for my sake to be a child and to obey in all things, not questioning, as sometimes You might have done, the wisdom of the orders given; not correcting St. Joseph when he took wrong measurements and made ill-fitting joints, though You knew so much better. Teach me to submit readily, not simply to keep silence and seek for opportunities to change the order given. Teach me not to give advice except in a humble way; not to assert myself, but only the truth; not to lay too much stress on the capital letter L. Not to jest about orders given or about mistakes made by those who have authority over me. Make me ready cheerfully to do another's will even against my own.

Aspiration—"Not my will, but Thine be done."

LÉGENDE MONASTIQUE ET PAGE D'HISTOIRE CONTEMPORAINE.

This little brochure from the pen of Dom Lucien David, O.S.B., monk of the Abbey of Fontenelle, in Normandy, is inspired by the present shameless persecution of the Clergy by the Government of France. It is published from Vonèche, in Belgium, where the good monks have taken up their abode till the dawn of better days. A sketch of the past history of the famous Abbey of Fonte-

nelle, founded by St. Wandril 1200 years ago, its glories and its misfortunes, is given in Part I. by no less a personage than the real and original Raven, cherished by St. Benedict himself. Such longevity even for a Raven, he assures us himself was conferred upon him for the service rendered to his great Master in removing, at his biddings, the poisoned loaf of bread. Thus, considering himself a member almost of the great Western Order, he has rejoiced in its triumphs, uttered many a mournful note during its darker days and brooded over its sorrows, ever retaining the same devoted attachment to its sons as he manifested to their Venerable Father.

Unlike the Raven of Edgar Allen Poe, whose knowledge of human tongues was limited to one word, this one is so loquacious and, withal, tells so interesting a story, that we are not surprised to learn that his audience of one simple novice was held spellbound from the conclusion of *Compline* till the *Matin* bell of the next morning aroused him from his reverie. We do not wonder at the interest displayed by this venerable bird in an abbey so famous as that of Fontenelle, nor at the enthusiasm with which he recalls the historic names of Wandril, Herbland, Lands, Ansbert, Wulfran, Gervold, Ansegiers and many other of its illustrious and saintly members. His recollections, too, are so well supported by the records of authentic history that not even M. Combes and his graceless myrmidons could gainsay them.

These reminiscences are treated at greater length by the author in the second part of this little work and with many more details than we could expect from even the most devoted *racconteur* who has nothing but his memory to rely upon. It is a story of much interest and very pleasantly told; and it is well worth the perusal by anyone who loves to linger over the glories of past Monasticism and to read of such men as were St. Wandril in the 8th century, down to his successor Dom Pothier in the 20th.

A short account is given, at the end of the work, of the new settlement at Vonèche where the exiled Community has taken refuge, but we do not wonder at the longing desire with which the brethren look forward to the day when they shall return from the shores of the Meuse to their loved homes on the banks of the Fontenelle.

It is part of the unceasing struggle between God and Satan; it cannot last long nor can the issue be doubtful. Such is the opinion, too, of the Raven speaking from his long experience to the monks on the eve of their exile; "Courage! faithful disciples of St. Wandril! Satan may try to drive for ever from this hallowed soil those who have made it a centre of light, of joy and of love divine—but his triumph shall be short-lived—it shall be but the victory of a day."

Copies of this work may be obtained from Mons. Charles Poussiélgue, 15 Rue Cassette, Paris, or from the Author, Vonèche, Belgium, Price 2 frs.

PRELIMINARY GREEK, by R. ROBINSON, ESQ. M. A. Oxon. Bean and Co., Leeds—Simpkin, Marshall and Co., London.

This little work seems to carry out admirably the idea which the author sketches in the preface. At once brief in form and clear in statement, it shows the boy of average heedlessness the most salient points of a language, which under the best conditions is none too easy to acquire. The arrangement of the matter so that grammar and theme lie side by side, and the lucidly worded paradigms leave nothing to be desired; while the gradual transition from the simple sentence to the more complex, ranging from the easiest constructions to some of the most difficult, is skilfully managed. Mr. Robinson has the art of saying enough without excess or defect.

If carefully taught, this book ought to give a thorough

grasp of the subject, and will in our opinion prove a boon to masters who have to deal with the undeveloped brains of youths wont to haunt the lower Forms. A work so carefully thought out as this, is calculated to lay the foundation of true scholarship; so much to be desired for its own sake, so much needed in these days when the yearly more and more exacting examiner is abroad. The book is very thorough, very complete, and up to date in scholarship; it is such as we expected from its accomplished author. Some printer's errors with regard to breathings, accents, and omission of iota subscript need correction in the next edition.

CANTUS MARIALES quos e fontibus antiquis eruit aut opere novo veterum instar concinnavit D. Josephus Pothier Abbas, O.S.B. (Parisii, C. Poussiélgue, 1903).

This book is a collection of Canticles, Hymns, Sequences, &c., numbering fifty in all, in praise of the Blessed Virgin Mary. The learned compiler in his short preface calls them "tokens of old time piety which have long lain in the dust of oblivion, buried in ancient codices, like the dried flowers in a herbalist's press." The work has been to him a labour of love, and he disclaims any intention or effort to present it with an antiquarian's love of exactitude. He gives, however, in a brief note at the end of each number the source of text and music.

Only a few authors' names appear, among them being St. Anselm, Peter the Venerable, and St. Alphonsus Liguori; one canticle has this title prefixed, "B. Thomas Epo. (Cantuar:) per Mariam revelata."

An appendix of thirty pages contains a series of antiphons suitable to each mystery of the Rosary, a musical setting for the devotion known as the "Crown of Twelve Stars," and several melodies for the Litany of Loreto.

The work concludes with a "note explicative" of the notation and method of rendering the Gregorian Chant.

It is to be feared that the prevailing ignorance of and distaste for Gregorian music which characterises the majority of Catholic choirs in this country will prevent this truly devout and beautiful expression of the praises of Mary from finding the circulation it merits.

PAROCHI VADE-MECUM. Officia, quædam, ex Ordine Sacramenta administrandi excerpta, in usum Infirmos Visitantium commode disposita. London, Art & Book Co., 22 Paternoster Row, E.C.

This little Ritual for the Priest's visiting case is just what it should be—clearly printed and of the smallest possible compass. It takes no more room than a season-railway-ticket and has everything a priest is likely to need.



The College Diary.

Jan. 13. To-day the Christmas vacation came to an end, but owing to the inclement weather little more than half the school returned. The following were the new arrivals.

A. Lightbound	- - - -	Liverpool
J. Beech	- - - -	Manchester
H. Lovell	- - - -	St. Leonard's
G. Hines	- - - -	Sunderland

Jan. 19. A half-holiday was granted for skating. Many of the absentees returned in the evening. At night the usual voting for Captain took place, resulting in a decisive victory for John Bertram Kevill, who headed the poll by 120 votes. He appointed following Government.

Secretary	- - - -	D. Traynor
Officemen	- - - -	{ A. Richardson G. Chamberlain
Commonmen	- - - -	{ E. Pilkington G. Preston
Clothesman	- - - -	- B. Rochford
Gasmen	- - - -	{ 1. J. Darby 2. T. Barton
Collegemen	- - - -	{ 1. P. Lambert 2. G. Murphy 3. A. Smith
Librarians of the Upper Library	- - - -	{ 1. W. Turner 2. P. Williams
Librarian of the Lower Li- brary	- - - -	- H. Chamberlain
Vigilarii	- - - -	{ A. Blaney W. Heslop
Librarian of the Reading Room	- - - -	B. Cartwright
Vigilarii	- - - -	{ F. Montgomery S. Lovell

Jan. 27. General Meeting of the School at which the newly elected Captain thanked his electors for the trust they had placed in him.

Jan. 31. Match against York Trinity. Although our eleven was not in its usual form—the bad weather having prevented practice—we won by ten goals to one. D. Traynor shot four of them, R. Dowling three, and H. De Normanville three. Br. Benedict Hayes hurt his ankle during the game and had to retire.

Feb. 5. Monthday. Match against Harrogate, resulting in a victory for the college with the score of 5 to 1 in our favour. R. Dowling shot two goals while Br. Benedict Hayes, D. Traynor and W. Heslop shot one each. Prince Ranjitsinhji visited the Abbey in afternoon.

Feb. 12. To our regret Fr. Elphege Hind went on the mission to Edgehill, Liverpool, to take the place of Fr. Elphege Duggan who had left for Workington. We wish him success in his missionary labours. The Captain fell ill, and D. Traynor officiated during his absence.

Feb. 14. Kenneth and Alec. Weighill came to bid us farewell before emigrating to Canada. We wish them every success.

Feb. 17. Match against Darlington. The College was victorious and scored four goals to two. Fr. Maurus Powell shot all the goals.

Feb. 19. Match against Hovingham. Although our team was mostly composed of second XI boys we won by three goals to nil. W. Heslop shot two goals, and G. Chamberlain one.

Feb. 20. This being the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Election of our Holy Father the Pope, Holy Mass was offered for him. A full day's recreation was generously granted. In the evening Fr. Bede Camm, O.S.B., treated us to a very interesting lecture on the English Martyrs, especially B.B. John Fisher and Thomas More. The day closed with Solemn Benediction and Te Deum.

Feb. 21. As it was a wet afternoon, the boys challenged the Religious to a friendly billiard tournament. The boys won by 140. Four games of 150 each were played, viz:—

Br. L. Baggins	0.	H. de Normanville.
Fr. T. Rylance	7.	A. Hines.
Fr. B. Hayes	0.	D. Traynor.
Br. B. Hayes	0.	B. Rochford.

Feb. 23. Fr. Bernard Hayes treated us to a very interesting lecture on London, illustrated by some good magic-lantern slides.

Feb. 24. Match against Helmsley. The game was rough and many of our men were hurt, but we won with the score of three against their two. Fr. Maurus Powell shot two goals, R. Dowling one.

Feb. 27. In the morning a terrific gale did much damage to the roofs and also to the wood on the hill-side.

March 2. We had the honour of being the first audience to which Prince Ranjitsinhji has delivered a lecture on Cricket. Eagerly as we had looked forward to his coming, the interest of his lecture far surpassed our expectations. He engrossed our attention for two hours. His chief aim was to show the importance of good fielding, which at the present time is greatly undervalued. He laid special stress on the moral good to be gained, if the players sacrifice themselves as they should to the good of the side. We hope that his stirring words will bear much fruit during the coming season. The lecture was illustrated by lantern slides which Mr. Robinson had kindly made from the plates in the Prince's book on cricket. We take this opportunity of thanking Prince Ranjitsinhji for the kind interest he has shown in our cricket. We hope to have the pleasure of seeing him play on our ground in the near future.

March 4. The Photographic Society drew lots for the privilege of going to the brook to photograph Prince Rajitsinhji while fishing; many good results were obtained.

March 5. Mooth-day. The match which ought to have been played against Knaresbro' was scratched. In the evening Br. Hildebrand Dawes lectured in the Junior Library on the principal places of interest around our coasts.

Mr. G. Farrell, who came over to England as a three-quarter back in the Canadian Rugby team, came to stay with us for a few days. We offer him our hearty congratulations on his obtaining his commission in West Africa.

March 11. His Majesty's Inspector came to inspect the School.

In the evening there was a meeting of the School made interesting by the vain attempts of the Opposition to overcome the Government.

March 14. The second XI played and beat Gilling by three goals to one, G. Chamberlain shooting two goals, and W. Williams one.

March 17. St. Patrick's Day. The customary football match between Irish and English was prevented by bad weather.

March 19. Bishop Ilsey of Birmingham ordained Br. Wilfrid Willson priest, Brs. Lawrence Baggins and Hildebrand Dawes deacons, and Brs. Dominic Willson and Benedict Hayes Sub-deacons. We offer them our hearty congratulations.

March 20. Fr. Wilfrid Willson sang his first Mass, after which he give his blessing to all present.

March 21. The feast of St. Benedict. Father Abbot being indisposed, Fr. Prior sang High Mass.

March 22. Racquet (more properly Bragget) Sunday. A strong wind prevented much interest being taken in the game, but did not prevent us from taking interest in the usual coffee and buns in the afternoon.

March 23. Mr. S. A. Noblett, one of our representatives at Oxford University came here to spend his Easter holidays with us. We wish him every success in his coming Examinations.



March 28. Practice for the sports started to-day. By way of trial, this year the sports are to be entirely voluntary. This has made very little difference, as only about a dozen did not wish to enter the lists. The Ampleforth Society again granted us an allowance of £10 for prizes for which our sincere thanks are due.

April 2. Month-day. This and last year's Government were allowed to go to Kirby, where a very pleasant day was spent.

The following is the result of this year's football:—

First XI. Matches played	14
" won	11
" drawn	2
" lost	1

Number of goals obtained by XI...	74
" " " " against us	18

Second XI. Matches played...	4
" won	3
" drawn	1
" lost	0

Number of goals scored by XI...	13
" " " " against us	1

Four first XI. matches and one second XI. had to be scratched for various seasons.

B. ROCHFORD.
JNO. DARBY.

Senior Debating Society.

Sunday, February 1st 1903. To-night was held the first "scramble" meeting of the Society, at which each member had to speak, for at least two minutes, on a subject or motion drawn hap-hazard from the bag containing the motions of all the members present. The object aimed at—that for once every member should speak—was scarcely attained; the fact being that the constant speakers spoke constantly, while the silent members generally remained silent. The first subject drawn out—"Should St. George's be a play day?"—provided Mr. Dowling with the unenviable task of opening the debate. Mr. Dowling who, although an Irishman, is a confirmed conservative in school politics, boldly replied in the affirmative. The house did not seem quite convinced by the arguments he advanced but they unanimously agreed with his conclusion.

The next question: "Should games be compulsory?" fell to Mr. Turner. He gave the authorities his support on this question, and after the expiration of his two minutes, Mr. Williams arose and told a pitiable tale of spending an hour and a half shivering between two posts and becoming "very, very, very, very cold." When the chairman put the motion the ayes totalled sixteen against the three of the noes. The next question: "Will the Drunkard's Act benefit the nation?" seemed strangely out of place, but Mr. Taylor had no hesitation in answering in the affirmative. He thought it would put down rioting and drunkenness, and the statement that it would stop a lot of cruelty ended his flow of eloquence.

Mr. Richardson's name was coupled with the next question to be discussed:—"Should the wicket be widened?" He considered that from a batsman's point of view the wicket, on many occasions, proved but too wide. Unpleasant reminiscences of premature returns to the pavilion incited many batsmen to fight against the bowlers' view of the question. Mr. Darby rose, but

ruined his chance of a hearing by the unfortunate opening: "Please, sir." Mr. Traynor was next called upon to discuss if it is possible to be happy in this life. His affirmative response implied that he had forgotten the "*εὐδαιμονία εἰς αὐτὸν ὑπερταύτων*" construed the same morning. He considered there were two essentials—holiness and goodness. The voting on the question, which was almost unanimously in the affirmative, terminated a very interesting meeting.

On Sunday, February 22nd, the Society met to discuss the relative merits of classical and commercial education. Fr. Benedict was in the chair, and there was a muster of some twenty members, when Mr. Darby rose to move that "Classical education is better than commercial education." His chief argument was that the classical system trained the mind better than the commercial, which could do nothing more for a man than turn him into an accurate machine. Mr. Williams seconded the motion, and then Mr. Rochford rose to oppose it. He looked on things from a very practical point of view, and brought out with considerable clearness the fact that in the everyday life of the average individual, talking French or German is of more use than quoting Latin or Greek.

Several other speakers followed; amongst them Mr. Burn and Mr. Turner both agreed that a middle course, a judicious mixture of both systems, was by far the best plan. Mr. Pilkington's and Mr. William's sentiments were the very antithesis of each other. The former thought that, after Religion, money was the one thing worth striving for, and that, as commercial education gave one a better chance of becoming rich, therefore it was the better. On the other hand, Mr. Williams declared that man was born for something higher and nobler than office-work, and that accordingly classical education was to be preferred because of its better development of the intellect.

The only other speech worth mentioning was Mr. de Normandie's. It consisted of sensible arguments, put in a clear and sensible way; he explained the value of the Classics in training and developing the mind; and his words were not wasted, for when the Chairman had summed up and the question was put to the vote, Mr. Darby's motion was carried by eleven votes to nine.

At 8 p.m. on Sunday, March 15th, 1903, the society met to discuss the question of Home Rule. Mr. Turner gave a brief sketch of Irish history which lasted somewhat over half an hour. To him the Irish nation seemed a worthless and whimsical people utterly unfit to rule themselves. He then enumerated a series of rebellions and massacres done by Irishmen, and not a few inhuman acts which reminded one of the Cyclops of old and which were equally mythical. Mr. Darby arose to oppose him and spoke rather timidly in favour of Home Rule. He considered that the Irish members, at present, were not heard in the House of Commons. Perhaps he meant to say they did not get a fair hearing.

Mr. Shirley thought the Irish incapable of working any big organization. Mr. Richardson a solid Englishman, said it was his opinion that the Irish were utterly unfit to govern themselves. Mr. Heffernan then prophesied the greatness of Ireland under Home Rule and backed this assertion by several good arguments. After him Messrs. Burn and Williams spoke, and the latter, after having given a few arguments for both sides, moved the adjournment of the debate.

The debate was resumed on March 15th. Mr. McKenna gave a very true description of the mismanagement of Ireland. He seemed to have a marked antipathy to the present police administration, under which having nothing else to do, owing to the peacefulness of the people, they invent crimes to gain their promotion. Mr. Chamberlain boldly upheld Home Rule. Mr. Traynor vigorously opposed Home Rule on the ground that before long the Irish would rebel. Mr. Pilkington said that Ireland had behaved well in the past (he gave one instance in which the Irish fought on both sides) and would therefore behave well in the future under Home Rule. Mr. de Normanville considering that the history of Ireland has been nothing but a record of opposition thought they would not be able to use any power entrusted to them, wisely. Br. Hildebrand spoke at great length against Home Rule. The result of the voting was 12 votes to 11 against Home Rule.

Other meetings of the Society were held during the term.

H. DE NORMANVILLE.	} Committee.
J. B. KEVILL.	
D. TRAYNOR.	
G. CHAMBERLAIN.	

Junior Library.

The Third Meeting of the Society was held on December 14th. In the Jumble-Debate the order and the subjects of motion were fixed by lot. The first motion 'that the Boers were not right in waging war against England' was moved by Mr. Bradley, and opposed by Mr. MacDermott. The motion was carried by 13 to 7.

Mr. Corry then moved 'that motor-cars are an advantage,' and was opposed by Mr. Riley. The motion was carried by the casting vote of the Chairman.

The third motion 'that swimming ought to be taught in all schools' was moved by Mr. Harrison, and opposed by Mr. Heskeith, and carried by 24 to 1.

Four other motions were brought forward and the meeting closed at the usual time.

The Fourth Meeting of the Society was held on December 18th. Mr. McElligott moved 'that General Buller had not been unjustly treated.' He said that Buller made a great many mistakes, especially in the action at Spion Kop, and in his instructions to General White to surrender, and when he did gain any success he never pushed it to its fullest extent. After his return he was most incautious in his behaviour. Mr. MacDermott seconded, and Mr. Heslop, in opposing, said that it was the Government that made the mistakes. They put Buller into an impossible position. Buller had not enough cavalry and artillery. His wire to White was justified. Messrs. Chamberlain, Crean, Rochford, Corry, Sharpe, Heskeith, Williams, Blaney, Marwood, and Fr. Bernard also spoke.

After replies from Messrs. Heslop and McElligott the House divided, and the motion was lost by 17 to 11.

Mr. Blaney then moved a vote of thanks to the Chairman, and said that the House was grateful to him for starting the society, as well as for his impartiality in the Chair.

Mr. Chamberlain seconded the motion.

In replying, the Chairman thanked the society, and congratulated the members upon the success which had attended the meetings of the first term.

The Fifth Meeting of the House was held on Jan. 25th, 1903. In private business Messrs. Chamberlain, Heslop, and Crean were re-elected to serve on the Committee, and Mr. Blaney was re-elected Secretary. Messrs. Hope and Peart were elected members of the Society.

In public business, Mr. Rochford moved that 'motor-car traffic and the disappearance of the horse would be beneficial.'

His chief points were, that travelling would be pleasanter, that accidents would be fewer, and that a motor-car was very easy to get ready. Mr. Marwood seconded, and Mr. Giglio opposed. He said that horse-traffic was cheaper than motor-traffic, and pointed to the failure of motor-traffic in London. Messrs. Sharpe, Corry, Smith and Williams, supported the motion, whilst Messrs. Perry, Peart, and Pradera spoke against it. The motion was carried by 17 to 15.

The Sixth Meeting was held on Feb. 8th.

Mr. Allanson moved that 'country-life was preferable to town-life.' He referred to the healthiness of country-life both for the mind and for the body. Mr. McDermott seconded, and in an eloquent speech quoted Cicero and Horace, to prove the superiority of the charms of country-life. Mr. Corry in opposing, said that the great drawbacks to country-life were low wages and long hours. In towns all the necessities of life were close at hand, and these included good libraries and first-rate schools.

Br. Dominic supported the motion, as also did Messrs. Sharpe and Rochford, and Messrs. Williams and Giglio opposed it. The motion was carried by 23 to 5.

The Seventh Meeting was held on Sunday, Feb. 8th. Mr. Williams moved 'that Ghosts do exist.' He was seconded by Mr. Heslop and opposed by Mr. Bradley. Owing to difference of opinion as to the exact meaning of the word 'ghost,' which led to a long and acrimonious discussion, the motion was not put to the vote.

The Eighth Meeting was held on Feb. 15th.

In private business a motion was carried that invitations to

visitors to attend the meetings be given by the Committee through the Chairman. In public business readings were given by all the members of the Society, and also by Fr. Bernard and Br. Thomas.

The Ninth Meeting was held on Feb. 22nd. Mr. J. Smith moved that 'Parliament had no right to execute Charles I.' He tried to prove the injustice of the King's trial, and gave numerous quotations from the standard historians. Mr. Sharpe seconded the motion. Mr. Perry, in opposing, showed how the King had irritated the people by his tyranny, particularly by his numerous taxes. Messrs. Taunton and Blackledge supported the motion, and Fr. Prior, who spoke in response to a general invitation, congratulated the society on the interest shown in the debates and the high level of oratory reached.

The motion was carried by 22 to 7.

The Tenth Meeting was held on Mar. 1st.

In the Jumble Debate that took place every member of the society spoke at least once.

A very successful meeting was closed with the usual vote of thanks to the Chairman.

The Eleventh Meeting was held on Mar. 8th. Mr. Sharpe moved that 'boarding-schools were better than day-schools.' He pointed out that a boarding-school both trains the body and moulds the character. Boarding-school life teaches boys to be manly, dutiful, and obedient. After the speech of the seconder, Mr. P. Smith, speaking in opposition, said that the day-school gave the young home-training which is the most valuable part of our education, whilst girls could also learn the art of house-keeping. At the conclusion of the discussion the motion was carried by 17 to 6.

The Twelfth Meeting was held on March 15th. Mr. Blaney moved that 'cycling is a better and pleasanter exercise than walking.' He said that cycling saved time, that one saw a greater amount of scenery than when walking, because a greater amount of ground was covered in the same time. It also enabled towns-people to get into the country easily.

Mr. Williams seconded. Mr. Chamberlain, in opposing, said that one was not confined to the roads when walking, and that walking was a far better means of exercise, and was also much

safer. Messrs. J. Smith, P. Smith, Williams, Sharpe, McElligott, Bradley, and Br. Ambrose supported the motion. Messrs. Rochford, Corry, Pradera, and Br. Paul opposed it. After replies by the mover and opposer, the motion was carried by 21 to 9.

The Thirteenth Meeting was held on March 25th, and readings were given by all the members of the society.

The Fourteenth Meeting was held on April 1st. Mr. Riley moved "that a sailor's life was better than a soldier's life." He said that the sailor's life was healthier and much more free from temptation. His wages were good, his expenses few, and opportunities of promotion were plentiful.

Mr. J. Smith seconded, and Mr. Harrison, in opposing, said that the soldier had this advantage that he could keep his family with him almost always. His wages were better than the sailor's, and except in war the perils of his life were much less than those of the sailor's. After an interesting discussion the motion was carried by 17 to 10.

The Fifteenth Meeting of the society, and the last of the present session, was held on April 5th.

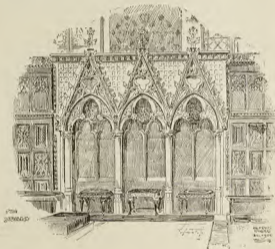
Mr. McElligott moved that 'Wellington was a better general than Napoleon.' He pointed to Wellington's powers of organization, and showed how, in spite of want of support from home and disloyalty on the part of his Spanish and Portuguese allies, he defeated Napoleon's best generals and drove his best armies across the Pyrenees.

Mr. Ward, in opposing, said that Napoleon had been surpassed by no general in the power of gaining the affection of his men, in the speed of his movements, and the celerity with which he seized upon his adversary's weak points. He would have won the battle of Waterloo if it had not been that serious illness incapacitated him the night before the battle, and that his generals failed to carry out his instructions. A very interesting discussion, in which all the visitors, who included the Committee of the Senior Library,—Messrs. De Normanville, Traynor, Kevill, and G. Chamberlain, took part, then followed. The motion was lost by 23 to 4.

Mr. Blaney proposed a vote of thanks to the Chairman, who congratulated the members on the spirit in which the debates of the term had been conducted, and thanked them for the way in

which they had supported the authority of the Chair. He also complimented the members of the Committee of the Senior Society on the eloquent and interesting speeches they had delivered. A vote of thanks was also passed to Mr. Blaney, who had filled the post of secretary for two terms.

A. BLANEY.



Notes.

JUST at the present moment we are interested in history. There is a History of Ampleforth Abbey in preparation; there is a History of Downside School just issued from the press. Of the latter Prior Cummins has written an account in this number of the journal, and Messrs. Kegan Paul and Co. have kindly permitted us to illustrate the article with pictures taken from the book. We should have liked to show our readers the fine portrait of Abbot Cavarel which makes such an admirable frontispiece to the Downside History. Unfortunately it was impossible.

One or two points strike one very forcibly on glancing through Dom Norbert Birt's History of Downside School. First of all, the vitality and fertility of a stock which has endured for two hundred years, and which, far from showing signs of decrepitude, is more flourishing now than ever. Next, the curious way in which the characteristics of the house are being constantly reproduced. There is a real individuality about Downside history. The ideals and ambitions of the House, its methods and aims, its excellencies and its shortcomings stand out in each age like well marked features in the generations of some old family. This persistency of type under changed environment is very interesting. Whether as the product of unconscious forces or of traditional aims it shows at least that the Community spirit is no mere figure of speech but a distinct and vigorous reality. This marked individuality of the House, with the permanence and sameness of its manifestations are very hopeful auguries for its future.

A recent writer on the Philosophy of History has said: "Historians are like doctors. They are always looking for symptoms. There is them that writes about their own times, examines the tongue an' feels th' pulse, an' makes a wrong

diagnosis. Th' other kind iv histry is a post-mortem examination. It tells ye what a counthry died iv." There is nothing of the post mortem about Fr. Norbert's book. And the medical certificate given to Downside school is that it is fit for anything and everything.

St. Gregory's, through Abbot Cavarel's munificence, had no early struggles with poverty. It began its career at Douai with conditions of prosperity—if we make allowance for the requirements of the times—very nearly on a par with the established case and sufficiency of the days before the outbreak of the great Revolution. In this it differed greatly from most English houses abroad. But, though we do not doubt its accuracy, good Fr. Leander Jones' eulogy of Abbot Cavarel, unearthed by Abbot Gasquet at Arras is, in some of its statements, a mystery to us. As it reads, and as Fr. Norbert interprets it, it gives us to understand that, on the 20th of October, 1619, there were actually twenty-four monks and some forty exiles and others, making altogether "a hundred of God's servants disinherited and exiled from their own nation," supported by Abbot Cavarel at St. Gregory's. We have asked ourselves, could St. Gregory's have given permanent accommodation to so large a number of people, only a very small portion of whom were boys? In Scriptura XXIX of the Appendix to Reyner's *Apostolatus*, a formal notarial document, dated only a fortnight before (October 5th, 1619), the whole Community of St. Gregory's—"all the Fathers and Brothers of both the Spanish and English Congregations"—is stated to have been ten monks, counting in one who was sick and another who was away. We have no doubt that this latter statement gives us the real tale of the brethren then living at St. Gregory's. But we have no doubt that Fr. Leander's figures are correct also—if we knew exactly how to interpret them. We do not suspect the President General of exaggeration in his speech. But we do think that the passage quoted on page 11 of the History of Downside needs some other interpretation than Fr. Norbert, very naturally, has given to it.

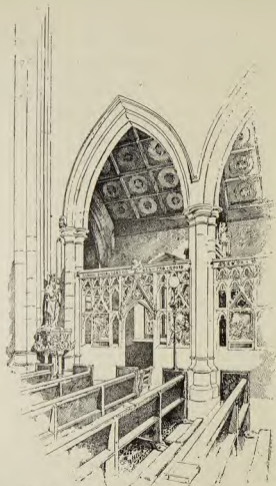
As for St. Lawrence's, though for the most part it ran on parallel lines with St. Gregory's and was affected by the same events, its history was widely different. It began in poverty. It

was exposed to many difficulties and trials from which St. Gregory's was protected. We cannot anticipate the promised History, but the story it tells must necessarily be very different from that of Downside School.

Through the kindness of Messrs. Constable and Co. we are able to give our readers some illustrations of the Holy Shroud of Turin. Perhaps our readers may have seen some, or all of them, before. But they will help to make Prior Burge's explanation and arguments more intelligible. The final decision of the controversy between Canon Mackay and Fr. Thurston, in which Prior Burge has now taken part, can only be given when the method—confessedly unusual—by which the original photograph of the Shroud was obtained, is made public, and when experts are permitted to examine the material of the Shroud and pronounce—as it is said they are able to do—on its antiquity.

Prior Burge has suggested—the suggestion is based authoritatively on a mediæval practice—that blocks may have been made use of in impressing the image on the Shroud. The suggestion is quite new to us. We had no knowledge that block-printing had been invented at so early a date. The use of dies and stamps goes back to the days of the Phœnician traders, but there is a wide difference between dabbing hieroglyphics on a bale of goods and printing an image in colours.

Assuming that the image is not miraculous, and that it was stamped with blocks, by a process similar to that of ordinary colour-printing, we have an explanation—if we suppose the image miraculous it needs some explanation—of the rude painted (or stamped) decorative border to the shroud. Can any one believe that our forefathers, in the ages of Faith, would decorate the Holy Shroud—if they really had faith in it—with what is no better than a coarse stencil-pattern such as one might see on a boy's kite? We could understand them working the hem of it with silks and gold, although even this would savour to a devout Catholic of irreverence. But rough dabs of paint, and these touching, even encroaching upon and partly obliterating, the miraculous image—no believer could have so maltreated a relic so sacred. In the engraved representation of the Shroud—among



Side Altar Screen

E. Wilson
1895

our illustrations—the artist has taken the liberty of improving the decorative border and removing it to a decent distance from the figure. His spirit of reverence would not permit him to draw it as it really was and as we find it in M. Pia's photograph. On the other hand, such a border, with strongly marked divisions enclosing separate sections of the figure, would be not only useful, but almost necessary in colour-printing from blocks. The border would serve as a guide in the super-imposition of the blocks and in the junction of the several sections of the impression, like the lines and the pin-holes of the chromo-lithographer.

We do not know how M. Pia's photograph was taken, but does not the idea of block-printing suggest a reason why a direct photo of the image on the Shroud should print out as a negative? In such a colour-print the shades and dark tones would be stamped first and the high lights last, and the paint would be densest in the lights and thinnest in the shades. In the case of a piece of linen, semi-transparent through age, with a white wall or a window light at the back of it, would not the varied thickness and density of the paint show on the plate, and the thick high-lights and thin shading impress a seemingly positive image on the sensitized film which, as with M. Pia's photograph, would make a negative picture when printed? We do not wish to enter into the question of the artistic merit of the image on the Shroud, but we may say that the face has that blurred appearance, as of a composite photograph, which one would expect from carelessly imposed blocks, and also, making all allowance for the wrinkling and distortion of the linen through damp and age, that the decorative border could hardly have reached its present state of indistinct blotchiness except by re-paintings and restorations.

Fr. Burge has been busy during the last few months. In addition to a lecture on Mozart, he has distinguished himself by the composition and production of an Oratorio, "The Coming of Christ." We subjoin the account of a reporter who was present.

"The production of an oratorio by a Catholic composer is an event that must not be lightly passed over. We are glad to be

be able to record the very striking success of 'The Coming of Christ,' a new oratorio by the Very Rev. T. A. Burge, O.S.B., of Grassendale."

"It is no exaggeration to say that the work produced the most profound impression upon all that listened to it. With a unanimity quite remarkable the audience agreed that the originality, the religious feeling, and melodious character of the music was of the highest type. By general consent the choruses were pronounced to be the most striking features of the work. The variety of their treatment was quite remarkable. The first chorus, descriptive of the expulsion from Paradise, had a sad, threatening character, culminating in a fine climax: 'Remember, man, that thou art dust.' The men's chorus ('the Prayer of the Patriarchs') was finely scored and expressive of pleading, earnest cries for the Just One to come. 'Sweet Psalmist of Israel,' in praise of the Royal Prophet, was of a joyous, bright nature. It was perhaps the best rendered of all and the most popular. 'Jerusalem, turn thee to the Lord thy God' was also very impressive; but perhaps the most successful was the finale, 'Glory to God in the highest,' concluding with a triumphant fugue increasing in majesty and sonority to the very last 'Amen' (let it be said that there were only two 'Amens'). The music was not at all easy, and in parts the singers showed that a few more rehearsals would have been beneficial; but on the whole the chorus sang with a brightness and fire that was quite infectious. The soloists acquitted themselves well of their respective parts, although some very exacting passages fell to their lot. The bass was of an unusual calibre, the contralto of an exquisite sweetness and wealth of tone, and the soprano vigorous, full, and true; while the tenor, who was the Prior himself, expressed every shade of feeling demanded by the variety of his own composition. That composition has a note of distinction. Father Burge's music is of the modern school, his mastery of counterpoint is clear throughout, his rhythms varied and striking, but the great merit of the work is the religious, flowing melody, which, after all, must be the basis of all musical charm and attractiveness.

"We might, however, suggest that the work in parts would

not suffer by a little judicious pruning and compression, especially in the recitatives. But taking it all in all, it is a work of which Catholics in England may well feel proud, and we trust that Prior Burge may think well to reproduce it on some other occasion. No one who listened to it could fail to be deeply impressed. After hearing it, we understand why St. Philip Neri should have chosen such a means for reviving religious feelings among the Roman population. If such oratorios in the church are now rare, or even unknown, among us, we are the poorer therefor. The "Coming of Christ" was a sacred service in the highest sense of the word, deeply and intensely religious, and productive of emotions that constrained the heart to thoughts of holiness. This was Prior Burge's aim, and his labours attained it with the completest and most gratifying success."

We were pleased also to hear that Fr. Burge has edited the *Pascha Nostrum* of Bishop Hedley. The Motet was written by his Lordship more than thirty years ago and has become inseparably associated in the memories and hearts of all Amplefordians with the joys of Easter. With us it has become one of those 'institutions' which colleges prize and become fond of because they are so peculiarly their own. But we are unselfish enough to wish it the wider popularity and appreciation which its merits deserve.

Downside has for many years had a parish church separate and independent of the Abbey Church. Money is being got together to build a little church in Ampleforth village. Kirby Moorside and Helmsley are provided with Houses of God of their own. It is now time to look nearer home. A jumble sale in the village, held on the last two days of the year, has added more than £40 to the money already collected. The effort deserves success.

We wish to share in the joy of St. Michael's Cathedral Priory, Belmont, on the occasion of the profession of the first two novices it can call its own. They made their vows on the Feast of St. Thomas of Canterbury and are the foundation of a new and, let us hope, with the blessing of God, a great and prosperous community. The seed is sown in soil that has

been long prepared for the growth "quasi plantatio cedri in monte Libano," of a new "corona fratrum" around our Holy Father St. Benedict.

After definite assurances that they did not need authorization, it seems certain that our brethren of St. Edmund's Abbey Douai will be driven out of their home by the French Government. It is a great trial, but we are sure that the blessing of God will follow them wherever they go. God's Holy Will be done!

Our readers will be interested to learn that the College has been recognized by the Board of Education for the purposes of Regulation 3 (3) and Regulation 4 of the schedule to the Order in the Council of the 6th March, 1902. This will enable a large proportion of our masters to have their names inserted, in column B of the recently instituted Register of Teachers.

We do not profess to have any special knowledge of the history of the foundations of the great public schools. But we are quite sure Fr. Norbert Birt, in his justification of the name 'Downside School', is wrong in supposing that Winchester has no right to, and does not claim, the name of College. We have visited Winchester more than once and can safely assert that if one asked for the "School" he would be shown a detached building used for concerts and meetings. William of Wykeham's foundation is called in the charter, "Seinte Marie College of Wynchestre." Its true title has been, and no doubt always will be, Winchester College. We have always understood, and see as yet no reason to doubt it, that the name College was given by our forefathers to such scholastic institutions as professed to include in their Course other Schools of learning in addition to the Grammar School—Literæ Humaniores and Divinity, for instance. Our own Catholic establishments asserted their claim to be true Colleges very clearly in the names given in the old days to the various Forms. There were the Syntax Forms representing the Grammar School course; and then in addition to these, there were the Poetry, Rhetoric and Philosophy classes representing the Literæ Humaniores course. They were called Colleges because they gave, not a School education only, but a College education.

They had a further right to the name of College because of their schools of Divinity. May it not have been that the name "School" has become traditional in the case of some true Colleges simply because they have developed out of Grammar Schools? And does not the very government of the English Colleges, with their provosts or wardens and fellows derive itself from the Monastic school with its Prior and Community?

Our Oxford correspondent writes to say that a change has been made in the time allowed for taking the Pass Moderations Examination, which may make a considerable change in the Oxford course. Hitherto a man coming up to Oxford in October could not enter for Pass Moderations before June of the following year. By a statute passed last term, it is allowed, for the future, that a man should enter at the end of his second term. The importance of the change lies in this. There are men who enter to stay at the University only for three years, but, for obvious reasons, are desirous of taking an honours' degree. The obtaining of such a degree was often hindered by Pass Moderations coming at the end of the first year, as it made their first Long Vacation of very little use for their reading. They had not begun special preparation, and had not had the stimulus of lectures. Moreover many were spending valuable time over work which they were well able to get up in a shorter time. Now that they can enter at the end of their second term, they will have an extra term for direct reading on the subject of their final schools, besides a much more profitable Long Vacation. The change may have a wider influence still. It makes the three years course much more practicable than it was formerly, and many men may be tempted to take it, who hitherto have taken the four years course for granted. No doubt the full advantage of Oxford will continue to be derived from the longer period, but there are very obvious reasons why a shorter term will be chosen if available.

Fr. President has been giving the lectures to the Catholic undergraduates at Oxford during the past term. His subject was the Church in England from early times to the close of the Reformation. The change from the philosophical aspect of former lectures to the historical was a welcome one, and one that probably appeals to a majority of his audience. Though

the period over which he passed was lengthy, his judicious selection of the leading topics, and his authoritative guidance on many important controversies, made the addresses most useful and suitable. We are sorry to add that he was in by no means the best of health, but at the end of the eight weeks he had somewhat recovered. Next term Fr. V. McNabb, O.P., will give the lectures.

In the Canadian Rugby-Football team which came over to England to measure its strength with English teams and gain experience in the game, we noticed the name, Mr. G. W. M. Farrell. It was a pleasure to find that he—the Vice-Captain—was our old friend Gerald Farrell, always a keen footballer and athlete, who held and, we believe, still holds the mile and half-mile records in our Athletic Sports. We were glad to see him in England again, and wish to congratulate him, and B. Johnstone also, on having gained commissions. Mr. E. Connor has been distinguishing himself as a member of the Northern Nomads, an amateur Association football club on the lines of the Corinthians.

The following paragraph is taken from a local paper and has given us great pleasure:—

"Following his appointment as Medical Officer of Health for Longton in succession to his father, Dr. J. W. Dawes has also been appointed police surgeon for the Longton division. Both appointments are in every way appropriate, and have been received with general and hearty approbation. Dr. Dawes had for some time acted as his father's deputy in his public duties with complete satisfaction to all concerned, and his formal succession to the positions is not only a becoming tribute to the respect and admiration in which the late Dr. Dawes was held, but is entirely justified by Dr. Dawes' own high professional and personal qualifications. That Dr. Dawes may long live to continue a career so creditable to his late father and to himself is the prevailing feeling throughout Longton and amongst the new Medical Officer's many friends and well wishers in the surrounding district."

Mr. R. Finch's studies at Edinburgh have met with distin-

guished success. Besides nine first class certificates in various subjects, he has won three silver medals given by the Edinburgh veterinary medical society; one for veterinary Medicine and two others for Essays written, read, and defended before the society. He also received a bronze medal as Anatomy Demonstrator.

G. McDermott and T. Heffernan have entered at Dublin University. May happiness and success go with them!

We hope that the lecture Prince Ranjitsinhji so kindly gave the boys on "Fielding in Cricket" will bear fruit! In old days it was chiefly in this very important but somewhat neglected branch of Cricket education that the College eleven showed its superiority over ordinary club teams. The difference is not now strongly marked, and we do not think this is because the club teams have improved but because we have gone back. Pretty fielding is the true grace—no allusion to W. G.—of Cricket.

Hidden among the flowers "that strewed the green lap of the new-come Spring" lurked the, not very deadly but decidedly unpleasant, microbes of the mumps. The visitation was a short one, but for all that it outstayed its welcome. At the same time a rude North-Wester laboured in its vocation rather too strenuously for our comfort, and besides playing havoc with the slates and lead of our roofs, it threw down some thirty trees in the College woods. We could ill spare them.

To the "ordinati" our warmest wishes and felicitations. Bishop Isley officiated, and Fr. Wilfrid Willson was ordained priest, Brs. Lawrence Buggins and Hildebrand Dawes received the diaconate, and Brs. Dominic Willson and Benedict Hayes were made sub-deacons. Br. Dominic Willson has succeeded Fr. Elphege Hind in the administration of the *Journal* and Br. Anselm Parker in the care of the Library. We have many benefactors to thank for gifts to the Library and we gratefully acknowledge the kindness of Abbot Bury, Abbot Gasquet, Frs. Whittle, Pippet, Hutchison, G. Brown, Crow, J. P. Willson, and C. L. Taylor, Esq., in adding to our fine collection.

Fr. B. Hutchison's retirement from the management of Workington is a serious loss to the mission. His success has been such that if a continuance of health had been granted him

he would have left the church entirely relieved from its burthens. As it is, he has done a work which we honestly believe no one else would have done with the same success. He has left a comparatively easy task to his successor. We hope that his rest from worry and work may bring him full and quick restoration to his usual robust health. His place has been taken by Fr. Duggan from St. Anne's Liverpool, whose place again has been filled by Fr. Elphege Hind. Here let us give our heartiest thanks to Fr. Elphege for his energetic and prosperous management of the *Journal* and *Library*. His arrangement and cataloguing of the *Library* is a magnificent piece of work which will keep his name in remembrance. The good wishes of all at Ampleforth follow him on his missionary career.

The Boys' Retreat during the last days of Holy Week was given by Fr. E. Matthews. Fr. W. Darby preached a *Lenten Mission* in St. Alban's, Warrington. At St. Alban's also, Fr. A. Crow delivered three discourses on "Rome" in connection with his recent visit there. Fr. Chas. Swarbreck lectured to the Catholic Association on his experiences in South Africa as an Army Chaplain.

Abbot Gasquet's most excellent *Short History of the Catholic Church in England* needs neither our recommendation nor our advertisement. Whatever our Father President writes is sure to find readers, and the fact that his little book is published by the Catholic Truth Society makes it certain that the majority of English Catholics will be certain to meet with it. But we may be permitted to express a wish that it may soon appear in a large-print edition. No doubt it has most admirable uses as a pamphlet, but it deserves also a place, and a good one, in the library. We think it quite the best of all the Truth Society's excellent historical publications.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the *Downside Review*, the *Dunai Magazine*, the *Sloughurst Magazine*, the *Ratcliffian*, the *Ushaw Magazine*, the *Beaumont Review*, the *Révue Bénédictine*, the *Abbey Student*, the *Harvest*, the *Oratory School Magazine*, the *Raven*, the *Bocdo*, the *St. Augustine's*, Ramsgate, the *Studien und Mittheilungen*, the *Osotion*, *De Maria-Groot*, and *Bulletin de St. Martin*.