

THE AMPLEFORTH JOURNAL



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by Whiteside - v.p. 113

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PART I

Ampleforth, July 23rd, 1903.

An Address.*

It is the prince of Philosophers who says that "Memory" is a function of the great cardinal virtue of Prudence. For it is the office of Prudence to formulate the teachings of experience; and experience could never be made articulate without Memory. From which it is clear that the Philosopher is not speaking merely of that dumb and passive memory which is like the imagination made more or less permanent; a kind of memory which is possessed even by the non-intelligent creatures. He means, rather, that power whose work it is not merely *meminisse*, but *reminisci*; to call up, contemplate, and co-ordinate the past. It is a precious gift, and those who possess it in its fulness and who use it well are among the best teachers of the human race.

I do not pretend, in the brief address which it is my privilege to make to the sons and friends of St. Lawrence's on this hundredth anniversary of her establishment at Ampleforth, to touch upon all the points of interest connected with her vicissitudes and those of her children, during that long stretch of years. But filial piety, gratitude to God, a modest pride, and a genuine interest in a little corner of history which has its teachings and its touching memories, justify and demand a few words, as part of the celebration of this festival time.

* Delivered by the Bishop of Newport at the Centenary Celebration.

A hundred years is a long time for the imagination to make a complete and continuous picture of. Of that which has passed away, like that which is out of sight, it is difficult to see mentally at one glance more than a very little—more than the few years or the few miles that are nearest to us. You look out over the western ocean, and you say to yourself that between the shore on which you stand and the coast of the new world there stretch so many thousand miles of tumbling water; but you cannot make an image or picture of more than three or four. Standing in 1903, and looking back to 1802, we try to realize the years of Ampleforth. But the picture, as a whole, is dim and undefined. It is severely foreshortened. A few points of light stand prominently out, but the dips and hollows between, and the innumerable details of each particular mile, are only a smooth and grey outline on which the mists of twilight have gathered. This is true even of that portion of the record which you yourself have lived in, or contributed to make. What we want is one of those new scientific toys, with a film that will take in a hundred years, and yet roll out in half an hour the living and breathing story, day by day, of the House we love.

That House, as one of its sons, once very familiar with it, approaches it from the valley below, seems to hold all the history of those hundred years in its silent stones. There is the old and original centre—the presbytery of Father Anselm Bolton. It was that front door which opened to admit Prior Appleton and Father Alexius Chew—"to begin the new convent," in December, 1802. It was in one of those rooms, on one side or other of the hall, that the sorely-tried community, very few in number, eat their first meals, and held their first councils. Other remains, that still emerge here and there, like fragments of the wall of Servius Tullius in the streets of Rome, indicate the oratory where Matins and Mass and Vespers first began to

sanctify the old hill-side. The west wing of the old House, now nearly hidden behind the church—that is to say, the venerated Chapel which served for 50 years—could speak of the daily Divine Office, the festival days, the Sundays, of that half century; of the men who by turns stood in the Prior's stall, of the generations of novices and monks and boys; of the old organ, the music and the ceremonies; and of the prayer of human hearts that rose to heaven every day. The eastern wing, that was built about the same time as the Church, saw, about the date of Waterloo, the young Augustine Baines organizing the school, and John Bede Polding, of Downside, for a brief time among the masters; and after that, in the old study, all the boys who toiled at learning, all the good monks who taught classics, history and mathematics, till the Crimean war and the Indian Mutiny were well over. The added top-story that finished off Father Bolton's Presbytery would be too discreet to reveal the crowded state of the College dormitory in the days before the hegira of '30, or its mournful emptiness for ten years after that. The Refectory block could describe Dr. Bede Brewer—the man who really founded Ampleforth. In his old age, whilst the versatile Burgess was Prior, the venerable Father, who had been through everything, from the Sorbonne to the Revolution, from the early Laurentian wanderings in England to the quiet mission of Woolton, used to watch the walls go up of that Refectory, with dormitory over it, where so many generations have eaten and slept, held their Exhibitions, and packed up for the holidays. The Church comes next. The Prior and Council who planned it, begged for it, and built it, the monks and novices who laboured in it and round it, as it went up, the long series of benefactors who helped to adorn it, the office, the ritual, the music, the sermons—the ordinations, the professions—the boys who said their first night prayers at College before its altar, and went on from step to step till they left for the Apostolic

mission, and the others who, although they went into the world, so often came back with softened hearts—the Church knows them all. The College, again—the new College, as we called it forty years ago—holds the record of a time comparatively modern. There, for forty years, the modern Prefect, serious and exact, the modern Master, with his methods and *subsidia*, and the modern boy with expensive school-books and hard examinations before his eyes, have impressed their subliminal selves on the walls and the rafters—had we as yet the secret of spiritualistic reproduction to make them visible to the sympathetic audience of to-day. Even the new Monastery holds some history. Some nine years have passed away since the trenches were cut—and its story has begun to build itself up, its material and human associations have begun to accumulate—as they will do, let us pray, for a hundred years still, and more—to be recalled and admired by a company which will include not one of those present here to-day, but which will still carry on the unbroken continuity of St. Lawrence's.

When we meditate on this range of buildings, the material embodiment of the annals of Ampleforth, standing along the hill, with the crest of the hill above, and the wide valley beneath, we must remember, first of all, that for a hundred years it has been the home of a Brotherhood; the home of that illustrious and unique type of human Brotherhood which rests upon the vows of the cenobitical state. Here is the home of men who have not only put up strong spiritual barriers of renunciation between themselves and the dangers of this life, but who have joined hands in order to re-inforce the spiritual by the physical and the social; in order to find obedience, personal help, common prayer, and that play of mutual give and take which not only holds men up, but disciplines the spirit like no other thing. Here men have dwelt together in order and unity. Here there has been the choir, the cloister, the calefactory,

the refectory, the dormitory. All these years they have prayed together, read together, worked together, sat round the same board, slept under the same holy invocations, and taken their recreation by the same fireside and in the same walks and labours. In all the world there is nothing more delightful to the purified sense than religious Brotherhood. That is the reason why the ancient Hebrew psalmist describes it by that favourite Oriental image of what is pleasant and good, the lavish out-pouring of precious balsam. This House has been to this Brotherhood a true and real home. Not a man who has worn the holy habit here but has felt that it was his own house; that he could freely occupy and use it in all things reasonable; that there was no other place in the world where he could do the same; that within those precincts he was at ease, free to live in his state, not answerable to any man for his observance, not indebted to any man's courtesy for his frugal living. From this house no one had the right to turn him out, and he could safely spend himself in cherishing it, adding to it, adorning it and helping it on. And when he went out—it might be for long spaces—to labour for souls, it always remained his own house, and he could come back to it, use it, rest in it, and, if God willed, die under its roof, and be laid in the cemetery within its enclosure.

A Brotherhood which has lived in the same house for a hundred years must have some fairly marked characteristics. I do not go back to Dieulouart. The men of this house of Ampleforth should be distinguishable among other men, and even other Brotherhoods. They have been children of the Catholic Church, monks, priests, teachers of youth, missionaries. In these respects they resemble others of their countrymen. St. Lawrence's would never presume to say or think that it was better than any other house, secular or regular. It would rather, at an anniversary like this, contemplate its littleness, confess its shortcomings, and if it looked abroad at all, acknowledge with gratitude to God the achievements of other communities.

But still, among ourselves, without making any comparison, it is tempting to analyse what the Laurentian quality has been.

I find first of all, therefore, that as a Brotherhood, these walls testify that the Laurentians have been tenacious and tough. There is nothing in the annals of British Church-history to me so touching as the story of how the English Benedictines saved their corporate existence after the French Revolution. St. Lawrence's, for example, was reduced to half-a-dozen men and boys, practically without money, having no home or house, hardly a friend, and with no prospect except dissolution. There were Laurentian Fathers on some of the missions; but the question was, whether the handful of wanderers could re-found conventual life. Unless that could be done, the house must perish. It was done. Declining to give in, or to merge themselves in any other organization, the Laurentians, after two or three stumbles, found their feet on this spot where we stand, and began conventual life, with a community consisting of the Prior, one priest, one professed junior, three novices, and a laybrother. Again, after 1830, when the "break-up" had left St. Lawrence's stripped of her best men, crippled in her resources, her community demoralized and her flourishing school of 80 boys reduced to 30, it was the dogged and tenacious determination of half-a-dozen Laurentians that saved the House. You may read the struggles of the twenty years, from 1830 to 1850, in the History; and you may see how men, neither very clever nor very enthusiastic, bent their backs to do the thing that ought to be done, as well as they could see how. When the Church had to be built, and then the College, it was again in each case a crisis of great moment—a question of swimming or sinking—and there were equally inadequate means, and a similar spirit of determination. When, from time to time, in the monastery or in the school, studies have had to be re-organized, or other

changes made, St. Lawrence's had generally to depend—too much perhaps—upon herself. Her out-of-the-way position, far from London, in a district with few Catholics, has not only helped to keep her comparatively unknown, but has prevented even the friends who knew her from paying her visits. Hence it is not wonderful if at times she has been behindhand in ideas, in information, in fashions. But for whole-hearted steady and thorough practice and exercise of all the ways and means she had, those who look back at the last half-century are inclined to say that the spirit of the house was admirable. Toughness and tenacity are powerful forces. They are apt to be most strongly displayed in an uphill game and a losing race. But let St. Lawrence's, in her present prosperity, remember where her power lies, and beware of depending chiefly on anything but her own fibre and muscle.

I would set down, as a second characteristic of our fathers in their generation, a certain simplicity of aim and practice, which, although not always strikingly successful as this world goes, is very pleasing to look back to. By simplicity, however, I do not mean the liability to be taken in. Our historian, it is true, has enlarged, with meritorious candour, on the numerous mistakes of early Amplefordian Priors and others; and perhaps the "break-up" itself may be set down to an excessive readiness to listen to the voice of the charmer. But I should not admit that the last fifty years have been characterized by folly or stupidity; quite the contrary. By simplicity I mean a devotion to plain duty, accompanied, to a certain extent, by a more or less ostentatious distrust of the ornaments and accessories of duty. The Laurentian has known that he had to observe his rule and constitutions, to make good and sufficient studies, to teach boys, and to be an efficient missionary priest. This, with few exceptions, he has striven to carry out, during one hundred years. He has done more. He has had what may be described as a

loyal devotion to all these things. Unless he devoted himself to them, he would be a pretender and an imposter; and that he could not brook. It was his pride not to be a humbug. But, in his own phrase, he aspired to the reality, and not to the outward show. If he dutifully kept up his Divine Office at five o'clock in the morning, he might object to an elaborate ceremonial in choir. If he knew he was a real monk, he might think it a trivial matter to trouble about small details of the monk's habit. If he prayed, and accepted his mortifications, he might fret at long services or at formal silences. If he knew his theology, what matter if he could not talk Latin like a Roman student? He might not be acquainted with the niceties of scholarship, but he could give his pupils a very real knowledge of Virgil, Horace and Homer. Perhaps he could not handle a science like philology with certainty, but he had a sound and extensive knowledge of English literature. A temper and disposition like this has its admirable side, and it has its drawbacks. I am far from even hinting that the present Laurentian generation, whilst retaining what is so admirable, has not altogether cleared itself of the attendant weaknesses I have described. I speak of the past.

I should be inclined, finally, to claim for Amplefordians the praise of industry and hard work. This may not seem a very specific distinction; probably every Catholic community in the country would assert it, with greater or less truth. But what I have in my mind is this. From the moment that the Revolution threw our communities, secular or regular, upon this country, up to the present day, it has been more or less an unvarying feature in their arrangements that the students of philosophy and theology, whilst studying themselves, should also teach grammar and other things to the boys. I except the Jesuit communities, who have a different system. It is evident that, in our College system as here described, the danger will be very great

that a young master will neglect his own studies in order to devote himself to his boys. What I believe is that at Ampleforth, the vast majority of the monks have neglected neither themselves nor their boys. As all who have any experience in the matter know, it requires the most strenuous industry not to fail on one side or the other. A man must be both hard working and a good manager to carry out well this double work. Those of different generations—and various generations are now here present—can testify that, in their day, there was a feeling for work, an appreciation of study, and a sense of responsibility, in the rank and file of the house—to say nothing of the higher professors—which made them understand the value of time and the claim of duty. And I know of no better training, provided the pressure be not too great.

The foremost place in the memories awakened by this anniversary must, as all will admit, be taken by the Monks who have lived within these walls. But in passing from reminiscence to reflection, I have the right to take in a wide circle, and to speak of every man who calls himself a Laurentian. The connection of a school with the monastery furnishes a feature of this centennial commemoration which I am certainly the last to overlook. Of the history of the school itself I am going to say nothing. But I recognize very willingly that when we speak of the hundred years gone by, the men who have passed through that school, in its various generations, may love and venerate their Alma Mater—and I trust have always done so—as sincerely as her own Monks.

We find ourselves to-day, then, gathered together to honour this House as if we stood round a shrine, or on earth made sacred by antiquity, heroism and prodigy.

Is this empty sentiment? Or is it useful, praiseworthy, and even inevitable?

It is certain that this feeling of interest, joy and reverence is very natural. Few men can visit Iona or Marathon,

without being moved. And the wisest part of mankind will always think that a man who is not moved under such circumstances is not to be envied or admired. For the admiration of what is great or beautiful, and at the same time hallowed by age, and consecrated by human sympathy—this is no mere flutter of the æsthetic sense; it touches emotions which, if not the highest and the deepest in our spiritual nature, are those without whose concurrence even intelligence and intellectual will are not easily set in motion.

For example, as it seems to me, when we honour or interest ourselves in a good old House that has the honours of a hundred years, we recognize the enormous advantage which all good progress gains from the existence of strong centres of physical and moral stability like the English Catholic Colleges and monasteries. Every one knows that much that is good, and noble, and useful to the world in the action and lives of men, perishes because so many men have no following, no backing, no successors. The flower blooms, but when the seed is ripe, there is no kindly earth to receive it, to hold it, and to make it possible for it to wait for the rains and the sunshine. It is not fancy, but sobriety, to look upon St. Lawrence's at Ampleforth, and other houses like her, as a castle, a post, an entrenchment, with banners ever flying, in the interests of most of the things that we value in this world—faith, conduct, letters. She came into being to maintain them. She has struggled, more or less, all along, against the influences that aimed at destroying them. She kept up her Brotherhood and strengthened and extended her material walls, for their sake. When a good cause was in jeopardy, she threw her influence into the fight. As a home, and a community, with a responsible roof-tree and a respectable foot-hold, she gave her countenance to what was right and good, and frowned upon what was bad and wrong. She was not obliged to be for a cause or against a

cause, or else to perish; caution and mature reflection found a home within her gates, merely because she was solid, actual and rooted in the ground, and because she could not alter or disappear without a certain lapse of time. In each generation a great deal of what was sound and profitable found its way within her courts, and was absorbed by her and became part of her substance, not again to be easily got out of her. Let it not seem high-flown and unreal thus to set up Ampleforth as a power in the world. It is not intended to make any special claim for her in this behalf. What she is, many other houses and communities are—and they may, or may not, be her superiors. But in honouring her, her sons recognize in her that she stands, and that she has stood, and they honour her for that. Many of them would go further, and would rejoice, not merely in this essential and substantial stability, but in every tradition and custom that has clustered round her observance. There is much that is picturesque and sentimental in old customs; but there is nearly always something that is valuable as well. St. Anselm used to say that even if the customs of a monastery seemed useless, provided they are not contrary to God's law, a man should "refuse to pass judgment on them." Thus, a little enthusiastically, a little blindly, a little obstinately, but still with sound reasons to give to any man, we honour the old House for standing so long.

There is, I think, another feeling that is moved to express itself to-day, and that is, aspiration. There has been something of the heroic in our history. There have been some good names, and some good things done. But even if this were less true than it is, she is with us, and she is old and venerable—and no son of hers but wants to do her credit and not to disgrace her. The annals of the hundred years gone by are, as I have said, dim and grey. Even the pages of the History only record facts and words here and there. The old House veils and hides, for-

ever let us hope, what was imperfectly done or unwisely uttered; but a great deal of the good work, the persevering struggle, the success, the efficacy, of the past, is felt by all of us to express itself in her features, now that we are face-to-face with her this week. We think we have in St. Lawrence's of Ampleforth an Alma Mater to whom we may look up; a mother honourable, noble and pleasant. Among the motives that incline men to good, and induce them to lead useful and creditable lives, there are few (outside of those directly religious) which are more powerful than one's hold on an inspiring tradition. To most of us our Alma Mater has been a blessing, in our education and our training. But these things one might perhaps have had in any school or seminary. What she has done for us that nothing else could do, is to associate us definitely with her own venerable past, to make us members of an honourable family, to infuse into our veins the blood of a worthy and even noble lineage, that ought to oblige, and does oblige, every man to act, speak and think on a level that will not be below her own history. This, I cannot doubt, is a living emotion made more actual by this centenary.

This family festival will also, unless I am mistaken, deepen another feeling—that of loyalty towards the old place. Loyalty means, first, affection, and secondly, service. Of our love, I will say no more, except this—that St. Lawrence's does not want either gushing protestations or inept flattery. The filial affection of a man who foolishly praises her, may, in some cases, be pardonable, and even touching. But it does her no good. Those who love her should do her service. She stands now on the threshold of a second century of life. May she prosper through every year of it! It bids fair to be a stirring and exacting century. The old questions are always with us, and the old contests, with fresh combatants, will have to be fought over again. But the machinery of human life seems now

to have been quickened; as if, among our discoveries, there were some universal force which made every wheel go round faster and faster. To meet these altered conditions, all the faculties a man possesses have to be altered to a new adjustment, and disciplined to a greater acuteness and staying power. St. Lawrence's cannot afford to plod on with methods that are antiquated and ways that are easy. To do her bare justice, her history shows that she has over and over again refused to be tied down to what seemed out of date. Now, more than ever, her loyal sons must bestir themselves. What I ventured to prophesy eighteen years ago has come about—and St. Lawrence's is an Abbey. The good Priors of the olden time were figures that I like to think about—homely, many of them, hard-working, bound up in Ampleforth, and some of them very successful. But an Abbot! I picture an Abbot as a very great man indeed. If we have any loyalty, we will make him a great man. A mitre, like a King's crown, is only a phantom, and a ridiculous phantom, unless it is raised aloft on a solid and substantial commonwealth. Unless St. Lawrence's has amplitude, numbers, men who can conduct departmental work, men of initiative though subordinate, men of good-will, concord and efficiency, her Abbot's throne will not be more than the Prior's chair used to be—and it would be more honest and more dignified not to call it a throne. An Abbot need not be a mere figure-head, sitting with hands on knee like an Egyptian god. But the Abbot's activity should be among the *causæ majores*—the things of higher import. He must have time to think out the relations of his House with the Church, with the Order, with the Catholic condition of this country, with studies, and with education. As for the materials on which he must depend for his views and his statesmanship—finance, order, observance, study, College work, missionary labour—these things should be handled by the loyal men in charge of them, each in his respective

grade, with a completeness and a single-mindedness that will never show either a break-down in efficiency or a trace of ambition. And there should not be a son of St. Lawrence's, in any part of the world, who should not be solicitous to add to her prestige and to advance her prosperity. It is only by strenuous loyalty of this kind that we can prove the sincerity of our love and our reverence. And I feel sure that as we separate, after this triduum of memories, it will be with feelings charged with the gravity of the present moment. There are three branches of Education which, as we speak, are being especially pressed forward by those who may, in this sense, be called rivals of St. Lawrence's; ecclesiastical education, university education, and secondary or College education. To fall behind in either branch would be calamitous and ruinous. Every son and friend of Ampleforth must get rid of illusions, and take in the situation as it is. That is what our best men would have done. To be content with anything that is not first-rate, would be unworthy of the hundred years that are now completed.

Thus Memory formulates experience, and what has been forms a lesson for what is, and is to come. The past comes back—now clearly, now faintly, like the trembling vibrations of the lyre that the wind sweeps over. Those assembled here to-day have each their own recollections, emotions, associations, on an anniversary which thus recalls the varied past, with its lights and shadows, its sorrows and its joys. There are some of us who can go back beyond the Jubilee of 1852—and we remember how we looked forward then to another 50 years, not realizing that God would grant us to see them. There are some who have worked for Ampleforth during the last generation, and who are vigorous still and strong. There are younger men who live perhaps too strenuously in the present to understand adequately how softening and sanctifying are the memories of the past. There are friends here who

come from other *Almæ Matres*, and who will deeply sympathise with all our filial demonstrations. It is good to have come together—and to thank God for all His goodness and His grace, whilst we humbly pray that in the dark and hidden future He still may watch over St. Lawrence's.

✠ J. C. H.

Mariolatry: Ex Ore Infantis.

Dear Blessed Virgin, dare I say i—
Before thy Feet, which trod the way
To Bethlehem, I kneel and pray:—
Sweet Mother Mary! May I be
Another Little Child to thee?

Dear Blessed Virgin, dare I say i—
Upon thy Lap, where Jesus lay,
My hands are resting, while I pray:—
Sweet Mother Mary, let me be
Another Little Child to thee!

Dear Blessed Virgin, dare I say i—
My arms are round thy Neck all day:—
My lips are on thy Lips, that pray
To Christ:—"My Babe! May this one be
Thy Brother, since he loveth Thee,—
Another Little Child to me?"

C. W. H.

The Centenary.

ONLY those who took part in the Centenary Celebrations in July last can know just exactly wherein they differed from other celebrations. In a very literal sense they would have aptly served to grace any other festival. We have very limited means at command to express our joy. We laugh and we shout; we sing, make speeches, hang up flags, light bonfires and—our resources are already at an end. We can do no more and no less whether the occasion be centenary, jubilarian, or only annual. We pin a different badge on the celebrations, and that is all. But in our own hearts we know and feel a difference. An extern looking on at the Ampleforth centenary might have seen very little to distinguish it from our annual Exhibition. He would have noticed that the guests were more numerous and more distinguished, and the festivities brighter and more protracted. He might have detected an unusual tremor in the voices as the great *Te Deum* filled the church. He would certainly have seen signs of unusual emotion in the faces of the listeners to the eloquent centenary address. But to him it would have been a "rejoicing beyond a common joy" and that is all. To us it was a great deal more. It was something that could not happen oftener than once in a hundred years. The spirit of the centenary met us with the carriages at the railway station and stayed with us throughout the week. It was present with us as we sat at table and took part in the plays and games. It made the sunshine centenary sunshine, and the rain—there was very little of it thank God!—nothing but centenary showers. It had not altogether left us and was smouldering still, like the ashes of the bonfire, when we booked our return tickets at Gilling or



THE RIGHT REV. J. O. SMITH, O.S.B., D.Ph.
First Abbot of Ampleforth.

York. But, how to record it! It is impalpable, indescribable. There are such things as birthday honours and jubilee honours; and most of these carry with them the privilege of prefixing or adding a few letters to the names ennobled by them. Would that there were some such simple means of conveying to the reader that all the events of the three days—July 21st, 22nd, and 23rd, were distinguished for all time by their connexion with the centenary of St. Lawrence's!

There are two things which the reader will not expect in this brief chronicle: one is a review of the past; the other is an expression of the sympathy of Laurentians with their fellow Catholics—and indeed with all the world—on the passing away of the illustrious Pontiff Leo XIII. The first has been done, as no one else could have done it, by Bishop Hedley in his manly and touching address. The second would be out of place in an account of festivities. It will be sufficient to say that the sad event was none the less, perhaps all the more, deeply felt by us because of its incidence at the commencement of the festivities. We could not give it all the attention we would have wished then, and we shall be excused if we take but little note of it now. Nevertheless, the beginning of the triduum of festivities was postponed until after the singing of a Solemn Requiem for the repose of the soul of the deceased Pontiff. It was a filial duty which came before all else. We could not begin to think of ourselves as Laurentians until we had paid, as Catholics, our tribute of love and respect to our Holy Father.

The list of visitors on the occasion is such a long one that we shall not be expected to record it. We were honoured by the presence of four Bishops—the Right Rev. Bishop Hedley, O.S.B., the Right Rev. Bishop Lacy, the Right Rev. Bishop Mostyn, and the Right Rev. Bishop Graham; and also by the presence of our Father President, Prior Cummins, the Prior of Downside, the Very

Rev. Provincials of the Dominicans and Jesuits, the Rector of Mount St. Mary's, the Presidents of Ratcliffe and Prior Park, and the Vice-Presidents of Ushaw and St. Edmund's. Nearly a hundred guests were accommodated in the monastery and college, and above a hundred sat with us at table.

The programme of the first day consisted of Golf, Cricket and Theatricals, with eating and drinking at intervals. The relative importance of the functions is a matter of taste or inclination. One is reminded of the late Phil May's humorous sketch and the appended dialogue: "*Jones*, 'Do you drink between meals?' *Smith*, 'No, I eat between drinks.'" Whether the amusements were the structural items of the programme and the meals a filling up between, or whether the amusements supplied rational occupation between the more important business of the table, may be permitted to remain undecided. We Englishmen have been reproached that we cannot celebrate anything without a dinner. We plead guilty to the impeachment. We do find it necessary to eat and drink even when we are trying to enjoy ourselves. We do not pretend to be able to rejoice on an empty stomach. We think it a very admirable arrangement that, in our own and so many other languages, the same word should signify both a banquet and a solemnity. Whether the dinner makes the occasion, or the occasion makes the dinner is all one to most of us. All that we exact is that they should be of just proportion, the one with the other. The centenary commissariat rose, both æsthetically and practically, to the occasion. The Great Cloister made an admirable Refectory *d'occasion*. It was roomy, bright, and artistic, and though at a considerable distance from the culinary quarters, the tables were well served.

The Golf and Cricket matches filled up the daylight of a very pleasant day. We hesitate to apply the epithet

"centenary" to them, though we dare not doubt they were of centenary excellence. Mr. T. Ainscough's masterly innings of 158 is quite likely to stand as a record in such matches for another century. But a "centenary" game of golf or cricket suggests something more old-fashioned than we witnessed on the up-to-date links or the fine cricket-field. Tip-and-run on a village green would have been more to the point. Would it not have been "as good as play" if some of our older visitors had "picked sides" among themselves and given us an hour or two of the cricket of a century ago:—flannel-suits rigidly debarred; tall hats *en rigle*; peg-top trousers desirable; underhand bowlers at both ends at the same time; batsmen slogging at everything;—the noisy waste-no-time, unscientific cricket of the merry days of old?

The first day ended with an excellent representation of the *Critic*. It is an old friend. We have seen it more than once before. "Give these fellows a good thing and they never know when to have done with it," said Mr. Puff. Give the audience a really good thing and be sure they will not soon tire of it. We were honestly glad to see the old piece again and to see it so well done.

Wednesday's programme was of a more serious cast. There was a Pontifical Mass sung by Bishop Hedley, at which Abbot Gasquet preached. We are pleased to be able to give Father President's able address for the most part in his own words. He took as his text:—

Unless the grain of wheat falling into the ground die, itself remaineth alone. But if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit.—
[John xii. 24, 25.]

"These words of our Blessed Lord seem to find a special meaning in conjunction with our celebration to-day. They were spoken, as you all remember, under circumstances tending to render them most impressive and their lesson most suggestive. The occasion was that of our Lord's triumphant entry into Jerusalem, when the multitude moved

by the account of the miracle of Lazarus' resurrection from the tomb welcomed the wonder-worker with their Hosannas. Even His enemies confessed that "the whole world is gone after Him" and the Gentiles besought the Apostles to enable them "to see Jesus."

"It was under these circumstances that our Lord Himself proclaimed that "the hour is come that the son of man should be glorified," and lest there should be a mistake as to His real meaning He proceeded to illustrate it in three ways. First He points to the teaching of nature: using the words of my text "Unless the grain of wheat" die it brings not forth the full ear of "much fruit." Secondly He lays it down as certain, and as if within the experience of His disciples, that all who would be with Him must prove their friendship by their service and that it is faithful service that is rewarded: "If any man minister to me, him will my Father honour." And thirdly He proclaimed one of those laws of the spiritual life which the world finds it so difficult to understand and hard to accept. "He that loveth his life," He says, "shall lose it; and he that hateth his life in this world, keepeth it unto life eternal."

The lesson is obvious enough to us. Our Lord would have us know that the fuller life comes only through death; true joy only through sorrow; true rest only through labour and pain; true reward only through service; true glory only through sacrifice. After all is this more than the utterance of one of those divine contradictions which we find so often expressed in the record of Christ's teaching: "The first shall be last," for example, and "the last shall be first." "He that shall leave all things for my name sake shall receive a hundred fold in this life and life eternal." "He that shall lose his life shall find it" and the rest. These and other teachings of this kind practically convey the same lesson as those words spoken, as if to discount the popular welcome and the transient glory of the triumphal entry. "Unless the grain of wheat

falling into the ground die, itself remaineth alone. But if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." Out of His suffering and death was to come the joys of the Resurrection; or, as he said Himself on the first Easter day at Emmaus: "*Ought not Christ to have suffered all these things and so have entered into His glory.*"

I recall this thought to your minds to-day because the great celebration we are keeping seems to me to illustrate this great Christian principle. We see round about us on every side evidence of the harvest, of the hundred fold in this life, of the "much fruit" that has sprung from the grain of wheat our forefathers sowed in Faith and loving confidence in God. And if we look back across the century of years to the beginning we seem to see a few earnest devoted men preparing the ground and to hear the voice of the Psalmist encouraging them at their daily task in the words "They that sow in tears: shall reap in joy. Going forth they went their way weeping: casting their seeds. But returning they shall come back with joy: bearing their sheaves." Theirs was a life of faith and many were the ventures they made for it, many too were the discouragements and trials, aye and almost disasters, they had to encounter and which would have unnerved and disheartened, if they did not altogether deter, many men less resolute, less single-minded than they.

A hundred years! How difficult it is to realize the condition of things a hundred years ago when the first colony of monks took possession of Ampleforth. To-day we see this magnificent pile of buildings; this abbey church with all its rich adornments; yonder college with its vast hall, its rooms and cloisters; and that beautiful monastery, which is the latest evidence of the working of the spirit which presides within these walls. Go back in imagination a century and what have we? A small, grey, square-built house and a handful of monks, most of them young and inexperienced, all of them weary with many

wanderings, thankful to accept the shelter which Providence had almost unexpectedly prepared for them in this beautiful Yorkshire Valley, in the year 1803.

It is always a pleasure to linger over the first beginnings of great things. So whilst our thoughts recall the first small home of the community of St. Lawrence's on this spot, the very walls of which are as it were enshrined in the buildings of subsequent generations, let us ask what chance had led this remnant of a community to this place.

Our thoughts go back to the year 1789 when Richard Marsh was elected Prior of Dieulouard. The Revolution had already begun, and five years later the monks were driven out of the monastery which had been their home for more than a hundred and eighty years. Prior Marsh did all that it was possible for him to do. He had already sent off some of the monks to England. But on October 13th, the date of the fire which had destroyed the monastery seventy-six years before, St. Lawrence's was sacked by the Revolutionaries, and four monks were seized and put in prison. One of them died very shortly after. Fr. Dawber, also, in 1814, died of a disease contracted in the prison at Pont à Mousson in the years 1793—1802.

Arrived in England Dr. Marsh gathered together the brethren who remained at Acton Burnell. They lived there in utter poverty, and public subscriptions were solicited for the poor but necessary articles of furniture required for the new home.

From the year 1794 to 1802 the history of St. Lawrence's is a history of wanderings in search of a home. Halts were made for a time at Birkenhead, at Scholes near Prescot, at Vernon Hall, and at Parbold. It was in 1802 that the remnant of the community of St. Lawrence's reached Ampleforth.

In December of that year Fr. Appleton who had been elected Prior, took up his residence in Ampleforth Lodge.

There had been much discussion what was best to be done. Counsels were divided. But finally President Brewer fixed on Ampleforth as the future monastery of St. Lawrence. Dr. Marsh remained at Parbold. Fr. Anselm Bolton, through whom the property had been obtained, was then the senior member of the Laurentian familia. He was fifty years a monk in 1803, the year after he retired from the home which had been built for him and two years before his death.

In 1803 the President professed Fr. Clement Rishton for St. Lawrence's. In June 1804 Fr. Appleton says that he has professed three on the 9th and a fourth will be professed soon. The Community and College at that time consisted of two priests, five religious, one lay-brother and nine boys.

In 1807 took place the first ordination at Ampleforth. The Vicar Apostolic was Bishop Gibson. A touching incident that should not be forgotten is connected with this first episcopal ceremony. Learning of the distress and difficulty of their secular brethren, who were striving to found their Northern College, the Laurentians, in spite of their own poverty, made up "a small purse" for his Lordship, to help the removal of the students from Crook Hall to Ushaw.

A century ago the English Benedictines could not see their way before them. They had been driven out of their old refuges on the Continent and were proscribed in their own land, among their own people. They were homeless and friendless—friendless, all the more because of their loyalty to their own country, because they were as uncompromisingly English as they were Catholics. They were in the lowest state of poverty. The laws against Catholics were, most of them, still in vogue. They had doubts if they would be allowed to remain in England. Moreover, Catholicism in the North of England was never at so low an ebb. The congregations of the faithful were

lessening in numbers—dying out in fact. Even Lancashire, the stronghold of Catholicity in England, could boast of no more than 50,000 Catholics in the year 1804.

What were the Benedictines to do? What they did was to remain staunch to their own country; even at the risk of extinction they determined to remain in England and devote themselves to its service. This they regarded as their duty, the primary and indeed essential duty of the English Benedictine.

All that has been done since is the outcome of this decision. The successful work of the past century is the work that was initiated between the years 1800 and 1820. Though in such desperate straits, our Fathers never wavered and it is to their courage and wisdom that the English Benedictines owe their proud position in the present day.

Look round about and see the result. They tilled the ground and sowed the seed; look at the harvest we have gathered. They sowed in tears; we reap in joy. They sowed in tears, but in faith. They knew the end was in God's hands, and they had faith—a faith which showed to them in vision what we see to-day. It is faith, entire faith, whole-souled and simple, which can alone do great works for God. When Heine was in Amiens, in the presence of the noble Cathedral, looking upon the work of the Ages of Faith, he said "opinions cannot build as convictions can." There is nothing really great in the Church of God, there is nothing really wonderful in the works of man, but has been begun and carried to its completion by Faith.

So, in spite of poverty and difficulty and troubles, such as we cannot bring ourselves to think of to-day, our Fathers laboured on for full fifty years. Then came the beginning of brighter and more prosperous days, and churches and colleges and monasteries and flourishing missions are the rich harvest of the determination and self-denial and faith of those who have gone before us.

And what of us who have inherited the results of such labours? What will future generations say of us? When another hundred years has passed away and others are gathered together, as we are now, to celebrate a fresh centenary, will they say that we have been faithful to the tradition and the examples that were given us?

A new century, what does it mean to us? It will be allowed on all hands that its story will not be the same as that of the past. There are different problems before us; the conditions of our lives are changed; we are surrounded by new ideas, and enveloped in new thought; and it is possible that our surroundings are more dangerous really than the hard times in which our forefathers lived and worked.

God has a work in store for us. We have a call and a duty, but we cannot say what the call and duty will be. Herein lies the need for us to be prepared; herein lies the responsibility of life, of our lives as Catholics, of community life, of Benedictine life. And herein comes the utility of the past and its teaching—the past so full of warnings and fuller still of encouragement.

What seems to me certain is that every man will have his full measure of work for God before the day of his rest comes. We must be true to our calling as Benedictines and English Benedictines, and do the work that comes to our hands. I believe, nay I feel sure and certain, that our organization—or, perhaps I should say, our want of organization, our freedom to take up any work God may have in store for us, will enable us to do in our day what our Fathers have done in theirs.

Let our hearts go out to-day in thanks to our God! O how wonderful are thy works and ways, Almighty God! To Thy name all honour and praise for ever and ever, Amen!"

Games, excursions to places in the neighbourhood, and other diversions filled up the day, and the festivities were brought to a close with the performance of "Midsummer Night's Dream" by the Junior Students. It was an excellent piece of work, carefully considered and carefully executed in its smallest details. To witness it was a real pleasure from the first moment to the last. Music, acting and scenery were all so good that we hesitate to say more for fear our readers may suspect either our honesty or our judgment. "And the evening and the morning were the second day."

The Mass on the third day was sung by the Prior of Downside. A word of praise may be given here to the choir and orchestra, which executed all their trying work with taste and precision, and showed no signs of weariness even at the close of the third day. De Witt's mass was carefully prepared; Fr. Clement Standish's specially-written pieces and Mendelssohn's music for the Midsummer Night's Dream were most pleasing; and the portion of Mr. Coleridge Taylor's *Hymn*, sung at the Distribution of Prizes, had not only the charm of novelty but the grace of bright and intelligent execution. We may, however, be permitted to say that Palestrina's beautiful motet *Pais Angelicus* was the best effort of the choir. But its most spirited performance naturally was Bishop Hedley's *Ode to Alma Mater*, and Fr. Burge, who sang the third verse of the solo portion was enthusiastically encored. This leads us to speak of the Exhibition meeting when the annual prizes were distributed, a report of the year's work was read by the Rector of the College, and the usual set pieces of music and speeches were exhibited by the students. Here it is sufficient to record that the meeting was as pleasant as it always is. We congratulate the prize-winners and number ourselves among their sympathizing friends. But we do not feel called upon to say more. The crowd of visitors present will, probably, have no very clear recol-

lection of a great deal that took place on the occasion. There was only one thing thought about and spoken about; and that was Bishop Hedley's "Address."

It is the enviable distinction of this number of the *Journal* that, through His Lordship's kindness, we are able to present it to our readers. Those who listened to it will never forget it. Those who read it now for the first time will understand why we do not presume to describe it, or make comment on it, or even distinguish it by an adjective of praise. It was and is the commemoration of the Centenary itself.

When the Address was over there was the feeling—a most natural one—that the Centenary of St. Lawrence's was duly, worthily, most honourably and enthusiastically celebrated. The festivities were not yet complete. There was still a great dinner with speeches to be negotiated. There was a festal meeting in the evening, as on the two previous evenings, with songs and more speeches. But all that was left of the Centenary celebration wore an air of thanksgiving,—as of a grace after the banquet. We may be described as already packing up our sentiment as the boys were packing up their trunks. People said very little to each other in the way of self-congratulation; it was not needed: such words are not called for among friends and brethren. For the same reason we do not say, or even wish to say, much now. What we write will be read by friends who know what we feel and think better than we can express it. We leave the Centenary of St. Lawrence's as we entered upon it: full of gratitude to God for His wonderful favours in the past. We leave it with our hearts stirred with proud and affectionate memories of our holy and courageous Fathers and brethren whose inheritance has passed into our hands. "The memory of them shall not depart away and their names shall be in request from generation to generation." We leave it with the belief that for their sakes and through their intercession

the blessing of God will always remain with us. And we leave it with very much unsaid that perhaps should have been said, but which brethren need not tell to each other; with much also that cannot be put into words, but will pass, like a wireless message, from heart to heart.

We append the prologue spoken at the beginning of the Exhibition meeting by Philip Williams, and written by Fr. Austin Watmore.

THE AMPLEFORTH CENTENARY,

1803—1903.

Spoken by Philip Williams.

WERE it alone my pleasing part to say
How welcome you are all this happy Day;
Were it to court your favour and the smile
That cheers the student, compensates his toil;
To review the past year's work and ask you now
To press the laurels on the victor's brow;
Or, if we undertake pretentious parts
In Music, Drama or the kindred arts,
Bid you not weigh with judgment too severe,
What 'simpleness and duty tender' here;
I should have finished my allotted task;
Done all that old time-honour'd customs ask.
But there are times and there are themes that claim
A more ambitious flight, a loftier aim—
When thoughts will rise like sparks from newlit fires;
When one must speak whate'er the muse inspires.—
If that 'th' occasion makes the man' be true,
May not the subject make the speaker too?
May not what meets the eye, the ear, the sense
Warrant a fuller speech without offence?—

Thus when I look around to-day and see
This crowded Hall, this lordly company,
And feel all hearts are throbbing to one thought,
(Just as one strain blends many a varying note)
I need but touch one chord, awakening
The whole, responsive to a single string;
I need but sound one note with simplest art,
To rouse the ready echo in each heart.—

Long, long ago,—a Century of years,
Of Alma Mater's struggles, hopes and fears,
I see our Vale—and ev'ry field and tree
Is wrapped in Winter's sternest panoply.—
The bitter-biting blast blows loud and shrill
And bends the tree-tops on the snow-clad hill;—
And on the wind-swept road—a little band!—
Homeless exiles from a Christian land
Whose banners flaunt the boast that men are Free,
And Brothers all, in one Equality!—
Oh! Liberty! that men should bring Thee Shame,
Forge chains and bolts and do it in Thy name!
Brotherhood! there's honour among thieves!
And he who robs the rich the poor relieves!
Equality! how shall the weak ones fare
When lions roar to claim the lions' share!—

To yonder House that looks on Mowbray vale
Near where yon hill wards off the moorland gale,
I trace the print of footsteps thro' the snow;
Within I see the welcome firelights glow;
Before its door I see the pilgrims pause;
I hear their knock; God help them plead their cause!—

Take the shoes from your feet! for all around
The earth they tread upon is holy ground!
Cast down your eyes! for here will God reveal
His will, His power, and His face unveil!

And listen to those voices as they plead :
 ' Take pity on the outcast in his need !
 Our feet are weary and our hearts are sore ;
 Drive not the wand'rer from your shelt'ring door !
 Father ! refuse us not for Christ's dear love !
 Let our forsakenness your pity move !
 Within this Vale may we find rest and peace,
 Here may our sorrows end, our wand'rings cease ! '

" Brothers ! come in ! " the aged host replies ;
 " Come in from bitter winds and threat'ning skies :
 And if 'tis Heaven's Will—and Heaven's Star,
 That guided once the wand'ers from afar,
 Has led you here, blessed be the hour and day
 That over my poor homestead rests its ray !
 Here, under freer skies, on freer soil
 Your work may prosper and repay the toil !
 It may be here God's hand will raise again
 Byland's ruin'd walls or Kievaux' holy fane ! "

And so the tale is told ! and the long Past,
 Like magic picture on the canvas cast,
 Flits for a moment in the grateful ray
 That memory rekindles on this day—

My Lords ! how often Fancy's pen portrays
 Past deeds and heroes with her gaudiest phrase ;
 Calls in the pencil's aid—and both combine
 To adorn the scene and gild each varied line ;
 But strip off the glamour that deceives the eyes
 And see Reality in sternest guise !
 Let Truth historic break the spell and then
 You shall judge better of both deeds and men :
 So view my story in its plainest prose,
 And see the thorn that underlies the rose !
 What do we know of days when penal laws

Might daunt the bravest, make the boldest pause ;
 When dark Suspicion, ever on the lurk,
 Misread their motives and misjudged their work ;
 How can we realize those early times
 When to be Monk or Priest were almost crimes ;
 When Faith existed less by law than chance,
 And lived upon a nation's sufferance !

Live in the Past a moment ! let the scene
 Change from what Is now to what Has been !
 Could we with those brave men endure to share
 Their poverty, distress and scanty fare ?
 Or, thro' a friendless land, *like them*, to roam
 Seeking a ' lasting city, ' and a home ?
 Stand to our posts, and face the daily strife
 The many hardships that made up their life ?

Sons of St. Lawrence ! from that little band
 You've sprung, you've multiplied, you've filled the land !
 Your hearts should be of stone, as hard, as cold,
 Did they not throb to these mem'ries of old !

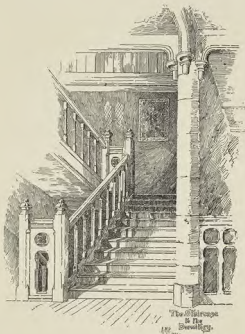
'Twas here, to these hill sides your Fathers bore
 A scanty seed saved from a richer store ;
 Sowed with hopeful hand the precious grain
 And watched it quicken into life again ;
 Nurtured its tender growth and lived to see
 The gladdening prospect of futurity !—
 Fancy may picture those brave men of old
 Rejoicing in the harvest hundred-fold ;
 And see them smile as they look down from Heaven
 Upon the stately increase God has given !
 Hail ! Pioneers of Alma Mater's fame !
 Bolton ! Appleton ! hail to each honour'd name !
 We'll not forget to tell in years to come
 The tale romantic of our College Home !
 How all-disposing Heaven wisely bended

Our lowest fortunes to its highest ends;
 Upon how little often hangs the prize;
 How mighty streams from little sources rise.
 As long as Ampleforth o'erlooks her Vale;
 Her Sons shall faithfully record the tale,
 More durable than brass her walls shall show
 The cherished story of a Hundred years ago.

J. A. W.

The Early Roman Mass.

OF late years a number of liturgical writers have been devoting themselves to the investigation of primitive Christian liturgies. Duchesne's work *Origines du Culte Chrétien* will perhaps be found the most popular and interesting, although it is a mass of erudition, and singularly unbiassed in its criticism. Some scholars are inclined to give the palm to our *Confrère de Beuron*, Dom S. Baumer, whose loss we still deplore, for his extraordinary knowledge and grasp of all points of liturgical history. Dr. Probst has also distinguished himself by painstaking and laborious work on the early History of the Mass. The articles contributed to the *Dublin Review*, 1893 and 1894 and to the *Month* (Jan. 1902) by Father H. Lucas, S.J., display much research into, and extensive knowledge of, early Gallican rites. Some splendid editions of ancient liturgies have been brought out by our own countrymen, Neale and Forbes *Ancient Liturgies of the Gallican Church*, Brightman *Liturgies Eastern and Western*, Wilson *The Gelasian Sacramentary*, Warren *Liturgy*



and *Ritual of the Celtic Church*. The object of this article however is chiefly to draw attention to the latest work from the pen of Dom Mocquereau, O.S.B. in the fifth Volume of the *Pallographie Musicale* (Solesmes 1896). Dom Mocquereau's original intention was to discuss an ancient MS. of the Ambrosian Antiphonary, found in the British Museum. But he had scarcely entered upon his task before he allowed himself to be drawn off to the investigation of the more interesting question of the origin of the early Gallican liturgies. The *Pallographie* was hardly the quarter in which one would expect to find a treatment of the relations between the early Roman and Gallican Mass. It is however such a splendid piece of work that its existence should be indicated and made known as widely as possible. It is not an elaborately planned or scientific discussion of the matter. The writer has the air of thinking aloud and of taking his readers into his confidence. He does not hesitate to go off on side-issues; he pursues each new trail that he strikes across, content to offer from time to time a resumé of his labours. But it would be difficult to find a more thorough discussion of all the points in question. He seems to have put under contribution all available material* and authors, and the whole is set forth with that exquisite lucidity and clearness, which seems a natural gift in the French.

As however there are many who have neither the opportunity nor inclination to dive into these great tomes—quarto volumes beautifully printed on the best of paper—a summary of some of the conclusions of this great work, a picking of some of the plums, may be of interest to the readers of the *Journal*. The present writer does not profess to do more than dip into the rich store of our Confrère's work, and lays no pretention to original research.

* He does not appear to have been acquainted with Fr. Lucas' labours in the same field. This is to be regretted as Dom Mocquereau seems to have missed the striking feature of the "Bidding Prayers" of the Gallican liturgy, a feature which Fr. Lucas has very ably drawn out.

The liturgy and order of the early Roman Mass cannot fail to be a subject of deep interest to all Catholics, but unfortunately at the best it can only be conjectured from a number of indirect and more or less probable inferences. We have little documentary evidence from Rome itself before the seventh century. Certain Sacramentaries* or Missals have come down to us bearing the names of St. Leo [440] and St. Gelasius (492), but it is doubtful whether they can claim any direct connection with these Pontiffs; if so, they have been a good deal tampered with in their transmission to us. On the other hand we have fragments of Sacramentaries of the fifth and sixth centuries from other parts of the Western Patriarchate, from North Italy, Switzerland, Spain, France and Ireland. These ancient liturgies, generally designated by the term Gallican, possess this remarkable feature in common; they are all in substantial agreement with each other in their nomenclature and framework of the Mass, and in the order and matter of their Collects. But it is a very remarkable thing that in many points they exhibit a most striking divergence from the *Ordo Missæ* as revealed by the earliest Roman documents. Both the resemblances of the one and the variations from the other have given rise to much speculation and discussion. The unity of the Mass in the Gallican liturgies points unmistakably to a common origin. But where is that origin to be placed? Whence came that influence that brought under its sway countries so widely separated as North Italy and Ireland, Switzerland and Spain? and how is it that Rome, the Mother of the Western Churches, seems to have lost her hold over her dependencies in the matter of the supreme act of Christian worship? Our perplexity is increased when we read in a letter of St. Innocent I (A.D. 400) "Who does not know that the tradition handed down by Peter, the

*Missals, as we now have them, were unknown to the ancients. The Sacramentaries contained only those prayers and rites which came within the functions of the officiating priest.

Prince of the Apostles, to the Roman Church and still cherished, should be observed by all . . . especially as it is well known that no churches have been established in Italy, Gaul, Spain, Africa, except by priests appointed by St. Peter and his successors.*"

Anglican liturgical writers in their anxiety to lessen the influence of Rome not unnaturally ascribe this anomalous position to the influence of the Eastern Church upon the liturgies of the West. Their theory is that St. John's school or group of disciples became connected with Lyons, and through that church introduced their liturgy into Gaul, and Spain, and these Hispano-Gallic rites are now by them regularly classified under the generic name of "Ephesine."†

The Abbé Duchesne is also inclined to favour the view that the East influenced the Gallican rites. He is disposed to consider Milan, which in the fourth century was the seat of the Western Empire, as the connecting link between East and West, the channel by which the modifying influences were conveyed. On the other hand a number of writers, Marchesi, Probst, Lucas, Mocquereau, by almost independent investigation, have been led to the conclusion that the Western rites all derive their origin from their natural source—Rome. Their arguments proceed upon much the same lines. The early missionaries from Rome to the Western Churches brought with them the liturgy that then prevailed in the Roman basilicas, a liturgy which was delivered and accepted as a sacred trust. This will account for their similarity and their family likeness. On the other hand, after peace had been restored to the Church, the

*Epist. ad Decentium. Migne P. L. T. xx.

†Mr. Warren in an otherwise splendid work on the Stowe Missal, of the ninth century, is quite haunted with this 'Ephesine' theory. He drags it in on every possible occasion; he even goes so far as to assert that the Roman Mass on Good Friday "retains still a remnant of the Ephesine character;" (*The Liturgy and Ritual of the Celtic Church* p. 117.)

Roman Pontiffs began to remodel and develop their liturgical forms in order to bring them more into conformity with the great changes in the conditions of Christian worship and with the new views that began to prevail. These reforms would be brought very gradually to the notice of the distant churches, and while Rome on the one hand, with characteristic considerateness, would be reluctant to impose her new rites all at once on the dependent churches, on the other it can be readily understood that the now-organised Catholic communities, especially among the Celts, would cling with tenacious loyalty to the rites and ceremonies handed down to them by their saintly founders. We have on this hypothesis a satisfactory explanation of the unity of the Hispano-Gallic liturgy and its departure from the Roman Canon, without recurring to the unlikelihood of a Greek hand modelling Celtic Sacramentaries.

There are doubtless points in which the Gallican rites resemble the Eastern. In both, the *Memento* for the dead and the living takes place immediately after the Offertory; in both, the *Pax* is given before the Preface. These features, however, can be accounted for on other grounds, and they are not weighty enough to establish a community of origin. To trace these liturgies to their source, it will be necessary to compare their general features, their organic structure, just as we classify a church as sprung from Gothic or Grecian ideas. By adopting some such plan, it will become clear that *all* the Western rites—Roman and Gallican—are identical in structure and organically distinct from the Eastern.

If we look at the Eastern liturgies as a whole, their striking character is their immobility. There are, it is true, some four or five forms, St. James, St. Mark, St. Basil, St. Chrysostom, some longer, some shorter; but all agree in this that the Mass never changes from day to day; no special Collects, no special Prefaces, &c. The order is invariable, like some amplified Altar Cards. On

the other hand the Western liturgies are characterised by their versatility. They abound in special Collects, special prayers that reflect the character of the various festivals. Some of the Gallicans carry their variations to such lengths that they have special *Post Sanctus*, special *Post Mysteria*, special prefaces to the *Pater Noster*, special *Libera*. The Eastern liturgies may be compared to some Greek building in its rigid adherence to the architectural orders; the Roman Mass may be likened to a Gothic Cathedral with its free play of fancy and richness of detail.

But there is another point and that an important one in which the two systems are sharply divided off from each other. There is no part more vital to the Holy Sacrifice than the act and words of consecration. Whatever changes in its forms the Mass has undergone in the course of time, there can be no doubt that the recitation of the words of the Institution of the Holy Eucharist has been the most venerated and sacred portion of the rite from the times of the Apostles themselves. It is hard to believe that any one would venture to lay a reforming hand on so solemn, so sacred a function. And as a matter of fact both the Eastern and Western are in substantial agreement in this essential matter. There is however one clause in the words of Institution in which they display a marked diversity. *All* the liturgies of the East without exception begin the formula of consecration with the words "on the night on which he was betrayed" following the text of cap. xi of 1 Cor. Whereas *all* the Western liturgies begin the same formula with the words *Qui pridie quam pateretur*, "who the day before he suffered." These words do not occur in any sacred Scripture, whereas the Greek introduction follows the instruction of St. Paul. It is hard to believe that any reformer* would venture to

* It is usual among liturgical writers to state that the words *Qui pridie* were introduced into the Canon by St. Alexander (adv. 100), and they bring forward the words of the *Liber Pontificalis*; "Hic (Alexander) misit passionem Domini in precatione Sacerdotum quando missæ celebrabatur."

depart from the sacred text and from the Eastern rites in order to introduce a formula of his own composition. We are driven to conclude from this, and from a number of indirect proofs, that the Roman Church derived the words of consecration from St. Peter himself, and not only the *Qui pridie* but the other clauses of the Act of Consecration which are traditional and extra-Scriptural.* In any case

This statement, however, is so general that it must be a matter for conjecture whether it applies to the words "*Qui pridie*" or to references to the *Passion* in the Canon. In any case, although the indications of the *Liber Pontificalis* are not very reliable, they point to the Roman origin of the *Qui pridie*.

* This is the view upheld by Father Coleridge. To enable us to realise the extent to which the words of Consecration depend upon tradition, it may be as well to number all the clauses and compare them with the words of Holy Scripture. (1) Who before He suffered (2) took bread (3) into His holy and venerable hands, (4), and with His eyes lifted up towards heaven to Thee, the Almighty God, His Father, (5) giving thanks to Thee, (6) He blessed, (7) brake, (8) and gave it to His disciples, saying (9) "Take and eat ye all of this (10). This is My body" (11). In like manner (12) after He had supped, (13) taking also this excellent chalice (14) into His holy and venerable hands, (15) giving Thee also thanks, (16) He blessed (17) and gave it to His disciples, saying, (18) "Take and drink ye all of this, (19) for this is the chalice of My Blood (20) of the new (21) and eternal Testament, (22) the mystery of faith, (23) which shall be shed for you and for many (24) to the remission of sins (25). As often as ye do these things, (26) ye shall do them in remembrance of Me."

Let us compare these clauses by clause with the Scriptural narrative. When the Roman Canon agrees with Holy Scripture the same number will be put against the narrative of each evangelist:—

Roman Canon	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26
St. Matthew (c. 26)					5	2	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	
St. Mark (c. 14)					6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	
St. Luke (c. 22)					5	2	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	
St. Paul (1 Cor. c. 11)					5	2	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	

St. Matthew has 14 chapters out of 26.
St. Mark "

St. Matthew has 24 clauses out of 26.

St. Mark " 23 " " 26.

St. Luke " 23 " " 26.

St. Paul " 22 " " 26.

It is easy to see at a glance from this table what are the traditional clauses; they are Nos. 1, 3, 4, 14, 16, 21, 22; that is 7, clauses out of 26, although

these opening words are so characteristic that from them alone it is usually possible to determine the Eastern or Western origin of a liturgy.

We may now take another step forward and enquire what are the materials at hand for our knowledge of the Roman Mass in the fourth century. The Ambrosian rite still retains many curious and archaic forms, but their Missals in the course of time have been falling more and more into Roman lines, so that it is only here and there that one can find traces of their ancient practice. The Mozarabic or Hispano-Gothic rite, now confined to a single Church in Toledo, is full of interesting relics of the early Mass. The reforms, however, and modifications practised by their Bishops in the sixth and seventh centuries have preceded upon such independent lines that Mozarabic Missals of all others have departed most from the Roman. Of the early Gallic Sacramentaries very few remain; Charlemagne in his zeal for the adoption of the Roman rite seems to have pretty well extirpated the ancient documents. The *Missale Francorum* is a mere fragment of ten masses only. The *Missale Gothicum* is better provided with seventy masses, but it is much affected by later Roman reforms. Switzerland yields two very precious fragments of the fifth century, but they are mere fragments. Dom Mocquereau in the V. vol. of the *Pallographie Musicale* has rendered a signal service to liturgiology by drawing attention to the great treasure that we possess in a Sacramentary termed the *Bobbienae*. This is so termed by Mabillon who discovered it in the ancient monastery of Bobbio in the Appennines. This was a monastery founded by St. Columbanus in the sixth century, and Dom Mocquereau puts forward the bold thesis that the *Bobbienae* was none other than the very Mass Book brought by St. Columbanus from Ireland. No. 14 might be considered as a repetition of No. 3. Incidentally we may note the substantial agreement of St. Mark with St. Matthew, and of St. Luke with St. Paul.

and represents the liturgy in vogue in that country at the beginning of the fifth century, that is from the days of St. Patrick himself. It is certainly a very startling conclusion, which makes this MS. not only the eldest but the prototype of existing Sacramentaries. It is moreover a complete collection, arranged to provide for all the offices and feasts of the Calendar then observed. There are sixty-one Masses in all, thirty-four to serve for the *Proprium de Tempore* and thirty-seven for the Saints' feasts and various occasions. The collection had up to this time been regarded as a confused medley of Gallican and Roman rites, and hence had not received the attention that it deserved. Dom Mocquereau has submitted the document to a detailed and minute investigation. Certain prayers in the MS. were labelled *Præfatio Missæ, Collectio Sequitur, Ante Nomina, Post Nomina, Post Sanctus*, terms of Gallican type quite unknown in the Roman Missal. Other Masses were furnished with prayers termed *Collectio, Secreta, Post Communio* and were evidently of Roman origin. On drawing up the two series in separate columns, it was clear that our author had made a most important discovery. All the most ancient feasts of the Church were found to be attached to Gallican forms, while the more recent ones were found to be in Roman garb. We are thus brought into the presence of a Sacramentary belonging to a double system, wherein an endeavour has plainly been made to adapt an old liturgy to recent requirements, upon an ancient stock to graft some new and foreign shoots. It would appear as if the followers of the old Sacramentary had suddenly been brought into a country where they found certain new feasts observed. These they did not dare to adapt to their ancient forms, but out of deference to some higher authority took them loyally just as they were in their Roman garb and incorporated them into their Sacramentary, quite indifferent to the liturgical confusion thus involved. Thus all the conditions seem to fit in with the theory that the

Bobbio MS. was drawn up by St. Columbanus for the use of his new community in Italy. The preservation of the old substratum of Gallican can be readily explained by the loyal attachment of the Irish to the tradition of their fathers. Situated as they were at the very end of the world, *ultimi habitatores mundi*, as they describe themselves in a letter to the Holy See, they were hardly in a position to know the successive amendments of the liturgy that were being carried out at Rome. We have evidence of this in their tenacious adhesion to the awkward computation of Easter that they had received from the first missionaries. We find St. Columbanus in the seventh century refusing to depart from his old Easter cycle, although, as Duchesne says, "Rome had made three reforms of the computation since the days of St. Patrick," and although the French Bishops were insisting upon his conformity to the new western usage. He carried his conservatism so far that he wrote a letter of remonstrance to St. Gregory the Great in which he wonders that this "French error has not long since been eradicated by you." When we bear in mind this fidelity to the old Easter reckoning, (and we meet the same in the first Celtic missionaries in the north of England as late as the beginning of the eighth century,) there is no difficulty in understanding that they would cherish with the highest veneration the sacred rites and prayers of the Mass that had been handed down to them. On these grounds we are warranted in going further to infer that the oldest part of the Bobbio Missal, the earlier substratum, represents the structure of the Holy Sacrifice that was taught and practised by the first missionaries of Ireland. From another point of view we may arrive at the same conclusion. It may be of interest to our readers to have a list of the feasts which belong to the Gallican and Roman systems respectively: in other words, if our contention is correct, the first series A, will include the feasts observed in the

Church in the fourth century and earlier, the second series R, will contain those of later introduction.

A

The Daily Roman Mass.
Three Sundays of Advent.
Christmas Eve.
Christmas Day.
St. Stephen.
Holy Infants.
SS. John and James.
The Circumcision.
The Epiphany.
St. Peter's Chair.
The Solemnity of St. Mary
(The Annunciation?).
Lent Sunday.
Four Masses for the Season.
The Exposition of the Creed
(Palm Sunday).
The Lord's Supper.
Easter Eve.
Easter.
Two Masses for Easter Season.
The Fiftieth Day (Pentecost).
St. John Baptist.
SS. Peter and Paul.
St. Martin.
Five Masses for Sundays.
Two Masses for the Dead.
Mass for one Martyr.
Mass for one Confessor.
Mass for one Virgin.
For a sick person.

R

One Mass for Lent.

For the Litanies.

The Ascension.
Finding of Holy Cross.
Passion of St. John Baptist.
The Assumption.
S. Sigismund.
S. Michael.
For Holy Martyrs.
Four Votive Masses.
For the Living and Dead.
Mass in the house of anyone.

For the Dedication.

Four daily Masses.

For a journey.

Mass how the priest should
pray for himself.

A General Mass (*omnimoda*).

This was a provision for the full calendar of the year, the "slender liturgical outfit," as Duchesne expressed it, with which the early Churches of the West were equipped. In his contention for an Eastern origin of those Gallican liturgies, Duchesne must have surely overlooked the significance of this ancient calendar *A*. It impresses us at once with its Roman character without any profound study. To say nothing of the *Daily Roman Mass*, which bears traces of later introduction, we find here three Sundays of Advent, which are quite unknown to the Eastern Church. Above all there can be no two opinions about the presence of the feast of "St. Peter's chair" for January 18th. Yet on the other hand there can be no doubt of the Gallican character of the formulas and prayers of *A*. If their Eastern origin is maintained we shall have the phenomenon of a Roman calendar celebrated with an Eastern liturgy!

Humano capiti cervicem pictor equinam
Jungere si velit.

To turn to the question of the date of our MS. *A*. It is evident that when the table of feasts in *A* was first given to the Irish Church, the feast of the Ascension was not known, or at least not in general observance. Dom Cabrol in his edition of the *Pilgrimage of St. Sylvia to Jerusalem* (A.D. 380) notes that she says nothing of the observance of a feast of the Ascension, although she records with great interest all liturgical matters. It is curious also that she uses the term *diei quinquagesimus*, the fiftieth day, for the feast of Pentecost, just as our *Bobbione* does. These are the only two instances known of the use of this term for Whit Sunday. St. Augustine

who died 430 has several sermons on the Ascension which shows that the feast must have been observed in Africa at the beginning of the fifth century. Our Irish Sacramentary must therefore have been drawn up before the beginning of the fifth century. We are driven to the same conclusion by observing that the "Litanies" or Rogation days which in our Sacramentary belong to the category *R.* are provided with Roman rites. These Rogation days were therefore unknown to the original compilers of the Missal. Now we have an exact account of the origin of the Rogations from St. Avitus (A.D. 470) who writes: "My predecessor and godfather Mammertus twenty years ago on the vigil of Easter conceived the idea of the Rogations. He chose for their observance the triduum between the Ascension and the following Sunday. And by the agreement of the Bishops this has come into universal custom." The fifth century must have been drawing to its close before the Rogations came into general use, and therefore sometime after the redaction of our Sacramentary. To other indications of the archaic character of the *Bobbins* the following may be added. There is not one passage in the original section in which the Blessed Virgin is styled *Dei genitrix* Mother of God. The qualifying titles are *Saint Mary*; *Venerable Mary* *Mariam matrem, per interuentum Sancte Marie*, epithets which seem to show that the MS. was drawn up anterior to the Council of Ephesus, 430, where the title was made a test of orthodoxy. Catholics after that date were eager to accept the challenge of their faith by invoking Mary under the title of "Mother of God." This is precisely what is seen in the later portion of the MS. *R.* the Roman type. There is only one mass in this section in honour of our Lady,—*"The Assumption"*—but in two prayers out of three occur the terms *Virgo Dei Genitrix, Dominica Genetrix*. The eagerness to make an anti-Nestorian profession of faith is unmistakable. Our arguments up to this point have been directed to establish

the date of *A* to be generally speaking about the beginning of the fifth century. It is possible however to fix the date somewhat more precisely. The ancient portion of the MS. contains a Mass in honour of St. Martin of Tours, who is thus described: "*Hic vir quem adnumerandum Apostolis, Martyribus adgregandum proxima ætatis nostræ tempora protulerunt.*" *The recent times of our own age have produced.* These words indicate that the memory of the great Saint was still fresh in the minds of men when this Collect was drawn up. This brings us not far from the date 397.

It is to be feared that the patience of the reader will be tried by our dwelling so much upon these details. It is however a question of establishing the claim of our MS. to be the oldest Mass book in the world, a claim which, if established, must be of the highest importance to the study of the liturgy. We shall thus be enabled to transport ourselves in spirit to the days of St. Patrick, and realise how the holy Sacrifice was celebrated in those ages of faith, and in succeeding days when the Church of Ireland was so flourishing that it overflowed with missionary zeal into Europe. It will also enable us, in a measure, to trace the successive reforms and improvements which the Roman Pontiffs brought into the liturgy of the Holy Sacrifice. Moreover it is a legitimate exercise of national pride to do all in our power to vindicate the rights of our MS. to the position of prototype of existing Sacramentaries. One of the earliest copies of the Holy Scriptures has now been traced to the work of the Celtic monks, and if in addition to this, the earliest Mass book in the West can be ascribed to their labours, Europe will be under still greater obligations to the Irish monks of the West. For the present then we will provisionally take this for granted, and in the next number of the *Journal* we will endeavour to describe somewhat in detail the prayers and arrangements of the Mass that prevailed in the fourth century.

T. A. B.

The Religion of Robert Browning.

FROM reading the shorter poems in the small volumes of selections from his works, one gets the impression that Browning was a man of a sturdy and happy faith, whose philosophy of the universe threw so joyous a light on the bright places of life that he could confidently leave the shadows to God, to be cleared up by fuller light and knowledge. There is no groping with lame hands of faith, no faintly trusting the larger hope; but

"God's in His heaven,
All's right with the world."

It is the faith and joy of the 99th Psalm: "Jubilare . . . quoniam ipse fecit nos, et non ipsi nos," the faith that all the dispositions of His Providence are worthy of Him, and the joy that comes from leaving to Him the anxiety for the creatures He has made.

But even while this impression is growing in the mind, there grows side by side with it a doubt whether it can be trusted, a doubt whether this joyous faith is not merely one of the many attitudes of mind that the poet can depict without at all identifying himself with any one of them. For these short pieces are obviously dramatic; he has tried to reproduce the thoughts and feelings of all his characters; and though they all speak much the same idiom, and all "hitch into verse the thing" that they want said, yet they never tell us what Browning thought or felt, but each gives his own view of his own position. Porphyria's lover who has strangled her at the height of her devotion to him lest she should ever fall lower, and is waiting calmly for the voice of God;

Karshish, the pagan physician who is puzzled by Lazarus' conviction that he has been raised from the dead; the envious monk of the Spanish Cloister, the persecuted Jew of the middle ages, and the petty persecutor; and endless other characters ranging from St. John the Beloved down to Caliban expound and justify their views of life with as little disguise as a Macbeth or a Pistol, and with equally little pretence to be the author's mouthpiece. And so there seems no more reason to identify Browning with

"God's in His heaven
All's right with the world"

than with

"It is a lie—their priests, their Pope,
Their saints, their—all they fear or hope
Are lies."

And the difficulty is increased by his occasional declarations that he is quite resolved *not* to speak his real sentiments. In "One word more" he tells his wife that for her sake this poem is to be different from all his others,—the voice is to be his own.

"God be thanked, the meanest of His creatures
Boasts two soul-sides, one to face the world with,
One to show a woman when he loves her."

And so the artist must find for her another language than he uses to the crowd; Rafael would write sonnets, Dante would paint an angel. Browning cannot pass into another art; yet in his own he can make enough difference; to the crowd

"Hardly shall I tell my joys and sorrows,
Hopes and fears, belief and disbelieving;"

but to her

"Let me speak this once in my true person,

* * * * *

Lines I write the first time and the last time."

This was published in 1850, and as he went on writing for nearly 40 years more, there was ample time to change his mind; yet as late as 1876 came the short piece called "House" to emphasize his determination that there should be no self-revelation in his writings.

"Shall I sonnet sing you about myself?
Do I live in a house you would like to see?
Is it scant of gear, has it store of pelf?
Unlock my heart with a sonnet-key?"

No: thanking the public, I must decline.
A peep through my window if folk prefer;
But, please you, no foot over threshold of mine."

We cannot therefore take his poems as we take a sonnet of Milton or Wordsworth. Yet with all his resolve not to betray himself, his work must show the man. Even Shakespeare's mind-history can be traced in his plays, and Browning is not a Shakespeare, to lose himself in the character he is depicting. His view of every character is coloured by his own sentiments.

So we can believe with some confidence that he really had that joyous faith that colours so many of the smaller poems. It is crystallized in the often quoted song

The year's at the spring
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hill side's dew-pearled;*
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world!

It is the moral of numbers of small poems, whose existence is only justified by their teaching this faith. Within

* Pearled; not in shape only, but in colour. Once only, at such a time on an April morn, I have seen from the old monastery the dew on the slopes of the bathing-hill shining with the true pearl whiteness.

a few pages we find the Patriot, delivered to death by his people, taking comfort from the thought

"'Tis God shall repay; I am safer so;"

Count Gismond's future wife happy, when he stepped forth to save her, because she

"Felt quite sure that God had set
Himself to Satan; who would spend
A minute's mistrust on the end?"

And "Instans Tyrannus" is balked in the hunting down of his puny victim, for

"Just my vengeance complete
The man sprang to his feet,
Stood erect, caught at God's skirt and prayed;
So, I was afraid."

And we can scarcely read a few pages at any part of the selections without being lifted by the same prevailing teaching that the world is *God's* world.

Another doctrine stands out,—the Godhead of Christ. Not only from definite passages like

"Christ God who savest man, save most
Of men Count Gismond who saved me!"

or the unexpected moral at the end of the Gold-Hair legend of Pornic,—

"The candid incline to surmise of late
That the Christian faith proves false, I find.

* * * * *
I still, to suppose it true, for my part,
See reasons and reasons; this to begin:
'Tis the faith that launched point-blank her dart
At the head of a lie—taught Original Sin,
The Corruption of Man's Heart;"

not only from passages like these, which might be suspected as merely dramatic, but from a continual reverence in speaking of Christianity we feel that he

looked on Our Lord as God. Not to multiply examples, such poems as "Saul," and the "Death in the Desert," quite prepare us to find him saying to Our Lord, in "Christmas Eve,"

"I have looked up to thee from the beginning,
Straight up to thee through all the world
Which like an idle scroll lay furled
To nothingness on either side;
And since the time thou wast desied,
Spite of the weak heart, so have I
Lived ever, and so fain would die,
Living and dying, thee before."

This is surely self-revelation; it could scarcely have been written by a man who had not done what he describes. And all his work satisfies us that he had really given himself to the inner life, and felt (like George Eliot) the joy of it, the *fervere novitius*; but unlike her, he did not let the passing away of emotion shake his faith:—

"One thing's sure enough: 'tis neither frost,
No, nor fire, shall freeze or burn from out me
Thanks for truth—though falsehood, gained—though lost.
All my days I'll go the softlier, sadder,
For that dream's sake! How forget the thrill
Through and through me as I thought 'The gladlier
Lives my Friend because I love Him still!'"

II.

Such then is the impression that grows with growing familiarity with the smaller poems; his religion is firm and joyous, resting on two articles of faith

"Trust God, see all nor be afraid,"

and

"Call Christ then the illimitable God."

And therefore we look hopefully to those poems in which he deals of set purpose with the great problems of religion—from St. John's point of view in "A Death in the Desert," and from Cardinal Wiseman's in "Bishop

Blougram's Apology". But the disappointment is dreadful. Each poem is in little what the works are as a whole. As long as he is dealing with the elementary he is most satisfying and inspiring; but as he goes deeper, feeling for the reasonable basis of all his faith, he becomes confused and obscure; and when at last we have grasped his meaning we stand aghast that any man should build such a structure of hope on so hopeless a foundation. Even in the smaller poems already quoted there are signs of what is coming. In the passage from "Fears and Scruples" why does he speak of "thanks for truth—*though falsehood!*" The explanation seems to be in the latter part of the "Death in the Desert," where St. John is prophetically answering latter-day difficulties. When he is accused of relating fabulous miracles as parables to convey the higher truth, his answer is that those miracles, *whether they happened or not*, were the necessary ladder to reach the truth—the acknowledgement of God in Christ; and if the ladder should fall now that that truth has been reached, it would be folly to jump down again and see if we can re-erect it and regain our present standpoint! It sounds incredible, and indeed he labours at it for four pages with varied metaphor, trying to show that the reasonable thing is to take Our Lord's divinity as a starting point though the proofs of it may be all demolished;—

"This imports solely: man should mount on each
New height in view: the help whereby he mounts,
The ladder-rung his foot has left, may fall,
Since all things suffer change save God the Truth.
Man apprehends Him newly at each stage
Whereat earth's ladder drops, its service done;
And nothing shall prove twice what once was proved."

Again,

"Whether a change were wrought in the shows of the world,
Whether the change came from our minds
. . . I know not; such was the effect,

So faith grew, making void more miracles
Because too much; they would compel not help."

And again,

"God's gift was that man should conceive of truth
And yearn to gain it, catching at mistake
As midway help till be reached fact indeed."

In fact revealed knowledge is to grow like natural science; and the Gospel histories are only like the early theories and generalisations of a science, mistakes in themselves, yet serving as midway help to reach the fact. So the Divinity of Christ will remain, though all foundations for believing it may be swept away. With such a main position it is only natural to find smaller inconsistencies; more miracles would be too compelling—though I know not whether they came only from our own minds! And "nothing shall prove twice what once was proved;" though earlier in the piece he has explained that this is the character of bodily truths (*e.g.* that fire is useful) as distinguished from spiritual; for in spiritual truths, the Divinity of Christ in particular, the proving must go on for ever;

"I say, to test man, the proofs shift,
Nor may he grasp this fact like other fact
And straightway in his life acknowledge it."

This is a typical experience in following Browning's religious musings; we are led along reverently but confidently; difficulties are pointed out frankly and fully, and we feel we are with a strong man who has seen them all from the heights and knows how the truth transcends them all and explains them all; but in the end he offers us some theory that if accepted would undermine and subvert all that he and we hold in common. And then we see that the reverence and confidence come from his habitual faith; while the proffered foundation for them is only a theory newly excoagitated and made plausible to himself by numerous parables and similes.

III.

It is not surprising that these systems should pass and give place to new as the man's mind grew. The present paper is not intended to trace the history of those variations; but two questions will be followed in some detail, as they are problems that most persistently occupied his mind and on which his conclusions are most individual. They are the problems of evil, and of the relation of this life to the next. The first took in his mind the form of the question Does God love? The world is evidently the work of an Almighty; but of an All-loving? And the second was the question In what sense is this life a preparation for the next?

After what has been said of the difficulty of learning Browning's own opinions, it may seem rash to attempt to follow the variations of those opinions. But there are some poems which I am satisfied are deliberate expositions of his position at the time he wrote them, *viz.*,

- 1850 Christmas-Eve and Easter-Day,
- 1878 La Saisiaz,
- 1884 Ferishtah's Fancies,
- 1889 The Reverie in "Asolando."

'Christmas-Eve and Easter-Day,' describes two 'visions.' On Christmas Eve our Lord takes him from the small dissenting chapel where he is squirming at the "preaching man's immense stupidity" to St. Peter's for High Mass and then to Göttingen for a lecture on the "Christ-myth," while his own musings lead him to a broad tolerance of them all,

"A value for religion's self,
A carelessness about the sects of it,"

a sympathy with the good in all of them accompanied by a conviction that his own merely internal religion is the highest way.

The second part of the poem, Easter-Day, is perhaps the most satisfying of the longer religious poems; it seems to

belong to a time of solid piety and of firm resolve at all costs to face the truth and to act on it, the time to which he looks back in "Fears and Scruples."

"Of old I used to love Him,
This same unseen friend, before I knew;
Dream there was none like him, none above him,
Wake to hope and trust my dream was true."

He is looking at the difficulty of living a really Christian life, and recognizes that the difficulty is inevitable. If one only *knew* that a command was God's command, it would be easy to die for it. But of course, if we knew, there would be no faith and no merit; so we cannot have certainty but only probability. Probably God became man and died for us, and therefore probably we are bound to renounce the world for His sake. A very real and hard renunciation, to be made for a probability.

"If, after all, we should mistake,
And so renounce life for the sake
Of death and nothing else?"

To be sure it is the safer part; and the nobler; but for all that hard to choose. Yet he has been *nerfed* to choose it, and to be glad of the hardships, by his Easter-day vision. It is the vision of his own last judgment, as one who has not had the courage to renounce the world. His doom is to have for ever the world he has chosen, and at first he thinks it reward, not punishment; but on examination he sees that all beauty and charm are gone from Nature, Art and Philosophy alike, now that they are definitely severed from the prospect of union with God; and when at last he recognizes in despair that only Love can make existence tolerable, he is shown that this truth necessarily involves on God's side the Incarnation and on man's side that renunciation of all things for God's sake from which he had shrunk. So he wakes resolved to choose now the side which he sees he will choose in the

end; not indeed imagining that the hardship is gone from it, but welcoming warfare with the world as the only guarantee of his peace with God.

IV.

The next poem, "La Saisiaz," is the most hopeless of the four.

At the villa of La Saisiaz in 1878 the sudden death of a dear friend sets him counting over deliberately what he holds for certain fact and what he merely hopes about a future life. It is characteristic that though the whole enquiry springs simply from his desire to feel that she is not lost for ever to him, yet from the beginning she with "those apparent other mortals" has to be left altogether outside the scope of the enquiry. For there are only two facts—Self and God.

"If my fellows are or are not, what may please them and what pain,—
Mere surmise!"

As between self and God, this life is only tolerable if another is to follow;

"I have lived, then, done and suffered, loved and hated, learned and taught,

This—there is no reconciling wisdom with a world distraught,
Goodness with triumphant evil, power with failure in the aims,

* * * * *

If you bar me from assuming earth to be a pupil's place,
And life, time—with all their chances, changes—just probation space,
Mine, for me:"

But probation means for him the learning to distinguish Good and Evil, as he had said long ago in "Old Pictures in Florence:"

"When a soul has seen
By the means of Evil that Good is best."

So now he would be satisfied,

"Were Fancy fact, were earth and all it holds illusion mere,
Only a machine for teaching love and hate and hope and fear
To myself, the sole existence, single truth 'mid falsehood,—
well!"

He will die with all these acquired powers of appreciating, with a high conception of happiness. Will the new life fulfil that conception? If not, then existence is a failure,—a life where "sorrow did, and joy did no-wise preponderate" followed by disappointment in the next life.

"By necessity ordained thus? I shall bear it as I can.

By a cause all good, all wise, all potent? No, as I am man."

But grant a second life, a heaven, and he is content with a troubled world, in the happy mood of Rabbi Ben Esra:

"Then welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough."

A second life however is not fact but surmise. And it must necessarily remain surmise. To prove this he calls Fancy to posit one by one the theses of natural religion, while Reason infers what would follow if they were *known* as facts; and the dialogue is startling.

FANCY. Takes a third fact; besides self and God, there is life after death.

REASON. Then I will die at the first approach of trouble. For all analogy shows that progress is from bad to better, and therefore next life is probably better than this.

FANCY. But stay; self-murder will lead to hell.

REASON. Then I will live out my time unconcernedly; this life matters nothing; I have only to kill time waiting for the next.

FANCY. No; but sin or virtue here means hell or heaven there.

REASON. Then you have destroyed Free-will, and Virtue

and Sin, and Right and Wrong!—There is no goodness or grace in doing right; you have reduced it to the level of breathing. 'Breathe, or you die.' 'Sin not, or you go to hell.' Get a man who believes the one as he believes the other, and he could not transgress either; both would be obeyed under inexorable compulsion with no merit in either case. Now if virtue is compulsory, life ceases to be a probation for the next life:—and it is only as a probation that life is tolerable! So the idea of certain retribution must go, and be replaced by doubt whether there be a future life or moral laws.

It is an astonishing piece of reasoning; difficult to follow chiefly because so incredible that we look for another meaning than the obvious one. But he does not shrink from it, but follows out the paradox and finds it a circle, thus;—we begin with the surmise that life is a probation. Assume that this probation is a fact; then it must necessarily be a matter of uncertainty, a mere surmise. For a certain probation is no probation; and only a doubtful probation can be a real one!

The hopelessness of this poem lies not so much in this paradoxical reasoning as in the black view he takes of all things; life is dark, not bright; 'sorrow did, and joy did no-wise, preponderate;' whatever hopes he may build are merely for himself and not for mankind—if mankind exist; and these hopes are built only on hopelessness—since we do not know that there is a life to come, we may take that as a sign that there is; for any *knowledge* of the next life would lead to one of the three alternatives given above—suicide, or recklessness, or the destruction of free will. Possibly this despondency is partly due to the time of writing,—1877. It was the time of the polemics of Huxley, Tyndall, and Stuart Mill, of the first extravagances of evolution, of Supernatural Religion. It is not surprising if Browning was for the time shaken in his cheery view of life, and under the weight of a great sorrow took the blackest view of everything.

V.

There is no sign of this gloom in the next poem on our list, "Ferishtah's Fancies," published in 1884. Ferishtah is a Persian Dervish, explaining to his disciples one by one the difficulties of natural religion; and a note of joyous confidence runs through the whole poem, based on the fact that in the life of the only individual about whom he can know anything—himself—the Providence of God has been so tender and unfailing that there is no room left to doubt Does God love? Man is in creation as a peasant in the king's palace, marvelling indeed at all its glories though he little understands them, but finding for crown of marvels his own room in his own cottage reproduced there in the palace with all his daily comforts ready to his hand.

The verdict is no longer that life on the whole is evil; a stripe of mingled black beans and white beans, yes, and if you fix your eye on one black, it certainly looks black; but sweep your glance along the whole line, and the general look is white enough. The fallen Prime Minister, now a beggar selling lemons, thinks less of his day of woe

"Than that the unworthy one, by God's award
Tasted joy twelve years long."

The dark places of life prove now not want of love in God but want of light in us. In the dark we stumble across everything in the room and think everything out of place, yet a light shows that all is right; so, with God (and with men),

"Be love your light and trust your guide."

But did not another sage—surely the Browning of seven years before—declare that life was all black? Yes, but

"The sourly-sage, for whom life's best was death,
Lived out his seventy years, looked hale, laughed loud,
Liked—above all—his dinner,—lied, in short."

He is at peace also about the Incarnation, "Lord Ali's life,"—unfortunately by one of those incredible solutions

we have met before. The only good is, not to know or think or believe that the doctrine is true, but to love that it should be true!

As to the relation of this life to the next, he still holds that there can be no reward or punishment for this world's doings; hell is merely that we have failed to approach God as we might have.

"The past is past and lost.
However near I stand in his regard,
So much the nearer had I stood by steps
Offered the feet which rashly spurned their help.
That I call Hell; why further punishment?"

VI.

The two doctrines that most strike us in this review are the necessity of ignorance of our relations with God; and the denial of reward or punishment in the next life, as destructive of free-will, so that our probation is merely to learn by experience that good is good and evil evil. This latter doctrine seems to have been lifelong; even in his early Easter-day vision, his doom was simply to receive the lot he had chosen. The former doctrine that we must necessarily be ignorant about God did not prevent him constantly looking for evidence on the question Does God Love? And it appears that he had indeed a steady joy in the thought of the love of God, loved that it should be so in fact, but never found any ground that would satisfy his reason that it is so, till at the end of his life he rested in the sight of the providence that had watched his own life. From the beginning Omnipotence was obvious to him, which increased his distress that it was not equally obvious that

"the All-Great were the All-Loving too."

The Incarnation would have proved this, but we have seen his early faith in it dwindle into a mere love that it should be true. But by the end of life the doubt was gone;

and the Reverie in Asolando is to explain that he is satisfied that his own life is in small the life of all men, and that love as well as power rules.

"From the first, Power was—I knew.
Life has made clear to me
That, strive but for closer view,
Love were as plain to see.
When see? When there dawns a day,
If not on the homely earth,
Then yonder, worlds away,
Where the strange and new have birth,
And Power comes full in play."

J. B. McLAUGHLIN.

"Without Thy Grace."

(Freely adapted from the German of A. von Flotow.)

To be renewed, transformed in mind, I seek Thy Grace:
Thou knowest me—how dark, how blind, without Thy
Grace.

Like to some captive creature's doth my Spirit fall—
To sorrowful servitude resigned—without Thy Grace;
Or as some life-less thing I seem—a rain-drop cold,
Driv'n by the sweeping, ruthless wind—without Thy Grace.
No Flame of Beauty kindles joy within my Soul,
No raptures there an echo find, without Thy Grace;
That Light withdrawn, my very friends are very foes—
All being,—*even Love,—unkind*, without Thy Grace.
Then come, Thou blest Redeemer, make this heart Thy
home,

The fetters from Thy slave unbind—grant me Thy Grace!

C. W. H.

Memoir of the late Provost Bamber.

Vicar General of the Diocese of Southwark.

JOHN BAMBER came of a good old Lancashire stock, some of whom suffered for the Faith, and one of whom, Edward Bamber of Poulton-le-Fylde, gained the Martyr's crown in 1646. He was born on the 20th of December 1827, and baptised on the same day, for immediate baptism was the rule in those times. This Catholic custom we regret to say, is almost dying out.

In the year 1842, John Bamber was sent to Sedgely Park. At that time Sedgely Park was almost, if not quite, the only middle-class Catholic School in England. Dr. Joseph Bowden was President, and the Rev. Henry Smith, Vice-President.

Canon Tasker of Glossop and the late Dr. Charles Meynell were his contemporaries. He was only a year at the Park, for in July 1843, he was entered as an Ecclesiastical student at St. Edmund's College. Dr. Griffiths, who was at that time Vicar Apostolic of the London District, had a strong liking for Lancashire folk, and seized hold of as many Lancashire boys as he could. In this, he showed, as Lancashire men, no doubt, will maintain, that good sense and sound judgment, which were the distinguishing characteristics of this great Bishop.

At St. Edmund's, John Bamber gave evidence of the qualities that clung to him through life. One of his Superiors says of him "that he was a diligent hard-plodding student. His abilities were above the average; he possessed a good retentive memory, sound judgment and a clear understanding. His strong point was mathematics,

in which he was an apt and promising pupil. In classics he was not so good, for though he was fully able to understand and master them as far as positive knowledge was concerned, yet in the very character of his mind there were lacking the taste, polish and refinement which are necessary to success in that branch of learning. He was ready enough to take his part in public games, and his style of cricketing gives the clue to what was his strong point through life. Whenever fortune was going against his side, and it was all important to make a stand and tire out the bowler, John Bamber was sent in to bat. He would take his block a few inches from the wicket, ground his bat and there stick fast, utterly regardless of the knocks on the shins, knuckles or arms that he received. He had a duty to his side to do, and he did it in the only way he could, and thus oftentimes retrieved the fortunes of the day."

In the school of rhetoric he won the prize for mathematics, and was placed second for French. He was tonsured in 1847, received the minor orders in 1848 and 1849, was raised to the Sub-diaconate in 1851 and to the Diaconate later on in the same year. He went through his course of Theology chiefly at St. Edmund's, and must, for some short period, have been under the late Dr. Ward. In October 1852, he went to the English College in Rome. The President or Rector at that time was Dr. Cornthwaite, the first Bishop of Beverley, afterwards Bishop of Leeds, who bears this testimony to his success in the Holy City. "*Nos ex propria scientiâ fidem libentissime facimus, et per presentes testificamur te non tantum studiorum curriculum omni laude complevisse sed et Baccalaureatum Theologiæ attigisse, examen postea pro laurea doctorali subitum nisi valetudinis obstitisset impedimentum.*"

On the 8th of December 1854 John Bamber was raised to the Priesthood; that day is one that will be ever memorable in the annals of the Church, for it is the date of the solemn definition of the Immaculate Conception.



In June 1855 Fr. Bamber took charge of the mission of St. Leonards, while the Rev. J. Butt was at the same time chaplain to the Convent. Then the friendship between these two priests, in many ways of similar character, began, and was ended only by death. When the Rev. John Butt was removed to Arundel, Fr. Bamber took his place as chaplain to the convent of the Holy Child at St. Leonard's.

In February 1861, he was promoted to a Professorship at St. Edmund's College. In announcing this appointment in one of his numberless circulars, Dr. Grant used the word "promoted," and it attracted some attention at the time. The truth was, that he was sent to the College for a special work and on a special mission. To those who desire to understand the difficulties of the situation at St. Edmund's at that time, we would refer them to the Life of Cardinal Wiseman by Wilfrid Ward. It was necessary to gather together a body of Professors, who should be strong, prudent and safe, and therefore was it promotion to be one of those selected. At the same period Dr. Rymer returned to St. Edmund's as Vice-President. As Professor, John Bamber was scarcely a success, for although sufficiently master of his subjects, his manner was dull and heavy, and he never acquired a full control over his class, but his general high character, his regularity and edifying conduct could not fail to have a most beneficial effect on the students.

It was while he was at St. Edmund's in April 1862, that he was appointed Canon Penitentiary by 'concursum,' in succession to Canon Tierney. It was necessary at this concursus that each candidate should produce three testimonials from men of "light and leading." One of these was given by Dr. Cornthwaite and has been already quoted, a second by Canon Wenham, and a third by Dr. Weathers, the late Bishop of Amycla. This it will be well to give at length. "I am able to state that the

Rev. John Bamber went through his course of humanities at St. Edmund's College with distinction and success, obtaining the first premium in the class of rhetoric, and the honours in the Matriculation examination, which he passed in the London University. He also went through the course of moral Philosophy and Theology given in the College and obtained, the last year he was at St. Edmund's, the prize awarded to Dogmatic Theology, and was declared equal to the first amongst his competitors for the prize given in the class of Moral Theology. Returning to St. Edmund's as Professor, he has filled with credit the post assigned to him, being engaged in teaching Mathematics and a Latin-class, and in giving Catechetical instructions. I may add, that to great accuracy and fullness of knowledge, he has united the merit of an exemplary life, and devoted attention to all the duties of Priest and Professor."

The subject of this memoir was appointed Canon Penitentiary, and soon after was chosen for a most important work in which the interests of his Diocese were deeply concerned. It became necessary that the funds which had belonged to the London Vicariate should be equitably apportioned between the two Dioceses of Westminster and Southwark. While on the one side Cardinal Wiseman chose for his representative Mgr. Searle, Bishop Grant could find no more fitting Priest to whom to entrust the interests of the Diocese of Southwark than Canon Bamber. Monsignor Searle would be the first to testify to the zeal, the prudence, the industry, the impartiality and clearness of judgment which he brought to bear in this task.

Another work in which he took a very large and important share was the writing and publishing of the "Manual of Christian Doctrine." This book supplied a much needed want, and was at once adopted as a text-book in most of our Colleges, Schools and Convents.

In April 1863, he was appointed Missionary Rector of Holy Trinity church Bermondsey, when he succeeded the writer of the present memoir, who had been 'locum tenens'

for a year and who was then appointed to St. Joseph's, in the island of Guernsey.

For a period of twenty three years he ruled this mission, one of the most important in the Diocese, with judgment and success.

There is no sounder test by which to gauge a good Missionary Priest, than the state of the schools of his parish. Judged by this standard, Canon Bamber attains high rank, for when he took charge of his mission, the schools were only just beginning to emerge from a state of neglect, that was perhaps unavoidable, but was certainly very deplorable. When he died he left his schools in good condition. Clustered round his church were large boys', girls' and infants' schools; at the two extremities of his parish, north and south, were large mixed and infants' schools, and his care for the little ones of his flock did not cease with his death, for by his will he made what provision he could for their continued Christian education.

The Canon's life at Bermondsey differed from that of any ordinary London Rector only in this, that he was constantly employed by Bishop Grant and his successor Bishop Danell in Diocesan affairs, especially in temporalities. Whenever there was a difficult matter to be settled, it was entrusted to Canon Bamber, and he never rested till he had got to the bottom of it, and placed it on a satisfactory footing.

It was while at Bermondsey, somewhere about the year 1872, that Canon Bamber was elected first Assistant Administrator of the Secular Clergy fund. No higher honour could be paid to a priest of the Dioceses of Westminster, Southwark and Portsmouth, than to be chosen an administrator of this fund, because he must be elected by the free vote of his fellow priests, and because he has duties which touch the comfort, and the very existence, of his suffering, aged and infirm fellow-workers, who are for the most part entirely dependent upon this fund. Moreover

the administrators have to deal with property that brings in a very large income. It will not be out of place to add that in the Report of the administrators for the year 1885-1886, read at the last general meeting by the Rev. Dr. Rymer, who held the proud position of Chief Administrator for many years, pronounced a most glowing appreciation of Canon Bamber's labours in connection with the fund.

At the death of Dr. Grant in 1870, it is said that Canon Bamber's name was submitted, by the Chapter, as one of those fitted to succeed him. However that may be, after a long delay Dr. Danell was appointed, and Canon Bamber remained under him as under Dr. Grant, a trusted and confidential adviser.

Dr. Danell, after eleven years of almost unexampled activity and success in the government of his Diocese, died in 1881, and Monsignor Crookall was chosen Vicar Capitular.

This brings us to an interesting episode in the Provost's life. At the Chapter held for the election of a successor to Bishop Danell, three names were sent to Rome, after due submission to the English Bishops—Crookall, Bamber, and Butt.

It is hardly necessary to repeat here the circumstances that led to the suppression of the three names presented by the Chapter. They may be found set out in the Memoir of Mgr. Crookall in the July No. of this Journal, 1900. The Holy See in 1882 appointed Father Coffin to the vacant Bishopric.

We may, however, quote here from a letter to the writer, which shows how deeply the slur cast upon his friend Bishop Danell had been felt.

"In the now famous (*nescio utrum bona an mala fama*) anonymous letter, there is an implied censure upon the late Bishop for want of progress in the Diocese. A friend has pointed out to me that in respect of increase of clergy both secular and regular, and of new churches and missions, there has been a most marked progress such as is not

exceeded elsewhere, and especially that the rate of progress in these respects has been considerably higher than in Westminster or Salford. One of the most marked signs of progress has been in providing new schools and improved teaching for our children."

Bishop Coffin's health soon broke down completely, and he chose Bishop Butt to be his Auxiliary. He soon afterwards died and the Auxiliary was appointed his successor—two other names were sent to Rome, and the "dignior" is understood to have been Provost Bamber.

The Provost, through ill health, left Bermondsey, and for a few weeks took charge of the Mission of St. Mary Magdalen at Brighton, but he never really rallied, and died there on the 11th of March, 1886.

In these memoirs, it is not customary to observe the charitable but weak and senseless rule of "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*." It is rather our stern habit, to stand up the dead before us, like the Egyptians of old, to gather together defenders and accusers, to take and weigh evidence, and then to render judgment. It is not a panegyric of the man that is demanded but the man himself. In justice it must be said that Canon Bamber was not perfect, and he had most prominently the defects of those very qualities which distinguished him.

Thus he was a man that was dear to Bishops, Vicars General, and the powers generally, for he was essentially a safe man with a sense of duty that was rigid, and would break and destroy rather than yield to the slightest human weakness; a man of power, indeed, but with the power of inertia, rather than with the active and attractive power that moves the really great in this world.

He was secretive and inhospitable, cold and forbidding in word and manner; he never committed a crime and never forgave one; no one in trouble, misery or sin was ever drawn to him for comfort or pardon. It was a striking fact that, as an eye-witness remarked at the Canon's funeral, while the church was crowded with respectful mourners, there was

not one single tear shed so far as he could observe. The Canon's power for good was limited, because there was but little or no human sympathy in him, and until we have reflected on the matter, we are scarcely aware how much the sum of human happiness in the world is indebted to this one feeling—sympathy. It was the key-note, of the Great Master's life, and no priest in whom it is wanting can gain real power over his fellow-men, nor do great or lasting work. By sympathy is meant, of course, not a mere passing sentiment, but the desire and the will to help others in distress, trouble and suffering.

It will not be fitting, however, to conclude this short memoir with words of seeming disparagement, and therefore let the song of eulogy be our ending page. The Bishop of his Diocese, in a Pastoral letter, thus spoke of him:—

"On this occasion we naturally recur to the loss that we have sustained through the death of the Very Rev. Provost Bamber, who had for many years aided our Predecessors in the administration of the Diocese. In accepting the responsibility imposed upon us, we had relied on a continuance of his willing and generous support, a support which during many previous years of intimate friendship had never failed us. Self-denying, and careless about his personal comfort, he practised a rigid economy in order to advance the interest of the Mission in which he so long laboured. Zealous for the Glory of God, he willingly devoted all his patrimony to religious objects. When last year we purchased land for building new schools in connexion with the Cathedral, he was amongst the first to come to our aid with a donation of a thousand pounds from his family inheritance. The soundness of his judgment and his inflexible adherence to principle made him an invaluable adviser. He was taken away at a time when his acquaintance with the affairs of the Diocese would have made him specially useful."

J. GODDARD.



A Pilgrimage to Subiaco and Monte Cassino.

WITH a sense of hopelessness these notes of a pilgrimage to Subiaco and Monte Cassino are offered to the reader. For who can hope that mere words will have the power to waken and thrill the mind like the living scene? There seems to be no possibility of adequately presenting the lights and colours and contour of mountains, the sounds and scents, the thousand delicate impressions which go to make up the charm of such a visit. The only hope of success lies in the power of the reader's imagination and this I beg him to use to the utmost to fill in the lacunæ of the narrative.

The pilgrims of the twentieth century need not walk the forty miles which separate Subiaco from Rome, our starting point. The railway now runs obligingly to the town of Subiaco, and those who have only three days to spend in a visit to the two great Benedictine shrines naturally avail themselves of the quickest means of reaching them. Lest anyone should have hard thoughts of the railway as profaning the sacred solitude of Subiaco I may add for his comfort that it stops two miles away from the monasteries, and is so hidden by the town as to be as good as non-existent.

To preserve as far as might be the character of pilgrims we chose the penitential 3rd class of an Italian side line. The company do not indulge their 3rd class passengers with cushions either to sit on or to lean against, nor do they exhibit photographs of places of interest on their system nor do they supply racks for light articles only. If one is fortunate enough to secure a corner seat, there is some chance of seeing the country; otherwise you see nothing, as there is only a small window over the door. We did manage somehow to get a glimpse of the famous falls at Tivoli. From there onwards the line winds up through the mountains. One curious feature is the situation of the villages and small towns. They are perched on the very crests of the hills, seemingly a most unreasonable position, being thus exposed to every wind of heaven, and to the full heat of the relentless summer sun. The reason of this strange choice of site is that placed where they are, they could be easily defended against invaders, particularly the Saracens, who overran great parts of Italy. They have left a trace behind them in the name of one of those mountain villages Saracinesco. We made out Vicavaro, where the attempt was made to poison St. Benedict.

A little further on is Mandela, until recently the terminus of the railway. Nowadays the pilgrim to Subiaco must

change here. Fifteen miles more and the city of Subiaco comes into sight, finely situated among wooded hills.

On arriving at the station, which is outside the town, we had some difficulty in choosing a young man to carry our luggage. The claimants were many, some of them of forbidding appearance to a stranger visiting Italy for the first time. We got out of the difficulty with satisfaction to ourselves and our 'facchino,' but seemed to have caused considerable dissatisfaction among the others, to judge from their muttered comments and vehement gesticulations.

The route to our destination led us through the city, past the Cathedral. On looking back after leaving the town the most striking building is the Archbishop's palace, once the property of the Abbot of Subiaco, which stands on the summit of the hill on whose slopes the town is built.

To prevent any confusion arising, it may be well to say here that there are two monasteries at Subiaco distant about a couple of miles from the town. The first one to be reached is now called Santa Scholastica. It stands on the site of one of the twelve small monasteries built by St. Benedict, which he dedicated to SS. Cosmas and Damian. The other goes by the name of Sacro Speco and covers the cave in which St. Benedict spent his first years of solitude. A chapel was built over his cave after he had left it, and gradually buildings were added up to the eleventh and twelfth centuries.

All pilgrims and visitors to the Holy Cave are entertained at S. Scholastica, and to it we were conducted by our guide and porter. After walking about a mile from the town on the main road, we turned off to the left where the road crosses the river Anio. A mule path leads up the mountain side to the monasteries and up it we toiled under a blazing noonday sun. A quarter of an hour's climb brought us to the gates of the abbey. On the way we passed close to the chapel built to commemorate the

miracle of St. Placid's rescue from the lake by St. Maurus. It comes as a disappointment to anyone familiar with St. Benedict's life to find out or be told that the lake which gives Subiaco (*sub lacu*) its name, and was the scene of more than one miracle, does not now exist. Originally there were three lakes made by the Emperor Nero, by damming up the waters of the Anio, in order that his villa here might not lack ornamental water. Early in the 14th century the dam was carried away by an inundation and the river resumed its old course in the depth of the gorge.

Arrived at the Abbey our guide left his burden in the hands of a lay brother and went to refresh himself in the kitchen. We were too late to join the community at the midday meal, and were shown to the 'Foresteria' or guest quarters.

The monastery is made up of three courts or quadrangles of which the middle one is the oldest, dating from 1052, and is specially interesting as being one of the earliest specimens of pointed architecture. The one furthest from the entrance comes next in order of time and dates from the thirteenth century, while the one first entered is the most modern, being a seventeenth century structure. The guest quarters are in this first court, their windows look into the cloister and thus keep them delightfully cool, their bare brick floors adding to the effect.

The refectory is a long room with dark panelling half-way up the walls and high windows on one side. There are oil paintings hung above the panelling but it was difficult to make anything of them.

When dinner was over we were put under the guidance of an American father, who was staying in the monastery to pursue his art studies. This was a great boon to us on account of the very slender stock of Italian we had at command. The church at S. Scholastica possesses no architectural feature of interest except its campanile which

dates from the eleventh century. The rest is an eighteenth century restoration. The library contains many handsome MSS. and early printed books. It was here, in a Benedictine house, that the first printing press in Italy was established, in 1464, to be followed ten years later by Caxton's in the Royal Abbey of Westminster. The object of our pilgrimage being the Holy Cave we did not linger at St. Scholastica, and set off up the mountain side to the monastery of the Sacro Speco. The walk or climb, it is all up hill, takes about a quarter of an hour, and affords grand views east and west up and down the valley of the Anio. To the south the view is interrupted by the mass of Monte Carpineto which rises steeply from the river. It is clothed almost entirely with horabeams (*carpini*) from which it gets its name.

Before reaching the monastery a welcome shade from the sun is afforded by a grove of *ilexes*, which are certainly very old and are said to date back from St. Benedict's days; it goes by the name of Sacro Bosco. On emerging from it the monastery comes into view. It is a wonderful structure clinging as it does to the precipitous side of the mountain. The approach to it is by a winding stone stairway which leads up to a terrace, in old days the drawbridge. From it there is a good view of the south front of the monastery. It looked dazzlingly white in the afternoon sun, which was ample reason for the green sun-screens which flanked its two rows of windows. Immediately below the parapet of the terrace is a small rose-garden of which a word will be said later. The whole building is supported on enormous arches of masonry. At the foot of these are some sloping terraces of garden, and below them the ground falls steeply to the river—perhaps 500 feet.

The church is of course the centre of interest here, alike to the lover of architecture—it is 11th century Gothic,—and of painting, as it is covered with early frescoes; still more to the devout pilgrim, and pre-eminently to the sons

of St. Benedict. It is entered at the north-west corner, supposing correct orientation, and the visitor finds himself in a very treasure-house of art, in a shrine of soul-subduing associations; not an inch of wall or roof but bears a tale of patient labour told in rich subdued colour and graceful outline. In the tempered light from a single west window the painting of the Crucifixion over the central-arch is most prominent and first catches the eye. In front of the high Altar is a triple arch with a low white marble screen hiding the flight of 14 steps which leads down to the middle church. A passage on the right leads to the chapel of St. Gregory in which there is a most interesting fresco-portrait of St. Francis of Assisi. In all probability it was made from life by one Brother Oddo, a monk of Subiaco, when the Saint visited the Holy Cave on his way to Naples. It is remarkable that the portrait shows neither the stigmata nor an aureole, nor yet the title of Saint, but simply 'Fra Fräncisū.'

Another flight of steps descends from the under church to a platform where an altar stands in the entrance of the cave in which the Holy Patriarch passed three years.

In the cave is a marble statue of the Saint as a youth which gleams white against the dark background of rock in the light of the lamps which hang from the roof.

The pilgrim is allowed to kneel within the gates on the bare rock which was worn by the Saint's feet centuries ago. He is here at the very heart of that '*locum dilectae solitudinis*' where the great monastic law-giver dwelt alone with himself, in the sight of the Divine Onlooker. The place is one which cannot but give rise to thoughts of the wonderful intercourse between God and the servant He chose and here prepared to be a captain of one of the great battalions of the Church militant. The years spent here were the Saint's night of vigil, before his long conflict with the forces of evil, and here his sons may draw in deep draughts of his spirit to nerve them for their share in the

severe conflict which rages as fiercely to-day as it did fifteen centuries ago. From the level of the cave a long flight of steps, known as the Scala Santa, leads to a number of chapels, cut out of the rock which forms both walls and roof to some of them. Here a door opens out under the great supporting arches to the little rose-garden already mentioned. It is the scene of St. Benedict's victory over sensual temptation related by St. Gregory in the Dialogues. The thorns and briars in which he rolled himself were changed by the blessing of St. Francis into rose bushes, and roses are still grown here as a memorial of the two Saints.

We were led by our guide back through the church and out into the 'cortile' of the monastery, a long narrow shady space, with the mountain towering above on one hand and the monastic buildings shutting it in on the other. At one end stands a statue of St. Benedict with hand uplifted as if to forbid the overhanging rocks from falling upon his children. For hundreds of years his protection was deemed security enough and it never failed, but when the Italian Government seized the monastery as a 'national monument,' mistrusting the Saint, they spent great labour, and, to give them credit, no little skill, in removing what appeared to be the most threatening portions of the rocks.

Passing out at the east end of the cortile, we came upon a flat roof of some of the lower buildings and were rewarded with most splendid views of the valley. Opposite were the fresh green slopes of Monte Carpineto, and to the east far up the valley was just discernible the town of Jenne high on the mountain side. To the west a golden haze of afternoon light dazzled the eyes, depriving one of distant details, but clothing rocks and trees and mountains in a transfiguring gleaming robe. The Anio supplied a subdued yet always perceptible accompaniment of music to a scene in which the eye was fascinated by a thousand

beauties. In all this wealth of nature there was no suggestion of sensuousness. "The running stream," to quote from Abbot Tosti's life of our Holy Father, "is here an admonition of the passing nature of our life;—the continuous noise of its waters a *memento homo* of the eternity of that life which awaits us after death. . . It is a fearful solitude which shuts out every breath of human intercourse, savage, affording little of those consolations with which the beauties of nature usually moisten the aridity of the human mind, but powerful in lifting up, and keeping in the sight of God, the soul that thirsts for Him, as the Fountain of Wisdom and Love. The silence of the things of the world stamps on these rocks a kind of mark of prehistoric virginity. . . Always and everywhere is God adored, but only amid these mountains is God felt."

Before returning to St. Scholastica we climbed up to the little chapel of St. Biagio, or Blaise as we know him. It stands on the site of the monastery where lived St. Romanus, who clothed St. Benedict in the religious habit and supplied his needs during the years of his solitary life. There is now only a small chapel which is a place of pilgrimage on the feast of St. Blaise, February 3rd, when a special blessing against diseases of the throat is given to pilgrims.

Our day ended with supper with the community, and shortly afterwards Compline recited in the 'Coretto.' A single lamp hanging from the roof gave an uncertain flickering light, and after the 'Salve' a lantern was lit and brought to one of the Fathers, who read some prayers to which the community responded.

We started about 4.30 the next morning to say Mass at the Altar in the Sacro Speco. It was a cloudless day and the mountain air was very keen. The early morning light seemed to give a freshness and brilliancy to the scene which it had not worn the preceding afternoon.

The Altar of the Cave has the privilege of a Votive Mass of St. Benedict on all but the most solemn feasts, and this we said though it was Whitsun Eve. After Mass we returned to St. Scholastica, where we made a hurried breakfast before starting on a thirty mile drive to Segni to join the train for Cassino.

J. P. W.

Zottings from the Natural History Society.

THIS report (a slight one, as it must, of necessity, be,) cannot have a more fitting commencement than a few words of thanks to Fr. Prior, who opened the season of 1903 for us with an excellent speech on the objects and aims which every naturalist should hold in view. He pointed out how fortunately we were situated, how many forms of life, rare and almost extinct in other parts of England, surrounded us, that the homes of the Heron and the Badger could be seen from our doors, that beneath us, in the Vale of Mowbray, Otters, Stoats, Weasels, Sparrow-hawks and Kestrels were day by day taking their sustenance from the fauna of the rich lowlands, whilst above us on the Hambleton moors, the Marsh Harrier, the Peregrine, the Wild Cat, and many smaller birds and beasts of prey were still taking their toll of the life of the moorland, as they had done for thousands of years, that the insect life of the district was so rich that entomologists from all parts of England made it their happy hunting ground. He advised us to gain a thorough knowledge of the life around us, not primarily from books, useful

and important as these are, but by employing and training our powers of observation, combined with the virtue of patience; for, by doing so, we should not only add to two of our most valuable qualities but should enrich ourselves with a hobby which would widen our interests and ideas and be of the greatest service to us in after-life. He concluded by wishing the Society a long and successful life.

After Fr. Prior's speech, mention may fitly be made of the lecture on Bees given to us by Fr. Abbot. As was to be expected from a bee-keeper of such experience, this lecture was a thoroughly practical one. Fr. Abbot had brought down one of his hives—untenanted—and not only showed us how the honey was stored and the young fed, but also gave us a full account of a bee's life. He showed us how, in case of need, they could turn an ordinary grub into a queen grub; how ventilation was maintained in the hive; and how sentinels were posted to secure the hive against foreign invasion. These invaders are sometimes bees from another hive but generally wasps. The defenders almost always win the day, even against superior numbers, by the cleverness with which they use the advantages of their position. Of the industry of the bee, of the cleanliness and order kept inside the hive, with perhaps twelve or fifteen thousand inhabitants, of its homing instinct, more wonderful even than that of the Passenger Pigeon, we were told enough to show us that the bee ranks high in the world's aristocracy, and that the bee-keeper, to be successful, has need not merely of considerable wisdom but, in addition, of industry as great as that of the object of his care.

The Ant is also a model of industry, all its waking hours being given up to work. The White Ant, though it is the best known of the Ants, is, by a strange contradiction, no true Ant, but closely allied to such widely differing creatures as the Dragon-fly, the May-fly and the terrible Ant-lion. The wonderful life of the White Ant was described to us by H. Corry who told us that, in some parts of Africa, the mounds erected by the colonies of Ants often covered an area of several miles and were so strong that they were used by the native hunters as points of vantage from which to watch for the approach of game. Most wonderfully perhaps does this creature show an instinct,

almost human, in crossing rivers. As it cannot swim, and has no means of flight, save for a very few hours of its existence, the narrowest rivulet would seem to provide an insuperable obstacle to these ants when their line of march reaches its brink. Yet they cross and recross the great rivers of the Dark Continent with the greatest ease. They choose a tree that overhangs the water, and to the extremity of a branch one of the vanguard attaches himself tightly by his strong jaws; a second member attaches himself in like manner to the first, a third to the second, and so on, until a living bridge is formed long enough to reach the further bank. The ants are buoyant enough to float on the surface of the water and when the main army has crossed, the bridge is taken to pieces link by link and, the transference being completed, the onward march is renewed. The strictest discipline is maintained on these expeditions, certain of the members being appointed to act as captains, each in charge of a small section, and it seems to be their duty to keep their sections in place and to arrange for the disposal of the booty. Others are appointed to clear the line of march, and others again to build the arched roof which is always used to protect the ants from the sunlight, direct sunlight being usually fatal to many species of ants. These creatures are, indeed, thorough socialists, the labours of the individual being always devoted to the welfare of the community. The eggs, which are laid at the rate of twenty or thirty thousand a day by the unhappy queen, are taken care of by state foster-mothers in a state nursery, and both family life and individual property are unknown. The poor queen, from the moment of her election, is immured in the royal chamber which is built round the prisoner in such a way that she herself, magnified very shortly to twenty or thirty times her original size, can never leave it, though openings are left in the walls through which the workers pass in and out, when they bring food to their royal mistress and carry off the eggs.

A very different life is that of the Dragonfly, though it is a close connection of the Termite or White Ant. The Dragonfly spends the first portion of its existence, as we were told by Br. Dominic, at the bottom of some shallow pond, at which stage of its existence it is chiefly remarkable for its voracity and its

peculiar method of progression. It has in the end of its tail two tubes into which it draws the water and afterwards expels it with such force that it is driven forward at a considerable speed. When the time comes for the change to an aerial existence, our subject crawls up the stem of some water-plant which projects above the surface of the water, and, if it is satisfied that the stem will bear the strain about to be put upon it, takes a firm hold of the top of the stem, and hangs there for a time. Soon a rent appears in the skin of the back and the insect is hanging from its own skin, by its tail only. Then, as one begins to wonder how it is to free itself from its uncomfortable predicament, by a muscular effort, that would do credit to a professional gymnast, it pulls itself up again and takes hold of its cast-off covering. Now it unfolds its beautiful wings and, small at first, these can be seen growing visibly until they come to their full size and our Dragonfly is fully equipped for its errand of destruction. Perhaps no creature in the world is more perfectly equipped for its life's work. It has jaws, immense and powerful in proportion to its size, and wonderful powers of flight. It can fly backwards and forwards with apparently equal speed and from side to side or up and down without altering the inclination of its body. Poetry of motion is, to all of us, merely an idea, but the naturalist, who has watched a swift hawking after a dragonfly, has seen it almost materialised.

Of the Tortoise-shell Butterfly, Mr. Arkell gave us a clear and concise account to which we hope to have an opportunity of referring at greater length on a future occasion. In June and July, the caterpillars of this butterfly may be found in great numbers feeding on the leaves of nettles. In his lecture on "Beetles," Fr. Benedict covered so much ground that it is impossible here to do more than to congratulate him on having made his subject so interesting. This was perhaps inevitable in one who knew his subject so thoroughly. Next season we hope for more information from him about the Burying Beetles, the Skip-jacks, which are so common at Goremire, and, most of all, the wonderful Water-beetles, which are equally at home on land, in the air or under the water.

An animal which seems to be at home in two of these elements is the Rat, and J. Kevill, in his lecture on this, almost domestic,

animal, showed clearly that its survival is due to its adaptability. The Brown Rat seems to be able to live anywhere on anything. It came over from Norway about 1732, and very soon all but exterminated the Black Rat. When permitted, it will was fat indoors; it can also earn a good livelihood out in the open and, in time of need, it will take to a river life and dispossess the water-vole of its home. It breeds as quickly as the rabbit and, if it were not kept down by constant persecution, would soon become a dangerous pest.

Very few people know how rats carry eggs off, and in answer to a question on this point Kevill told us that one rat clutches the egg between its four paws and turns on its back; its accomplices take hold of their friend's tail and in this way drag the spoil home. How rats get eggs up or down stairs, as they often do, seems not to be known.

The Mole, which is the best of our English burrowers, was dealt with by W. Sharp, who is an adept trapper and forrier. The home or fortress of this creature is placed under some rising ground, generally by the root of a tree, and, from it, passages radiate for considerable distances. The depth of the tunnels varies according to the state of the soil: in dry weather the worms sink deep in search of moisture and the mole must follow them, but, in wet weather, it works very near to the surface. The outstanding features of the mole are its tremendous strength and ferocity. If it were the size of a lion, with these qualities increased in proportion, it would be the most terrible animal that the world has ever seen.

Another burrower, which is unfortunately very rarely found nowadays, is the Badger which was brought to our notice by B. Bradley. This animal, "the last of the British Bears," is the largest of our wild animals, excepting the deer, and is also the most harmless. Yet it has been persecuted almost to extinction. Badger-baiting is, fortunately, obsolete now but, as most fox-hunters have persuaded themselves that the badgers interfere with the foxes, the work of extermination continues merrily. Yet there is little foundation for the belief. On the Gilling estate, for instance, where there exists a colony of Badgers, there are too many foxes. The fox which is a poor burrower, can find no better home than the deserted earth of a Badger, but if Reynard

presumes to occupy the Badger's earth, before the maker has finished with it, then, of course, the intruder suffers. The Badger has sharp teeth, worked by strong muscles. Once a keeper, observing a badger's tail at the mouth of a hole, took hold of it to drag the animal out. He had made a terrible mistake. Too late he discovered that he had seized hold of a *front* leg and, before he could let go, the Badger bit his hand off from the wrist. Not long ago, too, in Gilling, a keeper, seeing a Badger jogging along in front of him with a young one by its side, was minded to capture the young one. Before he could make away with his prize, he found himself surrounded by fourteen or fifteen of these animals, and he owed his escape to the fact that he was wearing stout leather leggings and was armed with a gun.

Quite a different kind of animal is the Squirrel, and P. Allanson had no terrible tales to tell us about this merry little creature, that adds so much to the brightness of our forests. We were told, however, that it lives mainly on nuts, that it sleeps through the winter and has a store of food laid by, in case it wakes too early in the season, that it builds a warm closed-in nest or drey, in which it rears its young and sometimes hibernates, and lastly that it is rare north of the Firth of Forth.

Half-way between the animals and the birds come the Bats, and Mr. Keasley gave us an interesting lecture on these little brown creatures. For many years regarded with loathing and detestation, they have, of late, been done partial justice to and are beginning to be recognized as among our benefactors, and as creatures possessed of many remarkable abilities. "As blind as a bat" is a well-established proverb, but a bat is not blind and, in addition, its wings are covered with nerves of such wonderful delicacy that, when flying at *full speed*, it can avoid all obstacles even in the daylight. A French naturalist (?) blinded a bat to find out whether it could fly freely after the loss of its eyes. So far as could be seen, the cruel deprivation made no difference to the poor creature. It avoided even narrow threads that had been stretched across the room. The mother-bat carries her young hanging to her, both in her flight, and when she rests. The powerful and sharp thumb-claw at the head of the wing is used for impaling the larger insects, on which the bat feeds, and also as a hook by which it suspends itself, head downward, when

resting. The winter they pass in a torpid state, clinging together in the darkness of some cavern: old barns also and church steeples are often resorted to. Bats are easily tamed and form interesting pets.

Still keeping to the creatures of the night, we had a long and interesting discussion on the habits of the Fern Owl, which, as Br. Thomas pointed out, had, like the Bat, long suffered from unfounded prejudice, as is shown by the name given to it in many parts,—the Goatsucker. It has suffered also from its unfortunate resemblance to the hawk tribe. In point of fact, it is neither a hawk nor an owl but is allied to the Swifts, the Kingfishers, etc. It is a migrant, reaching us about May, and making only a short stay. The jarring note, whence it derives its name of Churn Owl, and which it makes as it stands in its favourite attitude, along a branch, sloping so that its head is lower than its tail, is made either for pleasure or to make the insects move, but the use of the long serrated middle claw is more uncertain. White says that it is used for taking prey; Farrell says that it is used to prevent the bird from slipping off the branch: a third explanation is that it is a comb used for cleaning the bristles that line the capacious mouth, which would otherwise become clogged with the wings and legs of the bird's victims. Such an operation would, when performed on the wing, explain the sudden tumbles and strange movements which have won for the Fern Owl the name of Wheel Bird. Further and more exact observation of the bird's habits seems necessary before the question of the use of this claw can be definitely settled.

For the real Owls, especially the Barn and the Wood Owls, P. Perry had a great deal of praise in his interesting paper. The farmer has no better feathered friends. A pair of Brown Owls will kill thirty or forty mice and rats in a single night. Yet most gamekeepers, wonderfully ignorant of all forms of wild life that lie beyond the few species of game which they are paid to protect, shoot and trap Owls industriously. With the same energy they persecute all kinds of Hawks, as Br. Placid pointed out. The Kestrel, for instance, feeding mainly on mice and even smaller vermin, is deserving of preservation in return for the good it does. The Sparrow-hawk, it must be confessed, is, now and again, guilty of the theft of a game-bird or two but

even in this case, it is doubtful whether it is not to the sportsman's interest to preserve these birds. Be Placid told us of a moor in Scotland, very strictly preserved, where all the birds of prey were killed off, and where, as a direct consequence of this, sport became so poor through the continued prevalence of disease, that, on the advice of a London expert, the birds of prey were reintroduced. The truth seems to be that these birds have a necessary work to perform. They are made to weed out the unhealthy and weak. Naturally it is the strong and healthy birds that get safe to cover when the sparrow-hawk comes sweeping through the gap in the hedge, while the more helpless relative, that might otherwise live to spread disease and weakness, is carried off. Putting aside the somewhat selfish interests of the game-preserver, and regarding the question from the æsthetic point of view there is no true lover of nature that does not desire to see the falcons and the hawks restored to their proper position in the government of our forests and fields.

The Raven is yet another victim to modern methods, though here the zeal of the egg-collector is greatly in fault. H. Chamberlain gave us a very complete account of this remarkable bird. Its intelligence is almost human; it has a most expressive voice (the Roman seers were able to distinguish sixty-five different sounds); it is found all over the world except Central America, South Africa, and New Zealand; its food consists mainly of carrion and occasionally of grains.

The bird still maintains a precarious footing in some parts of England but the value of the eggs is so high that, unless stringent measures are taken, it will soon, as a British bird, become extinct. The same fate will probably soon befall the Heron, largest of our birds. Unfortunately this bird is a fine angler, and one can well understand the ill-feeling which exists between this bird and the owners of trout-streams, though the ill-will is probably very one-sided. Most of the famous heronries of England have been broken up and only a few colonies survive here and there. How does the heron entice fish within the reach of its sharp beak? All fish would naturally have the same inherited distrust of the heron as they have of the human angler, and yet the heron will stand openly in a foot or so of clear water and help itself to a generous breakfast in a very short time. Many theories have

been advanced to account for the apparent fascination exercised by the bird but, at present, it seems that this question must be left among the multitude of smaller mysteries with which nature is constantly puzzling us. Many other mysteries are found in the history of the Cuckoo, a bird which Br. Benedict told us is probably a survival, as the wonderful shell-fish in Lake Tanganyika are, of life in some far distant age. Peculiarities in the skeleton of the bird, in its food and in its whole manner of life all go to prove this. The fact that this bird builds no nest of its own is well-known, as it is also that the Cuckoo lays its egg on the ground and carries it in its beak to the nest selected. The nest must, of course, be carefully selected, since, if the young cuckoo were hatched any considerable time after the rightful inmates of the nest, it would certainly find itself overmatched in point of strength and numbers. So the choice is carefully made, and in some cases the cuckoo has been known to remove eggs that were so far advanced that they were likely to prove a source of danger to the intruder. It is certain that the cuckoo matches its egg to those in the selected nest but it is uncertain whether the nest is selected and then the egg laid to suit, or whether the egg is laid and then the nest selected later, or even whether the same cuckoo always lays the same kind of egg. Neither can it be explained why the parents, upon whom the adoption of the young cuckoo is forced, should consent to the arrangement. The young cuckoo, within a day or two after its escape from the egg, ejects the other young by forcing them over the side of the nest. Instances have been known where these young ones have lived for many hours within a foot or so of the nest, calling piteously, but in vain, for food to their parents as they fly busily to and fro in vain effort to satisfy the greedy foster-child. It seems impossible to explain why the strongest of all natural instincts should be so utterly disregarded. The answer to the mystery probably lies hidden in the life of some long forgotten age when the physical conditions rendered some substitution necessary.

Other interesting birds, which formed the subjects of papers were the Thrush, the Redshank, a wading bird, the Dipper (wrongly called the Kingfisher in Scotland) which possesses the wonderful power of walking along the beds of rivers and streams, and the Kingfisher, which we were glad to hear is becoming common again.

The paper on the "Migration of the Swallow" and that on the "Fossils," both most interesting papers, we mention here only to express the hope that we may have the opportunity of discussing them at greater length on some future occasion.

We desire also to thank Mr. Dawson, Inspector of Fisheries on the West Coast, for his kindness in sending specimens of ova and young fish to illustrate the lecture on Plaice, a subject which was ably handled by Br. Joseph.

In conclusion a word of compliment is due to J. Kevill for the clever speech in which he moved the vote of thanks to the chairman at the last meeting of the season, and we may be allowed to repeat the chairman's good-wishes to those members of the Society, fortunately few in number, who are leaving us to take up their work in the outside world.

LIST OF SUBJECTS.

April 26,	Fr. Prior opened meeting.	
	L. Rigby.	"The Redshank."
	Br. Thomas Herbert	"The Fern Owl."
May 3,	Fr. Benedict	"Beetles."
	W. Sharp	"Moles."
May 10,	E. Taunton	"Fossils."
	Mr. E. Kealey	"Bats."
May 17,	General questions	("The Heron etc.")
May 24,	H. Corry	"The White Ant."
	Br. Benedict	"The Cuckoo."
May 31,	Fr. Abbot	"Bees."
June 7,	Mr. Arkell	"The Tortoise shell-Butterfly."
	P. Millers	"The Thrush."
June 14,	P. Allanson	"The Squirrel."
	Br. Ambrose	"The Dipper."
June 21,	Br. Joseph	"The Plaice."
June 24,	H. Chamberlain	"The Raven."
	J. Kevill	"Rats."
June 28,	W. Williams	"The Kingfisher."
	Br. Dominic	"The Dragonfly."
July 5,	Br. Placid	"The Hawks."
	P. Perry	"The Owl."

July 12,	Br. Anselm	"The Migration of the Swallow."
	B. Bradley	"The Badger."
Vote of thanks to Chairman		"J. Kevill."
	L. Rigby (Sec).	

The Redshank.

Last year when staying at a small fishing village on the west coast, I witnessed an annual performance that never loses its interest,—the leading of a family of newly hatched Redshanks by their parents across two miles of country to the salt marshes which fringe that part of the coast and provide such a happy hunting ground for many long-billed wading birds. Carpeted with maritime vegetation, which changes with the season from pink to blue, then to silver grey, and lastly to a beautiful brown, the salt marshes when viewed from a distance look like a flower garden. The beds are separated by dikes and pools left by the tide, which on calm days only just reaches them, but on rougher days covers them entirely. In these marshes the Redshank loves to roam before and after the breeding season; but they do not make safe nesting places on account of the tide. Farther inland are the sandhills, where the coarse bent-grass is always shaking in the breeze, however slight it may be. Here many Redshanks breed and rear their families along with the terns. But here they are always in fear of the rats, stoats, and gulls, which know well that between these hillocks the patches of shingle are strewn with the eggs of Redshank and tern, and that the bent-grass affords but poor cover for the speckled treasure. For this reason a great number of Redshanks seek a safer nesting place inland. It is very easy for them to skim over the cultivated lands and the village to the inviting pastures that lie by the trout stream and under the covers. Here they find a splendid nesting site; for there is abundance of food, the tide cannot disturb them, and the gamekeeper sees that no vermin nor bird of prey shall come near his precious game.

Here the time of sitting and hatching passes like a happy dream. But as soon as the young are hatched the difficulties of

the situation present themselves. Like most of their tribe, the young Redshanks are able to run and to swim on the same day that they are hatched, and the day following their appearance in this world their parents start for the coast. The impulse which sends them so soon, instead of waiting till the young are larger and stronger is still a mystery; but every year they go across the two miles of country and pass through the village to the marshes. Although this seems a hazardous journey to attempt, yet it is successfully made every year by these tiny birds, which seem to blow along like thistle-down. It is a great event in their lives, attended with many dangers; but the secrets of their success are an unerring instinct, which tells them when danger is near, and a prompt obedience to the note of their parents, warning them to take cover among the stones and dead grass with which they harmonize so marvellously, and on which they have to rely so much. In an instant they become practically invisible among the stones, and they will only cross an opening when the note changes into one of encouragement. Whenever there are difficulties to overcome, the parents leave the procession that winds along under cover of the hedgerows, and fly aloft to reconnoitre the country and direct the march by word of command. They take advantage of a break in the line of houses in the village, and one parent bird flies to the roof of a house to act as sentinel while the others pass. They swim without hesitation through any water which may be in their way, and so reach the marsh, where there is food in plenty, and where they are safe; for there vermin cannot live, and man's foot seldom treads.

L. RIGBY.

Notices of Books.

THE REFORMATION SETTLEMENT. An epitome of the Statute and Canon Law thereon. By FREDERICK McMULLAN, Barrister-at-Law, and GUY ELLIS, Solicitor of the Supreme Court. London, Sands and Co. Price 1/6.

THE object of the compilers of this little work has been to show how the proceedings of the Reformers were effected by changes in the Statute Law of the Realm as opposed to the arbitrary will of the Sovereign or order of Privy Council or as in most other countries by the mere upheaval of Revolution. In other words we learn that the abandonment of the old Religion became part and parcel of the Statutes and Constitutions of the realm, so much so that Queen Mary was styled therein, like her father before her, Supreme Head of the Church of England until the repeal of that title, obedience to the See of Rome once more acknowledged and reconciliation sought for. The change of Religion by the Reformers was gradual, methodical and, so to say, scientific. Matters of Faith, such as regarded, for instance, the Real Presence, the Mass, the necessity of Confession and other points of doctrine, were, at first, not only left untouched, but reaffirmed and protected by legislation, and penalties were enacted against those who dared to deny them. The great desideratum, that of the annihilation of Papal jurisdiction and its transference, whole and entire, to the Sovereign, was effected by legislation of the clearest and most affirmative character. This was the cardinal point of reform, the centre of the circle round which the Reformers

undeviatingly revolved. While this was never lost sight of from the very commencement, it is interesting to note how matters of Faith, such as those mentioned above, were first protected, then gradually eliminated by a legislation that began by pronouncing them superstitious and untenable, and became finally in the days of Elizabeth as vindictive as the persecution of Nero or Domitian against Christianity and as stern as the laws of Draco. The compilers of this synopsis of Statute and Canon Law have performed their task as might have been expected from men of such legal standing and capacity. Their work is well worth the attention of such as still plead a substantial uniformity with the Pre-reformation Church in England or of those who choose to deal with the ecclesiastical history of the period of reform.

They will find enough in this little volume to convince them that a much clearer understanding of the English Reformation can be obtained by considering the Statute Law before consulting the expositions of historians and pamphleteers, most of whom 'argue for a case', or who follow 'views, whether traditional or excogitated from less trustworthy sources.'

THE DATE OF THE CRUCIFIXION. Founded on the Calendar of the Ancient Egyptians. By the Rev. W. A. BULBECK, O.S.B. (Art and Book Co.)

This little book was issued not long before the author's death. The argument on which he relies to establish the date is briefly sketched at the beginning; the rest of the book is devoted not to filling in the sketch of the argument, but to explaining the Egyptian Calendar, on the ground that such an explanation is not accessible even in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Unfortunately Fr. Antony's exposition is too complex to be called a popular account, and at the same time lacks those references to original

authorities which would be needed to make it of service to the student. Perhaps its utility will be to warn the student that this side of the question must not be overlooked.

MARY THE PERFECT WOMAN. By Miss EMILY MARY SHAPCOTE. Privately printed at the Manresa Press.

These are 150 poems—'rhythms' the writer calls them—in Iambic pentameters, divided into five line stanzas. Throughout, every line rhymes with 'me,'—'be,' 'she,' 'verily,' etc; the monotonous rhyme and rhythm emphasizing, as far as we have read, monotony of thought and feeling. The book will certainly not be read as poetry; the versification is indeed easy and often musical; but it only embodies such imaginings as that the Holy Women on their way to the sepulchre would not wake Our Lady; and such philosophisings as the theory that by the fall woman fell so much below man that she no longer even aspired to be a partner of his intellectual life. And we doubt if the book will be read as a book of devotion.

It is indeed a series of meditations on our Lady; but it gives the impression that the meditations have been made altogether with a view to composition; and this impression becomes a certainty when we read the very autobiographical preface. A few stanzas may be given as a sample of the work. They are taken from "Eve's Confession."

Ah, hear me, Daughters, know what 'tis to me
To suffer loss, and justly. Verily,
A satisfaction all condign must be
Offered to God's offended Majesty
Ere life can triumph, health can vanquished be.

O Daughters, God is just. Yea, verily,
Is Justice self. But truth is also He.

And He hath sworn, in all solemnity,
To find the Ransom, that in Justice He.
May mercy meet—and so appeased be.

Yet hearken, Daughters. Not alone may I
The punishment endure. Ah, hear me, why
Your words bring little consolation. I
Of death alone am cause; so, verily,
She whom we look for, Cause of Life must be.

AN APOLOGY FOR THE RELIGIOUS ORDERS. By St.
THOMAS AQUINAS. Edited, with Introduction, by
the VERY REV. FR. JOHN PROCTER.

This is a fairly readable translation of two of St. Thomas' Opuscula. The case for the Orders needs to be continually restated, and St. Thomas' arguments have still force; but the translator does not seem to feel where modern controversies and points of interest are touched on, and the work reads as if it had only historical interest. Father Procter's long introduction justifies the foundation of the Friars; but he is carried away at times by his eloquence, and overstates his case. He does not of course think that *the Monks of the West* is a work of pure imagination; yet anyone taking some of his remarks literally would certainly get that impression.

College Diary.

April 8. Fr. Edmund Matthews came to give the usual Easter Retreat. We were glad to see the following old boys, C. Hines, M. Homan, A. Rigby and J. Nevill.

April 9. We were sorry to lose P. Lambert who left to-day.

April 13. Easter Monday. Football match against Duncombe Park, played at Helmsley. An evenly contested game, in which the fine play of Br. Joseph Dawson and E. Rochford was conspicuous, ended in a draw. The score 1—1.

April 14. One large party spent the day at the Fosse ponds. Another went to Kirby, and A. Penney, Esq., treated a third to a drive to Hawby.

April 15. The election of the Captain of the School was held. J. B. Kevill was returned to office by a large majority.

On resuming studies we noticed the following new boys:—

O. Chamberlain.....	Grassendale.
P. Murphy	London.
W. Clapham	Hull.
A. Clapham.....	Hull.
C. Rochford	London.
H. Rochford.....	London.

April 23. Father MacClement, a Chaplain to the Naval Forces, gave an interesting lecture, illustrated by magic lantern slides, on his experiences in China and Japan.

April 26. The Natural History Society, established by Mr. Robinson, held its first meeting in the Junior Library. Father Prior opened the proceedings by a speech in which he dwelt on the advantages to be gained from an interest in Natural History.

May 8. For more than a fortnight wet weather had prevented the holding of the Athletic Sports. To-day, the first fine day, they were successfully carried through. Many of the results were far behind those achieved earlier in the Term because

practice had been stopped owing to the long confinement within doors. Two records however were broken, both in the fourth set, in the 100 yards by Joseph Darby, and in the long jump by Hubert Dees. In the first set G. Preston ran a splendid 100 yards, but just failed to reach the record time. We give the results at the end of the Diary.

May 10. The Cricket Season opened at last with the annual Colts' Match. E. Pilkington, and R. Dowling alone remained of last year's eleven. E. Rochford, a new aspirant to the colours, justified expectations by good all-round play. The XI won by 4 wickets. The scores of all the cricket matches will be found at the end of the Diary.

May 15. The Boys challenged and defeated the Religious at hand-ball.

May 21. The Cricket team drove to Castle Howard for a match. The features of the game were R. Dowling's innings of 40 not out, and the fine bowling of Bns. Benedict Hayes and Basil Mawson. After reaching a total of 111, we disposed of our opponents for 27 and 37.

May 26. Match against the Grammar School at Knaresborough, in which T. Barton succeeded in doing the hat-trick. We won by 24 runs.

May 27. C. Primavesi left; we wish him every success.

June 1. Whit-Monday. Match on our ground against Hull Zingari. Fr. Bernard Hayes played a splendid innings of 122. Our opponents made 66 against our 227 for 4 wickets.

June 2. Whit-Tuesday. The annual picnic at Goremire took place to-day. The day was beautifully fine and the outing was thoroughly enjoyed.

June 4. Match at home v. Pocklington Grammar School. We sustained a serious defeat, replying by 76 to our opponents' score of 167 for 9 wickets.

June 11. Feast of Corpus Christi. Fr. Abbot pontificated and there was a procession of the Blessed Sacrament in the grounds.

In the afternoon a match was played against St. John's College, York. They left us in an hour and a half in which to score 133. This we secured for the loss of 3 wickets: with just a few minutes to spare. E. Rochford made 72 not out.



June 23. The Religious played the Boys, and won by 53 runs.

June 29. The Boys' XI played Harrogate College, masters and boys, on their ground. We batted first and made 94; they had all afternoon to bat, but only reached a total of 69.

July 7. The cricket team went to York to play the Yorkshire Gentlemen. We were defeated.

July 11. The return match against Pocklington Grammar School, played at Pocklington. Our adversaries were again victorious.

July 12. On this day the last of the weekly meetings of the Natural History Society was held. We give no account of its proceedings as they are recorded in another part of the *Journal*. The marked success of the Society was due chiefly to the exertions of its promoter and chairman, Mr. Robinson. We take this opportunity of thanking him, and hope that the Society may hold many more successful sessions.

July 18. Match against Helmsley on our ground.

July 21. The College XI challenged an Eleven from among the visitors. We succeeded in reaching a total of 240. T. Ainscough made 158 for our opponents, but in spite of this they failed to reach our score by 25.

July 22. The annual Past and Present match was played. The Present were the victors. T. Ainscough made 77 for the Past.

The following prizes were awarded at the end of the term:—

CRICKET.

FIRST SET.

Batting average won by E. Rockford.

Bowling average won by E. Pilkington.

(Bats presented by W. Taylor, Esq.)

Prize for best fielding won by R. Dowling.

(Bat presented by A. Penney, Esq.)

SECOND SET.

Batting average won by W. Williams.

Bowling average won by G. Preston.

(Balls presented by W. Taylor, Esq.)

FIFTH SET.

Batting average won by H. Williams.
 Bowling average won by H. Dees.
 (Medals presented by W. S. Sharp, Esq.)

SWIMMING.

Open race won by V. Giglio.
 Diving won by M. Gregory.
 (Medals presented W. S. Woodiwi, Esq.)

In conclusion it is our pleasant duty to thank the gentlemen who have so kindly sent these prizes.

JOHN DARBY.
 THOMAS BARTON.

RESULT OF SPORTS.

First Set. Weight: over 120 lbs.; Age: over 15 years.

Record since 1887.

100 YARDS	
G. Preston, 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.	J. Browne, 10sec.
R. Dowling.	
220 YARDS	
No Event.	J. Dawson, } J. Farrell, } 23 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.
440 YARDS	
John Darby, 58 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.	E. Connor, 51 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.
W. Heffernan.	
HALF-MILE	
J. Darby, 2m. 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.	G. Farrell, 1m. 53 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.
E. Pilkington.	
MILE	
J. Darby, 5m. 24sec.	P. Carroll, (Gilling Rd.) 4m. 59sec.
A. Peart.	G. Farrell, (College Rd.) 4m. 37sec.
HURDLE RACE (10 Rights—120 yards)	
No Event.	D. Spradbury, 18sec.
HIGH JUMP	
J. Kevill, 4ft. 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	J. Browne, } A. Powell, } 5ft. 3in. B. Rochford. } F. Quinn, }

LONG JUMP	
R. Dowling, 17ft.	M. Galavan, 19ft. 10ins.
B. Rochford.	
POLE JUMP	
H. de Normanville	W. Dawes, 9ft. 1in.
7ft. 7in.	
A. Peart.	
PUTTING THE WEIGHT (16 lbs., 7ft. run, no follow)	
L. Buen, 29ft. 10in.	J. Galavan, 37ft. 3in.
J. Kevill.	
CRICKET BALL	
R. Dowling, 87yds.	
1ft. 9 in.	J. Quinn, 144yds. 2ft. 6in.
J. Kevill.	
CONSOLATION RACE	
R. Huntington.	P. Daniel, 24 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.

Second Set. Weight: 90 to 120 lbs.; Age: 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 15 years.

Record since 1887.

100 YARDS	
W. Williams, 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.	L. Mackey 11sec.
B. Bradley.	
220 YARDS	
No Event.	V. Gosling 24sec.
440 YARDS	
N. Harrison, 62sec.	E. Darby, 56sec.
W. Williams.	
HALF-MILE	
A. Blaney, 2m. 33 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.	R. Weighill, 2m. 17sec.
W. Heslop.	
MILE	
J. Pradera, 5m. 59sec.	V. Dees, 5m. 16 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.
HURDLE RACE	
No Event.	K. Weighill, 23 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.
HIGH JUMP	
B. Bradley, 4ft. 7ins.	E. Railton, 4ft. 11ins.
LONG JUMP	
A. Blaney, 14ft. 11ins.	J. Ennis, 16ft. 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins.
B. Bradley.	
POLE JUMP	
A. Blaney, 6ft. 7ins.	F. Priestman, 7ft. 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins.
W. Williams.	

Record since 1887.

PUTTING THE WEIGHT, (15 lbs., 7ft. run, no follow).
 W. Heslop, } 23ft. 10in.
 B. Bradley, }

D. McCormack, 26ft. 6ins.

CRICKET BALL

W. Heslop, 75yds. 2ft.
 W. Williams.

C. Powell, 87yds. 6ins.

CONSOLATION RACE

W. Wood.
 W. Briggs, 25sec.

Third Set. Weight: 70 to 90 lbs.; Age: 12 to 13½ years.

100 YARDS

V. Giglio, 12sec.
 H. Morice.

L. Finnesey, 11½sec.

220 YARDS

No Event.
 J. Pike, } 28½sec.
 J. Nevill, }

440 YARDS

V. Giglio, 65½sec.
 J. Blackledge.

L. Finnesey, 58sec.

HALF-MILE

V. Giglio, 2m. 39½sec.
 W. Hill.

W. Murphy, 2m. 19½sec.

MILE

J. Blackledge, 6m. 7sec.
 John Smith.

HIGH JUMP

J. Winn, 3ft. 10½in.
 C. Rochford.

B. Rochford, } 4ft. 4½in.
 W. Heffernan, }

LONG JUMP

J. Winn, 13ft.
 C. Rochford.

C. Croskell, 14ft. 9in.

POLE JUMP

No Event.
 R. Weighill, 6ft. 9½in.

PUTTING THE WEIGHT, (10lbs. 7ft. run, no follow.)

L. McGuiness, 24ft. 6in.
 J. Lopez.

A. Ennis, 29ft. 6in.

CRICKET BALL

L. McGuiness, 68yds.
 2ft. 5in.
 A. Morice.

A. Ennis, 74yds. 2ft.

CONSOLATION RACE

P. Emerson.
 C. Micali, 26½sec.

Fourth Set.

Record since 1887.

100 YARDS

Joseph Darby, 12sec.
 F. Ibbotson.

C. Marwood, 12½sec.

220 YARDS

G. Hines, 32sec.
 P. Emerson.

C. Pike, 29 sec.

440 YARDS

Joseph Darby, 68½sec.
 H. Dees.

B. Tams, 63½sec.

HALF-MILE

James Darby, 2m. 48½sec.
 H. Williams.

John Darby, 2m. 31sec.

HIGH JUMP

James Darby, 3ft. 10in.
 H. Dees.

C. Marwood, 4ft. 4½in.

LONG JUMP

H. Dees, 13ft. 7½in.
 F. Ibbotson.

J. Pike, 13ft. 6½in.

POLE JUMP

No Event.
 P. Higgins, 6ft. 1in.

PUTTING THE WEIGHT (10lb., 7ft. run, no follow)

No Event.
 C. Gomez, 27ft. 10in.

CRICKET BALL

H. Dees, 53yds. 1ft. 9in.
 G. Hines.

C. Marwood, 62yds. 2ft. 7in.

CONSOLATION RACE

E. Keogh.
 J. Fleming, 30½ sec.



May 10.

COLTS.

W. Hoffman, c R. Howling, b T. Barton	4
J. McKenna, b E. Rochford	1
Rev. W. B. Hayes, c T. Barton, b E. Rochford	23
E. Crean, Jbr, b P. Williams	28
B. Rochford, b E. Rochford	4
G. Murphy, b B. Bradley	2
C. Primavesi, c E. Rochford b B. Bradley	0
C. V. Wyse, run out	14
W. Williams, b T. Barton	4
H. Chamberlain, b T. Barton	1
J. Darby, c E. Rochford, b B. Bradley	1
P. Navey, c H. de Normanville, b T. Barton	1
G. Preston, b B. Bradley	0
W. Heslop, c P. Williams, b B. Bradley	2
V. Harrison, c B. Bradley, b J. Kevill	7
A. Blaney, b E. Rochford	0
A. Primavesi, c B. Bradley, b E. Rochford	0
M. Gregory, not out	2
Extras	5

Total 102

THE COLLEGE DIARY.

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THE ELEVEN.

E. Pilkington, c and b Rev. W. B. Hayes	3
E. Rochford, b W. Williams	54
R. Dowling, b C. V. Wyse	22
G. Chamberlain, Jbr, b W. Williams	1
D. Traynor, not out	7
T. Barton, b W. Williams	13
H. de Normanville, b W. Williams	9
J. Kevill, not out	1
P. Williams	Did not bat
L. Burns	
B. Bradley	

Extras ... 5

Total (for 6 wks.) 103

May 21.

AMPFORTH COLLEGE.

E. Pilkington, Jbr, b F. Bradshaw	2
E. Rochford, b M. H. Smith	17
Rev. A. B. Hayes, c J. Calvert, b F. Bradshaw	0
R. Dowling, not out	40
Rev. W. B. Hayes, b T. Thompson	19
G. Chamberlain, b T. Thompson	15
Rev. B. Mawson, b B. Dickenson	1
D. Traynor, c F. Bradshaw b B. Dickenson	6
T. Barton, c T. Dolby, b F. Bradshaw	0
H. de Normanville, b B. Dickenson	3
B. Beasley, c T. Dolby, b B. Dickenson	2
Extras	6

Total 111

CASTLE HOWARD.

G. Calvert, c T. Fasten, b Rev. A. B. Hayes	4
T. Coates, b Rev. B. Mawson	1
M. H. Smith, c E. Pilkington, b Rev. A. B. Hayes	1
T. Thompson, b Rev. B. Mawson	1
F. Bradshaw, b Rev. A. B. Hayes	7
B. Dickenson, b Rev. A. B. Hayes	5
H. M. Coates, b Rev. A. B. Hayes	0
J. Calvert, c R. Bradley, b Rev. B. Mawson	4
T. Dolby, b Rev. B. Mawson	2
R. Nash, not out	0
W. Watson, b Rev. B. Mawson	0
Extras	2

Total 27

May 26.

KNARESBOROUGH.

H. J. Smith, c J. Kevill, b B. Bradley	...	8
R. Gillender, c J. Kevill, b T. Barton	...	7
W. Bell, b B. Bradley	...	2
H. Fall, run out	...	3
J. B. Abbot, c G. Chamberlain, b T. Barton	...	15
G. Groves, b T. Barton	...	3
G. R. Long, b B. Bradley	...	6
T. Rowling, b B. Bradley	...	0
H. R. Lamplough, b T. Barton	...	3
J. N. Thosely, c B. Bradley, b T. Barton	...	0
P. A. Cornish, not out	...	0
Extras	...	5
Total	46	

AMPELFORTH COLLEGE.

E. Pilkington, b H. J. Smith	...	4
G. Chamberlain, b H. J. Smith	...	21
E. Rochford, b H. J. Smith	...	7
R. Dowling, b H. J. Smith	...	3
D. Traynor, b H. J. Smith	...	1
E. Crean, b G. Groves	...	0
T. Burton, c P. A. Cornish, b G. Groves	...	14
H. de Normanville, run out	...	0
J. Kevill, b G. Groves	...	3
B. Bradley, b G. Groves	...	6
L. Burn, not out	...	0
Extras	...	11
Total	70	

June 1.

HULL KINGARI.

S.B. Askew, b Rev. B. Mawson	...	10
J. Longhurst, b Rev. A. B. Hayes	...	0
W. Potter, b Rev. B. Mawson	...	9
C. Askew, c Rev. B. Mawson, b Rev. A. B. Hayes	...	3
W. Rank, b Rev. B. Mawson	...	1
W. Scott, c B. Bradley, b Rev. A. B. Hayes	...	11
P. Lissens, b Rev. B. Mawson	...	7
J. Tomlinson, b Rev. A. B. Hayes	...	6
F. Iverson, not out	...	8
G. Johnson, b Rev. B. Mawson	...	0
D. Pratt, b Rev. B. Mawson	...	0
Extras	...	11
Total	66	

AMPELFORTH COLLEGE.

E. Pilkington, b J. Longhurst	...	7
E. Rochford, b F. Iverson	...	40
R. Dowling, c G. Johnson, b J. Longhurst	...	8
Rev. W. B. Hayes, c G. Johnson, b F. Iverson	...	122
G. Chamberlain,		
Rev. B. Mawson,		
D. Traynor,		
T. Barton,		
H. de Normanville,		
B. Bradley,		
Extras	...	11
Total (for 4 wks)	227	

June 4.

POCKLINGTON.

L. E. Smith, b T. Barton	...	2
T. C. Dalton, b T. Barton	...	14
R. B. Smith, c E. Pilkington, b L. Burn	...	5
P. Dalton, c E. Crean, b T. Barton	...	21
L. A. Gilbert, c & b C. V. Wyse	...	36
C. M. Skene, c D. Traynor, b T. Barton	...	6
H. B. Smith, c L. Burn, b T. Barton	...	20
C. F. Berman, not out	...	8
R. E. Abbott, c H. de Normanville, b B. Bradley	...	0
E. Green, c E. Crean, b T. Barton	...	14
F. Robson, not out	...	26
Extras	...	15
Total (for 9 wks)	167	

AMPELFORTH COLLEGE.

E. Pilkington, b H. Bruce-Smith	...	6
E. Rochford, b R. Bruce-Smith	...	1
R. Dowling, b R. Bruce-Smith	...	3
G. Chamberlain, b H. Bruce-Smith	...	0
D. Traynor, c E. Green, b R. Bruce-Smith	...	20
E. Crean, c L. E. Smith, b R. Bruce-Smith	...	5
T. Barton, b L. A. Gilbert	...	8
H. de Normanville, c R. Bruce-Smith, b L. E. Smith	...	6
B. Bradley, st. R. E. Abbott, b L. E. Smith	...	0
C. V. Wyse, not out	...	7
L. Burn, c & b H. Bruce-Smith	...	17
Extras	...	3
Total	76	

June 11.

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE.

Johnson, b Rev. A. B. Hayes...	3
Benson, b Rev. B. Mawson...	44
Moorhouse, c R. Dowling, b Rev. B. Mawson...	5
Batley, c G. Chamberlain, b Rev. A. B. Hayes...	13
Hill, c and b Rev. B. Mawson...	8
Wiseby, c E. Pilkington, b Rev. B. Mawson...	0
Woodhouse, b Rev. B. Mawson...	0
Wells, c E. Rochford, b Rev. A. B. Hayes...	41
Brech, b Rev. A. B. Hayes...	4
Dawson, b Rev. B. Mawson...	4
Hickling, not out...	5
Extras...	6
Total	133

AMSTERDAM COLLEGE.

E. Pilkington, b Moorhouse...	5
E. Rochford, not out...	72
R. Dowling, b Dawson...	15
Rev. W. B. Hayes, c Moorhouse, b Batley...	17
Rev. A. B. Hayes, not out...	19
D. Traynor,	
Rev. B. Mawson,	
G. Chamberlain,	
T. Barton,	
C. V. Wyse,	
H. de Normanville,	
Extras...	15
Total	146

June 23.

THE BOYS' XI.

E. Pilkington, b Rev. A. B. Hayes...	0
E. Rochford, b Rev. W. B. Hayes...	34
R. Dowling, b Rev. A. B. Hayes...	3
D. Traynor, b Rev. W. B. Hayes...	34
G. Chamberlain, lbw b Rev. W. B. Hayes...	15
R. Crean, b Rev. W. B. Hayes...	3
C. V. Wyse, b Rev. B. Mawson...	7
H. de Normanville, c and b Rev. W. B. Hayes...	0
L. Burn, c Rev. J. Dawson, b Rev. W. B. Hayes...	6
W. Williams, not out...	6
B. Bradley, c Rev. M. D. Wilson, b Mawson...	3
Extras...	1
Total	112

THE RELIGIOUS.

Rev. W. B. Hayes, c B. Bradley, b E. Pilkington...	55
J. Dawson, lbw b L. Burn...	0
A. B. Hayes, c E. Rochford, b L. Burn...	52
J. R. McLaughlin, absent...	0
P. L. Buggins, c sub: b Pilkington...	6
R. Mawson, lbw b L. Burn...	11
P. Dolan, b E. Pilkington...	4
V. H. Davies, b E. Pilkington...	16
D. Wilson, st. de Normanville, b Pilkington...	6
A. Hyne, st. de Normanville, b Pilkington...	0
S. A. Parker, not out...	5
Extras...	10
Total	165

June 29.

AMSTERDAM.

E. Pilkington, b W. Thorpe...	11
E. Rochford, b W. Thorpe...	18
R. Dowling, b W. Thorpe...	16
D. Traynor, st G. Raven, b F. Gibson...	3
G. Chamberlain, lbw b W. Thorpe...	1
T. Barton, st G. Raven, b F. Gibson...	13
N. Harrison, b F. Gibson...	0
H. de Normanville, not out...	10
C. V. Wyse, st G. Raven, b F. Gibson...	5
W. Williams, b F. Gibson...	6
B. Bradley, b W. Thorpe...	6
Extras...	11
Total	94

HARROGATE.

T. Maling, not out...	39
S. Mailes, run out...	5
J. Turner, b B. Bradley...	9
W. Thorpe, lbw, b C. Wyse...	4
H. E. Wood, b N. Harrison...	1
F. Gibson, c and b N. Harrison...	4
G. Raven, c D. Traynor, b N. Harrison...	0
J. Longley, c E. Pilkington, b N. Harrison...	5
T. Moody, c W. Williams, b N. Harrison...	2
C. Masgrove, b T. Barton...	0
W. S. Wood, b T. Barton...	3
Extras...	6
Total	69

July 7.

YORKSHIRE GENTLEMEN.

W. S. Medlicot b Rev. A. B. Hayes	...	4
E. Mortimer, c B. Bradley, b Rev. W. B. Hayes	...	35
Rev. E. B. Firth, b Rev. B. Mawson	...	1
R. Radcliffe, run out	...	0
Major Bell-Smith, c Chamberlain, b Mawson	...	40
F. H. Walker, b Rev. W. B. Hayes	...	0
R. York, b Rev. A. B. Hayes	...	15
G. T. Fairfax, b Rev. B. Mawson	...	5
P. B. Jones, b Rev. A. B. Hayes	...	14
Cpt Stratford, not out	...	29
J. B. Tighe, c E. Rochford, b Rev. A. B. Hayes	...	4
Extras	...	4
Total	...	151

AMPLEFORTH COLLEGE.

E. Pilkington, lbw b G. Fairfax	...	0
E. Rochford, b G. Fairfax	...	5
R. Dowling, lbw b Major Bell-Smith	...	17
Rev. W. B. Hayes, b G. Fairfax	...	0
Rev. A. B. Hayes, b G. Fairfax	...	3
D. Traynor, b G. Fairfax	...	41
G. Chamberlain, run out	...	3
Rev. B. Mawson, b G. Fairfax	...	20
T. Barton, b E. Mortimer	...	17
H. de Normanville, not out	...	14
B. Bradley, c W. Medlicot, b G. Fairfax	...	0
Extras	...	7
Total	...	127

July 11.

AMPLEFORTH.

E. Rochford, b R. Brice-Smith	...	22
E. Pilkington, b J. Robson	...	0
R. Dowling, b R. Brice-Smith	...	14
D. Traynor, c C. Burman, b R. Brice-Smith	...	5
G. Chamberlain, b R. Brice-Smith	...	0
E. Cream, b J. Robson	...	3
C. Wyse, c L. Gilbert, b R. Brice-Smith	...	8
T. Barton, lbw, b J. Robson	...	0
H. de Normanville, b L. Gilbert	...	8
W. Williams, c P. Dalton, b C. Burman	...	0
B. Bradley, not out	...	2
Extras	...	13
Total	...	75

FOCKLINGTON.

L. C. Smith, c H. de Normanville, b Pilkington	...	15
J. C. Dalton, b B. Bradley	...	11
R. Brice-Smith, c de Normanville, b Pilkington	...	11
C. Burman, c E. Pilkington, b T. Barton	...	79
C. Skene, b G. Chamberlain	...	12
L. Gilbert, c E. Cream, b E. Pilkington	...	2
P. Dalton, c T. Barton, b E. Pilkington	...	7
H. Brice-Smith, not out	...	0
H. Papworth, } R. C. Abbot, } J. W. Robson, }	Did not bat.	
Extras	...	10
Total	...	147

July 18.

AMPLEFORTH.

E. Pilkington, b J. Frank	...	12
E. Rochford, b Aydon	...	0
R. Dowling, b J. Frank	...	3
Rev. A. B. Hayes, b J. Frank	...	17
D. Traynor, b W. Pickering	...	37
Rev. W. B. Hayes c Aydon b J. Frank	...	6
Rev. J. P. Dolan, b J. Frank	...	1
Rev. P. L. Huggins, not out	...	7
Rev. B. Mawson, b W. Pickering	...	4
H. de Normanville, b W. Pickering	...	4
B. Bradley, c T. King, b W. Pickering	...	7
Extras	...	13
Total	...	111

DUNCOMBE PARK.

C. Trenam, b Rev. B. Mawson	...	4
J. Essex, c Rev. J. Dolan, b Rev. A. B. Hayes	...	13
F. King, c and b E. Pilkington	...	42
J. C. Frank, b Rev. A. B. Hayes	...	18
J. Frank, c Rev. J. Dolan, b E. Pilkington	...	6
Aydon, run out	...	3
T. Coverdale, c de Normanville, b E. Pilkington	...	0
J. Bernard, c and b E. Pilkington	...	4
T. King, c Rev. A. B. Hayes, b E. Pilkington	...	0
Dr. Blair, b Rev. A. B. Hayes	...	5
W. Pickering, not out	...	0
Extras	...	4
Total	...	99

July 21.

COLLEGE ELEVEN.

E. Rochford, b Rev. W. Darby	82
E. Pilkington, c H. Cress, b D. Burn	0
Rev. A. B. Hayes, c J. Cuban, b H. Cress	7
Rev. L. Buggins, b D. Burn	11
Rev. P. Dolan, c J. Ainscough, b H. Cress	54
C. V. Wyse, c C. Hines, b Rev. W. Darby	7
Rev. B. Mawson, b C. Hines	41
Rev. T. Dawson, lbr Rev. W. Darby	6
T. Barton, c J. Raby, b C. Hines	17
E. Cress, b C. Hines	15
B. Bradley, not out	0
Extras	8
Total	248

VINTURN' TEAM.

C. Hines, lbr Rev. B. Mawson	8
H. Cress, c and b Rev. P. Mawson	8
T. Ainscough, b Rev. A. B. Hayes	158
J. Raby, b Rev. B. Mawson	8
J. Ainscough, b Rev. A. B. Hayes	13
Rev. W. Darby, b Rev. A. B. Hayes	0
D. Burn, b Rev. A. B. Hayes	0
G. Chamberlain, c B. Bradley, b E. Pilkington	22
J. Cuban, b E. Pilkington	6
W. Bradley, not out	4
Extras	5
Total	232

Notes.

A FEW years ago a party of monks accompanied a distinguished visitor to Ampleforth on an excursion. They drove round by Helmsley, Rievaulx and Scawton to Goremire and returned by Byland to the College. There is a probable opinion, though perhaps a somewhat select one, that there is no more magnificent or more interesting drive in the United Kingdom. The central point of the excursion and the surprise of it—for it is so little known—is the view from Sutton Bank at Goremire. There one waits whilst the conveyance descends the steep winding road to the base of the hills and climbs back again to a point about a quarter of a mile away. Every Laurentian is familiar with the scene. The tables of the annual picnic are generally spread only a few yards away. But the reader who has not seen it may form a vague notion of it if he pictures himself on the slope of a high down looking over the sea, with cliffs like those of Beechy Head or Dover, but not so dazzlingly white on either hand. Here, however, the spray that dashes against the feet of the cliff is the green of the forest, and the flat in front, about thirty miles across, is not the cold blue ocean but the rich vale of York. Not even upon the ripples of the ocean does the sunlight spend itself so lavishly as upon a great plain. It gives of its gold to it and not of its silver as to the sea, and the cloud-shadows are lighter-footed and less sullen than the purple patches that seem to tread down the waves they meet in their path. The party of sight-seers lay down on the cushioned turf, and contentedly let their eyes wander from the purple fringe of the moors, and the grey masses of the cliffs, and the black face of the lake in the hollow of the hills, over the hill, almost buried in forest, which lay below and in front of them on the left, across the sunlit plain, noting where the three towers of the minster, seemingly standing solitary in the fields, marked the site of the city of York,—

across to where a blue haze half concealed the hills that fringe the horizon. No words were spoken save that an irrepressible, under the notion that silence meant depression of spirits, tried vainly to restore merriment by some well-worn jokes. Suddenly the guest sprang to his feet and cried out "Look here, you fellows, I've been in Scotland and Wales, and to Killarney and to Switzerland, and I've seen pretty much all that is worth seeing, and I'm hanged if I've looked on a finer view in my life." Perhaps we were thinking much the same ourselves. But we knew each other so well we did not think it worth while to say it.

We feel somewhat in the same frame of mind looking back at the Centenary. We do not feel that it is necessary to speak of it. We have seen it and felt it together. There may have been something exceptional about it; there was certainly a good deal that was inspiring to those present; but we do not care to talk of it amongst ourselves. We are unfeignedly glad to pass over the events of the festival and refer our readers to the account of it in other pages of the *Journal*.

One thing in connection with it we feel called upon to chronicle, and that is the gift, made by Bishop Hedley, of the famous relic—the bone of the fore-arm of St. Lawrence. The gratitude of the Laurentians for the treasure was shown in the practical shape of a voluntary subscription to procure a shrine worthy of it. More than a hundred pounds was promised and given at once. His Lordship most generously headed a list with a donation of £25, and the Ampleforth Society passed a resolution to confine the subscription to members of the Society, so that the Reliquary might be looked upon as their gift. His Lordship also expressed the opinion that, being a "greater relic," the Abbey would be able to obtain a special Feast and Office in its honour, and thus have an opportunity of honouring our Holy Patron on a more convenient day than August 10th.

The Society also, at its annual meeting, determined to provide an efficient Physical Laboratory for the College as its Centenary gift. No more useful suggestion could have been made. The Chemical Laboratory is all that can be desired. With a

Physical Laboratory of the same standard of excellence, there seems nothing left, in the way of educational appliances, to be supplied. But we know that when all our present wants are satisfied the good-will and benevolence of the Society will discover new ones. The quiet ambling along of the routine of a College needs some spur or incentive to keep it from lagging behind. The gifts and suggestions of the Society have done much to bring Ampleforth into the front line.

The difficulty of getting everything done during the holidays must be our apology both for the lateness and the imperfections of this number of the *Journal*. Before the centenary our artists were at work making drawings for the "History of Ampleforth Abbey." We could not ask them to devote their well-earned holiday to our service. We have therefore borrowed the few illustrations we are able to offer our readers from the *History*. The portrait of Bishop Hedley is from a fine photograph taken by Fr. Philip Whiteside at Downside. The view of the Abbey from the South West, by Mr. Herbert Railton, is the frontispiece of the book. The drawing by Mr. Boddy, though drawn expressly for the *History*, will to most of our readers have the look of an old friend, because of its distinctive and well-remembered style. We owe the *History* no apology for thus ransacking its treasures. We had given it a very extensive liberty to make use of the illustrations of the *Journal*. Our readers will not need to have the fact of the publication of the book brought directly to their notice. This has already been done and no doubt they are familiar with the book itself.

The "Memoirs of the late Bishop Kerrill Amherst" (Art and Book Co.) are a useful and interesting contribution to the Catholic social and ecclesiastical history of the last century. Bishop Amherst was connected with a large number of our old Catholic families; he moved about a good deal during the sixty-four years of his life, and as Bishop of Northampton for twenty-one years he was naturally intimate with English Catholic affairs. Beginning his career as a student at Old Oscott, he formed a part of that generation which is represented by the names of Wiseman, Ullathorne and Clifford. He seems to have left

"Religious orders are excellent when they keep their rules" (p. 184).

auto-biographical materials and diaries, which have been put in order by the late Dame Mary Francis Roskell, East Bergholt Abbey, and are now edited by Mr. Henry Vaughan. They do not contain anything very striking—if we may perhaps except one or two letters written from Rome during the Vatican Council. But, as Bishop Knight says in his preface to the book, they will be welcomed as a memorial of one whose "bright spirits and kindly genial ways, the outward expression of a soul which combined with its deep sense of religion a noble and generous disposition, won not only from his personal friends, and from all with whom he came in contact, an admiration and kindly feeling, such as only a few have the power to excite."

There is one omission in the biography which may be mentioned here. Bishop Amherst was one of those who were present at Ampleforth on the occasion of the opening of the new College in November, 1861, and preached the sermon at the Requiem Mass which was celebrated on one of the days.

There is at page 307, an incident related of the Bishop's mother, a lady widely known for her holiness and charity, which refers to the medal of St. Benedict. She was in her last illness, and her suffering at times was so intense as to deprive her of consciousness. On one of these occasions, Father Walker, the priest at Kenilworth, applied to her forehead a medal which he wore, saying "Oh, St. Benedict, you can help her if you like; have compassion on her." At that moment Mrs. Amherst, regaining consciousness, exclaimed "Oh, Father Walker, what have you done?" The pain had gone and it was never so great again.

Who can have told the Bishop that St. Augustine (of England) was a monk of Subiaco? (p. 207).

Bishop Amherst, it is well known, tried his vocation with the Dominicans, at Woodchester. When he was meditating his renunciation of the world, he thought, in his faith and fervour, that it would be a grand thing to obtain the opinion of the Pope on the matter. He went to Rome, therefore, for that purpose, and laid the state of his interior before Pius the IX. But all the advice he received was the dry observation, that

There are one or two mistakes either on the editor's part, or on that of the printer. It is difficult to recognise Père Besson's "Santa Sabina," in "Sancta Saluina" (p. 184). "Perseverence" (p. 189) looks ugly. And when the Bishop is made to say, speaking of what he saw at Jerusalem, that "Bass's beer was advertised on the walls vice *Sion laeget*," we charitably suppose that it ought to be *Vine Sion laeget*, with a full stop before it (p. 171).

We have received the following letter from an old and valued friend of St. Lawrence's.

To the Editor of the *Ampleforth Journal*.

Sir,

The December number of the *Ampleforth Journal* contains some amusing "Reminiscences" of an Australian gentleman John Lake, an old Amplefordian. I have no doubt those "Reminiscences," as well as others from the same source, have interested and amused a great many Amplefordians in various parts of the world. I can venture to include myself amongst the number, for although I was not educated at St. Lawrence's, I have the honour of being one of its Vice-Presidents. Many of the old boys will remember me in the Presidential or Vice-Presidential Chair at meetings which were not announced in the official programme of the College, as they were held out of College hours—sometimes very much so. I find that I too am drifting into "Reminiscences" and so I must back to my mooring. As a constant reader of the "Journal," which affords me much amusement, whilst it adds to my stock of useful knowledge, I must call your attention to an incident related amongst "An Australian's Reminiscences" in the December number of the *Journal* above referred to. The witty writer of that article introduces one or two incidents which have no connection with his Alma Mater. This the writer himself is careful to state. The first, of what I call the foreign Reminiscences, is in connection with a certain Fr. Power, an Irish Dominican, a great friend of the writer's. It has reference to the blessing of the Ashes, or rather the Form used in their distribution on Ash Wed-

nesday. My confrère is made to use the form: "Memento quia cinis es et in cinerem reverteris" instead of the more common one: "pulvis es et in pulverem reverteris." It is evident from the manner in which that incident is related, the narrator of it supposes that he had caught the good Dominican Father tripping. I have already alluded to the hero of the story as my confrère, both of us being members of the same Order. In justice therefore to my brother in religion I must say that the formula he used in distributing the Ashes was strictly correct according to the Dominican Rite in which we use the words: "Cinis" and "Cinerem" not "Pulvis" and "Pulverem." In addition to this, we omit the word "Homo" altogether our formula being: "Memento quia cinis es et in cinerem reverteris." It is well known that the Dominicans have a Rite of their own, not only for Mass, but for other ceremonies, and the case to which I refer is one. So that the good Fr. Power,—more power to him!—was strictly rubrical in the form he used when distributing the Ashes. It is a far cry from the West Indies to the land of the Southern Cross, but this letter will show that the *Ampleforth Journal* has at least one attentive reader in the West Indies. It seems almost a pity to spoil Mr. Lake's joke against Fr. Power, but as "Truth" is the motto of the Dominican Order, I thought it incumbent on me as one of its members, to vindicate my Irish Brother. Besides, it gives me an opportunity of showing that I am still in touch with St. Lawrence's and deeply interested in everything that concerns its welfare. I look forward with eagerness to the receipt of the *Journal*, which I read in its entirety, and try to live over again those happy days which I spent within the walls of that hospitable monastery and College, whose history is handed down in the pages of the *Journal*. I need not say that I am anxiously waiting the receipt of the Centenary number. Hoping that you may find space for this correction, which has taken the form of a letter, I remain a devoted Son, although an adopted one, of St. Lawrence's.

FR. A. S. SILVESTER, O.P.

To the Editor of the *Ampleforth Journal*.

You must please allow me space to protest fraternally against Fr. Burge's presentation of my argument about the Holy Shroud

in your number for April of this year. My dear confrère has quite misunderstood my position. He says, p. 30. Father Benedict proclaims himself an uncompromising defender of the authenticity." On the contrary, I say several times that I consider this authenticity "not proven," to use Fr. Burge's term. I admit a doubt, founded not indeed on the Troyes memorial, but on the insufficiency of documents previous to the 11th century. A "flaw" in a title deed and a doubt on a title are different things, although "possession" is a fact independent, for the time, of either. I thus express my thesis: "Believers in the Holy Shroud have no need to modify their opinion" on account of recent discoveries. The new scientific and aesthetic arguments brought forward by Vignon far more than counterbalance the difficulty about the painter, a difficulty revived, not really discovered, by Chevalier. At the same time I speak of such opinions or "beliefs" as a "qualified" assent, and I say that even those who hold it most strongly must be prepared to listen to arguments on the other side. I do not enter into details, but with regard to the translation of the memorial I do not profess to be absolutely complete. I say: "I give all the important parts in full." Fr. Thurston has raised a question with regard to my translation of the word *informare* but he admits the explanation which I have given of this and of certain other points in the *Tablet* of 7th March 1903.

Fraternally yours,

HENRY BENEDICT MACKAY.

We hail, as indeed the whole British Catholic public does, the advent of our brethren of St. Edmund's Abbey in England. The welcome the exiles received when they reached London must have been very gratifying to them, and the home so readily offered them by the Bishop of Portsmouth is an assurance of esteem and affection which will console them for much they have lost. Fr. President ably stated their case before the Catholic Truth Society at Liverpool. Not Catholics only, but English people very generally are wondering at the treatment our brethren have received at the hands of Mr. Combes' government. This case was so exceptional that it seemed to demand exceptional treatment as a right and not as a favour. The French nation cannot

possibly have had any quarrel with them, and indeed they have received plenty of assurances of good will from those who have not hesitated to do them an injury. However, England is their true home and they would be welcome amongst us even if it were difficult to find room for them. But our 'tight little island' has some corners left for the homeless and persecuted to find shelter in. We have still a few ruins, like Buckfast Abbey, which can be restored to their old uses. And English Catholics have still generous patrons and benefactors, like Lord Ashburnham, who has settled a new colony of exiled Benedictines in Carmarthenshire, to befriend those who have been driven out of their own country by the enemies of the Faith. May we congratulate our brethren of St. Edmund's on the re-opening of their College and the splendid beginning they have already made?

We take the following interesting note from the *Catholic Times* :—

BELMONT CATHEDRAL.—"It is not given to many men to plant a seed so lowly and within their own life-time behold it grow into so great a tree; to build a domestic chapel and to see it develop into a cathedral." With these words, preaching on Septuagesima Sunday to a large congregation at Belmont, the Cathedral Prior introduced the special subject of his discourse, viz., the fiftieth anniversary of the sowing of the seed of the Catholic Faith in this district. It is just fifty years ago that, on Candlemas Day in 1833, the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was first offered up on the Belmont estate. Previous to that date the Catholic needs of Hereford and district had been ministered to by a Jesuit mission long established in Hereford, but in that year Mr. F. R. Wegg Prosser, the owner of the extensive Belmont estate, who had recently been converted, had Mass offered on his own estate in the "Alms Houses." Shortly afterwards he built within a mile of Belmont House a school for Catholic children where Mass was said for years. Full of zeal for the honour and glory of God, his next step was to erect a beautiful church near the schools, in the design and construction of which all that art and skill could contribute was lavished with an unsparing hand, that it might be a thank offering worthy of the great grace of his conversion, and a centre

round which the Faithful might gather. On its completion Mr. Wegg Prosser offered it to the Bishop of Newport and Menavia as the Cathedral of his diocese. Not content with this noble gift, he then gave the land on which the monastery was shortly afterwards built; and at the present day the *total ensemble* of the cathedral, the spacious monastic buildings, the gardens, and fields of the enclosure, rising on an eminence from which the spires of Hereford, some two miles away, can be seen in the distance, and far away the lofty Welsh mountains, forms indeed a splendid monument to the generous piety and intelligent devotion of the donor, which will endure long after he has passed away. Mr. Wegg Prosser is thus, perhaps, the only man living who possesses the distinction of having founded and built a cathedral, and a cathedral wherein every day, at different hours of the day and night, the Divine Office is chanted to the honour and praise of God. This is, indeed, a unique distinction that any man, imbued with the spirit of humility, might well take pride in. Since its foundation the Cathedral has been twice enlarged; and, as showing the growth of the good seed, whereas in 1833 there existed only the mission in Hereford served by a single priest, there are now, including the monastery, five religious houses within a radius of four miles, comprising two convents of Sisters of Clarity, one in Hereford, and one in Bullingham, both with large schools of boarders and externs; a convent of Poor Clares also at Bullingham, and at Barts tree the Convent and Penitentiary of Our Lady of Clarity. Altogether at the present time Mass is said in eight churches or chapels within this small radius. After giving some interesting figures showing the large percentage of Catholics in some of the neighbouring villages, the Prior concluded his account of the results of the past fifty years in the spread of the truth by asking the prayers of the Community and the congregation that God would continue to bless the good work and would reward with every grace the generous and holy zeal of their benefactor. Mr. Wegg Prosser, who was present in the church, may well feel that his labour has not been in vain and that the grateful prayers of many generations will follow him now and hereafter.

An Oxford correspondent sends the following cutting from a Glasgow paper :—

Glorious weather favoured the long anticipated visit on Monday last, (Whit-Monday) of the Catholic Association to the old University city on the Thames, and close on a hundred members availed themselves of the special train which landed them at Oxford at a comparatively early hour. The party, which (in the regretted absence of the Secretary, Mr. V. Dunford, owing to a family bereavement) was under the charge of Fr. Bannin, of the Italian Church, Hatton Garden, and Mr. Nye, was met at the station by Dom Oswald Hunter-Blair, O.S.B., Master of Hunter-Blair's Hall, who acted as cicerone to the visitors. The first halt was made at the old Benedictine foundation of Worcester College (formerly Gloucester), where the beautiful gardens, now in their full summer beauty, and ancient monastic buildings were duly admired. Thereafter St. John's College (founded for Cistercian Monks) was visited, and Balliol, where the fine portrait of Cardinal Manning, in full Cardinal's robes, hanging in the place of honour in the dining-hall, was viewed with much interest. Trinity College, another Benedictine foundation, and associated in modern times with the undergraduate days of John Henry Newman, was next peeped into; and the Sheldonian Theatre and Bodleian Library, with its interesting picture gallery, were also visited. Wykeham's splendid foundation of New College, with its glorious chapel and pre-Reformation stained-glass, excited warm admiration, as did also its verdant lawns and gardens, encircled by the old city walls. The party were much interested in the historic University Church (St. Mary's), and in being shown the identical pulpit where Newman thrilled his hearers seventy years ago with his matchless series of "Parochial Sermons," and a visit to All Souls' Chapel, with its exquisitely beautiful reredos and many mediæval and Catholic traditions, closed a most interesting and instructive morning's ramble. The members lunched together at the Clarendon Hotel under the presidency of Fr. Bannin, who afterwards expressed the cordial thanks of the Association to Dom Oswald Hunter-Blair for his guidance of them to so many deeply interesting spots fragrant with so many Catholic memories of the past. Fr. Hunter-Blair, in replying, expressed his pleasure at noticing that among the numerous Whit-Monday parties visiting Oxford that

day the Catholic Association party was by far the largest, and, he believed, also the most appreciative. He was sure the members shared his satisfaction that Oxford had now not only a Catholic past but a Catholic present, and gave some interesting details as to the recent growth of Catholicism in the University. Only a few weeks ago they had held a dinner of the "Newman Society" under that roof, at which eighty persons sat down, and of those more than seventy were resident Catholic members of the University. (Applause) In the afternoon Christ Church and Magdalen College were visited under the guidance of Mgr. Canon Kennard, the Catholic University chaplain, and after tea the members took the train back to London, thus closing a highly enjoyable and successful expedition.

Not the least among the improvements made this summer around the Abbey is the exchange of the decrepid stone steps, leading to the College bounds, for new ones. Down the 'Front' slopes are now skilfully laid four broad sets of 'Shap-concrete' steps of easy gradient. They represent a generous centenary contribution of some £80, collected from Alumni by Abbot Prest. Truly a lasting tribute to Alma Mater which her sons gratefully appreciate.

Assisted by his volunteer corps of 'Hill' workers, Fr. Wilfrid Sumner has completed his new 'Terrace' and added some hundred yards to the old bowling green, as it was originally called. The discarded débris from the adjoining quarry, after fifteen months rough handling, has become a thing of beauty. The panorama enjoyed while strolling along its curved green border or reclining upon its sheltered corner seat is admittedly unique—extending along the Mowbray valley eastward into the Yorkshire Wolds and westward up to the breezy heights of Harrogate and Richmond.

In the course of the work, one of the twin summer-houses, set up in the eighties by Fr. Oswald—now Abbot Smith—has been removed. It stood in the way of the extended walk along the front of the terrace. It has been eagerly adopted by the Cricket Club. Shouldered triumphantly and carried down the hill, it now stands sentinel on the north-east slope of the enlarged

cricket ground. Anxious markers will henceforth appreciate the luxury of recording the scores made by rival teams in silence, undisturbed by the babel of the squalor pavilion.

Several properties, familiar to Amplefordians, have lately changed owners in Mowbray vale. The interest excited on the purchase of our Byland farm by Sir George Wombwell, of Balacklava fame, had scarcely subsided when rumour whispered of new comers nearer home. The historic Fairfax estate has, it appears, passed from Mr. Wilson into the hands of Mr. William Slingsby Hunter of Craike, near Easingwold. We bid our new neighbour across the valley welcome: trusting that Castle and Abbey may continue *vis-à-vis* long enough to witness the celebration of many another centenary.

On the 'Omitt' hill, also, within sight of the Abbey, the 'Gilbertson farm' has recently found a purchaser in Mr. Shaw of Welburn, near Kirby. The view, from the residence he intends building, will, for extent and charm, rival many of the best bits of scenery in Derbyshire or Cumberland.

Oswaldkirk Hall has lately been secured on lease by a son of the Earl of Lindsey, Lord Garmock. Fond of country life, the sporting facilities of the district may well please him. We wish him happiness in his new home beside us.

Sincere regret has been felt at the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Bamber from their ancient hostelry where they had made so many friends from afar and near. Few Amplefordians can fail to recall pleasant shady walks taken to and fro in summertime to this bright flower-decked village, and the cheery greeting of mine host and hostess. Our good wishes attend them to their new home on Byland farm. The new Landlord of 'the Shovel Inn', a manly Yorkshireman from Hutton-le-Hole, like Bamber, is a horse-trainer of repute. Mr. Horseman has already supplied well-equipped conveyances for excursions from the Abbey to Byland, Goremire and Rievaulx, proving himself a promising successor to Bamber as a skilful driver.

After rekindling the fervour of our recently accepted Mission

at Cockermouth, with a fortnight's course of sermons in March, Fr. Prior Turner preached a series of discourses, for a week in Lent, at St. Mary's Warrington.

Our congratulations are offered to the Rev. Charles Francis Frocs on his ordination as a Priest by Bishop Brindle in St. Barnabas' Cathedral, Nottingham, on 28th December, 1902, and to Father James Benedict Parker, also an Amplefordian, who was raised to the Priehood on 6th June by Bishop Halsey at Erdington, near Birmingham. We wish Secular and Benedictine alike "*ad multos annos*."

Bro. Edward Parker, who in May returned from Belmont to the Abbey, has, we regret, been for some time under medical care. We beg to assure him of our joy on his recovery. We pray that it may be lasting.

We sadly chronicle the death of Edward Hayes of London, who for some twelve months had undergone treatment for Consumption at Nordach, Black Forest, where he died on 6th June, 1903. Edward was a promising student at Ampleforth from January 1893 until Christmas 1897. His younger brother, Frank, remained with us from Sept. 1896 to July 1902, when he embarked on a seafaring career. We beg to assure his parents and family of our sympathy in their bereavement.

Sad indeed was the havoc left by the Spring gale among our veteran pines and beeches. How many of us, under their shelter, like monk Felix in the Golden Legend, have xantered forth hearkening to the song of bird, unmindful of book or bell! Now, in the sunny clearings, sturdy monks, with axe and crow-bar, have dislodged the unsightly tree-roots. In their stead, blooms, as if by magic, a paradise of scented flowers and waving ferns transplanted from wood and dingle.

The final day's excursion of the Archeological Institute's York Meeting was spent in our Vale of Mowbray. Gilling Castle was first visited and subsequently the party drove through the Gilling Woods over Yearsley Moor to Byland. "Mr. W. H. St. John Hope, who described the Abbey Buildings, informed the company that Sir George Wombwell, to whom the property now

belongs, has given him instructions to excavate the ruins so as to indicate their extent and character." We have long wished that this might be done. The tiles, bits of lead-piping, and fragments of stained glass, which have been poked up by walking sticks and the like at various times, give hopes that there may be finds of some interest, if not of great value. Moreover there is much concerning the construction of the buildings which we do not know and can only learn from the uncovering of the old foundations.

With reference to the new family that has taken possession of the home of the Fairfaxes, it may interest our readers to know that "the new owner is the brother-in-law of Mrs. Charles Hunter, and the uncle of the three Misses Hunter—four ladies who hold the position of popular favourites among the sitters to Mr. Sargent."

The London Ampleforth Dinner is arranged for 7.30 p.m. Tuesday, November 3rd, at the Holborn Restaurant. Tickets may be obtained from Mr. W. J. Pike, 20 High Holborn, W.C., Mr. A. T. Penney, 107 Fenchurch Street, E.C., or from Mr. J. M. Tucker, 150 Leadenhall Street, E.C.

The Feast of our holy patron, St. Lawrence, was celebrated by our brethren in Liverpool and the neighbourhood at St. Peter's Seel Street and at Parbold. Next year the brethren are invited to a function beginning with Solemn high Mass at St. Peter's Seel Street.

We have to record a visit from the Right Rev. Boniface Krug, the Abbot of Monte Cassino, who is soliciting funds to continue the decorative work in his Abbey.

We call the attention of our readers to another work of Fr. Burge, which has been out some months and does not seem to be as well known as it should be: the "*Missa Paschalis*," for four voices and accompaniment. It is certain to creep into favour, sooner or later, but we would like it to be successful from the beginning. It only needs to be known to find a settled place in our English Church Music. The English publisher is R. and T. Washbourne, 4 Paternoster Row.

We owe a basketful of congratulations. Our felicitations to Mr. T. Aloysius Caley, M. R. C. S., L. R. C. P., on his marriage with Miss Dorothy Eveilde Simpson; and to Mr. E. Foster on his marriage with Miss Rule; to Mr. C. Worsley Standish on his marriage with Miss Josephine Mary Tunnicliffe; to Mr. Louis Hayes (Fr. Bernard's brother) on his marriage with Miss Ellen Neville of Chorley; and to Mr. Herbert Neville on his marriage with Miss Carus of Darwen. We have also to congratulate Mr. M. Burke Honan on his entry as a fellow of the Royal Society of British Architects. We are very pleased to hear that Fr. Vincent Wilson has had the honour of being elected to the Education Committee at Warrington, and that Mr. Michael Fitz-Patrick, now a manager of Peter's Schools, Seel Street, has been placed on the Liverpool Education Committee.

Last July the new Church at Winwick Asylum, dedicated to St. Raphael and served from St. Benedict's, Oxford Lane, was solemnly blessed and opened. Fr. Placid Whittle preached an appropriate sermon on the occasion.

Our vacation cricket team, met with the usual pleasant reception at Ridding Park and received at the same time a very handsome beating. Prince Ranjitsinghi, after the holidays were over and the term had begun, brought a fine batch of noted cricketers to play on the College Ground. He had intended to bring an eleven to play the College, but unfortunately could not do so. But, besides W. P. Frank of Kirby and Kilvington of Gilling, he introduced to us W. Brockwell and F. Steadman of Surrey, T. Marlow of Sussex, and J. T. Hearne of Middlesex. In the game arranged, Brockwell, Marlow, and Frank with the pick of the College cricketers formed one side, whilst the Prince's team consisted chiefly of our second eleven. Two fine catches at long on by Bro. Basil Mawson had much to do with the defeat of the Prince's side. After Ranjitsinghi and Hearne left, Steadman could get no one to stay with him. We append the score:

Sept. 22th.

W. Brockwell, b Heame	25
T. Marlow b Heame	19
W. F. Frank, b Heame	17
Rev. A. B. Hayes, b Heame	6
Rev. F. H. Davies, c Ranjitsingh, b Heame	0
Rev. J. Dawson, b Ranjitsingh	2
Rev. F. Dolan, b Heame	15
Rev. B. Mawson, not out	21
T. Barton, b Heame	5
B. Bradley, b Heame	0
Rev. A. Parker, b Heame	0
Extras	8
Total						118

Prince K. S. Ranjitsingh, c Mawson b Marlow	13
J. T. Heame, c Dawson, b Marlow	3
F. Steadman, not out	14
Rev. P. L. Huggins, b Marlow	0
Rev. V. P. Nevill, b Marlow	0
Kilvington, b Marlow	1
W. Williams, run out	0
C. Wyse, b Brockwell	0
G. Murphy, b Brockwell	0
Mr. R. Robinson, b Brockwell	3
H. Chamberlain, bow, b Marlow	6
Extras	6
Total						46

We are grateful to M. Pécolet for the handsome present of 24 volumes and many pamphlets to our Library. Some of the books are rare and all are valuable. We are the more grateful that we hear there are others to follow.

We offer our condolence to Mr. Thomas and Mr. James Ruddin and family on the death of Alderman Ruddin their father. We also ask the prayers of old friends for Fr. P. W. Dromgoole, who passed away at Morpeth, a Jubilarian in the Religious habit; for Mr. Frank Polding of Brindley, and for Mr. Joseph Aloysius Pippet, who have recently died. R. I. P.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the *Downside Review*, the *Donai Magazine*, the *Stonyhurst Magazine*, the *Ratcliffian*, the *Ushaw Magazine*, the *Beaumont Review*, the *Revue Bénédictine*, the *Abbey Student*, the *Harvest*, the *Oratory School Magazine*, the *Raven*, the *Baeda*, the *St. Augustine*, Ramsgate, the *Studien und Mittheilungen*, the *Oscolian*, *De Maria-Groet*, *Bulletin De St. Martin*, and the *Georgian*.



ABBOT PREST.

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PART II.

Englishmen as Saints.

SINCE the long by-gone days of the Heptarchy there has been a lamentable absence of English names from the lists of the canonized Saints. One or two in the Middle Ages, and the Martyrs of Henry and Elizabeth, are all that we can boast. In spite of the prevailing Protestantism of the last three hundred and fifty years, it may certainly be said that our proportion ought to have been greater. There are some people who find in the English character itself certain elements that make it specially difficult for an Englishman to attain to that spiritual and supernatural heroism which is known as saintliness. A consideration of this subject is suggested by a recent publication of an Anglican clergyman, which, if it does not give any very definite answer to the question here stated, is at least full of interesting details.*

The writer, or preacher, the Rev. W. H. Hutton, of St John's College, Oxford, is a member of that school of Anglicanism which thinks that it can associate itself with all the spiritual and ecclesiastical glories of the ancient

* *The influence of Christianity upon national character. Illustrated by the Lives and Legends of the English Saints. Being the Bampton Lectures for 1903. By William Holden Hutton, B.D. (Wells Gardner).*

English Church whilst rejecting much that was explicitly held by that Church, from St. Augustine downwards, and much more that clearly was implicit in her professed faith. Like the late Canon Bright, and Bishop Browne, of Bristol—to name only two of his leaders and guides—he is a Churchman, but is contented with a Church that is paralyzed and speechless; a "Catholic" but not in communion with either the Latins or the Greeks; a believer in Sacraments but in full fellowship with a majority who deny them; and a sacerdotalist who has no definite views either on the Real Presence or on the Eucharistic Sacrifice. The prevailing idea of this section of English opinion is, that "Roman Catholics go too far." As they cannot but be painfully conscious, at the same time, that a large proportion of their own friends do not "go far enough," their religious and historical books and sermons are strongly characterized by a kind of balancing and unsteadiness which, speculatively speaking, may now and then be notes of the genuine judicial mind, but which a careless world is apt to associate, in these cases, with vagueness of conviction and uncertainty of view. As regards the lives of the Saints, in particular, this school, whilst anxious to show how a cultured Oxford man can admire the well-meant, if unfinished, performances of the early and later Middle Ages, take so much exception to the facts, the beliefs and the ideals of those Catholic times, that it is never very pleasant to listen to what they have to say.

The theory of these Lectures seems to be, that national Saints have become "national" because their fellow country-men admired their lives and deeds; that the reason they admired, was because such lives and deeds appealed to their own national character; and that, in turn, that national character was influenced and modified by the lives themselves. The opening Lecture is devoted to a statement of the power of saintliness to impress

national civilization—a statement which makes no sufficient distinction between saintliness and normal Christianity. "The Saint is the normal Christian. Every Christian is called to saintliness . . . The Saint is the man as God designed him, so the New Testament invariably regards him." These expressions are confusing, and misleading. As we all know, there are two senses in which the word "Saint" is used. There is the wide sense, in which it stands for holiness as opposed to wickedness, and the more strict sense, in which it means pre-eminent holiness as contrasted with what is ordinary and common. This latter sense has also a yet more definite meaning, which may be called technical, and which is used to designate those servants of God who are pronounced by the authority of the Church to have been heroic in virtue and to be in the possession of everlasting bliss. The disregard of these distinctive meanings renders Mr. Hutton's inquiry much less interesting than it might have been made. It is one thing to estimate the influence on a nation of Christianity in general, and that holy spirit of teaching and practice which must always be a mark of the Church of Christ. It is another to inquire what special effect has been produced by those heroic servants of Christ who have lived lives that are abnormal in renunciation, in generosity and in divine love; and yet another to apply such investigation to those who have been formally canonized. Mr. Hutton recognizes "formal canonization," and describes it historically, but he does not believe in it. That is to say, he does not believe that "canonization," when decreed by the Sovereign Pontiff, is a certain and infallible pronouncement, whereby there is proposed to the Christian a model of heroic virtue and an intercessor who is indisputably in heaven. In the school of this writer, "canonization" is only an ecclesiastical utterance, of greater or less value according to the quarter from whence it comes. Any "national" Church may canonize; the people may canonize

—and they may all be mistaken. But canonization by the people is not only the safest kind of canonization, but no other kind is secure without it. And canonization, after all, only amounts to a vague expression of "goodness" or "pre-eminence." The strictly supernatural qualities of faith, renunciation, suffering and divine love do not count for much in the popular and Non-Catholic canonizations. They mean little more than is meant when a man pronounces his mother to be a "holy" creature, or his favourite aunt a "saintly woman."

It is evident, therefore, that in estimating the influence of the Saints on national character, there is at least one element to be taken into consideration which Non-Catholics are apt to leave out. That is, the formal expression of the decree of the Church, that such a Saint is to be honoured and imitated. It is doubtless true that in some canonizations the ecclesiastical authorities have been anticipated, and even put in motion, by the popular voice. But, after all, the situation after the Church had spoken was very different from what it had been before. Before, there was always, for good and prudent men, the possibility of error or excess. Before, the enthusiasm for the holy man's memory might be little more than that which so often stirs the popular feeling for a hero of any sort—for an Alfred, a Charles the Martyr, a Lord Nelson. But afterwards, all the moral power of Christian enthusiasm—all the conviction of those who were sincerely seeking Christ—would conspire to place the holy personage upon a pedestal; to teach his name to the young, to elucidate and discuss his virtues more and more, and to enshrine him where it is as difficult to penetrate as it is difficult to be dislodged when an entrance has been found—that is, in the conscience and heart of a believing generation.

It must be very carefully borne in mind, then, that sanctity, in its restricted sense, is not heroism merely, but

heroism, first, in faith, hope and charity, and, next, in all natural virtues of the heart and mind, which are conveniently classified under the four heads, prudence, justice, fortitude and temperance. Moreover, heroism in these last must be so directed and perfected by the first three, that however grand a man's prudence, or justice, or temperance, or fortitude may be, he is not a "Saint" unless in him these virtues are lifted into a higher plane by faith, hope and charity. There are men who may well be called "great" and "good," but who would never be thought of, by the Church, as candidates for canonization. Their "goodness" would be quite genuine; it would be even Christian and supernatural, and would be such as to merit life everlasting. But if the Christian and supernatural elements were not themselves pre-eminent and heroic, they could not be held as "Saints." Yet the world—even the Christian world—might be more enthusiastic in its feeling towards such men than towards true Saints. Their virtues and grand qualities such as they were, would appeal more strikingly to the imagination. It will always be a snare to the spirit of the world to think more of valour, courage, strength, wisdom and eloquence—or even of stature, beauty and distress—than of faith, renunciation and union with God in prayer. We see an example of this in the book before us. Non-Catholics cannot understand why St. Edward the Confessor has been canonized and King Alfred has not. "There may well be wonder," says Mr. Hutton, speaking of Alfred, "that such a King did not take his place in the Kalendar, a forerunner of St. Louis of France" (p. 152). He has just enumerated his worthy qualities; a kindly, humorous person, alert and daring, a keeper of the public peace, a warrior of unique capacity, a most beneficent lawgiver, an enthusiastic scholar, and a man who simply loved and followed Christ; in a word, a "true English hero," whom soldiers and scholars, Christians and Positivists have in modern days

united to honour—Alfred the Truth-teller. On the other hand, this is what he says about St. Edward :—

Edward Confessor was no model for English Kings. His virtues were those of a monk, not a statesman. He was a friend of good men; he seriously endeavoured at least to begin the reform of the English Church . . . he tried to deal justly and live at peace. But as a king he was weak and restless; even the virgin life which was one of the marks of his sanctity would for the sake of England have been better laid aside. . . . Yet with all his weaknesses, Edward Confessor had an ideal, inadequately though he understood it, and that ideal was the life of the Lord Jesus (p. 140).

It is impossible, at this period of time, to ascertain fully and definitely the reasons which induced Pope Alexander III. to canonize King Edward the Confessor. We know, however, that there was a petition from King Henry III. and that practically all the Bishops of the Kingdom subscribed that petition. We know also that a large number of miracles were inquired into, and that such documentary and historical testimony on the subject of the holy King's virtues as could be obtained, was carefully considered by what in those days was equivalent to a "Congregation" of Cardinals of the holy Roman Church. Even if we had not the text of the Bull of Alexander III., we should hold—on the authority of the pronouncement of the vicar of Christ—that St. Edward had practised all the virtues in a heroic degree. This would imply that, besides those virtues which are required in every state of life, St. Edward would be specially distinguished by humility and chastity—two virtues which are most difficult to practise in the position of a King. Moreover, as a King, he would be eminent for zeal in propagating and upholding the faith of Christ and the service of God and in his loyalty and devotion to the Sovereign Pontiff; he would never wage a war that was not just, he would rule quietly and wisely,

and he would in every way give to his people an example of piety and a holy life. Suppose that King Edward was all this, could we admit that he was, at the same time, feeble and foolish in things worldly and political? For my own part, I do not think that we could. A saint may, at times, behave feebly, and even in some respects foolishly, in small and indifferent matters, although even here his motives will be pre-eminent and heroic, exhibiting his faith, hope, love, prudence, justice, fortitude or temperance. But in a King, acting as a King, feebleness or folly would not be compatible with that perfection which these great virtues indicate. A man who is merely a "great man,"—a hero of the world's stamp—may have his moments of lamentable weakness. He is never a hero right through. He wins his campaigns, he leads his party, he makes his wonderful discoveries, or he writes his epoch-making books; but when he is not accomplishing these things, he may be a poor creature, the slave of weakness or of passion. But a Saint is never off duty. His sphere of accomplishment is the whole spiritual and moral law. To fail, for example, in "prudence," in a matter that concerned his state of life, or his office, would be incompatible with heroic sanctity. I do not, therefore, accept the view that St. Edward the Confessor, though a Saint, was weak, foolish or in any way unfitted to be a King of England. There is absolutely no foundation in history for such an assertion. King Edward's reign of twenty-four years, was peaceful, prosperous and strong. There was no foreign war. The armed expeditions within the boundaries of the realm were undertaken against the unsettled fringes of Scotland and Wales. There is no proof that the King was governed by "favourites," in any worse sense than that he ruled his kingdom and commanded his armies by ministers and chiefs—among whom were such great and enlightened men as Tostig and Harold. It is admitted by all classes of writers that he respected the laws and customs of the land,

and that in two of the foremost duties of a King of the eleventh century—the putting down of disturbers of the public peace, and the establishment of a spirit of legality, or settled and accepted law—he was so distinguished that his name passed into a proverb.

But it is not difficult to see what it is that lies beneath these imputations of weakness and foolishness. The Protestant writers who have taken possession of English history repeat, one after the other, the phrase, that King Edward's virtues were "those of a monk," rather than of a King. The virtues of a "monk," in their meaning, are prayer, pious practices, Church-building, simplicity, humility, and chastity. To a Catholic, these virtues, when joined with those proper to the state of a King, and more emphatically when they are the heroic virtues of a Saint, are the strongest instruments in the world for building up and supporting a kingdom. Whatever the Confessor did, or omitted, in the light of his prayer, in the strength of his faith, in the simplicity of his love for God alone, was more certain to profit the land he ruled than the arms and the worldly wisdom of other monarchs. But whilst Non-Catholics agree with us neither in the purposes of life nor the means to attain them, we shall never be able to agree with them about the value and teaching of the careers of the canonized Saints. "The special object of Edward's reverence," says Mr. Freeman, "was the Apostle Peter, and his reverence for that Saint did no good to the Kingdom of England." * This is precisely where we should differ. And on this particular point there happens to be a good deal of evidence. The Confessor's "foreign policy," as it has been called—that is, his intercourse with Rome, and with the ecclesiastical personages and institutions of the continent—was the means of putting a stop to two great evils which were hanging over the English Church—the subjection of Bishops to the civil power, and the incontinence of the clergy. But we know

* *Norman Conquest*, Vol. II, p. 298.

too well that the Protestant historian has made up his mind on both these matters.

The truth is, that, as regards our English Saints, the fact of their being, or not being, typical Englishmen, has had very little to do either with their canonization or their popularity. It may be laid down as certain that no holy person ever attained to national recognition unless, first, he had the repute of miracles, and, secondly, he had been "canonized" by ecclesiastical authority. Moreover, it is certain that it was always the repute or report of miracles that led to his being canonized at all. Before Edward the Confessor there were no "national" Saints, because there was no nation. Many holy persons who lived before that time, became, in some sense national Saints. St. Alban, the proto-martyr, whose memory is enshrined in Bede, had almost been forgotten when King Offa, at the very end of the eighth century, rebuilt his shrine, and caused him once more to be locally honoured in Mercia. The cultus of St. Augustine was confined to Kent and East Anglia. There were Saints of the South, such as Aldhelm, Swithin, Dunstan, Elphege, and Edward the Martyr, Saints of the North like Cuthbert, Bennet Biscop and Wilfred, and Saints of the Midlands, like Chad, Oswald and Wulfstan. There is no evidence that King Alfred had ever heard of Venerable Bede, or Edward the Confessor of St. John of Beverley. All these personages owed their cultus, local as it was, to the fame of their miracles, during life and after death. In a few instances, like that of Venerable Bede, it sprang up very slowly, as men began to appreciate their works, literary or other; although even Bede is stated by Alcuin to have wrought wonders at his death. It was, perhaps, to Alcuin, we may remark, that the beginning of any general cultus of Venerable Bede may be ascribed. I do not know any special sense in which the Saints before the Conquest can be

called typical Englishmen. If the English character is courage, solidity, and truth-telling, they were certainly Englishmen. If it is marked by spiritual indifference, love of the things of this world, and a certain dullness of wit, I would rather say that these Saints corrected it than that they conformed to it.

The process of becoming a nation had gone very far in England even before the death of Edward the Confessor. After the great shock of the Conquest the country began to have, in the full sense, a national existence and a national Church. Then, the Saints of former days, whose shrines were scattered over the land, from Canterbury to Lindisfarne, and from Bury St. Edmunds to Winchester, were gradually recognized by parliaments and national synods; Bishop communicated with Bishop, Abbey with Abbey, and Kings and great Earls made pilgrimages which drew the attention of the whole country.

It was one hundred years after his death that St. Edward the Confessor was canonized by Pope Alexander III. This canonization marks the epoch at which canonization was reserved to the Holy See, and began to be regulated by fixed process. If there are any alleged Papal canonizations before Alexander III. they are very doubtful; although one is certainly attributed to that Pope's immediate predecessor, the English Adrian IV. The Council of Oxford (1222) ordered St. Edward's feast to be celebrated as of obligation. The accepting of this great servant of God by the English nation, as a national Saint, is symbolical of the fusion of English and Norman that had been going on during the whole of a troubled century, and of the commanding influence of the Church in the formation of the nation. St. Edward was not a "feeble and unfortunate" King, but one of God's heroes, whose supernatural virtues were at once their example and their protection.

St. Anselm (1109) was altogether a foreigner. But he

strove for the Kingdom of God. If ordinary Englishmen knew little or nothing about him they knew that he was God's champion.*

St. Thomas of Canterbury was an Englishman; but it was his martyrdom and his miracles that placed him in the first rank of the English Saints. St. William of York, at his burial, wrought stupendous miracles before the eyes of King Edward I. St. Richard of Chichester and St. Thomas of Hereford were distinguished by innumerable miracles. The life of St. Edmund of Canterbury is known in greater detail; but here again we find miracles beginning the moment that his soul has been taken to God. St. Hugh of Lincoln was one of the greatest Bishops of the Middle Ages; but it was the miracles which made his tomb illustrious, that caused Pope Honorius III. to canonize him. St. Gilbert of Sempringham, whom we are pleased to consider a thorough Englishman, died, at the age of 100, in the odour of sanctity; but the repute of his miracles immediately became the subject of a commission of investigation, presided over by Hubert, Archbishop of Canterbury, and within a decade he was canonized by Innocent III.

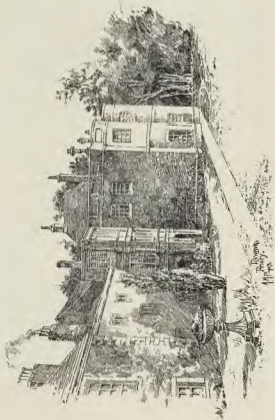
A Saint's miracles are not the chief thing which the Church has in view in raising him to the Altar. But miracles are the principal proof of his heroic sanctity.

* A most piquant letter of a Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury of the middle of the eighteenth century, on the subject of St. Anselm, has been recently printed in the *Historical MSS. Commission Report for 1905*, vol. 2. Archbishop Herring writes to the Dean of Canterbury:—

"Dear Mr. Dean—I had a Request communicated to me to Day of a very singular Nature. . . . Archbishop Anselm, it seems, lies buried in our Cathedral and the King of Sardinia has a great Desire to be possess'd of his Bones or Dust and Coffin. It seems he was of the Country of Aost (sic), the Bishop of which has put this Desire into the Kings head, who by the way, is a most prodigious Bigot You will believe I have no great Scruples on this Head, but if I had I would get rid of them all if the parting with the rotten Remains of a Rebel to his King, a slave to the Popeedom, and an enemy to the married Clergy (all this Anselm was) would purchase Ease and Indulgence to one living Protestant.

And since a miracle is a direct and immediate interference of Almighty God, it is a proof, both that the holy personage is really in heaven, and that his life was supernatural and divine in an extraordinary degree. Natural and "national" qualities, therefore, have little to do with canonization. A Saint's local repute, or the affection of his friends and neighbours, may sometimes have the effect of putting the ecclesiastical authorities in motion. But in mediæval England there were numbers of holy men who had a local reputation for holiness, and who were idolized by the people, and yet have never been, and never will be, canonized. We may instance Hugh Grossetête, of Lincoln, and Archbishop Scrope, of York. Where miracles were wanting, a man might be a popular hero, but there was no proof that he was a hero of faith, hope and charity. He might have, and probably had, a strong influence upon his fellow countrymen; but he might also have their weaknesses. The only influence on a nation that the Church recognizes as divine is that of the heroes who display in their lives the virtues that are not local, but Christian and universal. By such men—her Saints—she corrects national standards; and so far from accepting a nation's verdict in the estimation of her Saints, she generally imposes them on a community which valued them very little during their life time. And the canonized Saints of England have had singularly little in common with those rather questionable qualities to which the ordinary Englishman is accustomed to point with pride and enthusiasm when he is boasting about his race. But their canonization, in every age, brought strongly before the nation that it is the supernatural virtues that God values, and that natural gifts or endowments are, at the best, only not evil, unless they are subordinated to and transformed by qualities of a higher kind.

✠ J. C. H.



Newburgh Priory.

THE Priory of Newburgh, now the property of Sir George Wombwell, Bart, was in pre-reformation days the home of a community of Augustinian Canons. Situated on the south side of that branch of the North Eastern Railway which connects the main line to the North with the ancient towns of Malton and Pickering, it can be seen from the carriage windows as the train leaves the little station of Coxwold on its journey eastwards.

The name Newburgh is a Saxon one. The Saxon *burh** which is now our *borough* meant originally nothing more than a stronghold: it was the strong house of a great man. Its meaning gradually became extended until it was used of a protected cluster of houses, and finally it came to mean a town. Though the monastic chroniclers speak of Newburgh as *Novus Burgus* it is only their way of expressing the Saxon name in Latin: it could not have been the Roman name of the place as no such name as *Burgus* was used by Romans at the time of their occupation of this island. The discovery of Roman coins and vases does not, of itself, necessarily prove the existence there of a Roman settlement, for such curiosities have been unearthed at places where no town ever existed. But, that the Saxons made use of the deserted Roman stations and occupied them till driven out by the Danes is sufficiently well attested; this fact together with the discovery of portions of an old road, undoubtedly of Roman make, near the

* *Domesday Book and Beyond*, F. W. Maitland.

site of the Priory, and the presence of the above-mentioned coins and vases, all lead to the one conclusion that Newburgh, whatever its Roman name may have been, was a place of some little importance in the time of the Romans.

Portions of this old road can be distinguished between Coxwold and Newburgh, also further up the hill near the Park wall. Drake considered it to have been a part of the road from York to the mouth of the Tees, passing through Crayke and Newburgh. The authorities of to-day make no mention of such a road.

In their opinion the great Roman thoroughfare from north to south ran some miles to the west of Newburgh. The direction of this main route was in almost a straight line from Tadcaster (Calcaria) to Aldborough (Insurium) and thence to Catterick (Cataractorium); but a loop was formed to take in York which left the main road at Tadcaster and rejoined it at Aldborough. This latter town, near to Borobridge, was at the junction of four roads. One coming from York skirted the forest of Galtres on the west while another from the Vale of Malton kept to the northern side of the forest along the slopes of the Hambleton Hills; a third came from Ilkley and Ribchester in the west; the fourth was the main road going south from Catterick. Newburgh therefore was situated on the road that came from Malton. It was doubtless a small Roman station, a resting place for the forces as they moved from one important centre to another, but nevertheless a place which was constantly occupied by the invaders. After their departure from the country there is nothing known of its history; we have to pass over Saxon times and through the intervening centuries to that period of English History when it seems to have been the one ambition of the great Norman baron to found a monastic house.

Roger de Mowbray, the founder of more than one northern monastery gave land at Newburgh, about the year



1145, to the Augustinian Canons.* The Canons have made pretensions to great antiquity, dating their commencement from the time when the Apostles made the resolution to renounce all private property and live in common. Such a claim as this cannot be seriously entertained, and even their claim to have been founded by the great St. Augustine has but little foundation. The Saint certainly wrote a treatise "*De moribus clericorum*" and also a letter respecting a rule of life for religious women; but it has never been clearly shown when or where these regulations were adopted for communities of men. Had he promulgated a monastic rule and founded a monastic order he surely would have been considered the founder of western monasticism: St. Benedict's right to that title would never have been acknowledged so universally as it has been.

The clearest explanation of their origin is as follows. In the 9th century, discipline among the canons of many of the cathedrals in the Empire of Charlemagne had become very lax, and the Council of Aix-la-Chapelle in 816† formulated a code of rules for their observation. Stricter laws from time to time had to be promulgated; and it was due to the earnest and vigorous St. Peter Damian, in the eleventh century, that a law was made binding them to a community life and the vow of poverty. Those who chose to live according to this law were termed Regular Canons, and the rule by which they guided their lives was ascribed to St. Augustine, being considered to contain the general spirit of his teaching as found in the Letter above mentioned. In course of time communities were established, independently of cathedrals and collegiate churches, calling themselves Augustinian Canons. In England they were known as the Black Canons, were

* These must not be confounded with Augustinian hermits, for these two religious bodies were quite distinct.

Along, ii. p. 227.

looked upon as monks, not friars, and became in the twelfth century extremely numerous and popular. "They occupied a position somewhat midway between the monks and the secular clergy. Many whilst remaining attached to their monasteries were engaged in parochial duties, but the bulk of them still maintained a community life much like the monks themselves."⁴

The community, to whom the land at Newburgh was given, came originally from the priory of Bridlington, but not directly: they had found a temporary home at Hode, a place vacated by the Byland monks.⁵ Philip, the third abbot of Byland, is the authority for this; he wrote an account of the foundation of his own monastery, and the quotation from this account given in the notes clearly shows the connection between Newburgh, Hode and Bridlington.⁶ It is distinctly stated that the site of Hode was given to "certain canons who had come from Bridlington and are now at Newburgh." While at Hode the community was joined by the Sampson mentioned in the note who was a near relative of the founder, Roger de Mowbray.

Very shortly after the migration to Newburgh, its brightest ornament came, almost as a child, to dwell within its walls, William of Newburgh, the historian; Leland calls him 'Guilielmus Parvus.' He was born in the year 1136 somewhere very near to Bridlington. Some

⁴ F. A. Gasquet "Henry VIII. and the Eng. Mon." II., p. 497.

⁵ The site of the monastery at Hode is now occupied by a farm known as Hood Grange. It can be seen from the top of Sutton Bank (Greenies) lying in the fields between the high road to Thirsk and Hode Hill, commonly called Robin Hood's Look-out. See note in *Ant. Journ.* Vol. 70, p. 18.

⁶ Postea autem manentibus apud Bellamlandam abbatibus Rogero et monachis, idem abbas ad petitionem et instantiam domini Rogeri de Mowbray et Sampsonis de Albano dedit locum de Hode ubi fratri habitare interpretat quibusdam canonicis qui venerant de Bridlington, qui ante eam de Newburge pro quinquaginta decimis grange de Weldon et Camba. Tali etiam compositione interveniente quod illi canonici manerent apud Hode cum plenaria conventu in perpetuum et ibidem viverent secundum regulam S. Augustini.

doubt did arise about the place of his birth, due to the discovery of the following inscription in a 13th century copy of his history—"Liber Sanctae Marie Fratris Willielmi Monachi de Rufforth." Many concluded that this William was the author of the book and was either a monk of Rufford in Nottinghamshire or one who hailed from Rufforth near York. The majority however interpreted the inscription as simply meaning that this copy of the history had once been the property of one William of Rufforth and had nothing to do with the William who was the author.

The historian himself describes the neighbourhood of his birthplace and speaks of certain springs there as being "in provincia. . . . Deiorum haud procul a loco nativitatis meae." He tells us that these springs were called "Gipse." A stream now called "the Gipse Race" flows from Wold Newton to the sea near Bridlington. This fact then combined with what is known of the close connection between Newburgh and Bridlington is enough to warrant the conclusion that William was born at no great distance from the latter place. He must have been one of the first novices received at Newburgh "que me in Christo a puero aluit."

Of a delicate constitution and afflicted with some infirmity which prevented his application to active employment, he undertook his great historical work at the desire of Ernald, abbot of Rievaulx. Some praise and thanks are therefore due to the good Cistercian, but for whom the world might have been far less enlightened than it is. That his history is a great work is the verdict of all: it has been spoken of as "the finest historical work left to us by an Englishman of the 12th century." Containing something more than a mere statement of facts, it is a history in every sense of the word, not merely a chronicle; and though there are some marvellous and perhaps incredible stories here and

⁷ Hist. Rerum Anglicarum, p. 15. Rolls Series.

there yet signs are not wanting to show that the author has sifted the wheat from the chaff and has taken the pains to look from the effect to its cause. When we remember that he passed practically the whole of his life in an obscure Yorkshire monastery, we wonder how it was possible for him to produce such a work. His familiar intercourse with the great Cistercian abbeys of Byland and Rievaulx would undoubtedly bring him a little in touch with the outer world and its doings: the other members of his own Order in different parts of the country were able at times to communicate with him, sending him the news of the day and perhaps documents of interest and value when possible; but, beyond a journey he made to visit St. Godric* at Finchale and his frequent visits to Byland and Rievaulx, he seems never to have left his monastery. Hampered in this way we cannot but consider him to have been a genius of a high order, "a man of unusual moral elevation, mental power and eloquence." His history was his 'magnum opus' but he also wrote an "Explanation of the Canticle of Canticles" at the request of Roger, abbot of Byland, and according to Bale and Pitts "A Book of Commentaries." The history is brought to a conclusion in the year 1198, the year probably of his death.

William is said to have once been a candidate for the bishopric of St. David's.† This fact is not generally believed, but the prior of Newburgh about the time of his death, a well known and able man, was chosen by a council, held at Marlborough in 1186, as one of five possible candidates for the archbishopric of York: his nomination

* St. Godric should be adopted by peddlers as their patron. He spent many years of his life in tramping from fair to fair carrying goods for sale. It was on one of these journeys that he first visited Lindisfarne. The impression then made on his mind bore fruit in after years and led him to undertake an eremitical life in the north of England.

† Gill says St. Asaph. "He evinces violent prejudice against Geoffrey of Monmouth and the Princes of Wales having been disappointed of the Bishopric of St. Asaph."



however did not meet with the king's approval.* A few years later he was appointed by Pope Celestine III. to decide a dispute as to precedence between the chancellor and archdeacon of York, which resulted in the chancellor being allowed to rank third in the minster.

John de Shipton ruled over Newburgh about the middle of the 13th century. He was a prominent man in the realm and a trusted councillor of the king.† During the war in Gascony he was with the King and was sent home to England to furnish supplies for the soldiers. In the following year, 1254, he was again on the King's business in Flanders and later wrote an account of these Flemish wars. To reward him for his services the king pressed the canons of Carlisle to choose him for their bishop. They refused to do so. That he was not a *persona grata* to them is perhaps explained by an entry in Archbishop Gray's Register for Jan. 27th, 1249. With the archbishop of York and the prior of Kirkham, he had been appointed by the Pope to judge a dispute between the bishop on one side and the prior and chapter of Carlisle on the other. On this occasion he may have given such offence to the latter party as to cause them a few years later to disregard the king's wish in the matter of his election. Dying in 1256 he was succeeded by his chaplain, another John, who also took his place as one of the king's councillors.‡

Here and there accounts of the Visitations of the monastery are to be found, both those made by the archbishop as well as those performed by the superiors of the Order. The report of Archbishop Gifford's visit about 1275 is interesting:

"The Prior is too easy and the superior too hot tempered. A camera has been needlessly built at Thirsk

* *Gesta Henrici II. et Ricardi I. Rolls Series.*

† *Domino regi familiaris et consiliarius extitit specialis. Math. Paris.*

‡ *Consiliarius archiepiscopi et monasterii ad principem. Math. Paris. Vol. v. Rolls Series.*

The cellarer traffics in horses like a dealer and has a rough tongue. The keeper of the fabric is abroad at the cost of the house and has not given in his account." * It is curt and to the point but the faults complained of are after all very natural ones especially in the case of the poor cellarer who had to make the best bargains he could; mild persuasive language would have been of little use with the class of men he had to deal with.

An interesting story, to be found in an old chronicle and told by Mr. Gill, might find a place here. In the early days of their first fervour the canons are supposed not to have worn shoes. One of them having indulged in this luxury had a terrible dream to warn him of his folly. When travelling through a narrow mountain pass he was attacked by robbers and to save himself he cried out "Spare me, spare me, I am but a poor monk." "You a monk," they replied, "with shoes on your feet! Kill him, kill him."

Newburgh was a place of pilgrimage. In 1507 a William Fox was sentenced by the ecclesiastical court at Ripon to make a pilgrimage thither on the festivity of the Nativity of St. John the Baptist. He had "to humbly say there on bended knee in the presence of the image of the Holy Saviour the Lord's Prayer fifteen times, and the Hail Mary as many times, and the Apostles' Creed thrice, and make an offering of one penny." †

There was also a daily custom of distributing to the poor an alms called *Ladymeto* and a measure of beer.‡

The priory, as regards wealth, did not rank with the Cistercian monasteries round about it. Presuming that

* See Register—Surtees Society.

† Ibidem coram imagine Sancti Salvatoris, genibus flexis, humiliter quindieim oraciones Dominicas et totidem salutationis angelica dicat cum simbolo apostolice trinitatis vice at ibidem offerat unum denarium. Ripon Chapter Acts, p. 314. Surtees Society.

‡ *Viator eccles.* iv, p. 93.

the king made his loans in proportion to the wealth of those appealed to, Newburgh must have possessed only half the wealth of Rievaulx, a quarter of that of Fountains and a sixth of that of the Archbishopric of York. In raising a loan to defray the expenses of the Scotch wars the King asked for only 50 marks from Newburgh, 100 from Rievaulx, 200 from Fountains and 300 from the Archbishopric.*

At the Dissolution the prior, Robert, and the community signed a document expressive of their wish to surrender the monastery to the King: it is still preserved in the Chapter House at Westminster. As the above Robert's name only occurs as prior in 1535 we may conclude he was put in authority by the king as being one who would easily yield to his wish. Such trickery did take place in the case of Marmaduke Bradley at Fountains; why not also in the case of Newburgh? The canons then freely resigned, which means they were turned out and the despoiler got possession of the house and lands with 698 oz. of plate, 6 bells and 16 fother of lead. The king generously gave the house and land to Anthony Bellasis, but as he had profited largely by the spoliation of other monasteries, he just as generously gave Newburgh to his nephew Sir William, and it was the latter's grandson

* *Monuments of Fountains*, p. 142. Surtees Society.

(The Scotch wars were indeed a source of much trouble and loss to the Priory; in fact the place seems to have been made quite uninhabitable about the year 1312 and the members of the community were dispersed to find shelter in other monasteries. The king provided for their comfort. *Calendar of Close Rolls*. Nov. 3, 1322.) A number of religious houses were ordered to support one or two of the brethren until the latter (Newburgh) Priory be relieved . . . as it is so destroyed and oppressed by the Scotch rebels that the Canons cannot dwell together. These Priors were:—Barwell, Newnham, Drax, Thurgarton, Worksope, Thornton, Elsham, Thornton, Markby and Grimby.

The eleven canons thus provided for were:—Thomas de Clouston, John de Eboraco, Hugh de Oldfield, John de Otterington, John de Threk, Edmund de Barton, Walter de Wymstowe, Lambert de Bevington, William de Brakelburg, Thomas de Nafferton and William de Langton.]

Thomas who was created Viscount Fauconberg by Charles I in 1627. Thomas, again, the Grandson, succeeded to the title and estates in 1651: he married Mary the daughter of Oliver Cromwell and seems to have been reconciled to the Church. In 1669 he was made Earl, but the Earldom became extinct at his death. The Thomas Viscount Fauconberg who succeeded in 1718 afterwards conformed to the state religion by taking the oath of supremacy, thereby securing for himself and his place in the family pedigree, the probability is that he was the unfortunate Thomas who apostatised from the Faith to ensure the creation of the 2nd Earldom.

G. E. HIND.
 "List of Rosary Confraternities in Anglo-Saxon Archives."

Classical Scholars at Pday. A Review of a Forgotten Book.

SOMEWHAT more than sixty years ago there was issued from the Cambridge University Press a dainty, red-bordered, broad-margined volume, illustrated by a pretty wood-cut of the towers of King's College Chapel rising above the reeds and slow-flowing waters of the Cam. The book bore the title of *Arundines Cami*, was dedicated to the University, and edited by Henry Drury, M.A., who had entered as a pensioner at Caius College in the first year of William IV.'s reign, and graduated in 1837. Two years before the appearance of the *Arundines* he had been "ad sublimita studia" (or, as he phrases it in the preface to the second edition, "ad curas sanctiores") vocatus. He had, in point of fact, become a curate in Wiltshire, of which county he died archdeacon in 1862. In the intervals of his pastoral duties he had conceived, as he tells us, the idea of bringing together, and offering to a wider public, a collection of Latin verses which he and his friends had composed in their University days, and which had been a source of amusement and delight to their contemporaries. The volume consists entirely of translations (into Latin, with a few Greek versions in addition) of English poems grave and gay, among them most of the venerable nursery rhymes which have been household words to so many generations of English children. Drury's collaborators

included some of the most eminent scholars of the day, such as Bishop Butler of Lichfield, the late Lord Lyttelton Francis Hodgson, Provost, and Edward Craven Hawtrey, head-master of Eton College, Benjamin Kennedy, the famous head-master of Shrewsbury, Charles John Vaughan, head-master of Harrow and Master of the Temple, and Edward Balston, head-master of Eton when the writer of this article was a scholar there in the early sixties.

As has been said, the verses chosen for turning into Latin are both grave and gay. Lord Lyttelton (father of sons distinguished in many fields,) whose tragic death caused so profound a sensation in 1876, contributed a singularly beautiful hexameter rendering of Tennyson's "Ænone," which had appeared seven or eight years before; and the latter part of the volume is devoted to poems of a distinctly religious kind. Our concern here, however, is only with those in lighter vein, which derive additional interest and piquancy from their association with grave ecclesiastics and learned schoolmasters.

Here, for instance, is one of delightful absurdity, "Damon and Juliana—From an old Play:"

"Coughing in a shady place
Sat my Juliana:
Lozenges I gave my love—
Ipecacuhana.
From the box th' imprudent maid
Three score of them did pick;
Then, sighing tenderly, she said,
'My Damon, I am sick.'"

And here is the rendering of it by the erudite Samuel Butler, Craven Scholar, Senior Optime, Chancellor's medallist, head-master of Shrewsbury, and Bishop of Lichfield;

THYRIS ET PHYLIS.

In nemore umbrato Phyllis mea forte sedebat,
Cui mollem exhaustit tussis anhelus sinum.
Nec mora, de loco deprompsi pyxida lævo,
Ipecacuanæos exhibuique trochos.
Illa quidem imprudens medicatos leniter orbes
Absorpsit numero bisque quaterque decem;
Tum tenero ducentis suspiria pectore, dixit.
"Thyrsi, mihi stomachum nausea tristis habet."

The Bishop thus turns "Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, baker's man:"

Pistoris puer, O dulcem mihi tunde farinam.
Imo etiam rapida res erit acta manu.
Punge decenter acu, tituloque inscribe magistri;
Sic mihi, Carulolo sic erit esca meo.

Francis Hodgson, Fellow of King's, Byron's intimate friend,* Archdeacon of Derby, and afterwards Provost of Eton, seems to have had a special attraction towards nursery rhymes. We have his charming version of "The Five Fingers" ("This little pig went to market,") familiar to most of us:

Porculus ille forum se contulit; ille remansit
Usque domi: panem butyro porculus ille
Perfusus arripuit; nullum miser ille, sed "cheu"
Ter repetens "cheu," clamabat porculus, "cheu"
Ille, "ego porcinas nequeo reperire Penates."

The triple cry of "cheu," for "wee, wee, wee," is masterly!

* Byron advanced to him, in 1813, £1000 to pay off the debts of his deceased father, and Hodgson gave to the poet in exchange a bond which he omitted to destroy. After Byron's death his executors came on Hodgson for the money.

We all know the "Parents' Warning"—"Three children sliding on the ice, All on a summer's day," and the rest. Here is Provost Hodgson's excellent rendering of it. Was ever nonsense more happily turned?

Tres ubi per glaciem pueri (nam canduit aestas)
Dirigerent celeres impavidosque pedes;
Accidit, inciderent ut in undas ocyus omnes;
Virtutem in tutam cetera turba fugam.
Hos schola si pueros sua detinuisse, et arens
Jussisset pedibus pervolitare solum,
Pignoribus certem magnis tua parvula contra,
Non omnes illos ira vorasset aequae.
Vos quibus accessit proles dilecta, parentes;
Vos etiam nullum est quis puerile genus;
Tutos in trivis natos si vultis habere,
O precor, incolames hos retinete domi.

The temptation cannot be resisted of adding to the above an exquisite Greek version of the same, by that incomparable scholar Richard Porson:

Κρηταλλοσήμετους τριέντητοι κόροι ἰοῦσι
Πρὶ θέρους φείροντες εὐάρετοι ποσὶ,
Λιναῖς ἔκπτου, οἷα δὲ πίπτει φιλαί,
Ἄπαιτες, εἰς ἔξογον οἱ λιλαιρμένοι.
Ἄλλ' εἴπερ ἦσαν ἐγκλεισμένοι μαχλοῖς
Ἡ ποσὶν ἐλευθαινοῖτες ἐν ζῆρ' ἔειπον,
Χρυσίων ἢ ἡβήλοισι περιέσθαι σταθμῶν
Εἰ μὴ μέροις τι τῶν νῦν ἐνέχεται.
Ἄλλ', ὦ τοιαῖς, δοῦναι μὲν ὅσα τεχνάει,
Ὅσοις δὲ μὴ, βλαπτεμένοι' ἐνέκτοιον σπαράξαι,
Ἦν εὐτιχεῖς εὐχρηστὴ τὰς θυρά' ὕδασι
Τοῖς παῖσι, εὖ σφῶς ἐν ὅλῳ φιλώσεται.

There is a quaint simplicity about the Latin and Greek versions of "The Old Man of Tobago," by a contributor who prefers to be anonymous. Does every one know the original lines?

There was an old man of Tobago
Who lived on rice, gruel, and sago;
Till (much to his bliss)
His physician said this:
To a leg, sir, of mutton you may go.

Here is this venerable "Limerick" in classic guise:

Jamdudum senior quidem de rure Tobagus
Invito madidas carperat ore dapes.
Sed medicus tandem, non injucunda locutus,
"Assae" dixit "oves sint tibi coena, senex.

Grace.

Γίγον τις, οἰκῶν τοῖς Τοβαγγόνοις μέχονε
ἑταίροισι σιγαλὴν θηρίον τροφήν,
τίλος δ' ἱάτρος εἶπε, χαίροντι κλίειν,
φάγους ἂν ἦδ' ἐπὶ πρόβατον, ὃ μάκαρ γίγνοι.

It is, however, to the editor himself that we owe the most humorous little poems in the collection. Is not Humpty Dumpty fascinating in his Latin dress?

Humptius in muro requievit Dumtius alto;
Humtius ē muro Dumtius heu! cecidit;
Sed non regis equi, Reginae exercitus omnis,
Humti te, Dumti, restituerē loco.

So too, Little Jack Horner (whose descendants are said still to enjoy the "plum," i.e., the fat lands filched from the monks of Glastonbury):

Horner lacculo sedet in angulo,
Vorans, ceu serias ageret ferias,
Crustum dulce et amabile:
Inquit et unum extrahens prunum,
"Horner, quam fueris nobile pueris
Exemplum imitabile!"

"Mary, Mary, quite contrary" has a special interest for us Catholics, if it is true that "Mary" is the Catholic queen, "contrary" to her imperious father, that the "garden" was the English Church, the "silver bells" the mass-bells, the "cockle-shells" the pilgrims' badges, and the "pretty maids" the dispossessed and exiled nuns. Here is what Mr. Drury makes of it:

O mea Maria—tota contraria,
Quid tibi crescit in horto?
Teste et crotali—suos mihi Bosculi
Cum hyacinthino serto.*

One more inimitable rendering: it needs no explanatory title.

Hei didulum, atque iterum didulum! Felisque fidesque:
Vacea super lunæ cornua prosiluit;
Nescio qua catulus risit dulcedine ludî,
Abstulit et turpi lanx cochlearæ fugâ. †
"Qualia prospiciens catulus ferit æthera risu,
Ipsaque trans lunæ cornua vacca salit."

One, and one only, of all this little band of playful poets still survives—the venerable Duke of Rutland, better known to two generations of his countrymen as Lord John Manners. A single contribution to the *Arundines* appears over his initials—a graceful rendering in elegiacs of Prior's pretty stanzas, "Euphelia and Chloe." Scholar, enthusiast, statesman, the erstwhile leader of "Young England" has outlived all his contemporaries of those sanguine and strenuous days. Once he had a fierce controversy with the *Times*, then ruled by Delane, the Jupiter of journalism. The *Saturday Review*, with that

* There is a variant from the usual reading in the last line of the English, as given in the *Arundines*. Instead of "pretty maids," it is "hyacinths" all in a row; and Mr. Drury has so translated it.

† "Bardolph of Branson," if Thackeray is to be believed, became prize-man of his year at school by his translation of the same poem. Thackeray gives us two lines only of Bardolph's version:

pungent wit which won it its old preeminence (long since departed), "slated" both disputants alike, ending with the exclamation, "O tempora, o mores!"—"O *Times*, O Lord John Manners!" Does the old man, in his retirement at beautiful Belvoir, still think of those days by the waters of Cam, and of the lost causes of his youth? And does he, one wonders, still cherish the sentiments which inspired him long ago to compose that immortal couplet:

"Let laws and learning, art and commerce die,
But leave us still our old nobility."

D. OSWALD HUNTER-BLAIR.

St. Thomas Aquinas.

"Dedit quoque Deus sapientiam Salomoni, et prudentiam nimis, et latitudinem cordis quasi arenam, quæ est in litore maris (III Reg. 4, 29).

How draw the Angelic Mind, the Angelic Heart,
Of him, the Patron of the Christian Schools?
His Soul, "was like a Star, and dwelt apart,"—
Too high, too pure, to gauge with our weak tools.
That Mind, so piercing-keen, we might compare
With Telescopic Lens,—revealing Light
Where man but Darkness sees,—dividing there,
Where no Distinction shows to common sight.
That world-embracing Heart,—like his, who craved
For wisdom, yet would heed not Wisdom's call,—
Was large as are the Sands, that gird the Sea:
From blemish of Earth by the strong Waters laved—
Full Tides of Grace, which, ebbing, left it free;
And, like the Sands, too lowly-deep to fall.

C. W. H.

An Enjoyable Evening.

ONE day, soon after I first went to Germany I was walking down the main street of the University Town of E— in company with a dusty old professor, when I became vaguely conscious of a strange-looking object walking at about our pace on the other side of the street. I glanced at it as often as I could without appearing rude, and finally made it out to be the remains of a young man some 24 years or thereabouts. He wore no hat or cap, but his face and head were completely muffled up in cotton wool and and white bandages; he carried his right arm in a sling; and a long black military sort of cloak without any sleeves fell negligently from one shoulder and trailed a little on the ground. I was about to call the attention of the Professor to this mysterious personage, when all of a sudden, he crossed the road, walked slowly towards us, halted about two paces off, gave us a military salute, and then began laboriously and painfully, with plastered lips, to say something to the Professor. After a minute or two, he stepped back two paces, saluted again, and then slowly and solemnly bowed himself away to slow music, leaving a sickly smell of ointments and lotions behind him.

When I had recovered from my astonishment, I ventured to ask the Professor what manner of man that might be; if it was a soldier broken in the war or the only surviving victim of a dynamite explosion. The professor was much amused at my simplicity. He said:

"That fellow is not a soldier, or a victim of anything except his own stupidity. He is just a student; but in that get-up he thinks himself a much finer personage than the Kaiser. He has just been to excuse himself from my

Lectures for the rest of the term. He fought a 'Satisfactions duel' yesterday, and got rather badly cut up; eight slashes in the face alone. But he hopes to be all right in a month or so, as he has two more such affairs to get through this term."

"Poor fellow," I said, "I should not like to be in his shoes. But it's a shame that he has to go about in such a state as that which he is in now; he ought to be in bed."

"*Mein lieber Herr*, he would not stay at home now for the world. He's as happy as a king, showing himself off, and giving people military salutes, and stinking the whole street out with his lint and bandages. But he's no exception. Every Corps Student who has received a wound or two goes into every Café in the town, to show that he has been fighting, and how brave he is, and noble, and chivalrous, and—stupid."

The subject seemed to irritate the good old man; so I returned to it as often as I could to get him 'on,' as it were; but he was not to be drawn any more. He said "I am not going to say anything more of duels or duelling; I always get angry when I think of them. But you seem very interested. If you would like to see a fight, I shall be pleased to introduce you to the President of one of the fighting Corps, and he will take you in."

I was delighted to have the chance, and the next day was duly introduced to the President of the Corps "Perugia," who promised to show me something which I would remember for the rest of my days!

On the Friday following, he and a friend called for me about 7 in the evening. We took a cab to the outskirts of the town, and then walked down a long filthy lane, passed under the railway bridge, turned sharp to the left, and then struck into the open country. It was pitch dark, and raining hard, and fearfully muddy; but my two companions were in high spirits, and did not seem to mind in the least. After what seemed to me a good two miles, and just as I

had given up all hope of ever being happy again, we arrived at a lonely public-house, standing in the middle of an enormous orchard, surrounded on all sides by a high wall. There was no sign of a light anywhere. We groped round and round this wall about four times, and at last, came to an iron gate. One of my companions gave a long low whistle, which was answered from within; then he gave three short sharp whistles, which were likewise answered. Then in some mysterious way the gate was opened. We slopped through the orchard, ran the gauntlet of half-a-dozen huge dogs, and then suddenly descended a long flight of stairs. Everything was so dark and wet, and clammy, and mysterious, that I began to feel that I was doing something very wicked indeed, and an uneasy sense of guilt crept over me, though of what I could not define. We passed through two small pitch-dark rooms, then a door was thrown open, and we entered a large bare room, about 40 feet each way, very dimly lighted, which smelt like a diseased chemist's shop.

My companions paused here a moment to put their clothes to rights. They informed me that this was the duelling room, but that proceedings had not yet commenced, and we should find everybody in the refreshment room beyond. At the further end I could see a light shining from under a door, and could hear the sounds of many voices. We made for this door, and one of my companions said "Follow us, do just as we do, and you will be all right."

The next room was large, and well-lighted and comfortable. Extending across it from one wall almost to the other were rows of tables, and at these tables some 70 or 80 students were sitting, smoking, drinking, playing cards, &c. My companions walked quickly to table No. 7, where some 15 students were sitting. I had previously been informed that I must introduce myself to each and every one of them; and I found the process a very trying ordeal.

I went slowly along the table, and paused before each one in turn, who thereupon stood up. I bowed low, then he bowed low and pronounced his name. I then had to say how I was generally called—I never knew before that my name was so difficult, or needed so much 'getting out.' The process was concluded by a general hand-shake, after which I could consider myself introduced. I got through the whole lot at last, and was then courteously supplied with a bottle of wine and an excellent cigar. I was very glad to have a few minutes in which to pull myself together. The students at the other tables took, or seemed to take, absolutely no notice of the performance going on at our's. In fact, one table did not seem to know of the existence of the next, and my friend whispered to me that on no account was I to talk to anyone except to those sitting at table 7. Each Corps knows officially of the existence of the other Corps; but the members individually seem never to know or hear or see each other.

After about 10 minutes, a bell sounded somewhere. Instantly there was a rush to the other room. I found it now well-lighted. The floor was covered with sawdust. Arranged in various cases round the walls were endless rows of swords. These swords were about $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet long, and an inch wide, and unpointed. The handles were elaborately decorated in different colours, denoting the Corps to which they belonged. In each corner of the room stood a table covered with bandages, lint, lotions, knives, and so on: and at each table stood a doctor in a long white operating gown. There were four Corps engaged on this particular evening, and each must provide its own doctor. The smell of the lotions and medicines was simply overpowering.

Suddenly there was a stir at the further door, and two fearful apparitions were supported into the room. They were the first pair of combatants. Their necks were wound

round and round with heavy cloth wrappings: each wore a long sleeveless garment, something like an old-fashioned labourer's smock, but fearfully padded, extending from the shoulders to the knees. The right arm was bandaged layer on layer to a thickness of at least 6 inches. Another student always walked by the side of the fighter, holding up this arm for him, for he would tire in no time if he had to hold it himself. Their heads and faces were bare, excepting for projecting iron goggles, bound with a thin strap over their ears behind the head. Behind these two nightmares, walked the two seconds, similarly clothed, but wearing a steel guard over the head.

The umpire now took his stand on a little dais in the middle of the room; the two combatants were placed face to face, a sword's distance apart. The seconds took their stand on the left of each man: a timekeeper stood on one side of the umpire, and a "Wound Registrar" on the other. As a guest, I was given a place of honour just by the umpire, from which I could see perfectly. I must confess that during these preliminaries I very much wished that I were out of the whole thing: the horrible stench of the room, the sickly smell of the lotions, the sight of the two duellists, very pale, breathing heavily, and the general tension in the atmosphere all combined to make one feel very sick. Presently one of the seconds came to the umpire, made him a stately bow, and said:

"Mr. Umpire, I beg you to give your close attention to a duel, of 15 minutes duration, to be fought between two chosen members of the Corps N. and the Corps B."

The umpire answered:

"With pleasure. Silence everyone, while this duel between the Corps N. and B. is being decided."

There was an instant hush. The two duellists crossed swords above their heads: one of the seconds shouted "To the fight! ready! go!!!"

Instantly the swords uncrossed, and the two began to

deal a perfect hurricane of blows at each others heads. Although they were striking for at least 70 seconds, neither of them was touched when the first pause occurred, occasioned by one of the swords being bent. It seemed nothing short of a miracle to me that blows struck with such lightning rapidity could be parried. But with practice these students became so expert, that they can *feel* when the next blow is going to strike, and guard accordingly. The second round was not so harmless. They were going at it hammer and tongs, when suddenly I saw a great gash open right down the side of the nose of the man next to me. The seconds cried 'Halt!', the doctor came forward, touched the wound with a sponge, said it was not serious, and the fight could go on. It did not last much longer. In the 3rd bout the same man got two blows on the head, which bled profusely; but in the fourth, he managed to open the temple of his opponent in such a way, that the doctor stopped the duel at once. I was curious to see how the wounds were registered, and made a copy of the Registrar's Entry: The first duel was thus written in:

X (Nubia Corps) — / - / - / - V.

Y (Barbaria Corps) — — — — O.

The letter 'V' does not seem a happy choice: it can stand for "*Victor*" or "*victus*", or "*victorious*" or "*vanguished*": so from a mere perusal of the entries, one could not glean much information. The Registrar said to me "That was a rather tame affair: as you see it only lasted 4 minutes; but I think you will see something good when we come to No 5: the two men engaged are very old opponents. They simply hate each other, and neither will give in until he is completely done up." Notwithstanding this admonition I found No's. 2, 3, and 4 sufficiently exciting.

In No. 2, a long thin fellow was matched against an opponent equally tall, but very corpulent. I expected the thin one to be beaten. But it was not so. He was much quicker than his heavy opponent, and although not striking

so hard, he managed to get in some 8 or 9 cuts at his opponent's head and face, and only received 3 himself. At the end of 11 minutes the doctor stopped the fight, as the stout man had lost too much blood.

No. 3 was a duel between two Freshmen (*Füchse*, the Germans call them) who were shivering all over during preliminaries, and continued to do so until the blood began to flow, when they pulled themselves together. Indeed I noticed that all who fought were more or less nervous until they had either given or received a blow: this always seemed to steady them at once. I watched this fight to try and learn, by proxy, how it felt to fight for the first time. Each gave his opponent some half-dozen cuts on the head: then one of them turned deadly pale, and through his second begged for a pause, as his heart was palpitating. After waiting some five minutes, as the palpitates were as bad as ever, the fight was declared off for this evening. The spectators were not at all concerned at this occurrence: so I concluded that it was not very unusual.

The fourth duel was over in one minute. They were two seasoned fighters. X got his cheek laid open in the first round; then gave his opponent a shocking wound in the forehead, and followed it up by cutting right through his ear. The leather strap holding the goggles was also cut through and they fell to the ground. Y insisted on going on; but when they attempted to tie new goggles on him the pain in his ear was too great, and he had to acknowledge himself beaten.

There was now a quarter of an hour's pause before the great duel of the evening. Everyone trooped into the other room to eat and drink a little. One of my new friends said to me, "You had better eat something and drink a good glass of wine before this begins. The duel is one of 20 minutes duration, actual fighting; and with the pauses it may last an hour." I followed his advice and later on was very glad that I had done so.

When we returned, I had a good look at the two adversaries. They were both burly, coarse-looking fellows, one rather more so than the other, with scars innumerable all over their heads and faces. Their hair was cut as short as possible, and one of them had a ragged ashamed-looking moustache: altogether they were two very disagreeable specimens indeed. I heard after that one of them, Y, was a noted bully, and took every opportunity of insulting inoffensive people to make them fight with him.

When the word was given, they did not strike in the same way as the others had done, but more slowly and with more deadly earnest. After 20 seconds, a small patch of scalp was chipped off X's head. Lint was applied and a leather patch bound over the spot. In the second round X received a slash over the right eye. This was bound up, but a stream of blood continued to fall over his goggles, into his mouth, and on to the floor. He did not seem to mind, and in the next round gave his opponent a slash on the head. In the fourth round Y got a blow on the bridge of his nose, and X another wound in the face. In the fifth round Y got another blow on the nose, this time on the side, while X went scatheless. By this time both men presented a simply horrible appearance: they were literally drenched in blood from head to foot. I cannot account for it, but instead of being repelled by the sight, I was quite enthralled, and could not have taken my eyes away for worlds. In the eighth round X had his ear cut through, and in the next Y got a long surface wound on the chin. And so the fight went on. The end came in the 14th round. I was watching with all my might, feeling that my eyes were gradually getting further and further from their sockets, when all of a sudden X received a full-power blow fair and square across the cheek. The wound was fully two inches long, and had cut right through to the teeth, crossing at right angles two other wounds previously

received. There was another detail connected with it too horrible to mention. The doctor sprang to him at once, and did his best to hold the edges of the wound together, while others pulled off his fighting panoply, as quickly as possible. This duel lasted 37 minutes, and to the general regret the bully won.

When the men were stripped, they presented a much more revolting sight than when in the fight. With their armour and swords the wounds and blood seemed somehow to agree: but in simple shirt and trousers, their slashed heads and features seemed too cruel for words. Impelled by a morbid curiosity, I went to see X's wounds dressed. For some reason or other, it was found necessary to sew the wounds in the cheek *both inside and outside*, and X was mercifully given an opiate while this was being done. In general, opiates are strictly forbidden. The poor victim must sit quiet, without wince or groan, while the doctor is binding and sewing. I could understand a person being so excited in the fight as not to feel his wounds, and from conversation with several students I found that this was generally the case. But to sit still while some six or eight stitches are being put into one seems to be asking a little too much from poor human nature. I was so intent on watching poor X getting sewn up, that I missed the sixth duel altogether.

While the last men were being put to rights. I had a talk with one of the students on the subjects of the duels we had just seen, and on duelling in general. It seems that duelling is one of the most highly prized privileges of the German student. The student is *civis academicus* (a much more exalted personage than an ordinary "civis") and as such is supposed to be the especial guardian of honour. All the laws and customs of the duel come down from time immemorial, and the courtliness and gravity and dignity with which they are conducted are very impressive. The observances are all framed with

the idea of making the student brave, dignified and chivalrous. In former times every student was compelled to wear a uniform and a sword. He was supposed to draw the latter in defence of his own honour, of the honour of his family, his religion, his king,—in fine, in defence of HONOUR in general. Nowadays there will be some 2,000 students at a single University, and Honour does not need quite so many defenders as all that: consequently the task of defence is delegated to some 100 or more Corps-Students, who do all the fighting, although any one of the 2,000, if he consider himself insulted, has the privilege of calling out his insulter. The most extraordinary part of the whole business is that duelling is expressly prohibited by law under heavy penalties. But it is very seldom indeed that the police step in and prevent a fight, although every year some six or seven deaths are directly occasioned by such duels.

I could not understand at first why the fighting at this particular University always took place by night, and in such an out-of-the-way place. The whole town knew that the students fought regularly; half the town knew where and the other half when. I asked for enlightenment on these points. My friend said:

"We used to fight in the morning; but it was found that the rest of the day was so tedious and insipid that our fellows did not know what to do with themselves, and generally sought refuge from their ennui in the flowing bowl; so it has been agreed never to commence before 9 o'clock at night. There are several reasons why we fight *here*, in this forsaken place. For one we are quite assured from interruption. Of course the police know all about it, but so long as no scandal arises they wink at it. But if we were to fight in the town somewhere, they could not very well shut their eyes to such an open breach of the law. And again, it helps to keep up the dignity and charm and mysteriousness of the business to come out

here in the dark, and slop through the fields, and give secret signals, and all that kind of thing."

I assented to this, and added it was also an excellent means of getting one's feet wet through, and ruining one's clothes.

"Oh!" they cried, "that is you English all over: you are too practical, too sordid. You have no duels in England; honour is undefended, perhaps dead! what an example we can give you in this respect."

As I was their guest I had to refrain from expressing a candid opinion, and contented myself with saying that, with careful searching, one might find several institutions in both countries deserving of esteem. This seemed a tight, non-committal sort of statement, without a leak in it anywhere, and met with the applause which its originality deserved.

When the last of the wounds had been dressed, there was a general break-up of the party, and I was invited to accompany my new-made friends to their 'Corps-Haus,' where I should have the opportunity of meeting the Honorary Members, and where it was customary to end the night with a "Bierkneipe," that is, a sitting devoted entirely to the steady consumption of Beer. I had heard a good deal in the course of the evening about English inferiority: I was very pleased indeed that an opportunity now presented itself of proving that we were, after all, not such an inferior race. We found the Honorary members already assembled. These latter are divided into three classes—Honorary Members, Very Honorary Members, and Extremely Honorary Members. I failed at first to grasp the distinction between these three classes: it only became apparent later on in the evening. The same formal introductions were gone through, and then all settled down to serious business. Huge goblets of beer were placed before each one, and were emptied, filled and refilled at more or less regular intervals. As each fresh

glass arrived, the person for whom it was destined added another match to the row already in front of him. Soon the supply of matches, gave out, and another dozen boxes were requisitioned. I managed to keep pace with the Active Members, and Honorary Members, and even with some of the Very Honorary Members, but the capacity of the Extremely Honorary Members was too much for me. I kept up the contest for some four hours: but when another dozen boxes of matches were ordered in, I recognized the utter impossibility of competing with such Past Masters of the Art, and with many mutual expressions of regret, parted from my hospitable friends.

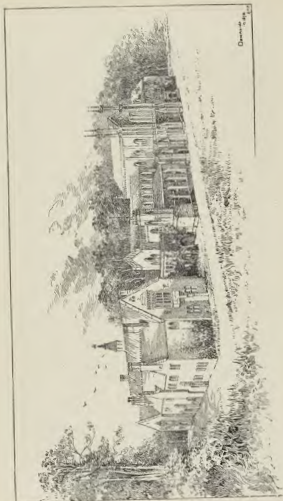
G. McLAUGHLIN.

Boyhood's Days.*

I HAVE only heard one man say that, looking back to the beginning of his College life—nearly as far back as he could remember, he found nothing to regret: if he had to begin it all over again, he would act just exactly as he had done and be just exactly what he was. Not many of us are made that way. Most of us are conscious of a blunder or two which has made all the difference to us; even if we do not go further and admit that our school life was a big mistake from first to last. What opportunities we missed! A little encouragement after a first failure, a kind word of advice, a bit of luck to help us over a difficulty, a reputation, unmerited perhaps, to live up to,—and we should have been better and happier men. In youth, we do not know the value of time, nor the value of youthfulness; we have so much to spare of both that we waste them recklessly. We generally learn what it is we want when we cannot get it, and what it is we should like to have done when it is too late to do it.

This piece of moralising is suggested by some of Abbot Snow's remarks about playdays. "These school playdays," he says, "persist strangely in the mind, the impressions were deeply cut: intervals snatched from business in later life never have the same zest. Somehow memories of school life cling to games and play rather than to work and study." In the same way that our school memories turn to incidents of the play-ground and recreation time, so, for the most part, do our regrets. They very

* *Sketches of Old Downside*. By the Right Rev. Abbot Snow, O.S.B. Sands & Co. 12 Burleigh St., W.C.



seldom have anything to do with wasted preparation for Latin or Greek. On the contrary; we are rather inclined to growl, and say, what good does a knowledge of Conic Sections or the Binomial Theorem do to anybody? Why did we not spend our play-time better? Why did we not take up cricket seriously and scientifically? Why did we not develop a strong stroke in swimming, some style and distinction in skating, a good serve at tennis, skill with the oar, or the fishing-rod, or the 'driver'? We are too old and stiff and clumsy to take to such things now, and we have to stand out and look on whilst other people are distinguishing themselves, and mope or hang about whilst others are enjoying themselves. Our wasted opportunities have made old fogeys of us before our time. A distinguished ecclesiastic once admitted that the mistake of his life was that he had not been a cricketer. It was the one thing he felt he had a special aptitude for. Perhaps he never showed it as a boy; but it was there, latent, only waiting to be brought out. He remembered sadly, as he read the daily cricket news in the morning paper—it was always the first thing he looked at—that he used to call the game a waste of time; and now he felt as though a portion of his life had been wasted for the want of it. In his day-dreams, no doubt—he did not go so far as to confess this—he played not only for his county but for his country, and the Australian elevens acknowledged that England was unconquerable so long as he was in his prime. But he did confess that the College triumphs he remembered best—no one else remembered them—were a hot catch at mid-on—he just put his hand out and there it was; a hit to square-leg—which probably astonished him more than it did the spectators; and a wicket taken first ball—he was not a bowler and had been put on as a last desperate resource. What an all-round cricketer was lost to the world by youthful folly,—by a lack of energy and initiative, and

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the misuse of opportunities! Another equally candid ecclesiastic—one of those described as having no ear, quite incapable of distinguishing "Pop goes the weasel" from "God save the Queen" except by the words, yet, like the cobra, was certainly 'moved by concord of sweet sounds' in some inexplicable way, and could listen entranced to intricate symphonies of Mendelssohn and Beethoven—described, as his undying immeasurable regret, his untrained musical faculties. He spoke half in jest; but the regret was real enough, even if he had a suspicion that there might possibly be some lack of ability. What strange beings our fellow mortals would think us if we made confession of our day-dreams and described our 'dream-children' as candidly as Charles Lamb painted his! But this is a digression. To return to our boyhood regrets, most of us, if we had to live the old days over again, would spend them differently, and the difference would be not in the use we make of our study-time but of our play-time. Our fondest regrets as our fondest memories have to do with the hours of recreation. We remember the initials we cut in the bark of the trees better than the name we wrote in the inside of our desk. Wellington is credited with the saying that Waterloo was won on the playing-fields of Eton; may we not think that it was a playing-field Waterloo that was the fondest memory or the most vivid regret of our greatest English soldier?

Abbot Snow makes no secret what pictures of the past are brightest and clearest in his memory. His pleasant, well-written and warm-hearted "Sketches of Old Downside" have chiefly to do with the hours of recreation. There are three introductory chapters, dealing lightly with history and tradition; there are two chapters on "Study" and the study-room, neither of them looking at the subject in its serious aspects; and the rest of the volume is mainly concerned with the Downside student at

play. With a loving patience and such a wealth of detail as tells us how sharp and deeply the old scenes are engraved on his memory, Abbot Snow delicately and firmly paints in bright colours—they are something more than pencillings, these "Sketches"—every aspect of his old College life. It is an old master's work in a double sense. The pictures have the soft warmth and mellow glow of age. All is viewed in a golden light. There is not a harsh tone or a gloomy note in the book; not even where the writer discourses of pandies and molligrubs.

Necessarily, these sketches will have a charm for the Gregorian reader which an outsider cannot hope to see in them. He will have the pleasure of seeing in the book much that is unwritten; of being able to add new details of his own, to anticipate and interpret as he reads; he will be able to interperse anecdotes, and happenings among the descriptions; to put figures in the landscape and add new memories to the old ones. With him, reading the book will be like taking part in a conversation with class-mates and school-fellows round a fire, and he can break in at any moment with his own "I say," or "do you remember," or "what fun we had!" and pause to express a wonder, as one does on such occasions, what has become of so and so? Only those who belong or have belonged to the *vie intime* of St. Gregory's can do full justice to Abbot Snow's book. But outsiders will find much to interest them also. At the very least they will derive pleasure and profit—innocent pleasure and honorable profit—by making comparisons between Gregorian school life and the days of their own youth. Such comparisons are certainly the most "odorous" of all comparisons; they can have no other possible use except to prove or assert that one's own schooldays were preferable to other people's; but if they do this, they have done a pious, wholesome and altogether blameless work.

The writer remembers an old Downside boy, when shown round Ampleforth, remarking that our fine Study-

hall was very nearly as big as the Petre Library. And he remembers also a Laurentian Student informing an inquisitive stranger, in a railway carriage on the way to York, that now the New Monastery cloister was joined on to the old one, the length of passage stretched a little more than half a mile. No one can feel anything but sympathy with such amiable fancies or exaggerations. One does not accept a boy's or even a man's enthusiasms as nett value. It would be a pity if every Gregorian and Laurentian old boy did not each think his own Alma Mater, in every essential point, preferable and superior to any other. We do not expect foreigners to be insulted when we sing our boastful patriotic songs. We are not irritated when an American talks of his fleet hooking on to our little island and towing it over to the bay of New York. Though it would be very difficult to imagine a College life brighter, homelier and more blessed than that pictured in Abbot Snow's book, one would be very much surprised, and perhaps even disappointed, if un-Gregorian readers did not, somehow or other, draw conclusions from it in favour of their own student days. One may be convinced of certain imperfections and disadvantages, and may have suffered from such; but in after years a loyal nature comes to love such things. Let it be said, however, of the Sketches of Old Downside that throughout they are distinguished by their modesty and unpretentiousness. Abbot Snow is absolutely guiltless of anything in the shape of exaggeration or invidious comparison.

Making the inevitable estimate of resemblances and differences, one is most struck with the likeness between old Gregorian and Laurentian College life. Many of the descriptions, and even chapters, of Abbot Snow's book might stand, with the substitution of a new set of proper names, for sketches of old Ampleforth. The games and customs of the two Colleges were practically identical; the few unimportant variations were due almost wholly to

local and individual influences. An exchange of prefects and back-grounds would have 'translated' things completely. One notices also that similar inspirations moved each institution to make the same changes almost at the same time. It is less remarkable that the same mischievous instincts should have prompted individual students at different points of latitude and longitude to play the same impish tricks. One is only a little surprised that Abbot Snow's story of the poet student's unfinished stanza, completed mysteriously by the cherub who watches over the sleeper, should have been sympathetically repeated, *mutatis mutandis*, in distant Yorkshire. As might be expected there were some differences in the hours of study and recreation. The Gregorians had a longer period of study before breakfast and escaped the one hour's study on the Month-day. But the curriculum and the text-books were, for the most part, identical; and each house had the excellent tradition of taking its recreation in an informal manner, without supervision or undue and unnecessary direction by masters and prefects.

It is impossible to pronounce safely without a personal experience of life in both Colleges, but it does seem that the Laurentian prefects were more masterful in the old days than the Gregorians. This may have arisen partly from the characters of the individuals, but, no doubt, tradition had something to say to it. Certainly, one does not find among Abbot Snow's memories that watchful and authoritative insistence by the prefects that every student should have his due and very liberal amount of fresh-air and exercise, which was so noticeable a feature of old Laurentian school-days. There is rather more rain on the Mendips than in North Yorkshire, and yet we do not find mention of the football constitucionals in the mud—they had hardly a right to the name of games—and the winter tramps in the sleet and drizzle,—events which are amongst the most indelible and not the least agreeable of our memories of

old Ampleforth. We should not have been boys if we had not grumbled at them at times. They were a task; and there were times when they called for real manliness and endurance. We had hard names for the "Wall-walk" and some of the more mechanical of these constitutional. But, taking them altogether, we were fond of them. When amusing escapades and natural history discoveries, squirrel-hunting and rabbit chasing were out of the question, when a bitter North-Easter was blowing—and how biting it is on the high Yorkshire moors—when the sharp rain beat in our faces and our hands were like raw beef,—not for the sake of keeping up our hearts, but out of the exuberance of our braced-up spirits, we often broke out into catches and choruses and sang our way back to our warm and bright-lit home. Any healthy boy will revel in an occasional storm and plough through a snow-drift with shouts of pleasure; but it is not usual for them to express disappointment, when, on a wet, black, muddy afternoon, the perfect decides that the weather is not fit for a walk. This, however, was the case in the old days at Ampleforth. We did like to get out. We were taught to believe in exercise, and though we could not have shirked it if we had wished, we, or at least most of us, would not have shirked it if we had been able. Very clear and prominent among the pictures in the memories of old Laurentians—beaten in by the rain, soaked in by the wet mists—are the black moor on a dark winter's afternoon, with a clump of fir-trees against the sky; the spectral woods by the sides of the roads; the rift in the western sky and the "red embers of the expiring day" glowing behind the bars of cloud; the clear College lights beckoning us across the valley; or the race in the darkness down Bolton bank to come suddenly upon the College buildings wrapped in a luminous golden mist.

Every English College has its own Spartan traditions, and all English boys are brought up hardy, manly and fond of open air. The food and physical training of

English schools in the olden days were very much alike in all, and it would be rash to assert or suppose that the boys of one establishment were tougher than those of another. It is no reflection on Downside to say that a Laurentian sketcher could not have written a chapter on "Molligrubs." He could not have done so because there was no such word in the Laurentian vocabulary. Doubtless we had a fair share of molligrubs if we had only known it. But we did not think sickness interesting enough to merit a nickname. Or perhaps it was that we lacked the imagination to invent one. Sickness does not excite sympathy among boys unless it is very serious. As Abbot Snow writes very truly: "Boys do not waste sentiment over minor ailments; they roughly settle that a fellow must be a muff to get the mumps, a little soft to catch a cold, and game for ridicule if afflicted with colic." Most of us honestly preferred the penance-walk to the sick-room or bed. When we felt out of sorts we asked, in a shame-faced way, permission to see Br. Bennet after supper. We never expected anybody to enquire how we felt. Only when the doctor was known to have visited a boy did we take notice of his illness. *Pallida mors* was the pleasant name old Dr. Ness went by—he had grey hair, a cadaverous face and a long bony figure—and though his presence and interposition was quite harmless, if not beneficial, none of us had any pleasure in seeing him ride up to the College gates.

Is it because the simpler rood and the rougher life of old days were more wholesome than Schools and Colleges were healthier than they are now? There was only one epidemic of scarlet-fever at Ampleforth, and that a rather tame one, during more than forty years. Measles and mumps were very nearly as infrequent. There was, indeed, on another occasion, something very like an epidemic, undescribed by the medical profession, which was propagated by the introduction of a very popular

medicine. But the popularity or unpopularity of sickness and drugs will not account for the uninterrupted rude health of both Downside and Ampleforth in the olden time.

The most interesting and unique of Downside customs was the boy-king and his royal court. One deeply regrets that so venerable and charming a tradition should have been broken off abruptly for the sake of going home at Christmas—"butchered," one might say, "to make a Gregorian holiday." Probably, the custom was a modified survival of the mediæval boy-bishop, who had an interesting rubrical recognition in the Sarum and old English rites. Whether or not the custom had a place in other Continental Schools, it certainly had helped to make a merry Xmas for our Benedictine forefathers in their long years of exile. St. Gregory's has reason to be proud that alone the dynasty of its boy-kings survived the French Revolution. And it has reason to be proud of the eighty years of its existence in England. Of course the king's reign was not very long-lived nor his authority very extensive; there was a certain amount of make-believe unavoidable; but there were ten days when theoretically he was his own master and practically could get into a good deal of mischief without fear of consequences; when he could be rude and unruly unchecked, and when, if he could not greatly misuse his power, he could make a very provoking use of his dignity. *Noblesse oblige*. The youthful sovereign would naturally try to live up to his title both during his reign and during the rest of his stay at College. He would not willingly have his name held in dishonour by posterity. But it is so easy for a boy to consider he is doing something heroic when he is simply making himself disagreeable. A boy is not, generally speaking, a model of discretion. He has some semi-barbarous ideas of virtue and some wholly barbarous ideas of fun. He is also somewhat fearful of making an ass of himself in

in the eyes of his companions by behaving too correctly. On the other hand let a boy feel that you respect him and he will try to deserve it. His own self-respect must count for something if he has enough of it, but the respect of his superiors will invariably bring out all that is best in him. He has, also, to keep him in virtuous paths, his inherent bashfulness and timidity. He is too new to his dignity to misuse it,—new offices are like new clothes; one has to get used to them to be careless of them and treat them badly. And then the king had present with him always the knowledge that two, at least, of his so-called subjects could un-king him with a word. But, however we look at it, it is vastly to the credit of the Downside Kings and their Courts that so many Priors and Prefects, of various temperaments and characters, were pleased and even proud to continue them in office. Moreover, an outsider would find it difficult to understand how the royal expenditure was kept within reasonable bounds. One would suppose that each royalty would aim at outshining and outspending his predecessors, and there are many fond parents who would have aided and abetted him in this folly. Only the restraints of a wholesome tradition and the wisdom of superiors will have saved his kingship from a rapidly growing and in the end an increasingly impossible budget of expense.

No one living has ever known a boy-king at Ampleforth. And the traditional phrase "the King's night," given in old days to certain processions and brief or extemporaneous interludes, is suggestive of an evening's amusement, an ephemeral pageant or comedy, in which the actors never for a moment believed they were more than players.

With Abbot Snow's book before us and our recollections of student days excited by its perusal, we of the past generation may be permitted to wonder if the modern schoolboy is as happy as we were. As careless, in the

sense of free from care, he certainly is not. The modern competitive examinations; the cricket elevens with their averages and records and their series of public matches; the football leagues; the athletic sports and their published results have introduced into school life a seriousness and an earnestness which has something of the nature of a grind. At one moment we envy the present generation their advantages; at another we are very satisfied to have been without them. "Life is short and life is earnest"; we were perhaps, all the happier not to have been taught to realise the truth of the axiom at school. If their scholarship was less exact, the old students of St. Gregory's and St. Lawrence's invariably acquired literary tastes which, besides their usefulness, have added to the happiness of their lives; and, although they might with advantage have played more scientific cricket and football, they were brought up to be hardy and self-reliant, and to have a wholesome love of fresh-air and exercise.

J. C. A.



THE CAVE, FRESHWATER.



A Corner of the Isle of Wight.

FRENCH visitors to the Isle of Wight have been, at least previous to last year, comparatively rare. We may venture to say that but few of my countrymen had any very clear idea of the size and position of the little island which lies opposite the busy town of Southampton and within a short distance of the warlike and maritime city of Portsmouth. No one, however, in future, of those who have followed with any interest the course of the recent religious persecution in France, can fail gratefully to recall the fact that it was this small island which, about the end of September, 1901, gave a kindly welcome to two Benedictine communities of the Congregation of Solesmes. One of these, that of St. Peter's, is settled at Appuldurcombe, near Ventnor; the other, St. Cecilia's has found shelter at one extremity of the little town of Cowes. Here at least, in the enjoyment of a liberty worthy of the name, they

may continue their devotion to the poor, their ceaseless labours, and the observances of Holy Religion.

That portion of the island which includes St. Lawrence, Ventnor, Bonchurch, Shanklin and Sandown is the most attractive and the most frequently visited. We, however, landed at Cowes, and turned in the direction of Newport and Freshwater in order to reach, at the western extremity, the residence of Edmund Granville Ward, Esq., of Northwood. Though it was duty that took us thither, we were, at the same time, not a little curious to see this part of the island, for we had heard speak of the beauty of its natural features, ranging from the most unassuming to the grandly picturesque.

Cowes possesses a population of about 8,000. It presents little or nothing of special note, apart from its delightful position on the coast which affords accommodation to numberless yachts, from the very unpretentious to the most superb. Situated at a short distance from the coast of Hampshire, Cowes looks down upon an endless procession of small fishing boats, huge sailing vessels, transatlantic steamers and giant ships of war. One day we watch the swift manoeuvring in the waters of the Solent of the dark torpedo boats; another, we behold a noble yacht, resplendent in white and gold, which is preparing to quit the calm roadstead where it has rested during the winter. This is the 'Thistle,' the yacht of the Empress Eugénie. We had the privilege of paying it a visit before its departure. We received a cordial welcome on board from the captain who conducted us through the various parts, from the sleeping quarters of the sailors to the apartments of the late Sovereign Lady of our well-beloved France.

In Newport, the chief town of the island, there is very little to attract the eye of the traveller. We notice, however, a church of sombre and antique appearance, whose tower, capped with several small pinnacles, rises like some apparition above the flat monotonous roofs.

But presently, on the left, appears a cemetery with its slopes of a grassy hill; and further on stands out an ancient fortress which seems to keep guard still over the houses in the valley, scattered up and down amid huge trees along the banks of a pleasant tributary of the Medina. We are now opposite Carisbrooke. The little town owes its fame chiefly to its castle, a fine fortress rebuilt by Queen Elizabeth to protect the country against a suspected invasion of the French about the middle of the 16th century. The work of reconstruction was entrusted by the Queen to an Italian military engineer, by name Ganibelli. It was within its walls that Charles I. underwent a long imprisonment before the final catastrophe of Tower Hill. Of this castle of Carisbrooke, which overlooks the town, there still remains a large portion of the walls, a fine machicolated gateway flanked by strong towers and leading to the castle-yard, a belfrey, a few other buildings, and some ruins,—the whole embosomed in that wealth of wild picturesque vegetation which is found more or less everywhere in England. These natural beauties, so attractive to the traveller in search of æsthetic enjoyment, have too often, in France and elsewhere, to sacrifice their charms to the greed for turning everything into profit. Hence when they are not utterly swept away they are seriously injured.

Beyond Carisbrooke a gorgeous panorama opens out before us. On one side are seen the lofty hills of Bowcombe, Roughborough, Lamerston, Brixton, &c., rising above trees and rural dwellings, and on the other stands the forest of Parkhurst and Shalfleet church, quaint in its cosy garment of ivy, with its plain solid foursquare tower surmounted by a very low spire. We cross the river Yar and the marshy lands that skirt the sea, and slow down to Freshwater, the last station on the line.

Here all alight: but all is done so quietly; the voice of the porter is mute, not a whistle is heard from the engine.

Truly on this side of the Channel small as well as greater events take place with a degree of indifference, or at least of equanimity, unknown in our demonstrative France.

To the railway succeeds a narrow path irregularly lined with lofty trees, whose trunks and limbs are gorgeously clad in ivy.

Through vistas of bough and foliage we catch glimpses of plain-built houses, neat and clean in appearance, many of them pretty and graceful—of others, again, rustic and picturesque, with their close-thatched roofs and coverings of creepers.

But more delightful still is the little narrow road, straight at first, then winding, which branches off towards Totland Bay; a veritable paradise of coolness and shade and poetic mystery.

The tall slender trees of different species, endless variety of growth and intricacy of bough and branch, have twisted themselves into avenues and archways of verdure; while flowers and creepers, tall plants and drooping foliage add everywhere fresh beauties to the scene. Not the least amongst these is the famous Tennyson bridge which spans the road, giving a touch of contrast to the picture, blending, as it does, the rustic labour of man with the fair freedom of nature and adding a charm of its own to the beautiful pathway.

A few hundred yards further and the scene is changed. Extensive views stretch away over the Solent; the strait which separates Hampshire from the Isle of Wight and which varies in breadth between $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 miles.

There, beneath us, an immense forest skirts the English coast; next we behold Hurst Castle, built by Henry VIII with the stones of an Abbey destroyed by his orders, the famous Abbey of Beaulieu, a French name if ever there was one. Here were imprisoned by order of the sacrilegious tyrant a goodly number of priests, one of whom, for the crime of having said Mass, lingered for 28 years within the walls.



Gargrave Castle

At last, after passing through other such scenes of beauty and struggling with a wind fit to blow one's head off, we reach Western Manor, the residence of Mr. Ward. From the first I was struck with the singular beauty of its facade. Though I have seen other mansions more extensive and magnificent, I know few that bear the impress of such solidity and openness, or of a construction so simple and grave as well as original. Picture to yourself a facade in the Gothic style; in the centre an entrance formed by two pointed arches resting upon a stout column; on the right a double row of windows, the upper ones mullioned in the form of a cross, the lower divided by single transoms. To the left projects an angular apse. The windows and entrance are of dressed stone, the walls constructed of rough faced material.

It is difficult to imagine a more happy combination. But let us step inside and pay our respects to the master and owner. Here, as is so often the case in great English homes, the Hall presents the appearance of a conservatory with its variety of plants and palms, ferns, tall grasses, lilies and genista displayed with taste and profusion, while Chinese lanterns relieve with their gay colours the sombre tints of plant and leaf.

In the corridor stands the bust in white marble of William George Ward; at one side a dark brown wooden press with white-wood incrustations; further on a piece of furniture upholstered in rich Cordovan leather; then a Chinese or Japanese gong, &c. Passing by the great rooms, we mount the staircase and reach the first landing with its numerous guest apartments. It is now on the stroke of six, the conventional hour of tea, without which the true-born Briton could hardly be expected to exist, and this light refreshment serves to tide over the interval till dinner-time.

Nine o'clock has hardly struck when there is heard a rumbling, at first dull and slow, then quicker and louder

till it mimics the roar of thunder. It is the gong from the far-off East which, at the Manor, takes the place of the dinner bell and summons the guests to the table. The entrance to the dining room is carried out with somewhat of ceremony which gives it an air of stateliness. It is a fine spacious room adorned with tapestry worked with trees and flowers.

We are about to take our seats when the host, with a true Catholic disdain for human respect, invites one of the priests present to say grace, and all join, standing, in the blessing. The reader will not expect any detailed description of the repast. From want of experience in such matters I should be unequal to the task. I would rather direct attention to the charming decorations of the table, those fifteen crystal vases crowned with bunches of violets, azaleas and lilies of the valley. I would rather ask you to share in the pleasure with which I beheld, on beautiful plaques of ware, the list, *in French*, of the dishes to appear at table. I expressed my surprise to a lady seated next to me, and she informed me that it was customary in great English families to furnish the menus in French. A compliment indeed to our language and to our cookery!

I shall be excused if I touch but lightly on the pleasant days spent at the Manor and of our excellent relations with the two families of Ward and de Lisle. But we can never forget the unaffected cordiality with which we were treated, with what tact was avoided, everywhere and at all times, any allusion to subjects or opinions that might be, in the least, distasteful to a foreigner. Without doubt, an Englishman is best judged of in his own country and in the sacred sanctuary of home.

After dinner we adjourn to the drawing-room and pass the rest of the evening in pleasant conversation until the hour arrives to retire for the night. And then to bed for seven good hours of sleep during which we revisit the beauties of Carisbrooke and Tennyson's pathway, and awake

to welcome Sunday morning. It is really and truly the 'day of the Lord,' in this little corner of British soil. The Manor Chapel does duty also as parish Church and is more than once filled for Mass. Nearly 80 worshippers can be accommodated at once within the walls. They come from Freshwater, Totland Bay, and even from Yarmouth. They throng the Chapel for the High Mass at 10.30,—Mass with Deacon and Sub-Deacon, ten altar-boys, two Masters of ceremonies, one of whom, Mr. Ward himself, in cassock and surplice, is in attendance at the altar. I noticed also, similarly attired, Mr. de Lisle, who, a few years ago, was a member of the British Parliament, and I could not but admire the quiet ease with which he mingled with the men and boys of the place and took part with them in the singing.

The Chapel deserves more than a passing word of notice both for its dignity and grace of style, its rich and varied ornamentation and the excellent taste with which it is furnished. Everything is of that rich and manly Gothic that is so characteristic of religious constructions throughout Great Britain. The oak-screen, which divides the choir from the portion reserved to the faithful, is specially artistic, and is surmounted by a Crucifix with the figures of Our Lady and St. John on either side. The Altar is arrayed in full liturgical style, draped in a cloth without lace and reaching on either side to the ground. Its front is hidden by a velvet antependium on which is worked a beautiful large cross in gold encircled by a crown of thorns. The antependium varies in colour according to the Feasts and Seasons and is fully in keeping with the spirit of the liturgy. In a word, Mr. Ward's Chapel is a model to be admired and imitated. I need hardly say that the Protestant churches here, in the west of the island, without Mass or Tabernacle, are not for a moment to be compared with this truly delightful Oratory where everything tends to the glory of the Divine Guest dwelling upon the Altar of Sacrifice.

A pathway bordered with fir-tress leads from the mansion to the Catholic cemetery of Totland Bay. Here in this peaceful spot rest the remains of William George Ward father of the present master of Weston Manor, illustrious convert and distinguished Professor, who, by his example and writings, exercised such a powerful influence on the Catholic movement in England during the XIX century. On his grave stands a fine tall Gothic cross in carved stone supporting the figure of Christ, between those of Our Lady and St. John, and at the foot a statue of St. Paul, to whom Mr. Ward bore a special devotion from the time of his conversion. The pedestal half hidden by ivy bears this noble inscription (1) *

Beneath this cross, awaiting the revelation of the sons of God, rests William George Ward, a fearless defender of the Faith. Beg of God, whom he so faithfully served, that he may enjoy amongst the victorious an eternal repose. He died on the octave day of the Holy Apostles Peter and Paul, at the age of 70 years. A.D. 1882.

The village of Totland Bay like most English country towns and villages bears no resemblance whatever to those of France. Instead of close compact masses of houses, skirting the streets and stretching along in almost unbroken lines, we see modest cottages and picturesque villas scattered up and down by the roadsides with plenty of space between them, and with those garden fronts, some in *négligé* rustic style, others carefully arranged and cultivated, which seem to prevail in England. Nothing strikes the foreigner so much as the calm unbroken quietude that reigns on Sundays throughout these village streets. Here and there you may see a few youngsters at play, but not with that noise which characterizes the

*† SAC - SUE - CRUCE - CURECTY - EXPECTANS - REVELATIONEM - FILIOHYM - DE
GAVIELHYM - GEORGIVM - WARD - VIDEI - PROPAGATOR - SCIRIMVS - VT - PLERVM
INTER - VICTORES - PACK - IX - BETERVM - FRATVM - DEVM - AC - SERVIVIT - AD
CARE - OR - DOMINVM - DIE - OCTAVA - AN - ANTOLOGIUM - PETRI - ET - PAULI - ANNO
AT - (1815) - LX - SAL - (1816) - CXXXIII

the amusements of French children. It is not uncommon, Mr. Ward assured us, for parents to forbid all play to their children on the Sunday; the inevitable result of which is that the youngsters are bored to death and dislike the Sunday. Indeed, he continued, the Sunday's rest, as it is observed in this country, is exacting and unbending to a degree; there is too much of the Pharisee and of English pride in it. Though I must accept this outspoken criticism, still I think that, however just it may be, the Sunday's repose as observed in England not only tends to edification, but is worthy of consideration by continental countries. Besides, the worship of God, which is the main purpose of the Sunday's rest, is manifested in England by crowded attendance at both morning and evening services by Protestants as well as Catholics.

The English undoubtedly are a religious people; I have noticed that both in London and elsewhere; and it was with special satisfaction that I observed, while at Totland Bay, the Chapel of Weston Manor filled again on the Sunday evening for Vespers and Benediction.

The semi-circular Bay of Totland, not far from the Manor, presents, perhaps, nothing of any special note. But next to it at the extreme west of the Island stretches a bay less extensive but much more deserving of notice. This is Alum Bay, and it is remarkable for the variety of colours, white, yellow, violet, blue, red, which flash in the light of the sun with magical effect.

The coloured particles of rock by their closeness and interchange of tint produce results which are only to be met with in one or two other places on the globe.

With the feeling, however, that higher up upon the hill over-looking Totland, Alum and other bays some object of greater attraction was to be met with, we did not linger to study the Kaleidoscope walls of our tiny bay, but turned to climb the path that leads to one of the upper plateaus called the 'Tennyson Down.' The family of the English

poet still owns these high grounds. There a tall Celtic cross of Cornish granite rises majestically, facing the open sea, in the centre of the highest part of this lonely plateau. This is the *Tennyson Memorial*, erected by the generosity of the people of Freshwater, and the English and American admirers of Lord Tennyson. It bears the following inscription:—

✠ IN MEMORY OF ALFRED LORD TENNYSON THIS CROSS IS
RAISED - A BEACON - TO - SAILORS - BY - THE - PEOPLE - OF - FRESH-
WATER - & - OTHER - FRIENDS - IN - ENGLAND - AND - AMERICA.

The body of the poet, however, is interred in Westminster Abbey among other illustrious dead of Great Britain. From this spot we turned again towards the extreme point of the island. The furze and heath, which when in bloom cover these barren heights with gold and purple, soon disappear. The grass grows thinner and more scanty at every step till we reach the wild and naked rock that overlooks, from a height of 400 feet, the murmuring sea below.

Quite close to our right stands a fort whose long-range guns guard the entrance to the Solent—at this point, broad and dangerous; and beyond stretches the English coast and the New Forest. To the left we see the bays of Freshwater, Compton, Brixton and Chale; the first of which, extending to several miles, shows its jagged and weather-beaten sides pierced with fantastic openings and deep caverns; with here and there enormous masses of rock, firm amid the unquiet waves, while everywhere around the Ocean rolls in solemn boundless grandeur. Below at our feet three huge rocks of chalk and flint jut out seawards, in line with the one we have climbed. These are the Needles.

In front of the foremost rises a lighthouse which is often obscured by the higher elevation of the rock itself. It is inhabited night and day by three soldiers. To feed the huge lamp whose light warns the mariner of the dangers



of the Needles, to watch the vessels that enter the Solent, is the duty of these lonely watchmen who for a month, or longer during the stormy seasons, dwell here in the midst of the waves apart from their fellow-men.

And as I give a parting glance around me, and catch the reflexion of some pure unearthly grandeur, and bend my ear to the stillness that speaks more eloquently than human tongue, I seem to hear that mysterious whisper, which the prophet Ezekiel calls the voice of the most High God; Sonum sublimis Dei.

DOM E. A. ROULIN, O.S.B.*

* Translated from the French by Rev. J. A. Watmore, O.S.B.

The Allegory of the Idylls of the King.

The Idylls of the King interest us chiefly as stories. Each is a living story complete in itself, and in most the charm of the tale, and in many the manner of telling, hold the reader sufficiently, and he loses little by not noticing that each is part of an ordered whole, and that the separate stories combined make up a history of King Arthur and his Round Table. But so it is; and further, this history enfolds an allegory.

The doubt is sure to suggest itself, did the poet mean an allegory? did he wish to do anything more than tell his stories? This will be best answered by pointing out the obvious and undeniable arrangement of the whole. He drew his materials from Malory's *Morte d'Arthur* and other books; but these were only quarries, and gave no suggestion for the design of his own structure. The design of each story and of the whole epic is Tennyson's; and if the Idylls are read through in the order in which he arranged them, this design cannot be missed; Arthur comes, no man knows whence, and forming his Round Table gives hope of a golden time; at first all goes well, with the nobility and just simplicity of fairy-tale times; but almost at once the touch of evil is felt, and growing rapidly it envelopes the good, and hurries all the fair work to headlong ruin; and Arthur struggling alone passes in the last catastrophe, not to death but to heal him of his wound and come again in another age. Again, besides the general design, the character of Arthur is Tennyson's work. It is true that this character has much of the vagueness that is the general fate of pictures of

the perfect man in fiction; but none the less Tennyson deliberately set aside the Arthur of Malory, a man of human weakness and passion, and replaced him by his own ideal of the perfect knight and blameless king. That he designed this story and this character to convey an allegory becomes evident when the poems are read with the allegory in mind, and we scarce need his own avowal,

"Accept this old imperfect tale,
New-old, and shadowing Sense at war with Soul
Rather than that grey King."

The story of Arthur is the story of the Soul in its passage through this life, a mystery to all men, both what it is, and whence drawn, and what shall be its last end. For to some it is the one reality in a world of seeming; and to some the soul alone remains unproven and unknowable while all lower things are surely known and handled. So is Arthur in his fairy city:

"For there is nothing in it as it seems
Saving the King; though some there be that hold
The King a shadow and the city real."

But not to itself is the soul a dream, nor living in a world of dreams; but it sees one plain task awaiting it here and now, a fight with evil that may not be shirked, while it strains towards the vaster life, beyond all time and space.

"The king must guard
That which he rules, and is but as the kind
To whom a space of land is given to plough,
Who may not wander from the allotted field
Before his work be done; but being done,
Let visions of the night or of the day
Come, as they will; and many a time they come,
Until this earth he walks on seems not earth,
This light that strikes his eyeball is not light,

This air that smites his forehead is not air,
But vision—yea, his very hand and foot—
In moments when he feels he cannot die,
And knows himself no vision to himself,
Nor the high God a vision, nor that One
Who rose again."

And if men know not what it is, as little know they whence it came. In the legend of King Edwin the soul was likened, for its coming and going, to the sparrow in the banquet hall, that comes in from the winter's darkness and is seen a moment, and passes again into the night and the storm; whence it came, and how it shall fare in the darkness of that night

"Where is he who knows?
From the great deep to the great deep he goes."

So none knows whence came Arthur, and many tales are told:

"For there be those who hate him in their hearts,
Call him baseborn, and since his ways are sweet,
And theirs are bestial, hold him less than man;
And there be those who deem him more than man,
And dream he dropt from heaven."

And some say, Uther's son, and some, the son of
Gorlois, and each has his own belief.

"The wandering forester at dawn
Far over the blue tarns and hazy seas
On Coer Eryri's highest found the King
A naked babe."

Yet not so, says another;

"For all before his time
Was Arthur born, and all as soon as born
Delivered at a secret postern gate
To Merlin to be holden far apart
Until his hour should come."

But Merlin's master, dying, told another tale, how

"They found a naked child upon the sands
Of dark Tintagil by the Cornish sea;
And that was Arthur."

What is the story of this deathless Soul, coming none knows whence into a brute world? At his awakening he feels himself able to be lord of all within his nature, his single state of man; where till then, through the dreaming troublous years of childhood, many a petty king ruled, making war on each other and wasting all the land, till the true lord awake and know himself. And seeing what is and what might be he sets himself to draw all their petty principedoms under him, and make a realm and reign. It is the fair beginning of a noble life, where every power is bound to utter hardihood, utter gentleness, utter faithfulness. For in youth the clear eye and the noble heart go out to the truth with all generosity; and he chooses the perfect life and for a season does wondrous deeds, unwitting of the lurking evil. And while he knows not, evil works apace on every power, tainting their noblest deeds and breaking up his realm. For soul is not alone; he is mated with a body that shrinks from all his high unselfish thoughts, and yet must be won to aid them or they shall come to nought.

"Could he find
A woman in her womanhood as great
As he was in his manhood, then (he sang)
The twain together well might change the world."

But it may not be, for the coward flesh will not be raised to the purer heights and works treason against him, calling him a dreamer;

"That passionate perfection, my good lord,
* * * * *
"

Rapt in this fancy of his Table Round,
And swearing men to vows impossible,
To make them like himself; but, friend, to me
He is all fault who hath no fault at all:
For who loves me must have a touch of earth;
The low sun makes the colour."

And this is but half the treason; for the mightiest power of the soul, wherewith he ran and rejoiced, he was free and could not be restrained, was Love; a great good every way, alone making light all burdens, and leagued with love he fought his wondrous fight, and smote the outward foe,

"The heathen swarming o'er the northern sea,
Whom I, while yet Sir Lancelot, my right arm,
The mightiest of my knights, abode with me,
Have everywhere about this realm of Christ
In twelve great battles ruining overthrow."

Yet this love too is now traitor, leagued with the flesh; who before raised the soul to its highest heights, now drags the flesh to the lowest depths and works the greatest ruin. Thenceforward the hope of the perfect life is doomed, and there remains but the time of conflict, where every good deed attempted by the soul is stained or thwarted by the traitors within. Therefore also in the story that is parable to this story, after one brief season of utter nobleness when Gareth rode with Lynette to Castle Perilous,

"When every morning brought a noble chance
And every chance brought out a noble knight,"

there are no more perfect days; but the canker of the queen's sin spreads from little to more, lowering, checking and thwarting the good; and giving to all baseness boldness to shew its face; and story after story moves in a sadder and more hopeless atmosphere.

Not at once, but slowly the soul learns the fall, that

there is no peace in its domain, no obedience among its powers, but each leans to its own pleasure and grudges to act for aught else:

"The foot that loiters, bidden go,—the glance
That only seems half loyal to command,—
A manner somewhat fallen from reverence—
Or have I dreamed the bearing of our knights
Tells of a manhood ever less and lower?
Or whence the fear lest this my realm, uprear'd,
By noble deeds at one with noble vows,
From flat confusion and brute violence,
Reel back into the beast, and be no more?"

Yet at last it is borne in on him that the flesh is false, that there can be no more peace with it in this life. And the life that began with so fair a promise of all nobleness clouds and turmoils with ever growing conflict, the soul fighting more desperately with a sickening world.

Yet the end is not gloom or death but the dawn of a new hope and another life,—even for the traitor flesh that has ruined this life; purified it shall live a new life of purer union with the soul.

"Let no man dream but that I love thee still.
Perchance, and so thou purify thy soul,
And so thou lean on our fair father Christ,
Hereafter in that world where all are pure
We two may meet before high God, and thou
Wilt spring to me, and claim me thine."

And for the soul's self there is no death, for

"Merlin sware that I should come again
To rule once more."

As his coming, so his going; his grave shall be a mystery from all men like his birth; only, through all their bodings and foretellings runs the thought that he cannot die; he goes to the great deep, but not to death.

"I go
To the island valley of Avilion;
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
Deep meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard lawns
And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea,
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound."

J. B. McLAUGHLIN.

Dulce Domum.

"A snapper-up of unconsidered trifles."—

Wilde's Tale (IV, 3).

"What hast here? ballads?"

Wilde's Tale (IV, 4).

To the Editor of the "Ampleforth Journal."

Dear Sir,

I send you the following product of a few leisure hours in the hope that you may be able to find room for it in the next edition of your esteemed Journal. Gathered up from various sources and patched together, I think it may interest some of your readers. Indeed it was a remark to that effect, made at the time of the Centenary, that induced me to take the matter up and has encouraged me in the work of research.

It can claim no more originality than attaches to any antiquarian piecework, nor any other title to notice than that arising from the interest which gathers round a venerated relic of the Past.

The Dulce Domum is known as the Winchester Ode. The story of its composition is a curious one—a medley of fact and tradition. The name of its author, like many a more famous one, is unknown. He seems, however, to have been a student of the great school, who, having been detained during the Whitsuntide holidays for some delinquency, found in its composition some relief in his yearnings after home and revelled, at least in fancy, in pleasures denied him.

It is stated, indeed, that the poor boy was actually chained to a pillar during this sad term of imprisonment, and that grief at the disgrace and disappointment so heavily affected him, that he did not live to witness the return of his companions at the end of the holidays. We cannot vouch for the truth of this, though the same correspondent (1826) goes on to say that on the evening before the Whitsun holidays the masters and students of the College march round the court and the pillar to which it is alleged the unhappy youth was tied and sing the verses of the Ode to the memory of their ill-treated author.

Brand, a well known authority on matters antiquarian, refers to this annual ceremony and says of the song itself that 'it is, no doubt, of very remote antiquity and that its origin must be traced, not to any ridiculous tradition, but to the tenderest feelings of human nature.'

Dr. Milner in his *History of Winchester* (1798) mentions the annual procession and singing of the Ode, which latter, he says, can only be traced up to the distance of about a century;—adding 'yet, its real author and the occasion of its composition are already clouded with fables'. A writer of the year 1796, however, says of the words, that, 'they were written about 200 years since'; which would place the date of the composition somewhere about the end of the 16th century.

Modern Wykehamists generally accept the tradition that the 'Dulce Domum' was composed by a *decanus* at the

College during the Whitsuntide holidays, though unable to give either the date or the name of the author. The following is the complete and authentic text of the words.

I.

Concinamus, o Sodales!

Eja! quid silemus?

Nobile canticum

Dulce melos, Domum

Dulce Domum resonemus!

Chorus.

Domum, Domum, Dulce Domum

Domum, Domum, Dulce Domum

Dulce, Dulce, Dulce Domum

Dulce Domum resonemus.

II.

Appropinquat ecce! felix

Hora gaudiorum;

Post grave toedium

Advenit omnium

Meta petita laborum

Domum, Domum, &c.

III.

Musa! libros mitte, fessa;

Mitte pensa dura;

Mitte negotium;

Jam datur otium;

Me mea mittito cura!

Domum, Domum, &c.

IV.

Ridet annus, prata ridet,

Nosque rideamus;

Jam repetit Domum

Daulias advena,

Nosque Domum repetamus.

Domum, Domum, &c.

V.

Heus! Rogere! fer caballos,

Eja! nunc eamus;

Limen amabile,

Matris et oscula

Suaviter et repetamus.

Domum, Domum, &c.

VI.

Concinamus ad Penates,

Vox et audiatur;

Phosphore! quid jubar,

Segnius emicans,

Gaudia nostra moratur?

Domum, Domum, &c.

Of translations of this Winchester Ode there have been many. I have two in my pack, but, like an honest pedlar, I shall only produce one, as being, according to Dr. Milner 'the best to convey the sense, spirit and measure of the original; the former versions were unworthy of it.' It appeared first in the 'Gentleman's Magazine' for March 1796 and it called by Brand 'a spirited translation.' Its author was a correspondent who signs himself 'J. R.' and dates from 'New street, Hanover Square.'

I.

Sing a sweet melodious measure,

Waft enchanting lays around;

Home! a theme replete with pleasure!

Home! a grateful theme resound!

Chorus.

Home, sweet home! an ample treasure!

Home! with every blessing crown'd!

Home! perpetual source of pleasure

Home! a noble strain resound.

II.

Lo! the joyful hour advances;

Happy season of delight!

Festal songs and festal dances

All our tedious toils requite.

Home &c.

III.

Leave my wearied Muse, thy learning,

Leave thy task so hard to bear;

Leave thy labour, ease returning,

Leave this bosom, Oh! my care.

Home, &c.

IV.

See the year, the meadow, smiling;

Let us then a smile display,

Rural sports our pain beguiling,

Rural pastimes call away.

Home, &c.

V.

Now the swallow seeks her dwelling,

And no longer loves to roam;

Her example thus impelling,

Let us seek our native home.

Home, &c.

VI.

Let our men and steeds assemble,

Panting for the wide campaign;

Let the ground beneath us tremble

While we scour along the plain,

Home, &c.

VII.

Oh! what raptures, oh! what blisses,

When we gain the lovely gate!

DULCE DOMUM.

Mother's arms and mother's kisses
There, our bless'd arrival wait.
Home, &c.

VIII.

Greet our household gods with singing,
Lend, O Lucifer, thy ray,
Why should light, so slowly springing,
All our promised joys delay.
Home, &c.

It will be noticed the three first verses only of the above translation are sung at the end of the Exhibition at Ampleforth. Further it may be remarked that the last line of the 3rd verse differs slightly from the rendering used at Ampleforth, though the former is the more exact translation—and that the Chorus used is the Latin one somewhat altered.

The 'Dulce Domum' is with us an annual performance and appears on the Exhibition programme for the first time in 1828. It was sung then as now to a melody composed by the Professor of Music, Mr. J. Manners.

This gentleman taught Music at St. Lawrence's for several years till he transferred his services to Prior Park. Thus it is easy to understand the adoption there of the same Ode and familiar music. If any of your readers should wish to know of a musical setting of the Dulce Domum more ancient than St. Lawrence's, I may mention that a correspondent to the 'Gentleman's Magazine' speaks of a 'tune composed by John Reading in the time of Charles II;' and the same publication says that 'the same air, varied by J. C. Fischer, adapted for the piano-forte by young Mr. Cramer, in a single sheet, price 1/-' is to be found 'at any of the music shops, set in a masterly and very pleasing manner.'

And so Mr. Editor, 'I will even take my leave of you.'

AUTOLYCUS.

A Warning.

"Unto the man of yearning thought
And aspiration, to do ought
Is in itself almost an act,—
Being chasm-like and cataract
Of the soul's utter depths unsealed.
Yet woe to thee if once thou yield
Unto the act of doing nought!"

D. G. ROSETTI :—*Suffrag.*

Watch thou still, lest far-off brightness
Draw thy gaze from nearest things.
Looms it clear, that peak in sunshine?
'Tis remote,—thou hast not wings!
Though the Victory be for thee,
Though thy Goal be radiant o'er thee,—
Like the Eternal Hills before thee :—
Strive,—await what striving brings.

Seeing mountains is not climbing :
Brace thy limbs and breast the slope!
For that vision of the summit—
'Twas but giv'n for stronger hope.
Steps once made are thine for ever ;
What is done is undone never :
Fill the Present with endeavour!
'Tis the whole of human scope.

For the Future still is God's ;
And the Present—ere we heed,
Grown to Past—alone is ours :
Time's a Soil for Action's Seed.
Grateful for all transient dowers,
Strive thou—with immortal powers ;
And, beyond these fleeting hours,
Thou shalt rest—shalt rest in deed.

C. W. H.

Obituary.

ADDRESS DELIVERED BY FR. PLACID WHITTLE AT THE FUNERAL OF THE RIGHT REV. D. BEDE PREST, ABBOT OF ST. MARY'S YORK, BORN DEC. 11ST, 1834, ENTERED RELIGION 1849, ORDAINED PRIEST 1856, BURIED AT BROWNEDGE DEC. 3RD, 1903.

"Quodcumque facers potest manus tua instantur operare"—
Whatsoever thy hand is able to do, do it earnestly—Eccles. ix, 10.

Rt. Rev. Fr. Abbot, Rt. Rev. and Rev. Fathers and Brethren.

Solely in obedience to my Father Superior do I presume to stand here before you to day, and speak a few words in presence of our venerated and beloved Dead. Far sooner would I have preferred to be a silent mourner in your midst. But, to a monk, not only the command but even the *wish* of his Superior should be to him law. In full submission then I obey; with the consciousness that, though many here could speak more aptly and more eloquently than I, none can have for him, whose remains lie here, greater reverence, esteem and affection.

The Rt. Rev. William Bede Prest was born at Massam, near Ripon, in Yorkshire. Like his great Patron, Venerable Bede, he left the world when almost a child, and went to Ampleforth, a spot he loved so well and worked hard for all his long life of well-nigh 72 years. During his College career—from the age of ten to that of eighteen—I have heard he was remarkable for his blameless life, his deep and prayerful piety, and his ever ready obedience. During those years his sole ambition was to prepare himself to receive the Holy Habit of St Benedict. With this

he was clothed on Nov. 1st, 1849, at the age of 18, just 54 years ago. In the year 1850, as you know, the English Hierarchy was established. Up to that time none had been allowed to make their vows publicly, but on Nov. 5th of that year Brother Bede Prest and Brother Aidan Hickey publicly pronounced their vows in the little monastic Chapel some few of us remember and love so well. Two months after this event, close upon 53 years ago, I first saw Br. B. Priest, when, a small boy, I entered Ampleforth College as a student. During these long 53 years I can speak of our Father with full knowledge and grateful affection; for he was my Master when a student, my fellow Religious in Community, my revered Superior as Prior, my valued and trusted friend on the Mission. He was but 20 when I first saw him, and yet he was entrusted by the then new Prior, Fr Cooper, with the responsible work of Procurator, an office he held till his election as Prior in 1866. It was an office of grave responsibility, and by rule only to be entrusted to a *grave* Monk. But Abbot Prest even in his young days was ever a *grave* Monk, as I and others well remember, but young as he was he "set his hand to do the work" and so did it unceasingly, devotedly, "*earnestly*." At the same time the great, *opus Dei*, in Choir, daily meditation, his Philosophical, Theological and Scriptural Studies, were performed not less devotedly and "*earnestly*." During the whole 17 years he was in Community as a subject, and also during the 8 years of his Priorship, he was never idle. It was ever work, work; and work ever done devotedly and "*earnestly*," because it was done solely for God his Master, for the Community his Brethren, for Ampleforth, his loved Alma Mater. Oh, if ever Fr. Prest had an *earthly* love it was love for his Alma Mater, dear old Ampleforth, where he passed 35 out of the 75 years of his life.

In 1874, after his 2nd term of office as Prior, he left his Alma Mater never to return as a Conventual. But his

love for his old monastic home never diminished. It increased even to the end; for it is a well-known fact that no one outside the Abbey did more than he to make our Centenary Celebration last July so great a success. On the Mission the same untiring and unceasing energy in work displayed itself at St. Anne's, Liverpool, St. Mary's, Woolton, and lastly St. Mary's, Leyland; and many a heart is aching to-day, especially in Woolton and Leyland where he laboured so long; and from hundreds of lips to-day and for many a day will a prayer rise up to the throne of God from the grateful hearts of the poor he has relieved and the suffering ones he has comforted, for *good* and *kind* Fr. Prest. For he was *good* and *kind*. He was good as a Boy, he was good as a Monk, he was good as a Priest. Only a fortnight ago, when the sad news spread that he had received the last Sacraments, I was speaking to a gentleman who had known him for nearly 40 years, and he said:—"I cannot imagine Fr. Prest ever doing anything wrong. It seems to me that if anything were the least sin, he would not do it." My Brethren are not this the echo of our own feelings concerning him? for he *was* good, *ever* good—"Inventus est sine macula." His life from Boyhood to old age was "*sine macula*"—"without blemish."

And Fr. Prest was *kind*, and ever ready to do a kindness for any one. Many of you may remember him standing in the Church, 10 years ago last July, and speaking at the funeral of one so dear to us all, Fr. Anselm Walker. I remember, as if it was but yesterday, the word he spoke. He said of Fr. Walker "He was *so* kind"! The little word *so* before *kind* had a world of meaning in it. My Brethren, it has not less meaning for him whose body lies here. "He was *so* kind"! He was kindness personified. I have known him spend hours, yea, days and even nights, over and over again, in acts of kindness for his Brethren, for the poor, for the sick, for the

outcast. And how gentle, how patient, how forbearing he was. Who ever saw Fr. Prest in a passion? Who ever heard him utter an angry word? Who ever heard of him doing a rude act, or saying an unkind or uncharitable word of any one? Ah no! for he was the gentlest of the gentle, the kindest of the kind, the most patient of the patient. Surely, he had learnt well and practised always the beautiful lesson of his Master—"Learn of Me, for I am meek and humble of heart." Yes, he was *humble* too,—never pushing himself forward, never aggressive in argument, holding himself in the background till all others, even the youngest, had spoken. Responsibilities and honours up to the last were thrust upon him by his Brethren because they trusted him, they believed in his calm, sound and prudent judgment. And though some might differ at times from his earnestly expressed views he never resented it in the least. He was too humble. And from what did this kindness and this gentleness and humility spring? From his perfectly unselfish nature. I think I may safely say without fear of contradiction that we have seldom if ever met a man so utterly devoid of self.—His God, his Brethren, his people were to him first and last; himself nowhere. Hence his perfect spirit of mortification and self-denial, his total indifference as to what was set before him in his home or wherever he went. Over and over again did he go without food for hours beyond meal time, forgetful of everything, absorbed in his work or his charities.

Lastly, he was essentially a man of prayer. Prayer covered the whole of his life from boyhood to old age as with a beautiful garment, keeping it all for God alone. And how earnestly and long he prayed! Those who have lived with him will bear me out when I say that often in the night, and for great part of the night, was he heard praying. Like his Divine Master he prayed whilst others slept, praying for himself and his Brethren and his people. Such in brief was Abbot Prest in life. His death-sickness

came suddenly and found him at *work* in the confessional. He lingered some fifteen days and prepared calmly for the end. When it came it found him watching with the crucifix clasped in hand, while a fellow Priest blessed him as he passed peacefully away. Possibly, it may be said that I have spoken in too laudatory terms of our good Father. If what I have said be true—and of this I am sure—why not speak of it, now that he has gone, for our example and edification. We have scriptural authority for so doing, for on the Feast of “All Saints” of our Order we read these words from Ecclesiasticus (44) “Let us praise men of renown and our fathers in their generation.” Surely, to have lived a life such as I have described is to be indeed a “man of renown,” and therefore may we “praise our Father” who has lived such a life in “this generation.” For indeed he is a credit and an honour to our Benedictine Order and especially to the house of his profession. In him, for half a century, we have had a good Christian man, a model monk, a model Priest. Let us then, each in our own sphere of life, take him as a pattern, in humility, in gentleness, in kindness, in self-denial, in constant prayer. Above all, whatever our hand is able to do, let us do it, as he did it, “earnestly.” Then we may humbly but confidently look for the reward as he did.

But, my Brethren, where we may see nothing but virtues and good works, the pure and searching eye of God may see defects and at least minor sins still to be cleansed. Therefore if we esteem and love him—and who does not who knew him—let us pray for him that if he has not yet attained that great reward which must surely be his due, the good God may speedily pardon his sins and defects and take him to his Eternal Home. Let all pray for him; but you especially, his bereaved flock of St. Mary's, Leyland, offer up continually your prayers and your Masses. This I am sure is the message your Father would have me give as his last wish. You have come a long way on this cold

wintry day to see him laid in the Tomb. To you our *special* sympathy goes out, for you have indeed lost a kind friend—a good Priest and a gentle Father.

And now, bear him hence to his last resting place. Lay him gently near his dear friends in life who were so like him in disposition. Lay him by the side of the gentle and kind Father Anselm Walker and Father Bernard Jackson, while we pray: “Eternal rest give to him, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon him.” Amen.

Thomas John Willson. R.J.P.

MR. Thomas John Willson, who died on October the 22nd, though not educated at Ampleforth, has a claim upon the remembrance and gratitude of Amplefordians. In the year 1888, he presented to the Prior and Community of St. Lawrence's a collection of architectural and archaeological books, which may be said to form one of the most complete and valuable sections of the library. Apart from their intrinsic worth they have a value and interest of a personal nature attaching to them. The greater part of them had belonged at one time to Mr. Willson's father, Edward James Willson, F.S.A., an architect and antiquary of Lincoln, who had a far larger share than is generally

known in the Revival of Gothic Architecture in this country. The "Gentleman's Magazine" for March 1855 says of him in an Obituary Notice, "it was in planning the *Specimens of Gothic Architecture* in conjunction with the elder Pugin in 1818, that Mr. Willson's professional acquirements were peculiarly valuable. The descriptive letterpress was from his pen, as well as the *Glossary of Terms* appended to it. This latter portion of the work is remarkable for great research, and is so complete that but little has been added to it by subsequent investigation. The *Examples of Gothic Architecture*, which so well followed the *Specimens*, also owed its literary matter to Mr. Willson. The introductory essays on Gothic Architecture and on Modern Imitations display abundant critical knowledge and cultivated taste." He also contributed to Mr. Britton's valuable *Dictionary of Architecture*, 1835, and especially, and in a very important degree, to his *Chronological History of Christian Architecture in England* in the fifth volume of the Architectural Antiquities. Evidences of his spirit of research and critical investigation are scattered broadcast throughout the volumes now in St. Laurence's library, in the numerous annotations and criticisms left in his own hand-writing.

Mr. Thomas John Willson, his elder son, born in 1824, inherited much of his father's taste and ability. After passing some years at Old and New Oscott, he began to study architecture in his father's office in Lincoln, and later on continued his studies on the Continent. While on a sketching tour in the North of Italy, about the year 1845, in company with the late Mr. Edward Robinson, an Amplefordian, he chanced to fall in with Abbot Bury and Fr. Lawrence Shepherd, then pursuing their theological studies at Parma as young religious. Of this meeting he always cherished a most pleasant recollection, and it was this perhaps which led him, in the early days of Fr. Cooper's Priorship, to pay his first visit to Ampleforth with the same friend.

That his studies while on the Continent were of a thorough-going nature there is ample proof. His friend and colleague, Mr. S. J. Nicholl, F.S.A., writing of him in the *Journal of the Royal Institute of British Architects* for November last, says, "His drawings of the metal screen in the Church of Santa Croce, Florence, and of several beautiful objects from the Treasury of St. Mark's, Venice, were published by Sir M. Digby Wyatt in his *Specimens of Ornamental Metal Work*. "In 1846," he continues, "he accompanied Mr. F. C. Penrose to Athens to assist him in the researches then made for the monumental work on *The Principles of Athenian Architecture*. Mr. Penrose, in his preface, speaks of 'the beautiful drawings' from which the plates were engraved, as prepared 'by my friend and companion, Mr. T. J. Willson,' who also 'rendered valuable assistance in many other respects.' Other illustrations are scattered in various publications."

To the same author we are indebted for the following facts concerning his professional career in later years. "In 1854 circumstances led him to work with me in the enlargement and renovation of the Catholic Chapel at Lincoln, and on his return to London in 1859 we commenced to work together, and continued to do so till 1869. During this period the public buildings we erected included the Chapel and Lodge, &c., of St. Patrick's Cemetery, Low Leyton, consecrated in 1861; the Churches of St. Charles Borromeo, Ogle St., London; of the Sacred Heart, Acrington; St. Mary, Turnham Green; St. Catherine, West Drayton; and at Bilbao, in Spain: Schools of St. James, Spanish Place; Wapping; Little Crosby; and at North Hyde, Middlesex; and additions to the Convents at Atherstone and Chelsea. The last work he undertook was, in 1896, the Girls' School attached to the Dominican Priory, Haverstock Hill; in the preparation of the drawings for this work, I, at his request, was again joined with him. To this list must be added two memorials erected at

Portsmouth in 1862 from our joint designs, that to Sir Charles Napier, and of the Cruise of the Chesapeake."

From 1854 to 1900 he was an Associate of the R.L.B.A., to the Journal of which he contributed, in July 1902, the Memoir of his friend the late J. F. Bentley. Though not a fellow of the Society of Antiquaries he occasionally contributed a paper to their Proceedings. In July, 1894, he was privileged to read a critical Paper before the Members of the Archaeological Institute on the position of the tomb of St. Hugh of Lincoln. This was a subject upon which both he and his father had spent considerable investigation and study. The Paper was printed in the Journal of the Institute, and is referred to with grateful recognition by Fr. Thurston, S.J., in the Notes to his life of the saint. He was for some time Honorary Secretary to the "Guild of SS. Gregory and Luke," in the proceedings of which he took an active share and interest, from its foundation.

For many years, he belonged to the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, and of late he gave up much of his time to the duties of Honorary Secretary to the "Aged Poor Society" of London.

The acquaintance he made with St. Laurence's in the Priorship of Fr. Cooper he renewed in 1870 in that of Fr. Prest, and again at intervals in those of Fathers Whittle, Hurworth, and Burge. He took a deep interest in the plans for the New Monastery and was especially solicitous that a well-adapted Library should form a portion of it. In making over his collection of books to the Library, it was his wish that they should be kept together as a 'Collection,' and that he should enjoy in life and in death the suffrages which are offered for the Benefactors of the Community. A little more than a year ago he was admitted to the fraternity of the Order, a privilege which he highly esteemed. On his last illness he was devotedly assisted by the Dominican Fathers of Haverstock Hill;

and he calmly breathed his last on October 22nd, in his seventy-ninth year. His remains were laid near those of his brother, William Edward Willson, who predeceased him only fifteen months, in the little cemetery of Baldesley Clinton, Warwickshire.—R.L.P.

Notices of Books.

A SHORT RULE AND DAILY EXERCISE FOR A BEGINNER IN THE SPIRITUAL LIFE: By LEWIS BLOSIUS, O.S.B. Translated by B. WILBERFORCE, O.P. (Art and Book Company.)

THERE cannot be a more hopeful sign of a real desire for the spiritual life than the demand for such books as the present. Only a few months since the Art and Book Company brought out a cheaper edition of the Short Rule, and the success of that venture has encouraged them to give us the present edition in a more permanent binding. The Short Rule is only a digest of a longer work by Abbot Blosius which Fr. Wilberforce has translated and named "A book of Spiritual Instruction." The Short Rule may with profit be read by all, whether beginners or the more advanced, as the precepts given by the good abbot are so fundamental that none can afford to forget them.

The daily exercise will be welcomed by many as giving food for the prayer of aspiration, which is the peculiarly Benedictine method of prayer.

THE ORATORY OF THE FAITHFUL SOUL: By LEWIS BLOSIUS, Abbot, O.S.B. Translated by ROBERT A. COFFIN. (Art and Book Company.)

This little book along with the Short Rule noticed above is a new edition of an excellent little Manual which has been before the public in a cheaper form for some time.

To many it has taught the familiar intercourse with God in prayer which seems to have been the peculiar mission of Abbot Blosius to instil into the hearts of his disciples. Used with simplicity and as recommended in the short preface the prayers will be of much use.

A MIRROR FOR MONKS: By LEWIS BLOSIUS, Abbot, O.S.B. (Art & Book Company.)

This little book, so well known through the edition published by Lord Coleridge in 1871, has been very carefully edited and is now presented as a sister volume with the two books of Blosius noted above. The Mirror for Monks never seems to lose its freshness. All three books are very substantially and daintily bound in cloth and are very suitable to be used as presents.

THE HOLY SACRIFICE OF THE MASS: By CARDINAL BONA. Edited by the Right Rev. ILDEPHONSUS CUMMINS, O.S.B.

The Cathedral Prior of Belmont has re-edited this little book in a very careful manner. The translation was made at Belmont many years ago. The solid piety of Cardinal Bona's work makes it welcome to all especially to priests. The dainty manner in which it is published by the Art and Book Company reflects great credit upon them. The little book in its new form is very suitable to give as a Christmas present.

THE DIVINE OFFICE, A LETTER TO A PRIEST: From the Italian. Edited by the Right Rev. ILDEPHONSUS CUMMINS, O.S.B.

Here again we have a carefully edited re-edition of a translation made at Belmont some 30 years ago. The letter is not of the same intrinsic value as the excellent work of Cardinal Bona noticed above. Still, many of the exhortations will no doubt tend to make priests generally more careful over the recitation of the office. This edition is printed and bound in the same excellent style we are accustomed to look for from the Art and Book Company.

1. THE TRUE FORCES.

2. THE SACRED HEART. By the Rev. J. J. AURIAULT, S. J. Translated by Ymal Oswin. St. Anselm's Society.

These are the Notre Dame Conferences for Lent 1899. The two little volumes trace through the whole field of religious thought and action the influence of the Catholic doctrine of Our Lady and of the Sacred Heart. One by one the great facts are examined, and the dark places explored in the light of these central doctrines. They are not easy reading; the French mould of thought is not got rid of merely by faithful and intelligent translation. But if read continually they have some of the elevating and inspiring power of Lacordaire; and they are a welcome addition to the library of spiritual reading. They are the thoughts of a very modern mind on the great truths. Fr. Auriault seems to be an evolutionist of Dr. Mivart's school, making the world "move with great strides towards a preconceived end."

BALLADS AND LEGENDS OF THE SAINTS: By YMAL.
OSWIN. Sands and Co.

Devotional poetry is always a difficulty, and there is room for this little volume. It belongs to the order of poetry represented by the Catholic Truth Society's little Library of Poems,—such poems as Longfellow would hear in weary moments,

Read from some lesser poet
Whose lays gushed from his heart
As rain from the clouds of summer
Or tears from the eyelids start,

—though indeed he himself had almost a monopoly of this sweet naturalness. These Ballads and Legends are not without affectations of word and form, and other faults; yet for the most part they have that which makes such a book worth opening at random—the author sings of a beauty which she has really felt and which is worth feeling.

A curious experiment is the rhyming of the first and third lines while the second and fourth are left unrhymed. The effect is good; there is enough rhyme to satisfy, and the feeling of sing-song is replaced by one of dignified reserve; the ear does not miss the closing rhyme.

The College Diary.

Although the last issue of the *Journal* appeared in October, we thought it better to reserve the notice of events which took place after the midsummer holidays, until we should be able to give all the news of the term.

Sept. 17. The day of return after a holiday which had been extended to eight weeks in honour of the Centenary. We found that many of our old friends had left; of these, Ernest Pilkington, Hugh de Normanville and William Turner had entered the noviciate at Belmont. Our good wishes go with them. Few changes had taken place during the vacation. The roll-call included the following new names:— R. Barnett, Cardiff; R. Barrett, Eastbourne; C. Bermingham, Leek; L. de Guzmán T' Serclaes, Seville; J. Clancy, Liverpool; W. Darby, Bootle; F. Dwyer, Halifax, Nova Scotia; J. Forsyth, Edinburgh; W. Gourlay, Glasgow; F. and T. Heyes, Appleton; J. Lee, Glasgow; T. Lythgoe, Warrington; J. McKillop, Glasgow; W. Swale, London.

Brs. Dunstan Pozzi, Aelfred Dawson, Justin McCann, and Romuald Dowling had returned from Belmont. Br. Dunstan, we heard, was shortly to leave for Rome, and Brs. Aelfred and Justin for Oxford.

Sept. 18. Prince Ranjitsinhji had arranged a team to meet one of Mr. Blades' at Slingsby. We welcomed the opportunity of seeing some good cricket, nor were we at all disappointed, for several county men followed one another from the pavilion, among them the veterans Tunncliffe and J. T. Hearne.

Sept. 19. The usual meeting for the introduction of the government was held in the evening, when the newly-elected Captain, Bernard Rochford, thanked the school for the trust they had placed in him. The following were his officials:—

Secretary - - - - -	L. Burn
Librarians of Upper Library - }	M. Gregory
	J. Smith
Officemen - - - - -	G. Murphy
	C. V. Wyse
Gasmen - - - - -	T. Barton
	H. Chamberlain
Commonmen - - - - -	W. Williams
	B. Bradley
Clothesman - - - - -	L. Rigby
Collegemen - - - - -	P. Smith
	P. Ward
	A. Smith
Librarian of Lower Library -	J. Blackledge
Vigilarii " " " -	V. Giglio
	R. Hesketh
Librarian of Reading Room -	H. Rochford
Vigilarii " " " -	Joseph Darby
	H. Williams

The Football Committee consisted of:—B. Rochford, L. Burn, G. Murphy and T. Barton.

The Captains of the Football sets were as follows:—

First set: B. Rochford and L. Burn; second, J. Mc. Elligott and P. Smith; third, R. C. Smith and H. Speakman; fourth, Joseph Darby and James Darby.

Sept. 22. Prince Ranjitsinji joined us in a cricket match. He had intended to bring a team to play us, but unhappily this arrangement fell through. He was, however, accompanied by Brockwell, Steadman, Marlow and J. T. Hearne. A full account of the game with the scores was given in the Notes of the last issue of the *Journal*.

Sept. 24. The musical festival at Hovingham was attended by some of the Religious. This year the programme was made up chiefly of selections.

Sept. 27. The Football season opened with a match arranged by the First Eleven against "The Rest." W. Heslop, the only remnant of last year's team, was unfortunately detained at home owing to sickness, so that the Eleven was entirely composed of new members. The score at half-time was in

favour of "The Rest," but two good goals, one by H. Chamberlain and another by W. Williams made the total 3—1.

Sept. 29. *Michaelmas Day*. This recalled the sad event last year of the death of our old school-fellow, Walter Crean. R. I. P.

Oct. 1. *Month Day*. The Football XI played its first match, on our opponents' ground, against Knaresboro' Grammar School. We commenced by pressing hard, and a good pass to G. Murphy enabled him to secure our first point. The backs played well and prevented our opponents from scoring. The whistle for time left us the victory by four goals to nil.

The weather had for a long time been unpropitious so that the first game of rounders was postponed till to-day, and owing to a return of bad weather the rounders season was cut short.

Oct. 3. Fr. Wilberforce, O. P., came this year, as he did last, to conduct the Religious' retreat.

Oct. 7. Fr. Abbot sang Pontifical High Mass, during which Brs. Basil Mawson and Paul Nevill made their solemn Profession. We offer them our congratulations.

Oct. 8. The usual break of two days was made in the studies for the autumn Retreat. The discourses were given by Fr. Abbot.

Oct. 10. Fr. Austin Hind left to-day to our great regret. He had been a master in the school continuously since his return from Belmont in 1892, and most of that time he was Prefect of Studies. Three years ago he was appointed Rector of the School. We feel grateful to him for the interest he has always shown in both our studies and recreations, and for the care he has always taken of our comfort and welfare. The proposal of the Captain to present him with some token of our gratitude was enthusiastically welcomed. Fr. Austin has gone to St. Anne's, Liverpool, to take the place of his brother, Fr. Elphege, who has been removed to Oxford. Fr. Edmund Matthews has left his position in our Hall at Oxford to be Headmaster here.

Oct. 11. The continuance of wet weather gave a stimulus to in-door recreations. All the members of the billiard club joined in a tournament, every game of which proved interesting. B. Rochford and F. Dwyer were left to compete for the championship, which was gained by the former.

Oct. 14. A recreation day was granted in honour of our new

Headmaster, whom Fr. Abbot had formally introduced to the school on Sunday. A match arranged with St. John's College, York, had to be abandoned on account of the prevailing bad weather. In the morning a class match was played between the Higher III and Lower III Forms. The game was not an even one; the latter gaining the victory by seven goals to nil.

The Upper Library braved the elements and had a quite good day's tramp *via* Helmsley, to Hawenby where they lunched; then back to Helmsley where a tea was welcome.

Oct. 20. Match against Helmsley. The ground was in a bad condition, but rain kept off during the game. Our team did not seem strong, but a good shot by C. V. Wyse left the game in our favour for the first half. B. Bradley scored a second goal. Twice however the Helmsley forwards evaded the backs and drew level with our team. This they followed up by a third goal which proved the winning point.

In the evening a government Debate was held in the Upper Library. Since the introduction of the Literary Debating Societies, these meetings have not, generally speaking, held a prominent place, but this one was exceptionally interesting. The opposition party, under their leader, A. Primavesi, had many complaints, the majority of which, however, were dismissed by the Chair in favour of the government.

Oct. 25. A Second billiard tournament was played. B. Rochford was again the champion after defeating T. Barton in the final.

Oct. 26. Joseph Smith, who left a year ago, returned to continue his studies here. We were glad to welcome him.

Oct. 27. As the Feast of St. Bernard, the Prefect's patron, falls during the vacation, a holiday was granted to-day. Another struggle took place on the football field between the Higher III and Lower III Forms. The fortunes of the day were this time reversed, the Higher III winning by five goals to three.

We assembled in the evening for a magic lantern entertainment. "The Jackdaw of Rheims," read by Fr. Bernard, was accompanied by a good series of slides. Fr. Maurus' skilful reproduction of a selection of pictures from "Punch" gave much amusement.

Oct. 29. An evenly-contested and hard game was played on our ground against Kirby. The first shot was scored by Fr.

Maurus and was followed by one from our opponents. Another by Fr. Maurus secured us the victory. B. Bradley was conspicuous by his good play.

Nov. 1. *All Saints.* The day was uneventful as the Feast fell this year on a Sunday. Pontifical High Mass, and Solemn Dirge in the evening.

Nov. 4. A literary competition was announced, formed in two divisions: first, for members of the Upper Library, prizes £2 and £1 for essays on 'England and her Colonies,' 'Gothic Architecture,' or on one of the Lake poets; second division, for the Lower Library, two prizes of £1 each for essays on 'Napoleon,' 'Julius Caesar,' 'A country walk' or on any interesting story book. Our sincere thanks are due to Mr. W. Taylor for these prizes.

The Second XI. secured an easy victory over Bootham School. W. Williams did good work and shot all four goals. Our opponents failed to score.

Nov. 5. The First XI journeyed to York to play Bootham School. Our rivals scored immediately and continued to hold the upper hand throughout and we were defeated by 6-0.

Nov. 13. *All Souls.* Recreation, but as it was Friday the traditional "goose" was postponed till the morrow.

The First Eleven played Pocklington Grammar School on their ground. We were unfortunate in losing B. Rochford, the captain of the team, who was suffering from a strained knee. We again met with disaster. We failed to score whilst they raised a total of seven goals. Their left-outside was responsible for the greater number of them. This has been our heaviest defeat for a long time. We trust we shall give Pocklington a better game next term.

The Second XI, at home, fared better, but the game was somewhat one-sided. Result 4-0 against us.

Nov. 16. *St. Edmund's.* A recreation day was granted in honour of the Headmaster's feast. Class Matches occupied the morning. The result of the last game between the High III and Lower III was here again reversed, the Lower III winning by seven goals to two. A combination of the Fifth and Sixth Forms was defeated by the Fourth by five goals to one.

A pleasant day was closed with some excellent charades

arranged by Fr. Maurus and Mr. Robinson. Their great success makes us hope they will be frequently repeated.

Nov. 18. Match v. Harrogate College. We seemed at first to have the advantage, but the game at the interval was one all. On resuming, Harrogate secured two goals in quick succession. W. Williams scored for us with a clever shot but all our efforts to equalise proved fruitless. This game was perhaps the most interesting one of the season.

Nov. 22. *St. Cecilia's Feast.* The time-honoured Motet "Cantantibus Organis" was sung at Benediction.

Nov. 26. The annual award to the government, choir and band took, as usual, the form of a holiday. The morning was taken up with Football; in the afternoon a party went to Helmsley.

Dec. 1. The sad news of the death of Abbot Prest arrived in the evening. A Solemn Dirge, followed by a Solemn Requiem Mass next morning, was sung for the repose of his soul. R. I. P.

Dec. 3. *Monday.* A fall of snow a day or two before had given the prospect of some lasting enjoyment in sledging, but a thaw during the night left the tracks far from what was desirable. A chess tournament was started. The name of the prize-winner is to be given in our next issue. In the evening the Religious and boys assembled for 'speeches,' which were delivered by members of the First and Second Forms, and varied by selections on the violin and piano. Fr. Prior, who presided in Fr. Abbot's absence, spoke to welcome back these "speech-nights," which had not taken place for some time past.

Dec. 11. Advantage was taken of a visit paid to us by Fr. A. Hind, the late Rector, to make him the presentation spoken of above. This took place in the Upper Library when after a few words from Fr. Abbot and the present Headmaster, B. Rochford in the name of students past and present and as a mark of their esteem and affection presented Fr. Austin with a handsome set of books. The gift was suitably and feelingly acknowledged by Fr. Austin.

For the past few weeks a quarter of an hour's physical drill taken just before dinner has been substituted for the weekly half-hour of the old drilling. No small benefit has been derived from this regular training.

T. BARTON.
J. McELLIGOTT.

Literary and Debating Society.

The work of the Session has included a series of readings from the "Idylls of the King," and debates on the Macedonian question, Fiscal Reform, and the effects of the French Revolution. In preparation for the Fiscal debate, a night was given to hearing explanations of the elements of this part of political economy from members of the Community,—explanations apparently from a wholly protectionist point of view. The debate lasted two nights, and grew more interesting towards the end; but it suffered from an embarrassment of wealth. The enormous literature on the subject had been freely used, and most of the speeches were undigested compilations from the giants of the contest, which had perforce to be read, though neither reader nor audience seemed to follow the argument.

On Sunday, November 8th, Fr. Edmund being in the chair, Mr. Barn moved "That the European Powers should intervene in behalf of the Macedonian Christians."

In supporting this motion, Mr. Barn gave a short history of the coming of the Turks into Europe and their conquests, laying particular stress on their barbarities, and from them concluded that the Powers should either obtain autonomy for the Macedonians, or drive the Turks from Europe. He said that the Turkish government was bad, and that they had no real intention of reforming it. The Turks were strangers oppressing Europeans, and the oppression they put on the Macedonians was intolerable. He concluded that the only way to have peace was to drive the Turks from Europe.

Mr. Rochford then rose to oppose the motion. He said that the Turks had this right to Macedonia, that they had come over from Asia and established themselves in Europe by force, like all

other peoples; for all the peoples of Europe originally came over in waves, or parties, from Asia; and hold their territories only by right of conquest.

If the Powers ought to intervene in behalf of the Macedonians, should they not have helped Poland when Germany, Austria, and Russia outrageously divided it between them? Should they not drive the English from Europe for misruling Ireland?

The Macedonians, he said, revolted because they had seen other states revolt successfully before them, not because they were intolerably oppressed.

If they did anything, the Powers would have to make them independent, or dependent on some other Power than Turkey.

If independent, Turks, Greeks, Bulgarians, and Albans, who constitute the population, would all be fighting for the crown. If they made them dependent, on Russia, for instance, Austria would object, and the result would be a European war.

Should England try to intervene by herself, the other Powers would not be impeded by jealousy amongst themselves from uniting their forces to oppose her.

So, whether Macedonia were made independent or dependent on some other Power, she would be worse off than before; therefore, he said, let Macedonians and Turks settle their own affairs.

Mr. Primavesi then seconded Mr. Burn in a speech rather wanting in detail. He thought that England ought to help the Macedonians, and that this was a good opportunity for us to undo our previous wrongs in helping the Turks. In fact, he said, all who had signed the Treaty of Paris ought to take the earliest opportunity to redeem themselves.

Mr. Gregory then spoke in opposition to the motion. He pointed out that all the Powers were fully occupied with their own affairs and quite incapable of taking strong measures in any direction. He compared Turkey and Macedonia to two small boys fighting, and the Powers intervening to the whole College Staff coming to stop the fight.

Mr. Barton quoted an old extract to prove that the Turks were reforming their government, and denounced Messrs Burn and Primavesi for calling the Sultan a 'Tartar.'

Mr. Chamberlain asked where Mr. Burn intended putting the

Turks when he expelled them; would he ship a whole nation to some other Continent?

Mr. McElligott and Mr. Corry also opposed. Mr. Corry's argument was that England should mind her own business, and on being requested by the chairman to explain himself further, emphatically repeated his statement, positively declining to enlarge it.

Br. Hildebrand was the next to speak. It was quite impossible to tell until the finish for which side he was arguing, but he ended by supporting Mr. Burn; he agreed with Mr. Rochford in comparing Macedonia to Ireland, and thought that the management of Macedonia should be handed over to the Macedonian peasants, who, he said, were a fine set of men.

Seeing that all the argument had gone against the motion, Fr. Benedict next spoke very strongly in favour of it. He said that secret societies were not the cause of these revolutions, but rather the first effect of the tyranny of the Turks. He believed in breaking the power of the Turks by setting some greater Power over them, not by shipping them to some other continent. Fr. Edmund then summed up and the voting resulted in an utter defeat of the motion, there being 3 votes for it, 17 against.

On Sunday, November 15th, Mr. Primavesi moved "That the time has come for England to abandon Free Trade." He first attacked the notion that Free Trade had brought plenty and cheapness; the time of plenty was 1830-41, under protection; a temporary depression in 1841 was followed by a recovery due not to Free Trade but to the gold discoveries. As to cheapness, the price of bread actually rose after the repeal of the Corn Laws; while it had not been raised by the recent shilling duty. Then he explained the present working of Free Trade; we are being flooded with cheap goods,—cheap and nasty, yet driving the solid English-made goods out of the market and killing English manufactures. To buy 'bargains' simply because they are cheap is a sure way of getting into debt; and this is England's case, she is buying far more than she pays for. We are too humanitarian; we will not allow our labourers to be sweated, yet do not protect them from the competition of foreign sweated goods.

Mr. H. Chamberlain regretted that no champion of Free

Trade had been found above the Fourth Form. He argued that the complaints against Free Trade were imaginary; our trade had increased unbrokenly; our surplus imports are fully accounted for by the earnings of British shipping, British capital, and British brains abroad. We are now asked to endanger our corn supply and to expose ourselves to the tyranny of trusts, in the name of a closer union of the Empire. Will the Empire be drawn closer by offering to Canada a preference on everything except timber? or to Australia on everything except wool and mutton?

Against this Mr. McElligott urged that Protection will restore to our manufacturers the best of all markets—the home market; and Mr. Williams that our trade is declining comparatively if not positively.

Resuming the debate on Nov. 22nd, Mr. Gregory said that Free Trade all round might work; but a single free trade country in a Protectionist world is defenceless against trusts and dumped goods, and must lose her manufactures one by one, as England is now doing. By adopting protection we should strengthen our colonies, increase our revenue, make the Empire self supporting, and obtain a weapon to break down hostile tariffs. Then came a number of Free Traders; Mr. Bradley urged that cheap sugar does not make up for dear bread, and that Mr. Gregory proposed both to keep foreign goods out of the country and to make a revenue out of them; Mr. Allanson that protection abroad means sweated labour, but in England is to mean better wages. Mr. Murphy analysed the protectionist argument into two steps:—cheapness is ruining us; and cheapness is not due to Free Trade. Canada would not see how she gained by paying a duty on timber which at present is duty free.

Mr. Primavesi replied, and his motion was carried by 17 votes to 6.

On Sunday, December 6th, Mr. Gregory moved "That on the whole the French Revolution was beneficial to Europe." His case was that it made tyranny give way to government for the good of the people. Before the Revolution, government in France was simply oppression of the commons; they bore the burdens of taxation and military service, yet could not rise from the ranks. The clergy and nobility lived luxurious and im-

moral lives, the court was evil, and the privileges of these upper classes kept the commons in a state of poverty. He compared the Revolution to a boil, an evil in itself, yet cleansing the body from other evils and leaving it healthier. It taught England and Germany to govern for the good of the people, and gave Europe constitutional Governments instead of absolute monarchies.

Mr. Narey opposed, arguing that the results of the Revolution were as bad as the Revolution itself. He described its horrors, the government by a mob of infuriated ruffians, the massacres, the wiping out of the upper classes, the worship of reason. And its effects on Europe were similar; the destruction of religion and of respect for the family, three more revolutions in France and many in other countries, and the spread of the spirit of paganism, republicanism, and revolt against authority.

Other speakers dealt with minor points. In favour of the Revolution, Mr. Sharp urged that it had the merit of ending guilds and corporations, and Mr. McElligott that it had taught governments,—as a rebellion of ill-treated children might teach parents how to treat children. Against it Mr. Perry held that in England it had led not to popular but to repressive legislation; Mr. Williams argued that even a boil requires proper treatment, and that the proponent seemed to justify evil because good had come of it; while Mr. Burn seemed to think the Revolution was in some way responsible for the untimely end of Charles I. Br. Hildebrand reviewed the ground covered in the debate, emphasizing the evils that followed the Revolution and minimising those that led to it; and after the Chairman had summed up the motion was defeated by 13 votes to 6.

Junior Debating Society.

The first meeting of the House was held on Sunday, October 4th, in the Lower Library. The President was in the chair. In private business Mr. Blackledge was elected Secretary and Messrs. Hesketh, Ward, and Millers were chosen to serve on the Committee. A Jumble Debate was then held.

Mr. Wood moved "A fight on land is not so deadly as a fight on sea." Mr. Jackson opposed. The motion was carried by 10—5.

Mr. Hope moved that "Football is better than Cricket." Mr. Birmingham opposed. The motion was carried by 18—12.

Mr. Ward moved that the Second Eleven should have their colours. Mr. Morice opposed. The motion was carried by 17—7.

Mr. Marwood moved that "Napoleon was a greater general than Wellington." Mr. Lightbound opposed. The motion was lost by 17—7.

The following members took part in the various debates, Messrs. Hesketh, P. Emerson, Speakman, Millers, Marwood, Miles, E. Emerson, R. C. Smith, Giglio, Keogh, and A. Smith.

The second meeting was held on Tuesday, Oct. 6th. In public business a Jumble Debate was held.

Mr. Wood moved that "Boat-racing is better than bicycle racing." Mr. Blackledge opposed. Carried by 17—16.

Mr. Lightbound moved that "The Boer war was a success." Mr. Ward opposed. Carried by 20—2.

Mr. Chamberlain moved that "Ghosts do exist." Mr. Hesketh opposed. Lost by 18—12.

Mr. Keogh moved that "Walking was a better exercise than cycling." Mr. Beech opposed. The motion was carried by 24—8.

The following members spoke in the various debates, Messrs. Hope, Jackson, Clancy, Hesketh, Morice, Ward, Speakman, Beech, Miles, Chamberlain, Marwood, Giglio, Blackledge, and Lythgoe.

The third meeting was held on Sunday, Oct. 11th. In private business Messrs. Gourlay and Robertson were elected members of the Society. In public business Mr. Neeson moved that "The American Colonies were not right in rebelling." He said that it was only fair that the Colonies should pay their share of the expenses of the war which England had waged with France and that they had no right to refuse to pay the taxes imposed on them. He pointed out the bitter hatred shown by these Colonists to Great Britain, even after the repeal of the taxes. Mr. E. Emerson seconded and Mr. Ward opposed. The latter argued that the taxes imposed were too heavy, and that the bitterness shown was, in the earlier part of the struggle, all on the English side. He showed that the English tried to ruin the trade of the merchants of Boston by taking away their Charter. If England had not treated the Colonists so lightly and carelessly there would have been no Declaration of Independence. Messrs. P. Emerson, Hesketh, Blackledge, Rochford, Giglio, W. Wood, Miles, Marwood, Beech, Morice and Mc Guinness also spoke. After the replies of the opposer and the mover, the motion was put to the vote and lost by 17—14.

The fourth meeting was held on Oct. 18th. In public business Mr. Hesketh moved that "Travelling by land is safer and more pleasant than travelling by sea." He said that travelling by land was safer principally because the traveller by land was not at the mercy of the weather in any thing like the same degree as the traveller by sea. Most accidents on land were due to human carelessness and were comparatively few in number. Travelling even by motor-car, the most dangerous of all methods of land-travelling, was not so dangerous as a sea-voyage.

Comparing the two methods of journeying from the point of view of the pleasure-seeker, he pointed to the many inconveniences of a sea voyage, the unpleasant illness that seems so inevitable, the monotony of one's surroundings and the want of exercise. In travelling by land the scenery was always changing, whilst one could at any time alter one's mode of travelling or even the route. Mr. Rochford seconded; and Mr. Giglio, who opposed, said that travelling by sea was very far from being monotonous, that every day the traveller had new objects of interest to examine,

whilst a sea voyage was far healthier than any land travelling could be. He pointed out the many comforts and luxuries of the modern steam-ship, comparing them with the disadvantages and discomforts of the railway train. Messrs. Marwood, Ward, Morice, Beech, and E. Emerson supported the motion and Messrs. Miles, A. Smith, McGuinness and P. Emerson opposed it. After replies from the mover and opposer the motion was carried by 17—15.

The Headmaster, who took part in the debate, received a warm welcome from the members. In supporting Mr. Giglio he said that the pleasures of sea travelling were much greater than those of land travelling while its dangers were really very small. There was too some indefinable charm in the sea which was felt by all men, whilst the very effort of struggling with it in its wilder moods strengthened and deepened human character in a way that no experiences on land could do. He also expressed his pleasure in finding in the Junior Society so many members who were able to take such a comprehensive grasp of the subject and to express their views so well.

The fifth meeting was held on Thursday, Oct. 22nd. After the usual private business a Jumble Debate was held.

Mr. Calder-Smith moved that "Swimming should be taught in schools." Mr. Marwood opposed. Carried by 30—2.

Mr. Miles moved that "Railways should be run by electricity." Mr. E. Emerson opposed. Lost by 22—9.

Mr. Rochford moved that "Shakespeare's works were not written by Bacon." Mr. Beech opposed. Carried by 28—3.

Mr. Heskeith moved that "The Natural History Society was better than the Photographic Society." Mr. Chamberlain opposed. Lost by 31—10.

Messrs. B. Wood, Blackledge, Speakman, Millers, Heskeith, Morice, Miles, Marwood, Hope, W. Wood, Ward, A. Smith and Keogh, also took part in the debates.

The sixth meeting was held on Sunday, Oct. 25th. In public business Mr. Blackledge moved that "Mr. Chamberlain's proposals would be injurious to the country." He said that Free Trade had not been a failure. In the last thirty years the imports had increased by £10,000,000, and now amount to

£528,000,000, consisting chiefly of food and raw materials, no less than four-fifths of which are from foreign countries. He showed also that in a Free Trade country the nominal value of wages was lower than the real value. He also argued that if we have not progressed as fast as other nations, Protection will not help us. We need more sobriety and earnestness in business matters. Nor is it advisable to enter upon a preferential policy with our colonies. England is at present the receiving-house for the world and she would quickly lose all the advantages accruing from this position under Mr. Chamberlain's proposals. In seconding, Mr. E. Emerson laid great stress on the odium which would be felt against this country if the new proposals were adopted.

Mr. Rochford, for the opposition, showed by statistics that in the last thirty years the trade of England had declined. This he attributed chiefly to the fact that a foreigner can bring manufactured goods into England and undersell the English manufacturer, because the latter has to send over the seas for his raw material whilst the former has them ready to hand. Mr. Chamberlain is not asking for increased taxation but merely that taxation be transferred from one thing to another. He proposes new duties on meat, corn, dairy produce and foreign manufactured goods, but from tea he takes three-fourths of the tax, and from sugar, coffee, and cocoa he takes one-half whilst on maize, bacon, and colonial produce he puts no tax.

Mrs. Joseph and Ambrose, who were present, spoke; the former against, and the latter for the motion. Messrs. Hope, Heskeith and Giglio also joined in the debate. The motion was carried by 17—14.

The Seventh meeting was held on Nov. 1st. In private business Mr. Heskeith received the thanks of the Society for acting as Secretary at the last meeting. In public business Mr. W. Wood moved that "Town life is better than country life." He dealt with the question chiefly as it affects the working classes and showed how many advantages the town labourer possesses in the way of education, housing, and food. The towns are not unhealthy as is sometimes supposed. The low death-rate even of places like London proves this. Gravitation of country people to the town was only natural. Mr. Ward seconded and Mr. Edward

Emerson opposed. He dwelt mainly on the charms of the country, scenery and its sports. The food is much fresher and purer. The work of the country labourer lies mostly in the open-air whilst the town labourer is shut up in a dusty factory. Country life is much better for a man in every way. Messrs. Keogh and Lightbound supported the motion whilst Messrs. Morice, Rochford, Marwood, Giglio, Speakman, B. Wood, Millers, Hope and Blackledge opposed. The motion was lost by 18—14.

The eighth meeting was held on Nov. 8th. In public business Mr. Chamberlain moved that "Cricket is better than Football." He said that Cricket requires more skill, exercising both body and mind, whilst in this game accidents are both few and slight. Mr. Speakman seconded. Mr. Marwood in opposing said that Football is a much better game than Cricket since it affords so much exercise in so short a time. It demands greater courage and quite as much skill. Cricket was really a lazy game. Football too is not so much dependent on the weather and is much better from a spectator's point of view.

The Prefect supported the motion and Br. Anselm opposed. Messrs. Breech, Hesketh, Millers, Lovell, Morice, Rochford, Miles, Emerson, A. Smith, Giglio, and Calder Smith also joined in the debate. The motion was lost by 21—10.

The ninth meeting was held on Nov. 15th. In public business readings were given by various members of the Society.

The tenth meeting was held on Nov. 22nd. In public business, Mr. Hope moved that "Aerial navigation will not be beneficial." Mr. Morice seconded and Mr. Millers opposed. Br. Dominic spoke against the motion. Messrs. Beech, Hesketh, McGuinness, Ward, Blackledge, Marwood, E. Emerson, Lovell, B. Wood, and Speakman also took part in the debate. The motion was lost by 16—13.

The eleventh meeting was held on Nov. 29th. In public business Mr. Winn moved that "A Sailor's life is better than that of a soldier." He pointed to the interest and variety of a sailor's life, to the healthiness of it. The sailor is, as a rule, handier and more self-reliant than the soldier. Mr. B. Wood seconded and Mr. Lythgoe opposed. He said that a soldier is better paid, his wife and children are better looked after, and he has better prospects of promotion. The sailor is exposed to



many dangers (of shipwreck, fire at sea, and so on) to which the soldier is not liable.

Messrs. Miles, Hope, Ward, Morice, Marwood, Hope, Millers, Lightbourn and Giglio supported the motion and Messrs. Lovell, E. Emerson, Rochford, Hesketh and P. Emerson opposed. The motion was carried by 23—8.

Notes.

A DEVOTED son of Alma Mater has been taken from amongst us in Abbot Prest. He was not only interested in all that concerned her, but he was actively ready to do her a service. Only a week before his fatal illness, he wrote to say that he *must* write a chapter of 'Old Recollections' for this Christmas number. As he said, he did not like to miss twice running, and he had contributed nothing to our last issue. He had just reached the point where his 'Old Recollections' must have chiefly concerned himself and his Priors of Ampleforth. And now he has passed amongst the old recollections himself.

Abbot Prest, by his Laurentian brethren, has been looked up to as a leader almost from the day of his profession. He began even as a Junior to lead an official life,—that life of authority and distinction which takes a man out of the ranks and separates and isolates him from his brethren. For this reason, it may truly be said of him that he made few personal friends outside the circle of the fellow-students of his younger days. He seldom invited anyone to his house—all the brethren were welcome and everyone who visited him was warmly received; but with him there was no personal reason why one should be asked rather than another. His life in appearance was a lonely one. Like

the "divinity that doth hedge a king" his position had divided him all his lifetime from intimacy with his brethren; he was Procurator, first, then Prior, and afterwards, on the Mission, Chapterman, Definitor, President-second elect, Cathedral Prior, Councillor and Abbot. In real truth he had a host of friends; everyone of his brethren gave him the warmest respect and deference,—and this, less for the sake of his office and position than for his own personal qualities.

Fr. Whittle has very justly spoken, in his obituary discourse, of Abbot Prest's piety and kindliness. They were undoubtedly exceptional; not, however, because of any striking or heroic instances, but because of their perfect uniformity, because they were never at any moment overlooked or forgotten. They pervaded his personality. His fellow- novice is reported to have told him, in jest, that there was very little merit in his goodness, because he had not the temptations and perverse inclinations of other poor fellows. His goodness certainly seemed to be no effort to him. He had a disposition so equable that nothing seemed able to disturb it.

There was a leisurely and calm thoughtfulness in his manner which left upon a stranger the impression that he was wrapped up in himself. This was wholly deceptive. In reality he was interested in everybody and anything he came in contact with. He enjoyed telling of recent discoveries and inventions, and if his means and opportunities had allowed it, he would have made trial of every one of them. He himself was always turning over in his mind plans and schemes, generally for the good of his Alma Mater, but very certainly not for his own benefit. He was always working for other people, and could never refuse a kindness. And, what is even more amiable and more admirable, many of these kindnesses were unasked for, unexpected, and done in secret. He has been known on several occasions to take a night-call for a brother-priest in order to save him from being robbed of his sleep, and no one will ever know how often he has stinted himself to save the pockets of other people.

Abbot Prest's humorous and harmless foible was getting the better of adverse circumstances. These difficulties he very fre-

quently created for himself. How he enjoyed narrating the ingenious ways in which he circumvented Time Tables and Railway Companies! He had an almost childish pleasure in catching a train which he ought to have missed. He liked to be just in time for a thing, and, failing that—a very frequent occurrence—to "get there" in some wholly unexpected manner. We remember his failing to make his appearance at a Provincial council held at Ormskirk. He had arranged to catch a certain train out from Liverpool—he was at Woolton at the time—but had clearly missed it. He was "given up" as we say, and no more thought was taken of him. Half-an-hour later or so, however, Fr. Prest turned up beaming, but very black and dusty. He had missed his train, as had been supposed, but he had dodged across country by St. Helens, Rainford Junction and Skelmersdale, finishing the journey on a coal train.

Br. John will be able to tell many stories of Abbot Prest's catching or missing trains at Gilling station when he was Prior. It was arranged, by common consent, to keep the Tower clock ten minutes fast, in order to handicap the train and give Fr. Prest a fair chance. But in spite of that he was beaten on occasions. He was not at all put out by it. He was one of those rare individuals who can lose a train without losing equanimity. "I think"—this, to the station-master—"your clock must be a little fast. John, drive me to Thirsk."

We remember meeting Abbot Prest once in Farrington Station. He was very much amused at something. This something proved to be himself. He had just missed his train—through being in good time. He had reached the station with several minutes to spare. He sat himself down on a bench to enjoy the, for him, unusual luxury of watching the trains. One came in from one side and went out; another came in from the other side and went out. Then it struck him he might as well ask when his train was expected. He learned that the train he had just watched enter into the station, shake out two or three passengers and steam off again was his own,—the only train which would enable him to keep his appointment in Liverpool. Most people would have been somewhat disturbed under the circumstances. But Abbot Prest was never out of temper, even with himself.

After telling his unusual experience with a great many of his short resonant laughs, he began to consult porters and station-masters and time-tables to see what could be done. How he enjoyed himself when he discovered that, by some roundabout way—via Preston and Southport, we think—he could reach his destination only about an hour and a half behind time!

The best work Abbot Prest did at Ampleforth when he was Prior concerned the comfort of the boys. He did a good deal for the Church and Sacristy, but his real care was for the College. He improved and enlarged the bounds; laid out a cricket field; erected the indoor baths; constructed the first open-air swimming bath; put drinking fountains in the passage, and revised the cooking arrangements and commissariat. But the great work on which he had set his heart and which, to his undying regret, was dropped out of consideration as soon as he gave up office, was the erection, at Ampleforth, of a separate building as a Preparatory School.

He died as he had lived, full of work and plans of work. In all probability his life was more precarious than would have been supposed from his robust appearance. At the centenary celebration he looked quite ten years younger than his age. But for many years he had put his strong constitution to a severe strain. He worked or prayed oftentimes throughout the night far into the small hours of the morning. At his death he had just brought a successful Bazaar to a finish, in which the takings were £420, and he was planning to raise further moneys to defray the expenses of the Bazaar and bring the profits up to £500.

The chief event of the term has been the retirement of Fr. Austin Hind from the Rectorship of the College and the installation of Fr. Edmund Matthews as Headmaster. Fr. Austin bears with him to St. Anne's, Liverpool, where he is now stationed, the esteem and good wishes of everybody. He had a hard task and did not shrink it. He saw the completion of the Physics-room—his latest ambition—before he left. He leaves Ampleforth with the assurance that he has done well and deserved well during his tenancy of office. No doubt, he is glad to be relieved of the burthen he has borne courageously for

several years. The students have presented him with a testimonial as an expression of their gratitude.

As for Fr. Edmund Matthews, not only do we wish him good health and the blessing of God on his work, but we would like to assure him that we believe in him, and that his energy, tact and patience will triumph over difficulties and make success certain. May we also wish prosperity and happiness to Fr. Elphege Hind, who has succeeded to Fr. Edmund's responsible position at Oxford?

The Annual Ampleforth dinner at Liverpool, always so ably engineered by Mr. John Fishwick, was this year a greater success than ever. Eighty sat down at table of whom twenty were prelates or priests. As the *Catholic Times* reports: "an excellent menu was set before the guests and the proceedings continued merrily until close upon eleven o'clock. Mr. J. P. Smith, J.P. (ex-Mayor of Barrow) presided, and he was supported by the Rt. Rev. Monsignor Nugent, and the Rt. Rev. J. Oswald Smith, Abbot of Ampleforth, the Very Rev. Dean Billington, the Rev. Fathers Darby, O.S.B., Corlett, O.S.B., A. Fishwick, O.S.B., and many other Benedictine Fathers. Among the large number of laity present were Messrs. Hugh Quinn, G. Chamberlain, J. Blackledge, P. Carroll, E. Hyde, and J. Fishwick (hon. secretary). The repast being finished, the chairman gave the toast of "Pope and King." He paid a tribute to the memory of the late Pope, and said the present Pontiff would always have their allegiance. The toast was drunk with musical honours. The next toast was that of "Alma Mater." The chairman, in proposing the toast, said he was proud to claim connection with such a grand college where such good work was being done. Catholics did not appreciate the advantages of Catholic colleges as they should. In their colleges a magnificent education was given at a very reasonable cost, and the religious advantages they got there, and the good influences on their lives, were inestimable. The Amplefordian Association was doing a great work in bringing the old boys of the college together, as on the present occasion. To meet other Catholics strengthened their faith and made them better Christians. In conclusion, he urged the necessity of Catholics going in more and more for public

life. The Right Rev. Abbot Smith, in replying, said that his predecessor, Prior Burge, seeing that secondary education would loom big in the future, had started preparing for that time, and he (the speaker) had continued the work, the result being that at the present time nine out of the sixteen professors at Ampleforth had University degrees. (Applause.) The Benedictines were doing their best to keep up to the world with regard to education, and they were succeeding well.

The London Ampleforth Dinner was held at the Holborn Restaurant on the 3rd November. The Secretary in sending out notices of this event mentioned that Fr. Abbot had promised to attend and called attention to the Centenary Celebrations at the Abbey last July, hoping that all Londoners who were not present would take this opportunity of meeting and congratulating Fr. Abbot personally. It is no doubt due to this that the meeting was so great a success this year. There were over forty present. Abbot Gasquet honoured the meeting, not only by his presence, but by kindly consenting to lead the "Gaudeamus igitur." The toast of Alma Mater and Fr. Abbot was eloquently proposed by Captain Woollett who said:—

"I have been entrusted with the duty of recommending to you our next Toast, which is that of Long Life, Prosperity and every Happiness both to the Right Rev. J. Oswald Smith, and to our beloved Alma Mater over which he presides with so much benign dignity.

"I suppose that I was appointed to this office for the double reason that, although I am probably the oldest Alumnus of Ampleforth here present, I am also, through the changes and accidents of life, the youngest *living* member of the Ampleforth Society.

"It is almost like trying to look back to a previous state of existence when I recall the days when I first joined Ampleforth College, and though I guess from recent numbers of "The Journal" that you have lately had a feast of reminiscences, still I ask leave to add a few more if only to exemplify the strong impression made by Ampleforth on her children and the warm affection she draws from them in return.

"Well, when was it that I went to Ampleforth? I am afraid

it was in the year 1844, under the mild rule of Father Cockshoot, to mention whom must lead to most of you like referring back to Tullius Hostilius or Tarquin the Proud! The chief thing I remember about him was my audibly making a very obvious pun on his name, on my first introduction to him. At the age of nine I thought this a brilliant piece of wit, but a different view of the matter was taken at a subsequent interview with a Clerical cousin, then in the establishment! There was at that time a quiet interval between two active building periods, and hardly anything was done in my time.

"Even at present, Ampleforth Abbey is not *too* accessible, but in and about 1844, it resembled the Central Shrine of a difficult Pilgrimage. We generally travelled by a three-horse coach from York to Helmsley, which dropped us at Oswaldkirk at the "Shovel" or the "Malt Shovel" Inn,

"for fame

Sounds the heroic syllables both ways;"

from which we were taken by an Ass Cart drawn by a perennial donkey, which never died and which was certainly about the swiftest of her race.

"We had none of the apparatus and comforts of study which now facilitate Education. We still studied by the light of dip candles, but, as most of us had come from distant villages, this was no grievance to us. I remember the sudden appearance of the Camphine Lamp—of which "Punch" said at the time that "it gave the light of a rushlight and the smoke of 14 tall chimneys," and we soon returned to the trusty "dip."

"Our chief grievance was in connection with a refractory pump on which we relied for our ablutions. I seem to remember it frozen in the winter and in a more or less sloppy state of disorder during the rest of the year. Here, however, memory may be playing one of its usual pranks; for, though that faculty easily treasures up petty accidents and untoward circumstances, yet a long sequence of uneventful years leaves only a dim impression upon it.

"But there is no dimness of impression in my grateful sense of the wise, sympathetic trustful rule which characterised Ampleforth,—and may it long do so! Nor of the spirit which animated our intelligent training. Our formal studies were perhaps a

little desultory, as one influence or another prevailed with the Prefect of Studies. I remember being suddenly jumped into the 9th Book of the *Æneid*, without the slightest idea what the great Author was driving at, or what he meant by the peculiarities of his style! still we always harked back,—and although we may not have been able to exactly discriminate between tenses and phrases, or to dissect them for the amusement of a Board of Examiners, still I contend that there was the truest educational spirit in the way in which we entered into the enjoyment and appreciation of our greatest writers, Latin and English. Shakespeare was then a kind of *Cultus*. We had all his finest speeches by heart, and when, after leaving College a certain Elocutionist asked me in wonder 'how is it you know Shakespeare so well?' I answered in surprise 'Why, everyone at Ampleforth knows as much as that.'

"Macaulay's Lays came out about that time and the class to which I belonged learnt them off at a burst—and were encouraged to do so. I can say them yet!

"And then the holidays! what College ever offered more enjoyment, what College gave so much! The visits to Byland and Rievaulx Abbeys, and the study of their ruins; the rarer journeys to Castle Howard, to Ripon Cathedral and Fountains Abbey; strolls over wild moors, and through deep woods, and by lonely ponds, making even our play days (and we had plenty of them) the possessions of a life-time—ornamenting the memory and instructing the mind!

"And, then, I must say one thankful word about the food! It was always excellent and abundant, and although to the fastidious tastes of later days it may have erred on the side of monotony,—still I have no doubt I owe to it that sound digestion which I look upon as an ample compensation for all the disappointments of life!

"Bear with me if I say a few words about my revisiting the old College. During that long interval of 30 years, wherever duty led me, in Spain and the Mediterranean, in India or the Cape, in Abyssinia and Morocco, I always held to the resolve that the first use I would make of my liberty, on putting aside the harness of office, would be to visit Ampleforth again. I kept that resolution; and one summers-day, walking from Gilling

[where I saw the local railway for the first-time]—it was something of a shock to me to see some half-dozen boys on the *wrong side of the Brook*.

"I asked 'are you Ampleforth Boys?' They answered 'Yes.' 'How then, are you on *this side of the Brook*? it was out of bounds in my time.' 'So it is now,' they replied 'but—we have leave!' Boys are very like men, to be sure! There is not a pin to choose between the two banks, but to stand on the wrong side was a distinction and a privilege and was valued accordingly. But I wish to go on to what I hold to be almost an unique experience. I reached the Entrance Hall and was looking round wonderingly, when I was suddenly recognised and greeted,—after the lapse of 30 years almost to a day,—by the dear old brother Bennet who shook my hand and called me by my first name,—almost as though I had been away for a week!!

"One more visit I have had—this time to the Abbey when Father Abbot was my kind host two years ago. I shall not easily forget the three delightful days which I then spent there, recalling my youth and enjoying to the full what has always been to me the most charming of scenes. Of course I know that association has a great deal to do with our love of natural scenery; and, for my part, although I have seen some of the most lovely valleys in the world, and notably the valley of Grenada—stretching from the snowy Range of Spain almost to the blue Mediterranean,—green with irrigation, golden with oranges and bubbling with fountains,—there is still no scenery which goes closer to my heart than the view of the Vale of Mowbray from the wooded heights behind the Abbey.

It is, therefore, with feelings of deep gratitude, and with the fondest recollections that I ask you to join with me in the Toast,—to the Right Revd. Abbot "Ad Multos Annos," and a long career of success and prosperity to our dear Alma Mater, May she continue to grow in fame, in influence and extent, and may her name, as a seat of learning and piety, be worthy to be enrolled with those of the great Abbeys whose ruins surround her,—being ever mindful of that higher law which I may best express in the words of a great poet:—

Let Knowledge know her place !
 She is the second, not the first !
 A higher hand must guide
 Her footsteps, moving side by side,
 With wisdom, like a younger child.

At the dinner the Right Rev. Fr. President, Fr. Ethelred Taunton, Fr. Norbert Birt, Fr. Athanasius, O.S.B., Fr. Darby and Fr. Elphege Hind were present among the guests. Mr. J. M. Tucker, the Hon. Secretary, is to be congratulated on his very great success.

From our Oxford Correspondent:—The good audiences which have been attracted to Mr. Evans' lectures this term, speak well for the interest shown in his work. From time to time mention has been made in the *Journal* of the progress of his recent discoveries in Crete whilst excavating the palace of Minos. Our knowledge of a very early Minos civilisation is being increased year by year, and the specimens of artistic work found in Crete during the early part of this year far surpass anything yet found on prehistoric sites. Attempts have now been made with no little success to establish some chronological data, and the result shows that a close connection between Crete and Egypt existed as far back as the 4th Millennium B.C.

Thirty years ago it was generally thought that the Homeric poems could not have been written down until at least the 7th century, B.C., from the fact no system of writing was believed to have been known to the Greeks until that time. Mr. Evans however has now demonstrated that the inhabitants of the Ægean Isles possessed a highly developed system of writing long before the Homeric poems could have been composed, and that instead of the Greeks obtaining their alphabet from the Phœnicians it is highly probable that it was just the other way about. So far, the numeral system of the Minoan Cretans and the distinction between male and female names has been ascertained, and also a strong resemblance of the newly discovered letters to the later Greek alphabet has been detected.

On February the 9th "the citadel of compulsory Greek" is again to be stormed. Twelve months ago the attack took the

form of "a Passman's Act of Emancipation;" this time it will perhaps not meet with so much opposition, for the object to be aimed at is to lighten the burden of Mathematicians and Scientists, or in the words of the *Magazine* it is to take the form "A Mathematical and Natural Science Relief Bill."

In the account of William Bishop, the bishop of Chalcedon, given by Wood in his "Athenæ Osconiensis," there is a reference to Fr. Thomas Woodhope's "Book of Obits." It is to be found amongst Wood's MSS. in the Bodleian Library and was evidently Fr. Woodhope's handy note book in which he jotted down various bits of information. The dates which he assigned to the deaths of some of our English Benedictine Fathers are at variance here and there with those to be found in our Necrology. Father Woodhope was a professed monk of St. Gregory's and at one time prior of the Monastery: he is said to have been a careful man and therefore it is perhaps worth while recording these few discrepancies.

D. Andrew Sherley	died	April 4th 1609.
D. Thomas Minshall	"	July 2nd 1607.
D. Nicholas Becket	"	Oct. 20th 1618.
D. Gregory Grange	"	April 8th 1619.
D. Walter Robert Vincent Sadler	"	June 11th 1621.
D. Richard Augustine Owen	"	Aug. 29th 1622.
D. Ralph Francis Atrobas	"	May 31st. 1626.
D. Robert Amandus Verner	"	July — 1628.
D. William Gabriel Gifford	"	April 11th 1629.
D. Edward Ashe	"	— 1629.
D. Thomas Emerson	"	Sept. 30th 1630.
D. Lawrence Lowick	"	Oct. 3rd 1633.
D. Walter William Kemble	"	Oct. 13th 1633.
D. Justus Edner	"	April 13th 1635.
D. John Maurus Currie	"	June 10th 1635.
D. John Harper	"	Nov. 21st. 1639.
D. Lawrence Mabbs	"	June 17th 1641.
D. Edward Ambrose Barlow	"	Sept. 10th 1641.
D. Bartholomew Alban Roe	"	Jan. 21st 1642.
D. Thomas John Hutton	"	Dec. 27th 1643.
D. George Joseph Latham	"	June 10th 1646.

In this list there also occurs the name of John Habington. No such name is to be found in existing lists and, since all those mentioned by Father Woodhope in this part of the note book are Benedictines, presumably he is one also—one who has been lost sight of and forgotten. The date of his death is given as April 24th but no year is mentioned: it was probably the year 1642 as his name appears amongst those who died in that year.

A little volume entitled "The effects and virtues of the crosse or medal of the great Patriarch St. Benedict" was translated from the German and printed in English in the year 1668. It contains a very quaint translation of the words that form the inscription on the medal or cross.

"O sacred cross be thou my light;

Satan, avoid out of my sight;

Avaunt foul fiend! vain are thy tempting charms;

The Cross shall ward me from thy poisonous harms."

We should be glad if Mr. Chamberlain would protect us from the cheap and nasty weather dumped from foreign countries upon our shores. Most of it is reported to have been manufactured in America. We have enough raw material of our own to do a roaring export trade ourselves. Besides, the quality of the stuff recently imported has been of such greatly inferior quality.

The physical laboratory we spoke of in our last numbers is completed. We are grateful to the Ampleforth Society for the gift of it. Fr. Sumner has now turned his attention to the old quarry and is busy, with his helpmates, levelling and transforming it into a picturesque bit of our ornamental grounds.

We have to thank the late Mr. T. J. Willson for a further considerable addition to our Library. Among them are two books of devotion from the Antwerp press, an *Officium B. V. M.*, 1694, *Pia Desiderata* 1618; a *Combattimento Spirituale* 1659; a *Celeste Palmetum*, 1767; Camden's *Britannica*, 1637; a *Manuale*, printed at Rouen, 1665; and an illustrated book by Schoonebeck on the Religious Orders, Amsterdam, 1688. We also thank Fr. Stephen Noblett for the gift of a good specimen of a stuffed lion, now in the Museum.

Our congratulations to Mr. Cyril Martin of Four Oaks near Birmingham on his recent success in the Intermediate Law Examinations.

Five beautiful stained-glass windows by Hardman, Powell and Co. have recently been put up in St. Peter's, Seel Street. The subjects are: 1. The Vision of the Blessed Margaret Mary; 2. The Annunciation; 3. St. Peter; 4. St. Lawrence; 5. St. Joseph.

Fr. Athanasius Fishwick has held a successful bazaar at Cockermouth. The takings reached £285 16s. 6d.

From the Warrington Examiner:—

There was an interesting gathering in St. Mary's School, Buttermarket-street, Warrington, on Monday evening, when a presentation was made to Mr. Thomas Mather, who has recently resigned the position of organist and choirmaster of St. Mary's Church, a position he has occupied since the church was erected. A musical programme was provided by members of the choir, and the proceedings were attended by a large number of friends who were desirous of showing their appreciation of Mr. Mather's long services. The presentation consisted of a handsome rose bowl and an illuminated address, subscribed to by the clergy, choir and friends.

After the first part of the musical programme had been submitted, the presentation was made. The Rev. Father Wilson, O.S.B., presided and he was accompanied on the platform by the Rev. Father Mercer, D.D., O.S.B., Mr. Thomas Mather, Messrs. A. Boyle, James Boyle, W. Kilduff, J. Eckersley, W. Dilworth, J. Bannan and J. Bradley.

The Rev. Father Wilson observed that pleasant as had been the items of the programme they had already listened to, he thought, without any reflection on the artistes, he might say they had now come to the most gratifying item of all. (Hear, hear.) The very centre and object of that evening's gathering was to do honour to Mr. Mather. (Applause.) He would ask the secretary of the presentation committee to read the address and read letters of apology.

Mr. A. Boyle then read communications from Mr. Richard

Eccles and Mr. Langley, apologising for their absence. The illuminated address, he continued, read as follows:—"To Mr. Thomas Mather. We, the undersigned, desire on your retirement from the position of organist and director of the choir at St. Mary's to record our hearty recognition of your very long and valuable services. Before St. Mary's Church was built you devoted your art and energies for many years to the only Catholic Church in the town. (Applause.) From the opening of St. Mary's Church 26 years ago you have discharged with honour and success the duties from which you now retire. It is impossible here to recount the varied achievements of those long years of self-sacrifice and labour. Let it suffice to say that it has been to you always a labour of love—love of your church and love of your art. Of this, however, we can assure you that you have established for yourself in that long lapse of time a place for the grateful and kindly remembrances of those who have been associated with you in the choir and of a multitude of others, both clergy and laity, from which you will never be permitted to retire while life lasts. (Applause.) This small token of appreciation and gratitude we beg you to accept with our hearts' best wishes for still longer years of health and happiness." The address was signed by the following clergy, members of the choir, and representatives of the Congregation:—Neville Wilson, Peter Mercer, R. B. Primavesi, J. Eckersley, William Kilduff, Alban Boyle, John Bannon, M. G. Hearne, Agatha Richardson, Sabina Mannion, Fannie Hayes, Agnes Mather, Kate Brown, Agnes E. Richardson, Peter Langley, James Boyle, William Dilworth, Austin Vernon, F. Maginn, and Joseph Bradley.

The Rev. Father Wilson then formally handed the presents to Mr. Mather amid hearty applause. The address which had just been read to them, the Chairman continued, expressed in some measure their thoughts and feelings towards Mr. Mather. (Hear, hear.) It did not contain all they thought or felt or perhaps all they would like to say. That would be impossible on such an address, but it was one which he hoped Mr. Mather would keep and be honourably proud of for many years to come. (Hear, hear.) He (the Chairman) was not qualified to go through the musical career of Mr. Mather. To those in Warrington he supposed Mr. Mather was almost the embodiment of

history, ancient and modern—(laughter)—whereas he (the Chairman) came upon the scene only very recently—as of yesterday really compared with Mr. Mather's 26 long years of service to St. Mary's, besides a period of service—he did not know of what duration before,—to St. Alban's. They were there to give honour to whom honour was due. (Hear, hear.) The man who had conducted a choir, and managed it and the organ for 26 years without any serious *contretemps*—for that would be a serious matter in music—deserved congratulation and honour. (Hear, hear.) They did well to recognize the services of those who had given their skill and their energy to the service of God's Church. Music was one of those things that went to make up the beauty of the sanctuary and the church would be at least for us a very dull place comparatively, if we had not amongst the other aids to religion that of music. The inscription which was engraven on the bowl was as follows: "A token of esteem. Presented on his retirement to Mr. Mather, 26 years organist of St. Mary's, by the choir and many other friends. December, 1903." He had a word to say about this rose bowl. When the committee was engaged in selecting the article, he found out, what he daresay most of them knew very well, but on such matters he supposed he was particularly innocent. (Laughter.) The article, he found out was not at all the harmless and innocent thing it looked to be. (Laughter.) This rose bowl looked a very innocent thing with the netting on top of it, but he ascertained that it could sometimes contain a fragrance quite other than that of roses and which had nothing whatever to do with flowers. (Laughter.) He found if he might adapt a line of Goldsmith's to the circumstances, it was an article contrived a double debt to pay "a bowl for punch at night and flowers by day." (Laughter.) The secret was out. (Loud laughter.) He did not intend to say that in the presence of Mr. Mather. He did not suppose Mr. Mather would ever have found it out for himself. (Laughter.) But whether it was used by day or night he hoped that to Mr. Mather it would always contain the nectar of sweet and pleasant remembrances.

Mr. MATHER, who on rising to acknowledge the gift, was received with the singing of "He's a jolly good fellow," and cheers, said he had appeared in that room many times, but he had never

gone through an ordeal such as that. (Applause.) If they put his years of service as organist of St. Alban's and St. Mary's together they totalled up to 35 years. (Applause.) He succeeded his uncle, Mr. Kaye who was organist for 41 years—(Hear, hear.)—and he thought that was not a bad record for two members of one family. He did not say it in a boasting spirit. He was only too proud to have been permitted to work so long for the Benedictine Order. (Applause.) He was not the only one, others were equally deserving of praise. He remembered one of the priests telling him that everybody had three evils to contend with—the devil, the world and the flesh—but that priests had three others—school teachers, organists and choirs (Loud laughter.) He (Mr. Mather) did not know what the experience of other organists and choir masters had been, but during his experience he had never had any serious difficulty in Warrington. They had always sailed along very pleasantly at St. Mary's, and during his long experience he could not recall any serious disagreement. He was thankful that he had been given such good health, for during the first 30 years he had not missed six Sunday morning services. Latterly his health had not been so good, but he had always been able to rely on Mr. Eckersley on occasions when he was absent.

OXFORD LOCALS, 1903.

Seniors.

L. Burn,	3rd Class Honours. Distinction in Religious Knowledge.
J. Darby,	1st Division Pass.
W. Heffernan,	" " Distinction in Religious Knowledge.
G. Murphy,	" " "
A. Primavesi,	" " "
B. Rochford,	" " "
W. Turner,	2nd Division Pass.

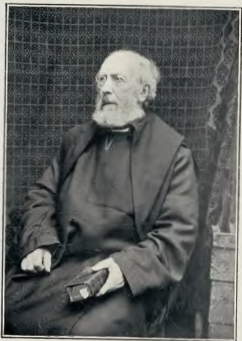
Juniors.

H. Chamberlain,	1st Division Pass.
R. Huntington,	" " "
J. McElligott,	" " "
P. P. Perry,	" " "
J. K. Smith,	" " "

Preliminary.

E. Emerson,	3rd Class Honours.
P. Ward,	" " "
J. Jackson,	1st Division Pass.
R. Marwood,	" " "
T. Montgomery,	" " "
P. Neeson,	" " "
A. Smith,	" " "
J. Blackledge,	" " "
B. Cartwright,	" " "
P. Emerson,	" " "
V. Giglio,	" " "
R. Hesketh,	" " "
W. Hill,	" " "
S. Lovell,	" " "
L. McGinness,	" " "
C. Rochford,	" " "
H. Speakman,	" " "
H. J. Winn,	" " "
W. E. Wood,	" " "

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ABBOT BURY.

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APRIL, 1904.

PART III.

St. Gregory the Great.

Sermon in Westminster Cathedral at the centenary celebration, March 12, 1904.

BY THE BISHOP OF NEWPORT.

"Thy work, O Lord; in the midst of the years bring it to life."—*Habacuc, iii. 2.*

If there are any men who may be said to do the work of God on this earth it is natural that the Roman Pontiffs should be among the chief. If the great Catholic Church is Christ's witness, it will be the Head of that Church, endowed as he is with divine prerogatives, who will chiefly steer the Church's course, sway the conflict of Christ's kingdom against that of the devil, contend against destructive errors, initiate great movements, and lend his name to the loyal soldiers who constantly fight for the great cause in every country and every generation.

There are some Popes who have done the work of the Lord more thoroughly and magnificently than others; have breasted more dangerous floods, laid deeper foundations, carried the name of Christ further, poured forth more powerfully the wisdom of the Holy Spirit. It is difficult

to find, in the long list that follows St. Peter, one name that seems to have done work more lasting and more essential, and done it with a more glorious manifestation of the heavenly spirit, than Pope St. Gregory the Great, the thirteenth centenary of whose departure to heaven we are now happily celebrating. As we strain our eyes into the dim past, and try to re-constitute throughout those thirteen long centuries the personages that have followed one another, the deeds that resounded under heaven and are now silent in written records, the good and the evil that have surged so high in their conflict, the strong places that have crumbled, the marks that have been obliterated, the constant upspringing of the new, the decay and the dissolution that strew the years with death—we are able, with a little reflection, to see how great a man he was who has left his impress upon all that space of human history.

When we behold Gregory, with his pale and suffering face, crowned as Pope in the old Basilica of the Prince of the Apostles, he seems to stand up amidst ruins. It is not so much that the palace of the Cæsars is roofless and stripped, or that the Coliseum is abandoned to the owls and bats, or that the gates of Rome, her forums, and her palaces, all bear the marks of the violence of the barbarian. It is that the world-wide Roman Empire is weakened, and even prostrate, and ready to be dissolved. The Empire had fought the kingdom of God; it had yielded; it had placed the cross on the brow of its Cæsars, and for nearly three centuries the Church had grown and thriven under the law and the peace of Imperial Rome. The pillars of that law were now shaken, and the legions that kept that world-wide peace were dwindled and scattered. The centre of the Empire was now upon the Bosphorus. Italy was broken up by the Lombard settlements. Beyond the Alps and round the shores of the Mediterranean new peoples were in motion, and new kingdoms in the throes

of birth. And Gregory, entangled in the wreck of Rome, face to face with successive waves of barbarian attack, was the representative of the kingdom of Christ—that kingdom which would never die; of the power of St. Peter, that was only on the threshold of its glorious career.

We do not find that St. Gregory the Great had any consciousness, or prophetic foreboding, that he was to be the founder and Father of a Christendom far more Christian than the great Roman Empire. Rather, he seems to expect the day of doom and the end of the world. There was hardly a time during the fourteen years of his Pontificate when he was not "hemmed in by swords"—"death at the very doors" (2 *Hom. in Ezech.*). He clings to the old order of things. He sends his dutiful greetings to the Byzantine Cæsar even at the very time that Cæsar has left him to face the Lombard leader on the steps of St. Peter's. When the Exarchs and the Dukes who tried to keep hold of fragments of a rapidly-disappearing Italy, oppress him and slander him, he writes humbly, but with the freedom of a Christian Bishop, to the imperial autocrat far away. And in all his ceaseless activity, in all his large, wide ruling of the Catholic Church, in all his creative and fertile organisation, in all his minute and detailed solicitude, he is looking for the coming of the Day of Judgment. He finds the signs and the omens of it in the words of the Lord, in the anticipations of St. Paul, in the visions of Ezechiel; in the distress of nations, the changed aspect of the heavens, the earthquake, and the tempest.

This is the man to whom England's glorious Christianity looks back as to its Apostle; to whom the great Church of mediæval Spain owes the foundations of her glories; who placed the hand of St. Peter firmly on the young race that was surging round the ancient seas of Gaul. This is he who practically founded the temporal Kingdom of the Popes, and who saved Rome for the days to come. This is he who planted the monks in the soil of Europe.

This is the Pope who has left a storehouse of spiritual wisdom that has been used by every pastor and ruler ever since; whose *Régula Pastoralis* lay on the tables of the great Synods of the early Middle Ages; whom mediæval writers like Honorius of Autun saluted as the "organ of the Holy Spirit." It is this man whom, as the ages rolled on, a St. Bernard studied, a St. Thomas looked up to as his master, and a St. Theresa revered as the oracle of the spiritual life; whose name was to be written in letters that would never perish on the whole of the Liturgy of the Catholic Church.

What kind of a man was this? What was the soul, the mind, the heart that tenanted that frail body, and left such enduring marks on history?—that wrought during a short life, during a short Pontificate, so much that time has not been able to destroy; that seems still to be a living force in the world, forcing men to speak of him, and bringing them together as to-day before the Christian altar to praise and to thank God?

When the prophet sees in his visions of futurity the Redeemer that was to be given to Sion and to the Gentiles alike (Isaias, ch. xlix.), he beholds the mighty power of the most high God drawing from the depths of His quiver a "chosen arrow" (v. 2). Christ was the chosen arrow. He it was that was to prove how the Lord had not forgotten Sion, to bring back Jacob, to carry light to the nations, to say unto Sion "Thy builders have come," and to bring in the multitudes of the races of the world to people the deserts and the desolate places of Israel. The Redeemer came; the world saw Him, and He passed away. No one can say that He did not carry out His work. Although there were, and are still, wide empty spaces where the Kingdom of God should throng in joyful multitudes, yet He did His work perfectly. That is, He reaches from end to end. The work was to be the work of a great cycle—the great cycle of the Christian dispen-

sation. The visible life of Christ was not the length and breadth and width either of Christ's Kingdom or of His work. He laid the foundations, He planted the corner-stones, He accumulated the treasure of gold and silver that all that gigantic work was to cost. Whoever was to work in the coming years, from the Apostles even unto the consummation, was to draw breath and vitality, insight, muscle, and staunchness from Him and Him alone. He had withdrawn from sight, but all the same, He was ever present to the ceaseless toil, although in a different way. And no man of all those who were to be employed in His endless work but must be formed upon His likeness. The forty-ninth chapter of Isaias is a prophetic picture of the men who were to be the fellow-workers of Christ as long as the world lasts.

For many months and years Gregory lay hidden in the quiver of God. That is the invariable condition of the preparation of those who are to co-operate in redemption. The hidden life must come before the "three years"; the trial in the wilderness before the preaching; the desert with its silences before the manifestation. From a rich and influential citizen, Gregory, by voluntary renunciation, passed into the condition of a cloistered and contemplative man, his wealth all disposed of, his personal condition that of an ascetic, a learner, a novice, a monk. We read of him that from his very youth he had always served and sought God. But we gather that his generous, lofty and devout nature had experienced the promptings of renunciation for some time before he actually renounced. In this he blamed himself; "Long and long did I put off," he says. Yet even when he was a rich man of this world, clad with the trabæa, borne in his litter through the Roman ways, we may well think of him as one of those of whom it is said in Job "they make solitudes unto themselves." It would appear that he resisted this impulse of renunciation because it seemed to him that he would be doing

more good if he remained in the world. It was a natural temptation to such a man, in such a position, at such a time. But he could not foresee. He was to do something indefinitely greater for the world than he could even suspect in those early days; he was to work in a higher plane, on higher principles; to struggle with far more vital issues. But to do this, he must first bury himself in the quiver of God.

He describes his ascetic and monastic life over and over again, in the days when he had been compelled to leave it off. He uses two words especially—one is *Quies*, or peace, and the other *Contemplatio*. He speaks of "alta gaudia quietis meæ"—the "deep joy of my tranquillity"; he remembers "altum culmen quietis meæ"—"the lofty heights of my restful peace"; he looks back on the times when his "contemplation" was as keen as the edge of a knife—"acies contemplationis meæ". The truth is, in those years he gathered his strength. There is no achievement in Christ's work unless there is union with Christ—that union of heart, soul and impulse which carries with it the grand condition of efficacious work—the outpouring on the man of the spirit of God. In that quiet time a Saint passes slowly into union. In that quiet time the supernal outpouring ceases not—now slow, as in precious drops of that mystic oil to which it is so often compared in the Prophets, now more full and steady, as that *fluminis impetus*, that river-like rush, which brings to the city of God—the soul—the mysterious joys of transformation. During those hidden years, the power of the Lord from on high fills by degrees every space and fold of the Saint's nature, expelling the leaven of sin, occupying the springs of purpose and resolution, and impregnating the frail humanity with the fragrance and force of that Spirit which was borne upon the waters, which blew on the Red Sea, which came upon Samson, which rested upon the Sacred Humanity of Jesus, and which filled the whole world.

Of this divine transformation every feature is described in St. Gregory's own words. He tells us how he "fled from everything"; how all "transitory things came to be far beneath him"; how he seemed to be "out of the world," "out of the flesh," so that the words of the Prophet were fulfilled, "I will lift thee up above the heights of the world." He lived for eternity; all his sighing was for that dear country, that *patria*, to which he looked forward; for that God, whose countenance he sought as the days went by; wishing for nothing, fearing nothing, awaiting the friendly call of Death. All these words and expressions are his own. When he had gone through that time of detachment, that time of self-annihilation, that time of union, then he was prepared for the work of the Lord.

That work, wide and strenuous as it was, need not be minutely described when we recite his panegyric; because it is not the work that matters: it is the spirit of the Lord. Yet as we survey it—as we think of his 800 extant letters, of his dealings with the Empire, his struggle in Italy, his administration of the Patrimony of St. Peter, his pastoral solicitude for Bishops, his care for monasticism in the West and in the East, his English apostolate, his fatherly insistence with half-civilized Kings and Queens, his ample writings on Holy Scripture, on religion, and on the pastoral charge, and his monumental labour on the Chant and Liturgy—we seem to realize the type of the man of God who works for God. True, it is God who makes that work fruitful, because it is done by His own holy and strong spirit. But the soul—the nature, which is the Divine instrument—do you think it possible that in that nature—in that human personality—there should not be a nobility, a truth, a glory which is the very effect of its being taken up by its Divine Master for so high a purpose? That deep and noble endowment of human nature is described by the scriptural word Patience. It is St. James, in an Epistle that is full of striking generalisations, who stamps on that

ancient word of Jew and Greek its special Christian meaning. At the end of his exhortation, he sums up a man's life: "Be patient, then, my brethren, until the coming of the Lord" (v. 7). . . . "Be you patient and strengthen your hearts, for the coming of the Lord is at hand" (*Ibid.* 8). And at the beginning of his Epistle he had this in his mind: for he said that the Christian faith implied Patience, and "Patience hath a perfect work" (1. 4). This large sense of Patience is the corollary of the scriptural word, the word of the Creed, the word of the Incarnation, "*Passus est.*" For Christian Patience is the outward manifestation of love; *Charitas est patients*. It is the acceptance of the life-long fight for Christ; it is the stubborn set of the human will against passion and sensuality; it is the resisting power of nature (by grace) against the world and the demon; it is the unwearying, ceaseless, cheerful, joyful handling of all the labour, mental and bodily, and all the pressure, and all the pain, which accompany man's march along the dusty high-way of life, up the rocky climb of endeavour, down the rough descent towards the grave. Gregory was great because he was patient. He faced all the work—all the pressure—all the suffering. Call up the picture of that devoted, steadfast, shepherd of God's flock. He stands there at his post. His faculties and his time belong not to him but to his awful charge. He must instruct, command, exhort, entreat—to-day, to-morrow, as yesterday. He must draw good men around him. He must check and prevent the wicked. He must have his eye upon things near, and also on things afar, even to the dim horizon of the known world. He must be ready for the pangs of mistrust, of calumny and of failure. There is no cessation, no hope of rest—until the hour strikes when, like his master, he must die.

These are the two characteristics that I seem to read in the life and history of this greatest of the Popes: his most marked ascetical and unitive Preparation, and his untiring

labour and wide, comprehensive Patience. We read there one other lesson. St. Gregory knew well what was the value and the permanence of his work. Although there is no sign that he foresaw the glorious Christendom of which he was one of the chief founders—and although he seemed to look for the speedy ruin of the visible order and the destruction of the world—yet he knew, in the way the saints know it, that his work was solid, because it was God's work. He did not anxiously forecast the future; he did not count the leagues of this world's land and sea that his labour affected. The solidity of God's work is independent of space and of time. Were time hastening to its last stroke—were the fire already smouldering that was to consume the earth and the heavens—yet a good man's prayer, a spiritual man's act—whatever God gives the grace to do—must, and will, help to build up that kingdom of God, that heavenly Jerusalem, which is above, which is our mother, which will last for all eternity. St. Gregory had all this large hope and firm confidence. There is a notable passage in his *Morals on Job*, where he sees in God's heaven the "shining stars of the Pleiades" (xxxviii. 31), the shining stars of hope, and recalls the names of the mighty workers of God's work who in the past have laboured, and ever live to fill men with hope; how the innocence of Abel, the singleness of Enoch, the patience of Noe, the obedience of Abraham, the purity of Isaac, the labours of Jacob, the persecutions of Joseph, the meekness of Moses, the trust of Josue, and the endurance of Job, like so many bright stars, help men to journey on with sure feet in the darkness and in the night.

The results and the glories which St. Gregory never foresaw, we can look back upon. For us, that great life, that many-sided soul, which we seem to know so well, is the motive of our thanksgiving and of our hope. The Christendom that St. Gregory made is the ideal of the believer in Christ's Kingdom on earth. True, at no

moment of all the past thirteen centuries was that ideal perfect and complete. There were always—as there must be—the shortcomings and the failures caused by the vices of the wicked and the imperfections of the good. The Kingdom of God on earth at the best will never be more than an approach, an approximation, to what was in Gregory's mind when he was writing his Letters from the Lateran. How does Christendom seem to him now?—now that he has watched so long from the heavens over the work of the Lord that he did on earth? May we not be sure that he exercises a powerful intercession; an intercession which, as in the case of every Pontiff, is even official? The Church can never rest till she is pure within and free and triumphant without. For this, the spirit of God is always contending; this is God's work. May the example of St. Gregory the Great set every heart on fire to join in that work in these days in which we live; and may his intercession, which here in England we claim with the confidence of his own children, give a new life, in the midst of these long and chequered years, to the cause of the Sovereign Pontiff, of the Christianity of nations, and of the holy Catholic Church.

The Early Roman Mass.

(Continued from vol. ix, p. 32.)

IN the issue of this Journal for October 1903, I ventured on the hazardous task of endeavouring to give some idea of the order and arrangement of the early Roman Mass of the fourth and fifth centuries. The absence of any documents of the period in question makes the attempt one of no little difficulty. We have no writings bearing on the 'Ordo Missæ' much earlier than the eight or ninth centuries; we are thus compelled to fall back upon a number of indirect indications that can only give weight by their accumulation. The main sources of information on which we propose to rely are the remains of the so-called Gallican liturgies that have come down to us. Unfortunately very little of these ancient Missals has survived the ravages of time, and the indiscreet zeal of admirers of the Roman liturgy. But quite enough remains to show a strong resemblance between them, although hailing from countries so removed from each other as Italy, Spain and Ireland. And on the other hand they show some very marked differences from the earliest Roman Sacramentaries that have come down to us. These divergencies of western liturgies from Rome have given rise to much discussion. There are many of our Anglican liturgical writers, as well as some Catholics, who profess to see in these differences, a diversity of

origin. They contend that the origins of the Gallican liturgies are to be sought not in Rome but in the Churches of the East. According to their view the Churches of Asia Minor exercised great influence on the Churches of Gaul, and through these latter, the other countries of the West were induced to reject the liturgy of their own Patriarchate of Rome and adopt that of the East. The antecedent improbability of such a proceeding would tend to cast grave doubts on the theory. On the other hand a large number of distinguished students have contended that all these Gallican liturgies have come from Rome, and I endeavoured in my former article to give the arguments that were adduced to establish this view. These arguments appear to me to be far more convincing than those of the opposing theory, so that I shall take it for granted in the course of the ensuing remarks that the Gallican liturgies owe their origin to a common source, Rome.

It is not unreasonable to conclude that the ancient Western liturgies represent the sacramental practices at Rome at the time when the different missionaries from the Holy See went forth to plant the faith in the countries of the West. For it has always been the claim of the Popes* that all the western Churches were founded by missionaries from the Holy See, who would naturally instruct their neophytes to practise the liturgy which they themselves had learned in Rome. If in the course of years it came about that the Sacramentaries of Rome and those of other dependent Churches began to differ from each other, the cause is not far to seek. If there was any change or reform, it would be initiated by Rome and not by the dependent Churches, who, as we know, clung so tenaciously to the traditions and teachings of their saintly Apostles, that they would not dare to lift the irreverent hand of change against the Ark of the Lord. Moreover, they knew their Canons well enough—*lex credendi statuat legem orandi*—to recognize that

* See letter of Pope Innocent I. ad Decentium.

the Sovereign Pontiff alone was competent to alter rites and prayers belonging to the Sacraments, especially that of the Altar. Nor did the Popes themselves hesitate to remind their subjects of their duties in this matter. St. Innocent I. in his letter to Decentius writes: "Either admonish or hesitate not to inform us that we may know who are those men who introduce novelties, or think that the custom of any other Church but that of Rome should be followed."† And St. Gregory in defending himself against the charge of having introduced Greek practices into the Roman Mass in the course of his reply says: "Wherein have we followed Greek Customs, when we have only reformed our old ones, or have ordered new and useful ones, *in this matter however we do not allow others to imitate us.*" While then it was neither within the competence nor the wishes of the dependent Churches to make any reforms in the order of the Mass, it was the office and practice of the Holy See to make many reforms in the Liturgy of the Altar. And naturally it would come to pass in the course of years that the practices of later Rome would disclose increasing divergencies from the rites of those Churches who had clung to the early Roman Institutions. Hence without having recourse to an Eastern origin, it is at once simpler and more satisfactory to suppose that when the divergencies in question came to light in the eighth and ninth centuries they arose from the fact that the distant Churches had not kept pace with the reforming march of Rome. If then we desire to learn something of the early Roman Mass we must turn to the fragments of the liturgies of St. Ambrose, the Gallican and Mozarabic Sacramentaries that so devotedly handed down the traditions of their first Apostles.

There seems to be a general agreement that the High Mass opened with a solemn procession of the Ministers of the Altar. Such processions are still to be witnessed in

* Migne, t. xxi. † St. Greg. Epist., lib. ix., ep. xlii.

parts of Spain and Italy. During the procession the *Schola Cantorum* executed a psalm *ad Introitum* either in whole or in part until the Pontiff arrived at the Altar. He then prostrated himself, a ceremony which now lingers only in the Masses of Good Friday and Holy Saturday. It is again the Holy Saturday rite which alone retains the ancient custom of beginning the Mass with the Litanies while the sacred ministers are prostrating. The *Kyrie eleison* seems to have been borrowed from the East, if it is not a remnant of the days when the liturgy of Rome was celebrated in Greek. In the Greek Church, however, the *Kyrie*, fulfils the same function as our *Libera nos Domine*, and *Te rogamus audi nos*; it is the response of the people to the invocation of the Cantors. The Roman Custom of reciting the *Kyrie* at the beginning of the Litanies alternately with the clerics and people argues either a very high antiquity for the practice or a comparatively recent introduction. Mgr. Duchesne holds the latter view. But it is certainly open to argument to maintain that so peculiar an arrangement of the *Kyrie* rather points to a primitive rite. If the *Kyrie* was borrowed from the Greeks, why should such pains be taken to obscure its origin? Mgr. Duchesne, however, considers that the concluding portion of the Litany with its burthen "*Te rogamus audi nos*" is altogether antique and bears a resemblance to the ancient Greek supplications. The Litanies seem to have been suppressed by St. Gregory for he writes, "In the daily Masses we suppress certain things usually said, we say *Kyrie eleison* and *Christe eleison* but we dwell a little longer on these words of supplication" Ep. IX, 12. The Missal of Stowe, however, an Irish Missal dating from about the eighth century, still begins the Mass with the *Litanies*.

According to St. Germanus of Paris (c. A.D. 576.) the *Benedictus*, the Canticle of Zachary, followed the Litanies, a rite which has completely disappeared without leaving a trace behind in the Roman Liturgy. The *Gloria in*

Excelsis which now occupies the place of the *Benedictus* was introduced very gradually into the daily Roman use and was unknown in the early Western Church. Then came the Scripture lessons three in number, perhaps more. The Roman Missal gives evidence, in the lessons for Ember days, for Holy Saturday and Whitsun Eve, that the readings from the Bible once occupied an important place in the first part of the Mass. In the time of St. Germanus, three lessons were the rule, one from the Old Testament, one from the writings of the Apostles and one from the Gospel. On the days of the solemnities of the martyrs the first lesson was taken from the acts of their passion. Of this rite no trace is left in the Roman Missal. But if any one should chance to be at Milan on the feast of St. Thecla, the patron Saint of the Cathedral, he would observe not without astonishment that before the Epistle the subdeacon announces from the ambo "*Passio beatissime Virginis et Martyris Theclae*." This practice once so general is now only to be found in the Ambrosian rite. The second lesson from the Apostles was followed by the *Benedictio*, the Canticle of the three children. From the 4th Council of Toledo, this rite would seem to be reserved for Sundays and feasts of the Martyrs. In the Roman Missal this Canticle is relegated to penitential seasons, Holy Saturday and the Saturdays of Ember week.

In the present Roman rite we have after the Epistle a responsory Psalm called the *Gradual*, this is joined to an *Alleluia* and versicle, except in penitential times when the latter is replaced by a Tract. What is the origin of this three-fold chant? We discover it in the present arrangement of the lessons on Ember days. Each lesson is followed by a gradual responsory and separated from the *Alleluia* which is reserved for the last lesson. Thus these three chants respectively were formerly sung after each lesson. After the first lesson came the *Gradual*, after the Epistle the Tract, *tractum*, drawn out to enable the necessary preparations to be made for the solemn Gospel procession,

while the Alleluia came after the Gospel.* But when the first lesson from the Old Testament was suppressed the *Gradual* and *Alleluia* or the Tract were joined together and placed between the Epistle and the Gospel. The Gradual responses go back to the same antiquity as the lessons themselves and come down in unbroken descent from the Jewish synagogue. In the Christian liturgies these are the most ancient chanted forms of the Psalter. We must not place them on the same footing as the Offertories or Communions which are of comparatively late introduction, and which were introduced to occupy the attention during the long ceremonies. But the Graduals were special compositions for their own sakes; during their execution, celebrant and assistant had nothing else to do but listen to them. The name *Gradual* is derived from the fact that the psalms were sung from the *gradus* or steps of the Altar while the *Schola cantorum* sang from the *plane* of the altar. These chants were often very elaborate and never intended to be executed by a body of singers. They were always sung by a solo voice and up to the time of St. Gregory, it was the special function of the deacon not only to sing the Gospel but also the Gradual. The deacons acquired great popularity from the manner in which they executed the Gradual. It is recorded of one that the people were so ravished with his singing of the psalms that they raised him to the episcopate. It is to the singing of the Gradual that St. Augustine refers in the celebrated passage of his *Confessions* "I confess that when I heard thy life-giving words sung by a sweet and skilful voice I could not resist a certain delight." To be a deacon then one needed the gift of a beautiful and well trained voice. St. Gregory found in his day that deacons were selected chiefly for their musical skill without sufficient regard to

* Up to the time of St. Gregory the *Alleluia* was sung only during Paschal time. This Pontiff directed the *Alleluia* to be sung throughout the year except for the period from Septuagesima to Easter.

the more essential qualifications, he decided therefore that in future deacons should confine themselves to the chanting of the Gospel.* But the Gradual still continued to be sung as a solo. The Gospel followed as in modern custom.

After the Gospel the Homily or sermon was delivered. The duty of preaching for many years was strictly confined to the Bishops alone. The Roman priests never preached. Duchesne says that very early the Homily was dropped in Rome. St. Leo and St. Gregory are the only ancient Popes whose homilies have reached us, or who are known to have preached. Sozomen relates that about the time of Pope Xystus III (c. A.D. 432) no one preached in Rome.

Whether the Catechumens were dismissed after the sermon or after the great collects and supplications writers are not agreed. But it is now generally admitted that the *Oremus* after the Gospel† as it at present stands is a relic of some former usage. To this invitation to pray there is no response either at present, nor has there been any from the eighth century. The celebrant recites some verses from Scripture, the choir execute a piece of chant, the deacon unveils the chalice, but there is no trace of a prayer following the invitation. Something then has disappeared.

* Robert C. Hope in his work on "Medieval Music" (Elford Stock) which has reached a second edition, undertakes to prove that "St. Gregory appears to have been very indifferent to, and to have taken the very slightest interest in Church Music." For his proof he relies chiefly on the Pontiff's prohibition of the deacons' chant. "It has long time," says the Pontiff, "been a reprehensible custom for the sacred ministry of singers before entering into Deacon's orders to devote their whole time to the cultivation of their voices, neglecting their office of preaching and distribution of alms." He therefore decrees "that the Deacons shall not sing at all except at the recitation of the Gospel during Masses."

† The custom of chanting the Credo after the Gospel is of later introduction. Hermon, Abbot of Reichenau, relates that in his presence Henry II, Emperor of Germany, succeeded in persuading Pope Benedict VIII (A.D. 1024) to adopt the practice—up to that time the Romans knew nothing of it.

at this place; it can be nothing else than the solemn supplications which in all other liturgies take place at this period of the Mass. There is every reason to believe that the series of collects that form so remarkable a feature in the Mass for Good Friday represents the ancient usage, and is the last survival of what was once the general custom. In the eighth century these prayers were recited not only on the Friday but also on the Wednesday of Holy Week. There is nothing particular in their context to connect them with the solemn mystery of the day. They are prayers for the ordinary wants of the Church, for the bishop, the priests, virgins, widows, Jews and pagans. Much the same series of prayers is found in the oriental liturgies. We may then see here the usual order of the early Roman Mass; prayers for the general needs of the Church offered up, just as on good Friday, immediately after the chanting of the Gospel.

These prayers of the Good Friday Mass may serve to throw light upon a somewhat obscure part of the Old Gallican liturgies. We there meet such terms as *Prefatio Missæ*, *Collectio sequitur*, *C. sequens*, which at present would be unintelligible were they not explained by the Good Friday rite. We note that these supplications are arranged in pairs; the first is an exhortation to the faithful to pray for a special intention. "Let us pray," the priest says, "for the holy church of God, that God and our Lord would deign to give it peace, &c., &c." Then follows the direct appeal: "Almighty and everlasting God who in Christ hast revealed thy glory to all nations, preserve the works of thy mercy, &c., &c." We note here that there is first an invitation, a *Prefatio* unfolding beforehand the object of the prayers, the Collect follows, *Collectio sequitur*. In the early Church then the solemn supplications of the Mass were always preceded by an address or, as our forefathers termed it, by a "bidding prayer," inviting the faithful to join with the priest, and the Collect which follows is the

prayer that answers to the invitation. There are still traces of these *Prefationes* or "bidding prayers" in our present liturgy. The "Orate fratres," "Pray, brethren, that your sacrifice and mine may be acceptable" is a true "bidding" prayer. The introduction to *Pater Noster* is also a "bidding" prayer. *Preceptis salutaribus moniti* &c. But it is only on Good Friday that we find the "bidding" prayers with their proper surroundings followed by the Collect, as in early Christian time. It will at once be admitted that the *Prefatio* adds much to the impressiveness and solemnity of the direct appeal to God; it fixes the attention of the worshipper and invests the main supplication with that awe and dignity that it merits.

But we have not yet finished with the rites that our forefathers adopted to give the Collects the important position they should occupy during the Mass. We need not be reminded that after the "bidding" on good Friday the Deacon proclaims "Flectamus genua," and the subdeacon replies "Levate"; according to present usage this is interpreted as an invitation to a passing genuflection and nothing more. But in the early days it meant much more. At the deacon's voice all the faithful knelt and occupied themselves for a short space in silent prayer according to the intention of the "bidding." With the subdeacon's "Levate" all once more stood erect while the celebrant offered his petition to God. It is easy to picture to ourselves the impressiveness of such a scene. The deacon with high and sonorous voice invited the people to join in special prayer. With lowered tones he adds "Flectamus genua," and the whole body of the faithful prostrate themselves; deep silence reigns throughout the Church as each offers his secret prayer to God. The subdeacon's voice breaks over the hushed assembly and all rise to their feet. The celebrant then, in grave and solemn tones, puts up the prayers of the faithful before the throne of God's mercy. Such were the surroundings of the great Collects in

the early Roman Mass, and from the evidence of the Clementine Liturgy we should be led to conclude that this was the very earliest type of public prayer. With the suppression of the great Collects we cannot but feel that our Ritual has been shorn of much beauty, and although the altered conditions of public worship necessitated a good deal of curtailment in the ancient rite, we look back with a sigh of regret to the suppression of the great Collects.

Thus the first part of the Mass, the Introduction, the Mass of the Catechumens, is completed. It will be seen that the changes operated in this part of the Mass are very considerable, much greater than in the following sections of the Holy Sacrifice. And if we enquire at what period these changes were effected, nearly all evidence points to the reforming hand of St. Gregory the Great. We know from one of his letters that there was some murmuring at his changes of the Mass; he was reproached with copying the Greeks. John the Deacon in the life of St. Gregory attributes to this Pope great reforms in the Sacramentary. "Multa subtrahens, et pauca convertens" are his words, "he curtailed much, and transposed a little." His main object was to curtail and shorten, but he did not hesitate to remodel the Canon, as we shall presently see. There was a great spiritual awakening during his Pontificate, crowds of heathens and heretics were pouring into the Church, the numbers of Mass priests were increasing daily, and with them came the multiplication of private Masses. Many of the prayers and rites that necessitated the functions of deacons and other clerics became altogether unsuitable to the private celebrations of the divine mysteries. The great length of the lessons and prayers, that were so becoming in solemn public Masses, would lose their meaning in Low Mass and become a burthen to the celebrant. We cannot deny the wisdom that dictated the abandonment of much

that was out of harmony with the altered conditions of the times. Still we cannot but look back with a sigh of regret to the early Roman Mass, which was a work of wondrous beauty and order, and bore the impress of those early traditions of prayer and praise, which came direct from the Apostles themselves.

In our next number we propose to treat of the second part of the Mass, the *Missa fidelium*.

T. A. B.

In a Garden.

"All living beings depend on One Ever-Acting Creator."

Lord Kelvin (1903).

This Spider, 'mid its web, new-woven, awaits
Its prey. It *lives*: the Energetic, Sleepless One,—
By Whom enabled, it hath deftly spun
These meshes,—momently its life creates.
A lingering guest that pendent home doth share
With the mute Creature: shaded from the sun,
A single thread supports it: Earth will run
Eastward, the Dew-drop be dissolved in air:—
But lo, the world-supporting Will doth cause
Its myriad elements unquenchable;
And,—viewing, in its heart, the topaz-gleam
Of Morn displayed as diamond,—we must deem
The Life-less, truth-illumed, a Miracle,
Not less than Life, of Mind-revealing Laws.

C. W. H.

Waltham Abbey.

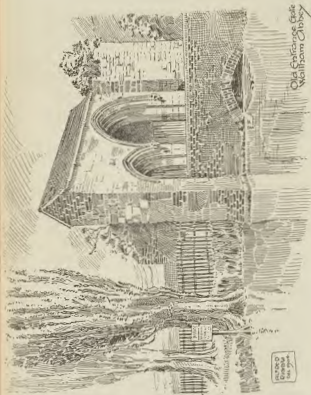
The Church of Harold.

ONLY two of the numerous houses belonging to the Austin Canons in England had the distinction of being ruled by a mitred Abbot—Waltham and Cirencester. The history of Waltham as an Augustinian monastery is by no means so interesting and attractive as the history and perhaps legendary lore which is connected with it before the Canons Regular came to dwell there.

From the left bank of the river Lea the ground gently rises to the border of Epping Forest, and not far from the river bed stands the Church of the Holy Cross. Here King Alfred very cleverly checked the Danish invaders on hearing that they were steering their course up the Lea. He had encamped on the banks of the river, and as he was out riding one day, discovered a spot where, by diverting the course of the water, it would be easy to leave the enemy's ships high and dry. The work was soon done, a castle on each bank erected for its protection, and the Northmen, completely foiled, had to abandon their ships and retreat.

The chief source of information with regard to the early history of Waltham is the M.S. in the British Museum. "De inventione S. Crucis nostræ in Monte Acuto et de ductione ejusdem apud Waltham."* It has been published more than once but the most interesting and complete edition, and the one which is easiest of access is the

* Cotton M.S. Julius D. 6



Old Entrance Gate
Waltham Abbey

Waltham Abbey
The Church

pamphlet edited by W. Stubbs. The name of the author of this treatise is unknown, but in speaking of himself he tells us that he entered Waltham when only five years old, lived there for fifty three-years, and was one of the secular canons expelled by Henry II to make room for the Canons Regular of St. Augustine. He was therefore born in the year 1119, a date, as we shall see later, only about 100 years after the first foundation of the Church of the Holy Cross, and thus, in his youth, he would have heard the story of its origin from the children of those who were living at the time. The editor points out that his trustworthiness appears from his statements with regard to transmissions of land, which are all confirmed by Doomsday Book.

From the work of this nameless canon, we learn that, in the neighbourhood of Montacute in * Somerset, a miraculous crucifix was discovered by a smith, buried in the earth beneath a large stone. It is thus described:—"Inestimabilis imago decoris crucifixi saluatoris ex atro silice." Many were present at its discovery but none dared to touch it through fear of irreverence. Building over it a temporary shelter, they awaited the arrival of the great potentate of the district, Tovi le Preude, the standard bearer and councillor of King Canute. When he arrived and saw the wonderful treasure, he resolved to build a sanctuary in which to preserve it. Placing it upon a cart, the people prepared to take it wherever he should determine. A decision was not easily arrived at, but, being the owner of land at Waltham, Tovi mentioned this place along with others, and strange to say when the name was mentioned the cart which bore the precious crucifix was seen to move. This was taken as an indication of the Divine Will and the relic was transferred to Waltham, where Tovi built a church and provided endowment for two priests.

Waltham up to this time had been nothing more than a

* Its old name was "Ludgersburg."

favourite hunting place; it is described as "*locus amoenus, silvis uberrimis circumcinctus, fluvio piscium uberrimo qui Legia dicitur ornatus, amenitate pratorum fertilium decorus, Londiniis satis propinquus.*" The newly found treasure was brought to this beautiful and pleasing spot, enshrined in a simple rude chapel and entrusted to the care of two priests.

The land at Waltham in the course of time changed hands, finally coming into the possession of Edward the Confessor, who gave it to Harold the son of Earl Godwin, one of the most powerful men in England, who succeeded the Confessor as King. Under its new owner, Waltham was destined to become a church of unparalleled magnificence for the time, and when we reflect on the power and wealth of the great Earl, the first man in the whole kingdom and virtually the ruler of the country from Kent to Cornwall, we are led to expect this. He rebuilt the church on a grander scale, established there a college consisting of a Dean with eleven or twelve canons, and gave them seventeen manors for their support. The number of canons is not quite certain, but if the chronicler who apports one manor to each of the canons and six to the Dean is correct eleven would be the right number. At the present day there is little in the appearance of Harold's once famous church to attract attention. We can scarcely believe that it was so grand and spacious as it really was. The nave remains with a fairly large chapel of much later date on the south, and a debased tower at the west end, built as late as the 16th century. But the building as Harold left it was a grand Norman cruciform church, with a nave 120 feet long and 60 feet high. Though preparations were certainly made for three towers it is not likely that all were completed. The church must have been finished before 1060 as it was consecrated by Kensing, Archbishop of York, who died in the December of that year, and judging from the bishops and nobles who were present at the ceremony, its consecration took place about

the year 1059. It may have been in view of this great event that Harold journeyed to Rome in 1058, returning with many relics and treasures for his new church.

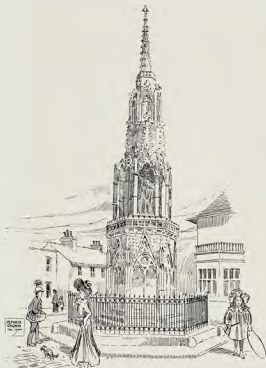
Many have doubted whether the present Nave is that of Harold's original church, since a building of such magnificence could scarcely be looked for before the Conquest. However we must not lose sight of the fact that, during the reign of the Confessor, intercourse with the Empire, Normandy, and particularly with Lorraine had been steadily on the increase. There were many foreign ecclesiastics holding high positions in the English Church. Robert of Jumigès was at Canterbury; Walter of Hereford was a Lorrainer; William of London and Ulf of Dorchester were Normans. Norman influence was felt in the country years before the coming of the Conqueror, and we may look upon the great work done at Waltham as the result of this influence and the enlightened mind of Harold. The present nave cannot be later than the early part of the 12th Century, and if we are to suppose that a later building replaced the original one in that century, the most likely time would be when Henry II introduced the Austin Canons there in 1177. If however the style of architecture seems too advanced for the year 1060, it is certainly not advanced enough for the last quarter of the 12th century.† Harold intended Waltham to be a centre of education. For this purpose he invited a learned man from Liège, Adelard or Ailard, to aid him in the work, giving him the title of Chancellor. In legendary lore we find Adelard's presence accounted for in another and less credible way. The story is that Harold was attacked by a severe illness after his Welsh Campaign, and the Emperor Henry III sent his favourite physician Adelard to cure him. Failing to do so he advised Harold to seek relief from the far-famed Rood of Waltham: the result was a

† Transactions of the Essex Archaeological Society. Vol. II. Waltham Abbey. By E. A. FREEMAN.

marvellous cure and in gratitude he rebuilt the church, founded the college of Canons and appointed Adelard Chancellor of the school. The story is a pleasing one, but will not stand investigation; for the campaign in Wales referred to must have been that of 1063, at least three years after Archbishop Kensige consecrated the church.

This foundation of a college of Canons was due to the marked success which such institutions had met with in continental countries. Harold had seen these in full vigour when on his journey to Rome, and the Lorrainers holding high positions in the English Church were well acquainted with the system, which was based upon the rule of St. Chrodegang, Bishop of Metz, one of their own countrymen. Efforts had been continually made during the eighth and ninth centuries to unite the clergy in some common form of life: St. Chrodegang systematized these efforts, and his code of rules for regulating the details of canonical life was adopted by the council of Aix-la-chapelle in 816. Since this rule was concerned with a cenobitical life it was not unlike that of St. Benedict, differing from it chiefly with regard to the vow of poverty. The canons were allowed to have some small right of ownership in property, and hence we find Harold apportioning one manor to each of his canons and six to the Dean.

The system was evidently a pleasing one to Harold and he adopted it as being suited to foster a moderately strict regular life, for, as the Waltham Charter describes him, he was "*canonicæ Regulæ strenuus institutor.*" St. Chrodegang's Rule however was not adopted in its entirety, and the living a 'common life' does not seem to have been obligatory. The daily allowance doled out to each canon points to the fact that each had his own household to support; each canon would scarcely require daily three loaves, six bowls of beer and six dishes of meat, with three pittances of game or poultry on festivals, wine and meat



Waltham Cross

being added on the most solemn festivals and those of the Holy Cross.*

Whatever we may think now of this work of 'England's last native king,' it was undoubtedly a national memorial at the time, and filled a large place in the hearts of Englishmen. It was the shrine of "The Holy Rood of Waltham, the Rood in whose honour Harold had raised his stately temple, the Rood which vouchsafed to him its supernatural warning before he marched to meet the invader. And it became the rallying point of England, the war-cry, which she opposed to the 'Ha Rou' and the 'God help us' of her foes.†"

Harold did not long survive the completion of his great work. Had he intended it as a place to which he might retire at times for peace and quiet, he rarely had the opportunity of doing so. No sooner had he defeated the Danes at Stamford Bridge and hurried back to the South, than he heard of the coming of William of Normandy. While his troops were assembling in and around London he slipped away to Waltham to pray for victory before the Holy Rood and the simple earnest Sacristan reported that as the King lay prostrate in prayer the image of the crucified bowed its head in sorrow. The Waltham historian tells us this, and doubtless it is true that he had heard so, but it is better perhaps to think it legendary rather than historical, an indication of the reverence and esteem a faithful people had for their King.

Harold marched forth to meet his enemy: along with him went Asgod and Aelfric, two of the Waltham canons. They stood apart from the field of battle and saw the fight of Hastings terminate in the defeat and death of their King. They sought their fallen hero among the dead and wounded, but in the awful carnage could not distinguish one corpse from another, until sending for the King's

* See W. Stubb's Introduction to his edition of 'De Inventione.'

† Transactions. Essex Arch. Soc. Vol. II, p. 24.

mistress Edith "The Fair," the eyes of the lover succeeded in recognizing the dead Harold. They begged his body from the conqueror and were allowed to bury it with honour at Waltham.

There are various opinions as to Harold's death and burial. Giraldus Cambrensis and St. Aelred of Rievaulx tell us that he escaped from the field of battle, and lived for many years a hermit's life at Chester, where he died in the reign of Henry I. There is no evidence to support such an opinion: most historians are agreed that he was slain in the fight: they differ however with regard to the place of his burial. The Norman chronicles assert that he was buried on the sea shore by Hugh Malet at the command of William, whose answer to those who begged his body was:—"He guarded the coast while he was alive: let him continue to guard it after death." William of Malmesbury and the English historians, agreeing with our unknown author of Waltham, tell us he was buried in the Church of the Holy Cross at Waltham. Both statements may be true; after having first been buried on the sea shore William's severity may have relaxed and he eventually allowed the body to be taken up and honourably interred at Waltham.

Waltham was undoubtedly his last resting place. There is no reason to think that the Waltham canon's story is altogether imaginary, as it far from likely that they who had such reverence for Harold would publish the story of his mistress Edith "The Fair," in the attempt to prove that they secured his body and buried it at Waltham. When alterations were being made in the church during the 12th century, his body was moved, and our author saw and touched the king's bones. Knighton affirms that his tomb was in front of the High Altar: Fuller in his "Worthies" describes the opening of his tomb in the reign of Elizabeth, when his skeleton was found enclosed in a stone coffin: tradition also speaks of an

effigy in the church with the inscription "Hic jacet Harold infelix."

The Conqueror was no great friend of the canons, and yet under his rule they did not fare so badly as other religious institutions in the country. Their land at least was left untouched, and though they were deprived of much of their movable property, they continued their corporate existence until the year 1174 when they were supplanted by the Canons Regular of St. Augustine, resigning all their rights and privileges at the command of Henry II.

In spite of the great distance between Waltham and Durham we find that there was some intercourse between the two. In the Durham obituary the names of Dean Pascal and Canon Radulphus of Waltham occur in the month of January; in August and November we find Walter and Robert both canons of Waltham. Dean Richard resigned his dignity to become a monk at Durham, where, in the capacity of Sacristan, he perpetrated a pious theft, securing a small relic of St. Cuthbert for his sisters Edith and Agnes who were nuns at Cheshant, near Waltham. The last Dean was Guido Ruffus who, at the king's wish, resigned in 1174, receiving provisions for life along with his eleven companions.

The King was met at Waltham on the Eve of Pentecost 1177 by the Bishops of Rochester, London and Norwich for the reception of the sixteen Augustinians who were to form the new community. Six of these came from Cirencester, another six from Oseney and four from Chich: Walter de Gaunt, a canon of Oseney was constituted the first abbot.

Henry's action in this second foundation of Waltham is not altogether to be admired, whether the reason for the change was or was not true.* It was really part of the

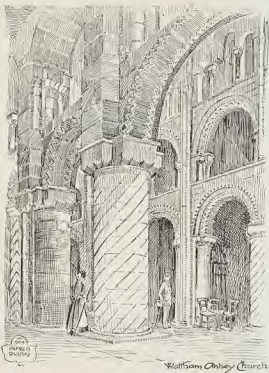
* "Cui in ea canonici clerici minus religiose et iniquitate violenter ita quod infamia conversationis illorum scandalizasset."

self-imposed penance for the murder of St. Thomas. Continually delaying to perform his vow of making a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, he finally set aside his intention of doing so and substituted in its stead the founding of three monasteries. He did eventually accomplish this; but, as regards Waltham, in the least generous way he could—with more inconvenience and cost to others than to himself.

The arrival of the Austin Canons necessitated change and increase in the buildings, which could not afford a suitable accommodation for a conventual life. As the church was again solemnly consecrated in 1242, it had probably been considerably altered about that time. On this occasion it was dedicated both to the Holy Cross and to St. Lawrence. The names of 33 of the Abbots are known to us and one of them was the subject of a practical joke played by Henry the VIII.

The present cattle market is known as 'Romeland' due no doubt to the fact that the Holy See had some kind of right to its rental. Here Henry VIII had a small house which he occupied from time to time. Disguising himself in the dress of one of his guards and visiting the Abbey one day at dinner time he was invited to join the Abbot at dinner. A surloin of beef was set before him: he did it such justice as to cause the Abbot to remark "Well fare thy heart and here's a cup of sack to the health of thy master: I would give a hundred pounds could I feed so heartily on beef as thou dost, but my poor queasy stomach can hardly digest the breast of a chicken." The guest departed, but after the lapse of a few days the Abbot was summoned to the Tower where for several days he was fed on bread and water. A surloin of beef was finally set before him and while he was attacking it as heartily as any ploughman, the king suddenly entered and demanded the £100. The Abbot then remembered his words at Waltham; paying the forfeit he returned to his monastery "with heart and pocket much lighter than when he left it."^{*}

^{*} See Farmer's *History of Waltham*.



Waltham Abbey Church.

The King's friendship soon waned; in a few year's time the Abbey was confiscated and given to Sir Anthony Denny.

At the present time attempts are being made to gather funds for the restoration of this abbey church and to those who feel an interest in Waltham the words of Freeman are an appeal and a warning:—"As the only church in England of so early date, connected with the mightiest historical events, we may safely pronounce the combined historical and artistic interest of Waltham Abbey to be absolutely unique among English buildings. Long may it abide, with its disfigurements swept away, with its dangerous portions strengthened, with its fallen portions, if so be, rebuilt but still left as a genuine monument of the eleventh century and not of the nineteenth, safe from that worse foe than Norman or Tudor or Puritan, from the ruthless and irremediable destruction of the 'restorer'!"*

Ad Musam.

(From a Ghazal by Friederich Rückert.)

Thou Breath, whereon my Soul doth feed, forsake me not!
 Vision, that still dost heavenward lead, forsake me not!
 Bird-Seraph, flown from Paradise, of whose swift wings
 Unseen my listening Heart takes heed, forsake me not!
 In childhood thou wast with me,—hour on blissful hour:
 Must I forget those hours indeed!—forsake me not!
 When Youth, the faithless, smiled and fled, thy faith alone
 Thought from the pangs of Memory freed: forsake me not!
 O Thou my Springtide!—Lo, the wearied Autumn-leaves
 Fall, and the Flowers have fallen to seed:—forsake me not!
 O Hav'n of Peace!—without, are Waves of the cold World,—
 Revolving Storms, that Darkness breed: forsake me not!
 O Thou my Sunlight! Thou my Fragrance! Thou my Song,
 That here in song receiv'st thy meed,—forsake me not!

* Transactions of Essex Arch. Socy, Vol. II. p. 42.

Sermon at the Requiem of Abbot Bury.

(January 14th 1904.)

By the VERY REV. FATHER WILFRID BROWN, O.S.B.

RT. REV. AND REV. FATHERS AND BRETHREN IN CHRIST.

We are assembled here this morning to pay the last tribute of respect to the Rt. Rev. Abbot Bury, whom many of us have known so long and so well. And my Superior wishes me to say a few words on this sorrowful occasion.

The story of the late Abbot's life is soon told. As a boy he commenced his studies at Ampleforth late in the thirties of the last century. In 1843 he entered the novitiate. Two years later, being a youth of great promise and ability, he was sent to the Monastery of St. John, at Parma, there to study Philosophy and Theology under good masters. He threw himself into the work with characteristic ardour. So close and unrelenting was his application to study, that his health was considerably impaired, hence it was not a bad thing for him that the revolution, which broke out in the north of Italy in 1848, compelled Superiors to recall him to England. He was raised to the Priesthood in 1850 and was appointed professor of Philosophy and Theology. He discharged the duties of that position with ability and success. And if, as the old Proverb says, the excellence of the master be the most powerful incentive to progress on the part of the disciple, it would have been surprising if those who were committed to his charge had failed to benefit by his skilful tuition.

In 1860, he was sent on the mission. He laboured for four years at Liverpool, and then was transferred to Hindley. At Hindley he re-organized the school and built the church. For this last work he collected monies in the north of England and in some parts of Ireland. In 1870, he was sent to Warrington. There too he built a church, which is the pride of the Catholics of the town and a credit to the Diocese in which it is situated. He built also and organized at least two large schools. During the latter part of his life at Warrington he was chosen Provincial of the Northern Province. His administration was characterized by alertness and vigour. And if, as Bishop Ullathorne would have it, spiritual progress easily goes hand in hand with financial good-management, his administration as Provincial must have been very satisfactory indeed. When he resigned the Provincialship he looked upon himself as a man marked out for an early death. None of his family, he constantly avowed, ever lived to be old. In this however, as regards himself, he was deceived. He lived for ten years at Clayton Green, and afterwards for ten years more in retirement at Brownedge.

It is not difficult for one who had known him familiarly for well-nigh 60 years to trace the salient features of his character. In his prime he was conspicuous for intellectual ability; he was an intellectual giant. Conclusions, at which most men only arrive after a course of close patient thinking, were seen at a glance by him, with an intuition which was almost spiritual. But what surprised men of ordinary ability even more was his astonishing memory. At that time he could not only learn easily, and learn rapidly, and learn well, but he never seemed to forget anything that he had heard or read. His memory was a vast magazine well stored and well arranged. Everything was there and everything in its place. Did you want any information? It was not only there but ready;—it was taken down, unpacked, unfolded, displayed. And all this

without any effort. A very warm friend—no one warmer—he was the uncompromising enemy of all that was deceitful and false. If truthfulness be the basis of excellence of character, then the character of the Rt. Rev. Father rested on a most secure foundation. With great ability, with great natural force of character, he combined a singularly upright heart. To him falsehood or dishonesty in any shape seemed utterly detestable. At the same time he had faults and imperfections which in the order of nature seem inseparable from these qualities and these gifts.

It is notorious that great changes have taken place in the Anglo-Benedictine Congregation. They were naturally preceded by discussions of great length and characterized by great warmth. The Abbot was in the thick of the fight. And during these events he displayed much of the strength of his character and something of its weakness. But, as St. Bernard suggests, when there is a contest for what seems just and right, is it not better to be stained with the blood and dust of the conflict than not to fight at all?

Some have expressed surprise that one so gifted should have led a life so hidden and so obscure. The observation is natural. The only reply one can make to it is, that Almighty God's ways are not man's ways. What Almighty God wishes for each one of us is the great and incomparable gift of Eternal Salvation. And if we will let Him, He will so ordinate our lives that this end may be gained. With this view, undoubtedly, He chose for the Right Rev. Father the kind of life which He chose for Himself during the greater part of His earthly career,—the kind of life which He chose for Our Lady and St. Joseph,—the kind of life which He always chooses for those whom He loves best,—a life of obscurity and labour.

Some perhaps who have only known the Right Rev. Father here at Brownedge, when broken with infirmity and age, may have been tempted at times to look upon him

with indifference if not with disdain. Such persons should remember that life is not a straight road but a circle. Only follow the route long enough and far enough, and it will bring you to the point whence you started. In other words, the weakness and incapacity of childhood are reproduced in the weakness and incapacity of old age.

It is not difficult for one who was familiar with the late Abbot to point out the chief feature of his spiritual life. His dominant idea, his ruling thought was the constant remembrance of death. When assisting on Sundays at Brindle, after the day's work was done, he would almost invariably remark: "Another Sunday gone! I wonder when the last will come." Every day he would make the Stations of the Cross, to obtain, by the merits of Christ's passion and death, the grace of dying well. For this same intention he made daily, frequent and long visits to the Blessed Sacrament. When some fifteen days ago it was intimated to me that he wished especially to see me, I knew what that meant; it was pre-arranged. He wished to receive the last sacraments at my hands. He made a general confession with every expression of the deepest humility and contrition; and in spite of the feebleness of old age he insisted on kneeling to receive Extreme Unction, out of reverence for the sacrament. Through me he now delivers his last message to you, Right Rev. and Rev. Fathers. "*Miseremini mei, miseremini mei, saltem vos amici mei.*" "Have pity on me, you at least my friends, have pity on me. Pray for me. Remember me especially during the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Ask our Lord graciously to overlook my sins and imperfections, and to reward me for the little that I have done and suffered, however unworthily, in His service." Let us listen to and grant this humble and pious and reasonable request. Then when our time comes (and with some of us that time cannot be far distant) we may hope that some good friends will kindly do the same good office for us.

Abbot Bury.

Dear Mr. Editor,

In obedience to your wishes, rather than from any personal inclination, I will jot down, in an informal way, some few reminiscences of our late distinguished confrère.

In the autumn of 1844, Abbot Bury, or Brother Austin as he was then, was appointed to teach French to the last Class in the Upper School at Ampleforth. He was then in his 18th year, and even then had the appearance of a youth who combined great force of character with great muscular strength. His most striking feature was a certain concentration in his look, by which it appeared that he had all his mental faculties well in hand, and, like well trained troops, they could be brought to bear with effect upon any object to which they might be directed. As the November examination brought about some changes in the teaching staff, my acquaintance with Br. Austin was then of very short duration.

He returned from Italy in the summer of 1848. From '48 to '49 was our year of Poetry. Br. Austin took us in Greek, French and Geometry. As a master, he always came to class with the lesson thoroughly well prepared. His patience in demonstrating a difficult problem to a slow, dull student was simply incomparable. Sometimes he would use a variety of illustrations, sometimes he would descend into the student's mind and from what he did know lead him step by step to the solution of his difficulty. Though naturally of an irascible temper he was never

known to give a penance. There was evidently such a reserve of strength behind that manner that no one usually dared to take any liberties. And is not the frequent infliction of penances a proof of weakness? Does not such a circumstance show that the master's influence requires to be strengthened by the use of other and external means?

It must not be gathered from the above that no attempts at diversion were ever made; but it was always without success. On one occasion, one who was considerably older in years than the Master was engaged at class in translating *vivâ voce* a passage of Homer. The Poet was describing his heroes at a banquet, quaffing black wine (*αἰθωνος οἶνον*); whereupon the student, with a degree of assurance that was habitual to him, observed that this liquor was probably the predecessor of "*black jack*," a drink popular in many low pot-houses in some districts. The class tittered. But there was a sudden expression of anger, on the part of the master, not unlike a growl, and then a look was shot at the delinquent, under which he quailed, and meekly continued the work of translation. As we left class, the offender whispered in my ear, "I will never try that game again; Br. Austin does not like it."

It was owing to Father Austin Bury's suggestion, that the admirable treatises of Aristotle on Poetry and Rhetoric were made part of the course of studies in the fifties of the last century. By means of these not only did students learn thoroughly the principles of the two arts, but were then gradually prepared for the higher studies of Logic and Philosophy. Though it is the custom amongst some to decry the writings of Aristotle as being as dry as chopped straw, Boileau, the French Poet, did not hesitate to say that he learnt more from Aristotle's Rhetoric than from any other book that he had ever used, and those who know the treatise will readily believe this to be true.

In the December of 1850, Br. Austin was raised to the Priesthood, and was appointed to teach Philosophy and

Theology. When my confrères and I were professed in 1852, we fell to his charge. This was a singular piece of good fortune. It was not merely that we had a good course and were well taught, but were imbued with a spirit of study and a taste for Ecclesiastical studies, without which there is no solid or persevering progress. In this respect the whole community of St. Lawrence's at that time were indebted to Fr. Austin Bury to an extent which can never be repaid or even sufficiently acknowledged.

For this work he was eminently fitted. As the old Latin translation of Aristotle has it, "*Intellectus humanus natus est divisa componere et composita dividere.*" He had the gift of analysis in a very high degree. To show this, one instance alone may be sufficient. A work on some point of Philosophy had been sent to the Prior. It was a pretentious book of some 500 pages. As we went to the Cafeteria after dinner for the usual recreation, this book, which was lying on the table, was picked up by Fr. Austin. He spent the usual half hour in looking through it and at the same time joining occasionally in a sort of desultory conversation. At the end of the time he asked me to join him for a walk. As we left the monastery he alluded to the book, stating the theses which it professed to advocate, giving in detail the several proofs and illustrations, and showing which were good and sound and which were poor and defective. The review of the work was complete. In such efforts as this he was assisted by a quick, most retentive and most accurate memory. Some perhaps at times have been disposed to think that the account given of this gift of Father Bury was somewhat exaggerated. To them the very existence of such a quality in such a degree seems an impossibility. But does not history record many instances of persons gifted with phenomenal memory? Is it not recorded of Cyrus that he knew every soldier in his army, and of Themistocles that he could call by name the 20,000 Athenians who made up the male population of the City

in his day? Is it not said of Leibnitz that he could repeat the whole of Virgil's *Æneid* by heart? Of Ben Johnson, a most prolific author, that he could repeat all that he had written and whole books he had read? Of Dr. Johnson that he never forgot anything that he had seen or heard or read? Of Burke, Grotius and Pascal that they forgot nothing that they had read or ever thought? Are not these instances sufficient to prove that a phenomenal memory is not an impossibility?

Fr. Austin, during our years of poetry (1848 and 1849), read with us the French Poets, Corneille, Racine, La Fontaine, &c., &c. Five years afterwards, in 1853, we were walking out together. Some French ParLOUR Boarders had joined us. A discussion was raised on the respective merits of English and French Poets. When Father Bury quoted whole speeches from Shakespeare I was not surprised. But I was surprised when he quoted not merely whole speeches but whole scenes from Racine and Corneille, works which he had not seen since he had read them with us at class five years before.

When, during the year of Rhetoric, we read with him the Orations of Demosthenes, if a doubt were raised about the quantity of any word, Fr. Austin could always quote a line of Homer for the solution of the difficulty. We came to the conclusion that he knew Homer by heart.

He could, after simply reading a long and abstruse article of St. Thomas, repeat the objections, the body of the article, and the answers to the objections easily and accurately.

In 1880 or thereabouts, he had to go to Rome on business. On his way he stopped at Florence in order to call on the General of the Jesuits. The General was from home; hence Fr. Bury had to await his return. One day, for recreation, he took a walk to a village at a little distance from the city, and at mid-day went into a place of refreshment for lunch. In the middle of the meal he was conscious

of the presence at the table behind him of some four or five young men, who were amusing themselves by decrying and abusing the Church and everything connected with it. He bore the infliction until he had finished his meal, and then he turned round to them. "Evidently," he said, "you are Florentines. Well, will you tell me what, worthy of notice in any way, would remain in Florence, if the works inspired by the Church in the way of buildings, statues and pictures were taken away? Simply shops and barracks." Quoting a long stanza from Dante, he asked: "Is there one amongst you who can tell me what this means? Not one of you. Dante was a Theologian. And you know nothing of Theology; though Theology is the first and the most important of all sciences. Is it right to say of you in consequence that you are only half educated? Can you tell me the meaning of these lines?" And he quoted again two other stanzas. "These are verses of exquisite beauty, and you cannot comprehend them. You leave it to us foreigners to understand and appreciate and enjoy the finest of your Poets. And we have this advantage over you because we study Theology as taught by the Church." He rose up, said his grace, and went out. When recording the incident, he remarked: "I felt they were staring at me as I walked away, but I felt also that I had scored."

Abbot Bury found great fault with several of the hymns used in the modern Offices of the Passion. The miserable versification, the poverty of ideas, the unfortunate choice of words and usually half-pagan allusions, made them, he declared, altogether unworthy of the events which they commemorated. He used to say that the mere recitation of them made his flesh creep, and was a severe part of his Lenten penance. Perhaps the Papal commission will do something in the way of remedying the sedeficiencies?

His model of an Ecclesiastical Poet was St. Thomas Aquinas. He often recited his verses as given in the

Office and Mass of Corpus Christi and elsewhere, with lips quivering with emotion. On one occasion I remember him, after quoting the stanza—

"Se nascens dedit socium,
Convalescens in edulium,
Se moriens in pretium,
Se regnans dat in premium."

affirm as a fact that Ariosto the Italian Poet would have given all that he had ever written to have been the author of those four lines.

Let me narrate two other incidents and then draw to a conclusion.

The first regards the old Republic of Venice and its civil administration. Abbot Bury heard it in 1846 from one who had it from the lips of the nobleman to whom the incident happened. It occurred about the year 1775. A certain Italian Count (I forget the name) then about 26 years of age, went to Venice, a busy, gay and lively city, for the purpose of recreation and of having what the Yankees call a good time. He arrived at night. After his coffee next morning he went out to enjoy the sights of the city. During his ramble he saw an article in a shop window, which he thought would be useful to him. He went in and ordered it. But when he sought for the wherewith to pay, he found that his purse was missing. There were several parties in the shop, and he exclaimed "I have not been in Venice 24 hours and I have been robbed. My purse has gone, and this is a city which boasts of the honesty of its people, and of the perfection of its civil administration." He went out in disgust and continued his walk. About mid-day he made his way to his hotel. On arrival there he was met by his host, who with a very grave look informed him that a summons had been left for him by an officer of the secret police, requiring his immediate appearance. Upon being questioned, he

informed the landlord what had happened, and protested that he did not wish to go; that the loss of the purse was not a matter of grave moment, and that he did not wish to give any further trouble. The landlord, however, assured him that he had better go, that he was watched, and that if he failed to obey or attempted to leave the city, he would be arrested, flung into prison, and then probably nothing more would be ever seen or heard of him.

At length he was persuaded. When he reached the office, an attendant, before admission, asked him his name, and then directed him to go along the passage and at the end to turn to the right, where he would receive further instructions. About the middle of the second passage, he met another functionary who, after asking his name, ushered him into a large room, which was divided into two parts by means of a curtain of heavy material some eight feet in height. In the part in which he found himself, there was no furniture whatever, but on the wall to his right there was something covered by a curtain of material similar to that which divided the room. He had scarcely time to notice these particulars when a voice from the other side of the curtain asked him who he was? He gave his name. "How long had he been in Venice?" He replied that he arrived last night. "Had anything notable occurred since his arrival?" "Yes, he had lost his purse, but that was not a matter of grave moment. "True," said the voice, "and when you discovered the loss, you impugned the probity of the citizens of Venice and the vigilance of the civil administration. There is a curtain to your right. Draw it." There he saw a corpse hanging by a rope round its neck, and it had a purse in its hand. The voice then informed him that the thief was there and that the purse was the one stolen. "Take the purse," it said. "Leave Venice within 24 hours, and learn henceforth to speak with more respect of the civil administration of the Republic." It is needless to say that he never felt desirous of going to Venice again.

The second incident is more pleasing. It occurred shortly after the occupation of Rome by the Italian troops, and was told to Fr. Bury by one of the officers who was present.

A General of Division was giving a dinner party to some young officers of different regiments. The day was Friday. During the process, the General noticed a young man who was not eating anything. After learning who he was, he asked the meaning of it. The young man was aware that soldiers are exempt from abstinence on Friday, when fed at the public expense, but not when entertained by others. He at once therefore rose to his feet and said, "General, I believe that every Catholic should obey the laws of the Catholic Church. The Catholic Church on occasions like this forbids Catholics to eat meat on Fridays. I am a Catholic and I therefore can eat no meat here to-day." The officers present were thunderstruck. During the silence which ensued, everyone wondered what would happen next. Meanwhile, the General called the head waiter, and instructed him to supply the young Lieutenant with something that he could eat. Nothing further occurred until the end of the meal. Then the general got up and observed: "Gentlemen, I cannot allow you to leave the table to-night without presenting our united thanks to the young Lieutenant for the admirable lesson which he has given to us in moral courage."

It seems to me best to conclude this paper with an extract from one of the last letters of the Abbot to me. The occasion was this: our Fathers at Brownedge were given to understand by the Doctor that the duration of the Abbot's life was very uncertain; indeed that it was not improbable that he might be found dead in his bed any morning. Under the circumstances it seemed to them desirable that he should receive the last Sacraments. But this was a delicate thing to propose. One of them came over to me to know whether I had any objections to do so.

I wrote to the Abbot, at once, to the effect, that as there appeared to be some uncertainty as to his state, he had a right to receive the last Sacraments; but that it was not necessary to make this public; that I would come out and do that service for him quietly, as if making an ordinary call.

To this he replied. "I am much obliged by your kind offer and the interest you take in my health. But my case has I think been overstated; . . . Indeed the Doctor at times seems to hold out hopes of ultimate recovery. As to this I cannot agree with him. I think this buzzing in the head which is so frequent must intimate some cerebral disturbance; and the fact of its having continued, with short intervals, for months induced me to take it as a merciful warning. I cannot expect death to be far distant. It makes me hear 'Memor esto quia mors non tardat;' and I take it as 'Ecce sto ad ostium et pulso.' I have so often repeated the Ave Verum Corpus &c., that I have every hope that as our Lord in His goodness grants me now the daily celebration of Mass so He will grant me in His mercy to receive the last rites. . . . You know I am always rejoiced to see you and am touched to the heart by your solicitude. When the time comes I shall be very glad to accept the kind offer of your administrations, &c., &c." In accordance with the arrangement he received the last Sacraments on Wednesday the 30th of December, 1903. He lingered, sometimes better sometimes worse, until Friday, January 8th. He then collapsed completely, died on Sunday, January 10th, and was buried on January 14, 1904.

Hoping that I have complied with your wishes by this hasty and informal compilation,

I am, Mr. Editor,

Yours sincerely,

M. WILFRID BROWN.

NOTE BY THE BISHOP OF NEWPORT.

I would ask permission to add a note to Fr. Wilfrid Brown's interesting "in memoriam" of the late Abbot Bury.

My own experience of his character and methods begins with the year 1853-4, when I was one of a class of students (at Ampleforth) who, having finished their "Rhetoric," were taken by him through a course of Logic and Metaphysics. There were five of us—and three have passed away, viz., Father Oswald Tyndall, Father Benedict Murphy, and Mr. Thomas Byron. There remain Father Ildefonsus Brown and myself. Father Bury, returning from Italy in 1848, had brought back with him a thorough knowledge and enthusiastic appreciation of the philosophy of St. Thomas of Aquin and the strict Thomistic School represented by Cardinal Cajetan and Joannes a Sancto Thomâ. Before this time metaphysical philosophy at Ampleforth had been represented by such writers as Locke, Watts, Reid and Stewart—as at other Colleges in England. When Fr. Bury began with our class he had already taught two, if not three courses. I think the first class that he took consisted of the late Abbot Hickey, Abbot Prest and another. The second would be the late Fr. A. Pozzi, Fr. Gregory Brierley and another. Then would come the class of which Father Wilfrid Brown, Father Paulinus Wilson, and Father Romuald Woods are illustrious survivors. One difficulty in the way of his teaching was the want of books. There were no manuals of the Thomist philosophy to put into the hands of young men. Goudin existed—but Goudin at that date, was only to be had in old and comparatively rare editions. Besides, Abbot Bury did not altogether like Goudin, whom he did not consider a thorough-going Thomist. The great course

of Sanserino, of Naples, who may be called the pioneer of the Thomist revival, had not then appeared, and if it had, it would have been too long for use as a text-book. Neither had Liberatore then published his course. But Liberatore was never much liked by Abbot Bury. Whilst studying in Italy under the Abbot Bianchi, of Parma, he had put into his hands a MS. course of Logic and Metaphysics by Padre Sordi, S.J. This he brought to Ampleforth. I think the only copy that was brought over was one made by Father Lawrence Shepherd (Abbot Bury's companion in the Italian sojourn); it was, I remember, beautifully transcribed in Father Shepherd's excellent hand. Members of the community were set to multiply copies of this—and for several years it was part of the "dura et aspera" of the novitiate to copy Padre Sordi. These copies our class had to use—and it may be said that some of them were about as badly written as any novice could write. They were not laid aside till 1858 or 1859, when the teaching of Philosophy was transferred to St. Michael's, Hereford.

Padre Sordi's manual contained a clear and developed exposition of Thomistic and Aristotelian teaching in Logic, Ontology, Psychology and Ethics. Father Bury considered that his Psychology was especially well done. His Ontology, on the other hand, was somewhat deficient—and we had to supplement in out of Cajetan, Joannes a St. Thomá, and St. Thomas' own *De Ente et Essentia*. With regard to Logic, I remember that Father Bury used to illustrate the syllogisms by diagrams, in a fashion which virtually anticipated Hamilton and Jevons.

Afterwards, when going through our theological course at Ampleforth, we had the advantage of being taken by Father Bury through the whole of the *Summa* of St. Thomas. He knew St. Thomas perfectly. Moreover, he possessed that keen, analytical mind which distinguishes between term and term, which fixes the scientific value of

patristic phrases, which sorts into classes the scattered *dicta* of ancients, and uses the syllogism ruthlessly and unwearyingly. From him one certainly learned to be accurate in theological expression, and to appreciate the connection of dogma with dogma. One also learned, by the example of his powerful analysis, how much more there may be in a theological formula than appears to the superficial observer. The perfect finish and magical lucidity of the Angelic Doctor came to be more and more felt and admired. And the art of clear and trenchant reply to objections and solution of difficulties was effectively imparted in his brilliant application of the scholastic method of distinguishing.

Had Abbot Bury kept up systematic study and a wider reading, I do not know what eminent service he could not have performed for the Church and for the science of divinity. It was partly owing to his nervous temperament that he more or less ceased to read after he was thirty. He used to be impatient of modern Non-Catholic metaphysical or religious thought, and said that he never met an idea that had not been anticipated or refuted by St. Thomas. But to the last, he loved to return to the studies of his youth and would discuss with all the power of his subtle and accurate mind and his prodigious memory the books and questions of the day, as far as they came in his way.

† J. C. H.

Classical Scholars at Play.

A SUPPLEMENTARY NOTE.

AN Oxford friend—himself a distinguished classical scholar*—who has read the paper on the *Arundines Cami* in the last number of this Journal, has kindly furnished me with two remarkable illustrations of what can be made, in the way of metrical translation, of even the most unpromising material, when a really accomplished Latinist gives his mind to the task.

The first is a clever and amusing rendering into an elegiac couplet by William Selwyn (Canon of Ely, and brother of the better-known Bishop George Selwyn of Lichfield) of an advertisement which caught his eye, many years ago, on the platform of Bristol station. The announcement ran thus :

Our Celebrated Ten Shilling Hat !
Ventilation Perfect ! Grease-proof !

And here is the canon's impromptu couplet :

Pileus hic, solidisque decem, notusque per orbem ;
Quem penetrat ventus, nec penetrabit adeps.

The second example is perhaps the most astonishing *four-de-force* of this kind ever attempted or achieved. It is impossible to imagine a specimen of English more hopelessly ill-adapted for translation into Latin verse than a letter such as the following :

* The Rev. Edward Moore, D.D., Principal of St. Edmund's Hall,

Rev. Sir,

You are requested to attend a meeting of the Bridge Committee on Saturday the 5th of November, at 12 o'clock, to consider Mr. Diffe's proposal for laying down Gas Pipes.

We are, Rev. Sir,
your obedient servants,
SMITH & SON, Solicitors.

Dr. Benjamin Hall Kennedy, the famous head-master of Shrewsbury, was challenged to produce a rendering of this interesting epistle in Latin elegiacs. The result was the set of eight verses which follow, and in which (it is hardly necessary to point out) the marvellous fidelity to the original—every single word being translated—is only excelled by the super-elegance of the Latinity.

Concilio bonus intersis de Ponte, rogamus,
Saturni sacro, Vir Reverende, die.
Nonne, ne frustrere, dies erit ille Novembris,
Sextaque delectos convocat hora viros.
Carbonum luci suadet struxisse canales
Diphilus : ambigitur prosit an obsit opus.
Hæc tibi devincti Fabri, natusque paterque,
Actores socii, Vir Reverende, dabant.

D. OSWALD HUNTER-BLAIR.



From Photo by Messrs. Birk & Sons, Pickering.

Lake Pickering.

A FAIRLY complete view of the Vale of Pickering may be had from the hill-top immediately above Ampleforth Abbey. The road that runs from the Beacon-farm to the corner of Bolton Bank and the triangular wood is on the ridge of the hill; from it looking eastward, we may see the Vale of Pickering between the northern moors on our left and the chalk wolds to our right,—a valley six miles wide from north to south, narrowing away eastward to the gap of Filey Bay which parts the last of the moorlands from the first rise of the chalk. That this valley had once been filled by a lake, was held by Phillips even in the

early part of the nineteenth century; but it is only quite recently that the time and cause and history of the lake have been worked out by Mr. P. F. Kendall, Lecturer at the Yorkshire College, Leeds.*

Briefly, he has established that the lake belonged to glacial times, when ice closed alike the seaward gap at the east of the vale and the westward gap of the Vale of Mowbray; when the gorge of the Derwent at Malton was not yet cut, and the waters that now escape there having no outlet filled all the Vale of Pickering, till they found a passage over the crest of the hill, and overflowed into another lake round the Humber.

To appreciate the evidence on which the history of Lake Pickering rests, it is necessary to have some idea of the physical and geological structure of the district concerned,—the Cleveland Moors, and the northern face of the chalk wolds.

In detail, the moors seem to be a wilderness of tangled ravine and upland; but the general structure of their surface is very simple. On all sides except the south the moor-edge is a steep cliff; beginning at Gormire we might walk northward along the cliff-top by Mount Grace and Ingleby Greenhow and Guisborough, and with little interruption on to the sea-cliffs at Saltburn and Skinninggrove; having always on our right the flat-topped moors, and on our left the sheer slope down into the vast plains of York and of the Tees. Again, from Saltburn down the coast to Filey Brig, the seaward edge of the district is for the most part high cliff, broken only by such gullies and ravines as we have already met on the landward cliffs. The southern edge of the moors is marked by the railway from Helmsley and Kirby Moorside to Seamer and Filey; the slope on this face is much more gradual, though even here there are stretches of cliff. The table-land within these boundaries has been carved by running water into two

* *Quarterly Journal of the Geological Society*, Aug. 1902. (Longmans, 5/-)

great river basins, parted by a solid backbone of highland running east and west from Robin Hood's Bay to the cliff that looks down on Ingleby Greenhow. To the north of this backbone lies the basin of the Esk; to the south that of the Rye, and the Derwent. These basins are not broad valleys, however, and the metaphor 'basin' is appropriate only in as far as it suggests a rim from which all waters flow inwards. They consist of three series of dales, all of which run, broadly speaking, north and south; the Esk, flowing eastward, is fed from the north by a series of small dales a mile or two in length, and from the south by a larger series, each some five miles long and half a mile or more wide. These latter slope down from the highland that parts the two regions. On the south side of this highland are the heads of the great dales that run down into the Vale of Pickering, dales ten miles in length, reaching a depth of 600 feet, yet sometimes scarcely a hundred yards wide. Between dale and dale there is a gigantic finger of moorland springing from the great knuckle of upland, sinking and rising and sinking again, broadened and flattened at the tip so much that from the valley the shrunken dale mouths look little more than the opening of a quarry. This alternation of moorland finger and dale is most regular in the westward half of the district; and our own hill is but the westernmost and longest of these fingers, lying between Ryedale and the Vale of York, and bending inwards at the tip till beyond Stonegrave it sinks down as do all the other fingers into the Vale of Pickering.

Such is the present surface of the district to the north of the Vale of Pickering; its southern border will need but little description. For the western half, the Howardian range that stretches from Malton to Easingwold, is the continuation of the finger of moorland last spoken of,—cut off from our own hill by the two great faults that sank our valley and made possible a railway from Thirsk to

Gilling. And the eastern half, from Malton to the sea at Speeton and Flamborough, is the northern edge of the great sheet of chalk that underlies so much of the east and south of England.

To complete this sketch of the present surface of the district, let us go round the margin of the Vale of Pickering. Along the south-east we follow the foot of this chalk-escarpment, some 600 feet high; at Malton is the gorge by which the Derwent escapes; westward we follow the foot of the Howardian Hills, but leave them at Slingsby and crossing the mouth of the Vale of Mowbray reach the foot of the southernmost spur of the Hambleton Hills, and follow it from Nunnington to Helmsley. Here we are on the northern margin of the Vale of Pickering, and as we follow it eastward to the sea we pass one after another the mouths of the great dales from Ryedale to Rosedale and Newton Dale, each sending down its tributary to the Derwent. The sea end of the Vale is not clearly defined. The rocks of the northern moorlands end at Filey Brig; the chalk escarpment opposite approaches within two miles and then bends away southward to Flamborough; and the gap between is closed by cliffs of boulder clay more than a hundred feet high.

Geologically, our moorlands belong to the middle of the middle ages,—the Jurassic formation which comes midway in the second of the three great divisions of geological time; the chalk wolds are a later formation belonging to the end of the same secondary period. This is in accordance with the general law that shows how the strata are related in England; the strata to the north-west are the older, and dip towards the south-east, where they are overlain by newer strata. Thus in our district, the strata of the plains to the west and north of the moorlands dip under the base of the cliff-faces; and the strata at the cliff-top dip inwards to the south and east and are covered by new strata in the heart of the moor, which again dipping

are overlain by another on the southern slopes of the moors above Helmsley and Kirby and Pickering; this in turn dips under the Kimmeridge Clay that fills the Vale of Pickering; and the clay itself dips under the chalk in the south-east. It follows that a boring made, say, in the Vale of Pickering ought to pierce the same strata that would be met with in walking north-west from the spot,—and in the same order. This is true; but furthermore in this particular district the same strata would be met with by walking east or west from the spot; for the strata are tilted to right and to left so that each is somewhat in the shape of the scoops used by sellers of tea, the curved edge representing the outcrop. Thus the Middle Calcareous Grit of Wass Moor may be traced in a wide curve round the moors till it ends in Eiley Brig.

When northern Europe was buried in ice as Greenland now is, each mountain group made its own glaciers and affected more or less the general flow of the ice. The ice that reached our district came chiefly from Scandinavia across the bed of North Sea; but there were other flows from the mountains of Scotland and of Cumberland; and the track of the ice is marked by fragments of Shap granite and Scottish stones and Baltic sea-shells. The main flow of the ice was along the East Coast southward; but there was also an inland flow from the Tees down the Vale of York; its limit is recorded by a great terminal moraine north of York City. Thus our moorlands were near the margin of the ice-sheet, and stood out as an island in it. On the coast-side, indeed, the pressure from behind carried the ice a few miles on to the moor-top; the seaward half of the Esk basin was filled, and all the northern upland from Egton to Salthurn was covered. But from Guisborough to Gormire the face of the cliff stood high above the ice that flowed in the plain. This ice as it flowed past Gormire to Easingwold and the south would inevitably send a small lateral flow into our valley; of the



Pickering
Church
Easingwold

From Photo by Henri Bosh to Sent, Pickering.

evidences of this we shall speak later. Similarly the main flow along the coast would send a lobe some distance up the valley from Filey and Scarborough; and thus the only natural outlets from the Vale of Pickering would both be blocked with ice.

Now consider the state of this island in a sea of ice. Its climate would be arctic, and the streams that now are carving out dale and gully would all be swollen with snow. On the outer margin where the cliffs faced the ice, every gully would pour down its little stream as at present; but the outlet would be blocked, and the waters would rise and make the gully a lake; and still rising would overflow by the first possible channel. This would probably be round the headland enclosing the gully, at the margin where the ice-edge touched the land; the water would flow round to the next gully, swelling the lake that was forming there; and so all round the cliff-face lakelet would overflow into lakelet, the higher into the lower, till the lowest found an outlet to the river and the sea.

If such a lake remained long at one level, we should expect it to leave traces of its presence; partly in the deposit of mud on its floor; partly in the formation of a beach and of the familiar deltaic deposit of sand or gravel that gathers where a stream enters standing water; but chiefly by the overflow channel trenched in the hillside where the ice-margin was. And it is by these evidences that all the lakes are traced, not only on the outer margin but in the interior of the moorland.

The marginal lake at Dromanby, above Ingleby Greenhow, is interesting. There is a huge bay here in the cliff-face, looking northwest to Stokesley and Stockton; and the lake would occupy the corner of the bay, the rest being filled with ice to a great height. A lake overflows by the lowest available channel; and in this case the lowest available channel was not along the ice-margin, but over the cliff-top and down into Bilsdale. Those who

have driven to the top of Bilsdale will remember that the road does not climb over the cliff top as at Gormire, but passes through a narrow gorge to the outer face of the cliff, and then goes steeply down the lower slopes to the plain. This gorge is the channel cut by the overflowing waters of the marginal lake; it is deep and narrow, as is to be expected when a large stream of water cuts itself a channel through friable rocks.

Let us now see the state of the interior of the moorlands. The northern basin, it will be remembered, consists of the narrow valley of the Esk, fed by small dales on the north and larger dales on the south. The lower or seaward half of this basin was filled with ice from the north-east, and the river waters stood in the upper half of the basin, making it with all its dales one many-armed lake. The ice margin, descending from the northern hills, crossed the Esk valley, leaving a great moraine where the ice ended and the waters began; and coming south the ice edge inevitably half filled and half left free the southern dales that are midway along the river's course, while it completely blocked those nearest the sea; so that in each of these half-blocked dales a lake would form, and as the waters rose we should have repeated on a large scale the overflow from lake to lake and the trenching of channels along the ice-edge which we have already seen on the outer cliffs. These channels can be traced from dale to dale, cutting through intervening spurs; and they show that the overflow was from north to south, from the great lake of the upper Esk to the lower dales in succession. But where was the final outflow? From the last of the lakes the water escaped over the top of the great knuckle of land that parts the Esk basin from the great southern dales; and rapidly deepening its channel cut out the great gorge of Newton Dale, the gorge through which runs the railway from Whitby to Pickering. This gorge, and the smaller one already mentioned at Dromanby, are the only

channels cut through the crest that divides the moors into northern and southern basins; and these channels are not used by any existing stream; their work was done when the glacial lakes disappeared.

It will now be evident how Lake Pickering was formed. All the great dales poured their streams down into the Vale of Pickering; Newton Dale brought in addition the whole overflow of the Eskdale lakes, Bilsdale brought waters from the outer lakes; and by one channel or another the whole surface drainage of the moors must have reached the Vale of Pickering,—escape in all other directions was cut off by the great ice-sheet. And as we have seen, the natural outlet from the Vale of Pickering into Filey Bay was blocked by the ice, which has left its limits marked by a great moraine across the valley at Brompton, seven miles inland. So the waters would rise and make the whole Vale of Pickering into a lake; and they would continue to rise till at some point they overflowed the hills that confined them. The outlet they found was the gap at Malton where the chalk begins to overlie the Oolite of the moorlands; and here the overflowing waters ultimately deepened their bed and cut out the gorge by which the river and the railway now run from Malton to Castle Howard. As the outlet deepened the level of the lake would of course be lowered, till at the present depth of the outlet the lake would be wholly drained.

The question must suggest itself, why should it be thought that the ice was all round, and yet did not invade the Vale of Pickering, and for that matter the moorland heights as well? The foreign stones carried by the ice, the occasional sea-shells, all of recognisable origin, are abundant in the region said to be covered by ice; they are missing on the moorlands. The moorlands moreover are free from boulder-clay,—that mass of earth and broken stones that seems to be pushed along and deposited in

hollows by the under-surface of the flowing ice. The evidence for the lake must be different. There is the moraine at the seaward end; on the ice side of it foreign pebbles abound, on the lake side they are missing. There is the outlet at Malton: the in-flow by Newton Dale at Pickering, which gives us the level of the lake waters by the great delta of gravel laid down all round by the intruding stream; there is the mud-flow deposited all over the Vale of Pickering above the Kimmeridge Clay.

The Memoir of the Geological Survey (1881) mentions that in the Vale of Pickering "there is a certain amount of Boulder Clay and gravel which caps most of the hills lying in the plain; its thickness at Kirkby Misperton and Barugh is about seven feet. It thins out towards the sides of the hills."

This is interesting. It is exactly what should happen if there was really such a lake as we are describing in glacial times. Compare it with the following, from George's *Glaciers of the Oberland* (1866), where he is speaking of the Märjelen See, the only accessible example of a glacial lake: "This is a small lake, at one end of which the ice of the glacier rises in cliffs some sixty feet above the level of the water. Masses of ice frequently become detached and fall into the lake, where they float about as miniature icebergs."

And why these icebergs should cap the hills with boulder-clay is explained in Lyell's *Elements of Geology* (1874), where he is speaking of the Greenland icebergs, many of which "were loaded with beds of earth and rock;" "floating ice, laden with stones, will pass freely through deep water, while it will run aground where there are reefs and shallows. . . . In the course of ages such a sea-bed may become densely covered with transported matter, from which some of the adjoining greater depths may be free."

So from the face of the glacier the icebergs would float about Lake Pickering, till they stranded and deposited

their load of clay and stones on the shallows of the margin or on the submerged hill tops.

It would have been most interesting to us to know the exact state of our own valley during this period; but unfortunately Mr. Kendall had not studied the local details, and merely records his opinion that the valley was invaded by a lobe of the glacier of the Vale of York. That this lobe came at least as far as Ampleforth village seems certain: it explains quite simply a feature that had long puzzled me in Shallowdale. Shallowdale is the deep and long gully in the hill-side half-way between Ampleforth and Wass; at its upper end are four or five of those rounded headlands or bluffs that form between two steamlets falling steeply into a gully. Just above the forehead of one of these a great trench is cut from side to side, deep and wide like a railway cutting, but only 30 or 40 yards long. There is no conceivable motive that would have led to its being made by man; and there is no stream that could possibly have cut it. But its meaning is at once obvious on the assumption that the gully was filled with a mountain of ice. The ice-edge rested on the forehead of the headland, and made lakelets in the gully heads to right and to left; and the higher lakelet overflowed into the lower, cutting this channel along the ice-edge. Furthermore, as the ice had come from the Vale of York by way of Coxwold and Wass, there could be no outlet for the waters on that side; they must ultimately escape on the Ampleforth side into the Vale of Pickering. The flow, therefore, through this channel was from west to east; it is natural therefore to find in the eastern slope, shown in our illustration, three distinct downward tracks taken successively by the water as it cut deeper the channel over the spur. Moreover, looking down the long sides of Shallowdale into the open valley, it is natural to find the Wass side smooth and round, since there there was no flow of water; while the Ampleforth

LAKE PICKERING.

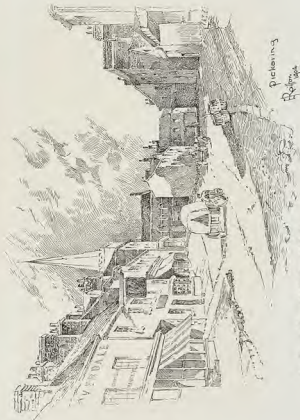
side is terraced from head to foot with trenches and channels cut by the escaping waters,—at different levels as a result probably of the advancing and receding of the ice-front. These terraced channels are deep and obvious and may be traced from the head of Shallowdale round to the cliffs in the valley almost as far as Ampleforth village.

It follows that somewhere further east in the valley there should be found a terminal moraine marking where the



ice met the water; but I have no suggestion to offer as to its situation. Pebbles found in our fields and on the 'Lion wood' hill seem to be erratics carried from some distant region by the ice; but more evidence is needed on this point.

It will be evident that Lake Pickering is supposed to have existed in the late evening of geological time. Not only were all the strata as we know them, and the great



From Photo by Messrs. Bond & Son, Pickering.

hills and valleys and streams; but even the little gullies and stream-heads, and those dry or all but dry valleys that cut up the hillsides are all taken as pre-existing. The glacial theory does not explain them; it takes them for granted. And these glacial lakes are quite recent, absolutely as well as relatively. The channels and terraces are on so small a scale that they would be wiped out by any extensive denudation; and they look as fresh at least as a Roman camp. Lyell, who believed that the great ice-age was in the dim past, and who invoked a slow submersion of the land to some 1500 feet to explain the presence of sea shells on the glacial drift, yet recognised in the case of the parallel roads (lake-shores) of Glenroy that such phenomena must be later than the last submersion; the sea would have left little trace of them. And the trend of more recent thought seems to be towards connecting the supposed early glacial evidences with these admittedly recent ones, and putting the ice-age at a date nearer to 10,000 years ago than to a quarter of a million. But no date is likely to be generally accepted until the geological evidence is reinforced by a really satisfactory theory of the physical cause of an ice-age.

J. B. McLAUGHLIN.

A Storm in a Slop-basin.

THE Opium-eater, in a posthumous essay recently printed, describes Lord John Russell's object in writing his famous *Letter to the Bishop of Durham* as a desire to raise "a storm in a slop-basin." What he did raise would be best expressed by a well-known word familiar in Californian slang. Indeed no storm, in or out of a slop-basin, has so violently disturbed the religious peace of the English nation, since the Gunpowder Plot and the death of Sir Edmondsbury Godfrey, than the agitation created by the so-called Papal aggression. It is the object of this paper to revive the memory of some incidents connected with it that should not be forgotten, and, by doing so, to correct or bring into truer focus the somewhat blurred and impressionist picture of it which seems to be accepted as historical. Though there was a moment when the disturbance threatened to lead to a riot of the magnitude of a revolution, there was nothing great or masterful or magnificent about it; it was made up of littleness and little things,—little mistakes, little jealousies, little angers, little policies and little results. One is tempted to add also "little minds and little men," but not all the actors in the scene merit such a title. The whole business, very literally, was a much ado about nothing. The storm was like a down-pour, popularly described as having the appearance of a deluge, but which, when measured in a rain-gauge, is correctly recorded as a fraction of an inch. The material damage done by it was fully covered by a few pounds

spent in glaziers' bills, and the final effect, after the remainder, bad-temper, had been digested, was a better understanding and a new spirit of religious tolerance.

Let us go back to the beginning and see what the uproar was all about. The Preamble of the Apostolic Letter establishing a Hierarchy in England gives a clear and succinct account of the irregular arrangements which had preceded it. First, Pope Gregory XV, in 1623, sent William Bishop, Bishop of Chalcedon, to England with ample faculties and the power of an Ordinary. At his death, Pope Urban VIII, in 1625, appointed Richard Smith as his successor, with the same title, powers and faculties. (This, it may be remarked, was made a matter of dispute; Bishop Smith claimed to have received in his Brief enlarged powers.) Leyburn followed, appointed by Pope Innocent XI, with the designation of Vicar Apostolic. James II was now king. A little later, by the same Pope in the same reign, in 1688, was created the arrangement of four districts ruled over by four Vicars Apostolic—the London, Eastern, Midland and Northern districts,—an arrangement which lasted up to the time of Gregory XVI. Then, in 1840—possibly in answer to a petition for a Hierarchy made by the secular priests of England in that year—the number of districts was doubled. The halved districts with their eight Vicars Apostolic prepared the way for the establishment of a Hierarchy, consisting of an Archbishop and twelve suffragans, in 1850.

Up to this last moment, not any of the Roman appointments and ecclesiastical arrangements had disturbed in the least the sensibilities of English Protestants. They provoked no resentment and aroused no jealousy. Why should they have done so? The presence in their midst of a man calling himself a bishop was as little calculated to cause uneasiness as a professor with a foreign university degree. Bishops Smith and Leyburn were left in peace when many of their priest, languished in prison or died on the scaffold.

Probably, the authorities recognized how much wiser a policy it was to take no notice of them than to turn them into martyrs. Besides, it was an obvious advantage that Catholics should have a head who could be easily and continuously watched and who could be negotiated with if the need should arise. The great bugbear of the English people in those days was not the priest or the Bishop, nor even the Pope, but the idea of a secret organization whose workings were guided by some hidden master-hand,—a society whose aims, ambitions and schemes were only vaguely suspected even by its members, each unit of which was under the most delicate control, an unconscious wheel of a machine, impalpable, unscrupulous, irresistible. Even when such strong offence was taken at the Romanizing policy of James II, it was the Jesuit Provincial, Father Petre, who was the popular scapegoat, and not the four Vicars Apostolic. The English nation is seldom, and never for any length of time, unfair or ungenerous to an open enemy, but it strikes blindly and fiercely, like Hamlet, at the rat behind the arras. The one hurtful policy with Catholics in England has been secrecy. But, indeed, much of their reputed secrecy and nearly all their suspected plots and schemes were purely imaginary, and such underhand methods as they did practise were wholly compulsory. Catholicism, as Catholicism, has never had anything to conceal.

The final development of the Vicar Apostolic system was coincident with the culmination of the Puseyite movement at Oxford. Tract 90 was published almost immediately after the promulgation of Gregory XVI's decree. Traced back to its first origins, Ritualism was the outcome of the Catholic Emancipation Act of 1829. This had not only given a legal status to Catholics, and enabled them to enter Parliament and hold certain offices of State, but it conceded to the Roman Catholic Clergy and others the right to hold trusts, acquire and inherit

property, not in their private capacity only, but as representatives of a diocese or mission. This latter was the chief effective principle of the Act. The other liberties conceded affected the status of individuals; this that of the whole Catholic body. Catholics could now build churches and endow missions without risk of loss or forfeiture of their work. Before, though the penal laws had been relaxed, and there were already many small churches scattered throughout the land, they were unpretentious, all of them, and some of them quite hidden away; little money had been spent over them, and what existed in the way of endowments was mostly in the private hands of patrons and influential families. When a family wished to leave a farm, for instance, to a church for the support of a priest, he bequeathed it to the Catholic squire, with an unwritten secret trust which the family very honourably respected. But Catholic Church property, however cunningly secured, was illicit, and it was considered neither safe nor wise to do much in the way of building and endowing churches. As yet it was thought best to make as little show of Catholicism as possible. It existed only on sufferance. Buildings, services, ceremonies, and even sermons were generally so ordered as to escape rather than to attract attention. With the freedom of the Act of 1829 came a change, and with the change a revival which showed itself to outsiders mainly in the building and restoration of churches and rituals. There was nothing now to hinder Catholics from serving God openly, with all the forms and surroundings in use among their forefathers. In consequence there was much talk about ancient ritual, mediæval art and ecclesiastical usage. Such words as rubric, chasuble, pall, missal, reredos, roodloft, sedilia, orientation, &c., came into everyday use. Protestants also began to be interested in ecclesiastical antiquities as well as Catholics. They could not help but notice that their own old parish Churches and Cathedrals had been designed for the

Catholic ritual. It was forced upon them that the revival was nothing more than the re-introduction of old English customs and ceremonies. This interest in the old architecture, the old chants and the old Ritual led to interest in the old Faith. Hence, to trace it to its earliest beginning, the origin of the Ritualistic movement. And the two names which may stand as representative of the period—not as setting in motion or even directing the movement, though their influence was real and important; but as its expression, brought into prominence by the demands of the moment—were those of two converts to Catholicism: Konelm Digby the author of *Mores Catholici* and *The Broadstone of Honour*, and Augustus Welby Pugin, the champion of Gothic Architecture. The man who did most to turn this Ritualistic movement to account for the development of Catholicity in England was Nicholas Wiseman, the Rector of the English College in Rome.

Dr. Wiseman's connection with England began in the autumn of 1835. He had come over with the express intention of trying to excite in England such a movement as had been begun by Lacordaire and Montalembert in France. He was just sufficiently well known in the country for people to be interested in him. The exact task he had set himself to do may or may not have been beyond his powers; as a matter of fact the current of events led him in another direction; but he was a man who had mental and personal gifts which gave him great influence over men. He was an excellent elocutionist of the florid Italian style; he had also a great fund of interesting learning, and had the Roman lecturer's practised skill in making effective use of it. He had, moreover, that belief in himself which the friendship of men of European reputation was likely to inspire in a young man. He had corresponded with or been received on equal terms by Döllinger, Schlegel, Bünsen, Möhler and other celebrities. His first visit to England was so great a success that it

seems to have left him with an exaggerated notion of the impressibility or plasticity of the English character. He was too clear-sighted and humble to believe himself destined to bring back England to the Faith, but he had done so much good in so short a time and in such a narrow space that he could not see a limit to his possible effectiveness when his opportunities were extended. He was the fashion in a small ecclesiastical way. All pulpits were open to him. Men such as Lord Brougham attended his lectures. At the same time his articles in the *Dublin Review*, newly started, won flattering attention and discussion at Oxford among the Protestant clergy. Unwillingly, almost sadly, he went back to Rome; and he eagerly seized the opportunity of returning to England in 1839 to continue the work. On this occasion he was chosen by Bishop Walsh of the Central district as Coadjutor. Afterwards, on the death of Bishop Griffiths in 1847, he was removed to the London district as Pro-Vicar Apostolic. Meanwhile an agitation for an English Hierarchy had been seriously begun.

At the time there were two very distinct parties in England in favour of a Hierarchy. Some years earlier the measure had been advocated by the Cisalpine club,—an anti-ultramontane society which desired to see England more independent of Rome, more self-subsistent, choosing its own bishops and making laws for itself. There were priests and people with similar ideas advocating the establishment of a Hierarchy in 1847. On the other hand, the measure was urged by Dr. Wiseman and his friends for the very opposite reason, that they thought it would bring England into closer relationship with the Holy See. Both parties were at one in the belief that the development of Catholicism in England demanded it. Numerically, through the Irish immigration, and intellectually, through the Oxford converts, Catholics felt themselves to have become a power they had not been for

centuries. The Holy See was easily convinced that a recognition of the importance of English Catholicism would be an encouragement and help to it. Two agents of such different temperaments and views as Dr. Wiseman and Dr. Ullathorne were in Rome commissioned to promote and encourage the scheme. There was a strong opposition headed by Cardinal Acton and backed up by the influence of the Jesuits. But there was a new Pope, Pius IX, who was just then all for advance and action. The progressive party gained their desire, and a Hierarchical scheme was decided upon, and a Bull drawn up, in 1848. The Roman Revolution, which drove the Pope to Gaeta, delayed its publication for a time. But it was finally despatched and reached England in 1850.

For some short while Pius IX had determined to raise Dr. Wiseman to the Cardinalate. So little had this bestowal of a Cardinal's hat upon the Englishman to do with the establishment of an English Hierarchy that a chief part of its purpose was to retain the English prelate in Rome. The Holy See desired his services for itself. But representations of the loss Catholicism would sustain by the withdrawal of England's most popular and distinguished Prelate induced His Holiness to modify his designs, and concede to English Catholics, by the same act, the double favour of a Cardinal and a Hierarchy. No one at Rome or in England so much as dreamed that Protestant England would or could resent the very innocent distinction conferred upon it.

It is generally assumed that only a big misunderstanding can make big mischief. But if an historian of the present day were to sift and search documents for any evident or reasonably possible cause for the disturbance caused by Cardinal Wiseman's letters and the issue of the Bull, he could find nothing. His own imagination would be a greater help to him. For instance he might imagine that the letters and Bull were published at an

unfortunate moment when Protestant sensibilities were hurt or disturbed and could be touched in the raw. Or he might suppose that some real injury was done, or at least threatened, to Protestant ascendancy. Or he might suppose that the Protestant spirit was more forceful and strenuous and national then than it had been since the days of Elizabeth. But the undoubted truth is that English Protestantism was then in a particularly languid state, that it hardly knew its own mind, that it was not very violently anti-papal, and, though it had been wounded by the Oxford secession, the sore may be correctly described as local and uninflamatory. Of course there was a section of the Established Church angry against Catholicism. Bigotry, like poverty, we shall always have with us. But just then it belonged to the bye-ways and was not seen or heard in the public streets. In fact such a riotous anti-papery clamour as the establishment of the Hierarchy raised was the last thing that anyone with his finger on the Protestant pulse would have ventured to prognosticate. It was just such a period of quiescence that only a storm in a slop-basin seemed likely or possible.

But, it is an old truth that a trifling misunderstanding has more power to excite sudden heat and violent passion than a blow or a wound. It takes but a little word to turn a friend into an enemy. The quarrel between Brutus and Cassius reached white heat when Cassius made the unhappy remark that he was a soldier "older in practice," "abler to make conditions" than his colleague. "I am as good as you" or "I can beat you" is generally the climax of a misunderstanding. This was the case in the present instance. The things misunderstood, put in short, were: first, that Cardinal Wiseman wrote his letter announcing the act of the Holy See to the *Times*; secondly, that in his pastoral, he used the phrase "Given out of the Flaminian Gate of Rome;" thirdly, that he spoke of "res-

toring Catholic England to its orbit in the ecclesiastical firmament" and of its beginning a "a course of regularly-adjusted action round the centre of unity, the source of jurisdiction, of light, of vigour;" fourthly, that the Papal Bull recounted succinctly its policy: how it had begun by appointing a single bishop and had gradually increased him into a hierarchy. The rock of offence was neither more nor less than these four pebbles, as we may call them, thrown without thought into the quiescent slop-basin. Unfortunately, the action of the Holy See and the words of the Cardinal were capable, like the phrase of Cassius, of being misunderstood, and were taken by English Protestantism to be an assertion that English Catholicism was now as good, a better, or at least an elder religion than the Established Church.

It was the *Times* which initiated the quarrel and invented the irritating word "Papal aggression." If the Cardinal had sent his annunciatory letter to the *Tablet*, Protestants, generally, would have given no heed to it. But, remembering how favourably England had received him and his doings a while back, believing that this kindly interest would continue, thinking also that the event was important enough to merit a national announcement, he wrote to the *Times*. The great newspaper, as the self-constituted Defender of the National Faith, took umbrage at this impertinence and treated the affair as an arrogant attack on the Established Church. The situation would be paralleled if Mr. Chamberlain wrote to *Truth* to proclaim the glorious success of the Unionist party in bringing England back again to the gospel of Protection. It was a mistake, and such a one as an able newspaper would naturally make journalistic capital out of, but one which can hardly be classed as anything more than an innocent and trifling indiscretion. Another trifling indiscretion was the phrase "given out of the Flaminian Gate of Rome",—a technical expression which only became indiscreet because,

being unfamiliar to English ears, it seemed to bear out the idea of an aggression, suggesting a Caesar or an Augustine marching out of the gates of Rome, at the head of legions or monks, to conquer or to convert a nation of barbarians. An equally trifling indiscretion was the Cardinal's flamboyant language,—language which again only became indiscreet because of its aggressive interpretation. Lastly the Bull itself, or rather its form, was another indiscretion,—indiscreet because of its mannerism which called attention to the patient, gradual, but increasingly masterful assumption by Rome of the reins of authority, which had been snatched from its grasp at the Reformation. The form of the Bull had no real significance; in a purely technical style it narrated the acts of former Pontiffs which had preceded its own; but mark how this lent itself to the idea of aggression. First, a bishop in *partibus infidelium*, with no English status or title, is instituted; then, in the reign of the Catholic King James, the bishop is made Vicar Apostolic of England; then, seeing this pass without question or disturbance, he is somewhat hurriedly quadrupled; then, after lying low for a long while, there is a further tentative doubling of the four Vicars Apostolic; and once again, finding Protestants careless or apathetic about it, a bold and rapid return to the ancient state of things by the establishment of a Hierarchy. In reality the Holy See had an even more absolute jurisdiction over English Catholics when there was only a solitary Bishop of Chalcedon than it could have with a full-fledged Hierarchy, but to those ignorant of Rome and its customs, the Bull undoubtedly suggested encroachment and aggression.

Though it is asserted by a modern Catholic historian that the Holy See believed, when it issued the Bull, that its action would bring about "the spiritual annexation of England" and that "the plain sense of many thoroughly

impartial and cool-headed Englishmen" saw this meaning in the form of the Bull, we may set down such a notion as fanciful. The Holy See may have been misinformed about Catholic progress in England; it may have been a little too hopeful,—a fault, if it be such, which it owes to its belief in the righteousness of its cause and the Divine strength of its guidance; but it has had too long and wide and varied an experience to be absurdly sanguine; and its calm judicial methods were as evident in the preparation of the Bull as they would have been in the condemnation of an heretical proposition or in the Beatification of a Saint. The Apostolic Letter was not in any way an anti-Protestant measure, but, on the open, undisguised face of it, a regulating of Catholic internal policy.

We come now to Lord John Russell's Letter. It had the fortune to be published on the eve of Guy Faux day, and coming from Downing Street it gave a sort of governmental sanction to somewhat riotous No Popery manifestations. Exeter and the City of London distinguished themselves by the elaborate scale and seeming violence of their half-playful, half-angry demonstrations. Just how much was horse-play and boisterous fooling, and how much was angry indignation it is impossible to estimate. Very innocent fire-orgies have a threatening appearance, and riotous fun and angry clamour may easily be mistaken for each other. Torchlight processions in character, ridiculous effigies immolated on bonfires, fire-works and scurrilous jokes ought not to be taken too seriously. They are always dangerous, most dangerous when, as on this occasion, they seemed to be licensed by authority. A legalised mob may lead to mob-law at any moment. That Guy Faux day passed off with little or no material damage done is sufficient proof that these No Popery demonstrations were not so ill-tempered as they looked, and that there was very nearly as much fun as there was mischief in the spirit which excited and governed them.

Cardinal Wiseman was so little aware that he or the Holy See had done anything out of the ordinary that he had planned a leisurely journey home to England through Austria. He got back at a moment when it seemed that irreparable mischief to the Catholic cause had already been done. Bishop Ullathorne had written a sensible letter, explanatory of the Papal action, without any effect; and Archdeacon Denison had vainly protested against the agitation from a Protestant point of view. Whether or not the Prime Minister, as De Quincey maintained, merely wished to create a political diversion and better the position of himself and his party—he was just then in a helpless mess and could neither govern nor resign—by a cheap appeal to Protestant prejudice, the fact remains that a disturbance was commenced which had already reached far beyond the dimensions of a storm in a slop-basin, and was wide-spread enough and noisy enough to be called a national and, in a limited sense, a popular agitation.

The second stage of the controversy, when people began to reason a little and ask themselves what the uproar was all about, began with Cardinal Wiseman's "Appeal to the People of England,"—a magnificent journalistic effort, written in the two distracted days after his arrival in England. Its calming effect was immediately felt. The *Times* was constrained to acknowledge its force and to say, in effect, why did you not tell us this before, in your former letter? Another Protestant writer, in the *Weekly Despatch*, a paper which published intemperate articles against the agitation, doing, perhaps, as much harm as good (it spoke, for instance, of Henry VIII as "the original ruffian by Divine Grace who made himself Pontiff" and of Queen Victoria as "his latest successor, the mother of the faithful and head of the Holy Catholic Church at the ripe age of nineteen") became enthusiastic over Wiseman's appeal. "If this passage," he wrote, quoting the peroration, "be too good for an archbishop, the

anomaly may be accounted for by the fact that he is poor and cannot afford to be stupid. Is there, in all our six-million a year hierarchy put together, as much genius, wit, eloquence and nervous dignity, as is competent to produce a peroration which will for ever remain a jewel in the diadem of British classics? If Wiseman be not an Englishman I am sorry for it. His nativity is worth contending for." Newman wrote of his surprise and delight at Wiseman's ability. But it was too late to still the storm with a word. The newspapers, the Protestant bishops—with two honourable exceptions, Exeter and St. David's—and the Prime Minister were too far committed to acknowledge they had made so great a fuss about nothing. They had to do something, if only to preserve their dignity. Appeals to the Queen and elaborate protests continued to be organized by the party leaders, by the London City Council, by the bench of bishops and by Lord John Russell and the Government.

Just as the misunderstanding had grown out of trifling mistakes, it was trifling absurdities and blunders which put an end to it. Many great men made many great speeches on the Catholic side, but the No Popery conflagration could not be blown out by the breath or stamped out by the foot of the orator. Ridicule proved to be the extinguisher. The Lord Chancellor Truro was greeted, not in the Guildhall only but throughout the country, with a hurricane of cheers when, quoting Shakespeare, he cried out "Under my feet I'll stamp thy cardinal's hat, in spite of Pope and dignities of church;" but he must have winced under the chaff that succeeded to the applause. Apocalyptic Cumming's loud-voiced denunciation of Wiseman as having sworn at his consecration to persecute Protestants told strongly in the Cardinal's favour, when Sir George Bowyer brought the demagogue to book and reduced him to silence. So also did Hugh McNeile's violent oratory, when, in the heat of passion, he used words at Manchester which he had

at once and humbly to retract. A brutal aspersion of the good name of Cardinal Wiseman's mother so revolted the English public that it broke out into strong expressions of sympathy with him. "It was alleged," said a certain Mr. Rochford Clarke at Oxford, "that Dr. Wiseman was born in Spain, of Irish parents. He (the speaker) had known an Irish reaper come into his parish with his wife and they dropped a child. Was that, he asked, the origin of Cardinal Wiseman? Seeing the way in which the confessional brings the Catholic priest into contact with the female portion of his communion, he (Mr. Clarke) thought it just possible that Dr. Wiseman might be a Spanish mule." The whole country cried shame. In reality the British public had never really disliked the Cardinal; and after the first heat of excitement was over it felt towards him as if he had been badly treated, like a dog met with a kick when it came up for a caress. Now it began directly to take his part. What was left of the bonfire set alight on Guy Faux day quietly fizzled out when Parliament met. Mr. Disraeli's sarcasms and Punch's famous cartoon gave it the final kicks which scattered the already smouldering ashes.

When Lord John Russell met Parliament after the stormy Recess, he was in the exceedingly unpleasant predicament of not knowing what to do. He had expressed his willingness and ability to deal with the situation, and when he faced the country with the measure he had conceived, he was forced to confess that it was a wholly inadequate one. He had been only prepared to deal with a storm in a slop-basin. "Little, paltry, and miserable," Mr. Bright characterized the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill. There was much lengthy oratory and much excited controversy over it. But Mr. Disraeli's support of the Bill was its real condemnation. The position he took up was peculiar. The affair, according to him, was momentous, an occasion that demanded real statesmanship; something should and must be done;

but Lord John Russell was just the very man who was unable to do it. What could be expected of a man whose invention, in so important a crisis, after all the fuss that had been made, reached only to a fine, of forty shillings perhaps, or something equally trivial! He would not oppose the bill; but "was it for this that the Lord Chancellor trampled on a cardinal's hat amid the patriotic acclamations of the metropolitan municipality?" The bill was passed and entered among the statutes of the Realm; but it was a dead letter even before the printer's ink was dry. Dicky Doyle hit off the situation happily in *Punch*, where he pictured Lord John as a naughty boy chalking up "No Popery" on Cardinal Wiseman's door and then running away.

A rather curious incident in connexion with the Papal aggression agitation was the publication of a weekly paper entirely devoted to it. It proposed to give, and gave, a full impartial account of all the doings and sayings of all parties, reprinted letters to newspapers, and reported speeches, in and out of Parliament, public meetings and the rest. This gives rise to the question; who and what were the agitators? The disturbance was widespread enough to be called national. It had a majority in Parliament and the discussion of it took up the greater part of a session. A neutral paper, issued in the interests of neither party, argues a clientele of lookers-on,—watchers, not players, of the game. Mr. de Quincey, writing with the buzz of the controversy in his ears, was convinced that "the lower strata of society, five-sixths of what we mean by the nation," had no real share in the agitation. This seems to have been the fact. Too much has been made of the seven thousand tumultuous meetings denouncing the action of Rome held throughout the kingdom. The clergy of the Established Church was called upon by the bishops to summon such meetings; and there were few villages without their parson and pulpit and convenient schoolroom,

A large percentage of those present at such meetings must have been onlookers, with no more active share in what was doing than the crowd at a football match. De Quincey reckoned that "the active movers in these meetings from first to last did not make fifteen thousand." And, though their main object was to obtain signatures to the great petition—men, women and children's signatures; inert subscribers, the bulk of them—the roll of names did not total eighty-five thousand. This gives an average of a dozen petitioners and a fraction to each meeting. When we compare this result with the nominally Protestant population of England, it is impossible to refuse the conclusion that then, when anti-Catholic feeling was strongest and most clamorous, the spirit of Protestantism was found to be inert, if not non-existent, below the thin surface layer of the English nation.

A word as to the after-effects of the agitation. There can be no doubt it did one great and permanent good, and it is not evident that it did any harm. It made Catholics better known and better trusted. Some bigotry was left behind, not a residuum in the strict sense, but the normal quantity abnormally excited. Altogether, the result was rather beneficial to Catholics than otherwise. The objection to Irish servants, expressed in almost all advertisements then and for many years after, is wrongly put down to the bigotry and bitter feeling aroused by the establishment of the Hierarchy. It had its true origin in a foolish address—perhaps false would be the more correct epithet—preached at St. Oswald's, Old Swan, Liverpool, by (I believe) Fr. Ignatius Spencer. In it, he is said to have addressed the Irish Catholic nursemaids, and bade them make use of their opportunities to sow the seeds of Catholicism in the Protestant children entrusted to their care, by teaching them the Sign of the Cross, the Hail Mary, &c. The Rev. Hugh McNeile took full advantage of this very un-Catholic teaching and inaugurated a campaign against

Catholic servants. It was he, I understand, who invented, and suggested that it should be appended to all advertisements for servants, the phrase "No Irish need apply."

J. C. A.

A February Miracle.

"My dazzled sight he oft deceives,
A Brother of the dancing leaves."

Wordsworth: "The Green Linnet."

To-day, when skies not overcast,
And longed-for sunshine, seemed a fresh delight,
My heart was ravished with a wondrous joy,
Blest with the fairest sight:—

A leafless tree, with verdure clad!—
A youngling oak, that scarcely will be seen,
Till May be here, to clothe itself anew,
Wrapped in a veil of green!

Helped by conspiring Destiny,
Nature had wrought a marvel, such as few,
Perhaps, behold,—whose like, if Wordsworth saw,
His Pencil never drew.

For he, in truthful song and glad,
The Vernal Greenfinch hailed as overblest
With Solitude unshared, and as the type
Of Rapture's lonely zest.

A flock of these Green Linnets,—thick
As snow, and brightly-hued, in the bright air,
As tenderest buds of Spring,—had thronged that tree,
Their trysting-place, else bare.

Against a back-ground of gray stems,—
Of distant clouds, and soft, translucent sky,—
Their lovely bodies shone; in truth, a show
To haunt the inward eye!

Forgetful of my bourne, I stood:
Then, travelling tow'rd the hills that lay remote,
Moved, to advance: that joyous crowd took wing,
Trilling their rapid note.

C. W. H.

[*Hawthby: 7/2/04.*]



Saint Columba and "The Butcher."

NOR that there is any connection between them; as between St. George and the dragon, St. Crispin and the cobblers, or St. Dunstan and the tongs. I merely happened to sail from the abode of the Saint direct to the abode of the "Butcher"—from the monastery of the sixth to that of the nineteenth Century—a casual sequence in time and space, that's all.

"Gig away; pass a tow-line over the bow." The twilight was dying; there was not a breath of air; the mist was settling down on the shores of the Mull and of Morven; while the peat smoke rose from each chimney at Tobermory as straight as incense from a resting thurible. And meanwhile the tide was sweeping us out past Calva towards Runa Gal with utter indifference to my intention of sleeping over my anchor in Tobermory bay—an intention whose fulfilment now depended on those four pairs of biceps in the gig towing ahead.

We had sailed out of Oban that morning, and had spent the day mostly in shifting canvas, vainly striving to fit the various samples of weather that had been submitted to our criticism. A squall off Ben More would lay us rail down, with a roar under the lee-bow and the seething hiss of a hundred serpents from the quarter; and then, ere feet are firm and we have taken a turn round the tiller, we are on an even keel again, and left to whistle for half an hour, till another smack comes perhaps out of Loch Aline. Such is sailing in Scottish lochs, especially in 1903. As the suffering judge said to the tedious counsel, "Patience competition, Gold Medal, myself; Honourable Mention, Job."

But those four pairs of biceps just snicked us into Tobermory; and, as darkness fell, we dropped killick alongside a most mysterious craft. Naught was visible save anchor—and stern-lights—but the sounds therefrom were portentous. Fifty stable-boys seemed to be strapping down a very skittish traction engine. A steady persistent hiss was accompanied by an intermittent puff, puff—puff—pooff—pooff—piff piff piff—as if he had struck out sideways at one of the grooming lads.

It was positively weird to be alongside such a supraliminal craft in the dark. However nothing could be made out, so we piped below to dinner and baccy and bed. The hissing and strapping-down began again next morning at daylight. Hish—sh—sh—puff—pooff— — —pooff piff piff piff! One of them must have got a nasty one that time. But daylight will now solve the mystery—so out of the companion hatch pops our head. Behold a barge with a steam-winch on deck and a cascade of water pouring out of a six-inch pipe over the stern. It's more mysterious than ever!

The thing turned out to be a dredging-pump sucking gold moldores from the wreck of a Spanish Armada ship sunk in the harbour. And they had got a few too—just enough to whet their appetite.

There was air enough for steerage way, so we weighed after breakfast and drifted towards Ardnamurchan—Anglice, "Great sea-cliff"—and well named it is too. There we got a slant from the west and lay down the shore, past Trenish and Ulva, until Staffa came out of the haze ahead. There was far too much westerly swell to think of attempting Fingal's cave, so we held on for Loch Lathaich.

There is no safe anchorage in Iona Sound, except the Bull Hole. Now the Bull Hole is snug enough—snug as a norfolk-howard in a rug. But getting into the Bull Hole is like getting a horse into a railway horse-box. It is bad getting in, cannot even swing while there, bad getting out again. Besides a twelve-foot draught might be neaped and boxed up for a fortnight. The Bull Hole won't do; we must lay in Loch Lathaich.

I don't know anything that affords such scope for a powerful imagination as fitting a strange coast to the chart. The chart gives a horizontal plan—what you see is a vertical elevation. Professor Owen's evolution of a megatherium from one of its tail vertebrae is child's play to it. And if Owen be wrong, no one minds; but if you are wrong—well, the bottom may come up and hit you. I was puzzled on this occasion; for the fishermen had stuck a fishing light on some rocks outside Loch Lathaich, only ten feet high, but shaped like a lighthouse; and I took it for one, as there was nothing to judge size by.

Where had I got to? No lighthouse anywhere about here. But the vertical elevation gradually fitted on to the horizontal chart as we drew nearer; we rounded the mock lighthouse and brought up near the head of Loch Lathaich, snug in any wind but a N.N.E.; of course it blew strong from the N.N.E. all night, for the first time since last April. A bit of scend came home, but nothing to matter; and in the morning it came S.W. and all was quiet enough.

After breakfast we landed and walked to the ferry over Iona Sound at Fiona Phort, through a dreary low-lying country enough. S. Columba's taste in local surroundings contrasts with that of S. Benedict for hills and S. Bernard for valleys. Iona and the adjoining mainland are low and uninteresting like the outer Hebrides, strangely contrasting with wild heights of the mainland, and of Jura, Mull, the Small Isles and Skye.

The ferry-boat at Fiona Phort was across; so we sat down to wait asking a loitering native when we might expect it over. "An' ye'll be the Raadicle candidit I'm thinkin' whatafer," added the native. "I a Radical candidate? My good man, if you think that, you will think anything!" But the abashed native explained that such a person was expected to address the electorate of Iona that morning, so he was forgiven. And we ferried over the Sound, sick at heart to think that the rocks which had re-echoed the voice of Columba were about to re-echo the jargon of a "Raadicle Candidit."

The "Chevaleer" (pronounce the *ch* as in "church") has depraved Iona. From Oban she daily brings a cargo of Glaswegians and other "profanum vulgus," who run hither and thither, buying picture-cards and granite crosses, till the bell rings and they run aboard again, like chickens when the hen clucks. I am not going to describe Iona. It is not objectively beautiful; its ruins are not as the ruins of Furness or Tintern. There is no formal beauty in their hard almost uncouth architecture. But, now that the "Chevaleer" is away with her motley freight to Staffa, one can sit, forgetting fourteen centuries, and see this ugly little rock the centre of Western Christianity, whence the latter spread to all northern Britain, aye, and to no small part of northern Europe. Then the bleak little knoll of St. Columba swells into magnificence and towers above the mighty hills of Inverness or of Appin, aye, or the virgin Cuchulins of Skye. For three centuries



Eastern Pass of
Glencoe
July 1864

and more has this cathedral of Iona, the mother-church of Scotland, stood bare, gaunt, and roofless to the winds of heaven. But until to-day time alone has desecrated it! It has been reserved for our generation to insult Columba—the others did but pillage him. I stood myself in that cathedral choir, on the altar steps that still remain, with the yet inviolate tombs of bishops and abbots around me; and there I watched the jerry-builder cobbling a deal and blue-slate roof on to the gray old walls, and the plasterers covering them with smug stucco, for Poundtext to thump his pulpit-cushion and Mucklebackit to drone his hymn—for St. Columba's cathedral has just been made over to Presbyterians! O quantum mutatur ab illis! Eheu, eheu!

The only physical beauty of Iona is its white sand—literally snow-white. Iona Sound is very shoal—only nine or ten feet deep out of the narrow and tortuous channel—and every flag of seaweed shows on the white sand like a patch upon a lady's cheek—most alarmingly so, as seemed to us going through next day. Back to Loch Lathaich along the dreary road in the eye of the setting sun; and a still night—as should be in summer.

Out at five next morning; bright and fresh from W.S.W. Lumpy outside, as might be expected. Shall we slip through Iona Sound, though it be near low-water? The three fathom channel is narrow, crooked and poorly buoyed; but we kept our eyes open in that old ferry-boat yesterday; and with the wind so well out she will lay right through. So we put her round short of Eilean an Raidh, and she looked well up into the weather of Iona Shore. Oh, skipper, oh skipper! have not five and thirty years at the tiller taught you that wind can't blow across a channel, be the shores never so low? Ere the sandhills of Iona are abreast she breaks off and looks no higher than the Bull Hole. "Well, my lady, if you will make such a fool of your-

self, you shall turn through. I am not going to up-helm for you now—you should have spoken sooner." Down she goes well fall on top of a three-knot tide for the tail of little Liath Eilean, till the long boat-hook would touch the rock face; for there is a six-foot knoll on the weather-side of the channel.

"Bottom's plaguey near, sir," groans the Lowestoft mate, who is used to sailing in sand-and-water.

"It's the sides we have to look out for, not the bottom. You must handle those sheets like greased lightning for the next two minutes. A man to each sheet, weather and lee—no running about. Lee ho!" And she spins round on her heel fifty yards from the native of yesterday, who stands gaping on the ferry-slip.

"He doesn't think we're Raadicle Candidits now," remarked the K. C. our passenger.

"Hang candidates! give her a foot more main-sheet, or she'll not gather staying-way next cross-bord." But she did. Then a longer leg; then another cross-bord till the shroud-iron swung over the eddies on the shoal, and we shot between the only two buoys in the sound, and were clear. "And now to breakfast, my learned friend; we've just a vacant half-hour before the Torranans come alongside." But the K. C. did not see it that way. He bore the anxieties of navigation with the detachment that accompanies the dominion of faith over reason; he didn't mind shipwreck, but he couldn't stand pitching. It took four hours to thresh round the Torranans; for there was plenty of lop. But when we could keep away with a clear conscience, what luxury! Out spinaker and jack-header, and away past Colonsay, Jura, Scarba, and the Isles of the Sea, as if sailing down the vale of Belvoir on a thorough-bred. The breeze took us right up to Loch Corrie, where we just managed to squeeze in as the wind fell at dusk. Not a breath all next day—nor the next till noon. However, when it came we made the best of it, foul though it was.

Shuna, Sanda and snug little Kintallan fly past. From Culchenna we just catch a glimpse of the Pass of Glencoe over Ballachulish; then ten business minutes through Corran Strait and the eddies beyond; and long and short legs up Loch Aber to Fort William. But the wind will be foul past the mouth of the Lochie—we shall never make Corpach to-night; aye, there is a big ketch yacht trying to tow up with her launch, and making no head against the foul wind—ne'er mind, we will try for it. More wind as we open Loch Eil, and more free. As she comes up the wind favours her—swish past the ketch and her launch—now abreast of Corpach jetty with a racing weather-going tide. "Down stay sail—brail up mizzen—stand by main and peak halliards. *Now!* Down mainsail." Whirr go the sheaves as the mainsail loses the wind; down come peak and throat on a level, with Charlie astride the jaws trying to trap off his fingers in the block; the jib flaps once, takes wind aback, boxes her off like a tandem rounding a corner, and we slowly creep back over the tide to the lock-gates at Corpach.

"There now," said the mate with satisfaction, "if them chaps that's piffin with that launch has been a takin notice, they'll know how to do it next times they comes up here." We lay that night in the canal.

There were but three fine days last summer, the two I have described and the next. Then it broke up for good, as it did after Noe went up into the Ark. But it was a very nice day, that next day—not hot of course, one has to go back to one's youth for a hot day—but sunny and mild, with just an air out of the south. While our ship and the ketch—which had slipped into the canal on the quiet before anybody was stirring—were slowly mounting "Neptune's Staircase," eight locks together, like a string of sausages, I tried to find a tug. Alas, alas, in days of yore tugs used to buzz about here and tout* for towage like boys outside a railway

station "Karrierbagzer—karrun ferrup henny." But now our wheezy old kettle is "left blooming alone, all her lovely companions are faded and gone." (N.B. the adjective is used in its botanical not in its obituary signification) And even this last rose of the tractival summer was not now at home; though expected *daily*. Fancy a hungry man being told dinner was expected to be ready *daily*.



However the wind was south, so, while standing on the last rung of the Posidonian ladder, we set a jib-topsail and away we went looking like a man with no clothes but a top-hat. The ketch followed, and delayed us half an hour by running ashore; for we had to wait for her at the next lock. After a squall in Loch Lochie, that nearly blew our top-hat off, we lay for the night

at Laggan. And there began the winds and rains we have been enjoying ever since. How Libs did howl all night through that mighty gorge that cleaves Scotland from John o' Groats to Dubh Artach! And how the bare bleak hills next morning bled from every pore crystal blood that cut tiny furrows down their flanks, and ended in glorious leaps over the last ledge on to soft landings below.

All the next day there was half a gale; but we carried, in addition to our top-hat, a pair of socks, as we may call the mizen. And thus airily attired we ran through Loch Oich and down to Fort Augustus, where there is another though smaller staircase. Leaving the ship to descend alone, we went ashore to "The Butcher's."

Many heathen temples have been consecrated to the service of Almighty God, and the Abbey of Fort Augustus may well be proud of having converted to His service the stronghold of a foreign barbarian—for such was "the Butcher." The palace of a Pagan Roman is now the Cathedral of the Holy See and the Mother Church of Christendom; the Vatican Basilica was once a circus of Nero; the noble domes of Westminster Cathedral stand where I myself have seen a convict prison; and the great Catholic Cathedral of St. Paul, devoured by the Fire of London, replaced a temple of Diana. It is a glory of the Benedictine Fathers that their chant resounds through halls that once echoed to the coarse revels of the Hanoverian "Butcher."

As luck had it we met Dom Hunter-Blair in the grounds; and he very kindly took us over the monastery.

The site is one of the most magnificent in Europe, with dark, deep Loch Ness stretching away from one's feet between the purple hills into the faint gray distance of Inverness. Nature was truly in tragic mood when the Highlands were framed. Stark, dour and weird was the scene that autumn evening, as the dense clouds rolled over the hills and the white horses chased each other over

the black waters of the loch. Amid such hills as these Saint Benedict should feel at home. The great church is but just rising from the ground—and a noble fane it will be—but the monastery is almost complete; simple, impressive, consonant in spirit with the dominant Macbethlike key of its surroundings. I suppose it pours here six days a week on the average—seven this year—but one must pay something for living in a country that might have been designed by Aeschylus. As for myself I could not live up to it for more than a week or two. I should be down with brain-fever.

Next morning we ran down Loch Ness before a full gale—bare poles and mizen—top-hat wouldn't have stayed on a minute. I wanted to have seen Castle Urquart and the Falls of Foyers; but it was out of the question. Happily we hit off the river mouth all right; though one was a bit nervous, running in at ten knots under bare poles, and never there before. Down the river we swept; nearly sailed over the weir at Dochfour, but starboarded just in time to save it; through the woods of Ness Castle; round Toryaine Knubble, clinging half-way up the hillside; shot the bridge at Tomnahurich as an *equestrienne* loops her paper hoop; and finally checked her above Muirtown locks till the warps sung out like fiddle strings.

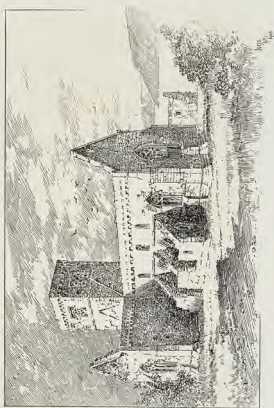
Next day we went to Culloden and spat on the Cumberland Stone.

W. D. GAINSFORD.

A Book for the People.*

THE flood of periodical literature that has overspread the earth of late years—a veritable deluge—shows no sign of subsidence. Day by day, week by week, the waters are fed from new sources, and though the life of some is short, many come to remain. Every phase of thought, every walk in life, every society of men have their organs for the expression of their views, which gradually make their way amongst a wider circle and become part and parcel of the general thought. Thus is created that fluid mass of ideas that constitutes the common opinion of the day. It is this 'common opinion' that is the real educative influence on the mass of mankind. The years spent at school are few; a boy leaves the atmosphere of the classroom just when his mind is awakening and is most impressionable, when his character is unformed, plastic, ready to take shape from the strongest influence that is brought to bear on it. At this stage he is thrown into a new world, his energies are given a new direction, he is in contact with older minds, he finds a different cast of motives governing the action of his fellows, in short, he becomes a man of the world. The result is that for the majority of men, for all, that is, who are made by, and do not themselves make, their surroundings, the common opinion takes the place of their former teachers, and the literature that voices this common opinion becomes their text book.

* "A Bishop and his Flock," by John Cuthbert Hedley, O.S.B., D.D., Bishop of Newport. London, Burns & Oates Ltd., 1903.



It is obvious that literature bearing on religion will bulk largely in the general mass. It would do so from the mere fact of the attractiveness that marks the mysteries with which our life is girt; but apart from this, in England religion has become a subject for each and every man to discuss. Protestantism has put the Bible in the hands of everyone and told them to interpret it for themselves. The process of self-instruction has had results that were not foreseen by the authors of Protestantism. Church authority has ceased to play an important part in the lives of men, with the natural consequence that the obligation of attendance at church has lost its force. According to the census made last year by the *Daily News*, the percentage of churchgoers in London is one in six of the population. This means that for the vast majority of the people religion is a thing of their own making, and common opinion is ranging itself in opposition to recognized forms of belief. The mind of the country is, in this sense, anti-religious, a fact which we find reflected in popular literature. The forms of hostility are various but there are two that arrest the attention.

(1) In the first place, we find in common opinion an indifference to dogma. One religion, it is said, is as good as another and none are of any lasting importance. What really matters is how we live not what we think. Popular writers who touch on religious subjects practically use as their text the remark of Matthew Arnold in his 'Literature and Dogma'—'The fundamental thing for Christians is not the Incarnation but the imitation of Christ.' This is only the English form of the motto of the French Freemasons 'clericalism is the enemy.' It is, so they argue, to the interest of clericalism that dogma should be preserved. Take away the one and the other is shown to have its occupation gone. One of the most popular representatives of this attitude in contemporary fiction is Marie Corelli. The presence of a priest, the mention of sacerdotalism

sends her into hysterics. At the order she levels her shafts of melodramatic scorn. A writer with this mental outlook is eagerly read by the unthinking crowd, and her word taken for a new evangel. The parade of a high ethical ideal divorced from theology captivates the common opinion, and dogma comes to be regarded as a mere shackle that binds down the free spirit of man. The attraction of the system, like that of the faith cure, lies in this that it saves us from so much worry, and men are ever eager to take the line of least resistance.

(2) The other attitude towards religion that we find in the popular literature of the day is of a more hostile type. It is not mere indifference to dogma, but war *à outrance* with all forms of religious belief. The papers and periodicals that represent this view find hosts of subscribers in all our larger towns. Operatives with their smattering of education are at the mercy of plausible and clever writers who deliver oracular decisions on scientific, biblical, philosophical and theological subjects. The association that styles itself the Rationalist Press has been issuing for some time sixpenny publications in which the fundamental truths of religion, and of Christianity in particular, are ridiculed. Haeckel's 'Riddle of the Universe' may be taken as a type. The undoubted eminence and ability of the author in his own department of science seem to have led him to pose as an arbiter in every other branch of knowledge. He rushes into the realms of philosophy, history, theology, etc., disposes of all controversy, settles every dispute in the most confident manner, and with a show of thoroughness that, aided by the most dogmatic tone, cannot fail to impose upon his uneducated and half-educated readers. He claims to have shattered the dogmas of the Personality of God, the Immortality of the Soul, and the Freedom of the Will, the three dogmas that Kant clung to with such chivalrous devotion. The new abode that he erects for human emotion—his palace of

reason—is represented by 'the true, the good, and the beautiful.' His wonderful discovery of these three ideals—goddesses he calls them—is his proud boast. Rubbish of this sort interspersed with impertinent flippancy and indecent blasphemy, fills the pages of 'rationalist' literature, and is presented to the mass of the people in the name of enlightenment. The people, in the very act as they imagine of throwing off the belief in authority, accept this new interpretation of the problems of life simply on the authority of these scientists. When they observe, further, that the removal of these inconvenient truths of religion simplifies the code of duty, they are not slow to become converts to the new teaching. This is not to be wondered at, for when it is a question of convenience, men, to use Aristotle's words, are 'easily caught.' In modern phrase, they follow the line of least resistance. Thus we have the anti-religious tone of the common opinion of the day.

This fact is one that Catholics have to face, and it forces us to look round for a remedy. It is of no avail for us to sigh for the good old days when Adam delved and Eve span, when the people were not forced to read and write and become acquainted with the thought around them. Every one has to receive his share of the education of the day, and our Catholic people must be prepared for it, along with their fellow-countrymen. This has to be taken for granted, and it carries with it the imperative necessity of providing literature that will serve to counteract the pernicious literature mentioned above.

For the class of people we are considering, it is not learned treatises on theology, philosophy and science that is wanted. It is rather popular expositions of the fundamental truths of religion, expositions that, without being abstruse, are thorough and at the same time capable of being understood by the people. There are, of course, the publications of the Catholic Truth Society that help to

supply the want, but even more than these is required. New aspects of the question are ever being suggested, new developments drawn out, new attacks organised, so that it becomes incumbent on the believers in religion ever to have their 'loins girt and lamps burning in their hands.'

The foregoing reflections will be familiar to every reader of them. They wear no air of novelty, but point has been given to them in the writer's mind by the perusal of a work, lately published, that seems to help to supply the want we have been speaking of. The Bishop of Newport has made a collection of his pastorals and brought them out in book form under the title 'a Bishop and his Flock.' It may seem strange to suggest a collection of pastorals as a direct counterpoise to works by Haeckel, Matthew Arnold, Marie Corelli, etc. Pastorals are not scientific treatises, they do not aim at being controversial, they are not dressed in the elegancies of artistic writing. Rather they are straightforward, simple explanations of Christian Doctrine, often dogmatic in tone, combined with instructions for the better living of the Christian life and exhortations to earnestness and devotion. That the pastorals before us are all this goes without saying, but the very fact of their being combined into a book suggests a unity of thought that makes them characteristic. The fact is that they use this simple exposition and instruction as the illustration and development of a principle, a conviction that runs through the book. Writing of the encyclicals of Pope Leo XIII., the Bishop says:—'Pope Leo's chief Letters have been those of a philosopher; a philosopher who has undertaken to reason with the world on the great and fundamental issue. Is it, or is it not, the truth, that the world's well-being, progress, and salvation depend upon its accepting the revelation of God and the Church instituted by Christ? and he gives the answer of the Holy Father. 'The world needs the Church and Papacy..... The world cannot do without religion.' We may say that

this question and this answer are the underlying thought of this collection of pastorals. It is this that gives unity to the collection, that welds it into a book. This is the philosophic character of the work, which makes it, in a sense, a direct reply to the anti-religious publications. For the fundamental question of the whole controversy is just this; Can the world do without religion? Does the world need the Church, the Papacy? The answer is given in this volume with a depth and earnestness of thought and sympathetic appreciation of the difficulties, whilst throughout there runs a spirit of solid piety, the glow of a firm conviction, the apostolic yearning for the salvation of the souls of his flock, that bring the book home to hearts that might be untouched by the mere theoretic presentation of the principles. A glance at the text will illustrate this point.

The opening chapter lays the foundations. 'Take away God, and this world is unintelligible; take away God, and human life is a melancholy puzzle. Take away God, and each human existence drifts like a frail bark which has been cast loose from its moorings and is at the mercy of the waves and currents of the treacherous sea. Take away God, and death hangs over our life's end like a dark and heavy curtain, hiding we know not what, extinguishing hope, and tempting perplexed mortals to give themselves up to this world when the world is bright, and, when it is black, to lift their hands against their own lives.' We speak of God in earthly names—King, Master, Friend, Father, but that of Father comes home most nearly. The heathen nations knew it not but we know it. 'He is our Father by every kind of title. He made us, and nothing can prevent us from belonging to Him. He has made us so that we must eternally possess Him or be for ever miserable; therefore He must watch over us, guide us and help us.'

If this is true then we arrive at 'the very elementary

principle of all religion that a man exists in order to serve, not his own wills, fancies and follies, but God his creator. Flowing from this principle are his three duties of remembering, honouring and fearing God 'which are almost instincts of his nature, and which he would feel it quite natural to carry out were it not for bad traditions, bad lessons, and evil surroundings, acting upon the blindness and the weakness of our fallen state.'

From these truths of natural religion we pass to the supernatural world, the realms of Faith and of Grace.

"Faith is the worship of the loyal heart. Faith is a clinging, such as that with which one clings to a father, or a sovereign. Faith is the warm fervour of that will-power which rules all human action, and which adores in the divine revelation the clear utterance of Him who alone deserves to be loved for His own sake. Faith is light, and faith is service; it guides the reason in thinking, directs the moral powers in conduct, and fills the heart with a spirit of personal devotion to Almighty God, recognizing that any abandonment, any defection, any denial, whether it be before men or merely in the heart, must be not only a mistake, a wandering from the right path, but also an offence, a slight, an injury to God—or in other words, a greater or a lesser sin!" Catholic Faith alas! is not universal, and why not? One of the causes at all events, is this. "The Church viewed as a world-wide kingdom, furnishes an ample demonstration of her right to be called "holy." But, as a fact, the people of South Wales judge her by the behaviour of the Catholics of South Wales. We have, therefore, the serious responsibility of living so as to cause men to honour our Holy Faith. Any man or woman who misbehaves is undoubtedly answerable for the sneers, contempt, and disregard which are too often directed against the religion that we love."

With the failure to understand the supernatural life of grace, men have ceased to understand the Sacramental

Institution. They accuse it of reducing religion to a superstitious and mechanical observance. The truth is, on the contrary, that the Sacraments directly attack our sloth, our pride, our self-indulgence and thus have a most stimulating effect upon the soul; we all know the man who 'keeps his religion to himself, and, as he says, allows no priest to step between himself and his God; but this too often means that he is too uninformed to know God as he might know him, that he reads his Bible wrongly, if he reads it at all, that he prays very little except in public, and that his religion is sentimental, vapourous and adapted to Sundays only. He professes that he is sure of salvation; that he has found Christ; sometimes going so far as to maintain that it is impossible for him ever to lose what he has found, or to fall away from acceptance. This is the outcome of the spirit which derides the priesthood and despises the Sacraments. Let us imagine what would become of religion were all the world made up of men who proclaim themselves to be infallible judges of their own spiritual dispositions.'

The working of grace is mysterious. A good deal of interest has been aroused of late years in a fact of religious experience that is known as 'Conversion.' The anti-religious school would treat the whole matter as a subjective delusion, but a thoughtful writer like Professor James sees more in it than this, and in his work called 'Varieties of Religious Experience' has examined this fact of 'conversion' both in and out of the Catholic Church. He considers that the religious sense is a genuine objective fact with an important bearing upon life. Our author notes the 'conversions' outside the Church. "There is no need to deny that such 'conversions' take place. For all that is good in them we may thank the Holy Spirit, Who by no means confines His prevalent and awakening grace within the boundaries of His Catholic Church. They are not however true conversions, for real repentance and

resolution to avoid sin are wanting.' Moreover 'there seems really to be no active use of one's own will towards God at all;—no begging for mercy, no holy fear, no homage, no acts of love. There is only the surrender to an impulse; the heart is caught on the crest of a great wave of feeling, and it seems as if it were being lifted to the heavens. But it is more likely to be flung high and dry upon the barren sand. . . . Even if there is a real change, all the past remains unrepented of, and all the future is at the mercy of impulses, singular in kind, some contrary, some divergent, but none of them guided and controlled by the faith, the fear, the hope, the obedience, and the prayer which are taught and enforced by the traditions of the true Church.'

The next chapters of the book deal with the Sacraments in detail. They are shown to require a real cleansing of the soul, definite repentance, no mere vague reliance on Christ, but efforts of mind and will and humbling bodily practices. 'The Church of God, which is a city on a mountain, visible to the whole world, stands before all men as a witness to sin, to repentance, to justification.'

With the Sacraments are bound up the Holy Sacrifice and the Christian Priesthood. The notions current in the world that our Lord's presence in the Holy Eucharist is 'gross' and 'sensual' and that the priest is 'domineering' are clearly false. 'Those who denounce the priestly ministry without ever having tried it are at the least rash and imprudent; or, what is more possible, they do not know what is really meant by devout love, by piety, or by sorrow for sin, but act as if spiritual christianity consisted in a man's assuming that Christ has saved him, and then neglecting Christ in every other respect.'

These extracts are taken from the first half of the volume, and they serve to illustrate what we may term the theological aspect of man's need for religion and for the Church. God as our Creator and Father, the supernatural

life of Faith and Grace, the different Sacraments of the Church, the Holy Sacrifice and the priesthood, all these give the theological framework of religion. In the second half we have what we may call the morality of religion brought before us. Man in his every day life, his social relations, his interior dispositions, is pictured for us, and here again we find how he is made perfect by religion. A short sketch of this portion will suffice to show this. Man's religion is one of love, by this he is bound to God. Our Lord's life was led to attract us to Him. The history of a Christian life is a history of devotion to the Humanity of God. This truth is enshrined in the devotion to the Sacred Heart that has taken root in the modern Catholic world. What keeps us from Our Lord, and from the spirit of His Gospel is the 'worldly chill' typified in the 'freedom' which means independence in belief, in the 'progress' which means change in religious conviction, in the 'aggressive reverence' for science, which 'is pointed against the spirituality of the soul and the freedom of the will, against grace, revelation, and the very existence of a personal God.' The meaning of the 'world' is just this indifference to God and the soul, the love of the present life, the disobedience of pride, the self-indulgence of sensuality. If we would check the spirit of worldliness and licentiousness, we have only to turn our eyes, as Pope Leo has urged us, on the Holy Family of Nazareth. Sanctify the family and you sanctify the nation. What could help more to this end than the contemplation of that home, where God abode and mutual love shone forth, where we behold 'kindness to all, self-denial, modesty, speech purer than that of Angels, justice, and all the virtues which adorn a life blameless in the sight of men?'

Filled with this spirit we shall gain the spiritual sense, the tone of mind, the character, that will guide us safely through the dangers that beset us. We shall acquire a love of holy things, a devotion to the Church and her

ritual, an enthusiasm for the saints, the heroes of Christianity. Our very natures will shrink from disobeying the Church's laws, whether in the matter of mixed marriages or of education; the wishes of the Holy See will be our guide. By this means the Catholic community will 'tend towards the realization of that ideal of peace, unity and co-operation which our Blessed Lord prayed for, and which His Apostles preached without ceasing,' and thus the world will be led to turn to Him who is the Way, the Truth and the Life, in whom all things must be 'renewed.'

Such, in brief, would seem to be the underlying connection of this collection of pastorals. As was said above, they seem to converge in the maintenance of the principle that man needs religion, that religion alone can satisfy him, that 'in God we live, and move, and have our being,' that to know Jesus Christ and Him crucified, is the highest knowledge, that to love Him ought to be the aim of our lives.

Looked at in this light the book may be said to controvert directly the attitude of non-Catholic and non-Christian writers towards our holy religion, and for this reason alone it should be recommended to the faithful to read. The principle, however, that the book establishes is independent of controversy, it is meant for all whether strangers to controversy or not. It is the grand truth of which all must be convinced, it is the noble ideal that all must strive to reach. We have it here presented with a fervour and an earnestness, a force and an interest that will make every reader grateful to the author. From the perusal of it our faith is stronger, our resolutions are firmer, our hearts are warmer, and we congratulate the flock that is privileged to be fed from the hands of such a *bonus pastor*.

J. E. M.

Notices of Books.

PSALMS IN COMMON USE BY THOSE USING THE BENEDICTINE BREVIARY. By ABBOT SMITH, Ampleforth Abbey, 1903.

WE have pleasure in bringing before the notice of our readers another of Abbot Smith's excellent little spiritual books. Its object is to help those who recite daily portions of the Psalter to do so to their greater spiritual profit. To know who wrote a Psalm, and when it was written, and under what circumstances, and with what motive; to be able to interpret its obscure passages and phrases; to understand the significance of its Eastern metaphors and allusions is useful and profitable as a study; but the Psalms were written and are put into our hands by the Church as prayers and devotional exercises. Abbot Smith presents us with a very simple and practical method of making the Psalms the expression, not of the thoughts and emotions of their writer, but of our own converse with God. When we look at them from outside the Psalms are nothing more to us than inspired sacred poetry, and their ecclesiastical value little better than decorative and vaguely emotional, like the carved stone and painted glass of our churches, the dumb melodies of our organs, or the vestments we use at our altars. But looked at from within, and made one's own by methods such as the Abbot suggests, they become the noblest and most beautiful expressions of personal devotion, forms of prayer consecrated by the use of centuries. In England unfortunately, not many more than half-a-dozen of the Psalms seem to have a recognised right to be included in our manuals of

piety. We think this a pity. Our forefathers loved the Psalter and knew it well enough to make a homely and practical use of it. We wish this could be revived among Catholics, even though the epithet "psalm-singing" should be revived at the same time as a term of reproach to cast against us. Our modern prayers are admirable and some of them beautiful, but it is the Psalter which has been and always will be the chief and chosen prayer-book of the Saints of God on earth.

The College Diary.

The last instalment of the Diary recorded all the news previous to Dec. 11. We have one event to mention before the Christmas holidays. On the last evening of term an interesting series of lantern slides was exhibited on the 'Country of Sir Walter Scott,' and on places of interest in Yorkshire. Later on in the evening we assembled for the distribution of the prizes, kindly given by W. Taylor, Esq., for the Essay Competition. After a few words from Father Abbot and the Head-master, the first prize in the Senior Division was awarded to L. Rigby for his essay on "Gothic Architecture," the second to H. Chamberlain who had written on "Wordsworth." In the Junior Division R. Marwood's "A Walk in the Country" merited the first prize, and R. Hesketh's "My Favourite Book" the second. H. Williams and G. Hines received books for a Competition in the Second Form.

Jan. 18. Day of Return. The following are new boys:—D. Travers, Purley; T. Leonard, Penarth; D. Russell, York; A. Wright, Butterley; O. McGuinness, Liverpool; P. Duffy, Wallsend-on-Tyne; E. Hardman, Edgbaston. And we were glad to welcome back W. Heslop after a term's absence.

Jan. 20. B. Rochford, having again received the majority of the votes for the Captainship, chose the undermentioned officials:—

Secretary	-	-	-	-	Joseph Smith
Librarians of Upper Library	-	-	-	-	M. Gregory John Smith
Officemen	-	-	-	-	G. Murphy C. V. Wyse
Gasmen	-	-	-	-	H. Chamberlain R. Barnett
Commonmen	-	-	-	-	B. Bradley W. Heslop
Collegemen	-	-	-	-	P. Smith P. Ward L. Miles
Librarian of Lower Library	-	-	-	-	J. Blackledge P. Neeson
Vigilarii	"	"	"	"	C. Rochford
Librarian of Reading Room	-	-	-	-	James Darby Joseph Darby
Vigilarii	"	"	"	"	H. Dees

The Football Committee consisted of:—B. Rochford, C. V. Wyse, W. Heslop, and Joseph Smith. The Captains of the Football sets:—First set, J. Smith and C. V. Wyse; second, R. Hesketh and C. Rochford; third, H. Speakman and E. Emmerson; fourth, E. Cawwell and J. Barton.

Feb. 3. Match v. St. John's York on their ground. The recent wet weather had rendered the field almost unfit for play. The game was a short one owing to a late start. At the commencement our opponents pressed considerably, and victory seemed hopeless after they had registered three goals and we had failed to score. But the brilliant play of our forwards secured four goals in almost as many minutes. St. John's led again, but a final shot by Br. Benedict at the last moment made the game a draw. Result, 5—5.

In the evening, an entertainment organized by Fr. Prior in aid of the new Church for Ampleforth Village was attended by the Upper Library. The operetta "The King of the Cannibal Islands," so well known to Collegians, followed by a number of varieties and ending with a short farce, was admirably performed by the school children.

Feb. 12. A meeting of the School, adjourned from last week, again debated the Captain's bill for the addition to the government staff of two officials who should have charge of the Billiard Room. After some amendments as to the details of their duties the bill was passed.

Feb. 14. Shrove-tide. Little football had been played lately owing to the continued rains, but the weather improved for the usual holidays. On Monday the IV Form challenged 'All comers,' including masters, and defeated them by 4-3. In the afternoon parties went to Byland, Fosse and Helmsley.

On Tuesday, after an early dinner, the School set out for Helmsley to witness the match between the College Second XI and their Junior Team—an old fixture again appearing on the Card. The combination of our Team gave us the advantage over our heavier opponents. An interesting game, with goals by P. Allanson, Wyse, Williams and Millers, ended in a victory, 4-1. In the evening Fr. Benedict McLaughlin gave the first lecture of a series on Geology, illustrated by lantern slides. He dealt with some of the causes which continually influence the formation of the earth's surface.

Feb. 27. Several slight falls of snow made sledging practicable for a few days, but on the whole it was disappointing. All attempts to find a satisfactory track, even at the Lion Wood, met with little success.

March 2. 'An Eleven' met Knaresborough Grammar School on our ground. The game consisted of little more than a successful bombardment of the opponents' goal, as the result 30-nil testifies. We had the satisfaction of seeing our team (which did not include Bradley, Hardman or J. Smith) achieve the feat of breaking, with some goals to spare, the previous record 23-nil, made in 1898 v St. Crux, York. The fact that we defeated them last term by only four goals to none makes this victory the more remarkable. It is not often that a single individual scores double figures in Association Football, but to-day W. Williams scored thirteen goals, and H. Chamberlain came next with seven.

March 3. *Monday.* The IV Form again defeated 'All comers' by three goals to one; and the Higher III drew with the Lower III. Result two goals all.

The old-time 'speech-nights,' lately reintroduced by the Headmaster, occupied part of the evening. The Lower III under the tuition of Br. J. Dawson entertained us with recitations in verse and prose varied by piano and violin solos.

Fr. Benedict afterwards continued his series of lectures on Geology, not the least interesting feature being a probable explanation as to the formation of the College valley and quarry.

March 10. The usual monthly government Debate was held. Several complaints were decided against the government.

March 12. The Thirteenth Centenary of St. Gregory was solemnized by Abbatial High Mass, and Solemn Benediction in the evening. The Photographic Society made an expedition to Harome. In the afternoon the most interesting game of the season was played on the home ground, viz., the return match against Pocklington Grammar School. The team was improved by judicious practice during the previous days, and the addition of W. Heslop and E. Hardman, who did not play when the field was last taken against Pocklington. It was a hard game throughout; they pressed much at the start, but H. Chamberlain scored a clever goal for his side. The opponents, however, soon equalized. A brilliant shot by W. Heslop again gave us the lead and we maintained our defence till the end by the excellent play of the backs. Score 2-1.

The second XI played at the same time at Pocklington. The heavier weight of their opponents was against them. The team played a good game, and during the first half seemed to have most of the play, but the match resulted in a defeat by three goals to none.

March 13. Letare Sunday and commencement of the Racquet season was honoured by the traditional afternoon refreshments.

March 16. Match 2. Pickering. We had not played this club before, so that hearing of their past success we put a strong team, including masters, on the field against them. The heaviness of the ground caused many easy shots to be missed, but we won without difficulty by seven goals to two. Br. Basil, B. Bradley and W. Heslop played an excellent game.

March 21. Feast of St. Benedict. Father Abbot pontificated in the morning and evening. On the football-field the Higher III

defeated the Lower III by five goals to four. The first rounders' game of the season was played in the afternoon.

March 24. A match was played between the Religious and Boys. The result was the defeat of the latter by 2-0.

March 30. A racquet tournament was concluded resulting in a victory for T. Barton and W. Williams. The usual Lenten retreat began and was conducted by Fr. Sebastian Cave, formerly Prefect of Downside. During the holidays which followed we were gratified to witness the interest he showed both in our games and out-matches.

April 3. *Easter Holidays.* Sunday. Father Abbot pontificated at High Mass and Vespers. G. Chamberlain, Esq., C. Hines, R. Crean, R. Dowling, F. C. Smith, P. Lambert, A. Blackmore, R. Huntington, F. Hesketh, A. Byrne and G. Chamberlain, Junior, who had come for the retreat, remained for the Easter holidays and were joined by other Old Boys and friends. In the morning they challenged 'a team' to a contest on the football field. A strong wind somewhat spoiled combination but an interesting game was witnessed. No score was made before the interval; but a successful shot by R. Huntington followed by one from W. Williams left the game a draw. Score 1-1.

In the afternoon our best team took the field against the Old Xaverians who had chosen this district for their annual tour. The wind continued unabated but did not prevent a fast game. The first score was made by Br. Basil who headed through an excellent corner from W. Heslop. Our half-backs did much to counteract the good combination of our opponents, who, however, scored once. Later on they repeated the feat owing to a good centre from W. O'Brien, whom many remember as an excellent outside-left in the Ampleforth Eleven. The Old Xaverians were slightly the better team, and the final score 2-1 well represented the game.

After supper billiard and bridge tournaments were played against the visitors. In the former we won easily, but were vanquished in the latter.

Monday. In the afternoon the return matches against Helmsley were played. On our opponents' ground the First XI, including F. C. Smith, G. Crean, and R. Dowling, played a

somewhat even game, but although they had much of the play they failed to score, whilst the Helmsley team secured two goals. On the home ground the College Second XI fared better, for although greatly hampered by the wind they scored three goals. Score 3-0.

Wednesday. A holiday was granted for the monthday. Most of the Upper School took an excursion via Helmsley to Lastingham. A visit to the home of St. Chad and his saintly brothers, with the later though very ancient crypt and quaint architecture, is always interesting.

During the holidays golf received a full share of attention, and a tournament was played by the visitors and community, the result of which, we understand, will be given in the next issue of the Journal.

April 7. Now that the football Season has closed, practice for the athletic sports has been systematically taken up and we look for good results when the competitions take place about the end of next month.

O. Martin is a new-comer from Birmingham; but P. Allanson, W. Gourlay and C. Birmingham have left. We wish them success in the future.

The analysis of the matches against outside teams during the season is as follows:—First Eleven: matches played, 13; won, 6; lost, 6; drawn, 1; abandoned, 4; goals for, 62; goals against, 30. Second Eleven: matches played, 5; won, 3; lost, 2; abandoned, 1; goals for, 11; goals against, 8. The following have made up the First XI:—goal, T. Barton; backs, F. Dwyer and J. Smith; half-backs, E. Hardman, B. Bradley, C. V. Wyse; forwards, R. Barnett, G. Murphy, W. Williams, H. Chamberlain and W. Heslop.

We welcome this opportunity of thanking Mr. Robinson for so kindly acting as referee in all the home matches.

T. BARTON.
J. McELLIGOTT.

Literary and Debating Society.

The literary work of the session included a paper on Byron by Fr. Edmund, and three welcome contributions from the boys,—Mr. Rigby's Essay on Gothic Architecture, Mr. Barton's on Medieval Guilds and Mr. J. E. Smith's on Charles Lamb.

The first debate was chiefly interesting as revealing to wondering outsiders the marvels of Liverpool and Glasgow.

On Sunday, Feb. 7th, Fr. Edmund being in the chair, Mr. C. V. Wyse moved 'That Liverpool is the most important port in the world.' Apologizing for the pun contained in the motion, he proceeded to show the importance of Liverpool, because of the great amount of trade which its position with regard to America brought it—all the imports for Yorkshire, Lancashire, Cheshire and Shropshire having to pass through it, especially cotton as Lancashire was the chief seat of the world's cotton manufactures. Machinery exported to the colonies from Liverpool, England's emigration to America, 7 miles of docks and quays and a fine landing stage, had made it the head-quarters for the best American Liners.

London, New York, Boston or Calcutta could not claim to be more important ports as they derived their importance really from their cities. Glasgow was inaccessible to big boats; it had no Liners and its imports and exports were less than those of Liverpool, which (he believed) exceeded, as did its tonnage, those of any other port in the world.

Mr. P. Smith then rose to champion the cause of Glasgow. He entered into a trade history of the city, showed the advantage of its situation and how it had been the pioneer of modern shipbuilding. It had a coalfield and a much greater dock area than Liverpool, and all the Liners were built there. He also explained the means employed to overcome the inaccessibility of the port.

Facts and figures and criticisms were supplied by Messrs. Barton, Chamberlain, Williams, and other speakers; and the motion was carried by 10 to 7.

Sunday, February 21st. After Fr. Edmund had taken the chair, Mr. McElligott rose to support his motion 'That Charles I was unjustly beheaded.'

He spoke chiefly on the injustice of the trial, showing how a committee of the Commons composed only of Charles's own enemies—without a single member of the House of Lords—had formed the court which had tried him, and that his fate had already been decided upon before the trial began.

The court certainly did not represent the people who were all for Charles, but only the Commons and the army, who had even tried to give the people greatly exaggerated ideas of Charles' mismanagement. Charles himself on the scaffold said that he had done what he thought was right by the people, and he maintained that Charles was not unworthy of the obedience of his subjects.

Mr. P. Perry replied with an eloquent denunciation of Charles's conduct and gave a formidable list of his acts of bad government. It had been his custom to call a Parliament whenever he wanted money voted and to dissolve it immediately it tried to thwart his wishes in any way—the Long Parliament had put a stop to this. Charles was responsible for all the loss of life in the Civil War. He also called attention to the different light in which the people of that day regarded the death penalty and how much more frequent it was, and he concluded with a tirade against Charles's violation of the national liberties.

Mr. Primavesi, supporting Mr. McElligott, gave further details of the selection of the Committee by Cromwell and said that there had been flaws in the evidence, and that the fear of Cromwell had greatly influenced the decision of the court.

Mr. H. Chamberlain argued that Charles had brought great poverty and misery on the people. He had shown his bad character in deserting his best friend Wentworth; taking into consideration the barbaric times, execution was the best way of getting rid of Charles.

Br. Ambrose spoke of the sacredness of a king's person; it was not sufficient to allege misdemeanours as the reason for

executing a king; abusing him did not affect the illegality of his execution. He related that he had been present at a demonstration against Pym and the Parliamentary leaders, to show that the people of to-day had very little sympathy with Charles's murderers. In conclusion he wished that someone would try to point out the legality of the execution.

Mr. Chamberlain again rose to answer Br. Ambrose.

He thought that there was too much sentiment in his argument, that as kings used to be directly appointed by God in the old law, they should be held sacred now-a-days. So at the 'demonstration', people were led on as much by the singing of the chorus as by dislike for Pym; Charles's good looks and accomplishments have always made him an object of hero worship. Mr. Perry suggested, that most people to-day would not know who Pym was, and that it would not matter much to them what they sang.

Mr. McElligott having answered, Fr. Edmund dealt with the abstract question. A king existed for the good of the people, and if the king's act did not conduce to this to a very serious degree it seemed to be within the rights of the people to get a new ruler. Tyrants had been deposed and in every case popular sympathy had been with the Deposition, and the Legality of the Procedure was not called in question. On voting the motion was carried by 17 to 3.

Sunday, March 6th. The society met on this evening to discuss whether "Capital Punishment should be maintained in England," Fr. Edmund being in the chair. Mr. John Smith, supporting the maintenance of capital punishment, said it was both right and fair to take life with a good cause.

For murder, etc., the punishment should fit the crime. The fear of execution was a better preventive against crime than the fear of Penal Servitude; and moreover Society, in its own interests, had the right of insuring itself against the repetition of crime by putting the offender out of the way, which could be done better by execution than by imprisonment with its chances of escape. Mr. Forsyth, the opponent, on the authority of Plato, said that the object of punishment was the improvement of the wrong doer. Execution was going too far; Penal Servitude ought to be the extreme penalty. This system had already been adopted by America and Holland, where the labour of the con-

victs helped the State revenue. Penal Servitude for life was a more terrible prospect than execution.

Mr. Barton, on the contrary, thought Capital Punishment had a greater deterring influence and that the thought of imminent death brought about more reformation.

Mr. G. Murphy gave an account of the murders done by one escaped convict in America to illustrate one of the dangers of the system.

Criminals sentenced to execution generally repented and died good deaths whereas Penal Servitude generally served to harden the convict's minds.

Fr. Benedict then rose. Considering the sacrifice of life in war and industrial enterprises, the taking of life did not appear so terrible when there was a higher object in view. As to the Penal Servitude System he thought it did nothing but harm both to the nation and the criminals themselves.

Fr. Edmund did not think the fear of death very deterrent; in war men did not mind sacrificing life. In the opinion of the world, however, a greater value was being set on life and Capital Punishment was gradually losing its adherents. Fr. Benedict's picture of the bad effects of convict life argued that the manner of the confinement was bad rather than the whole system.

On voting the motion was carried by 16 to 5.

Sunday, March 20th. Fr. Edmund as usual graced the chair, and the House proceeded to discuss "whether Classical Education is better than a Commercial education." Mr. W. Williams in supporting the Classical side, began by pointing out the distinction between 'education' and the learning of facts. An education was the drawing out or cultivating of the powers of the mind; any other system such as a Commercial training was the cramming of the mind with facts. The Classics—that is, the dead languages and all that had been held by common consent to be the best products of man's ability—had been proved by the test of time to be the best means of cultivating the mind. Classics were not useless in after-life; a course of classics best enabled a man to express his thoughts correctly and also to understand English properly. Classics were to the mind what games were to the body, and just as no one would think of games as a

commercial asset in after-life, so classics were not to be weighed by the direct material advantages they would bring, but by their healthy effect on the mind. Far from being dry and uninteresting, they contained the wisdom of the philosophers of centuries. Yet a Classical Education would admit a commercial training side by side with it, but a commercial training alone was worth little.

Mr. Riley opposing thought that an education was a preparation for one's life's work and consequently that a Classical Education was suitable for, perhaps, clerics, doctors and chemists, or about one out of every hundred.

If we were to keep up with the times we could not afford to spend two thirds of school life with the ancient Romans—we must push ahead and find out things for ourselves. A Commercial education was useful for this, a Classical was not.

Mr. P. Smith thought that fifteen to thirty years of classics was a waste of time. Plain English was quite enough to enable us to express our thoughts.

Mr. Chamberlain next spoke for Classical Education. The proper object of life was happiness. The higher one aimed in education the greater happiness one got. A course of Classics gave one "the highest thought of the greatest men in the best language." Moreover a School Education could not pretend to teach one the business of after-life.

Mr. Primavesi arguing for Commercial education, said that after religion, wealth was the great thing. To him what was most useful was best. Classics were never kept up in after-life. America's prosperity resulted from a Commercial system of Education.

Mr. T. Barton said a commercially trained man might know much, but he would be unable to appreciate it; which seemed of very little use. He then proposed an 'Ideal system of Education', which evoked criticism from Messrs. H. Chamberlain, G. Murphy, A. Primavesi, and P. Smith.

F. Benedict next rose. Though not accepting all Mr. Williams's argument he declared himself to be entirely for Classical Education. In after-life a man's worth in business was proportionate to his appreciation of the relative value of things. The appreciation could only be obtained by a Classical Education.

In America business firms appreciated the value of a man with a classically trained mind, for he would be able readily to grasp any line of business after a short study.

Apart from the useful side the mind was brought to appreciate nobility and goodness in all things by the Classics.

Br. Ambrose next spoke. He also was strongly Classical.

Fr. Edmund then put the matter to the vote and Classical Education was voted superior to Commercial training by 11 to 9.

J. E. SMITH, Secretary.

Junior Debating Society.

Dec. 6th, 1903—Mar. 27th, 1904.

The 26th meeting was held on Sunday, Dec. 6th. Mr. Clancy moved that "Conscription would not benefit England." He argued that conscription would injure our trade and demoralise our youth. We had no need of a large standing army because our navy was a sufficient protection to us. Mr. Winn seconded, and Mr. Bermingham in opposing said that the Boer War showed that we were in need of conscription. It would be a benefit both physically and mentally, and would do much to solve the question of the unemployed. Conscription had not injured the trade of Germany.

Messrs. Rochford, Blackledge, Hesketh, Marwood, and Speakman supported the motion and Messrs. Ward, E. Emerson, Lightbound and Beech opposed. The voting on each side was equal, and the Chairman, giving equal credit to the speakers on each side, withheld his casting vote.

The 27th meeting was held on Tuesday, Dec. 8th, and in Public Business a very successful Jumble Debate was held.

The 28th meeting was held on Sunday, Dec. 13th.

In Public Business, Mr. A. Smith moved that "Caesar was a better general than Hannibal." He told us that Caesar in the first ten years of his leadership conquered eight hundred cities and three hundred nations, that his men were always devoted to him, and that he always used his victories well. Mr. Lythgoe seconded and Mr. Lovell opposed. He showed how Hannibal made an army for himself, in spite of the jealousy of his own countrymen, how he made his brilliant march from Spain to Italy, and how for so many years he held Italy in subjection, so often conquering the Romans, perhaps the best soldiers that the world has ever seen, that at last they would not face him in the field. Caesar had been described to us by his friends, Hannibal by his enemies.

Messrs. Marwood, Blackledge, Hesketh, Morice, E. Emerson, Lightbourn, Hope, Beech and R. C. Smith also spoke.

The motion was lost by 20-10.

The 29th meeting was held on Dec. 19th, Fr. Bernard read a paper on Dickens, and afterwards a reading was given by the Society of the Trial Scene in the Pickwick Papers. The cast was as follows:

Judge.....	Mr. P. Emerson
Usher.....	Mr. Hesketh
Buzlun.....	Mr. Giglio
Skimpin.....	Mr. Rochford
Snubbin.....	Mr. Blackledge
Phuncky.....	Mr. Hesketh
Foreman of the Jury.....	Mr. Marwood
Sam Weller.....	Mr. E. Emerson
Tom Weller.....	Mr. O. Chamberlain
Winkle.....	Mr. Beech
Mrs. Sanders.....	Mr. Lovell
Mrs. Clippings.....	Mr. Birmingham

The Society hospitably opened its doors to the whole School and there were no vacant seats.

The 30th Meeting was held on Sunday, Dec. 20th. Mr. Jackson moved that "Winter is more enjoyable than Summer." He said that skating, tobogganing, football, were all winter pursuits, as were hunting and fishing to a great degree. He laid special stress on the pleasure derived from the Christmas fes-

tivities and on the greater opportunities afforded for study in winter. Mr. A. Smith seconded, Mr. Lythgoe opposed. He pointed to the beauty of the country in summer and to the greater number of games possible.

Mrs. Hildebrand, Joseph, and Aclred also spoke, as did Messrs. B. Wood, Ward, Gourlay, Robertson, Giglio, Marwood, Miles, Millers, Hesketh, Beech, Morice, Swale, Barrett, Rochford, and Blackledge. The motion was carried by 17-13.

Votes of thanks were passed to the Chairman, the Secretary, and the Committee for their services during the term.

The 31st meeting of the Society and the First of the term was held on January 24th. In Private Business, Messrs. R. Hesketh, P. Neeson, and O. Chamberlain were elected to serve on the Committee, and Mr. J. Blackledge was elected Secretary. In Public Business a Jumble Debate was held.

The 32nd meeting was held on Jan. 31st. Fr. Bernard read "The Daughter of Lebanon," and "King Robert of Sicily" to the Society. Both pieces were finely rendered, and the reader well deserved the hearty vote of thanks which was afterwards passed. The readings were followed by an impromptu debate.

The 33rd meeting was held on Feb. 7th. In Private Business, Mr. Millers' motion was carried "that every member should speak at least once a month." In Public Business Br. Anselm moved that "Capital Punishment should be abolished." He maintained that we had no right to take human life and that Penal Servitude would prevent people from committing murder, far more than capital punishment had ever done. Mr. Neeson seconded and Br. Hildebrand opposed. He said that capital punishment was quite justifiable, and pointed out that in Russia, Italy, and Belgium, three countries in which capital punishment had been abolished, neither life nor property could be said to be secure. Br. Edward, Messrs. Giglio, Ward, E. Emerson, and Morice supported the motion, whilst Messrs. Marwood, Rochford, Beech, Miles and B. Wood opposed. The motion was carried by 20-10.

The 34th meeting was held on Feb. 14th. Mr. Neeson moved that "Newspapers do more good than harm." He showed how useful they were to commerce and how much instruction could be gained from them in every department of life. Mr.

Lythgoe seconded. Mr. Hesketh in opposing said that Newspapers tended to make people shallow-minded. The police-court reports also were distinctly demoralising. Br. Ambrose and Messrs. Beech, Morice, Rochford, Speakman, and Calder Smith supported, whilst Br. Aelred, Messrs. Ward, Giglio, B. Wood, Miles, E. Emerson, Marwood and Keogh spoke in opposition. Fourteen votes were given both for and against the motion. The Chairman withheld his casting vote.

The 35th meeting was held on Feb. 21st. Mr. Winn moved that "Large Holdings are better than Small Holdings." He said that large holders worked the land better and more cheaply than small holders. Small holdings, if universal, would draw the people from the towns and so damage trade. The beauty of the country would be injured: our forests and parks would disappear. Mr. Wood seconded, Mr. Ward opposed and said that small holdings would bring the people back from the towns to the country and the result would be a great improvement in the mental and physical condition of the people.

Br. Anthony, Messrs. Beech and Morice spoke for, and Br. Romuald, Messrs. E. Emerson, Rochford, B. Wood, Blackledge Speakman and Lovell opposed. The motion was lost by 16-9.

The 36th meeting was held on Feb. 28th. A series of Recitations were given by the members of the Society. Bes. Joseph and Lawrence also recited.

The 37th meeting was held on Mar. 6th. The Society tried one of its members on a charge of murder. Messrs. Neeson, Ed. Emerson, and Winn appeared as counsel for the prosecution and Messrs. Hesketh, Ward and Giglio for the defence.

Messrs. Beech, Speakman, W. Wood, R. C. Smith, Millers and O. Chamberlain were called as witnesses for the prosecution, whilst Messrs. Marwood, Keogh, Clancy, A. Smith, Lythgoe and Lightbound came forward for the defence; Mr. Rochford gave the medical evidence. The verdict was given against the prisoner by 15-12.

The 38th meeting was held on Sunday, Mar. 13. Mr. Giglio moved that "Russia would conquer Japan if no other power interfered." Russia, he said, had more money and more men, among whom were some of the finest soldiers in the world. She had a railway by which to bring up reinforcements and supplies.

It was merely a question of time for her to crush Japan. Japan had no hope except in foreign interference.

Mr. Prescott Emerson seconded, and Mr. E. Emerson, in opposing said that Russia would not be able to use her numbers. One line of railway would not suffice to bring up men, provisions, and arms quickly enough to be of service to her. The Russian navy was very weak. The Japanese had a fine fleet, were well equipped and trained, and were intensely patriotic. Bes. Dominic and Hildebrand spoke and the debate was adjourned on the motion of Mr. Giglio.

The 39th meeting was held on Sunday, Mar. 27th, when the debate on Mr. Giglio's motion was continued. Bes. Hildebrand and Dominic again attended and took part in the debate. Almost all the members of the Society spoke in the course of this debate which was carried on with considerable vigour and keenness. The motion was lost by 18-11.

Natural History Society Notes.

This morning, in the pear-tree that stands in the north east corner of the Refectory garden took place a great contest between a thrush and a starling, or shepherd, as they will have it in Lancashire. The thrush was in deadly earnest but the starling apparently was merely joking. All he did was to reproduce, in a voice slightly hoarse, the selections given by the thrush, and after each effort, he would flap his wings and show his self-satisfaction, as plainly as a bird can. The thrush struggled with his rival for some time apparently hoping that by skill alone he could reduce his strange rival to silence. At last, however, losing all patience, he arose in fury and drove the starling from his perch, and over the wall into the orchard, and how the contest

ended is not known. To-morrow at the same hour, a little after sunrise, it will most probably be repeated. The starling is making, or helping to make, a nest in the wall of the gardener's store-house only a few feet away and it is not likely that he will allow himself to be driven from his own doorstep, so to speak, by a mere thrush.

Of Thrushes and Starlings there are so many in the College Woods this year that it will be difficult for all to find house-room, especially so, since much of the rough tangle, in which they used to hide, has lately been cleared away. The mild winter has been very good for the smaller birds also, and when the travellers have returned (the chaff-chaff is already here) to the haven where all our feathered friends are so carefully protected from enemies, natural and unnatural, there will be still more overcrowding. A pair of Green Woodpeckers have been in the wood a great deal lately, and may settle down with the Owls and Wood-pigeons as permanent residents. Some of the Wood-pigeons are again nesting in the church-tower with the Jackdaws.

The Cuckoo was heard further south ten days ago but has not reached us yet.

A pair of Peregrines have appeared in Shallowdale but it is very improbable that the keepers will allow them to remain there long. It is a great pity that no efficient means can be found of protecting such birds as these. The Raven, the Kite, the Peregrine and many others are birds which are all but extinct in England now, destroyed not so much by the preservers of game as by the professional egg-collectors. Mr. Hudson gives an instance of a Kite's nest which three or four lovers of birds subscribed to protect. They surrounded the tree with barbed wire and paid a man to watch, and still the eggs were taken. Mr. Buxton's Bill for the Abolition of Pole-traps will do much for the preservation of Owls and the smaller Hawks, but apparently the only way to save our rarer and larger birds, is to make the possession of their eggs, except by public bodies, a penal offence.

The Carp and Roach, which have been put into Willow Pond in the last two or three years, have done well, though it is not pleasant to see that the Herons have been so busy in the shallows lately.

The first meeting of the Society will be held about the middle of this month. Fr. Prior has consented to open the session for us and Fr. Abbot is, later on, going to give us a lecture on "Bees." Our list of papers is now completed and there is every reason to hope that the meetings this year will be even as enjoyable and instructive as were those of last year.

The Photographic Society.

The weather of the past term was decidedly anti-photographic, so much so that we were able to carry out two only of our projected expeditions. On Shrove Tuesday we went to Gilling, and some fairly good views of the Castle, and of the village were secured. We found much also to interest us in the interior of the church, but had not sufficient time to take more than one general view. The tombs of the Fairfaxes, the old font, and the quaint porch with the arrow-marks worn deep in its pillars, are all well-worth exposures. We have arranged at the invitation of the Rector to visit Gilling again early in the summer term. At Harome we were unfortunate enough to find the walls of the pretty mill-house covered with great posters depicting the unrivalled attractions of someone's travelling circus. We had therefore to occupy ourselves entirely with the thatched cottages of which the main part of the village is composed. The church is quite a new building and of little interest to the photographer. As to indoor work, a great deal of printing has been done on Bromide and Rotox paper. Most of the members seem to find the latter easier to manage and producing better results. It certainly allows great latitude in the exposure. In one case exposures of 45 seconds and 2 minutes gave equally good results.

We are glad to hear that the post-cards which have been prepared from the Society's negatives of the College and the surrounding districts are commanding such a good sale. We are not without hope that some day the well lighted and well fitted Studio and Printing Room will cease to be a tantalising dream and become a pleasant reality.

Notes.

A writer to one of the Catholic newspapers has complained that Englishmen do not give to St. Gregory the Great the honour that is due to him. It may be so. Perhaps England has not taken, or is not taking, quite the prominent part in the celebration of the Saint's centenary that might have been expected of her. Protestant England has professed no interest in it whatever. "Gregory is credited with having sent St. Augustine to England as his emissary," is the lucid remark of one of the great London dailies, in explanation of Catholic enthusiasm. Nevertheless, the function in Westminster Cathedral attracted a crowd which filled the huge building from end to end. The ceremony could hardly have been made more impressive. The vast unfurnished spaces and the bare unpolished walls were for the time decorated with the true glory of a Christian church,—the sights and sounds of a great multitude rejoicing and giving glory to God. We are not going to describe the celebration. But we wish to express our thanks and our pride that we have been permitted, by his Lordship, Bishop Hedley, to print, as an article, the admirable sermon which according to more than one of the Press reporters, was the chief distinction of the festival.

We, English Benedictines, are more greatly indebted to St. Gregory the Great than the rest of Christendom,—more than the rest of our countrymen or even of our Benedictine brethren. We owe him, both directly and indirectly, our existence and individuality. We do not forget that he was the founder of English Benedictinism. And we may not forget that it was in memory of this his successors have permitted us to be re-established in England with distinctive privileges granted to no other Congregation but our own. It is therefore a matter of rejoicing

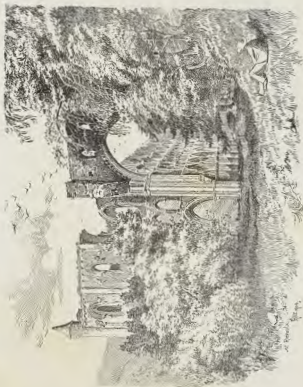
to us that our special patron should receive the world-wide recognition and honour this occasion of his centenary has brought him. Our brethren of St. Gregory's Abbey, Downside, are even now holding high festival in honour of their great patron. We join with them in spirit. In very truth we are all children of St. Gregory. He is to our English Benedictine family what St. Joseph is to the Universal Church. St. Benedict is our Holy Father; our foster-father and protector is St. Gregory the Great.

The Christmas Douai Magazine is devoted to a detailed and exceedingly interesting history of the last days of St. Edmund's at Douai. It is sad reading,—all the more melancholy because it does seem as though Lord Lansdowne, if he had taken only a decent interest in our English College and shown himself prepared to stand firmly for English rights and justice, could have easily prevented the confiscation of our property, even if he did not succeed in preserving to us the College itself. We suppose that our private interests were sacrificed through motives of policy. Though there was a certain amount of negotiation and despatch writing, it must have been evident to M. Combes from the beginning that the English Government had no real wish or intention to hinder him from doing whatever he had a mind, and what he wished was to expel us from France and confiscate our goods.

This is just exactly what was done. No official expressions of regret were made and no parting compliments; there were no suggestions of compensation for injury or loss, and no admission of rights; it was simply and brutally expulsion and confiscation. Happily, the authorities and inhabitants of Douai were friendly to the last, and no personal indignities were offered to our brethren. The Douai municipality would gladly have continued to the English monks, who had lived so long and inoffensively in their midst, the graceful hospitality which had never on any occasion been abused. They made representations to the French Government in their favour, which perhaps would have been more effective than those of Lord Lansdowne, and have secured authorization to the Edmondians, but that an unworthy jealousy lest Englishmen should be better

treated in the matter than Frenchmen neutralized their effect. The first and better impulse of the French was to make exceptions of those who were to the nation in the position of guests. St. Edmund's was not a French College or Abbey; it was a foreign household settled in the country. But a second and more selfish impulse led them to view matters differently. As a deputy said: "We are going to cast upon the streets, to proscribe, to ruin French establishments in the land of France, establishments useful to thousands of French children and to thousands of other unfortunates as French as we are, while at the same time we are striving to save an English Congregation which educates the sons of Englishmen, because the English Government has signified to us its displeasure." With the exception that the words "the English Government has signified to us its displeasure" very much exaggerate the action of Lord Lansdowne, this sentence puts the final attitude of Frenchmen to St. Edmund's in a nutshell. They could not afford to behave well to the English monks when they were behaving badly to French ones. M. Combes may have had a grievance against the French monastic schools and teaching, but he had none against the English College. It could not be pleaded against the English monks that they trained the youth of the country to be enemies of the Republic. They trained no French youth at all, and had no influence direct or indirect on the education of the country. But they were monks and Englishmen, and so they were expelled from France.

Abbot Bury, recently lost to us, will not readily be forgotten by those who had even a slight acquaintance with him. He, until the last year or two of his life, was a robust and vigorous and commanding personality. He exacted attention and respect unconsciously, by force of character. Perhaps the clearest impression of the younger generations was that he was a man of convictions. Whatever subject interested him or occupied his mind was reasoned out and followed up to some kind of finality, and then docketed and pigeon-holed in his marvellous memory. Tentative and unfinished thought had no place in his philosophy. He cared nothing at all for speculations that led to nowhere. He liked a sharply-crystallised terminology and



clean-cut distinctions, and was wont to express impatience with anything like vagueness of definition or suggestive, as opposed to precise, expression of ideas. But if one were led to suppose from such a habit of mind anything narrow or restricted in his outlook, he would be wholly mistaken. Abbot Bury was exceptionally large and broad-minded in all his judgments both of men and things. He seldom, if ever, in later years, set himself to acquire new learning, but he was always a student, ready and anxious to add to his vast, systematized stores of knowledge.

The younger generations found him a singularly interesting conversationalist. He was not at all wrapped up in his Theology and Greek Classics. He had an extensive acquaintance with modern Literature, and an unusual fund of anecdote and curious fact. They found him, moreover, courteous, generous, warm-hearted, helpful and sympathetic, despite a somewhat impatient and abstracted manner. He would take up another's difficulties as though they were his own, and was never better pleased than when he was putting his time and thought and learning and experience at the service of his younger brethren.

From an Oxford Correspondent :—

We, in Oxford, live somewhat apart from the world. It is our boast that we sit above the strife of parties. The politics of the world without do not affect us nearly; or, if they do, they excite only a philosophic emotion. Yet, for all that, and perhaps in counterpoise, we have our intestinal troubles and even our wars. Japanese and Russ met on the momentous Greek question. Japan had the initial success. The measure for making Greek no longer a compulsory subject in responsions was passed by two votes. The Hellenes, as they invidiously style themselves, affect to despise the victory and call it a practical defeat. Some, who prefer, as it was put, the genial influence of the free-trade sun to the artificial heats of the protective hot-house, who are such true Hellenes that they believe Greek can rely on its own worth to hold its own, profess that they look forward without misgivings to seeing the measure brought into effect.

Some might pretend to see an indication of Oxford's partiality to one of the Eastern belligerents in electing Professor Vinogradoff as Corpus Professor of Jurisprudence. He is a man of world-wide fame. Some say Russia found his democratic views on law questions inconvenient. We know one who went to his inaugural address with vivid pictures of nihilists and nihilism, expecting to hear a thrilling account of a hair's-breadth avoidance of Siberia. But our visionary listened to a solid—extremely solid—discourse on the great English legist, Maine. The Professor is above all things business-like and energetic—an excellent thing in a Corpus Professor.

We have no news to report from Gnosnos but look forward with interest to further discoveries from Mr. Evans' (can we say?) 'luminous spade.'

Mr. Bradley is one of the afternoon lecturers for whom we never hesitate to forego a little of that jealously guarded part of the day. This time we heard a most interesting lecture on Shelley's idea of poetry and his plea for poetic spontaneity as against studied composition.

An important question came up for discussion during the latter part of the term. Hitherto the theological examiners have been required by statute to be priests in orders. Thus the examination is practically Anglican, if not in matter, at least in its examining faculty, and so, necessarily, in its tone. Non-Conformists and the more liberal of the Church of England naturally object to this state of things, and won their point by a considerable majority. This question has yet to be submitted to Convocation, and its fate is not so sure and free from apprehension. To us Catholics it must be a question of importance. Our students, if any ever attempt that School, must fare better, we cannot but think, at the hands of lay examiners.

The new School of Modern Languages has now taken definite form, and the course of reading prescribed is calculated to be of great interest. Though the books selected are open to some criticism, they are nevertheless, taking them all in all, sufficiently representative of their respective literatures. Any one who goes through the course will be certain to gain a thorough insight into the language to which he may think fit to apply himself. Our

only fear is that many who would otherwise enter this School will be scared away by the etymological and historical knowledge required. This branch of philology receives great attention in the new course, too much, perhaps, at any rate, for the average undergraduate. Of this at least we feel certain, that the English Literature Faculty has suffered severely from the overrating of the importance of etymology.

Non-resident members of the university will have read with interest the fortnightly letter that appears in the *Tablet* from that journal's Oxford Correspondent. It seems a pity that the Editor has not yet seen his way to publishing a Cambridge letter. Is it that he scouts the opinion of the sister University? Or is life so uneventful there that no one is prepared to act as correspondent?

The best thanks of the members of "Our Hall" are due to Fr. Day for the honour he did us in inviting us to carry out the ceremonies at St. Aloysius' in celebration of the thirteenth centenary of St. Gregory. We can assure the readers of the *Journal* that the services were conducted in true Benedictine fashion.

A friend has sent the following interesting memorandum re Aberford Mission:—

The following is an extract from the private accounts of Mr. Joseph Holdforth, brought up at Gilling about 1746-60; and who died at Kirkshall, near Leeds, in 1828. It is of special interest to the Benedictine Fathers of Ampleforth as, perhaps, the only evidence of their indebtedness to Mr. Holdforth, when the Chapel at Parlington Hall was closed against them by Sir Thomas Gascoigne; at which time, or a little later, probably in 1793, Mr. Holdforth put at their disposal a Farm House which he owned at Aberford. The items here reproduced refer to repairs to this property in 1805; at which time, apparently, other arrangements had been made by Fr. R. Towers, who, in 1806, writes: "Baptisms in Aberford Chapel."

L. S. d.

1805 Mr. Houldford, work done by Peter Wray
Stone-walling in the back rooms in 9 10 10
Mr. Houldford's House at Aberford
etc. etc."

		£	s.	d.
"To flaging in Vestry" etc,	1	2	9
"Deduct" Ould Vestry walling 10 5x7 0	various sums			
Slating over Vestry 12 0x11 0	in all			

"Christopher Wood, Valuation and Measurement" £6 3 9½

We regret to announce the death of Father Begue which took place in February last. He had made an earnest attempt to enter the Camaldolese Order, but his health compelled him to abandon the idea. He had been staying for some time in in Aricia and was just on the point of returning to Rome when he was struck with a fit of apoplexy, from which he never recovered consciousness. Our Congregation has lost a sincere friend in Father Begue, who up to the last continued to manifest the greatest interest in all that concerned us. We offer his bereaved Father and Mother our sincerest condolence.

Dr. Elgar's three days' festival at Covent Garden in the month of March was a unique experience for a musician to go through during his life-time. As Catholics we cannot but feel proud of the remarkable recognition of the genius of our co-religionist. The audience that assembled on the three evenings was also unique; it embraced the *élite* of London Society. The audience that assembled was one not usually demonstrative at musical gatherings, but on this occasion their usual nonchalance and reserve was laid aside, and an almost tumultuous reception awaited Dr. Elgar. The King and Queen were present on the first two nights; the Queen alone on the third night. Gerontius did not seem to appeal especially to the King, but for "The Apostles" he was all attention and waited at the end to see Dr. Elgar recalled by the enthusiastic public. The performance was about as perfect as the resources of art could make it. The Chorus in Gerontius was rather muffled, owing to the Tenors and Bass being placed so far back on the stage. This however was put right on the second night for "The Apostles." The Manchester chorus was beyond all praise; the singing of the female quartet being especially thrilling. We have no opportunity within the limits of a Note to do more than jot down a few impressions of an event which will linger long in the memories

of those who were happy enough to be present. Dr. Elgar looked very worn and haggard; the state of his health is giving much anxiety to his friends.

It is with great regret, that we record the death on Feb. 12th of Father Colley, S.J., Superior of the English Province. His first visit to St. Lawrence's was made on the occasion of the Conference of Head Masters held here in 1902, and he was with us again during the Centenary celebrations of last year. He was an able man and his papers were always received at the Conferences with the respectful attention due to his talents and experience. May he rest in peace!

Comes a wall from far over land and sea that shows how even the *greatest* may be lost to memory when lost to sight. But we may assure Father Sadoc that he is still 'to memory dear,' and that of the former Amplefordians whom he knew there is not one to whom the mention of his name does not recall his cheery presence, his merry chat, his 'flashes of merriment that were wont to set the table in a roar.' I knew him, they will say, 'a fellow of infinite jest and most excellent fancy,' one that could give 'the right fencing grace, tap for tap,' in the playful repartee of an Exhibition meeting and could hold his own even against the redoubtable Fr. O'Brien himself. Were he to return to England, how changed he would find everything! a New Monastery built at Ampleforth; his old College home, proscribed at Douai, re-established in England; new, it is needless to say, generations filling them both, most of whom 'know not Sadoc,' save in name; new rulers everywhere in Egypt; his old acquaintances scattered by death or duty.

His old love and attachment to the sons of St. Benedict burns as strongly as ever, and he need have no fear that the welcome he would receive would be as warm and sincere as in the days gone by. We hope these few lines will induce some one of those who so kindly remember Fr. Sadoc to send him from time to time a budget of news to cheer him as he sits among his goosy ebony blacks, or looks wistfully over the sea that beats round the promontory where stand the Church, Schools and Presbytery of St. Patrick's, Grenada, British West Indies.

We have received from M. Pécoul a small treatise entitled *Le Chant Gregorien* which we cordially acknowledge.

The Author, who signs himself *Un Gallo-Romain* (and whom we shrewdly suspect to be Monsieur himself), speaks with great decision and appreciation of the Plain Chant publications of the famous Dom Pothier. With equal strenuousness and fairness, however, he insists on the undeniable freedom of choice left by the Holy See in the adoption of any one of the various systems or schools of Chant that meet with its approval.

In these brief notes, it is impossible to treat the subjects of the brochure with the fulness which it deserves, but, at least, we may say this: that if the objection be made against the Gregorian Chant that none but grown-up singers can be taught to render it adequately, we may be re-assured by the statement of the Author that, at the Petit Seminaire of Versailles, not to mention others, the attempt made to train the youth there in the rendering of the *Solennes Chant* has been rewarded with success and the approval of all who have heard it. This should fully dispose of the objection, and what has been achieved there 'after a few weeks practice' is surely, under capable tuition, possible elsewhere.

His Lordship Bishop Hedley has presented us with a very excellent portrait of himself, and Fr. Anselm Burge has given us a portrait, almost life-sized, of Cardinal Vaughan, painted by Walter Cox in 1899. We desire to express our gratitude for these presents, and also to thank Mrs. Dawes for the handsome oak stools designed and executed to match the Abbatial throne.

Father Burge's Oratorio "The Coming of Christ" was twice performed during the winter. It was produced at Grassendale in Advent 1903, and reproduced after being subjected to a good deal of revision and pruning. The performance was a great success, and Mr. Ramsden, who had travelled from London to hear it, was very warm in his congratulations at the Choir supper that followed the service. The members were very delightfully surprised to hear Mr. Ramsden announce that, as a mark of his appreciation of their work, he would present each of them with a very handsome engraving. He was as good as his word, and

the very striking engravings that arrived filled the recipients with the greatest delight. The Oratorio was also given at St. Anne's, Edgchill, during the Epiphany week. The choir was under great disadvantages. They stood in front of the altar rails and it was very difficult to keep in touch with the organist. However, a crowded Church testified to the great interest in the work, and the Congregation expressed themselves highly gratified. Fr. Burge has just added another piece to the number of his published musical works "*Cor arca legem continens*," a Motett in honour of the Sacred Heart. We are glad to hear that the Oratorio is in process of publication.

We are always glad to welcome products of artistic talent by our former alumni. The History of St. Patrick's church Bradford, recently published, is finely illustrated by two recent students of St. Lawrence's, Joseph Pike and Ernest Railton. The work is a worthy contribution to Catholic Literature and Art.

Concerning ourselves and our brethren we have little news to report. Fr. Abbot has been re-elected on the District Council. Fr. Anselm Burge has been invited to give a lecture on Plain Chant at Leeds. Fr. Maurus Powell has been busy decorating the High Altar and Lady Altar at Knareborough. Fr. Bernard Davey has left St. Anne's Liverpool, for St. Mary's Brownedge. At Seel St. two of our priests, Fr. Aidan Crow and Fr. Anselm Wilson, have broken down in health during the winter. We are glad to be able to say that Fr. Aidan is already recovered and has been perfecting his recovery at Las Palmas, Grand Canary. Dr. Wilson has left for Italy to try the healing effect of rest in a warmer climate. We wish him a speedy restoration to health and strength. His energy and devotion to work have never left him. Fr. Philip Wilson has been removed from Brownedge to Seel Street.

Congratulations to Wm. Edmund Cooke who, in spite of ill health, has taken his degree in Medicine at Liverpool. He has the honour of being one of the first batch of graduates "capped" by the Liverpool University. Lieutenant John Dwyer paid us a welcome visit in February. He is in the East Lancashire Regiment stationed in India. He has now joined his battalion

in Dublin. George Nevill has set sail for Africa, where he has a government appointment as Commissioner of the Police in Nigeria. Our best wishes go with them.

Yorkshire Catholics were pleased and proud that the Duke of Norfolk should have come to them to take a wife and be married in their midst. His Grace sent a telegram of thanks to Fr. Abbot and the Community at Ampleforth in reply to their congratulations. We would like to offer our good wishes also to Lord Helmsley, grandson of Lord Feversham, recently married to Lady Marjorie Greville.

We wish Abbot Larkin a speedy recovery from his illness. He has had trouble enough during his brief reign over St. Edmund's; and these troubles were heaped upon him just when his health had begun to fail him. However, at the time of his resignation of the Abbey, he was able, with God's grace and the help of the staunch friends, alumni, and brethren of "Douai," to bequeath his successor a new and already successful Abbey at Woolhampton. To his successor, Abbot Bamford, we wish success, good health and every blessing.

What is it that

"Adds fresh beauties to the spring,
And makes all nature look more gay"?

If anyone knows, and has the wherewithal convenient, we would like him to make the experiment at once. A completely new outfit would be more satisfactory, but we would welcome even a slight improvement. Old winter seems to hang about after his time is up for no other purpose than to teach his youthful successor his own objectionable ways.

Thanks to Miss Mary Allies for a gift of a set of *Der Katholik*, and to W. J. Anderton, Esq., of Houghton for a copy of the finely illustrated *Vita Beatissimi Benedicti Carmine Conscripta, per R. P. Angelum Sangrinum Abbatem C. Cassinensis, Romæ 1587*. We also desire to thank Messrs. Boak and Sons, Pickering, for their kind permission to make drawings from their photographs to illustrate Fr. Benedict's article.

We have to correct a mistake made in the 'Notes' of the Christmas Journal. It was not Br. John who drove Fr. Prest to Thirsk but Willie Wright. Br. John only succeeded to the care of the stable after Fr. Prest had left for the mission.

The Rev. Thomas Abbot, in all probability the oldest living Amplefordian, has died at Lancaster. Bishop Hedley preached his funeral sermon. He was a nephew of Bishop Burgess and accompanied him to Prior Park. Naturally, he was devoted to his uncle's memory and was a warm admirer of Bishop Baines. May he rest in peace. We also ask the prayers of our readers for Joseph Head, resident for a long while at Kirby Moorside, and for Matthew Burke Honan, Senior, and Captain John Carroll, both of Liverpool, recently dead. R.I.P.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the *Douai Review*, the *Douai Magazine*, the *Stonyhurst Magazine*, the *Ratcliffian*, the *Ushaw Magazine*, the *Beaumont Review*, the *River Benedictine*, the *Abbey Student*, the *Harvest*, the *Oratory School Magazine*, the *Raven*, the *St. Augustine*, Ramsgate, the *Studies* and *Mittheilungen*, the *Oratorian*, *De Maria-Gruet*, *Bulletin de St. Martins*, and *St. Andrew's Cross*.