THE
AMPLEFORTH
JOURNAL

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THE AMPLEFORTH JOURNAL.

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THE SECRETARY,
AMPLEFORTH ABBEY,
YORK.
No Mean City.

The city of Liverpool, so cherished by many readers of the Ampleforth Journal, is to have a great "pageant" in August. It will probably be just beginning when this number of the Journal appears. The pageant may be, to some extent, a result of a certain infection in the air. But at any rate, it is not unsuitable that Liverpool should celebrate the seventh centenary of her becoming a borough. And, as if to help the city to realise herself, there appears at this very moment an excellent History of Liverpool, which ought to be widely welcomed.* In most Liverpool houses there are already to be found two Histories of the City, that of Baines, written in 1854, and that of Sir Thomas Picton, published twenty-one years later. Both of these are good in their way, and are not likely to be superseded by the latest arrival. But in Mr. Ramsay Muir—for his hand has had most to do with the book—we have a scientific historian.

* A History of Liverpool. By Ramsay Muir, Andrew Gudde, and John Rashin, Professor of Modern History in the University of Liverpool. Published for the University Press of Liverpool by Williams and Norgate, London, 1907.
who can both set in their true light the scanty mediæval annals of the town, and group effectively the immense mass of details which modern times present. He has made good use of the very full collection of Charters, and of grants of leases of the fee farm of the town, printed with other matter by Miss Platt, in her History of Municipal Government in Liverpool (1906), as well as of the Moore and Cross MSS., and the collection made from the Public Records by O'Reilly at the beginning of last century.

The story of Liverpool, I fear, know very little about the story of their beloved city in the Middle Ages. Yet her annals began in Domesday. We do not, it is true, find her name there; she was then represented by a few fishermen’s huts, and was a “berwick” of the hundred of West Derby. The word “berwick” or “berwick,” which Mr. Muir does not explain, has nothing to do with the sea; it rather means a small corn-growing settlement, kept by the lord of the demesne in his own hands. But the eleventh century beginners of Liverpool, if they grew barley round their original Pool, caught fish also. The Pool, from which Liverpool derives her name, was where the Custom House now stands. There, a small stream, running in from marshy grounds now covered by Whitechapel and Paradise Street, expanded into a small pond or lake, open to the tidal waters of the Mersey. South Castle Street used to be called Pool Lane, because it ran South to the Pool. The Pool was made into the first Liverpool dock in 1715, and was filled up not long afterwards. I will not pretend to decide what the name Liverpool originally meant. Mr. Muir gives it up. Sir John Picton says it is “Lyer-pool”—the “expanse of the Pool,” or “the pool at the confluence.” “Llyr,” in Welsh, I am told, means a “shore,” a “course,” and also, derivatively, a “brink” or a “shore.” Thus, if it be a Welsh word, Liverpool may easily have meant the “Pool-bank.” But Mr. Charles Hand, in the useful historical notes which he has written for the pageant, says: “There have been all kinds of ingenious conjectures concerning the meaning of the word, but the most rational derivation seems to be “Litherpool, signifying the lower Pool” (p. 11). I prefer the Welsh origin, myself. True, there was no Welsh spoken in South Lancashire in Norman times. But a name may have survived, “Litherpool,” it is admitted, occurs very early. But it is just the sort of corruption you would expect a Norman-English mouth would make out of the gurgling Welsh “Llyr.” If any one would take the trouble, as I have done, to inspect the facsimile of King John’s Charter of 1207, and the two or three scratches which represent “Lerpool,” he must certainly renounce “Lither.”

Perhaps it would be far-fetched to compare Liverpool with Tarsus of Cilicia. But Tarsus, built on the right bank of the Cydnus, as Liverpool on the Mersey, in the wide and fertile plain between Mount Taurus and the sea, had probably a good deal to do with the formation of its most famous citizen, St. Paul. It was there, no doubt, that he came to understand cosmopolitan ideas and Roman organization; for from the days of Alexander till the decay of the Empire Tarsus was a great and prosperous city. When the Roman legionaries, on a well-known occasion, rescued the Apostle from the mob of Jerusalem, St. Paul, in asking the centurion’s permission to speak to the people, protested, with a touch of dignity, that he was “a citizen of a city not unmarked,” or in the version both of Douai and King James, “of no mean city.” Thus, in the experience of some of us, have the native-born of Liverpool referred with pride to the city whose size, greatness, wealth and crowded population, must strongly impress all who know it.

The second Charter of John, dated 1207, is the most important of all Liverpool charters. In fact, it is the first Charter granted to Liverpool, as distinct from the lords and barons who had hitherto dominated the dwellers...
by the Pool. For King John, in this charter, founds the "borough" of Liverpool. Mr. Muir does not cite this interesting document at length, but it is to be found in several published works. In it the King invites people to "take burgages" apud Liverpool, and gives to such persons all the "liberties and free customs" of all other "burg-motes" on the sea. "A burgh," says the learned Cowell, "is a town of lower degree than a city, which by royal Charter is made a body political, and exercises such jurisdiction within its boundaries." And the "burgages" which the inhabitants are urged to take up, are the fixed annual payments which the burgier makes to the lord—in this case to the King himself—for his houses and tenements in the burgh. Thus, exactly seven hundred years ago, Liverpool became the borough of Liverpool. The town, at that time consisted of some seven streets, probably laid out by King John's agents. The High Street ran North and South, crossing what is now the Exchange Flags; it is represented by Castle Street and Old Hall Street. At right angles to this street, running to the river, were (the modern) Chapel Street and Water Street; whilst inland, parallel to each other, ran Dale Street and Tithebarn Street. Liverpool stopped at Hatton Garden.

It is almost forgotten that Liverpool ever had a Castle. It is true the name of Castle Street survives to remind us of the fact. But Liverpool, in general estimation, is too modern a place to have any feudal or military history. This is a mistake. War has often echoed around her, arms have clashed in her streets, armies have fought over her, great lords have coveted her, and her own burgesses have often shown themselves able to fight as well as trade. The Castle of Liverpool was a fine and strong Plantagenet Castle, built about 1237, by a De Ferrers, Earl of Derby. I do not understand how Mr. Hand has contented himself with the evidently untenable statement of Camden, that it was built by Roger of Poictou, in 1076. It may be safely said that for many years after 1076 there was only a row or two of cabins on the brink of the Pool. Domesday, which does not even mention the name of Liverpool, was only completed some five years before. Besides, the very style of the Castle, as we have it in trustworthy representations, is of the thirteenth rather than the eleventh century. If it does not display the perfection of Caernarvon or Caerphilly, still it seems to have been worthy of the great castle-building period of England, and to have shown those features of flanking towers and inner defences which English Knights had seen and noted in the campaigns of the Crusades. The Castle of Liverpool dominated and overshadowed the town for four centuries. It stood several sieges, and its hereditary constable, Lord Molyneux, was on the side of James II. against William III. Mr. Muir states (p. 146) that Lord Molyneux was deprived of the constabulary for his Jacobite sympathies in 1694; but this does not seem to have been the case, for in 1777 the Molyneux of that day, now Earl of Selton, was paid £2250 by the town to relinquish "his rights" over the Castle. It had been pulled down by the corporation in 1725. Few towns that have had an Edwardian Castle have annihilated it so utterly as Liverpool. But I would hardly call it an act of Vandalism—although in 1725 our forefathers were frankly Vandals. It would have been very much in the way. The ground on which it stood was meant to be the heart of Liverpool. The visitor who wants to bring it back to his imagination may stand near the memorial to Queen Victoria and look around him.

The trade of Liverpool, which showed signs of a vigorous start in Elizabethan times, but had been severely affected by the Cromwellian civil wars, in which the town was seriously involved, may be said to have made a definite beginning at the Restoration. Then began that connection with the American colonies and the West Indies which has been the making of the town. She had already left Chester—her medieval rival—far behind in the race of commerce.
She now challenged the great port of Bristol, and even London itself, damaged by the fire and plague. Sugar and tobacco made Liverpool what she is—and the slave trade. For nearly a hundred years—that is from before 1730, when an Act of Parliament threw the trade open, till 1807, when it was prohibited—Liverpool built street after street, mansion after mansion, on the proceeds of the slave-trade. As the actor, George Cook, told his audience when they hissed him for being drunk, “every brick of their detestable town was cemented by the blood of a negro.” Slavery, when properly conducted and regulated by religion and morality, has never been condemned by the conscience of the world as absolutely and everywhere wrong. When Louis XIII. sanctioned slavery in the French colonies, he said that he did it unwillingly, as being against the ancient law of France, but that it had been represented to him that in no other way could the negro be taught Christianity. The people of Liverpool in the eighteenth century deliberately upheld slavery as an institution which benefited the blacks; and it is on record that the Corporation, in 1787, voted £100 to the Rev. Raymond Harris, a Spanish Jesuit, to show their approval of a pamphlet written by him in defence of slavery. Mr. Muir says the pamphlet was “in defence of the trade”—but that is a different thing, and I do not think the Spanish Jesuit, whom I have not been able to trace, and whose tract I have not read, would do more than maintain that slavery in itself was lawful and sometimes beneficial.

As for the trade, the Liverpool public, during the time they feverishly manned ships and subscribed money for the African traffic, did not really understand what it meant. When the horrors of it were brought home to them, their best men spoke plainly and boldly, and William Roscoe, as member for Liverpool, voted for the bill of abolition in 1807. It is true that when he came home he was welcomed by a mob with staves and brickbats. There is no doubt the great majority of Liverpool men thought that the abolition of the slave-trade would be the ruin of Liverpool—that “grass would soon be growing in Castle Street.” A quarter of a century later, when Lord Stanley proposed in the House of Commons the gradual extinction, in the British colonies, of slavery itself, Liverpool opinion, as represented by one of her most eminent citizens, John Gladstone, opposed the measure with great vehemence. It was in defence of the management of his father’s plantations in Demerara that his more celebrated son made one of his earliest speeches in Parliament (1833). In after life Mr. Gladstone spoke with dissatisfaction of this speech, in which he had protested against giving the blacks their freedom without preparation. “But of course,” he added, “allowance must be made for the enormous and most blessed change of opinion since that day on the subject of negro slavery.”

About Catholicism in Liverpool Mr. Muir has very little to say. There is little to tell of the churches and pious foundations of mediæval times. As Liverpool, in the Middle Ages, was a very unimportant place, there are no venerable churches or other ancient buildings such as we find in Bristol. The first church of Liverpool that we hear of was St. Mary-on-the-Quay, which stood where St. Nicholas’s now stands. It was built, probably, in the time of King John, who gave the borough its first charter. In the middle of the fourteenth century it was pulled down and a larger church built under the invocation of St. Nicholas. It would be interesting to know why St. Nicholas was adopted as titular in the place of Our Lady. It is certain that the Crusaders brought home many striking stories of his intercessory power, and in Rome, in the thirteenth century, there were sixteen churches dedicated to him. This church was rebuilt in the eighteenth century, and its tower in 1810. It was only the “chapel” of Liverpool until Liverpool was separated from Walton and made into a parish of its own, in 1699. Under
NO MEAN CITY.

its pavements lies all that remains of Catholicism in Liverpool before the Reformation, including the body of William of Liverpool, who endowed it, and whose will (given by Mr. Muir) is a touching document of Catholic mediaeval life. When the borough secured its status as a parish, it immediately built a second church “beyond the Pool”—that of St. Peter, which is now the Anglican Pro-Cathedral.

After the Reformation, Catholicism was a long time before it raised its head. It is difficult to account for the fact that Liverpool, ever since the days of Cromwell, has always been bitterly Protestant and Puritan. Many of the great families of Lancashire with whom it had dealings remained Catholic for a long time, like the Molyneux; and Lancashire itself, as we all know, kept, and still keeps, its Catholic complexion in a more marked degree than any other English county. Perhaps it was the long struggle of a trading community to throw off feudalism and become masters in their own house that made them so bitter against all that was connected with the old order of things. Edward Moore—of the Old Hall, commemorated in “Old Hall” Street—representative of a family which was for many years intimately connected with the town, was prominent as a leader of the Puritan party, both in field and parliament, during the Cromwellian period. In 1664 Toxteth Park ceased to be a forest, and was settled by a colony of Puritan farmers from Bolton. Then the Derby family, though Jacobites, had abandoned the old faith. Anyhow we find Liverpool, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, ruling its “parson” with a strong hand, dictating religious observance of the most Protestant sort, censoring morals, and opposing King James II. and the Stuart cause, in a way that was very unlike Lancashire in general. There must have been Catholics in the town. In the last year of James II., we read of a Richard Lathom, who was a surgeon, and his wife, who kept a school. These two were prosecuted by the High Church Council of the town for following avocations unlawful to Catholics. The King interposed, and stopped the prosecution—a proceeding which did not endear him to the dominant party. There was some kind of a Catholic chapel in 1746, for in that year—the year after the second Jacobite rising—the Liverpool mob sacked and burnt it. From the beginning of the eighteenth century we find the Jesuit Fathers residing in Liverpool, but the site or locality of a Catholic Chapel does not seem to have been handed down; until we come to that which was built in Edmund Street—between Old Hall Street and the present Exchange station—about 1730. This chapel was served by the Jesuit Fathers till 1783, when it was transferred to the Benedictines. The fine Church of St. Mary was built on this spot about 1815, but was pulled down forty years later to make room for the enlargement of the Exchange station. The present Church of St. Mary in Highfield Street was built in its place. From old St. Mary’s Chapel, which may be considered the mother-church of Liverpool, was founded St. Peter’s, Seel Street, in 1788. St. Nicholas, Copperas Hill, and St. Anthony’s, Scotland Road, had their beginnings about the same time. There may have been 10,000 Catholics in Liverpool at the end of the eighteenth century, It will be remembered by Laurentians, that Father Gregory Cowley, who came to Liverpool in 1789, opened a College at Mount Vernon Hall soon after his arrival, and that the community of St. Lawrence’s, under Dr. Marsh, joined him there eight or nine years later. Of the establishment at Mount Vernon we should be glad to tell more. Mr. Hand gives a reproduction of the Hall—I suppose as a typical specimen of the rich Liverpool merchant’s house in the eighteenth century, when Liverpool was growing wealthy. But we are already familiar with it in the History of Apsley. “Hall Lane” perpetuates its memory. We do not hear how many boys the monks had gathered together when they left it for Parbold in 1801.

Many of my readers, I hope, will assist at the Pageant. If they do, they will see, among other sights, a procession of
forty cowl-clad monks, representing the Priory of Birkenhead, who will advance singing the “Urbs Jerusalem” to the ancient English melody. They are under the able training of Father Anselm Burge. When they arrive in presence of the grand stand, they, and the five hundred men of the great choir who will be then in position, will sing an Ode written and composed by Father Anselm. No doubt it will appear in the Journal in due time.

There are signs that Liverpool, in the year of the completion of her seventh century as a borough, is not dead to the duties imposed upon her by her population and her wealth. She was a long time before she seems to have had any aspirations as a town, either to culture or to cleanliness. It was in the very last year of the eighteenth century that William Roscoe was striving to realise his fond dream, that the Liverpool he loved might become the rival, as in commerce, so in culture, of the Florence whose glories he had described. He and his friends created, in 1799, the Athenæum, a library for scholars. It is to him that the town owed the Botanic Gardens, established for the cultivation of scientific plant-knowledge. A few years later saw the opening of the Royal Institution (in Colquitt Street), intended to diffuse every kind of culture through the commercial life of the community. These foundations of a hundred years ago seem to have been before their time. Perhaps, indeed, the old Tory spirit of Liverpool never intended them to be of use to any except the rich and leisured few. What Liverpool really wanted was not Florentine culture so much as decent houses, less drink, more water, and better police. For a long time it cannot be denied she was disgraceful in all these respects. As late as thirty years ago things were still very bad—Liverpool was terribly immoral and the death-rate excessive. In 1874 the Times asserted, with some justice, that the criminal statistics and the health statistics of Liverpool pointed to the same conclusion—that Liverpool was a town whose leading inhabitants were negligent of their duties as citizens. The Catholic clergy, secular and regular, who have ministered to the flock in Liverpool during the nineteenth century, have most certainly had more than their share of the inconveniences which resulted from the crowded areas, the dirt and the disease, of the great town where their lot was cast. Not only during visitations of typhus and of cholera, but in every year of the century there have been “martyrs of charity”—priests whose death has been traceable to their work among the poor and the sick. Liverpool has now taken up in earnest the physical amelioration of the lot of her citizens. Since 1870 she has really spent money in building houses for workmen. Since 1880 she has grappled magnificently with the question of water-supply. Since 1897 her system of trams has been admirable. The drink question receives the most serious attention. Private philanthropists of the first class, such as Father Nugent, Father Berry, Major Lester, etc., have worked with the Corporation, and organized the willing charity of the wealthy. Her elementary schools are admirable, and her Education Committee, I believe, liberal and large-minded. She can point to her St. George’s Hall, her Free Library, her Art Gallery, and her University Buildings with lawful pride and satisfaction as groups of buildings unsurpassed in the Kingdom. If her commerce lasts—and in spite of one or two menacing symptoms, there seems no probability that it will soon decay—she many aspire to be not only a second Florence, but also a clean, healthy, and pleasant town. She has now begun to build a great Anglican Cathedral. For those who live to see it finished, it will be interesting to note whether it will ever become a real living religious influence. If it does, it will be the first Anglican Cathedral that is anything more than a monument. The question is bound up with many possibilities and uncertainties, as to the future of Protestantism and of religion in general. Meanwhile the Catholic
body, though it does not boast of a Cathedral worthy of its number, goes on building church after church as Liverpool spreads—and there is certainly life and reality in every one of them, from old Seel Street to the last opened. Money can do a great deal, but the victory is with the people that are in earnest.

* J. C. H.
It has been said, and perhaps truly, that all the interest taken by Englishmen in that part of the country which is north of the Tweed centres round its deer-lands, moors, locks and waterfalls. It is a case where the union of two peoples under one crown, however well it may have worked for betterment in matters mercantile, military and fiscal, has not issued in the product of an alloy sound enough to be ethnologically classified and bear a name. The Scot, when he crosses the border, is, though not an alien, still somewhat of a foreigner, and it is only his intimate knowledge of the language and general custom that makes him feel more at home than you or I would feel in France. There is a veiled consciousness on the part of an Englishman who visits the north, especially the Highlands, that he is regarded as a "Sassenach." This may be only a slowly fading relic of the past. Histories may be still handing down memories of how the English conquered the Scotch, but when the Scotchman reads he says "never; we were only subdued." Anyway there is no strict amalgam between the two, as witness the Parliamentary statutes, the civil and educational code, and last but by no means least, religion. Hence it comes to pass that on either side there is no real community of interests beyond the universal one of making money and seeking pleasure.

There is a point of view, however, from which opens out a wide field of exception, and that is the Religious one. There is a theological question underlying every other in all departments of human affairs, and no man may hope to succeed in ignoring, still less in dislodging it. It is the only thing that counts, for it is always the real point at issue. It
I4 MELROSE.

is the one centre of interest which attracts all minds, and it contains that power, peace to the shade of Burns, "that wad the gifte giue us" of seeing others as we see ourselves. This is what was said by an English visitor, this summer, who stood amidst the ruins of Melrose Abbey, and was written down afterwards for the edification, or otherwise, of readers of the Ampleforth Journal. The connection did not at first seem very apparent, but afterwards it resolved itself. Melrose was Cistercian, so was Rievaulx. The first community to people Melrose was a colony from Mount Grace, under Abbot Richard in 1136, and the new Scotch Monastery remained ever after subject to the Mother house in Yorkshire. Yorkshire and Rievaulx naturally suggested Ampleforth and St. Lawrence's. Then other thoughts followed. Here, on the very border of the two countries, stands all that is left of a Saintly King's (David I.) foundation, though he did not live to see its completion, like some dismantled lighthouse with its lamp gone out. It still seems, however, to serve somewhat of its original purpose of warning both North and South of a mutual interest that should bind them in the sacredness of a religion that once hallowed and still haunts its stones. From the year 1560, when the estates were sequestered by the crown and the eleven remaining monks were pensioned, its very existence began to be forgotten save by a few people in the neighbouring hamlets. Even these seldom resorted to it except as quarrymen. Until 1590, its stained glass still stood in the windows, the altar and choir stalls were intact, and the numerous niches on the walls safely sheltered their delicately carved statues—some of them remain even until now, in sorrowful yet pleading mutilation. It was in that year that the brutal violence of the mob, who knew nothing of rival creeds, but, under the leadership of Knox, were ready for any plunder and destruction, hacked into pieces all that came within their reach. If these locusts spared any, that the Covenanters of 1649 entirely demolished. These again might have gone further in their blind zeal, had not a simple thing scared them. A statue of our Blessed Lady, Patron of the Cistercians, fell upon one miscreant and maimed his arm for life. The rest—they ran away!

For another century Melrose lay neglected and desolate. The pilgrim class had become defunct, the tourist had not as yet been born. Perhaps it was the antiquarian zeal of Francis Drake of York who first rediscovered and made known this, in his eyes, "Gothic rarity . . . the most exquisite structure of its kind in either Kingdom." Perhaps it was Walter Scott who did more to restore to it its rightful fame when he threw over it the glamour of romance and enshrined it in the witchery of poetry. For one thing it seems watching and waiting. Will that come? It had a long past, why may it not have a future?

There was an old Melrose on the Tweed two miles away. The orthography of its name was not the same as the later modern monk sculptured it in that rebus (a melmallet, and a rose) which the most furious of the iconoclasts failed to obliterate and which remains there yet amidst the ruins. It was built on a steep bank, in Celtic a mull -raw or hare promontory. It was the home of St. Boisil (Doswell) and St. CuMbett, was colonised from Lindisfarne in 854, and became, in turn, the mother of Ripon. It had its chequered history of spoliations and revivals, until King David transferred it to New Melrose and it then lingered on as a chapel dedicated to St. Cuthbert. It was a place of pilgrimage until the fifteenth century. Its site is still pointed out as "the Chapel knoll." So Melrose had all the traditions of the ancient and apostolic Church handed down to it from St. Aidan and beyond. It lived to see those traditions enlarged and strengthened by the introduction of Premontré at Whitherne, of many communities of Dominican and Franciscan Friars, of the Austin Canons and Knights of St. John. It was also in touch with the Cluniac monks who went from Paisley to Iona, as well as with the Benedictines of Coldingham and Dunfermline. It
had its heyday of prosperity. It lived its strenuous life of work and influence. At one time as many as a hundred monks gathered within its cloisters and there found the earthly arena on which they fought out their life-wrestle. It stood up and proclaimed the triumph of faith over heathendom. While including all that was tender and graceful, it became the embodiment of what was highest and noblest in human intelligence and skill dedicated as an offering to the glory of God.

Then came the raids and the burnings of the English invasion. Melrose suffered the first and the worst. In the midst of the clang of incessant warfare, and the pillage and slaying that accompanied it, discipline was sure to suffer. In vain did the General Chapter of Citeaux attempt reform. The passage of armies to and fro made all efforts impossible, and it is hard to say if friend or foe were more disastrous. The final blow came when Henry VIII., on the breakdown of the proposal for the marriage of Prince Edward with Mary of Scotland, sent an army, under the Earl of Hertford, to pillage the district. The deed was done with such ruthless savagery that Melrose never recovered. Its day seemed over. Its work seemed done. Just the remnant was saved.

On the west side of the south transept is a door that leads to a turnpike stair. Over the door there is an inscription—

"So goes the compass ev'n about,
So truth and laute (worship?) do, but doubt (no doubt),
Behold the end (behold the end), John Murdo."

John Murdo, as is seen from another inscription on the south side, was master mason of the building. Was he also a prophet? Has the compass turned round about, and the truth hung only for awhile in the balance? Are the words of the third line the same as the "repite finem" of Christian philosophy with which we are all familiar? Must we look further ahead before we can wisely judge that the influence of all for which Melrose still stands is gone for ever? The
place certainly looks as if some guarding spirit were near. It is cared for—reverenced even, now, as if in atonement for past neglect. Some Presbyterians did attempt to bring it back to some resemblance of its former purpose by partially reroofing it, but the project failed. Britons, whether Celt or Saxon, agree in looking on it now only to deplore the folly that inspired its destruction. The descendants of those who worked the ruin are now anxious to disclaim the false glory that has so long been attached to the doing, and to shift all responsibility for it from Scotchmen's shoulders on to the English armies. They allow that the motive was but in small part religious, and that much of it was temper, more was greed. The idea is dawning that the introduction of Presbyterianism was not a reformation but an innovation, if not a convulsion. While men then strained at the gnat of Rome, they swallowed the camel of Geneva. Like the hasty servants of the Householder, they rooted up the wheat while they thought to pluck only the cockle. While thinking to lighten the ship, they threw overboard, in panic, many things which now the best and most enlightened minds consider would be none the worse to have back again.

Perhaps the two opposite results of the one same dissolving force that passed over England and Scotland in the sixteenth century have not been sufficiently noticed. Anglicans maintain that it was only a washing of the Church's face; but here in Scotland they must own it was a change of face altogether. In England, speaking generally, something was saved of the ancient fabric. Some semblance of an apostolic Church remained, and tacked on to it were a few torn ribbons of its creed, its formularies, and of its ritual. In Scotland, with, finally, the utter repudiation of an episcopate, there set in a more than Judaic severity of mind which insisted on tasteless kirk buildings, devoid of all sacredness and ornament, on the one weekly prayer-meeting, plain and monotonous, and the predominant sermon. This became the "established" form of worship,
a form so unlike that of the twin “establishment” of the
south, that either might with reason doubt their common
parentage. Armed with the authority and sustained by
the prestige of the law, it spread everywhere over the land.
Its reign was so absolute, that it kept in check the growth
of those multitudinous Nonconformist sects which do not
appear here in indefinitely repeating decimals, as they do
south of the Tweed. It has had the outward robustness of
an athlete, but its weakness has been, from the beginning,
within. The symptoms of dissolution soon became apparent.
Disintegration began, and limb by limb fell away. There
are now by the side of the “Scotch Kirk,” belonging to it
and yet not of it, the “ wee Frees,” the “ United Frees,”
some “original Seceders,” and some “Reformed.” This
indicated at first some slight organic congestion. It now
turns out to be a veritable phthisis on the part of the people.
Kirk-going is admittedly largely on the decrease. On the
part of ministers, religious belief has fallen to its minimum.
The triple sets of Presbytery and Synod and General Assembly,
opposed to and overlapping each other, are alike agitated
by the unmistakable cry of the people for some short expre-
sion of a common creed that may keep them at least barely
Christian. Ere this can be attempted, the Westminster-
Confession of Faith, their one time great test of orthodoxy
must be thrown into the crucible, that so the residue, its
sum and substance, may perhaps suffice. Ministers and
Candidates for office have long been subscribing to that
formula with a mental reserve, under the protection of a
conscience clause, lest they might be called upon to preach
what they did not believe. The airy nothingness of the
“ new theology ” existed here long before Mr. Campbell
gave it a local habitation and a name.

“So goes the compass even about.”

You cannot yet behold the end, because it is not in sight.
Things are, however, drawing on to it, though to prophesy

is not yet safe. There is evidence of a widely spread
conviction that, if the Presbyterian house is not to fall, the
many and heavy divisions on its floors must be taken down.
The cry is for reunion; but where to begin, and how to
begin, and who is to begin, are bewildering preliminary
questions. If the one roof be found sound enough to cover
one really national Scotch Church (Protestant, of course),
then what about the Episcopal Church in Scotland? Here
is a very disturbing element introduced into the debate.
The Episcopalian points to the Presbyterian, and, coolly
assuming a continuity with the ancient hierarchy, says:—
“You are the exotic, we are indigenous to the soil. Even
now, though disestablished and dispossessed, the greater
part of the land belongs to the adherents of our Church.
If we are poor, it is because Presbyterian institutions are
supported mainly out of what were formerly Episcopalian
funds”;—(forgetful that these same funds were Catholic
before they belonged to either). “Your Confession Of Faith
savours more of Calvin than of Christ;” and, if you would
relegate it, as we would the thirty-nine Articles and the
Athanasian Creed, to an appendix in the Book of Common
Prayer, as an interesting historical monument, a way would
be opened for a distinctive step in the path of union.” The
retort comes back that, if union means unanimity, then
Catholics and Unitarians and the Nonconformist sects must
be reckoned with, or else you are open to the charge
of insincerity and to the tacit approval of the principle that,
after all, God is a God who sanctions variety in religion.
Notice how studiously on both sides all reference to a central
authority, without which union is an ecclesiastical dream, is
avoided—nay repelled. The Pope is still a bogey, and they
can’t get rid of a fear of him. Though a Catholic population
of at least 514,000 in their midst ought to have some consider-
tion with them in any scheme of religious comprehension, they
go on playing the game of sand-hiding and pretend they do
not see. No voice has been raised on the Catholic side of
the controversy. No Catholic paper has lent its columns either to enlighten or to explain. As far as England is concerned, it may not be from want of sympathy, it may only be from absence of the knowledge of facts. Anyway, the Scot is, as has been said, a man apart.

But "behalde to the end." "Respite finem." Is this state of chaos here the sole outcome of the vaunted return to the purity and simplicity of Faith attempted in the day when Melrose and all that it stood for, Unity, Authority, Creed, went down in the struggle! If so, what a commentary!

But it is time to take one last look at the veteran ruin. What that look reveals is as significant as it is touching. Over the great south door there some figures of musicians are carved. Near them are images of St. John the Baptist, and of a monk with this beautiful legend:—"He suffered because He willed. When Jesus cometh the shadows of the world shall cease to be." Perhaps no other words could more suitably form a conclusion to this dissertation.

John S. Cody, O.S.B.

A Sketch of the History of the Benedictine Community now residing at St. Benedict’s Priory, Colwick, Stafford.

Chapter VIII.

The French Revolution.

Nothing very material appears to have transpired in our Community from this period until the commencement of the French Revolution, excepting that according to the testimony of the ancient Religious, as well as the general opinion of the public, the Community was considered a remarkably exemplary one, living up to the Spirit of our holy Institute and continuing under the obedience of the most Eminent Cardinal of Reims Archbishop of Paris and his successors. From the time of Rev. Mother Agnes Temple, who built all the Cells and Cloisters, there was no new building until the beginning of the year 1767, the year after the first election of Mother Mary Magdalen Johnson, who was elected the 6th of August 1766. She rebuilt the Infirmary, which had been in danger of falling down, and which now consisted of four large rooms and a Kitchen besides three Garrets. These were the Parlours and the Confessor’s Apartments, the latter of which had been before intolerable, especially his Bedroom, it being a small Garret next the tiles and exposed to the violent heat and cold. This building which was very considerable (the expense amounting to upwards of seventeen thousand Livers) was begun in the year 1767 and was all by the help of Divine
Providence paid, without diminishing our rents, in the year 1770. Revd. Mother Prioress, being much importuned by the Architect for his money and she not having wherewith to satisfy his demand, mentioned to the Revd. Mr. Short, to whom she was writing, and through whose hands we had frequently received considerable charities, particularly from our worthy and benevolent Benefactor the Rght. Honol. Lady Stourton the difficulty she was under on account of this debt. Mr. Short, having in his hands a hundred pounds, left to be disposed of in Charitable uses by Edward Jessop Esquire for the benefit of his soul, sent it to us, earnestly recommending him to our prayers and letting us know at the same time Mr. Jessop’s intention. To this sum was added thirty pounds from Lady Stourton which paid the whole debt, except go livres which we added ourselves. Mr. Jessop was of course put in the list of our Benefactors and always partakes of the prayers of our Community. We have likewise other very great obligations to Mr. Short, whose disinterested charity is the more worthy of remark in that he had at that time his own Sister Superior of another Community. Yet he preferred sending the money to us, and he also sent us three years successively (after the above named gift) a hundred pounds from a person who had promised to give that sum in Charity upon the success of an important affair. The same Revd. Mother was also advised to build a Malt-Kiln that we might brew beer for ourselves. She did this about the year 1774, and we brewed at home for some years; but she did not find it answer (as she had always feared), though the Religious took much pains in making the Malt to save expense. She was much more successful in her attempt at making peppermint drops and Pastilles, in the manufacture of which we got to great perfection and sold great quantities both of them and of the distilled water of Peppermint. The profit was a great assistance to the Community and shews us, for our example, that our sisters, though they depended so much on Divine Providence, did not neglect such means as were compatible with their state to help themselves. They were frequently urged to take Pensioners, but that being contrary to our Institute and retired manner of living, they chose rather to place their whole trust in Divine Providence than to change one thing that our Venerable Beginners had with so much labour and pain established, and of which their followers have reaped the comfort in the solitude of a sweet and retired life. The next great Building we were obliged to undertake was the Church and Choir. This happened likewise under the Superiority of the same Revd. Mother. The old building faced the Street and was the original house our beginners had first bought, turned into a Church and Choir. It was now so old, it was considered to be in danger of falling. Revd. Mother Prioress consulted Revnd. L’Abbe Deplasse, who had been several years our Superior and had on all occasions acted towards us like a tender Father. He came several times with proper persons to examine the necessity and to calculate the expense, and he used his best endeavours to procure us help. He obtained for us 6000 livres from the Clergy besides several other Charities, and the Building was determined to be done. Upon the 25th of April, 1783, the Blessed Sacrament was removed to a temporary chapel, and the work went on prosperously and was far advanced, when, in June, 1784, Revd. Mother Mary Magdalen Johnson was taken dangerously ill. Our Superior came to visit her. She had every assistance that could be procured her both for soul and body, but being exhausted by long infirmities she was too weak to withstand the violence of her illness and she died, much regretted by the Community, on the 13th of June 1784.

After the Election of Revd. Mother Mary Clare Bond, who succeeded, the Building was completed. The expense amounted in all to 34,000 livres. Some of this had been paid in the life time of the late Prioress from the sums procured us by our Superior and a £100 from Lady Stourton,
but there remained still due 13000 livers to the principal builder. Mother Mary Clare Bond was elected a second time in August 1788, but soon after fell into a very bad state of health and about Easter of the following Year was entirely confined to her bed.

In May of the same Year, 1789, began the dreadful French revolution. It is not my intention to notice any proceedings in this affair further than to give a short account of what happened to us.

On the 14th of July, 1789, the Community was much alarmed by the violence of the mob and the taking of the Bastile. Sometimes the neighbours would come and tell the Nuns to shut the outside doors, as the mob was in the next street. It was still more alarming to see the populace running from place to place in sight of our Convent, setting fire to different Houses. On one occasion we could see 7 fires blazing at the same time! This was particularly distressing as it was in sight of the Infirmary windows, where Revd. Mother Clare Bond was in such a state of suffering that she could not be moved out of Bed and was in fact very near her death. The nuns used their best endeavours to prevent her from knowing what was going on; but it was impossible. The smell of the smoke came full into the room; and the noise of the demolishing of a large House very near was terrific.

The day following, the same Mob came to our door, and the street was filled with a set of men that it is impossible to describe, so frightful was their appearance; but they came quietly to ask for victuals. They were admitted into the parlours and had as much bread and wine as they chose. Afterwards they retired very peaceably.

After this first Alarm (which was little in comparison with what we had afterwards) we were for some time without any molestation; but our Dear Superior grew worse and worse, and after a long martyrdom of excruciating pain, caused by Sciatic Gout, it pleased God to call her to Himself on the 22d of November 1789. The Community felt severely the loss of such a Prioress, especially at a time when there was just cause to apprehend that dreadful scenes would ensue. There was only time to make an election of another Prioress before things were so disturbed, as to put an end to all regular observance. On the 11th of January, 1790, forty days after the death of the late Prioress, Mother Teresa Joseph Johnson was elected. The Community soon had reason to fear the worst, and therefore had advice from the Ecclesiastical Superior to secure the Church plate; which was done by selling all that could be spared. Then occurred the difficulty about the Intruded Curé of the Parish. The first thing required of us was that we should ring the bells for the installation of the Intruded Bishop of Paris. This Revd. Mother Prioress refused to do. The Commissaire threatened; but no harm came of it. The next thing required of us (sometime afterwards) was that the Prioress should sign a process verbal that she accepted certain articles in a printed paper, one of which was to keep the door of the Church shut, and not allow any but the Community to enter. As there were still other Churches where the people might hear Mass, this article was accepted; nor could we have refused, as our Church was only a private one. Another was that we should not permit any Priest to say Mass who had not faculties from the Intruder. This we absolutely refused, saying that we neither could, nor would, acknowledge any other than our Lawful Archbishop (He was at that time at Chamberry). It is most astonishing that, though the Commissaires were most earnest in their endeavours that we should agree to what they demanded, yet they were not offended at this refusal, but behaved with the greatest respect, wished us all prosperity, and assured us of their protection! After this, the Intruded Curate called to ask if we would receive the Procession of the Most Blessed Sacrament into our Church, from the Parish Church, on the feast of Corpus Christi? We first alleged the Orders...
we had had to keep the Church Doors shut. He replied, he would take care to have them opened for that. We then told him if he meant to employ force we could not resist; but if he asked us to open the door, we could not do so, as he was not the lawful Pastor of our Parish. Not being a violent man, he retired without further efforts, and soon after came a Commissaire, with all civility, to enquire if we could be more happy than the Curate, and obtain to have the Doors opened? We answered, No. He then asked if we would hang the Streets as before, when the Procession passed through them? When we told him we would because that belonged to the Police, he seemed astonished that he could gain so much, and asked the question several times to he well assured there was no misunderstanding! Though these difficulties seem less than the hardships we afterwards suffered — yet the anxiety and fear of being surprised into any wrong steps was most distressing. We desired on one side to adhere steadily to the Church and freely confess our religious sentiments whenever it was necessary, and on the other to avoid all rash or imprudent measures that might draw down mischief on the Community without benefiting the Cause of religion. In a short time the Convent Churches were opened under the inspection of the Civil Magistrate only; and we opened ours, and it remained open till our imprisonment on the 3rd of October 1793. After all the other Churches had been destroyed, or their lawful Curates deposed, the concourse of people, who came to us from all parts of Paris, is scarcely to be conceived. In our church they were well assured of not meeting with a Constitutional Priest.

The first Domiciliary Visit that we had was in the beginning of 1793, when a band of armed men with their leader came to the great gates of the Convent and demanded entrance. They then called for the Superior who immediately presented herself. They would not say what they came for, but required to be conducted to her Appartment.

The leader of the band, ordered all his men, excepting two, to remain below stairs; these two were to accompany him as witnesses, and were placed with their arms as guards at the door. One of the Nuns accompanied Rev. Mother. The precautions they used were to prevent her from concealing anything that they were in search of, which was her correspondence. Happily it was not English letters they wanted, and all others had been destroyed, excepting one from a Deputy of the National Assembly. This satisfied the Officer, and he gave a favourable account to his men and finished the visit.

The 2nd Visit was on Holy Thursday, 1793, in the Afternoon. The pretence was to seek for Priests and arms. They indeed faithfully fulfilled their Charge, leaving no place either within or without the Convent unsearched, during which proceeding guards were placed all round the enclosure walls. Apparently there were about 300 of them. The Prioress, being asked if she had anything concealed, informed them that an English Lady then in England had left some of her effects under the care of the Community, which were deposited in one of the Apartments. After having examined it they put the Seals of the Nation on the Door. The 3rd Visit was made on the 8th of September, the same Year, at 2 O’clock in the Morning. They first went to the Confessor’s Appartments and after examining all there, they put the Seal of the Nation on his papers, money, etc.; they then rang the Convent Bell and awakened the Religious. The Fortress came and the Confessor told them what the matter was. All rose and dressed as quickly as they possibly could while the officers were clamorous for admittance. The Doors being opened they came stamping in; the lights, noise, confusion, rendered it a Dreadful scene; but, having searched every Cell for papers and letters, and put the Seals on what they found, they permitted the terrified Religious to go to Choir. Rev. Mother and another Nun, however, remained with them, till after 5 o’clock.
when they went away, and the Community said Matins. The 4th Visit was on the 30th of October, 1793, between 4 and 5 in the Afternoon. Then the Nuns were made Prisoners in their own house. We found we had been denounced, as having private Assemblies in our Convent. The great concourse of people from all parts of Paris to our Church gave rise to these suspicions. They examined the Parlours very strictly and seemed much disappointed at not finding any door of communication. These men had their orders in due form from the Department, and, after their search, were to leave us in arrestation, with a Guard at our own expense. They began their search with great rigour, making an inventory of all the places below stairs, and of all our Effects; remaining till near midnight when they retired, leaving our old man as guard, telling him to let nothing pass in or out without his knowledge. We furnished him with a bed and he slept in a parlour close to the great Inclosure door. He remained 5 weeks in this manner and we were obliged to pay him 3 Livres a day. He was very civil. The Officers returned next morning to continue their inventory. When they had enumerated all the out Buildings, Wash-house, Distillery, etc., etc., they went to the Infirmary where they began to reflect what a troublesome affair they had in hand, and of them discovered that they had no orders to make an inventory but only to examine the Effects: they therefore decided to do no more and put the Seals on what they judged fit. They had been to the dépôt, where all the contracts, registers etc. were kept and the Nuns could only obtain permission to take away from it the parchments on which their Religious Vows were written. By this means each one had the comfort of preserving her own.

Before this time a Commissaire had been sent to require a declaration of all our rents, on account of the war with England. The effects of all English persons being put in Sequestration, we could receive no rents, so that we were reduced to live on charity and on what we could gain with our work, for we received no assistance from the Committee till the 24th of December 1793. I have already said that we were put in arrestation under a Guard, on the 3rd of October 1793. The House was then only occupied by the Community, and we continued all our religious exercises as usual, although the Commissaires came in and out of the Convent as they pleased to see what Apartments might be spared for other Prisoners. They marked several rooms. They told the Religious, in order to tranquillize them, that they should only bring some Ladies of their own Country. But in the beginning of November the Concierge arrived and produced his powers in form. The first interview showed what might be expected. He told the Prioress that our Confessor, Revd. Father Naylor, would be sent to another prison, but that she might be at ease, (or another Confessor would be provided, etc.) She told him that we would by no means accept of any one that they should send! He replied, then she should be sent to another prison also—this was all an invention of his own. We learnt that he was a warm Jacobin, one of those who frequented the Jacobin Club, and he seemed a fit instrument to employ in the business they were carrying on. The only way to get any favour out of him was by dint of money. However such as he was, he was destined for our Governor and we could only accept the Chalice, though a very bitter one.

On the 7th or 8th of November 6 Ladies were brought to us as prisoners, with 2 maid servants who came voluntarily to attend on their Mistresses. Soon after this, the House was filled with prisoners of all ranks, Men, Women, and Children. Many of them were of the highest classes, and among others was the Princess Joseph Monica, who was taken away sometime after, with 13 or 14 others, in the night and shortly after beheaded. There were also the Duke and Duchess D’Alvigne and their Daughter the Dutchess of Montmorency, with her child and waiting maid. These 3 were lodged in a very small garret, where the
Infirmary. The Maid soon fell sick and the good young Duchess, in a most pleasant charitable manner, waited both on her child and maid, till at length she became very ill herself. Then the Duke, her Father, wishing to visit her, went upstairs to her chamber, but the door being only 2 feet a half wide, and his Grace extremely large, he could not enter, which caused some diversion among the prisoners: indeed the Duke was so stout and heavy that they were obliged to furnish him with an Iron Bedstead. He was a well-behaved man and very respectful to the whole community; he had a sister in another part of the house, Madame D'Albove, a very worthy lady who was very kind to Rev'd. Mother Prioress. Besides these there were several other families of distinction who gave great edification under their Afflictions; but alas! many shewed that their principles were according to the times, and many of these left their prison to meet death in a state of infatuation, without spiritual aid. There was, however, one lady who became truly sensible of her state before she was beheaded. She had neglected her Duty, as she told the Nuns, and begged them to pray for her as she was soon to die, and had no means of meeting with Spiritual Assistance: but Divine Providence provided her with this in a very striking manner, for an Uncle of hers arrived unexpectedly, as prisoner, with no knowledge she was there, or in such Distress. He was a very good priest, and she had the happiness of having all the spiritual aid it was in his power to give her. There was also a Prince Charles who told us he had been a friend to the wrong cause and, after having lent a large sum to those concerned in it, they had placed him in prison. A German Princess was also a prisoner in our house, and remained there when the Community was transferred to the Castle of Vincennes. The Community continued their choir Duties after the arrival of the first prisoners, and had Mass as usual for a short time. The Prioress, hearing from the Concierge that the Revolutionists were carrying away all the plate from the churches in our Section, desired him to let her know before they came. He answered that she must be prepared. They came accordingly and took away a Silver Chalice and Ciborium and a vessel for the Holy Oils which the Confessor had emptied. They left a Ciborium that was not silver but gilt. We got a Pewter Chalice, and had Mass some time longer, but in a few days they returned (the 5th Visit) to take the rest of the silver and they obliged the Prioress to go into the out apartments there to make a declaration of all the Plate we had. After this, they made the strictest search, and had they found anything of the sort it would have been a Capital Crime. They took the Paten, Thurible, the silver figure of Christ and the ornaments of the Cross which we used in Processions, spoons, forks, etc.; they even made Rev'd. Mother empty her pockets in which was found a precious Reliquary of silver work. These they took saying: "The Nation has need of all!" Alarmed by hearing of the horrible profanations in some Churches in our Section we resolved no longer to reserve the Blessed Sacrament. We preferred being deprived of this happiness, rather than run the risk of what might happen, not knowing the day nor the hour when they might come to destroy our Church: but we took the precaution of keeping the Lamp burning as usual, so that if any change for the better took place, we might keep it alight without notice. On the 25th of November, our keeper told us we could no longer have Mass, that he expected the Commissioners from the Section to make another visit. They came about 11 o'clock and demanded from the Prioress an account of the brass, copper, etc. belong to the Church. This was a mere formality, for they gathered up everything they found. The horror of this 6th Visit far surpassed all we had before experienced. They were dressed to make themselves look hideous (it is impossible to describe them, or the destruction they did) and these horrid figures rushed in, the one driving the other,
seeming to exult at what they were sent to do: they ran up
and down the Church snatching and tearing down curtains
and the Shrines of the Saints, taking away crosses, pictures
etc. etc. sporting with the Holy Water, throwing things down
then kicking them up into the air, jumping, racing
about, and calling out to each other with loud laughter.
In short the scene was most dreadful and most disting,
and at length they collected altogether and carried every-
thing into the Vestry at the bottom of the Church, placing
the seal of the Nation on the door. A few days after, they
fetched them away, nor could we ever recover any of these
effects, some of which were of considerable value. They
then passed into
the
other Vestry, and there one of these
shameless creatures dressed himself like an Abbess and,
taking a Crosier in his hands in mockery, came into the
Chapter room singing "Veni Spas Christi." Then they
threw open all the large cupboards in which the Vestments
and Church ornaments were kept; they took these away
and pulled down the cupboards, using the wood to fit up
the rooms for the prisoners. We had contrived whilst they
were ransacking the Church, to take our Office Books and
other books of devotion out of the Choir to our Cells—at
least as many as we could.

7th Visit. A few days after this the Concierge in a very
severe manner procured a more exact search to be made in
the Nuns' Cells to see if they had concealed anything
belonging to the Church. They found nothing of any
consequence, chiefly a few old flowers and other things
belonging to a little Chapel of Our Blessed Lady in our
Cemetery; this discovery was treated as a great victory
and they carried the things off in triumph to the Garret,
where we had been obliged to deposite most of our furniture
in order to empty rooms for the accommodation of the
Prisoners.

In these searches they learnt the different marks on the
Linen, so as to be able to distinguish what belonged to the
The New Church, Ampleforth.

The Village Church, of which a brief notice was given in the Easter number of this Journal, was solemnly opened on Whit-Sunday, May 19th, and is now being used for Divine Service.

An account of the Opening and a description of the church, will no doubt be of interest to "Old Amplefordians." But whether or not, it is a local event of real importance, and as such could not well be passed over. The "Villagers" are naturally proud of having such a church in their midst. It is a most important event to them, and one that begins a new era in the village history; an era, it is to be hoped, of progress in Catholicism. It is the first Catholic Church in the village since the Reformation. The old Parish Church, dedicated to St. Hilda (one of the many survivals of Pre-Reformation times—or rather its quaint old tower, for the body of the church was rebuilt some forty years ago), is still there to remind us of old Catholic days. "A new home," to use Fr. Abbot's words in his Opening Discourse, "is provided for Our Lord;" and again, "He has come to the village in His Sacramental form; and where His Presence is, there must surely come great blessings."

A short time ago, in an article in the Yorkshire Gazette on Ampleforth, we read the following:—"I enquired into the Religious condition of the people without respect to sect or Creed; and one answer I received seems to sum up in a short and representative manner the whole: 'people aren't as good as they once were.' I confess that I could not obtain actual proof of this general opinion." From all we can gather we should incline to the belief that they are decidedly better than they used to be. If there ever was a village that had a bad name, rightly or wrongly, it was Ampleforth; and the adage—"give a dog a bad name and hang it," seems to apply here; for in spite of the great improvements in the physical and moral conditions..."
of the village, old prejudiced ideas still prevail amongst outsiders. When, however, people revisit it, the common expression heard is, "how greatly improved Ampleforth now seems!" It is not for want of places of worship that Ampleforth suffers; for besides the old Parish Church, it has two Nonconformist Chapels, and now a Catholic Church. "But," to quote again from the above-mentioned paper, "Nonconformity is in a declining state. Why?" After several reasons the writer says—"There are other and hidden influences antagonistic to Nonconformity and its work in Ampleforth, which also operate in favour of Roman Catholicism and the Church of England. For instance (and in saying this I do not impute any conscious lack of rectitude to Ampleforth residents) the fact that the Roman Catholic College employs many people of the village and gives some amount of trade to the shop-keepers and others, undoubtedly causes people to attend that body's religious service . . . ." "Bread and butter" Catholics (or Protestants for matter of that) may be found anywhere, and we suppose Ampleforth has had such; but to impute anything of the kind to the Catholics as a body is very unfair, especially as so many of them are either not employed by or independent of the College, while others have come as Catholics from other places and as such have obtained employment at the College. The writer of that article would be surprised to know how many non-Catholics are employed by the College, a proof that the authorities are not prejudiced. If non-Catholics were as liberal-minded on this point as the College, we should see less bigotry than we still do amongst our neighbours. Bigotry dies hard, and the late District Elections have shown us how it still survives amongst some of the non-Catholics of the village. It has, however, been gratifying to notice the kindly attitude and help on the part of the better-minded non-Catholics towards the new church. They have supported the concerts, jumble-sales, etc., which have been held in aid of the building fund; they came in large numbers to the opening of the church, and altogether have helped on the work in many little ways. All this is a clear sign of the improved state of things; and we trust that the kind feeling thus shown may further increase, and that prejudice and bigotry will decline. Nonconformity may be on the down-grade in Ampleforth, but it is very noticeable how strong it is in most of our Yorkshire villages.

The population of the parish of Ampleforth was 645 in 1901. Of these, 150 were Catholics, perhaps 100 were Nonconformists, and the rest Church of England. The population of the village itself will be about 530, of which about 110 are Catholics. The actual number of Catholics under the care of the parish priest is 185, including those of neighbouring villages and outlying districts. The Catholic school in the village had an average attendance of 42 last year, of which 9 were non-Catholics. The new church enables those who live at a distance, such as Byland, and also farm servants, who were seldom able to do so before, to get to Mass now. It has been gratifying to find among the regular attendants faces that were seldom seen before at Mass and Benediction.

The church was opened on Whit-Sunday. The Bishop was unable to be present, and the Abbot officiated. Before the Solemn Mass, the church was blessed by Fr. Prior, assisted by some of the monks and boys from the Abbey. Then followed Abbatial High Mass, sung by Fr. Abbot, the Assistant Priest being Fr. Prior, the Deacon Fr. Edmund Matthews, the Subdeacon Br. Paul Nevill, the Master of Ceremonies Br. Ambrose Byrne. The choir from the Abbey, under the able conductorship of Mr. Eddy, sang the Mass by Kaim, the monks rendering the Gregorian chant. Fr. Abbot preached a most eloquent sermon on the text from the Gospel of the day, St. John xiv. 23—"If any one love me he will keep my word, and my Father will love him, and we will come to him, and will take up our abode with him." He
pointed out the importance of the establishment of a Catholic church, inasmuch as it provided a new home for the Blessed Sacrament, thus fulfilling the desire to dwell with men which God had from the beginning manifested in Holy Scripture. He went on to show how God had communicated with mankind from the time of Adam to that of His Incarnation; and how He had then left Himself to us in the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar. They should, therefore, love to visit this church where Christ would now dwell, and should be proud to beautify and uphold that home of God. To the non-Catholics he pointed out that they should respect the feelings and belief of their Catholic brethren, for their faith was a real one and very dear to them.

In the evening Fr. Abbot again officiated and preached. He referred to the highly satisfactory work done by the builders of the church, and thanked those who had so generously helped towards its erection and furnishing. He went on to speak of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, to which a crowded church paid rapt attention. Benediction then followed, the choral part being taken by the congregation choir, whose singing charmed and surprised the many visitors present. The church was filled both morning and evening. There were many non-Catholics present, and these were greatly impressed by the Abbot’s words, which we have reason to believe will lead to much good.

And now a few words descriptive of the building itself, of which Fr. Maurus Powell has provided two excellent little sketches. It is Gothic in style, simple in design, and considered by all most suitable for a village church. No architect was employed; it is of such a simple nature that those in charge of the work and the builders were able to carry it out from their own designs. It is built very substantially of rock-faced stone obtained from the Sleightholm Dale quarries; and Mr. Frank Thompson (mason) and Mr. William Worthy (joiner), both of Ampleforth, are to be congratulated on the way they have done their work. The exterior measurements of the building are: length, 67 feet; breadth, 24 feet; height, 22 feet. The interior measurements are: length, 54 feet, from West wall to the Sanctuary wall; breadth 21 feet. Should it ever be desirable to enlarge the church, the Sacristy and Confessional could be thrown into the church by taking down the 9-inch brick wall that now divides them off from the church, for this wall is merely a partition, and does not support the roof. The Sacristies would then have to be built out on the North or South side, and a larger East window put in instead of the present one that serves to light the Sacristy. For the present, there is more than ample room for all requirements. The church as it is will accommodate about 120 people. It is furnished with kneelers and chairs. The woodwork throughout is of ordinary red deal, and in the case of the roof, doors, and Sanctuary floor, it is stained and varnished. On the North side there is a quaint little porch, in which stands quite a unique Holy Water Stoup, the gift of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Thompson; it is a beautifully carved figure of an angel holding a shell, in Carrara marble specially ordered from Genoa. The Sacristy and Confessional are, as we have already indicated, behind the Altar at the East End; and underneath these is a heating chamber. The Heating Apparatus (from Dileworth and Carr, of Preston) was put in at the expense of Mr. Fisher of Grimstone Manor. The Windows are of cathedral glass, and from the firm of Atkinson and Sons, of Newcastle-on-Tyne. A small belfry is provided at the West End of the church, and it is hoped that means will be found for the placing therein of a bell, the estimated cost of which (including the fixing) is about £26. A bell is very much needed, especially in a village where all the clocks seem to disagree as to the right time.

The situation of the church is very similar to that of the old Parish Church, that is, it stands on the South side of the long village street, and at a little distance from it, in a field below the Catholic School. It is dedicated to Our Lady and St. Benedict, though usually called by the latter name;
the school having always been called "St. Benedict's," it was thought best to place the church under the same patron, though we have heard some regrets that it was not put under the patronage of St. Ælred of Rievaulx, our great local Saint.

The cost of the building is estimated at £600, exclusive of the furnishing of it. This latter, we are happy to say, has been chiefly provided by Miss Talbot and other generous donors. There are still some things needed, such as Stations of the Cross, and Altar rails. But, thanks to many kind friends, the little church has made a good beginning; and the Catholics of Ampleforth have much to be grateful for. To Fr. Abbot chiefly do they owe their thanks—without his sanction and generous help they would not have had their church. Under his direction Fr. Oswald Swarbreck began in 1901 to gather funds for it, and Fr. Prior continued the good work, the Bishop having given his sanction to its erection. The interest shown in it and the help throughout of Fr. Abbot has made possible what otherwise could not have been done.

There is now a debt upon the church, but of such a nature that, we think, it will not be too much of a burden on the Mission. Yet, as the people are nearly all in a position which prevents them from giving much, the priest-in-charge will have to depend chiefly on the help of outsiders. That he has already met with generous response to his appeals is testified by the building itself and by the altar appurtenances and other things now in use. As one enters the little edifice one is struck by its simple beauty and devotional aspect. The exterior is plain and unostentatious, a result chiefly due to economic reasons; but the interior is very pleasing, and, when completed, it will be in our opinion an ideal little church.

Ampleforth with its beautiful scenery and bracing air is attracting visitors more and more; and Catholic visitors will now have the benefit of a church in the village, where the
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There was a gentle south-west wind blowing, when the migrants came back, the weather was warm and clear, the brook was running at summer level, and the low-lying parts of the valley were dry enough to allow a man of no more than average weight to pass into every quarter of them dryshod.

As the newcomers were mainly bent on the building of houses and the rearing of families, and, as everything seemed propitious, they lost no time in following the example of the thrushes, the blackbirds, the snipe and the plover, whose eggs were already in process of incubation. So, suitable alliances were arranged and suitable sites were chosen for the tiny dwellings, that are constructed so cleverly and so industriously. Most birds take only three or four days to finish their nests, though the fairy-like nests of the chaffinch and the long-tailed tit are not completed under a fortnight.

The birds are naturally very loth to allow anyone to discover their treasure-house, and, even when most busily engaged, are very careful not to disclose the secret to inquisitive eyes. If you chance to be near enough, to watch a bird that is flying to its nest with a feather or other material in its mouth, you will see it, on noticing you, perch on some adjacent rail or bough, and wait impatiently for you to go about your business. If, however, you show an intention of remaining, it will drop its burden and fly about carelessly, as though it really had no intention at all of doing anything else except enjoy itself. It may even commence to feed, and will continue to do so, until you have departed. In fact, it will obviously do what it can to deceive you, and I have never seen a more impudent attempt at fraud than was made a few weeks ago by a swallow at the farm, an attempt of which I was the innocent victim. I chanced to be passing through the big barn, as a swallow came flying in with a white feather in its mouth. Seeing me, it circled round once or twice and then sat on one of the crossbeams for a while, until its mate came in and sat by it. After twittering busily at each other for some time, the first comer flew with the feather to a nest which was fastened to one of the rafters, and when it had carefully deposited the feather there, both birds flew out again, and after a time, as they did not return, I too departed. A few days later, being curious to see how the nest was progressing, I brought a ladder and went up to inspect. To my great surprise, the nest contained only one feather, which was, of course, the very one that I had seen. It seemed very strange. Even if I had chanced upon the laying of the first feather, why had no others been added in the long interval? I looked around for some explanation of the mystery, and then the secret was out. A few rafters away I could see another nest, and on a closer examination, found not only that it was quite finished, but that it had two eggs in it. It was plain that this nest was quite finished when I passed before, and that the one feather had been laid in the other nest solely with the object of misleading me. Most birds will, of course, do this kind of thing, plovers being especially noticeable in this respect, though they overdo it so much, as often to defeat their own ends. Here and there, many little comedies of this kind could be observed as I progressed on a tour of observation down the valley. Sometimes the acting was so well done that it required considerable strength of mind to keep the even tenor of one's way, so many inducements were held out to draw me in other directions. There were one or two birds that left their nests at the first alarm, and the wood-pigeon is perhaps the most noticeable of these. It rises with a clatter through the treetops, and will not show itself again until the danger is past.

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Most of the birds, however, now that nesting operations were in full swing, allowed one to observe them closely enough, losing all their natural timidity in their maternal or paternal anxiety.

The main object at this time was to discover nests that were photographable, if one may use such a word, and for a few days I was fortunate in my quest. The season, from my point of view, seemed likely to be an excellent one. Nests were abundant everywhere. The fields which are known locally as "Rum and Water" (they are marshy, and the colour of the liquid probably reminded some bibulous one of his favourite mixture), and which lie between the brook and Gilling Woods, were especially well-populated. Larks, meadow and tree pipits, snipe, plover, and whin-chats, were there in the reedy grass; in the gorse, linnets, hedge-sparrows, yellowhammers, and bullfinches were settling down, whilst most desirable of all, a sedge-warbler was building by the brook, and a yellow wagtail under one of its overhanging banks.

Then the barometer and the thermometer suddenly fell, and the rain came. Such rain, too, not in light summer showers, as might have been expected at that time of the year, but in heavy showers that drove even the hardiest wayfarer to shelter. For a time the soil absorbed most of the fall, and little change was seen. On the third day, the rain still continued, the stream began to rise, and on the fourth day it was a dark-coloured torrent, rushing violently along, bank high and in parts overflowing into the meadows, where the water formed lagoons of different shapes and sizes. Only the higher portions of the ground stood clear, and on them, for a time, the hares and rabbits took shelter, or made for the hedge banks, and, later on, for the woods on the hills. The fieldmice and voles must have been drowned in great numbers, caught in their subterranean burrows. To the birds, the long continued cold rain was the worst of all things. The ground birds suffered first. The low-lying nests were first beaten out of shape and then flooded by the heavy downpour. One lark's nest that I found, was crushed almost flat by the weight of water that had fallen. The yellow wagtail's nest was washed away very soon, and of the sedge-warbler's only a small fragment remained, wrapped round one of the reeds that the current was beating roughly against the bank.

One plover, which had made her nest in a depression at the top of an old mole-heap, could be seen sitting patiently there for many days with the water on all sides of her. How she managed to endure the cold and the wet I do not know, but in the end her devotion was so far rewarded, that she did hatch out the eggs. As, later on, I found two young chicks lying dead near the nest, it would seem that, in the end, she did not reap much reward for her great effort.

A little beyond, a clump of gorse is growing on a slight rising ground. It has grown so thick, that the rabbits have made a warren in it, mostly above ground, and here and there are solid platforms on which, in sunny weather, philosophic individuals may sit and take an elevated view of the world around them; yet they are never so deeply immersed in meditation, that the slightest alarm will not straightway send them scuttling down one of the many passages that lead into the heart of the prickly mass. For birds, too, there is abundant shelter, so that in an ordinary year many, both common and rare, make their homes in its secret places. In other years at this time, it would have been full of life. Rabbits would have been running to shelter, birds would have been flitting to and fro, and rival songsters pouring forth their melodies from every bush. To-day all was motionless and silent. Now and then, I could hear the subdued call of some bird, that still clung to the neighbourhood of its ruined nest. I approached with some degree of apprehension, and a short search showed that my fears were well grounded. First, I found a wren's nest, sodden and lying on its side. A little further was a linnet's nest, filled to the brim with little ones half-fledged, that seemed still to
be waiting with upturned beaks for the food and warmth that were so long in coming. All were cold and rigid, and had evidently been dead for some time.

There were other nests containing eggs, and all apparently deserted. In one hedge-sparrow's nest the bottom had been plucked up in part, so that the blue eggs were completely hidden. This seems to be a common device with some birds in wet weather. Probably the object is to let the water run through the nest, though it may also serve to keep the eggs warm.

The saddest sight of all was reserved for the end. As I came round the last corner of the gorse, I saw, hidden in a tall bush, the nest of a long-tailed tit. Most people know this wonderful lichen-covered nest, spherical in shape, with a small hole in or near the top. The shape of the nest has, somewhat needlessly, perhaps, earned for its builder the name of "bottle tit," though the shape can hardly be said to resemble that of any known bottle.

I bent the branch carefully down, that I might examine the interior of this nest, and was surprised to find that the mother bird was sitting inside with her tail bent back over her head. But when I touched her, I found that she, too, was dead, and that beneath her lay seven dead little ones. It could easily be imagined that the mother had sacrificed herself in the vain effort to keep the warmth of life in her offspring. I replaced the unfortunate family in their silvery dwelling, and not caring to leave them swaying to and fro in the wind with the rain beating on them, I took the nest down and buried it beneath the gorse.

I had now to make a long detour to cross the stream, the usual lords being hidden beneath three feet of water. The plank bridges, too, were either under water or already washed away. As I walked down to the next cart-bridge, I noted how little life seemed to be left by the water. The dipper, with its snow-white breast and its merry whistle, the kingfisher, the moorhen, were to be seen a week ago at every bend of the stream, but to-day they had vanished and the banks were uninhabited. Only a few carrion crows were searching for the victims of the weather. Even the voles had gone into hiding somewhere or other. Only one did I see, and that was swinging to and fro among some briars. The trout, too, would be hiding their time in the recesses of the deep pools, far from the turmoil of the upper world.

Beyond the cart-bridge, in the thick hedge, double and wide-spreading, into the centre of which even the fiercest rain could scarcely reach, birds of many kinds were flitting about, searching busily for food, among the branches and the roots. For fly-catchers and other insect-eating birds I looked vainly. The one consolation that we had during this trying time was that insects had been almost non-existent, and the fly-catchers had been faring so badly, that few of them can have survived. Many have been found on the ground, miserable heaps of feathers and bones. There was one that made his point of vantage the stile that leads from the road to the farm. For some time he maintained the struggle bravely, though looking more and more disconsolate every day, until one morning I found him, too, lying at the foot of the stile, another victim of the tragedy of the rain.

The sparrows are irrepressible, and they, along with the blackbirds and the thrushes, seem to have been almost unaffected by the strange weather. The swallows and the swifts showed an almost eerie prescience. When the rain began, they ceased their building operations, and on the next day vanished. Where they went to, no one seems to know. There seems to have been no news from the south of England. They may have gone back to the security of the tropics. (It is very strange, by the way, that all birds should choose a cool climate for breeding purposes). For to such wings, distance, as we think of it, does not exist. Or there remains the possibility, so strongly urged as an actuality by Gilbert White, that they had retired to the shelter of some neighbouring stream or lake, or had laid them-
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selves up in holes or in caverns. However that may be, they disappeared for a time, reappeared for a day or two, vanished again, and finally returned after an absence of more than three weeks to settle down in earnest to their family life. None were found lying dead, and so they would seem, whether in the Selbornian manner or by working southward again, to have escaped the mortality which has so greatly decreased the numbers of the other migrants.

To-day the weather has become normal once more, and a small morsel of the summer may yet be given to us and to the birds, that need it even more.

Whether the ravages of the season will affect the numbers of the birds for any considerable space of years, remains to be seen. Nature is so prodigal and provides for so much waste, that in a year or two we may expect to find that the losses have been made good. We may, however, be sure that the losses have been very great, greater probably than we imagine. The vermin that infest our woods and fields, the rooks and the crows, are so numerous that nothing edible is allowed to remain on the ground unused for long. A bird may die or become so weak that it cannot escape the danger that is always impending, and in a few minutes all that is left of it, will be a few feathers, blowing about in the wind.

Phyl. Aways.
A Patron Saint of Rome.

What shall be done to him whom the nation desireth to honour? Let him be sculptured in white marble, and set up in the market-place, and let a street in each city be called by his name. This is our modern fashion. We do the monumental part of it sometimes in excellent good taste, so that the statues may be classed among street improvements, like island lamp-posts and granite drinking-fountains. But the street-naming is generally tiresome and sometimes vulgar. Happily, in England, our "Jubilee Drives" and "Ladysmith Avenues" are "epitaphs" confined mostly to the half-built roads of our suburbs. But in Italy, at the present day, there has been a re-naming of ancient and famous streets after the heroes of the Revolution. I suppose there is now hardly a village, much less a town or a city, which has not got among its prominent streets a Via Cavour, or a Via Garibaldi, or a Strada Vittorio Emmanuele, or all of them together. They are, perhaps, not more prominent in Rome or Florence, or Milan, than our Waterloo Bridge and Trafalgar Square in London. But they are everywhere, even in the villages, and the stranger becomes wearied of them. He feels also, perhaps, that the new names are in bad taste, because they must be offensive to a large portion of the population. They are not dictated by private enthusiasm, but by public policy. It is as though Germany in Alsace-Lorraine were to call the streets after King William and Bismarck and Moltke. It is human nature for the victor to flourish the scalps of his enemies, but there is always something barbarous about it and childish. And what can be said in favour of the re-christening of the world-famous Villa Borghese as the Villa Umberto? Can it ever be anything but a nickname?
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In the Eternal City this apotheosis of the makers of United Italy is even more objectionable. Besides that the Holy Father is still living there, and must feel that much that is being done is directed against himself, the movement is to some extent a de-Christianising of the city. The Coliseum, the sanctuary of the early martyrs, has been for some time restored to Paganism, and now two of the altars in the Pantheon, once S. Maria ad Martyres, have been displaced by sepulchral monuments erected altar-wise to Victor Emmanuel and Humbert. The Janiculum, sacred to St. Peter, is given over to the glorification of Garibaldi. Are the glorious Apostles SS. Peter and Paul and St. Lawrence the Martyr to be replaced as patrons of the Eternal City by Victor Emmanuel, Garibaldi, and Cavour?

All guide-books to Rome, of whatever persuasion, international Mr. Baedeker, Protestant Mr. Black, omniscient Mr. Murray, and Catholic Fr. Chandlery, recommend the visitor to pay an early visit to the Church of St. Lawrence outside the walls. It is one of the three basilicas built by Constantine, one of the five Patriarchal churches, and one of the seven pilgrimage churches of Rome. The approach to it is unattractive; modern improvements have constructed a steam tramway, nearly as picturesque as a coal-siding, by the side of the road, and the buildings that line it are mostly wine-shops, artisan dwellings, and stonemasons' yards. A grey portico, neither majestic nor ornate, with a facade adorned with modern mosaics, and a detached campanile, come into view as one reaches a piazza. This is the burial-place of the martyred deacons, SS. Lawrence and Stephen. Fr. Chandlery describes the building as looking, at sunrise, "like a vision of another world," "a fit abode for angelic beings," and some years back, before the ugly gateway to the cemetery had been put up, Lord Lindsay went into rapture over its beauty as being externally the perfect picture of a basilica, and he described the general view as "such a scene as painters love to sketch and poets to repeople with the shadows of past ages." But venerable and chaste as it seemed to him, and beautiful because of its age and unpretentious perfection, the writer, when he saw S. Lorenzo, had a difficulty in realising that it could have any more intimate association with the Holy Martyr than his cathedral at Genoa or the old church at Dieu-Rouard from which our Abbey has derived its name. But one's feelings change when inside the basilica, and there one begins to realise what a great personage St. Lawrence has been for fifteen hundred years in Christian Rome.

As it stands now, it is made up of two churches joined in one. Originally they were built separate, one against the other, lying sanctuary touching sanctuary in the same line, or, as we might say, head to head, like the figures on the Holy Shroud of Turin. The orientation is nearly east and west—one church with its apse at the west end, true basilica fashion, the other with its apse to the east. A sanctuary arch, generally described as a triumphal arch, marks the line of junction. The view along the interior of the church, in spite of, and perhaps because of, its irregularity, is interesting and beautiful, and this interest deepens as one reads its history and sees it materialised in the fashion of the structure and the stones with which it is built.

There was an oratory of some kind there even in Pagan times. Then Constantine, in the year 330, erected the first basilica. His devotion to the Saint led him to endow it with a store of precious gifts. A list of these is recorded by Anastasius Bibliothecarius in his Liber Pontificalis, and we read of porphyry columns, a silver cover and silver railings for the shrine; a golden lamp and a silver crown, each weighing thirty pounds; two brass candelabra, ten-footed, weighing three hundred pounds; plates of silver with embossed representations of the martyrdom; silver lamps; three patens, one of them gold; three cups, one of gold and the others of silver; ten chalices and other altar requisites, all of silver, and a golden vessel (metretum) weighing one
hundred and fifty pounds. In addition, the Emperor having decreed that “the houses, properties, lands, gardens, and everything whatsoever” that the fury of the enemies of the Church had taken from it, should be fully and as far as possible restored to it, the Cyrian estate became the property of the basilica. But it is probable that the shrine sacked in 410 by the Goths, since we find Pope Sixtus III. re-erecting the “Confession” and altar, and embellishing them with new porphyry columns and new silver plates and railings, adding also a silver statue of St. Lawrence, weighing two hundred pounds. The saintly Pope was buried, at his own desire, in this church which he had loved and adorned. A little later, Gallia Placidia, the Roman Empress, daughter of Theodosius the Great, at the instance of Pope Leo I.—“Pontificis studio Leonis,” as an ancient inscription says—added to and partly rebuilt the Constantin Basilica. But during the same pontificate the church was again looted, this time by the Vandals, under Genseric, in 455.

Pope Leo’s archdeacon, Hilary, afterwards his successor in the chair of St. Peter, at once set about its restoration, or rather, its rehabilitation. Apparently the structure was uninjured. The record is one of new gifts of plate and jewels, almost exactly replacing in weight and material the Constantin treasures stolen by the Goths. We are told of a gold cup, adorned with onyx stones and purple emeralds, and three silver lamps; two brass candelabra; twelve silver chalices for the Holy Sacrifice, and some other altar furniture, also in silver. Hilary afterwards, when Pope, built and established a monastery in connexion with the basilica, and was buried, like Pope Sixtus, in the church which he loved. His successor, Pope Simplicius, built for each of the three Patriarchal basilicas of that time, St. Peter’s, St. Paul’s outside the walls, and St. Lawrence’s, three presbyteries where the priests in parochial charge might live; and Pope Symmachus added to each of the same three churches a hospice for the poor. John I. divided a great treasure given him by Justin, Emperor of Constantinople, into three equal parts, one of which he bestowed on St. Lawrence’s, the others on St. Peter’s and St. Mary Major. Pope Anastasius II., the immediate predecessor of Symmachus, covered the walls of the “Confession” with silver plates, two hundred pounds altogether in weight. But now that the sanctuary of St. Lawrence was become for a third time a wonder of semi-barbaric magnificence—they were days when artistic value was estimated, to a great extent, by the quantity and costliness of the material; notice how the weight of the precious metals was measured and recorded—it fell again into the hands of the spoiler. The Lombards, under Albinus, who overran Italy in the year 568, though they did not succeed in taking Rome itself, made the land desolate up to its very gates, and St. Lorenzo fuori le Mura was at their mercy. This time the Barbarians did their work so thoroughly that for ten years the basilica remained a melancholy and insignificant ruin.

But the Roman devotion to St. Lawrence could not leave the tomb of the martyr desecrated and unhonoured. Though there were in the city other and larger churches dedicated to the Saint where his relics might have been more safely housed—the bodies of most of the martyrs had already been so translated from the unprotected catacombs—the burial-place on the Tiburtine road was held to be so sacred that Pope Pelagius II., in the year 578, determined to restore or re-erect the Basilica of Constantine for the fourth time. This is the Basilica Nova, as it was called, a name that has created some confusion in later times, since it is the most ancient portion of the present edifice. As we see it in these days, it is not merely to us a sixth century basilica and the most perfect and most beautiful preserved to us, but it is the Basilica of Constantine. It preserves to us the form and style of the older church. It is probably built on the old foundations, and almost certainly of the old materials. The fluted columns of paronazetto (violet-stained Phrygian
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marble), the trophies, which decorate some of the capitals, the fragments of sculpture built into the architrave, are part of the spoils of Pagan Rome. A feature of this Pelagian church is the double colonnade, twelve smaller pillars and arches above the twelve larger ones, forming a gallery not unlike the triforium of a Gothic cathedral. It is found only in one other Roman church, S. Agnese fuori le Mura, but it is not uncommon elsewhere, and something of the kind may be seen in our new cathedral at Westminster. The present silver shrine, which contains the bodies of St. Lawrence and Stephen, is probably a reminiscence of the older one which was looted by the Lombards. Pope Pelagius, in imitation of the style of the old church, once more plated the walls of the Confession with silver.

The stream of pious gifts, showing, for the most part, the devotion of the Popes to St. Lawrence, began to flow again. There is record of silk hangings studded with buttons of gold and pearl, and a new silver statue of the Saint, presented by S. Leo III.; Hadrian I. added to the building a great narthex or portico (now supplanted by the magnificent mortuary chapel of Pope Pius IX.), and gave to the shrine a gold chalice, a small gold statue, and other treasures; St. Leo IV. restored the monastery and added a second one for Greek monks, presenting also a silk vestment with three panels, worked in gold, picturing the martyrdom of the Saint. But the greatest gift of all was a second basilica to receive the overflow of the pilgrims and worshippers. It was added in the seventh century, and was, at first, dedicated to the Blessed Virgin. Its situation has been already described. Like the older church it was constructed mainly with materials quarried out of Pagan temples and palaces. This was a common practice in Rome, as every visitor knows. But in the case of the Basilicas of St. Lawrence it is peculiarly in evidence; there is less concealment of the fact than elsewhere. The architrave in the older church is an undisguised patchwork of sculptured fragments, and there is no adaptation or Christianising of the military trophies in the capitals of the piers. Similarly, the Basilica Major, now the nave, has twenty-two ancient columns of granite and cipollino, all of different thicknesses and shapes, with irregular capitals, left just as they were when they were cut or dug out of the débris of ancient Rome. Two sarcophagi, one containing the remains of Cardinal Fieschi, nephew of Pope Innocent IV., the other believed to have been the tomb of Pope Zozimus and afterwards of Pope Damasus II., are purely Pagan relics; the reliefs on them represent a wedding and a vintage with cupids as the grape gatherers. When Pope Honorius in the thirteenth century added on to the basilica its present portico, once again Pagan remains were made use of in the same open way—witness the columns and the doorway; and when he laid down the floor in "opus Alexandrinum," a sort of mosaic, he inserted in it representations of two men in armour, with triangular shields, surrounded by griffins—surely some more Pagan spoil. This consecration of the relics of Pagan worship to the cultus of St. Lawrence forces itself so much on the attention of the visitor to S. Lorenzo that he wonders if it be not done of set purpose, with some meaning other than an economical one. May it not be that it is intended to symbolise the triumph of Christianity over Paganism in Rome, a triumph which was popularly supposed to have been brought about by the death of the Holy Martyr, as Prudentius, the Christian poet of the fourth century, sings—"Laurentio Duce, Urbis ritum triumphavit barbarum, monstruosus idolis jugum ponens."?

When, in the ninth century, protective walls had been built round S. Lorenzo and it had been converted into a sort of detached fortress, and when, in the first years of the thirteenth century, Honorius III. had re-modelled the two churches, making them into one, turning the older basilica into a raised retro-choir and the Basilica Major into a long and beautiful nave, there was not much more anyone could
do for the burial-place of St. Lawrence except keep it in repair and give it, occasionally, the overhauling every building comes to need in the lapse of centuries. This the Popes have always carefully and lovingly done, as one may judge from the later frescoes and mosaics, the excellent condition of the walls and roof, and the recent skilful repairing and excavating of the Pelagian Church under Pius IX. But still, in one way or another, the Holy See has never ceased conferring favours on St. Lawrence's outside the walls. The list of spiritual gifts is as long as that of the list of treasures. This same Honorius III., before he was Pope, wrote the Roman Ordo XII., in which is asked the question, "Quid debet facere Dominus Papa in festo Sancti Laurentii? Resp. In Festivitate S. Laurentii Dominus Papa vadit ad vesperas cum omnibus ordinibus, sicut dictum est in Assumptione Beatæ Mariæ, et talem ibi exercet solemnitatem tam in vesperis, quam in nocte de consuetudine antiqua, qualœm in predicta Assumptione Beatæ Mariæ." Referring to that feast we find that the Pope and Cardinals are to celebrate first vespers in the basilica, and that his Holiness is to take part in the night Office and himself sing the ninth lesson at Matins. On the day itself there was a solemn Papal Mass. Another Ordo, after repeating what is said above about first vespers on the vigil, adds, "et datur potus Prelatis in aula,"—a custom probably derived from the Agape Nativitatis which, in the early Christian times, were held at the same time, on the same occasion. Four stations are annually celebrated at St. Lawrence's, Septuagesima Sunday, the Third Sunday of Lent, Easter Wednesday, and Thursday in Pentecost week, and these are endowed with the usual rich indulgences, so liberal and unusual, indeed, that when we read of them in Ferraris they suggest extravagance. At various times

* Some fragments of ancient cups have been found near St. Lawrence's outside the walls with the inscription, "Victor vives in nomine Laurentii." They were probably used at these feasts.
other relics of martyrs were given to the church, those, for instance, of SS. Balbina, Barbara, Hyppolitus and Justin, relics also of St. Benedict (a finger), and of St. Peter, and some of the ashes of St. Thomas of Canterbury, gathered after his cremation in the time of Henry VIII. Portions of the Holy Cross and the Crown of Thomas are among the treasures still preserved there. The old altar of St. Lawrence in the crypt was privileged by Alexander II. above all other altars of that day, and an ancient inscription runs: “D.O.M. Hæc est tumba illa toto orbe terrarum celeberrima:—ubi sacrum si quis lecet pro defunctis, eorum animas e purgatorii poenis Divi Laurentii meritis evocabit.” It has, in addition, the VII. privileged altars. Moreover, and this is a very exceptional favour, anyone who visits the church and prays at the Confession for the Sovereign Pontiff’s intention gains a Plenary Indulgence any day and every day in the year. Another daily Plenary Indulgence is attached to the kissing of the two crosses—one in the aisle of the church, facing the south door, and the other outside the same entrance. Lastly—the list does not profess to be a complete one—there is the Laurentian Indulgence of forty days and forty quarantines gained by anyone who makes a visit to the Church on a Wednesday—an Indulgence extended by Pope Alexander II. to all churches throughout the world dedicated to the Saint.

Sufficient, and perhaps, more than sufficient, has already been said to show the high and supereminent position St. Lawrence holds among the Saints at Rome. But, when once the visitor has paid his homage to the Holy Martyr at the Basilica on the Tiburtine road, he finds that it is only one of many churches dedicated to him. No guide-book mentions less than four of them as among the sights worth seeing. Augustus J. C. Hare, in his well-known Walks in Rome, among his preliminary remarks says:—“Those who wish to fix the scenes and events of Roman history securely in their minds will do best to take them in groups. Suppose
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for instance, that any travellers wish to study the history of S. Lawrence, let them first visit the beautiful little chapel in the Vatican, where the whole story of his life is portrayed in the lovely frescoes of Angelico da Fiesole. Let them stand on the greensward by the Navicella, where he distributed the treasures of the church in front of the house of St. Cyriaca. Let them visit S. Lorenzo in Fonte, where he was imprisoned, and baptised his fellow-prisoners in the fountain which gives the church its name. Let them go hence to S. Lorenzo Pane e Pema, built upon the scene of his terrific martyrdom, which is there portrayed in a fresco. Let them see his traditional chains and the supposed gridiron on which he suffered at S. Lorenzo in Lucina. And, lastly, at the great basilica of S. Lorenzo fuori le Mura, let them admire the mighty church which for twelve hundred years has marked the site of the little chapel which Constantine built near the lowly catacomb in which the martyr was laid by his deacon Hippolytus." Mr. Hare elsewhere introduces his reader to two other famous Laurentian temples, S. Lorenzo in Damaso and S. Lorenzo in Miranda, and also to two more not generally associated with the Saint. In fact it was just this multiplication of churches in his honour which so greatly impressed the writer with the prestige of St. Lawrence among the Romans. In this he ranks above all other Saints except our Blessed Lady.

To speak of them briefly. 1. A few steps off the Corso stands in a small piazza behind its portico the very ancient church of S. Lorenzo in Lucina, supposed to have been originally the house of a Roman matron of that name. Sixtus III. transformed it into a church in the fifth century, and it was rebuilt by Paul V. in 1606. It is the titular church of the first Cardinal Priest. It has a Lenten Statia, the Friday after the Third Sunday, assigned to it by Pope Gregory the Great. Sixtus III., St. Benedict II., St. Leo III., and other Popes bestowed on it many handsome gifts of plate and other precious things, and notably the bodies of martyrs and other sacred relics, among them the gridiron and chains of St. Lawrence, to which Mr. Hare slightly refers. It is one of the chief parish churches of Rome. In modern times Mr. Browning has made it the scene of Pompilia’s baptism and marriage in the Ring and the Book, and the famous Crucifixion, which hangs over the high altar—well-known to everybody through copies, photographs, and picture postcards—he labels as:

"the piece
Of Master Guido Reni, Christ on Cross,
Second to none observable in Rome."

2. Nearly as ancient and in some respects quite as notable is S. Lorenzo in Damaso, the church of the Cancelleria, the only Roman Palace besides the Vatican left in the possession of the Pope. It stands on the site of Pompey’s Theatre, and was in existence as a Laurentian church in the fourth century. It was once larger, and had the name of the Prasinian Basilica. The present edifice was erected by Card. Riario in the fifteenth century. It has a daily Plenary Indulgence and many treasures. The Lenten Statia on the Tuesday after Lactare Sunday belongs to it. It is the Titular church of the Vice-chancellor of Rome. Many Saints are associated with it: S. Damasus and Eutychius, who are buried there; St. Jerome, who dwelt, when in Rome, in a house attached to it; St. Bridget of Sweden, who could see the High Altar from her room; St. Frances of Rome, who was baptized in it; St. Francis Xavier, who preached in it; St. Philip Neri, who said Mass in it; and several others.

3. Next in importance is S. Lorenzo in Panisperna or Pana e Pemna. Here St. Lawrence suffered martyrdom, and no other distinction is needed to tell us of its holiness. It was built in the eighth century. St. Gregory of Tours describes it as one of the richest churches in Rome. The bodies of SS. Crispin and Crispinianus and other martyrs rest here. It has been given the Statia on the Thursday after the First Sunday of
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Lent, and is the Titular church of a Cardinal Priest. In old days it was one of the twenty Abbatial churches of Rome.

4. S. Lorenzo in Fonte is a small church. Mr. Hare has sufficiently indicated the origin of its name. It was erected on the site of the prison, attached to the house of Hippolytus, where St. Lawrence was confined. Many miracles have been wrought here by the waters of the fountain.

5. One of the oldest of Roman parish churches is S. Lorenzo a Monti. A house in which St. Lawrence is said to have lived is believed to have stood here. Its beginning is unknown. It is near the Forum of Trajan, and is in danger of demolition—if it is not already pulled down.

6. In the Foro Romano is the church of S. Lorenzo in Miranda, once the Pagan temple of Antoninus and Faustina. Its most notable feature is the portico.

7. Near the colonnade of St. Peter's is S. Lorenzo in Borgo, or in piscibus. When it was built is not recorded. It is known to have been the property of the Canons of St. Peter's in the twelfth century. Cardinal Armellini, an Englishman, repaired it in the fifteenth century, and it was wholly rebuilt in the seventeenth. It is one of the Parish churches.

8. One of the most famous of all Roman churches is that called the Sancta Sanctorum. The pilgrim—every good Catholic visits it—does not generally have his attention called to the fact that it is dedicated to St. Lawrence. It stands at the head of the Scala Sancta, the most devotional and touching of all the objects of veneration in the Holy City. The Holy Father alone may say Mass at its altar. It is said that only once a year, on Palm Sunday, after Prime, the Lord Pope goes to the Basilica of St. Lawrence which is called the Sancta Sanctorum; . . . . he prays first at the faldstool, then he is vested by the deacon and subdeacon until he has received the dalmatic. Then he rises and approaches the Saviour (an image in which reposed the Holy Cross), he opens the image of the Saviour and kisses its feet. Then, going to the altar, he takes the Cross in his hand and sings in an appropriate manner the Antiphon, "Surrexit Dominus de sepulchro, qui pro nobis peperdit in ligno, Alleluia."

9. St. Lawrence shares with St. Benedict the dedication of a church whose full name is S. Benedetto e S. Lorenzo in Fiscinula. A fine altarpiece in which the two Saints are presented as in life, had, before I knew of the double dedication, made me wonder what tie linked together our two great patrons in this small sanctuary. It is but a meagre possession to divide between such illustrious Saints; but to a Benedictine, if all the glory of Libanus and the beauty of Carmel and Saron had been given to it, it would not have added much to its impressiveness. Outside it is mean-looking and its surroundings are squalid, but "tradition," says Mr. Hare, "not to be scorned in this case, has it that it (this church) occupies the site of a house inhabited by St. Benedict before his retreat to Subiaco . . . . A vestibule with antique columns terminates in a vaulted chapel (of the same design as the Orto del Paradiso at S. Prassede), in which is a picture of the Virgin and Child, revered as that before which St. Benedict was wont to pray. (This has been replaced by a copy: the original is at S. Ambrogio.) The church, according to tradition, occupies part of the House of the Anicii, to which family the Saint belonged. Hence is entered the cell of the Saint, built of rough-hewn stones.
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His stone pillow is shown. To enter the church is to believe the tradition. The vaulted chapel and the little cell connected with it have belonged to a great house, and have been preserved, when all else has fallen to ruin, because of some sacredness which has forbidden their desecration. The little church has been built and thrust in among the crowded houses for no other purpose than to defend the holy fragment and shelter it with its roof. The name of the street was once called Via Anicia, and this is held to be a proof that a house of the Anicii once stood there, but we know nothing of the antiquity of the street, and it may have come to be so called because of the tradition. A most venerable picture of St. Benedict hangs over the High Altar—one that Mabillon thought to be a contemporary portrait. Perhaps the old chapel of the house, the one preserved, was dedicated to St. Lawrence, and this is the origin of the association of our Saint with St. Benedict.

10. There is in the Vatican Palace a chapel dedicated to St. Lawrence. Though very small, it may claim, like the Sistine, to be classed among independent churches. The beautiful frescoes by Fra Angelico which cover it are the latest and best work of the saintly artist. For some unrecorded reason the door which led to it was built up and its very existence had been forgotten, till, reading of it in Vasari, Bottari hunted for it and found it. Such a thing would hardly be possible anywhere else than in the huge Vatican palace, where the number of rooms has been variously estimated as probably more than 1000 (Blacket), 4422 (Murray), and 11,000 (Baeleker, Hare and Fr. Chandlery).

11. At one period there were as many as fourteen other churches of St. Lawrence in Rome. There were 1st "prope flumen St. Marie," near the Ponte Quattro Capi; 2nd "supra Clementem"; 3rd "in Regione Arocele"; 4th "in Janiculo"; 5th "in Mantuccio" or "in Viminibus"; 6th "de Nicolamaso"; 7th "in Palatinus"; 8th "de Paparatis"; 9th "ad Taurellum"; 10th "de Turribus"; 11th "in Via Barbaretica"; 12th "juxta Præsepe"; 13th "apud Titulum S. Chrysogoni"—probably the present church with the co-dedication to St. Lawrence dropped out of memory; and 14th "S. Laurentii Ferrarius." Possibly there were others now altogether forgotten, but this makes twenty-four churches or separate chapels of the Saint, once at the same time in existence at Rome.

Why was St. Lawrence so loved and honoured in the Eternal City? It is not enough to say he was one of its Patron Saints. All cities in old days had their patrons, and these were duly honoured in church and market-place, but not in the way Rome honoured the Prince of Martyrs. The Bollandists tell us that his cultus was prescribed and ordered by the Church, and this to the populace as well as to the clergy, and that to him first and alone, "origine non Judæo," outside the festivals of the Redemption and the Apostles, was such honour given. But the Holy See does not create the veneration given to a Saint; it merely encourages and confirms it. It does not decree enthusiasm; it only sanctions and applauds it. In the homage paid to St. Lawrence, the Popes acted only as the leaders and representatives of the populace, voicing its sentiments and doing its pleasure. All we can say is that the Holy Martyr won the love of the Romans during his life and in his death, and that afterwards this love became national and traditional, like the love of St. Patrick in Ireland. Perhaps it was that Christian Rome found in him one worthy to supersede the Pagan heroes who for so long had been the pride of the city. And whilst they venerated him for his sanctity, they gave him the unselfish devotion of a warrior for his trusted chief and the proud love of the squire for his knight sans furet et sans reproche. To the Romans he was not merely a martyr, he, with his beautiful courage and smiling heroism, was the pattern of Heaven-taught, chivalrous manhood.

J. C. A.
Shakespeare's Casuistry.

The casuist states his case in the abstract, and decides the right or wrong of it by arguing from ethical principles. The dramatist presents his case in the concrete, letting living men act out one solution of it before our eyes. The casuist gives us principles and a problem, the dramatist gives us motives and men. When they deal with the same case, it is interesting to compare their solutions.

"A man in extreme need," says Fr. Gury,* "may use the property of others as far as will relieve his need. The reason is, that the existing division of property, however it may have arisen, cannot interfere with the natural right every man has to provide for himself when in extreme need. Consequently in such a case everything becomes common property; and the man who takes another's property for his own benefit, is simply taking what was really common property and making it his own; as used to be done before the division of property. So he commits no theft."

What says Shakespeare to this?

It is not the business of a dramatist to teach or to justify doctrines such as these. But he does not leave them altogether alone. The working out of the drama necessarily raises moral problems, and he must deal with them somehow. Shakespeare deals with them in two ways, sometimes directly, through the mouth of one of the characters; sometimes indirectly, in the plot. This particular problem is brought before us in *As you like it.* Adam and Orlando are lost in the forest, and Adam lies down to die for want of food. Orlando hears him to some shelter, and then goes to seek food for the old poor man

* Moral Theology, i. 616.

He comes on the exiled Duke at dinner with his friends, and draws his sword to assert the rights of poverty.

Orl. Forbear and eat no more.

Duke. Art thou thus boldened, man, by thy distress, Or else a rude despiser of good manners, That in civility thou seemest so empty?

Orl. You touched my vein at first.

Knowing the character of the Duke, we feel that Orlando has made a mistake, as there is no need for violence; and it is a satisfaction to find him apologising for it.

Duke. What would you have? Your gentleness shall force

More than your force move us to gentleness.

Orl. I almost die for food, and let me have it.

Duke. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

Orl. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you,

I thought that all things had been savage here.

Let gentleness my strong enforcement be:

In the which hope I blush and hide my sword.

And so all is set right, and the starving are succoured. What impression does the whole incident leave on the audience? That Orlando has made a natural mistake, but it is only a mistake, not a wrong. We feel that he would have done right to take the food by force, had force been needed. In fact, it sets before us in the concrete the problem discussed by the moralist in the abstract; it lets us feel that the theoretical decision, when acted on in practice, approves itself to a healthy sense of right and wrong.

It seems to me that it is by such passages that we should judge the moral teaching of a dramatist or novelist. The direct teachings put into the mouths of his characters are
always open to suspicion. No doubt he may make them say what he himself believes and means. Much wisdom, worldly, or other, may be uttered by Milton's demons, or Newman's, or Longfellow's; but after all, they are demons. Even in more respectable characters, the poet does not take unlimited responsibility, at least if he is a true dramatist. Tennyson perhaps meant every word uttered by Arthur in the Idylls, and doubtless would have defended it all as expressing his own moral teaching. But we cannot pick out any character who in the same way speaks for Shakespeare or Scott. Brutus, Prospero, Malcolm, picture a strong, or great, or good man as you find him, not as you hold he ought to be; and whatever they may teach, it is always what they would hold, not what Shakespeare holds.

Not all the water in the rough rude sea
Can wash the balm from an anointed king:
The breath of worldly men cannot depose
The deputy elected by the Lord.

Or again—
There's such divinity doth hedge a king
That treason can but peep to what it would,
Acts little of his will.

Such passages set out the doctrine of divine right with a grandeur that should satisfy the most Stuart-minded of princes. But who would claim that they are Shakespeare's own teaching, remembering the character of the speakers—the helpless moralising Richard II., and Claudius the usurper and murderer.

So with the endless variety of teachings strewn through the plays, we are content to enjoy and admire, rejoicing to have them in Shakespeare's glowing phrase, marveling at the mind that could make them all its own in one short life; but not judging him by these, any more than by the grossness and cynicism of Edmund or Iago. Good or bad, they are all uttered irresponsibly, under cover of the characters in the play.

But the plot seems to be on a different footing. It is the author's own. And it brings before us good and evil, right and wrong, as the author sees them. That which attracts him is made attractive to us, and what he despises is made contemptible to us. When therefore he makes his characters solve a moral problem in a certain way, we judge that he approves or disapproves their solution by his making their action arouse our sympathies or our indignation. When we are reading a play or a novel the doings of the characters strike us as right or wrong according to our instinctive judgment on moral questions, and we make a mental note of them and wait to have our judgment approved as the story goes forward. The novelist often condemns a wrong act on the spot; the dramatist only in rare instances, as where the wrong-doer himself condemns what he purposes doing.

I hope I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle—never schooled and yet learned; full of all noble devise; of all sorts enchantingly beloved: and indeed so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people who best know him, that I am altogether misprised. But it shall not be so long.

With the crime we are given the motives. We admit their force, and feel it is natural that they should lead to wrong-doing. But wrong-doing it is; and we wait for the writer's judgment on it. This may be declared in many ways. The deed may bring its own punishment, or the other characters may pronounce upon it, or this one seed of evil may be shown bringing forth a whole harvest of evils. There are many ways besides rewarding virtue and punishing vice. When the judgment does come, it should be on the side of truth. If not, the writer would be in the highest sense immoral.

It is possible of course to write mischievously without offending in this particular way. You may revel with your
pirate or your highwayman through many chapters of
detailed villainy and then hang him perfunctorily in a
paragraph. You may dwell on the seductive side of vice
in a way that effects the reader's mind for ill, even though
he knows there is retribution to come. Shakespeare is not
beyond reproach in this way, though it is difficult to lay
down any definite standard; what is seductive to one may
be meaningless or revolting to others.

But if a writer brings attractive wrong-doing before us,
and then proceeds to enlist our sympathies for it, and leaves
it with no suggestion that a deliberate judgment must
condemn it, his influence is utterly immoral. He is doing
among men the mischief that the penny dreadful does among
boys. The instinctive protest of conscience against the
crime is passed over, and everything is done to make us
forget it in our interest in the man's position and efforts, till
in the end we are asked simply to sympathise with him and
not to judge his conduct. Quite frankly the worse is made
the better cause.

Broadly speaking, Shakespeare's judgments are on the side
of truth. The evil that men do is shown as evil. The right
is shown as the right, no matter how misfortune or injustice
may follow it. If we recall how our sympathies are
appealed to in the death scenes of the great tragedies, Lady
Macduff's or Lady Macbeth's, Ophelia's or Laertes' or
Claudius', Edmund's or Lear's, we shall always find that
they are on the side that our judgment tells us is the right.
And similarly in the comedies, where we are asked to
sympathise with the ultimate triumph of hero or heroine, we
never find our conscience rebelling as though it were the
triumph of the unworthy.

Yet there are disquieting details. In the main the verdict
is on the side of truth, so that we never feel that the moral
of a play is unhealthy; nevertheless, things are done which
conscience cries out against, and we are asked to accept
them as worthy of the best and most heroic characters.

Instances are the lying of heroes, which is treated of below;
the loose talk which enters so largely into the private con-
versation of heroines; and possibly suicide. In regard to
suicide there may be an explanation of the difficulty. In
the world of fairy tales and ballads it is an accepted con-
vention that disappointed lovers must die; whether of a
broken heart or a watery grave is but "variable service." In
the early plays it may be that Shakespeare accepts this
unquestioned, with many other traditional conventions of
the romantic world. As he advanced from romance to the
deeper and fuller poetry of real life, this convention had to
be questioned like all others; and its romance could not
alone for its falsehood. The verdict must be against it in
the later plays. An examination of the plays in chronologi-
cal order would perhaps show that this suggestion accounts
for their varying attitude towards suicide. If not, it is a
serious difficulty. I think Romeo and Juliet would, for
this cause, teach an unhealthy moral, were it not that it
is too unreal to have any moral at all.

The other points are less important, but not easy to ex-
plain. The difficulty will become apparent as we look
more fully into his treatment of two much-debated prob-
lems—usury, and lying.

By the mouth of Antonio, Shakespeare gives us in a
sentence the Catholic doctrine of usury.

If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends; for when did friendship take
A breed for barren metal of his friend?

Barren is the point. Some goods are fruitful, others barren.
The test is: Can you use them, and still have them? If yes,
then the using of them is worth something, and they are fair
objects of hire as well as sale. So you hire a ball and
carriages and crockery. But you do not hire the wedding-
breakfast. You cannot eat your cake and have it too.
With the other things, "Will you buy or hire them?" is a
reasonable question because you can use them without destroying them, and the use is by itself worth paying for. But with the breakfast, to use is to destroy; and the use of it is not a separate thing, worth selling apart.

Now the money that is spent on our personal needs belongs to the same class of goods as the breakfast. You cannot use it and have it at, and so St. Thomas suggests® that to send in a bill for—

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Amount</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Breakfast</td>
<td>3s. 6d.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Use of same for two hours</td>
<td>3s. 6d.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Money lent</td>
<td>10s. 6d.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Use of same for one week</td>
<td>1s. 6d.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

It is this that Antonio describes as taking "a breed for barren metal."

This doctrine seems strange to the modern mind. It seems to take a false view of money; perhaps because we are so accustomed to think of money in what St. Thomas calls its secondary uses, where the mere use of it for a week or a month has a very real value; "e.g. if one lent money to be used for making a show of riches, or to be deposited as a guarantee; such use of money is a thing that may fairly be sold."† Probably it is true that now-a-days these secondary uses have become more common, and are really the principal use; most people can find ways of so using their money that the principal shall remain intact. Moreover, it is a mistake to think that the old doctrine condemned interest on investments. An objector argues that since it is lawful to receive profits on money invested, it must be lawful to receive profit on money lent. St. Thomas answers that it does not follow. "The lender gives the ownership of the money to the borrower, who thenceforward holds it at his own risk, and is bound to return it entire; so that the lender has no claim for anything more. But a man who invests money in a trading or manufacturing business, as a partner

or shareholder, does not give up the ownership of his money; it remains his, and is used in the business at his risk; and therefore he may lawfully claim a share in the profit derived from his own property."®

This answer clearly recognises the lawfulness of investing money to earn interest. Perhaps this has never been disputed. "Why then didst thou not give my money into the bank, that at my coming I might have exacted it with usury?" Now-a-days there is so much opportunity for investment that we view all money as investible, and therefore fruitful. The test question, "Can you use your money and still keep it?" would generally be answered affirmatively.

But to Antonio as to St. Thomas, it is barren metal, incapable of breed. To Shylock the breed is well-won thrift. I am not sure that we can interpret out of the plot any verdict of Shakespeare's on the point. It is a young play; and in a young play the answer must be a bloodsucker as a matter of course, as inevitably as the parted lovers must seek death in Romeo and Juliet. However, the teaching of the plot is plain, whether designed by Shakespeare or only accepted by him as a poetic tradition. The practice of usury has made a Shylock. The constant heartlessness of his business leads naturally to the heartlessness that is shown in the attempt to take Antonio's life. Cruelty allowed by law has become familiar to him, till he shrinks from no cruelty so long as it is covered by the law.

On the other side, Antonio is a study of generosity.

In low simplicity

He lends out money gratis,

And this lifelong generosity naturally leads to the generosity that puts his life in pawn to save his friend.

Shakespeare's treatment of lying is a great difficulty. His best heroes and heroines are made to lie with no qualms of conscience and no suggestion that they have done wrong. The whole question of lying is of course
difficult. In the extracts collected by Newman at the end of the *Apologia* we find the sturdiest of moralists admitting that sometimes we must say what is not true, and different schools giving decisions that to their adversaries seem impossible or unprincipled. Here is an extract from a modern writer, Ballerini, to show how unsatisfactory is the theoretical treatment of the subject. The question raised is, how are we to restore a man's good name when we have wrongfully published his secret faults?

Others suggest that the detractor should say “What I said was false, or I was mistaken or deceived, or I was lying.” And Lugo, to meet those who say *this* is lying and wrong, maintains that it can be spoken in an ambiguous sense—“I was false as far as the world knew”—“I was lying, because every sin is a lie.” But he remarks that we must be careful not to produce the contrary impression; if others see what we are driving at, they will be confirmed in their bad opinion of the man. But if there be a prudent hope that good can be done, Lugo thinks we not only may, but must, say this.

This sort of thing, side by side with the general principle that it is never lawful to lie, is common in moral treatises. Shakespeare gives us the same mixture. Some passages in the plays seem to teach a very high standard of truth-telling. In *Macbeth* the “porter of hell-gate” admits the equivocator in company with the suicide and the thief.

Faith, here’s an equivocator that could swear in both the scales against either scale; who committed treason enough for God’s sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven,—O, come in, Equivocator.

And in the quarrel about the rings in the *Merchant of Venice*, the scene is lifted to a certain nobility first by Bassanio’s truthfulness, as a moment later by his delicacy in omitting mention of Antonio when telling how he parted with the ring.

heroine, but we must not ask her to tell the truth. She will go disguised as a boy to the forest of Arden; and of course it would be folly to wear a disguise and tell the truth about it. So she will tell many lies about it, and about other things that have very little to do with it.

Orlando. Are you native of this place?

Rosalind. As the coney that you see dwell where she is kindled.

Oul. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

Ros. I have been told so of many: but indeed, an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland man.

Again, she has swooned on hearing of Orlando's encounter with the lioness; and on recovering fears that the truth may be suspected, and takes precaution accordingly.

Ros. Ah, sirrah, a body would think this was well counterfeited: I pray you tell your brother how well I counterfeited—Heigh-ho!

Oliver. This was not counterfeit; there is too great testimony in your complexion, that it was a passion of earnest.

Ros. Counterfeit, I assure you.

"What lying!" we think as we begin to read it, and then "what a ready wit!" But how does Shakespeare mean us to think of it? Are we not meant to forget our first protest against the falsehood, and to sympathise with her success and her pleasure in cheating them? And still to think her a heroine and not a rogue? Shakespeare's verdict seems to be, she did quite right; there was no harm in it. And probably he carries with him every English reader. But let some casuist, Jeremy Taylor or Dr. Johnson, say the same thing in set terms—in cases like Rosalind's it is lawful to lie as Rosalind lied; or, When you have good reason to disguise yourself you may tell all the lies needed to carry you through. Will the English reader pass this as sound morality?

Portia is in the same case; a lady of deeper and riper character, whose example carries more weight. She must disguise herself to go to the trial at Venice and rescue her husband's friend; and this is the way she keeps her secret—

for mine own part
I have towards heaven breathed a secret vow
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Only attended by Nerissa here,
Until her husband's and my lord's return.
There is a monastery two miles off
And there we will abide.

To enter the court she must have a letter of introduction from old Bellario, which she gets—whether by lying to him or inducing him to lie we are not told. He writes—

In the instant that your letter came, in loving visitation
with me was a young doctor of Rome; his name is Balthazar.

Here again, as in Rosalind's case, it is clear that we are meant to think none the worse of her for the falsehood of it all. It is done for a good purpose, and therefore we are not to object to the means. And in practice the average Englishman acts on this teaching. In such a case as Rosalind's or Portia's he will lie as they did, defending himself with "I had to do it; it would not have done to let them suspect." But will he allow the moralist to teach as Shakespeare teaches? Reading the advice attributed above to Lugo, will he say it is done for a good purpose, and therefore we must not object to the means?

J. B. McLaughlin.


**Dawn on Rievaulx Abbey.**

I.

To Rievaulx Abbey on a summer's night
We walked, a band of school-boys, with design
To see the Morning tinge with rosy light
The holy ruined shrine.

We reached the walls, while darkness veiled the land,
—Then paused, expectant of we knew not what,—
An awful presence, or a warning hand,
To guard the hallowed spot.

For here, how many saints have lived apart,
The hidden, inner life, so earth unknown—
Filling "the inmost spaces of the heart"
With God alone!

And here, e'er yet monastic zeal grew cold,
Burning with youthful ardour, AELDERED came
To feed with holy thoughts his fervent fold
In words that still inflame!

II.

But now the Dawn's first flushes, aisle by aisle,
Had touched each springing arch and buttress slender,
Like ghostly Brothers lighting up the pile
With sacrificial splendour.

In workrooms, eastward turned and earliest lit,
Still wandered glooms like pacing meditation,
Or bent in toil, or to and fro' would flit,
In grouping application.

The cloistered walks, with night and ivy dim,
A whispering breeze in preparation stirred,
Then woke their leafy life, like matin hymn.
By pilgrim faintly heard.

III.

But now farewell,—before the Hours reveal
The widowed mullions shorn of every token,—
Before the careless stranger sets his heel
On shrine and altar broken.

Far better now than when the garish day
Brings back each bitter truth of rent and straining,
Brings back the critic cold, the idler gay,
The mockers and profaning.

Yet even to these dry bones whose soul has fled
(As once of old upon the Syrian plain),
From the four winds a mighty Voice shall spread,
And "bid them live again."

For us,—let this short hour the ages cancel,
For this brief space let hope to memory cling,
People with shapes of faith the long-blotted chancel
And Acme THE SECOND SPRING.
NOTICES OF BOOKS.

THE MARTYRS OF COMPIEGNE. Compiled by ELEANOR MARY WILLSON. Art and Book Company.

We welcome Miss Wilson's account of the Carmelite Martyrs with whom our own Sisters of Cambrai now at Stanbrook were so closely associated. The Compiler deserves commendation for the careful way in which she has searched all the records of the life, trial and death of these holy martyrs, and the faithful manner in which she has given the result of her work to the public. The illustrations are good. She would do well to correct a slight inclination to involved sentences of which there is some trace in the little book before us. The book would not suffer by the use of a more direct style of writing. We wish it every success.


The decree of the S. Congregation of the Council on Receiving Daily the Most Holy Eucharist will lead no doubt to the publication of many books in explanation. The book before us deserves the attention of the faithful.

There is a careful discussion of the doctrine of disposition in the First Chapter which is especially useful. The author avoids all the pitfalls which beset the path of the theologian, and gives very clearly and directly an exposition of the doctrine which cannot fail to be of use to many priests. There is an excellent passage, Chapter III. no. 8, in which we have some most useful hints as to the conversation which the soul can hold with God during the time of Holy Communion.

In Part III. Chapter iv, the doctrine of the action of the Holy Eucharist on the body of the communicant is very fully considered.

On the whole, though the translation is somewhat crude at times, the book may well be recommended not only to the faithful communicant, but also to the priest who wishes to instruct a convert in the complete doctrine of the Church on the reception of the Holy Eucharist.

DE FREQUENTI QUOTIDIANAQUE COMMUNIONE. R. P. D. PETRUS BASTIEN, O.S.B. Desclée. 2fr. 50.

This work of the leisure of Fr. Bastien will be of use to theologians. In it the learned author discusses fully the theological side of the practice of frequent Communion. In the first part he gives us the history from the institution of the Blessed Sacrament to the latest decree of the S. Cong. Conc., laying special stress on the decrees of the Council of Trent. In the second, he applies to the various states which the decree is most likely to affect, viz. religious living in community, seminarians, and boys and girls at school, the counsel of the above recent decree. He has added a very full collection of documents relating to frequent Communion, and an excellent bibliography on the subject.


The gifted author of these seventeen lectures died at the beginning of this year, and this new edition of his interesting work remains as a worthy monument to him. First published as long ago as 1866, it treats of a subject on which misconceptions ever exist in non-Catholic minds, and the manner of expounding the thesis from both points of view is eminently satisfactory. The objections are not weakened in the stating, and the true exposition of the facts is clear and devout. It is a book well adapted to foster devotion to Our Lady, and to remove those false impressions, concerning her position with regard to her Divine Son, for which prejudice and ignorance are responsible.
April 16th. The Summer Term opens. The following boys joined the school this term: J. Gaynor, B. Livesey, J. Readman, P. Pegusso, D. Fawcett, E. Stanott, A. Long. Our numbers are now 116.

The school officials for the term were appointed this evening.

Captain of the School - R. Hesketh
Secretary - J. McElligott
Office men - F. Lythgoe, H. Speakman, H. Williams, P. Martin
Gamesmen - C. E. Rochford, R. C. Smith, S. Lovell, J. Barton, J. Darby
Collegemen - R. Blackledge, J. McDonald, A. Lightbourn, L. E. Emerson, B. Collison, J. O'Dwyer

April 26th, 17th. The Sports were held to-day. In spite of the short time which we had for Sports' practice the results were very fair and in the Lower Sets remarkably good. The best event in the First Set was the High Jump: C. E. Rochford cleared 5ft, 11ins. over a lathe. He might have done even better, but there was no one to press him. The running was scarcely up to the average, though the mile produced a good finish. Lythgoe made the pace all the way, and in the last hundred yards must have had a clear lead of at least twenty yards. James Darby, however, who ran with great judgment, just won the race by half a foot in a most exciting finish. In the Second Set D. Travers broke the record for the weight; in the Third Set G. Gaynor did the same in the hundred, the 420, and Long Jump.

We are sorely in need of a running track, as all our Sports must have their records kept accurately. Until we have a proper track we cannot compare our records in the races with those of other Schools.

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College Diary and Notes.

April 16th. The early Easter has thrown practice for the Sports into an already too crowded term.

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<td>07 sec.</td>
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<td>40 sec.</td>
<td>06 sec.</td>
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Third Set.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Cricket Ball</th>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Weight, ft.</th>
<th>Records since 1887</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>440 yards</td>
<td>O. Martin, T. Teeling</td>
<td>2 min. 19 sec.</td>
<td>2 min. 17 sec.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Half-Mile</td>
<td>O. Martin, A. Chipman, O. Martin, E. Cavendish, L. Teeling</td>
<td>5 min. 7 sec.</td>
<td>5 min. 16 sec.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mile</td>
<td>O. Martin, D. Travers, P. Goss</td>
<td>4 ft. 6 in.</td>
<td>4 ft. 11 sec.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>High Jump</td>
<td>O. Martin, O. Martin, D. Travers, D. Travers</td>
<td>15 ft. 3 sec.</td>
<td>16 ft. 51 sec.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Long Jump</td>
<td>O. Martin, D. Travers</td>
<td>5 ft. 3 in.</td>
<td>7 ft. 10 sec.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pole Jump</td>
<td>D. Travers, D. Travers</td>
<td>27 ft. 10 in.</td>
<td>26 ft. 9 in.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

| Weight (14 lbs) | | | |
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
| O. Martin, O. Martin, D. Forshaw | 66 yds. | 87 yrs. 6 ft. 6 in. |

Fourth Set.

<table>
<thead>
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<th>Weight, ft.</th>
<th>Records since 1887</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>100 yards</td>
<td>A. Nolan, W. Martin</td>
<td>10 sec.</td>
<td>11 sec.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>220 yards</td>
<td>R. Huddleston, G. Emerson, G. Emerson</td>
<td>28 sec.</td>
<td>28 sec.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>High Jump</td>
<td>L. Williams, G. Marriott, A. Wight, G. Kerrigan</td>
<td>4 ft. 43 sec.</td>
<td>4 ft. 43 sec.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Long Jump</td>
<td>L. Williams, G. Marriott, A. Wight</td>
<td>18 ft. 3 in.</td>
<td>17 ft. 12 in.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Weight</td>
<td>L. Williams, G. Marriott, A. Wight</td>
<td>27 ft. 10 in.</td>
<td>27 ft. 10 in.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cricket Ball</td>
<td>G. Kerrigan</td>
<td>53 yds.</td>
<td>62 yds. 21 ft. 7 in.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

May 1st. Mr. May came as a cricket coach for the first part of the Season. Several bad puns were perpetrated to-day.

May 3rd. Mr. E. Forster came on a visit for some days.

May 9th. Match v. Castle Howard. Fr. Hildbrand, who was up on a visit, was included as wicketkeeper in the team. We lost the toss. Br. Basil and Mr. May bowled first for the College and with his second ball the latter obtained a very good wicket. Three of our opponents' wickets were down for 15 runs. A short stand was made for the fourth wicket, but our bowling seemed to cause great difficulty and the side was eventually dismissed for 51. Fr. Hildbrand and Mr. May opened our innings,
the latter played a forcing game and after giving an easy chance to mid-on was bowled for 19. The first wicket yielded 25 runs. Hesketh joined Fr. Hildebrand, who was playing well, his hitting on the leg side being especially fine. During the partnership our opponents' total was passed. Fr. Hildebrand eventually was out lbw. Fr. Placid and Hesketh brought the total to 129 when the latter was caught at the wicket.

The tedium of a long drive home was much enlivened by the entertaining presence of Mr. Foster.

**Castle Howard.**

Rev. Ward, b. Rev. Mawson, b. A. 5
H. Huggan, b. May. ......... 4
H. Rayon, b. Rev. Mawson... 10
W. Meyer, c. Hesketh b. Mawson 5
M. Smith, b. May ......... 7
J. Manby, c. McElligott b. May 10
G. Utley, b. May ......... 2
M. Thompson, b. Mawson... 6
H. Coates, b. Mawson... 2
B. Rodwell, b. May ......... 5
E. Tippey, not out ......... 5
**Total 51**

**Ampleforth.**

Mr. May b. Smith ......... 19
Rev. V. H. Dawes, lbw, b. Huggan 33
E. R. Hesketh, c. Ward, b. Thompson... 46
Rev. P. Dolan, not out ......... 25
P. Ward, not out ......... 7
H. McElligott, b. May ......... 15
R. C. Smith, b. McElligott... 10
J. McElligott, not out ......... 27
S. Lovell, c. McElligott... 18
C. Rochford, not out ......... 7
**Total 33**

**Castle Howard.**

May 16th. Match v. St. John's (York). On the College Ground. St. John's battled first. Two wickets fell for 5 runs, but at the fall of the third 43 runs had been added. St. John's were dismissed for 127 on a soft wicket. Mr. May and Hesketh opened our innings, and in the second over the former returned a very easy catch to the bowler. Fr. Placid next played a ball on to his wicket, and Speakerman who followed was bowled after making a single. Our innings developed into a procession to and from the pavilion. Hesketh was top scorer and also the scorer of the only boundary on our side. It is hard to account for such a poor display as the XI gave us today. The bowling of our opponents wasn't really good. Want of confidence in most of our batsmen, we think, had a great deal to do with it.

**St. John's College.**

Stead, b. May ......... 0
Mr. May c. and b. Brewin ... 2
Pepper, lbw, b. Mawson ... 2
E. Hesketh, b. Brewin ......... 13

**Ampleforth.**

Mr. May b. Smith ......... 19
Rev. V. H. Dawes, lbw, b. Huggan 33
E. R. Hesketh, c. Ward, b. Thompson... 46
Rev. P. Dolan, not out ......... 25
P. Ward, not out ......... 7
H. McElligott, b. May ......... 15
R. C. Smith, b. McElligott... 10
J. McElligott, not out ......... 27
S. Lovell, c. McElligott... 18
C. Rochford, not out ......... 7
**Total 33**
June 10th. E. Emerson and J. M. Buckley went to York, where they are taking the London Matriculation Papers. Best wishes.
Sincere sympathy with Francis Heyes, on his mother's unexpected death.

June 12th. The wet weather still continues. The first bathe of the season took place to-day. The return fixture with Castle Howard was played on the College ground today. By absolutely wretched fielding (the number of dropped catches for one innings must be a record) we allowed Castle Howard to make 134 for seven wickets, when they declared. Our batting was little better than the fielding. Eight wickets were down for 39, when Williams and Collin came together, and by sound and confident cricket carried the score to 82, when stumps were drawn.

**Castle Howard.**

- Rev. H. Ward, c. Smith, b. Hesketh
- H. Hean, c. Speakman, b. Dolan
- W. Meier, b. Hesketh
- J. Byans, not out
- M. Smith, c. C. Smith, b. Hesketh
- H. Huggan, b. Lovell
- J. Calvert, c. Ward, b. Lovell
- T. Thompson, c. McKelligot, b. Lovell
- B. Redwell, b. H. Coates
- I. Barton

**Ampleforth.**

- E. R. Hesketh, b. Smith
- J. McKelligot, b. Huggan, b. Ward
- H. Speakman, b. Smith
- R. C. Smith, c. Huggan, b. Ward
- Rev. B. Maxwell, c. & b. Ward
- S. Lovell, c. Byans, b. Smith
- H. Williams, b. H. Coates
- P. Ward, c. Huggan, b. Ward
- H. Williams, not out
- B. Collison, not out
- A. Smith, did not bat

Extras...

Total (for 7 wks.) 134

**June 13th.** About an hour and a half's cricket was possible to-day in our match against Mr. Bowington's Eleven. Our opponents scored 67 for four wickets. We replied with 26 for four, when rain put an end to all play.

**June 22nd.** The weather admitted of a good game to-day against St. Peter's School, York. We batted first on a treacherous wicket and were all out for 94, of which total the last wicket was responsible for 30 runs. St. Peter's commenced badly, Calder Smith's fast bowling proving very destructive. A prolonged stand for the fourth wicket, however, lessened our chances of victory. When the game was at an interesting stage a heavy thunderstorm burst over the ground. When play was resumed our bowlers were considerably handicapped by the wet ball. Calder Smith too was unable to get a footing, and we were ultimately beaten by three wickets. The Eleven fought well for the match, and not a run was thrown away in the fielding.

A miscalculation was made about our return home, and we had a long though interesting drive from Malton.

**Ampleforth.**

- J. C. McKelligot, b. Peters
- S. C. Lovell, b. Peters
- R. C. Smith, b. Peters, c. Clegg
- B. R. Collison, c. Peters, b. Groves
- P. J. Ward, c. Clegg, b. Groves
- H. Williams, b. Clegg
- H. J. Speakman, b. Hesketh
- B. Collison, not out
- A. Smith, b. Clegg
- P. J. Newton, b. b. Hesketh

Extras...

Total 92

**June 25th.** School Match v. Bootham, York. We got our opponents out for 19. Calder Smith, Neeson and Hesketh bowled very well, the first taking four wickets for 8 runs, Neeson three for 6, and Hesketh three for 4.

**Bootham.**

- Rowntree, b. C. Smith
- Milner, c. Hesketh, b. Neeson
- Dobrasheen, c. McKelligot, b. C.
- Stephen, c. Lovell, b. Hesketh
- Smith
- Rowlands, b. Neeson
- Barton, c. Lovell, b. Hesketh
- Marriage, b. Hesketh
- Nearn, c. McKelligot, b. C.
- Smith
- Ward, b. Rowlands
- Willis, b. Neeson
- Rowntree, b. Hesketh
- Dobrasheen, b. C. Smith
- Green, not out

Extras...

Total 10

**Ampleforth.**

- Rowntree, b. C. Smith
- Milner, c. Hesketh, b. Neeson
- Dobrasheen, c. McKelligot, b. C.
- Stephen, b. Neeson
- Smith
- Rowlands, b. Neeson
- Barton, c. Lovell, b. Hesketh
- Marriage, b. Hesketh
- Nearn, c. McKelligot, b. C.
- Smith
- Ward, b. Rowlands
- Willis, b. Neeson
- Rowntree, b. Hesketh
- Dobrasheen, b. C. Smith
- Green, not out

Extras...

Total (for 6 wks.) 58
The second Elevens met on our ground. Bootham were all out for 28 to the bowling of C. E. Rochford and Lightbound. We declared at 311 for three wickets. Williams played nicely for his 50 not out. Bootham were all out again for Eleven.

**Bootham.**

- Pine, c. Bodenham, b. Rochford ... 4
- Scalin, c. Beech, b. Rochford ... 5
- Watson, c. Bootham, b. Rochford ... 6
- Thompson, c. Lightbound ... 6
- Lingham, c. Bodenham, b. Rochford ... 7
- Horner, c. Rochford ... 8
- Gravely, c. Martin, b. Lightbound ... 9
- Wallpole, c. Bodenham, b. Rochford ... 10
- Butt, run out ... 11
- Elliott, not out ... 12
- Leeder, c. Bodenham, b. Lightbound ... 13

**Ampleforth.**

- H. Williams, not out ... 14
- C. Rochford, b. Thompson ... 15
- E. Cawthell, b. Lingham ... 16
- D. Travers, not out ... 17
- H. Rochford, b. Martin ... 18
- J. Beech ... 19

**Total Run** for 4 wickets 28

---

**June 25th.** Mr. C. Hines brought a strong team from Darlington. It included Edmund Hardman who left us last year. We began very badly. Our first five wickets were down for 27. Then Fr. Placid and Br. Sebastian made an invaluable stand, taking the score to past 60. Afterwards Speakman played well with Fr. Placid. The latter was bowled by a shooter for 66, made without a chance. Speakman and McKelligott, and then McKelligott and Ward, hit hard, and the innings closed for 209. Then commenced a fight against the clock. The latter won and left the game a draw greatly in our favour.

**Ampleforth.**

- Rev. J. P. Dolan, b. Hardman ... 20
- E. H. McKelligott, c. Thaburn, b. Brooks ... 21
- R. C. Smith, c. H. Brooks, b. Brooks ... 22
- R. G. Collison, b. Brooks ... 23
- Rev. R. Watson, c. A. Brooks, b. Walton ... 24
- S. C. Lovell, c. Hines, b. Brooks ... 25
- Rev. W. S. Lambert, c. Walton, b. Fullilove ... 26
- H. Speakman, c. H. Brooks, b. Hardman ... 27

**Mr. C. W. Hines’ XI.**

- J. McElligott, not out ... 28
- P. Ward, c. De Philip, b. Gaudie ... 29
- P. T. Nisbet, c. Hardman, b. Brooks ... 30

**Total Run** ... 31

---

**June 29th.** Feast of SS. Peter and Paul. Fr. Abbot pontificated in the morning. The Choir gave a successful rendering of a new Mass Mr. Eddy had been preparing for some time—*Missa de Spiritu Sancto* by Ludwig Eben.

**July 2nd.** Goremire Day. Gloriously fine, as usual on this annual outing. The ordinary routine of Goremire Day took place, though the number of cyclists is steadily increasing each year.

**July 3rd.** The first Eleven went to York to play the Yorkshire Gentlemen. We lost the toss as usual, but succeeded in getting the Yorkshire Gentlemen out for 75. Consistent scoring by most of our batsmen carried our total to 191.

**Yorkshire Gentlemen.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Batsman</th>
<th>Runs</th>
<th>Extras</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>R. Morris, b. Hesketh</td>
<td>34</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>B. White, c. Hesketh, b. McKelligott</td>
<td>35</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Major Cleawson, b. Hesketh</td>
<td>36</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. H. Bradley, b. Hesketh</td>
<td>37</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dr. Gould, b. Mason</td>
<td>38</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>S. G. Squire, not out</td>
<td>39</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Capt. Ashton, b. Hesketh</td>
<td>40</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>V. Jackson, b. McKelligott</td>
<td>41</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>T. B. Baxter, b. McKelligott</td>
<td>42</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>M. Bulklock, b. Mason</td>
<td>43</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G. Justice, b. McKelligott</td>
<td>44</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
| Extras | 45 

**Total Run** ... 50

---

**July 4th.** The Inspectors from Oxford and Cambridge Joint Board visited us to-day. We understand they will be with us for the next three days.

Just as we go to press the summer weather is arriving. The inadequacy of the English language to express unrestrained emotion prevents us from commenting on the weather this term.
July 13th. The Match against Thirsk had been postponed. Today was beautifully fine, the first really summer day. We batted first and lost Fr. Placid in the second ball of the match. Hesketh and Speakman by delightful cricket carried the score to 120 before Speakman was caught at the wicket for a very well played 33. Hesketh was bowled shortly afterwards for 69. His innings was practically faultless. Wickets fell rapidly after this. McElligott was playing in good style, but could find no one to stay with him.

Thirsk lost three wickets for 34, but Macaulay and Wray put on a lot of runs. Fr. Basil, however, as usual, rose to the occasion, and after bowling throughout the innings dismissed the last man three minutes before time.

The match was remarkable for the fine partnership of Speakman and Hesketh for the second wicket against really good bowling, and for Fr. Basil's fine bowling.

Ampleforth.

Mr. Swarthbrooke's XI.

Rev. P. Dolan, b. Wray 7 W. Macaulay, b. Dolan 49
E. H. Hesketh, b. Clayton 69 G. Peat, c. and b. Hesketh 4
R. C. Smith, b. Wray 15 W. Homer, c. and b. Hesketh 12
Rev. B. Macauley, b. Clayton 9 F. Hewol, b. and c. Macaulay 12
Rev. S. Lambert, b. Wray 14 W. J. Homer, c. A. Macaulay, b. 6
R. Collinson, b. Wray 3 A. Macaulay, b. Wray 3
J. McElligott, not out 17 A. Wray, b. Macaulay 24

Total 171

We have one change to record on the School staff since our last number. Fr. Benedict McLaughlin has left to do parish work in Warrington. Our best wishes go with him. He had a long and successful career as a master at Ampleforth. Apart from his class work his varied and detailed knowledge of all sorts of subjects made him a great acquisition in recreation time. He never seemed to want to have his time to himself, and as a guide to those of us interested in natural history or in physical geography and geology he was invaluable.

The inauguration of Water Polo has not yet been mentioned in these pages. Goal-posts were erected in the swimming-bath last year, and a tentative beginning has been made. The wintry summer this year has prevented much progress, but the game has evidently come to stay. Would it not be possible to arrange a Present and Past Match to take place at the Exhibition?
We wish to record with joy the arrival this term of new bowling screens. They are quite the best we could wish for, and as they say in Ireland, a great addition to us.

The Cricket XI deserves our sympathy. We commenced the summer with every prospect of an especially good season. We had a particularly strong batting team with absolutely no tail, several useful bowlers and a fair fielding side. After a couple of defeats in the wet and mud in the early part of the year, the team settled down into a really powerful side, and whenever the wicket became at all firm, the XI showed they were worth a great many runs. But the weather played havoc with the fixtures. We were looking forward to avenging the defeats we have received at the hands of Paddington School, and certainly the chances were quite in our favour. But "the rain, it raineth every day."

Our readers will be able to judge from the record of the matches in the Diary how reliable was each member of the team to obtain runs in an hour of need. The eleven man played with as straight a bat as the first. This was a source of constant comment by visiting teams. Much of the credit for this is due to Mr. May's excellent coaching in the early part of the season; and to his work being continued by Fr. Placid, Fr. Benedict, and Fr. Basil throughout the season.

Our best thanks to Mr. W. J. Taylor and Mr. A. Penny for their gift of cricket bats to the best bat, bowler, and fielder in the 1st Eleven. The award will be made on Exhibition Day.

The librarian of the Upper Library wishes to acknowledge the following:—Forty-One Years in India,—2 vols. (Lord Roberts); The Great Pestilence (Abbot Gasquet); Life of Lord Granville—2 vols. (Lord Edmund Fitzmaurice); Lectures and Essays—2 vols. (Canon Ainger). Also the Illustrated London News (sent by Mr. Oscar Steinmann); and The Army and Navy Gazette (sent by Mr. Hamilton Berners).
Eastace and cousin Alexander, has been out ranching in Canada for some years. We take leave to quote from his letter which will interest at least those who knew him. "It seems ages since I last wrote to you. I am getting worse as I get older. How is Ampleforth? I must come over and visit you all very soon ... . We are just completing an exceptionally hard winter, very cold and with a greater snow-fall than the last three winters put together—40 and 50 degrees of frost for weeks at a stretch, and blizzards of two, three, and four days' duration. I have heard several old hands say they have never experienced anything like it. The worst is now over. The crows, hawks, geese and ducks are back again, and we shall soon get to work on the land ... .

There are few Englishmen out here, most of the settlers are Canadian Methodists, and so we have few friends. The nearest priest is at Regina, 100 miles away. We try to get them to come periodically, but in the winter it is impossible ... . Some of our horses had narrow escapes in the winter on account of the great snow-drifts. The last time we let them out, one of them walked on the roof of the stables! This is dangerous. Latek got his Journal, which is always welcome. The games at Ampleforth seem to have reached a high standard. As my old masters will know, I do not know much about the studies. Kind remembrances, etc.

Just as we received this letter we hear that Francis Dwyer, who left us in 1904, has also gone out ranching in Canada. Luck be with him.

We offer our congratulations to Captain the Hon. Edward Stourton on his recovery from his recent severe illness. When with his regiment, the 2nd Battalion Yorks. Light Infantry, stationed at Sheffield, he contracted a severe chill, just before Easter. Pneumonia supervened and the last Sacraments were administered. After some months of convalescence he is now completely restored to health. Our best wishes also for the speedy recovery of Captain John Dwyer, who is on the personal staff of the Vicerey of Ireland, and whom unhealthy Dublin has recently claimed as a victim to sickness.

Reginald Barrett, who left in 1906, is at present studying at Ushfield Agricultural College, near Eastbourne. Congratulations to Oswald Chamberlain on passing his Law Prelim., to Joseph Westhead who has recently passed his final Examination as an accountant, and to J. K. Smith on passing his Medical Prelim.

Arthur Gateley has been in for his Law Finals. The results have not been published up to the time of our going to press.

What was said in the last number of the medallion: "the Gordon Window" has called forth sundry questions as to the three windows at "the Glass Doors." Their history is interesting and ought to be chronicled. They were given by Joseph Hansom, the architect of the College, John Simpson, the builder, and Thomas Hodgson, the glazier. The various devices upon them are emblematic of the avocations of the donors. We should be foolish to let these little scraps of history be lost. Who knows what fmrcome researches we may save the curiosity of future generations.

The name "Flag Walk" has for a long time been a puzzle to us. It naturally suggests a walk paved with stone flags; but of flags there are none. Its present appearance suggests that once upon a time it was asphalted. There are of course many meanings to the word "flag," but not many that could be applied to a walk. The origin is not at all known in the School. One would have thought that the native curiosity with which we school-boys are credited, would have kept alive the tradition, but apparently as new boys we receive the name without question, and by the daily use and association of the two words the separate connotation of the "flag" never enters our mind. We have managed after much questioning to uproot a tradition that there was once a flag-post somewhere at the end of the walk. Its exact position or any other traditions about it we cannot find. No doubt there are many who can enlighten us.

Another name for which there exists no visible raison d'être is "the Green Bench." Unlike the former, there is no ambiguity as to its import. Some of the masters remember the bench, though its dissolution was many years back—at least twenty-five, we are told. In point of fact the name itself is dying, and is only fitfully revived by some one being reminded that "the boys' bounds end at the place known as the Green Bench." It has served a
useful purpose in the past, no doubt. We are inclined to assign as
the reason of its desuetude into which it is falling, the fact that
the present generation cannot require to be reminded of the extent
of their bounds as often as our immediate predecessors.

+ + +

Many years back, when the editors of these notes were quite
small and youthful, the farm carts—"tumbrils" they are called in
Suffolk—appeared on the "Penance Walk." They were carrying
large stones and materials of that nature. Their contents were
deposited on the slope below the new monastery. Here they re-
main an amorphous mass for a year or more. The "Flag
Walk," we were told, was to be extended to the length of the
building. Since then these same carts have spasmodically made
their appearance, and the slope and the stones have been slow-
moulded into shape. In truth this spot has been the scene of much
intermittent labour. Old and young have put their hands to it,
but material has not been always forthcoming, interest has
flagged, and advance has been slow. One alone of our elders
managed to find work when we all failed. He shovelled and
tossed, weeded and wheeled, and, all other things failing, sat and
admired. In the afternoon he played the part of entrepreneur.
Small boys, overawed by his commanding presence, were given
shovels, rakes, or any other implement at hand, and despite the
proximity of many beehives, worked merrily at their allotted
tasks. More than a year ago he left us, and little progress was
made up to this June, when the walk has been practically
finished. We do not pretend that the work is actually finished,
but we could not resist announcing the hopes of its speedy
completion.

+ + +

The willows planted round the swimming-bath have been de-
stroyed root and branch, and high wire-netting has taken their
place. There are anglers among us who boast that this was to
keep the trout they had placed in the bath from jumping out.
The ostensible reason was to keep cricket-balls from being lost,
temporarily at all events. But this additional fact deserves
mention; a high gate has been erected and entrance to the bath
is now by lock and key. Can some one have been playing

The School Dramatic Society is under a further debt of grati-
tude to many kind friends. Fr. Abbot's continued generosity
towards the funds of the Green Room enables us to stage the
Merchant of Venice and the Clouds this year in a manner befit-
ting the best traditions of Ampleforth plays. We wish also
to thank Miss Powell for her gift of the gorgeous dress
worn by Stewart Lovell as Leader of the Chorus in the Clouds.
In the preparation of the Clouds, the stage manager has had
the assistance of the notes and advice of Mr. Cyril Bailey,
Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford, who superintended the pro-
duction of the play by the Oxford University Dramatic Society
some years ago. To him our best thanks are due. Also to Sir
Hubert Parry for his kind offer to lend the score of the various
band parts to the College Orchestra. His Clouds music is
very elaborate and very difficult, and despite the kind offer of
external assistance by Mr. T. Allen, has proved to be beyond
the powers of the College Band. With great regret, for those
who have heard Sir Hubert Parry's music for Greek plays can
not be easily satisfied with an alternative, we have had to fall
back on a style of chant similar to that rendered by our Frogs
chorus last year. The melodies in the recitatives of the Leader of
the Chorus, however, are from the music by Sir Hubert Parry,
written for the Coryphaeus in the Frogs. The stage properties
were specially made under the direction of Fr. Maurice, from
drawings of those used at the performance given a few years
ago at Oxford by the O.U.D.S.

+ + +

We have received the Crassulae Fixture Card for the vacation
of 1907, and subjoin its contents. The secretary is to be congratu-
lated on the number of good fixtures he has secured. We wish

Remus to the Prefect's Resolutions? The swimming-bath, apart
from official baths, is as near as the grapes to Tantalus.
The Secretary of the tennis club, however, was quick to take
advantage of the proximity of much wire. For the first time
efficient back netting makes the court pleasant to play upon.
COLLEGE DIARY AND NOTES.

the team all success. One fixture puzzles us. Why is the Annual Past and Present Match on the Craticulae Fixture Card? Presumably because it is a Craticulae fixture. But who are the Craticulae Past? A note at the end of the card tells us that all Laurentians past and present are ipso facto members of the Craticulae Club. Can it be that the secretary has been able to summon Laurentians who have gone to their reward, from beyond the bourne whence hitherto no cricketer has returned? The Psychical Research Society should attend the match. A Craticula, playing cricket, who has ceased to be a member of the Church militant, should prove a sufficiently interesting sight, i.e. if he be visible.

Craticulae Cricket Club—Season 1907.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>DATE</th>
<th>TEAM</th>
<th>GROUND</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>July 29th</td>
<td>Past &amp; Present</td>
<td>Appleforth</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aug. 3rd</td>
<td>Northern Extra XI</td>
<td>Waterloo</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5th</td>
<td>Garston, an XI</td>
<td>Garston</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6th</td>
<td>Preston</td>
<td>Preston</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7th</td>
<td>Rev. Dr. Smith's Usk XI</td>
<td>Usk</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8th</td>
<td>Liverpool Second XI</td>
<td>Liverpool</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9th</td>
<td>Sedgefield Rambles</td>
<td>Sedgefield</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10th</td>
<td>Preston, an XI</td>
<td>Preston</td>
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<tr>
<td>11th</td>
<td>Old Xaverians</td>
<td>Old Xaverians</td>
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<td>12th</td>
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<td>13th</td>
<td>Ramsey</td>
<td>Ramsey</td>
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<tr>
<td>14th</td>
<td>Warrington</td>
<td>Warrington</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15th</td>
<td>Rev. J. Howard's College XI</td>
<td>Wigan</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

A Correspondent signing himself "Higher Critic" sends us the following notes on "Some Difficulties in Shakespeare plays."

MERCHANT OF VENICE, III. 5. 15—JESSICA: "Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo; Launcelot and I are out." Evidently both were good bats, or Lorenzo, who apparently was a supporter of the other side, would not have had reason to fear them. This is the only reference to cricket in Shakespeare, and the only reference to ladies taking part in the game, in Elizabethan literature. In KING LEAR I. 4. 70, the Duke of Kent shows his familiarity with the sister game when he calls the steward a "base football player."

COLLEGE DIARY AND NOTES.

MERCHANT OF VENICE, IV. 1. 81.—PAMPSON: "For thy three thousand ducats, here are six" (the italics are mine). This miserable offer to Shylock was merely adding insult to injury. Bassanio had evidently Scotch blood in his veins. Perhaps he was related to Banquo (the similarity of name is alone suggestive), whose nationality is delicately insinuated by the poet, in the interpretation that: Banquo puts on a dark night. "There's husbandry in heaven, their candles are all out." (Macbeth, II. i. 4.)

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA, IV. 1. 70.—

SCARUS: "I have yet Room for six scotches more."

Scarus was a Roman, a friend of Antony. The following parallel passages will make clear our author's estimation of Roman capabilities in this matter. CORiolanus, II. 1. 37—

MENTENUS: "I am known to be a humorous patrician and one that loves a cup of hot wine without a drop of allaying Tiber in it." And HAMLET, v. 2. 325, where Hamlet tries to prevent Horatio drinking from the "stoup of wine" and Horatio replies:—

"I'm more an antique Roman than a Dane Here's yet some liquor left."

Still the Danes themselves do not seem to have been far behind; for the Queen in Hamlet was a Dane, and a few moments before the incident just quoted had shrieked out, presumably in a paroxysm of thirst—

"The drink, the drink! O my dear Hamlet! The drink, the drink."

LINES WRITTEN ON "COMING BACK DAY," AFTER A SHORT EASTER VACATION.

To come or not to come: that is the question Whether 'tis better for the boy to suffer The punctual-loving masters' smiling praise Or to prolong the holidays twice 'th appointed length.
And by coming late annoy them. To stay at home
And by a telegram to intimate
Reception of some "shocks" that boys are heir to,—
(Appendicitis, influenza, mumps) were a course
Pleasant to pursue. But to return to school
To return perchance to work? Ah! there's the "rub,"
(Observe the metaphor from the game of bowls)
For in the Vue, what plans may schools invent,
What penalties devise, and painful schemes
While all of us are having fun at home.
Oh! who would bear demands for work undone,
The angry voice, impatient eyes that glare
On Latin prose,—the weariness
And length of preparation time, the spurns
That fall unmerited on a "delta plus,"
When he himself might escape so much
By returning late? Who would lexicons bear
And grunt and sweat under a Greek unseen
And lose himself in labyrinths of graphs
Or sketch in brief a character from a play
Or else out an essay having nought to say,
Or let the ferula—unkindest cut of all—
Take precedence of the midday meal;
But that the dread of penance classes dire
Detention in a room from whose bourne
No early exit is, blunts the will
And makes us rather come back up to time
Than spend unsanctioned leisure in our homes.

The Natural History Society.

SEASON 1907.

President:  
THE RIGHT REV. THE ABBOTT.

Vice- Presidents:  
THE VERY REV. THE PRIOR.
THE REV. THE HEADMASTER.

Chairman:  
Mr. R. Robinson, M.A.

Secretary:  
J. McElligott.

April 21st—The Rev. The Headmaster... Opening Address.
Mr. D. J. W. Arkell, B.Sc... Colour in Nature.

April 28th—Mr. Robinson... ... ... The Flight of Birds.
P. Perry ... ... ... The Linnet.

May 5th— Fr. Benedict Hayes ... ... ... Vultures.
J. Bodenham... ... ... Crabs.

May 12th— Fr. Benedict McLaughlin ... ... ... The Scattering of Seeds.

May 19th— Mr. D. J. W. Arkell, B.Sc... ... ... A New Ophiuroid.
E. Cawkell ... ... ... Mice.

May 26th— Br. Ambrose Byrne ... ... ... Animal Instinct.
R. Calder Smith ... ... ... The Plover.

June 2nd— Br. Anselm Parker ... ... ... British Snakes.
R. Hesket... ... ... The Beaks of Birds.

June 9th— Br. Anthony Barnett ... ... ... The Rook.
E. Taunt... ... ... Prehistoric Animals.

June 23rd— Fr. Prior ... ... ... The Conversation of Animals.
Rearing Poultry.

In opening what proved to be a very successful season, the Headmaster impressed upon us the value of the imaginative aspect of natural history. He quoted several extracts from Wordsworth, and said that his works are full of references to birds, animals, trees, and everything that goes to form the subject matter of what we call natural history. Every reference is scientifically accurate and yet inspired with the truest poetic sentiment. The imagination of the poet touches what might have been the dry bones of a prosaic science into ideal beauty. By a devotion to natural history, we might cultivate not merely our powers of observation and an interest in the world around us, but a love for that ideal which a mind, rightly attuned, could discern in the meanest object in the world of nature.

Mr. Arkell followed with a paper on "Colour in Nature." All colour proceeds from the light of the sun. Plants grown in the dark tend to lose their colour. All colour in nature was arranged by design, and though sometimes we could not quite see the reasons for certain colours in certain objects (we do not know, for instance, why grass should be green and the sky blue), for the most part, the object in view was perfectly plain. The males of birds were usually more brightly coloured than the female, partly that they might thereby be more attractive to their future partners, and partly to distract attention from the female, who was at the nesting time so much more important to the future of the race. He instanced the pheasant, and told us how wonderfully the plumage of the hen bird harmonised with the leaves among which she sat. When the two birds were surprised near the nest the eye naturally followed the more brightly feathered cock-bird. So with other species, the plumage of the sitting bird harmonised so thoroughly that they were almost invisible until they moved. In butterflies the same principle could be seen. The male was generally more conspicuous than the female. An extreme instance of this is to be seen in the purple Emperor. The colours of flowers were arranged to attract the insects whose visits were so necessary for the fertilisation of seeds. He showed that love of colour was stronger in the savage than in civilised man, and that why certain objects are much more strongly influenced by this emotion than may seem at first sight to us may account for the love of colour.

A kindred subject, in that it dealt much with the question of colour, was "The Scattering of Seeds," by Fr. Benedict. He divided seeds into three classes—self-sown, wind-sown, and sown by animals. Self-sown seeds are generally scattered by a mechanical arrangement, by which the seeds are thrown out from the parent plant, often with considerable force. If the seeds simply fall to the ground beneath the parent plant, they would be so crowded together as to interfere with each other's growth. The parent plant would rob them of the benefit of light, and light is very necessary to the growth of the plant. The violet scatters its seeds with great force, as may be seen if a violet ovary be obtained and warmed before the fire.

Of the second class the Dandelion is a good instance. Everyone knows the Dandelion Clock. Each clock contains three hundred or more seeds, and even in a slight breeze these seeds will travel to a great distance from the parent plant. The sycamore, the elm, and the willow are also instances of the same class.

The last class is a large one; many plants are fertilised by insects which come for the honey which many flowers hold out as a bait, as the wall-flower does, whilst others have hooked seeds which attach themselves to the coats of animals and so are carried from place to place; some seeds are scattered by squirrels, who store great numbers of nuts and seeds in holes, which they often forget and leave to sprout. Birds too, scatter seeds by carrying fruit and berries to and fro and allowing the stones to drop.

Birds that eat fruit have short strong bills, as was explained to us by R. Hesketh in his paper on " The Beaks of Birds." He showed how the beak of each species was exactly adapted to the food on which it lived. The marsh birds had long sensitive bills suitable for prodding the soft ground and selecting the dainties...
that lie hidden beneath. The snipe and the curlew are good instances of birds of this class; perhaps the godwit has the longest beak in proportion to its size. He compared with these the sword-like bills of the birds that live by spearing fish, as the aeron and the kingfisher do. Then we had the beaks of birds of prey, which also have strong beaks, not straight like the former class, but with the upper mandible curving down over the lower one, forming a hook well adapted for tearing their prey to pieces. The eagles are good examples of birds of this class.

Birds of the duck family, which live on small animals which are found in the water and the mud of ponds, have wide bills covered with a sensitive skin, and inside contain a straining arrangement by which the mud and water may be separated from the worms and other animals, all of which are taken in together. Then we have birds like the nightjar and sandpiper, which catch and eat insects on the wing. They have soft bills, short, but opening with a wide stretch. Lastly, there are birds that have bills may be used for general purposes. The Rook may be taken as typical of this class.

An account of this omnivorous bird was given to us by Bro. Anthony who, as Curator of the Museum, has been most generous in providing specimens for the Society's meetings. Of this interesting bird Bro. Anthony gave us a very full description. Its plumage is violet-black, not dead black, and the bare patches by the nostrils are covered until the bird is at least one year old. The bird is not quite so big as the Carrion Crow, which has its face entirely covered even in the adult and the plumage is a greenish, not a violet-black. Building operations are commenced in early spring. The birds resort to the same trees year after year, and repair the old nests. As soon as the young are fledged, the rooks leave their nests but pay regular visits of inspection to them throughout the year. The rook feeds on a great variety of foods, but seems to devote itself mainly to the wireworm, one of the farmer's greatest enemies. Bro. Anthony described to us the strange sport of the rooks, which is called "Shooting"; the birds rising to great heights and then falling perpendicularly almost to the ground. These maneuvers, which country folk say foretell high winds, seem to have no other object but that of enjoyment.
They chiefly make their homes in gorse, and make a beautifully rounded little nest of grass stalks lined with finer grass and wool. It lives mainly on insects and seeds, and out of the nesting season is to be seen in large flocks.

The Twite, or Mountain Linnet, may be distinguished from the Brown Linnet by the absence of the red colour from the head and breast, and also by the yellow bill. It frequents the heather rather more than the Common Linnet, and builds a somewhat similar nest.

The Vultures were treated of by Fr. Benedict. After a description of its appearance and habits, mostly unpleasant, he opened an interesting discussion on the question, whether a Vulture discovers its prey by sight or smell. In a few minutes after an animal falls to the ground, though not a single Vulture may have been in sight at the time, they can be seen hastening to the banquet in great numbers from every quarter of the heavens. Many experiments have been tried with the object of solving the mystery. A dead animal has been well hidden, and yet the vultures came. This would seem to prove that they find their prey by smell. On the other hand, the dried skin of a boa-constrictor has been stuffed with straw, and placed out in the open. The vultures came to that, and this would seem to prove that these birds find their prey by sight and not by smell. Perhaps the truth is that they use both sight and smell to a degree of which we can have no real appreciation, or perhaps they have some other sense, which is unknown to us.

The Vultures are possessed of very wonderful powers of flight. The Condor, with its tremendous spread of wings, can soar, at such a height that it appears to be little larger than a lark, for hours with no apparent effort.

This and other questions of the “Flight of Birds,” were dealt with by the Chairman, who illustrated his remarks by specimens that had fallen victims to the skill of the local keepers.

Two wide and interesting subjects were closed by Fr. Prior and Br. Ambrose. The former took the “Conversation of Animals.” Close observers claim to have discovered, in some animals, the power to emit many significant sounds. In the Raven thirty-two have been discovered, and some of the apes are supposed to possess a complete language.

For his own part, however, Father Prior would not allow to animals anything beyond the power to signify various emotions, such as love, hunger, fear, and the like. There was no doubt that the different notes of one species were understood by other species. When many different kinds of birds are feeding near to each other, a cry of alarm from any individual is sufficient to set all in motion that are within hearing distance, even though the cause of alarm may be invisible to the others.

This transmission of the elementary emotions, Br. Ambrose told us, called only for the exercise of instinct and not of reason, if animals really possessed a language of their own. Instinct was in itself very wonderful. The instinct of a fox indeed must often rise almost to the level of reason. The bee was another creature whose instincts called forth our admiration, not only in its domestic economy, but also in its wonderful homing powers. He told us of several instances in which dogs had shewn marvellous powers of instinct. Shepherds’ dogs are especially wonderful in this respect. He concluded with a reference to the great instinct of migration which is possessed by so many birds, and said that it seemed almost impossible to explain how young birds that had only just learned to fly, found their way through the long journey by the same route that their ancestors had followed for generations.

It was well proved that in some species the young birds migrated after or before the older birds.

The Beaver, too, is an animal in which instinct must come very near to reason. The wonderful lodges constructed by these clever creatures and all their contrivances for escaping from their enemies, natural and unnatural, were described to us by Br. Justin. He told us that the beaver was formerly so common in Canada that as many as fifty thousand skins were sold at one sale. The fortunate change from the beaver hat to the silk saved these interesting creature from extermination. The beaver is, of course, the Canadian crest.

The beaver still exists in Russia, and is fairly common on the Danube. Lately it has been re-introduced into England and Scotland, and seems to be doing very well. An average beaver colony generally ranges from one to two hundred in number.

Br. Justin also told us that the dams were often twelve feet thick at the bottom, and that the beaver was comparable to the
bee as an architect, but more original. Another wonderful home
is that of the Harvest Mouse, which was described to the Society
by E. Godwin. This tiny creature builds among the tall grasses
at some distance from the ground, a globe of grass which has no
visible means of entrance or exit. How the parent gets in or out
does not seem to be known. The paper dealt fully with the
various kinds of mice that infest the fields, and also with the
house mouse. All the mice increase at such a rapid rate that
were it not for the many enemies that they have, they would
quickly become a plague.

Chief among their enemies come the stoats and weasels, which
were dealt with by J. Darby. He included the polecat and the
wild cat in his paper, animals which are now very rare, though
not quite extinct, in England. All these animals seems to possess
the power of fascinating their prey in some way or other.
Rabbits, which will run straight away from a dog, and use all the
contrivances which instinct has taught them, fall an easy prey to
these slow-moving animals. Birds, too, have been observed to be
brought within leaping distance by the strange antics of their
enemy. Generally the animal revolves at such a speed that the
eye cannot follow it. At other times they move their heads up
and down very rapidly, keeping their eyes fixed on their intended
victim.

Snakes capture their prey in a similar manner, as Br. Anselm
told us. He first warned us that the slow or blind worm is not a
snake at all. It is really a lizard, and is quite harmless.
The ringed snake is the common snake. It eats frogs, young
birds, insects and mice. It has sometimes happened that frogs
have jumped out of snakes which were being dissected and have
seemingly been none the worse for their strange imprisonment.
This snake lays its eggs in some refuse heap where heat is being
generated, and takes no further care of them.

They change their skin several times in each year. They first
break the skin round the necks, and after attaching the loose skin
to briars or anything that will hold it, gradually pull themselves
forward out of it, turning the skin inside out as they issue from it.
This old skin is called the "slough."
The poison is stored in a gland at the side of the head, and flows
from it into the fang, when the fang is struck into anything.
When the fang is not in use, it lies back against the gum, work-
ing on a kind of hinge. Before striking, the viper coils itself up
with its head in the centre: in striking, it uncoils itself, and so
can cover nearly the length of its body. Some people say that the
viper, which tends its young until they can look after themselves,
will at the approach of danger open its mouth and allow them to
enter its stomach, from which refuge they return when the danger
is past, but this has never been proved.

There are many unsolved problems also in regard to the Salmon.
Br. Sebastian gave us a full account of the growth of this magnifi-
cent fish, and discussed at some length two problems, which he
wished the society to note particularly as having an important
bearing on the history of the salmon. Did the salmon eat in fresh
water? What did it live upon in the sea?

Authorities differed on these points, but the truth seemed to be
that the salmon did not usually eat in fresh water, and that it
was very exceptional for it to do so. They carried with them
from the sea a store of fat which supported them in their stay in
fresh water. As to the second point, whatever the food was, it
must be rich and plentiful, since salmon put on nine or ten
pounds or even more in a few months' sojourn in the sea. Prob-
ably they fed on spawn and fry, especially of shell-fish.

We had a very thorough paper on one shell-fish from J.
Bodenham, who chose the crab for his subject.

He described the breeding and the growth of the different
kinds of crabs, the way in which they cast their shells, and the
manner of their capture. He corrected what seemed to be a
general idea, that crabs walked backwards. Really they walk
sideways. He told us also in answer to a question, that the
crayfish was not a crab, and that there was poison in the bodies
of all crabs. The tails seemed to be particularly poisonous, but
the poison did not seem to be used for any definite purpose, as it
is by the plants which Pr. Placid spoke of.

Most plants exist by the food which they separate from the
atmosphere by means of their leaves, or by food drawn in from
the ground through the roots. A few, however, live on insects
which they digest much in the same way as animals digest their
food.
He showed us specimens of the Sundew, which attracts small insects by the brilliancy of its spikes, holds them fast by a gummy substance, which it exudes, and finally encloses and devours them.

Other plants of this class are the Sun-wort and the Bladder-wort, which latter floats on the water and entices insects and small fish into its small bladders. In the bladders are trap-doors to which the insects are guided by an ingenious arrangement of feelers. Once inside, the insects are drowned and eaten.

We had also two papers on Fossils. The first from Mr. Arkell dealt with a creature which he discovered in the Quarry, and which turned out to be previously unknown.

In the Autumn of 1903, a small stone was picked up in a field on the hill, in which could be distinguished the imprint of the arm of a fossil star-fish. The species did not seem to be exactly similar to the moderately well-known Ophiurids of this horizon, but the small size and imperfect preservation of the specimen did not warrant the assumption that it was new. Although diligently sought for, the natural layer from whence the stone came, was not discovered until June 1906.

About half-way up the face of the quarry above Fr. Sumner’s terrace, a bed not more than one and a half inches thick has been found from which several more or less fragmentary individuals have been obtained. Some of these were sent to Dr. Bather, of the British Museum, who has them in hand now for the purpose of assigning their position in the Ophiuroidea.

Although the nature of the rock, Calcareous Grit, does not favour the preservation of organic remains, yet the impressions are in many cases excellently clear. Judged by the ones at present obtained, it seems to be intermediate between Ophiociderna and Ophiopeltis. Further researches may produce specimens in a better state of preservation.

The second paper dealt with prehistoric animals in general. E. Taunton particularly dwelt on the question of the original horse. Fossil remains seem to show that the horse of the present day is many times larger than the primeval animal from which it is descended. This is contrary to the usual principle. We have no animal alive now which is comparable in size to some of the creatures that Taunton described to us (the Plesiosaurus, for instance), except the whale, which is probably in bulk as large as any of the monsters of the past. The great Pterodactyls, probably most closely resembling immense bats, and the Mammoth which was discovered some years ago embedded in a block of ice on the coast of North Russia, were very fully described.

There remains Dr. Abbot’s lecture on “Poultry Rearing,” a subject of which he has the benefit of a practical experience of many years. He gave us a most interesting and instructive account of the modern methods employed.

In conclusion, one may thank the readers of the excellent papers that have done so much to render the past season a success.
Fifty years ago, this Midsummer, St. Lawrence's asked her friends to rejoice with her on the occasion of the opening of the New Church. When we who did not witness it read of it, we are reminded of the joy of the dwellers by an ice-bound river when the hard crust is shattered and they see the imprisoned waters begin to flow again. Nothing in the way of development had been possible in College or Monastery for a full quarter of a century. The work was a fresh movement forward; and as such it was, to some extent, a break with the past. The style of the building also was new, and those who had planned it had already conceived the idea of a greater St. Lawrence's which would extend itself and beautify itself, and be more in union with the vigorous Catholicity of the "Second Spring." Life in St. Lawrence's had ebbed low after the "break-up;" then had followed a period of convalescence, hopeful and peaceful and happy, with that feeling of well-being which always accompanies the steady recovery of health and vigour; now had come the time of growth and expansion, the natural outcome of the nervous energy of freshly-revived strength. Naturally, also, as growth checked in one place finds a new issue in another, as when a young tree has lost its "leader" it throws out one or more branches which curve straight upwards and thicken into stems, more than replacing the one lopped off or broken, so the old College began to throw out a new off-shoot. It was the old life making a fresh beginning of growth, but it has left clearly visible, for all time, evidence of the interrupted development of the parent trunk. Such a Jubilee as this, whether we celebrate it or not, should be held in remembrance. There are few living who now can recall the enthusiasm of the Exhibition of 1857 and be stirred by its memory. But when we enter our little church—how stately it must have seemed then!—with its sweet beauty and holy associations, we should remind ourselves, with love and veneration, of those who have laboured at Ampleforth before us and realise the spirit of devotion and sacrifice which made them great in their generation. What we are now and what we have now, our resources, our character, our aspirations, we hold as an inheritance from the builders of the New Church.

Our readers will be glad to read an account of the opening ceremony. It is taken from the Tablet of July 25th, 1857.

"DIocese of Beverley.

"Opening of a new Monastic Church at St. Lawrence's College, Ampleforth, near York.

"The members and friends of St. Lawrence's have, at last, seen the crowning of their wishes and the substantial termination of many long-borne anxieties. During the last two years there has been in course of erection at St. Lawrence's College a beautiful Gothic monastic church. July 17th saw it solemnly opened.

"St. Lawrence's, or Ampleforth College, is a Benedictine monastery, one of the three belonging to the English Benedictine Congregation, occupied by a community of twenty-three monks, novices and lay-brothers, and presided over by the Very Rev. R. W. Cooper, as Prior. The monastery is pleasantly and healthfully situated under Hambleton Hills, about twenty miles north of York. In connection with the monastery is a college providing accommodation for seventy students, who are instructed in all the branches of a useful and polite education, prepared for commercial pursuits, or trained for the monastic and Missionary life by the members of the community. The monastery and college have been progressing and extending since their foundation in the year 1802.

"Members of St. Lawrence's, old and young, those who had witnessed and borne a part in the struggle of its infancy, those who have seen the whole course of its eventful history of alternate trial and prosperity, and those who have known their Alma Mater only in her happy days, old students and well-wishers gathered together to bear a part in the great event which all have looked forward to with hopeful anxiety, and which all attended with that pleasure and satisfaction which decided signs of vigorous life and future promise always inspire. The solemnities which attracted so many to Ampleforth are gratifying and moving under more aspects than one. There was first, the gathering of Brethren—"Corona Fratrum"—children of St. Benedict; Brethren under one rule, gathered under one roof and able to interchange their feelings of fraternal charity, and draw closer the bonds..."
which bind them together in one religious body. There was a strong proof of vigorous life; much to bring to mind recollections of past ages, when England loved better and knew more of her monks than her Kings and statesmen; much to inspire hope, much to draw fervent wishes from an earnest heart that the English Benedictines may one day press their claim to England as their birthright, their inheritance, the portion of Christ's vineyard specially entrusted to their care; much to create, at least the fancy, that the English Benedictines of the present day are made of the same 'stuff' as the monks of old, and, when it pleases God, will be able to accomplish as much for England as their ancestors—for within the new church there were assembled at least sixty professed members of the English Benedictine Congregation, a gathering such as, perhaps, has never been witnessed since the Reformation.

The company present, numbering sixty or seventy, exclusive of the congregation admitted to the opening, included the venerable Bishop of the diocese, Dr. Briggs; the Right Rev. Dr. Morris, Bishop of Troy; and the Right Rev. Dr. Brown, Lord Bishop of Newport; the Right Rev. P. Burchall, President of the English Benedictine Congregation; Revs. P. Heptonstall, D.D., and J. Greenough, Provincials; Very Revs. N. Sweeney and A. Hankinson, Priors of Downside and Douay; upwards of thirty more members of the Order, with a number of Secular Clergy and gentlemen from the neighbourhood and different parts of England.

The procession formed at nine o'clock, and proceeded through the cloisters, the North transept and the choir. The long line of monks in cowl and hood, the number of youths in surplice, the Ministers of the altar, and the three Prelates in full Pontificals, with their attending Ministers affording a most imposing spectacle, and one which is not seen every day, nor anywhere but in a Monastery. Mass was sung by the Very Rev. P. Burchall and a panegyric on St. Benedict was pronounced by the Very Rev. N. Sweeney, Prior of Downside. Haydn's Imperial Mass was admirably performed by the Collegiate choir. A solemn 'Te Deum' terminated the Solemnity.

The annual exhibition and distribution of prizes appointed for the same day again called the visitors together, and for two hours they were gratified and pleased with recitations, and selections of music as given and performed by the students, of which it is the very least acknowledgement to say that all acquitted themselves with the highest credit, and gave complete satisfaction. In the evening the students performed Shakespeare's Henry V., and a very amusing farce, entitled 'To Paris and back for £5.' It is difficult to withhold a word of praise where it is so justly merited; but yet, to avoid every appearance of exaggerated flattery and overstrained description, it will, perhaps, be sufficient to say that the students acted well and frequently gained hearty bursts of applause.”

+ + +

Here is a relique of the days before the opening of the New Church. It is, as the reader will see, some complimentary verses, written to the Mother Superior of the “Heath,” a convent where the writer had more than once made his annual Retreat. The writer of the poem was Fr. Ambrose Prest, the immediate predecessor of Prior Cooper, and it was written on the back of an engraving of Ampleforth. The style is charming, with true old-fashioned grace and gallantry.

Feast of St. Agnes.

Madam, on this propitios day,
Which all your youthful daughters greet,
Allow a grateful son to lay
This little offering at your feet.

A Brother-convent's sketch I hear;
Its rule on earth, its hopes above
Are like your own; ah, let it share
A sister's thoughts, a sister's love.—

Should heaven attend my humble prayer
And should I live to see the day,
When ev'ry virtue blossoms there
Which pure Religion can display—

When Maur's obedience fires our youth,
And Bennet's zeal with prudence joined
Directs our Age, I'll say with truth
Another Heath has blest mankind.
NOTES.

My second home, my blest retreat!
Where'er to breathe thy air is given,
I feel a joy too short, too sweet—
Too sweet for earth, too short for heaven.—

Awhile farewell, thy holy walls
And happy guests I may not see—
My feet shall go when duty calls;
My heart shall still remain with thee.

The Collegio di S. Anselmo held high festival during the meeting of the Abbot President at Rome. They gathered there on May 18th. The preparations for their coming had been made with care and wise forethought, and the hospitality shown to the guests was princely. The whole Community, from the Abbot Primate to the last of the ever willing and patient lay-brethren, devoted itself to their service. The tardy summer of this year had reached the city but a week before their arrival, but it hurriedly made things ready for their welcome. Only a few days before, there were still leafless trees in the gardens, and the rose-trees against the walls had shown little signs of life; but by the 15th the roses were in full bloom, and Rome was at its brightest and best. It was the inaugurative meeting of a series of Presidential Chapters at fixed intervals, and, as with every novel institution, it was, to some extent, on its trial; we may, therefore, record the impression given us that the conception of such gatherings was found to be a surprisingly happy one, and that there is promise of happy results. All the world knows of the honour conferred on the Benedictine body by the Holy See, in giving it charge of the studies preliminary to a revision of the Vulgate.

Another privilege has been granted to the Fathers of the Order in the following terms:

EX AUDIENTIA SSMI HABITA DIE 13 JUNI, 1907.

SSnus Dominus Noster Pius Divina Providentia P.P. X. referente me infrascripto S. Congregationis de Propaganda Fide Secretario, benigno indulsit, ut in Ecclesiis Ordinis Sancti Benedicti in Anglia et in America Septentrionali celebrari valent Missa de Requie bis in hebdomada, diebus tamen quibus cadem Missa a Rubricis permittitur comprehensis, occurrente etiam ritu duplicit; exceptis festis primae et secundae classis, diebus Dominica allisque de precepto Servandis, nee ton vigiliae feriae atque octavis privilegiatis, et dummodo hujus indulgentiæ, nihil omnino præter conventam eclemosynam percipientur, de consensu Ordinaris, ad quinquennium.

Datum Rome ex Aed. S. Congregationis de Propaganda Fide, die et anno ut Supra.

ALOISIUS VECchia, Secrarium.
Concordat cum originali.
P. HILARUS WALTAR,
Secrarium Prim. O.S.B.

From our Oxford Correspondent:—

Our intercourse with the late Mr. Grissell enables us to cordially endorse the high appreciation of him which we take from The Oxford Magazine. He was one of the first to welcome us in the beginning of the existence of our Oxford
house, and with feeling he expressed his happiness in seeing the
day of the return of our Order to the University. His interest in
things Benedictine was also manifest in Rome, where he often
visited Saint Anselmo's, and in fact dined there on the patronal
feast this year.

"A well-known Oxford figure has just passed away in Hart-
well de la Garde Grissell, who died at his post in Rome
somewhat suddenly the other day. His death will be a severe
loss, not merely to the close friends he made and kept, but to the
large circle of Oxford visitors to Rome. It would be difficult to
over-estimate their debt to his kindness and patience, and to the
seemingly bounteous leisure, which allowed him to be always
ready to be their escort and show them the treasures of the finest
palace in Europe. To me him it was hard to realise that he had
been in the service of the Vatican and the Holy See since 1866.
He was present on that memorable occasion when the temporal
sovereignty of the Popes in Rome finally vanished, after lasting
more than a thousand years. He has often described to his
friends the farewell of Pius IX. to the pontifical troops; he refused
to allow resistance, and giving them his blessing, said adieu.
Thus fell before the attack of a few irresponsible irre-
less the old Kingdom in Europe, and the only obstacle to the union of
Italy. After this Grissell's duties at the Vatican were continuous;
Chamberlain of Honour to the Pope since 1869, and from 1898,
"Cameriere di numero," one of the four permanent chamberlains
of the Vatican whose office does not lapse on the death of the
Pope. He his believed to be the first Englishman who has held this
important appointment, and it was in this capacity that he was in
charge of the Vatican during the last Conclave, of which he has
left a full and interesting account. Finally, he was made Knight
Commander of the Order of Pius IX. about a year ago, a high
and well-deserved distinction, carrying the title of 'Commanda-
tore.' He was an archaeologist and collector of great taste; no
one who has seen his sacred relics and assortment of coins and
curiosities in the old house at the bottom of the High Street
will readily forget their various interest and the keen enthusiasm
of the owner in explaining their history. He was a Fellow of the
Numismatic Society, an F.S.A., a member of the Roman
Arcadia and of the Academy of Raphael in Urbino; and in him

we lose one who was a valuable and an exceptional link
between our University and Rome, both ancient and modern.
He was deservedly popular, and really beloved by his friends; he
lived down a foolish and quite groundless prejudice, and bore no
malice for a good deal of misrepresentation, now happily forgotten.
His loyalty to his own College, Brasenose, was very marked, and
never missed the annual Gaudy. Oxford is poorer by the loss of the
one who was a convinced but never intolerant champion of his
cred, a zealous and critical antiquarian, and a warm-hearted and
unselfish friend."

To comment upon the Oxford Pageant is perhaps superfluous,
considering the innumerable columns that have already been
written on that topic in the newspapers and periodicals. One
may, however, express gratification at the general condemnation
which has been pronounced upon the "Roger Bacon scene," con-
cerning which our President, Abbot Gasquet, addressed a protest
to the Times a few weeks ago. The scene, which presented the
great English friar as little better than a buffoon, was in every way
unworthy of the reputation of its author (Professor Oman), and
must have been revolting to all who were not prevented by anti-
Catholic prejudice from perceiving the true character and im-
portance of Roger Bacon as depicted by history. The monks, too,
fared badly at the hands of the pageant authorities. People who
have any knowledge of monks and monasticism are not pleased to
see sons of S. Benedict represent as great and disreputable
figures with short habits and bare legs. If the officials of the
pageant had taken the trouble of calling in some competent
authority in this matter as in the problem of secular subjects, the
performance, which in many other respects was deserving of high
praise, would have been saved from what cannot be regarded —
considering the standing of the great University in which it was
produced—as otherwise than a serious blemish.

To all lovers of the beautiful walks in Christ Church Meadows,
the end of the pageant will be a relief. During the last few
months the eye has been offended by the sight of a long stretch of
hoarding, numerous large tents, and worst of all, a hideous
grand-stand. This last-named structure was placed in some
jeopardy at the end of "Eights Week" by a large body of men, mainly from Christ Church, who—under the influence of that strange frenzy which seizes undergraduates at times of unusual excitement and drives them like Maenads to works of destruction—made an onslaught upon the pageant premises as though intent upon converting all the woodwork into one vast bonfire. The position was stoutly defended by a detachment of police, and a battle royal ensued, in which the assailants were repulsed and some of their number were precipitated into the cooling waters of the "Char." The incident was, of course, taken up by the "yellow press" and duly magnified, and adorned with alliterative head-lines. But, as a matter of fact, the damage done to the property was slight; and Mat Cher was strenuously denied by the "undergrads." The occasion for the outburst of emotion on their part was the fact that Christ Church had just attained the headship of Towards the end of term the usual triennial invitation to the well-known Greek play was received from the Warden of Bradford. It has often been a matter of question as to what would happen in case of a heavy fall of rain, for the play, be it remembered, takes place in an entirely open Greek theatre, only the actors, and sometimes the chorus, being under cover. This year the question was conclusively settled. During one of the performances of The Antigone, the rain came down in torrents and the voices of the actors were for the time literally drowned. Many of the audience were drenched, but all went on as usual. The chorus sang as merrily as under a cloudless Athenian sky, and even the altar erected to Dionysus threw out its little cloud of smoke when the incense was sprinkled upon it.

Partly apparently in answer to the objection sometimes made that the play occupies too large a place in the College routine during the time of rehearsal, this year a protest was made by the Fifth Form, whom it chiefly concerns, stating that this is not the case. The practices are apparently pushed into a short evening recreation, and the translation into verse (also the work of the Fifth) has been in some cases merely a holiday task. A sudden emergency necessitated the withdrawal of the original Chory-
orn for the blessing of a ship. The prayer ran as follows:—
'Graciously hear, O Lord, our supplication, and as Thou didst vouchsafe to bless the Ark of Noe on the water, so do Thou bless this port made by the hands of Thy servants, together with all the ships that come in or go out, and those that sail therein. As Thou didst stretch out Thy hand to blessed Peter when he walked upon the waters, so stretch it out to all who use this dock, in their entry, and their departure, and their passage of the sea. Send down Thy Angel from the Heavens, to deliver and keep both ships and men from every danger; protect Thy servants from all evil, grant them always a good voyage and a safe harbour; and when their business, by Thy help, hath been completed, do Thou, we beseech Thee, bring them home with joy. Who livest and reignest God, for ever and ever.' After briefly inspecting the huge entrance locks the distinguished party re-entered the train and returned to the Rhymney Station. The ceremony was kept semi-private."

* * *

The screen in Brindle Church, erected in memory of Fr. Wilfrid Brown, and designed by Fr. Cuthbert Almond, was formally opened (if we may use so inapt a phrase) after Easter. It is a handsome piece of oak carving, and was made in the workshops of Beyaert, at Bruges. * * *

Visitors to Ampleforth will notice a great improvement on the hill to the north of the College. The indefatigable energy of Fr. Wilfrid Sumner has carried on one of the walks in the wood some two hundred yards to the west, through the orchard and the field which was planted with small trees some six years ago by Fr. Prior. The pathway then winds up the hill to the new terrace. For the convenience of the more infirm brethren a series of flights of steps has been provided by the generosity of Fr. John Carew. The whole work gives a different character to the hill. There is now a spaciousness about it that makes the walk up the hill a somewhat lengthy piece of exercise, and prepares one for that more extended view of the surrounding country that was wanting to the view from the old terrace.

NOTES.

We trust Fr. Wilfrid's health and strength may remain unimpaired to carry out some other schemes he has formed for the improvement of the College woods and groves.

* * *

We are pleased to be able to say that Fr. Paulinus Wilson has regained his strength after a severe illness, and that Fr. Jerome Pearson has with restored health taken up again missionary work with Fr. Wulstan Barnett at Warwick Bridge. Fr. Hildebrand Dawes has gone as third priest to Merthyr Tydfil.

* * *

Our best thanks also to Mr. W. Milburn for taking such interest in the art of Ampleforth. This time he has restored a valuable oil painting "Assuerus and Esther." Also to Mr. W. Taylor for presenting British Butterflies and Moths (E. Newman) to the Library.

* * *

The prayers of our readers are asked for Dr. Richard Corr who came to Ampleforth in 1865.

* * *

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the Adelphian, the St. Augustine, the Beamont Review, St. Columba's Magazine, the Downside Review, the Down Magazine, the Georgian, the Occasion, the Ratcliiffian, the Raven, the Stowmarket Magazine, the Studium and Milthorpe and the Ushawk Magazine.
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THE AMPLEFORTH JOURNAL.

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THE SECRETARY,
AMPLEFORTH ABBEY,
YORK.
On the twenty-second of July in the present year the Holy Father addressed a letter to Cardinal Vincenzo Vannutelli expressing his wish that the fifteenth centenary of the death of St. John Chrysostom, which occurs this year, should be kept with exceptional solemnity in the Vatican basilica and elsewhere. The exact anniversary occurred on the 27th of January last. The solemnities, however, have been put off to the end of the year.

The feast of St. John Chrysostom used to be the Greek play-day at Ampleforth. In the course of the extensive changes which have affected scholastic matters during the last generation, it is very possible that this celebration is no longer held. Its memory takes us back to the days when "Greek" may be supposed to have been an exceptional subject. And yet I, for one, cannot remember the time when Greek was not taught at Ampleforth to every boy who was above what from about 1856 was called the Preparatory Class. I have a vivid recollection of construing the beginning of St. John's Gospel under Father Placid O'Brien in 1849. In my time, the Greek play-day came to be practically a play-day for the whole school, with the exception of the youngest
boys. And as it had begun to be recognized even in the
fifties that young boys ought to have more recreation, or less
study, than older ones, I think I am not wrong in saying
that from 1850 to 1862 the feast of St. Chrysostom was a
recreation day for the whole school. It was subject, however,
to some uncertainty, for the Prior, with the constitutional
inability of a Prior to take the view of the boys, invariably
pretended that there was no right to it, and even ventured
to disallow it when there was no skating to be had.

St. Chrysostom "On the Priesthood" was one of the Greek
texts we studied in my time, and the class to which I
belonged—I think I am the only one now left—went through
it under Father Anselm Gillett, who had learnt his Greek at
Douai, and who knew it well. I think that I afterwards
took a class through part of this treatise myself—but my
memory is not clear upon this point.

The present centennial, together with a very learned and
useful book on St. Chrysostom by a Benedictine professor at
Louvain, turns our thoughts on a Saint and Father of the
Church who, I fear, is almost neglected in our English
Catholic schools at the present time. After all, I suppose he
is not more neglected than any of the other Greek Fathers.
Greek, in these days, aims at University examinations and
degrees—and the Greek of St. Chrysostom is not much
recognized at Oxford and Cambridge. Yet it is the Greek
of a man speaking, not a dead language, but a living one,
and speaking it with the surety, the copiousness, and the
fire of a master of speech.

It is said that St. Chrysostom is not a great theologian—
and perhaps he is not a theologian in the same sense as St.
Athanasius or St. Gregory Nazianzen. He was never the
Church's champion against a dangerous and wide heresy.
He testifies with great power and distinctness on nearly
every Christian dogma, and within a generation of his death

* See the Remier papers (1890) on "The ancient Saints."
explain Holy Scripture in a homily. The Christian Homily, as we find it in St. Chrysostom and the Fathers of the third and fourth centuries, is the *Agora homiletikos* of the ancient Sophists, adapted to the Christian scriptures. The Christian dispensation required that the flock should first of all be instructed. There were no catechisms or manuals in those days. The pastor had to take the text of Scripture and make use of it to fill in the knowledge of the word of God which was given in outline in the brief formula of the Creed. He had also to draw out from the pages of the Gospels and the apostolic writings the whole system of Christian morality. The Homily, therefore, was at once dogmatic, moral and hortatory. It was not a set treatise with a beginning, a middle and an end, but a patchwork, or rather a tapestry, often very skilfully woven, in which instruction, exhortation, and the actual history of the passing hour were blended without much order but not without interest and effectiveness. It is a kind of preaching that has much to recommend it at the present day; but in the hands of an empty-headed preacher it is apt to degenerate into common-place and diatribe, very trying to the patient hearer. In St. Chrysostom the Homily is at once a noble exposition of Christian doctrine and ethics, and a singular and fascinating revelation of his own time and personality. We have before us not only the vast and copious eloquence of the man, his fire and his picturesqueness, but also his piety, his ascetic temper, his scorn of the world, and his love of the poor.

Perhaps the most notable and interesting of all the Homilies of St. Chrysostom are those which have come down to us of the series which he preached in the city of Antioch during the Lent of 387. They are twenty-one in number, and they have a very marked unity, as they all (except the first) contain some reference to the "seditious" which had recently occurred in Antioch, and the punishment which the city too well knew was hanging over its head. Antioch, at the end of the fourth century, was a great and splendid city, although wars and earthquakes had both marred the magnificence and diminished the population which she boasted of at the beginning of the Christian era. Of her 200,000 inhabitants, some were Greeks, some Romans, and some Jews, and the rest were a turbulent and licentious mob of Syrians and half-breeds. At the present day a Turkish village of five or six thousand people, on the left bank of the Orontes, some sixteen miles from the sea, is all that is left of the great Greco-Roman town where Christianity was baptized. The mountains still rise in gloomy mass on each side of the river valley where four walled cities, made into one by a still more stupendous wall, stretched out in streets and porticoes, rich with temples, forums and palaces, far up to the East. You find among the poor houses of the modern town perhaps six score of Catholic Christians, and about twice as many schismatics. In the time of St. Chrysostom the Christian population numbered at least 100,000—half the city; the other half were heathens and Jews. There were two great churches that we know of, one called the Old Church, which dated from before Constantine, and was held to mark the spot where St. Paul preached, the other a splendid basilica built by Constantine himself, and called the Golden Church. It was in one of these churches—perhaps more frequently in the more ancient—that St. Chrysostom preached. But occasionally the meeting (synaxis, as it was called) was held at one of those shrines in the suburbs which marked the place of a martyr's confession, and which, in Christian times, did something to sanctify those outlying districts of Antioch which had made the city, even in the days of Juvenal, a byword for gaiety and wickedness.

It was in the early spring of 387 that there occurred in Antioch a "seditious"—that is, a riotous outbreak—which seems to have been more serious than these risings generally were, though they were common enough in Antioch, as
indeed they were wherever there was sufficient boldness or recklessness to rebel against the intolerable exactions of the imperial taxation. It began with a kind of deputation of the more substantial citizens—probably what remained of the town council—to the Prefect or governor, protesting with much lamentation against the recent levy. Then the populace, reinforced by crowds from the country, took the matter up. They first of all wrecked the Therme—the great Baths which were so splendid a feature of all Roman cities. Then they marched to the Prefecture, broke in the doors and windows, and were with difficulty prevented by the soldiers from destroying it altogether. Then they took to defacing and insulting the pictures of the Emperors; they marched through the town shouting curses, in the fashion of the mob of Antioch, against Theodosius himself, and finally pulled down the statues of Theodosius and his deceased wife Flacilla, and dragged them with ignominy through the streets. By this time the Prefect had got his "archers" in motion—not the legionaries, of whom it would seem there were none in Antioch just then—but Parthian or Numidian "barbarians"—who managed to quell the riot and clear the streets. This fierce outbreak was quickly succeeded by fear and panic. The town knew well what it might expect. Probably an imperial force would be despatched to Antioch, proclamations, executions, and merciless fines would punish their disaffection, and it was not at all unlikely that the city itself might be totally destroyed. We know what was the fate of Thessalonica at the hands of another Theodosius not half a century later.

The first of these Homilies which are called De Statuis, from the outrage to the statues of the Emperors which was the most treasonable feature of the riots, is very long, and was clearly delivered at the beginning of Lent, before the troubles began. It concludes with a curious outbreak of the preacher on the subject of Blasphemy. He had been speaking on every kind of subject except Blasphemy, but happens to name the word just as he is about to finish. Then he says:—

"As I have mentioned Blasphemy, I desire to ask of those here present one service in return for this sermon and instruction, and that is that you chastise for me the blasphemers of this city. If any of you hear a man blaspheming God at the street-corner or in the forum, let him go up to that man, and rebuke him; and if he has to strike him, let him not hesitate; hit him over the face, bruise his mouth—your hand will be the holier for the work. If you are summoned before the magistrate, go willingly; if the lawyers demand your punishment, say boldly that the man blasphemed the King of angels... It is a public crime, a common scandal, and any man who likes may take up the accusation. The Jews and the heathens must learn that the Christians are the saviours of the city, and its guardians, its masters and its teachers as well; the disolute and the disorderly must be taught the same lesson, and must learn to fear the servants of God, so that when a man is going to utter such language he may have to look about him carefully and see there is no Christian in ambush ready to fall upon him and punish him."

This passage gives one a very vivid idea of the state of a town like Antioch. By "blasphemy," the preacher here means that deliberate imprecation addressed to God Himself which was the usual impulse of a half-pagan people when they thought that God had treated them badly. The practice, as we know, was common with the heathens. Their idea of a God was that of a power who could do a good deal and might be propitiated and bribed, but who, if he failed or turned against his votary, was deserving of any kind of insult that was ready at hand. The sublime doctrine of the one God, all-powerful, all-wise, loving and caring for all, yet inscrutable in His ways and dispensations, took a long time to leaven the mass of the converted world. Hence the vehemence of preachers like St. Chrysostom
against a sin which was a direct and insulting denial of the great Creator. I think I am correct in saying that in every one of these twenty-one discourses St. Chrysostom reverts to the subject of Blasphemy. But when he thus exhorts his hearers to take the law into their own hands, and put a stop to it, he gives us a glimpse of a great city where law was weak, and good Christian citizens had to be ready to use strong measures to ensure respect for religion; may, where any man might be called at any moment to be a confessor and even a martyr.

In the second Homily we find ourselves in the midst of the panic which followed the riots. St. Chrysostom was at this time just over forty years of age. He had spent six years as a monk and anchorite in the desert. We are not told where he went through his monastic experiences, but it was certainly in the mountainous and wild country not far from Antioch. East of the great mountain ranges of the coast, in whose opening Antioch lay, the country was mostly desert all the way to the Euphrates. This was not the “Syrian desert” proper, which was away to the South, on the other side of Damascus. But in the fourth century there were solitudes in the neighbourhood of every great city to which flocked a numerous multitude which emulated the Pauls and the Anthony. St. Chrysostom found that he could not support the rigours of the desert life, and he returned to Antioch, where he placed himself at the service of the Bishop and was ordained to the diaconate in 38, and five years later was made Priest. He had already written a good deal—treatises on ascetics, and exhortations of various kinds. It was whilst he was in the “desert,” or, more probably after his return to Antioch, but before his own ordination, that he wrote the De Sacerdotio. The Homilies we are considering may therefore be said to mark the highest point of his literary work. I am not forgetting the great discourses which he was to deliver when he became Patriarch of Constantinople. Some writers think that the finest
expected to do. “This happy city of ours!” he exclaims; “our forum was like the swarming of the bees round the hive”—(but the word is far more mimetic than “swarming”) —“and men called us fortunate. But now the hive is deserted; fear, like a smoke, has drawn the bees away; we are like a garden where the water fails; like people who flee from a house on fire, content with saving their bare lives; like a noble forest where the axe has made great gaps in the trees.”

All these images are worked out much more fully than I can here set down. St. Chrysostom is always copious, he generally says a thing with more than one turn of phrase, and he habitually expands an illustration. These Homilies read like a brilliant improvisation; no doubt they were taken down warm from tempers and even if there is a little redundancy, we know not which to admire most, the marvellous facility of expression, or the effectiveness of the words.

With all this eloquence, there is one thing that distinguishes the preaching of St. Chrysostom from that of every other Greek Father, and that is what I may call his “feeling” for his audience; a certain “actuality” to me a much-abused word, which prevents his most luxuriant eloquence from being mere literature, like that of Libanius his master, and other “sophists.” It is not only that he inculcates virtues, like charity to others, or inveighs against vice, as he does against cursing; but he shows himself as a man who wants primarily, to talk, not so much about things or subjects, but to people; he introduces himself, he explains what he has been doing, he knows what his hearers have been doing, he sympathises with them, argues with them, rebukes them, comforts them; and he does it all, not like a gossip or a scold, but like a prophet, showing the eternal issues of the passing events, and soaring from the rebuke of the swearer, the luxurious and the terrified, to the highest arguments on Christian ethics and on the being and providence of God.

Throughout these discourses there runs a thread of patriotic feeling for the city of his birth—the city of his flock. As we have seen, he mourned for its evil plight. But, although he dwells fondly on its beauty and magnificence, its streets, its porticoes, its baths, its churches, and its many-coloured, thriving and restless population, he tells his hearers over and over again that it is not in these things that they are to look for the true glory of this “centre of the Orient.” Antioch, he reminds them, was the city where the followers of Christ were first called Christians. Not the city of Romulus herself can boast a prouder title to fame. It was from Antioch that the famous gathering of alms was sent to the saints in Jerusalem (Acts xi, 28). It was the embassy of Paul and Barnabas, from the Church of Antioch, that saved the Christian Church from Judaism. A city’s real greatness lies in her service of God. No calamities can bring Antioch dishonour if her citizens keep the laws of heaven. What matters it that she is impoverished, her streets deserted, and her people persecuted, if even by such trials and warnings she purges herself of her sins—of her luxury, her oppression of the poor, her scandalous language, and her impurities? The glory of Antioch would be that those who visited her should recognize and proclaim all the world over that the manners proper to Christians prevailed and ruled within her. She might be the apostle of the universe. St. Chrysostom is carried away by this thought in the nineteenth Homily of this series.

There is another very human feature in these outpourings—and that is the references which he makes to the Bishop of the city, Flavian, who had set off, in his age and infirmity, to Constantinople, to try by a personal interview with the dreaded Theodosius to avert the city’s doom. He begins, in the third discourse, “When I see this Throne vacant and empty of the Teacher, I rejoice and I weep; I weep because I miss the presence of our Father; I rejoice that he has gone away for our salvation, to save this population from
imperial wrath. It is your glory that you have such a father, and it is his crown that he so loves his children." He has reached extreme old age, he is infirm, the season is bad, the great solemnity of Easter is not far off, and, in addition to all this, his only sister lies at the point of death; yet he hesitates not, but sets out over land and sea to face the man who is under no human law. St. Chrysostom puts into Flavian's mouth long speeches, such as he might be presumed to make to Theodosius. In the last Homily, indeed, he asserts that he has heard particulars from persons who were present. We may be right in concluding that these speeches express rather what St. Chrysostom hoped the good Bishop would say, or gathered that he said. And yet it would not be fanciful to suppose that before Flavian set out, he had conferred with the influential and popular priest who had been forced into the position of a leader and guide in that moment of the city's trouble, and that the sentiments and even the expressions were those which he had suggested himself to the Bishop. But from Flavian he tells his hearers, in the last discourse, no report could be obtained of what he had said at that momentous interview. He would not say how he persuaded the Emperor, or calmed him. "It was not my doing," the Bishop repeated; "before I spoke God had softened his heart; he went through the facts quietly, as if the insult had been offered not to himself but to another." And St. Chrysostom mentions that before the audience was finished, Theodosius was so affected that he could hardly restrain his tears, and the venerable Prelate was dismissed with ample assurance of the city's forgiveness. "So now," he exclaims, "we have him home again. The Easter which he thought he would spend in exile, he will now keep with his own people. The season has turned out to be no winter, but a glorious summer, the old man has borne the journey with the vigour of youth; the sister whom he left apparently dying he finds still living on his return; and all that he undertook has been happily accomplished."

I do not pretend to give any idea of the theological and moral exposition contained in these Homilies. What comes out most distinctly is his demonstration of the ruling Providence of God—a demonstration elaborated with unsurpassable brilliance and copiousness of eloquence. The moral lessons that he preaches—or, as he calls it, the "philosophy" of the Christian—are chiefly the good use of suffering and the necessity of kindness to one another. There are innumerable homely touches—like the two or three passages in which he rebukes his hearers for applauding him in Church. There are illustrations of great beauty—as that in which he describes the masons as "maidens dancing in a ring." But, as I have said, it is the quiet reading of the Greek text that brings out the power and brightness of the esker and, more notable still, the sustained and unflagging vigour, aptness and brilliancy of a language which we are too ready in these days to pass over as a decadent kind of Greek.

Dom Baur's book is a worthy contribution to the celebration of the fifteenh centenary. It is hard to say what more could be said of the "literary" side of St. Chrysostom. We have the history of his theological influence, of the MSS. and printed editions of his work, of the sources of his biography, of all his biography and panegyrics, of the study of him in the Middle Ages, and of all that has been written about him in every European language in our own day. The only life that Dom Baur seems not to have seen is that by W. R. W. Stephens (1871), which Dom Baur mentions and praises (with reserve), and which is the only biography of the Saint in English that is worthy of the subject. I may also observe that Dom Baur does not mention Cardinal Newman's study of St. Chrysostom's exile and sufferings in The Ancient Saints.

It is unfortunate that St. Chrysostom is known to continental readers almost wholly by A. Thierry's brilliant articles in the Revue des Deux Mondes, which have been more than
ST. JOHN CHRYSTOSTOM.

once reprinted. With all their literary power, these articles are uncritical, fanciful, and quite out of sympathy with the Saint and the Church. The Life which has recently appeared in the series "Les Saints" is by M. A. Puech. I do not like its tone in many parts; but it is a clever picture of the man and his work, from the point of view of history and literature. No biographer of St. Chrysostom has as yet made a thorough critical study of the "sous" of the holy Doctor's life. Perhaps Abbot Butler, before long, will examine the question whether the Palladius who has left us, in dialogue form, the earliest and the most important materials for his history, is really the same person as the writer of the Historia Lusitica.

The body of St. John Chrysostom rests in St. Peter's, under the altar of the Canons' choir. The solemnities of this centenary will remind the Church of one who most certainly testified in his life to her unity under St. Peter and his successors. There are words of his, which may be found collected in Dr. Murray's De Ecclesia, Vol. III, which leave no doubt on the subject. But the most valuable witness that he has left consists in his practical appeal to the Holy See in his troubles at Constantinople, and in the unspoken but none the less effective testimony which arises from the fact that he, who was for many years the Patriarch of the imperial city, never once asserts an imperial ecclesiastical jurisdiction. His prayers plead for the restoration of the Greek schismatics to Catholic unity. And it may also be hoped that Catholic students who have their attention called to him by the Holy See at this moment, will be attracted to read some of his great works, and thus be led to the admiration and love of a great Saint and to that generous emulation which is aroused in the servants of God by the example of a great preacher, writer and pastor of souls.  

† J. C. H.

The Irish Round Towers.

No national intellectual movement has been more marked in recent years than the general and almost spontaneous effort of the people of Ireland to recover the daily use of their ancient language—accompanied by a keener interest in their old institutions and literature.

At such a time there needs no apology for calling attention, even for the hundredth time, to the ever attractive and still mysterious subject of the Irish Round Towers; for although the tendency of scientific opinion is to hold that the question of their origin and purpose has been set at rest by the weighty essay of Mr. G. Petrie, published in 1845, confirmed by the recent stately volumes of the Earl of Dunraven, yet there are still many points in the now generally accepted theory which are full of difficulty to a student.

Innumerable are the theories, based on mistaken analogies, on unauthentic history, or daring guess-work, which have been ascribed to these Towers by more or less learned men. They were built by the Phoenicians, or by the Fire-worshippers, or by the Buddhists, or by the Druids or, they were Sorcerers' Towers, or intended as astronomical observatories, or simply for Druids to dance round. Such were the wild theories of pre-scientific days.

There cannot be a more apt instance of the great truth that a Theory must be built up by a careful accumulation.
of facts duly verified. Too often the Theory is the "elder-
born product of the brain," and facts are built up to sustain
it. Thus, so acute a writer as Dr. Lanigan (author of the
Ecclesiastical History of Ireland) attributes the Round
Towers to the Fire-worshippers, "because the door always
faces to the West," and "the four top windows always face
the Cardinal points"; the fact being that the doors and
windows have no relation to the Cardinal points, either in
number or direction.

Thus, again, Dr. J. Forbes, in an eloquent and otherwise
excellent work called Memoranda made in Ireland, in
1853, rushes to the conclusion that there is nothing so worthy
of admiration in the Towers as their wonderful similarity
to each other. He even finds in them the existence of "one
grand subjugating idea restricting design within rigid limits
and forbidding all deviation from the ideal prototype." A
closer and more scientific observation, however, is rather
struck with the diversity of their architectural features, and
with their divergencies in height, diameter, material, finish
and artistic merit. There are differences in the elevation
of the doorway, in the number and direction of the look-
outs, and in their evident progress and development, so
as to admit of their being divided into styles and periods, as
in other branches of architecture.

These diversities are indicated in the following brief
description:—

These Towers are "round cylindrical structures" varying
from about 120 feet, down to perhaps 50 feet of original
height. They are from 40 to 60 feet round at the base,
with walls of from 3 feet to 5 feet thick. They are divided
into from 4 to 8 stories, each story being at least 9 feet
high. They have ledges of stone, or holes in the walls, to
receive joists for flooring, though no such flooring still
exists. There is one aperture to each floor—except the top
story, which always has 2 or more. The doorway is
from 2 or 3 feet—up to 20 or 30 feet—above the ground

(Authorities are at issue on this point); and will only
admit one person at a time, and that in a stooping
position. The masonry is usually careful and accurate;
small stones, whether as found in the fields or as shaped by
the hammer, being placed in the interstices of larger stones,
very little mortar being used. Great smoothness and even-
ness of gradation are maintained within and without.

This is the sum-
mary of Dr. P. W.
Joyce, the eminent
Irish Scholar and his
Taking their total
number as about 100
(of which more will
be said), they form
a group of buildings
special to themselves
and peculiar to their
country. Here they
have stood for at least
a thousand years, and
some for a longer
period; beautiful in
outline, "shooting up
into the sky," says
Dr. Forbes, "and dominating, in solitary grandeur, the
surrounding landscape." It is still true, as remarked by
that writer fifty-eight years ago, "that the light which has
been lately shed upon their objects and their origin barely
lifts the veil and only adds to the mysterious interest which
attaches to them."

The conclusions arrived at by Dr. Petrie and his followers
are these:—

r. The Round Towers are Christian in origin—agreeing
in position, size, and style with the Churches adjoining,
2. They were intended and used, as keeps, as places of strength, as depositories of relics, books, and valuables, and as refuges or sanctuaries.

3. They were used also as Watch Towers and belfries, and occasionally as hermitages.

It has been objected, on the other hand, that the Christian origin and intention of the Towers are not attested by any cross, or Christian emblem or inscription in any case, or by any express reference in ancient literature; and also that, if meant as depositories or places of refuge, they served their purpose very indifferently.

Through all the long tale of invasion, plunder and slaughter, there never seems to have been any difficulty in carrying off treasures, or in slaying priests and students.

Take, for instance, the case of Kells, a great religious centre, where a Round Tower, 90 feet high, is still standing.

This sanctuary was three times devastated by the Danes in the latter half of the tenth century. It was again attacked by the Danish Prince Sitric in 1018, "when many were slain in the Church and a great booty found" (not, you will observe, in the Tower). In 1100 occurred what is called the Martyrdom of the Monks of Kells, with their abbot. Laid waste in 1142, it was again plundered by King Dermot McMurrough (of execrated memory), "who carried away pillage to an immense amount." St. Columba's Book of the Gospels was stolen at night from the church—not the Tower.

At Clonmacnois, where there were two Round Towers, the story is the same; and at Monasterboice (which was burnt with its books and treasures in 1097) the disaster must have been witnessed from the Tower which still exists.

When also one remembers that, at such religious centres as Cong, Inniscallen, Armagh, Slane, no Towers seem to have been erected; and that, in a great many others, there are no traces of doors, or signs of pivot-holes for bolts, or
even of stage or platforms for each story, it is difficult to see what the Towers saved or whom they protected.

As regards their use as look-outs, it is objected that the Towers are seldom placed in commanding positions so as to observe the approach of an enemy; and even when conveniently situated, access to the top story, under the above difficulties, must have been so slow as to invite surprises.

Notwithstanding these objections, however, the theory of Dr. Petrie now stands on so solid a basis of facts, investigation and historical inference, that it is not likely to be again disturbed.

Look back for a moment to the troubles of the ninth century. The early religious establishments of Ireland had been very widely spread, but chiefly in river valleys, on lake-islands (like Devenish and Innisfallen), or round an accessible coast-line. Accordingly, it was along these lines that the Danes and Norsemen—the “Black Strangers” and the “White Strangers”—poured their devastating hordes, culminating in the terrible reign of Targesius, Attila of Ireland, under whom so much of the civilization and accumulated wealth of Ireland went down as in some vast conflagration.

During this long and terrible trial we do not hear of the existence of any Towers or other shelters, but we are told how the priests and students took refuge in the deep woods, bearing with them such requisites as they could carry.

Then, at length, after the defeat and death of Targesius came an interval of repose, which was utilised for removing some of the traces of the long barbaric inundation. To this time may be attributed the earliest of the Round Towers, which were erected with more or less haste to guard the vulnerable points, on receiving rumours of further inroads. Towers continued to be put up, during perhaps three hundred years, with modifications and developments derived from experience and in accordance with the necessities of
each place. An attempt has been made to divide them into groups or sections, according to their advance in the art of construction and the periods to which they belong—so far as can be gathered from records and observations.

To assist in this grouping, a laborious collation has been made of all manuscript or printed annals bearing, even incidentally, on the subject of the Round Towers. Every reference or allusion in old documents to the erection, or repair, or destruction of any buildings which may be supposed to be the Round Towers, has been abstracted and codified. Mention is sometimes made, in literature, of Towers which no longer exist, but which are always found to come within the usual law that wherever an ecclesiastical establishment was visited by the Danes, there a Round Tower was sooner or later provided.

There are, of course, a few exceptions, in which an ecclesiastical centre lay in the line of the coming inroad, but which the Danes never actually reached: such were Sligo, Cashel, and Mayo, etc.

The first type of Round Tower consisted of field-stones and uncut rubble work, constructed however with wonderful accuracy, and having their entrances near the ground. For the most part the conical top has disappeared, so that it cannot be determined how many "look-outs" the Tower possessed.

A second type included loftier Towers, built of large stones dressed by the hammer, and put together with still greater artistic skill, and having the doorway several feet (at least ten) from the level of the ground.

To a third type may be assigned the few Towers which have been constructed of fine Ashlar masonry, good specimens of the mason's craft; and which have their doorways twenty feet, or more, from the soil, and whose "look-outs" are in accordance with the points which had to be specially observed.

There are of course transitional styles as in other branches of Architecture. Sometimes a Tower has been begun in one stone or style and completed in another. Sometimes an ancient Tower which had fallen into disrepair has been restored in the style of the restorers' own day; sometimes an ornamental doorway has been inserted to replace a more primitive one—so that classification is difficult. We know that a second period of comparative repose occurred in the reign of Brien Boru, who is recorded to have repaired several Towers, and under whom other Towers of an improved type were no doubt erected.

It will be seen that the height of the doorway above the level of the ground becomes greater and greater as years go on. This is because the method of capturing these strongholds by fire was discovered and systematised at an early date. Piles of brushwood and branches were heaped up to
the openings and set fire to, and the inmates were helplessly asphyxiated. There are several records in the annals relating simply how, in such a year, such and such a Tower "was burnt with its full of people." For instance, The O'Mally, himself an experienced captor of Towers by this method, was caught by his tribal enemy in the Tower of Kells, in the year 1076, and was duly suffocated. But the difficulty increased with the height of the doorway from the ground.

These records read very differently from the reasoning of a Col. Montmorency, who wrote a Critical Enquiry into the Use of Irish Pillar Towers before the native annals had been examined.

"The Tower," he says, "was impregnable in every way and proof against fire; it could never be taken by assault. Although the Abbey and its dependencies blazed around, the Tower disregarded the fury of the flames; its extreme height, its diminutive doorway, elevated so many feet above the ground, placed it beyond the reach of the besieger . . ."

All true, no doubt, within limits, but greed is ingenious and hate is persevering, and these considerations, so confidently put forward, did not often restrain a determined foe from his prey or his victim.

As regards the objection that the Towers were of limited utility as places of surety, it is replied that the great number of plundering visits serves to show that something was preserved on each occasion. Thus Clonmacnoise was plundered four times in nine years up to A.D. 845, and many more times afterwards; Glendalough is recorded to have been robbed and devastated eight times in all.

It is clear that material for subsequent outrages must have been held over, each time, whereas if one of the great schools of Ireland was laid waste by the heathen—there being no Round Tower to hold the germs of revival—the place became silent at once, and desolate for evermore.

A few words as to the "look outs" from the topmost story. The latter is at present inaccessible, but it is probable that
the apertures would be found to throw light on the points of danger and on the path of invasion.

Thus the Tower at Clonmacnoise which stands on an elevated site on the bank of the Shannon, has two lights, directed to the furthest reaches of the river—up or down the stream. Any movements on the opposite bank, or on the level stretch of bog behind, could be easily observed from the rock on which the Tower stands. Two lights therefore are all that was required. The same remark would apply to the Tower at Devenish, an island in the river; whereas the several lights in the Tower on the Rock of Cashel probably command the passes in the mountains and the entrances into the Golden Vale, in which stand the Abbey of Holy Cross.

I will conclude with a somewhat curious question, to which, one would think, an answer should be readily available.

How many Irish Round Towers actually exist—including stumps and foundations?

A list of 56 was given in 1792 with a Map of Ireland.

It was stated (but on what authority is not clear) that 118 still existed at the beginning of the last century. The learned appendix attached to the stately volumes of the Earl of Dunraven, edited by Miss Margaret Stokes, enumerates these 118, but admits that no trace exists of 22—except in old historical references. This gives us 96, but of 10 of these, said to have existed, there is no trace or record. Thus we have 86 in all, but the editor gives the total as 76 on one page, and 72 on another. The Round Towers have evidently the fairy gift of those stones which no two men can count alike.

The existence of a mystery is a great incentive to research, and the whole subject seems to be ripe for Enquiry and Report by a Royal Commission of Native Scholars, which should effect for the whole number of Round Towers what has been done by the Earl of Dunraven for 16 only.
Then we should have a complete statistical and technical description of each Tower, a minute examination of the walls, subsoil, debris and surroundings; the stone used; the exact measurements; the tracing of any repairs or insertions; together with a transcript and translation of every reference to the subject in ancient Irish Literature.

M. S. W.

I do not know which is the most beautiful country in the world. I have not been everywhere! If I asked some friends of mine I believe they would answer quickly, though they have not been everywhere either, Ireland! And they would be right enough. We love a thing because it is beautiful, but a thing is beautiful also because we love it; whether it be Eileen's face that is in and out about the doorway or the landscape that lies far stretched out before the threshold. They love Ireland and it is beautiful, and of all parts of Ireland perhaps Kerry is the most beautiful. When you ride along the roads of Kerry, as elsewhere too in Ireland, there is not only a solitariness, there is something more. It is not as on the Yorkshire wolds, which are as solitary. Their solitariness seems to belong to them as their inheritance, as untrodden realms under wild nature's rule. Here in Kerry it seems as if we were in presence of voices that are hushed, and faces that are hidden. You almost expect to hear them, and to see; and no matter how varied or bright the colours of the landscape, the blue of the sky, the sparkle of the waters, yet a gentle spirit of melancholy broods over slopes and woods and valleys. The country is like the Celtic people, or the people like the country; their spirits are intermingled. The people are quick, and gay, with dances and song, and story, yet tinged with pensiveness; their speech is soft and low; they see visions, and dream dreams, for they live in contact with this world of hushed voices and hidden faces; a world which belongs to the twilight, and transcends the material, merging into the spiritual.
Nearly three years ago I stayed at Killarney. When I visit a place, I do not wish to go to it a stranger, and come back a stranger; just to see the outlines of the hills, the surface of the lake in sunlight, the cathedral, the boys and girls at their cottage doors, or driving the cattle, or at work. I want to know them all and grow familiar with them; to learn the secrets of the hills and woods and lakes; to go often among them in the morning time and the evening, till they cease to be shy, and I listen and hear them speak, and speak to them; till we become friends. I wish to speak to the people and learn their life and its intermingling with the beautiful life of their Kerry home. So I stayed at Killarney as long as I could.

One day when the rain had ceased, and in the freshening breeze the clouds were lightly scattered through the sky, I wandered upward to the graveyard round the ruins of Ardaun. There is a custom of burying the dead under the shadow of the ancient ruins, and they love still to mingle the ashes of the present generations with the hallowed ashes of the past. Two old grave-diggers were at work, and delving they had laid an infant's coffin; the tender life cut short and snatched from the light of the sun while these ancient and earth-worn men still delved! "This is a grand country of yours!" I said, gazing in admiration at the scene before me. "Indeed, it is! if it had its rights?" he answered. "Yes! and whether or no! better here by far than scheming for money across the water, with smoke in your eyes and turmoil in your ears—you are nearer heaven. Look at the beautiful lake with its silvery and golden sheen and the purple mountains rising from it and stretching far away." "Yes," one answered, "they're the MacCleddy Reeks, they're the biggest mountains in the world."—"Unless," the other suggested, "perhaps the Andes!" We who have been to school and travelled beyond Ireland, think we know better; but the old man was right. The Andes may loom gigantic and the Alps lift their snow-capped summits to the skies, but they never dwarf the hills that have known our childhood. These to us are the loftiest as they are the dearest. We set the hills and the woods of our home before all others because they are alive with voices that speak to us, and are peopled with memories that haunt. Each cliff and scarp, each cavern and ghyll has its legend and story:

"And there blows a red wind from the East, a white wind from the South.
A brown wind from the West, a grand! a brown wind from the West.
And the black, black wind from Northern hills, which perhaps we love the best;
'Tis a kind wind and true
For it rustled soft through Aileach's halls and stirred the hair of Hugh."

And these bear the voices of the hills and woods to whithersoever they will; so that they fell upon the ears of St. Patrick at Tourn, "the voice of the Irish," from the woods by the Western waves, saying, "Holy youth, we entreat thee, come and walk once more in our midst"; so that across the ocean they reach the exile's ears, sweetly through the shade of the forests of America:

"In the green woods of Truagh, the days go on wings.
On every brown branch a gladsome bird sings:
And the fragrant amber blossom of the honey-suckle swings
Oochon, the green woods of Truagh!"

"In the green woods of Truagh no sorrow dare stay,
The lark cried me early at dawn of the day;
And over my sleep at night pleasant dreams used to play.
Oochon, the green woods of Truagh."

Beyond the Rocky Mountains, resting beneath the Andes, no matter how far away, these exiles hear the echoes of the hills at home which perhaps they have not even seen, and they love the breeze that brings them:
"Because you brought the hills o' me,
The dear hills I had never seen,
All sweet with heather down the braes
And golden gorse between,

"Because in every lonely word,
I heard my unknown kinsfolk call
My roving heart to find its rest
Afar in Donegal."

But besides these voices that speak to our heart and these memories that haunt us, the woods and the hills of Ireland have a life of their own, and the Keltic people know it, if they have not lost touch with the land of their birth. The Irish peasant did know it, and even yet does know something of this hidden life of hill and wood. As we walk beside Killarney's lakes and gaze upon the Kerry Mountains, how lonely their lives seem—beautiful indeed though silent and solitary; clothed in their grey mists, or their purple sunlight and their dark shadows—their narrowing peaks reaching to Heaven, their broad bases widening out into the still deep waters of the lakes. Such scenes are the home of the Gentle Folk—the good people—the home of Fiery-land. And many a tale could the aged peasants tell of the sport and the pranks of the faeries, of glimpses of ghosts and their doings, in the twilight, in the dusk, and in the dawn.

"Come heart where hill is heaped upon hill,
For there the mystical brotherhood
Of the flood and flame, of the height and wood,
Laugh out their whimsey and work out their will.

"And God stands winking His lonely horn;
And Time and the world are ever in flight;
And love is less kind than the grey twilight,
And hope is less dear than the dew of the morn."

Perhaps ghosts and faeries are dying out. I rather think they are; at least I asked the driver of our car on the way to Dinis Cottage, the cottage of the Colleen Dawn, and to the beautiful Meeting of the Waters, if he knew of any. "Well, sir," he said, "often have I driven along this road and I never met anything worse than myself!" But tourists are apt to make ghosts scarce, as they drive away other attractive things. The "Good People" are very shy and shun the noise of crowds. How, with the vehicles following one another full of passengers who with their loud laughter invade the echoes, can you expect to find them? How, amid the scramble for refreshments, and the hurrying for those coigns of vantage, where my lady Nature is upheld for inspection day by day and in set phrase appraised, how in the midst of this, I say, can you listen to the voices of the hills and woods and lakes, and come to see those forms that in the silent twilight fit around you? How can you enter into communion with the strange sweet spirit of the place? Tourists may bring money and a shadow of material prosperity follow them, but alas! it is a shadow, I fear, and if it cloud the pleasant presence of the "Gentle Folk" and drive them away, and touch with greed and vulgarity, materialism and sin, the simple and sympathetic heart of a native people, then be not eager for this invasion of the sweet vales of Ireland.

Perhaps ghosts are dying out! Yet there are ghosts! There is a village in Leinster which at night a timid man needs great strategy to approach. A man was once heard complaining: "By the holy Cross, how shall I go? If I pass by the hill of Dunboy, old Captain Burney may look out on me; if I go round by the water and up by the steps, there is the headless one, and another on the quays, and a new one under the old churchyard. If I go right round the other way, Mrs. Stewart is appearing at Hill-side Gate, and the devil himself is in the Hospital Lane."

By the Hospital Lane goes the Faeries' Path. Every evening they travel from the hill to the sea, from the sea to the hill. At the sea end of their path stands a cottage. One night Mrs. A——, who lives there, left the door open.
She was expecting her son. Her husband was asleep by the fire, when a tall man came in and sat beside him. After he had been sitting there awhile—"In God's name, who are you," said the wife. He got up and went out saying: "Never leave the door open at this hour, or evil may come to you." She awoke her husband and told him. He said: "One of the good people has been with us!"

Again some five miles southward of Sligo is a gloomy and tree-bordered pond, a great gathering-place of water-fowl, called, because of its form, the Heart Lake. It is haunted by stranger things than heron, snipe or wild duck. Out of this lake issues an unearthly troop. Once men began to drain it; suddenly one of them raised a cry that he saw his house in flames. They turned round, and every man there saw his own cottage burning. They hurried home to find it was but faery glamour. To this hour on the border of the lake is shown a half-dug trench—the sign of their impiety. This, we are told, was recounted by a little white-capped woman, who sang to herself in Gaelic, and moved from one foot to the other as though she remembered the dancing of her youth. This also she related: "A young man going at nightfall to the house of his just-married bride, met in the way a jolly company and with them his bride. They were faeries, and had stolen her as a wife for the chief of their band. To him they seemed only a company of merry mortals. His bride, when she saw her old love, bade him welcome, but was most fearful lest he should eat the faery food, and so be glamoured out of the earth into that bloodless dim nation, wherefore she set him down to play cards with three of the avalcade, and he played on, realizing nothing until he saw the chief of the band carrying his bride away in his arms. Immediately he started up, and knew that they were faeries; for slowly all that jolly company melted into shadow and night. He hurried to the house of his beloved. As he drew near came to him the cry of the keener. She had died some time before he came."
is a very ancient realm, and the noisy din and hurry of our surface-earth; the swift passage of time, and the changes of the day and night do not touch the people of it. Our long centuries are to them as hours. the broad stretch of the seas and the areas of the continents are to them but daily journeyings.

But if you wish to know the Gentle Folk, you must watch and wait, as one has told us, between the dusk and the dawning: "wait for the fairies, listening to the crana (hum) of the insects, and watching the fadoques and fireflies (golden and green clover) rising and lying, lying and rising as they do on a fine night." These stories, as the collector of them intimates, speak to the peasant. They speak to him as he pauses in his work and lifts his eyes to gaze across the landscape, and his fancy fashions a bright strange phantom kingdom. It is not that spiritual world of which his faith tells him, where his aspirations find their fulfilment, but it is a dream of a golden fairyland; of that which classic writers call the golden age—of the garden of Eden. A kindly, joyous peaceful world which should belong to men and women on the earth only that it has been banished by the ill deeds of men from the surface, and now the fairies possess it in the hills and the woods and in the moonlight. We see only the traces, and the feet where they danced in the "faery-ring," when we wander forth in the morning.

We hear echoes of their joy in the song of the birds, their lamentations over a fallen world in the moaning of the waves, in the murmur of the wind-tossed reeds, and in the thrill of music, in the glory of painting, in the melancholy beauty of the twilight and the setting of the sun, in the rustle of the trees. These are the whispers of the hills and the woods. And they are more to the Kelt than to another, for he feels the garment of the supernatural and spiritual as it hovers over and around him, when another would not know the touch. These things, too, stir a sadness in him, for he knows the golden age has disappeared. The charm and beauty of this mystic people will never clothe the earth again with joy, he knows, yet he loves to think of them. That fairy world is so in contrast with the life of toil and scanty pleasure of his daily existence. He lives within its spell while with hope he waits, waits till the hand of time shall be withdrawn and eternity unfold its golden gates.

Many stories have been gathered up from the hills and woods and are found, as Dr. Hyde tells us, among the poorest, oldest, and most neglected of the Irish-speaking population. Writing in 1890, "I go back," he says, "after ten or fifteen years, to find what I then undervalued, and people are dead, and with them stories have died out, and will never be heard on the hill-sides again; stories that arose two thousand years ago; stories, some as classic as Homer, telling us of Sun Myths, connecting the present, with prehistoric days of Ireland."

Story-telling was an art in Ireland, I fear a perishing art, perishing with the language; a revival of the one may bring the revival of the other. Shawn Cunningham, Co. Roscommon, told Dr. Hyde, how in the "hedge school" he used to learn Irish, and how he had, "a sack-ful" of stories. Alas! his children spoke Irish imperfectly, and his grandchildren not at all. There was in Achill a fine-looking dark man, who used to repeat Ossian's poems, when he began the boys would go out. "They wouldn't understand me," he said, "and when they wouldn't they would sooner be listening to the lowing of the cows."

But the hills and woods keep their stories and are alive with other things, memories of joy and sadness, love and hate; memories of heroes of historic times, dear to their countrymen, the chieftains that have lived and died for Ireland. Alive too are they with individual sentiment caught from the maiden and her lover, who climbed the steep pathways together; or who sat beneath the spreading
branches of the trees; or who parted when the trumpet
called to arms, and who only met again in death; caught
from the exile who stood with tear-dimmed eye and cried
to them farewell! The Keltic people are familiar with
their hills and woods, and are quick to understand their
speech. No wonder if I ask which is the most beautiful
country in the world? some of my friends will answer,
Ireland! for they know it and love it; the hushed voices
speak to them and the hidden faces appear. Erin is for
them personified, the maiden of their choice, beautiful
though her brow be pensive and her eyes be moist with tears.

Over dews, over sands,
Will I fly for your weal?
Your holy delicate white hands
Shall girdle me with steel.
At home in your emerald bowers,
From morning's dawn till e'en,
You'll pray for me, my flower of flowers,
My dark Rosaleen
My fond Rosaleen
You'll think of me through daylight's hours,
My Virgin flower, my flower of flowers,
My dark Rosaleen!

J. A. WILSON, O.S.B.

Francis Thompson.
(Died Nov. 13, 1907.)

"The sleep-flower sways in the wheat its head,
Heavy with dreams, as that with bread:
The goodly grain and the sun flushed sleeper
The reaper reaps, and Time the reaper.
I hang 'mid men my needless head,
And my fruit is dreams as theirs is bread:
The goodly men and the sun-hazed sleeper
Time shall reap, but after the reaper
The world shall glean of me, me the sleeper."

When in the gloomy days of mid November, which aptly
closed the clouded calendar of his years, Francis Thompson
died in the wards of a London hospital there passed away,
from an inattentive world, a poet whom men are already
numbering with the Immortals. Thompson's genius, like
that of Chatterton or Keats, shone against a murky
background. The kindly hand of Death was perchance
needed to tear away from a sublime spirit the disguising
veils of eccentricity and disease. If his loss is only realised
when bodily presence is no more, it matters less since his
thought and feeling, embodied in a few perfect poems, can
never die. He has entered into his own when not friends
only, but rivals and cold critics, salute him as a successor of
Crashaw and Patmore, even as akin to Petrarch, Shakespeare
and Dante. "A poet of high thinking, of celestial vision, of
imagination that found literary images of answering splen-
dour"; one who "attains a sublimity unsurpassed by any
Victorian poet," who "keeps the best traditions of the
Elizabethans unlowered"; "never since Dante wrote have
the Catholics of any land been left such an inheritance."
Of his earliest odes Meredith said that the man who wrote them might do whatsoever he pleased, and Patmore of some of his sonnets—that Laura might have been proud to receive them!

Francis Thompson was a Catholic by birth, training and deepest conviction, his mind and every sentiment penetrated with Catholic mysticism and Catholic asceticism. His pen was consecrate to religion and the higher life; he strove to—

"Teach how the Crucifix may be
Carven from the laurel-tree,
Fruit of the Hesperides
Burnish take on Eden-trees,
The Muses' sacred grove be wet
With the red dew of Olivet,
And Sappho lay her burning brows
On white Cecilia's lap of snows!"

Another extract, this time from the "Ode to the Setting Sun," shall illustrate the same trend of his genius, the instinct that led him straight from nature up to God:

"If with exultant tread
Thou foot the Eastern sea,
Or like a golden bee
Sting the West to angry red,
Thou dost image, thou dost follow
That King-Maker of Creation,
Who, ere Hellas hail'd Apollo,
Gave thee, angel-good, thy station;
Thou art of Him a type memorial.

Like Him thou hang'st in dreadful pomp of blood
Upon thy Western road,
And His stained brow did veil like thine to-night,
Yet lift once more its light,
And, risen, again departed from our ball,
And when it set on earth arose in Heaven."

Men may well trace back his poetic lineage to Crashaw and the seventeenth century poets, or even further to greater singers, and find him akin to Petrarch in songs of purest love, and to supremest Dante as well in spiritual love as in the fusion of theological precision with poetic fire. Allow then for the hyperbole of friendship, for the disturbing element which the close of a tragic life may introduce into judgment, and Francis Thompson will still be counted among the small band of the greater poets of all time. The dead poet was born in Lancashire, and was a nephew to the Edward Healy Thompson who is still remembered as a religious writer of some repute. He spent seven fruitful years at Ushaw with aspirations for the priesthood which, though never achieved, yet influenced deeply all his after work. He then studied surgery at Owens College under the idea of following his father's profession; and here began the tragedy of his life, for when the frail frame fell a victim to depression and pain he physicked himself fatally, and so began the dread indulgence that, under later distress and despondency, grew into ineradicable habit, and was to "dip his soul in the gloom of earthquake and eclipse." Those who remember de Quincey will recall a page of the Opium-eater's Confessions strangely paralleled by passages in Francis Thompson's story. He too came up to London, toiled there, failed, and starved. He worked in a hootsImp, and in a bookshop. He knew "Oxford street, stony-hearted step-mother! thou that listenest to the sighs of orphans and drinkest the tears of children." He sold matches, peddled small wares, called cabs to earn the price of a night's lodging; and when he failed tramped the silent streets or slept on doorsteps. Once he had almost met Chatterton whilst friendly hands were even then stretched out to help. More than once he was spared the last pangs of hunger by the kindly pity of those who were lost in far worse depths than his own; and the pathetic episode of poor Anne in de Quincey's narrative suggests the key to this passage from "Sister Songs" (L 8)
“Once—in that nightmare time which still doth haunt
My dreams, a grim, unbidden visitor—
Forlorn, and faint, and stark,
I had endured through watches of the dark
The abashless inquisition of each star,
Yea, was the outcast mark
Of all those heavenly passers’ scrutiny;
Stood bound and helplessly
For Time to shoot his barbed minutes at me;
Suffered the trampling hoof of every hour
In night’s slow-wheeled car;
Until wasry dawn dragged me
From those dread wheels; and bled of strength.
Then there came past
A child; like thee, a spring flower; but a flower
Fallen from the budded coronal of Spring,
And through the city-s trees blown withering.
She passed,—O brave, sad, lovingest, tender thing!—
And of her own scant pittance did she give,
That I might eat and live:
Then fled, a swift and trackless fugitive.”

Yet it was destitution, not degradation, that Thompson knew, destitution salved and deified by the dread drug which if it shook his hold upon the common interests of life, at least set him apart from common evil.

Rescued now by friends from want, restored to life and comparative health, Thompson was never again suffered to sink back into those depths of misery. “The time was come at last,” he might adopt de Quincey’s words—“that I no more should pace in anguish thy never-ending terraces; no more should dream, and wake in captivity to the pangs of hunger...” If again I walked in London, a solitary and contemplative man (as oftentimes I did), I walked for the most part in serenity and peace of mind. And, although it is true that the calamities of my noviciate in London had struck root so deeply in my bodily constitution that after-
FRANCIS THOMPSON.

They beat—and a Voice beat
More instant than the Peet.
"All things betray Thee, who betrayest Me."

Mankind failing him, and the love of man or maid and
children's affection, the hunted Soul seeks peace in com-
munion with Nature:

"I triumphed and I saddened with all weather,
Heaven and I wept together,
And its sweet tears were salt with mortal mine;
Against the red throng of its sunset heart
I laid my own to beat,
And shared commingling heat:
But not by that, by that, was eased my human smart.
In vain my tears were wet on Heaven's grey cheek.
For all we know not what each other says,
These things and I; in sound I speak—
Their sound is but their stir, they speak by silences."

And over the burden of each stanza recurs:

"Still with unhurrying chase,
And unperturbed pace,
Deliberate speed majestic instancy
Came on the following feet
And a Voice above their heat—
"Naught shelters thee, who wilt not shelter Me."

The poor pursued soul, tired out with vain turnings, sinks
down at last, and hears the Divine Voice:

"Whom wilt thou find to love ignoble thee
Save Me, save only Me?
Ah fondest, blindest, weakest,
I am He whom thou seestest!
Thou darrest love from thee who darvest Me."

Let one more extract, from the New Poems this time, show
how Thompson enforces the high gospel of Renunciation:

"Pierce thy heart to find the key;
With thee take
Only what none else would keep;
Learn to dream when thou dost awake,
Learn to wake when thou dost sleep.
Learn to water joy with tears,
Learn from fears to vanquish fears;
To hope, for thou dar'st not despair,
Exult, for that thou dar'st not grieve;
Plough thou the rock until it beard;
Know, for thou else could'st not believe;
Love, that the lost thou may'st receive;
Die, for none other way canst live.
When earth and heaven lay down their veil,
And that apocalypse turns thee pale;
To thy fellow-mortal see;
When their sight to thee is sightless;
Their living, death, their light, most lightless;
Search no more—
Pass the gates of Lathany, tread the region Elenore!"

Even when treating of more mundane themes Thompson's verse is transfused with mysticism, ever elevated by
the same high spirit of renunciation. On many a page, notably in "Love on Dian's lap," he chants his songs of
human love, virginal in tone and thought, yet quivering with
a restrained passion that recalls Petrarch or Dante.

"Within your spirit's arms I stay me fast
Against the fell
Inmitigate ravening of the gates of hell.
Hold me and hold by me, lest both should fall
Even in the breach of Heaven's assaulted wall.

Whose form is as a grove
Hushed with the cooing of an unseen dove;

Whose spirit to my touch thrills purer far
Than is the tingling of a silver bell.

How should I gauge what beauty is her goal,
Who cannot see her countenance for her soul:
As birds see not the casement for the sky?
And as ’tis check they prove its presence by,
I know not of her body till I find
My flight debarred the heaven of her mind.

To his Muse, ever austere and pure, human beauty
but the imprint of the soul, and natural love a sacred symbol
of something higher and divine. Ever in this mystic glass
he finds a—

"Perseus' Shield, wherein I view secure
The mirrored Woman's fateful—fair al..."

No wonder that Coventry Patmore had hailed the
new singer as a fellow-disciple of the Florentine Poet of
Fair Love.

Thompson has been criticised for some obscurity of
thought as well as for extravagance of figure and phrase.
There is ground for the criticism. A luxuriant fancy bears
him off in a torrent of metaphor that is sometimes bewildering;
his diction, new minted occasionally, more often
drawn from the rich stores of seventeenth century poesy, is
always polished, and mostly courtly; whilst his marvellous
fecundity of epithet and phrase lends to his verse a flavour
of archaic culture, and helps to enrich the language with
some of that old wealth of words which it were a pity
should be wholly lost. But it is the subtlety and profundity
of his thought more than the quaintness of diction that
discourages the hasty reader. Poetry of such distinction can
never be popular. It demands mental exertion, and stimulates it;
acting on the reader as an intellectual and moral tonic. If Thompson sometimes craved for drugs to still the
pain that racked his flesh, how many indulge in literary
opiates against mental struggles and conscience-pangs! To

such weaklings of the spirit his verse may serve as a bracing stimulant. A course of Francis Thompson would form a
useful corrective to minds enervated by the trivial reading
and erotic poetry of the time.

The personal note is prominent in all that Thompson wrote, so much so that some day—it is too early to attempt it yet—his poems will be annotated from the happenings of
his life. Withal no sense of artificiality emerges in all this;
rather in the very welling up of emotion and thought from
immense conviction and experience lies the power of his verse
and the secret of his influence. It is the same with one small
prose essay, "Health and Holiness," bearing his name, and
writing, by the way, all the distinction of a poet's prose.

Who that reads this Complaint of Brother Ass the Body
against his Rider the Soul can miss the autobiographical
touches, which recall de Quincey again, and in their plea for "comprehension of the complexities of individual life"
suggest a subtle plea for the writer's own vagaries and
infirmities? He tells an anecdote of a poet who—

"In solitude underwent profound sadness and suffered brief
exultations of power; the wild miseries of a Berlioz
gave place to accesses of half-pained delight. On a day
when the skirts of a prolonged darkness were drawing off
for him, he walked the garden, inhaling the keenly lan-
guorous relief of mental and bodily convalescence; the
nerves sensitised by suffering. Pausing in a reverie before
an arum, he suddenly was aware of a minute white soled
child sitting on the lily. For a second he viewed her with
surprised delight, but no wonder; then returning to con-
sciousness, he recognised the hallucination almost in the
instant of her vanishing."*  

It is not hard to identify this dreamer, the victim "of
the internecine grapple between body and spirit," to whom
was familiar "the wild interchange of prolonged gloom
with light swift and intermittent." None the less real

* "Health and Holiness," p. 41.
and terrible were these experiences if influenced by that
dreadful drug which raised him to the heights of fancy and
bliss only to plunge him again into the gloom and horror of
the abyss.

Here is another self-drawn portrait:

"One I saw on earth;
One stricken from his birth
With curse
Of destinable verse.

"The impitiable Demon,
Beauty, to adore and dream on,
To be
Perpetually

"Here, but she never his.
He reapeth miseries,
Foreknows
His wages woes.

"He lives detached days;
He serveth not for praise;
For gold
He is not sold;

"Deaf is he to world's tongue;
He scorneth for his song
The loud
Shouts of the crowd;

"He asketh not world's eyes;
Not to world's ears he cries;
Said,--' These
Shut, if ye please.'

"He measureth world's pleasure,
World's ease as Saints might measure;
For hire
Just love entire

With wretched health and enfeebled will-power, Thompson's eccentricity grew, until his morbid shyness and the loss of business habits undermined all social relations and made even friendship a trial. His letters were left unanswered and unopened; he shrank from any definite decision or exertion; and though literary work was continued to the end, little ripe fruit could be borne by the stricken tree. From the point of view of art none need regret the shadow under which his life was passed, or the depths from which he had emerged. He has not written less because the world did not pay heed; he would not have written better had fortune smiled. Some such dark soil as that of his early days may have been needed to quicken his genius; it was unlikely to prolong its fertility. In the autumn of this year his strength visibly failed. The air of Sussex no longer revived the flickering flame. His friends brought him back to London, where, in a private ward of the Hospital of St. John and St. Elizabeth he was tended with religious care, helped by due rites and frequent prayer, until the end came, and the self-tortured spirit broke at last the long thraldom of the flesh.

"He shall not wake more through the mortal

"No; while soul, sky, and music bleed together,
Let me give thanks even for those griefs in me.
The restless windward stirrings of whose feather
Prove them the broid of immortality.

"My soul is quitted of death-neighbouring swoon,
Who shall not slake her immitigable scars
Until she hear 'My sister!' from the moon,
And take the kindred kisses of the stars."*
The Holy Eucharist.

"This clergy, who have really studied the subject here treated, and who are in a position to judge of what is said in these pages, will, perhaps, be pleased and refreshed to see their youthful studies reproduced." It is very well for the venerable Bishop thus humbly to offer us the fruits of his pious labours, but the value of the treasure that he bequeaths us awakens much more pleasure and refreshment, for the book evokes our gratitude, wonder and enthusiasm. For though the subject—The Holy Eucharist—is one of which every priest, by virtue of his calling, is bound to be a master; how few have the grasp of intellect, the leisure, or the chance of culling from so many authorities, the knowledge here gathered together, lucidly arranged, and set before us temptingly, with the Bishop's well-known beauty of language and unction of devotion!

The subject, moreover, is one pre-eminently important at the present day. Rigid upholding of absolute doctrine is daily less and less to be found in the religions of the world. "Anything one wishes, but nothing definite," seems to be the popular prescription in things spiritual. For example, instead of the doctrine, which every Catholic holds, that "in the Sacrament of the Holy Eucharist, after the consecration of the bread and wine, our Lord Jesus Christ, true God and true Man, is truly, really and substantially contained under the species (or appearances) of these sensible things"; as the Council of Trent declares, what a variety of opinions we find! The Low Churchman maintains "that the only Sacramental effect is produced by the faith of the recipient."

The Higher Church view is that "the Presence is not physically attached to the elements, but is secure only in proportion as we abide under the shelter of the purpose for which it is given." And Bishop Gore opines "that devotion to the Sacrament, apart from Communion as practised in the modern Roman Church, cannot but raise in many minds the question whether, where the purpose of the Sacramental Presence is so vitally changed, we have the right to feel secure of the permanence itself." (The Body of Christ, p. 154.)

Still one more view, and that from the reply of the Anglican Archbishops to Pope Leo XIII. "We offer the sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving; then next, we plead and represent before the Father the Sacrifice of the Cross, and lastly we offer the Sacrifice of ourselves . . . . This whole action, in which the people has necessarily to take part with the priest, we are accustomed to call the Eucharistic Sacrifice." It would be very interesting to know how many parishes of the Established Church would understand, or agree to, this declaration of their own Archbishops!

But apart from the right faith in the Sacrament the Holy Eucharist is an object of paramount importance, for veneration and love for it is the very life and soul of our religion. "The Holy Eucharist," as the Bishop says, "is the great divinely appointed means of transforming the soul unto the likeness of Christ . . . . It is needed in these days. If we know how to use it, there is a great triumph prepared it . . . . The Holy Eucharist and its public exercise must now be to Catholics all that the most sacred muse and the most loyal cry can be to a devoted army." "Practically the salvation of the future millions required, besides an indefectible teaching Church, a dispensation of perpetual outward and public worship, and the continued renewal, tangible and impressive, of the out-pouring of Calvary. Only thus could men in great numbers be saved. Hence the daily Mass, the innumerable Communions, and the never failing, universal, always growing cultus of the
Blessed Sacrament. For the Eucharistic gift is the perpetual memorial of Jesus Christ, the Saviour; but a memorial which is the most powerful of all memorials, for in it men have His own flesh and blood, soul and divinity, to touch them, to touch them, to win them, to heal them, day by day, so that every man may have life everlasting within the most easy reach.

The Chapters on the Real Presence and Transubstantiation will indeed take the priest back to his student days and make him wish that his Philosophy and Dogmatic Theology had been put before him in the garb presented by the Bishop. Clearness of ideas, the welding together of the parts into one perfect whole, Scripture, history, apt citations from the Fathers—all combine to make this section of the work irresistible in force and fascinating in its cleverness.

Beginning with Chapter VII. "The Effects of the Sacrament of the Holy Eucharist," the book will interest a much larger circle of readers. Every good Catholic will here find food for thought. Here are the riches of the Sacrament displayed, and the power of love unfolded—the love that leads to the transformation of self. "Transformatio hominis in Christum per amorem," in the words of St. Thomas. "This transmutation is brought about by the streaming in upon us of the spirit and life of Christ. As a result, Christ liveth in us; our thoughts, our senses and impulses, our will and activity assume a resemblance to the hidden life of the Eucharistic Saviour, and become Divine." This is followed by a devout explanation of those four words of St. Thomas, which describe the effect of the Holy Eucharist in the soul—Nourishment, Growth, Repair and Delight. The dispositions required that these effects may be produced are "great devotion and reverence;" that is, as St. Thomas himself explains, "devotion is a firm will and desire to love and please God; and reverence that exercise of holy fear, which acknowledges the holiness of Jesus and the unworthiness of his servant." And the devout communicant should be comforted to know that Holy Communion remits venial sin, not directly, as by absolution, but indirectly, by the acts of love that it excites in the heart. The lesser sins and defects of life may be, and generally are, washed away, both as to guilt and punishment, by a fervently fervent Communion.

The volume before us has made its appearance at a most opportune moment, and, as may well be expected from its author, is perfectly up to date. We refer to the Chapter on Frequent Communion. St. Thomas thus lays down the general principle. "Through our natural concupiscence, and through our being so taken up with external things, there ensues a constant diminishing of that devotion and fervour, which should keep us near to God; and therefore it is essential that such loss be frequently made good, or else a man will be wholly alienated from God."

This question of the frequency of Communion has recently been decided by the Holy See. Controversy, as regards the dispositions required for frequent and daily Communion, can no longer be indulged in. The Church desires, and has always desired, that her children should communicate frequently, and even at every Mass at which they are present. The actual custom has varied, in the course of time, from daily Communion to its reception, in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, by nuns and even Saints, only eight, six, or even three times a year.

But what we are interested in is the Decree "On Daily Communion," published on December 24th, 1905. It begins by renewing the wish, expressed by the Council of Trent, that at every Mass the faithful who assist should receive sacramentally. This, it declares, "certainly agrees with the desire of our Lord Himself in the institution of the Sacrament; daily reception, not principally that Christ may be honoured, or that a pious soul may reap the reward of its piety, but in order that the faithful, by union with God, may receive strength to overcome concupiscence, to expiate the lighter faults of daily occurrence, and to avoid grave sins."
In substance this is what is decreed. "Frequent and daily Communion must be considered to be the right of all the faithful of whatever state or condition of life; so that no one can be prevented from communicating frequently or daily, provided he is in the state of grace and approaches the Holy Table with a right and pious disposition of mind." This disposition is defined "that Communion should be approached not through custom, or vanity or human motives, but with the desire of obeying the will of God, of becoming more closely united to God by charity, and of making use of that divine medicine as a remedy for one's weaknesses and defects." "In order that frequent and daily Communion may be practised more prudently and with more abundant merit, the advice of a Confessor should be made use of; but Confessors must not turn away even from daily Communion any one who is in the state of grace and in the dispositions named above. Finally, all parish priests, confessors and preachers are directed to promote with repeated and zealous admonitions the practice of frequent and daily Communion." It is important to note that though this decree puts an end to controversy, it "leaves the penitent still in the hands of the Confessor." He cannot demand more than he should; and the penitent must not make use of frequent or daily Communion without consulting him. The Confessor must remember that there is a great difference between that which can be required and that which might be desired. What scope for piety and zeal, what power is in the hands of the Confessor! Though he cannot refuse Communion for the ordinary small sins of daily life, he must look for and be assured of the existence of "the right and pious dispositions," lest unworthy motives should creep in, for instance, the vanity of appearing pious, jealousy of companions, anxiety for the esteem of the priest, or mere routine. How deftly the Bishop raises the corner of the veil, which hides the inner life of so many, seemingly, good people! It is for the Confessor to watch, to warn, devoutly to inculcate reverence and devotion—the desire to do God's Will, to unite one's self to God, to heal one's soul by the Body of Christ.

The Bishop now proceeds to treat of the Holy Eucharist as a sacrifice. He first proves that the Eucharistic Liturgy was held to be a sacrifice from the beginning. To this end we find marshalled the testimonies of the earliest ages, from the Didache or Teaching of the Twelve Apostles, St. Justin Martyr, St. Ireneaus, Tertullian, St. Cyprian and St. Cyril of Jerusalem. These testimonies are not mere quotations; but the meaning has been so searched out, different phrases contrasted and interwoven, side lights of varying circumstances so thrown upon the picture, that it is impossible for anyone, who wishes to see, not to be convinced that, from the very earliest Christian centuries, the Eucharist was regarded as a true Sacrament of the Body and Blood of Christ. A passage such as this speaks for itself. St. Ireneaus declares that "Jesus Christ, in consecrating the bread and wine, has taught us a new oblation, which the Church, receiving from the Apostles, offers to God all the world over." The very words and phrases in use now are to be found in use then. "Oblation" can be found in St. Clement of Rome as well as in Ireneaus; and Tertullian speaks of "sacrificium offertur" and Communion as "sacrificii participatio," and St. Cyprian of "sacrificium" "sacrificium dominicum," "celebrare sacrificium," or simply "celebrare," and "hostia dominica."

How then can the common accusation of Anglicans be maintained, that in the early centuries there is no trace that the Eucharist was held to be a sacrifice in any proper sense? Rather it is for them, who have dropped the word sacrifice as applied to the Holy Eucharist (in spite of what their Archbishops wrote to Pope Leo XIII), to explain their innovation. Since the world began there has been mention of Sacrifice. In the East, in Greece, in Rome we find Sacrifices, and the history of the Hebrews teems with references to Sacrifices. How strange then for Religions,
that stand by the Bible and the Bible alone, to be the solitary examples of Religions without a Sacrifice! To say that the Sacrifice of the Cross completed all sacrifices, and did away with any necessity for a future Sacrifice is no answer. Where is the divine, the biblical or apostolic authority for such an assertion? Is the prophecy of Malachy made void “in every place there is Sacrifice and there is offered to My Name a clean oblation, for My Name is great among the Gentiles”?

The Council of Trent gives the Catholic view of the Sacrifice of the Mass. “Our Lord, Jesus Christ, was ordained by God as a priest, according to the order of Melchisedech, to bring to perfection what was wanting to the ancient Testament. Accordingly He wrought our Redemption once for all by the Cross. But because His Priesthood was to continue for ever, and in order to leave to His beloved spouse, the Church, a visible sacrifice, by which the Bloody Sacrifice of the Cross might be represented, and the memory thereof kept up till the end of time; in order, moreover, that its saving efficacy might be applied to the remission of our daily sins, He, on the night before He suffered, offered His Body and Blood, under the species of bread and wine, to God the Father, and commanded His Apostles and their successors to offer as He Himself had done. This is that clean oblation predicted by Malachy, and not obscurely referred to by St. Paul in the phrase “the table of the Lord.” Hence the Mass is defined to be: (1) a true and proper Sacrifice; (2) not merely a Sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving, or a bare commemoration of the Sacrifice of Calvary; (3) but a propitiatory Sacrifice, which may be offered for the living and the dead, for sin, punishment, satisfaction and other needs.”

It is of the utmost interest and instructiveness, venerating the Mass, as we do, as the real, true Sacrifice of the Body and Blood of Christ, to trace out for ourselves its development from the simple gathering when “on the first day of the week they assembled to break Bread” to the prescribed and ceremonial celebration of the Mass of the present day. The breaking of bread was the ceremonial, ministry, liturgy from the earliest time. Various names were given to the Eucharistic rite—Synaxis, collata or assembly; solemnia; the sacrifice; the oblation. But for sixteen hundred years the Greeks have called it “Liturgia,” and the Latins “Missa,” or the Mass. Look back to the earliest days, and there was an altar, pontiff, priests, a victim, who was the Lamb of God, lights, incense, relics of the Saints under the altar, hymns of praise, thanks and adoration. We find in the Didache of the Apostles, “On the Lord’s day, assembling together, break bread and perform the Eucharist, after you have confessed your sins, that your Sacrifice may be pure.” From St. Justin Martyr we have this description of a primitive Mass. The assembly takes place on the Sunday; the writings of the Prophets and Apostles are read; the President gives an earnest exhortation; then all rise and pray. Bread and wine and water are brought forth, and the President says solemn prayers and Eucharists and the people answer Amen; and then the distribution and Communion of the things “Eucharistised” is made.

As time went on and freedom of worship was allowed and churches were built, with a convenience for ceremony, it was but natural that the Liturgy should develop and vary. But whatever the differences, the resemblance of the East and West and of their varying rites is much more striking than their divergencies. In all, besides the preparatory prayers and readings, we have the preface, Sanctus, recital of the Institution, intercession, mennto, invocation, Pater Noster, breaking of the Host, Communion, thanksgiving and dismissal. The ordinary of the Mass was, in its essential features, the same in the Gregorian sacramentary as in the writings of Innocent I, Celestine I and Leo the Great; “the same indeed as we have it now in the Roman Missal—a service book which represents the Gregorian sacramentary better than any code now surviving.”
There are non-Catholics to be met with who seriously believe that Latin is the language of the Church simply to hoodwink the ignorant. They are quite amazed when it is shown them that the Latin and the English translation are side by side in prayer books for the use of the laity. The Bishop thus vindicates the use of the Latin language. "To anyone who looks calmly at this country, it will appear evident that the use of one unchanging and universal language in the Liturgy was a moral necessity, if there was such a thing as one universal Church. The forms and prayers of the Liturgy are intimately connected with the faith. Had the Church from the beginning adopted the principle of a vernacular Liturgy for each nation or people, one of two things would, by this time, have happened in every case: either the original liturgical forms would be as obsolete and difficult for the people to follow as the English of Alfred or the French of the early Normans, or else there would have had to be alterations and adaptations in every century. Now it would have been morally impossible thus to keep the liturgical prayers on a level with the changing and developing languages of the peoples of Europe. The task would have been too vast, and too hard to organize. Misunderstanding, heterodoxy, heresy, arising from the incompetence or the wilfulness of translators and adaptors, would have taxed the vigilance of the Church's pastors to such an extent that disaster would only have been averted by a standing miracle. The spirit of nationalism, which must always be one of the dangers against which the one universal Church has to contend, would have found, in the manipulation of a vernacular liturgy, endless opportunities for loosening the bonds of unity. As it is, the Latin unites the Western Church together in one Catholic body with a union which is that of a family or household. Every Catholic is at home in every Catholic Church of the world. Moreover, the Latin keeps the whole Church in union with the See of Rome, the source and principle of Catholic unity."

We proceed now to consider the fruits and effects of the Mass. "The sacrifice of Calvary, which could, and did in a sense, wash away the sins of the whole human race, does not affect any individual soul, unless such individual in some way applies that precious ransom. Such application can only be made by a movement of the reason and the will; and by Christ's order, there must in many cases be submission to an ordinance. No man is saved in spite of himself or without his own co-operation—a co-operation which, however, is also an effect of divine grace. It is thus with the Mass. Its fruits and effects are limited by the will of Christ, and by the conditions of the human souls for which it has been instituted." And when our Lord instituted the Holy Eucharist, He ordered it to be perpetuated. Then, as He is Priest for ever, wherever and whenever the Mass is celebrated, Jesus Christ is present by His institution, delegation, commission and concurrence with the sacrificial acts of the priest. The priest is a real priest, though subordinate, and commissioned by a higher priest. The priest is essential to the Mass; his intention, words and acts. No unworthiness or sinfulness on the part of the priest can vitiate the essential completeness and holiness of the Mass. The priest's power is real, for once ordained, it cannot be taken from him.

And the Church, that is the faithful, takes part in the offering of the Mass. For, in the Canon, the oblation is made by "cuncta familia Tua"—"plebs Tua sancta." In the Mass, the Precious Blood is poured out again in order to be applied to the souls of men, for all the power of the Mass to bless and benefit is from the Sacrifice of the Cross.

The Mass is the Sacrifice of Adoration, for its very essence is homage to Almighty God. It is also a Sacrifice of Thanksgiving—as the name Eucharist expresses, but it is not merely an offering of Thanksgiving. This is expressly condemned by the Council of Trent, and this condemnation was necessitated by the attitude of the Reformers, an attitude still maintained by the majority of Protestants. We assert that
the Mass is also a Sacrifice of Propitiation—the means of appeasing the anger of God against sinners. Certainly all propitiation, satisfaction and impetration flows from the Cross of Christ, and the efficacy of the Mass proceeds from this. "In and by the Mass this saving power of the Cross is applied to our souls," says the Council of Trent. Against this is the protest of Protestantism. The Blood of Christ, we are told, has done everything; there is nothing left for man to do, nay more, it is blasphemy to attempt to do anything.

But how can anyone hold this? For if so, every one is saved; and it is no matter what manner of sinful life he leads. A compromise is necessitated. They own that one has to accept salvation and adhere to Christ; and this compromise gives the whole situation away! This acceptance and adherence—what are they but the seeking and accepting the application of the Redemption of Christ to the soul of man?—which is the Catholic doctrine and none other. All the efficacy of the Mass, as has been said, comes from the Sacrifice of the Cross, and it operates by "causing us to approach in contrition and repentance unto God, and so obtain mercy and find grace seasonable red for by it God is appeased and rendered propitious to us,"—Council of Trent.

And it is in this way that the Mass is a true Sacrifice of Propitiation, as the Catholic faith maintains. Moreover, as the Mass is offered not only by the priest but by the Church, so it propitiates the Almighty towards all the children of the Church—for both the living and the dead it is the means of pardon and mercy. In each one's case, however, the efficacy of the Mass depends upon the disposition of the soul. "Our Heavenly Father makes man's own exertion a condition of His interference." And as to the souls in Purgatory it would seem to be Christ's Will that His own all-powerful Sacrifice, the Mass, should really be applied to His realm of Purgatory by the goodwill of

His servants here below. Man must move, must celebrate, must make some self-denying exertion, must purify and lift up his own heart, before the Mass can refresh the suffering souls. The devotion of men is a condition of the acceptance of the Mass for the Holy Souls.

Attendance at Mass is especially an advantage and a blessing, as we see in the Liturgy that those present are specially mentioned and prayed for. And it stands to reason. For "if ever a servant of God worships fruitfully, or gives thanks worthily, or is likely to obtain grace and pardon, it is at that propitious moment. If ever Calvary is renewed, and the privilege of standing beneath the Cross returns to men, it is then—when, as the Church says, "the work of our salvation is done every time," that is, the abundant fruits of the Cross are poured upon men."

Not only is Christ our Lord offered in the Mass, but His Real Presence permanently remains in the Holy Eucharist. This explains the costliness and grandeur of church and altar, the splendour of ritual, the sanctuary lamp, the hush of devotion, the constant visits of the faithful. But enquiring minds find that this was not always so. And naturally, Development is the law of nature, and surely it might be expected in this—the memorial of His wonderful works.

The want of cultus or ceremonial is no proof of the want of faith in the Real Presence. We find that from the beginning divine worship was paid to the Blessed Eucharist. Origen uses words equivalent to "adoration." St. Ambrose gives most distinct testimony: "We adore still the flesh of our Redemption, and we adore it in the mysteries which He has instituted, and which are celebrated every day upon our altars." St. Augustine likewise, "No one eats the flesh of Jesus Christ without having first adored it, and far from sinning in thus adoring, it would be a sin not to adore." "Adore and communicate," exclaims St. John Chrysostom. There was not much opening for cultus and outward worship in the days of persecution, when secrecy had to be maintained,
and every Christian carried his life in his hand. As the Bishop writes—'When the history of the Blessed Sacrament comes to be fully written out, it will be seen how through successive epochs its glories have risen higher and higher over the world of Faith. For the first hundred years of Christianity the Body of the Lord was, before all things, the bond of Christian unity and the great symbol of the one and only Church. From thence till the end of the persecutions it was, in addition, the recognised source of strength and courage in persecution and difficulty, whereby the martyrs triumphed, the confessors stood firm in the faith, the virgins rose above the world, and the whole Church withstood the attacks of the devil. From about A.D. 500 to 1000, the Roman See perfected and imposed her Eucharistic Liturgy on the West. Nothing was lost or dropped of sacramental truth or spiritual significance, as the Church had inherited them from the Upper Chamber or the Catacombs; but now the Eucharistic Liturgy, which had already taken shape in great centres like Antioch and Alexandria, began to spread over Europe, establishing itself in the cathedrals and parish churches which by degrees covered the land, auguest in its uniformity, attracting the populations round its altars, dominating civil and even political life, and equally effective and impressive whether it was celebrated by a single minister or with all the aids and resources of Church and State. With the Carlovingian renaissance came a stirring up of Eucharistic question and answer, amidst which the Church spoke with her firm and irrepressible voice. Between Charlemagne and the Council of Vienne (1131), after the re-statement of the doctrine of the Real Presence in the terms of Transubstantiation, the outward pomp and glory of the Blessed Sacrament became marked by the solemn elevation in the Mass, by processions, by the public carrying of the Host to the dying, and by the institution of the least and office of Corpus Christi. Three centuries later, after the touching, emphatic and splendid utterances of the Council of Trent, we find the Blessed Sacrament exposed upon the altars of the Church, in Rome and all through Christendom, from year's end to year's end, virtually without intermission. Between 1600 and 1900 was established the modern doctrine of frequent and daily Communion; that is to say, the doctrine that although the Holy Eucharist is the true Body and Blood, Soul and Divinity of Christ, ever glorious, adorable and terrible, yet it is His will that men should approach to the Communion of that sacred Presence, not only often, but even daily, to increase in grace and Divine love and to be healed of their passions and sins. It has chiefly been by the devotion to the Sacred Heart that this Catholic view, never lost sight of by the Church, but oftentimes obscured, has been made as clear as the day. The love and honour of the Sacred Heart means, above everything else, the tender remembrance of the mercies of Jesus Christ—of which the chief is the Holy Sacrament of the Altar. The present epoch is the epoch of frequent and fervent Communion.'

Where can we more fittingly close the book? And as we close it, the picture of the author rises before us—the indefatigable student still, in spite of his threescore years and ten, and thirty-four years a Bishop. The remembrance of this makes us doubly grateful for the fruit of his labours. Surely every priest, and earnest Catholic layman too, will read and read again and master this unique and splendid work that the Bishop has compiled with so much research and thoroughness and piety. Every Chapter reveals that it has been a labour of love for the Holy Eucharist.

F. P. Hickey, O.S.B.
Bonum Hætes Artificem.
(St. Ambrose.)

The day is ending, and the bells
Ring songs of peace across the town;
I know one little heart no peace
Will visit as the night comes down.

No peace; but fear of coming ill
All night small space for rest will leave.
Each hour he grieves more bitterly
Thinking how those he loves will grieve.

Yet if this blow should fall on him
I know 'tis all unmerited;
He told me looking in my face;
I hold for truth each word he said.

His fate is in the hands of two,—
A servant grown a tyrant one,
And one that saith, Do thus and thus,
And as he saith, so is it done.

The angered steward, trusted long,
May hatch against thee what he will;
The easy lord, that knows thee not,
May doom thee, child, nor dream of ill.

If thoughtless power could crush thee so
Swayed by a hireling’s secret spite—
Leave the glad toiler of the morn
A ruined hopeless heart at night,

If all thy future joy or woe
Were in their hands, to hold or give,
If this were all, my gentle child,
I think it were not well to live.

Bonum Hætes Artificem.

If chance, and spite, and blindness rule
This is no world for feeling hearts,
And cursed is he that longest lives,
And blessed is he that first departs.

But He that uses storm and frost
To round the rugged hills, and make
The mountain’s stony barrenness
Soft to forest, field, and lake.

That takes the fire storms of the sun
And every cruel wind that blows
From lands of snow and ice, to form
A richer hue upon the rose.

He shapes thee too to nobler life
With storms that shake thy spirit through;
He carves thee by the thoughtless deeds
Of men that know not what they do;

And thou grown strong, in far off time,
Wilt bless Him that He carved with skill,
And only wish thou hadst not cursed
The uncouth tool that did His will.

J. B. Mcl.
Roma Immortalis.

A Journey to Rome reminds one of Nathaniel Hawthorne's dream of a nineteenth century Pilgrim's Progress, where a booking office is substituted for the wicket-gate and a pastebord through-ticket for the parchment roll, where a viaduct has been constructed over the Slough of Despond, and a tunnel bored through the Hill of Difficulty, and Apollyon has been degraded to the situation of engine-driver. The pleasant difficulties that once existed have been smoothed away, and most of the romance of the journey is gone with them; it is no longer travel; it is, as Mr. Cook rightly names it, an excursion. There is nothing of the pilgrim's progress about it now. The incidents of the road are mostly such as one may meet with on any other railway or steam-boat journey. The differences one notes are merely variations of physiognomy: the landscapes, trains, coal-smoke, officials, bookstalls, refreshment-rooms, telegraph posts, bowler-hats, blouses and bonnets are alternately French, Swiss and Italian; it is the one melody played to us on a French horn, a Swiss musical box and an Italian hurdy-gurdy. The poetry of travel is outside the experience of the modern excursionist. A little of the flavour may be discernible but it is disguised, or, rather, it has lost its distinction and effervescence. One is refreshed by it without feeling inspired or exhilarated. It is like drinking champagne and water.

When the present writer started from England last Spring, he had visions of a rapid transit from April rains and cold and fog into a summer of blue skies, sunshine and fragrant blossoms. But he found it April yet in France when he got there, and April again in Rome at his journey's end. There were, however, some exceptional moments during the long and not at all wearisome ride—with a window-seat and a field-glass one can always keep oneself interested in a strange country. One was during the slow climb up the Mont Cenis pass at midnight,—a never-to-be-forgotten glimpse of moonlit snow-clad mountains,—the Alps in a queenly robe of black velvet and "white satin, mystic wonderful"; a second was the frosty sunrise on the southern slopes, deepening into gold as we slipped between grey mountain sides through dishevelled red-tiled villages, scented with woodfires, into the Lombard plain; another was a view of the city, so-called of palaces—we had no sight of them—Genoa, the superb, in a summer sunshine, its houses with every window open and the washing hung out to dry, tall and untidy, but set in gardens of hot-house flowers and tropical shrubs; lastly, the Campagna, some twenty miles of desolation, with its stagnant pools and coarse herbage quite as depressing and not unlike a vast used-up brickfield.

I think this first view of the Campagna, on a cold, damp April evening, when decidedly tired after so long a sit in the train, is responsible for the gloomy impression the ruins of Pagan Rome made upon me whenever I met with them—and they are everywhere—in Rome. I did not find them full of poetry or very lovely—even when artistically of highest interest—nor did they suggest pleasant thoughts of the past. There was something of the charnel-house about them; they had the melancholy of wreckage—human wreckage—and not the placid comfort of decay ruins. Perhaps the newness of the extensive excavations, with the soil freshly turned over, suggestive of re-opened graves, had much to do with this impression, and perhaps, also, the cleaning down of the greater remains, like the Coliseum, the removal from them of all the moss, grass, flowers, and creepers which make old walls fit things to live with, helped to give the grayer stones the look of bleached bones, such as strew the caravan routes in the desert. But the fact was that, in Rome, especially in its open spaces within and without the walls, I was haunted as with the presence of decayed mortality,
and this more vividly in the streets and in the fields than in the gloomy catacombs themselves.

The question, therefore, which constantly presented itself to me was similar to that put to the jury at a coroner's inquest. Who or what was the cause of the death of a great past—of the city which was once mistress of the world? Christianity could not have been. It overthrew the idols and broke up some statues; but, generally, it adopted the things it found existing and changed and adapted them to new uses. Indeed its hardest critics have been wont to complain that it preserved too much of the Paganism it supplanted. It has kept the old Roman tongue alive to the present day. The fashion of the old Roman garments may be studied in the robes of its ministers. Traces of Roman customs may be discerned in its ritual. They were not Christian hands which broke the arches of the aqueducts and set fire to the houses of the city. Christianity took possession of a Rome already stricken unto death and built a new Rome upon its half-coverd grave. It brought with it life and not destruction. On whom, then, or on what, should the blame fall for this ruin of a civilization and its creations, so wonderful and majestic and perfect that, pagan as it was, the desecration should be accounted a crime that can never be forgiven?

Senile decay, in the first place; then the barbarians; afterwards Time: so say the historians. As Rome grew rich it grew luxurious; as it grew luxurious it lost its manliness and energy; when it grew soft and enervated it became the prey of the barbarians; Time did the rest. A lucid answer and wholly satisfactory, almost self-evident, to the moralist who views Rome from afar off. When actually in Rome one has doubts. The noblest architecture, painting, pottery, sculpture, and metal work belong to the Imperial epoch, when, through the luxurious habits of the Emperor and his nobility, soaking rapidly through the different strata of society, the whole people ought to have been corrupt and degenerate.

We find one great work of intelligence and magnitude after another ascribed to names which we have been taught to associate only with the gratification of sensual and senseless desires. Nero, who fiddled while Rome was burning, was the greatest builder the world has ever seen. Tiberius has left remains of works unsurpassed in beauty and skill. Caligula, Domitian and Diocletian are names one mentions with respect when walking the museums or viewing the sights of Rome. Roman civilization seems to have only just reached its meridian when we should have expected to see it low down in its decline. The light reflected from the Coliseum and the Palace of the Caesars cannot be described as a sunset glory; it is the full splendour of Roman genius. Up to the defeat of Maxentius there was no apparent falling off in Roman talent and energy. Then there came a change; and one begins to suspect that, in some way, Constantine the Great may be to blame for it.

Constantine was a great soldier, a great ruler and a great Christian. For his devotion to the Church and his exaltation of Christianity the world owes him its unending gratitude. But he was not a Roman, and he failed to assimilate the Roman tradition. When I first looked at the three huge apses of the basilica called by his name, remnants of a building as noble in conception and in execution as anything built by his predecessors—the rounded roofs are in solid cement, prototypes of Mr. Bentley's domes in Westminster Cathedral—I took the Christian Emperor to have been at least the equal of the pagans gone before him; but this view had to be relinquished; the great Church was conceived and begun and perhaps completed by the tyrant Maxentius, and Constantine did little or nothing more to it than adopt it and dedicate it to Christian worship. The arch of Constantine strikes one as the most beautiful example in the city; but again one learns, almost with pain, that what we admire about it is stolen; all that is admirable in its ornament and sculpture is pagan; and not merely a copy or plagiarism...
of pagan work, but the actual work itself stripped from an arch erected by Trajan. One meets with a few bits of excellent ante-papal Christian sculpture here and there, and is pleased to find that not everything one can praise as of intelligent and finished workmanship is pagan; but here again the guide-books inform us that, because of its quality, it may be confidently ascribed to an earlier date than Constantine. With the Victory of Constantine everything great and artistic in Rome came suddenly to an end. It is really as though after Maxentius there had come a deluge. Constantine deserted Rome and built a rival city of his own, and this, as it seems to me, indicates how and when the decline of Rome came about. The Emperor could not have loved Rome, or he would not have forsaken her. She was not his mother; he was no son or, at best, a stepson. Rivalry with another capital would not have hurt Rome; the desertion of its master killed her. She was no longer the Sovereign Mistress to whom every one had sworn homage and devotion. Wherever her sons had gone they had carried with them their Roman usages and methods. With them there were only two ways of doing anything, the Roman way and the wrong way. If Balbus built a wall, he would only build it after the Roman fashion. A Roman camp constructed on a Yorkshire moor would differ in particular from one in Syria. Not only Roman houses and temples and inscriptions, but Roman bricks and cement, Roman swords, pottery, tiles, pavements and even roads are as easily identified by their workmanship as though they had been stamped and labelled by decree of the Senate. But Constantine, who seems to have had no particular respect for Rome and its ways and traditions, brought with him, if not exactly new methods and new traditions, at least the idea that the old established things, and even Rome itself, could be improved upon. The secret of Roman excellence had been its belief in itself. When this self-assurance was shaken, its arts and trades, its schools, its ambitious ideals, its victorious energies, began at once to degenerate and decay. Then when the Emperor divorced himself from the Empress city, she lost the remainder of her self-respect, and with the loss her genius took flight and left her desolate. She grew old in a day,—old and outworn, sinking fast into second childhood. Her day was done. But a successor, who would revive her memory and raise her prestige, was already born, and baptised with the old name into a new creed. This was the Rome of the Popes. When I had seen with my own eyes the classic ruins so familiar to everyone from engravings and photographs, I had to revise my impression of their dimensions. I found them from four to ten and even twenty times as massive as I had been led to think them. This fact made me think a little better, or a little less harshly, of the barbarians who are said to have wholly destroyed Rome in the days after Constantine. I did not believe they could have accomplished its ruin if they had tried their best. To destroy the ancient public buildings of the city in any adequate manner was so nearly impossible to them, with the time and means at their disposal, that their supposed destruction should be either described as a marvellous engineering feat or put down as gross exaggeration. The spindle-legged arches, that, in old engravings, hop lightly across the marshy Campagna to the Alban hills, have piers of such thickness that one could dig out a decent cabin in many of them. When, therefore, we read that Vitiges, the Goth, in his raid, destroyed the aqueducts—there were fourteen of them, great and small—we can only suppose that he broke down a few yards of each to cut off the water-supply from the beleaguered city. When, again, we read that Robert Guiscard and his Normans “burnt the city from the Antonine column to the Flaminius gate and from the Lateran to the Capitol; they ruined the Capitol and the Coliseum and laid waste the whole of the Esquiline,” we should do wisely to reckon up the cost of the damage in pence instead of pounds. The
Northmen could, and no doubt did, do a deal of burning, but their fires will have made little impression on walls from ten to forty feet thick. They destroyed the lesser houses and put the great public buildings out of use and that is all. Any more thorough destruction was beyond their power. To tell off a couple of hundred soldiers, furnished with spears and swords and axes, even if they had also catapults, and a siege train, to ruin the Coliseum effectively would be to sentence them to months, if not years, of hard labour. This is not exaggeration. Without explosives the work could only be done by quarrying. One has to remember that the later Roman construction is incomparable in its massiveness and durability. The walls of the mausoleum of Hadrian, now the castle of St. Angelo, built merely as a sepulchre, are thicker and stronger than those of any medieval keep I have ever seen. We may gladly give the barbarians credit for doing all the mischief they could; but the sum of it, when all was done and Rome was quiet again, was such that it might easily have been repaired. There was not, in those times, the same difference between the task of building up and pulling down there snow; they were not days when blasting and levelling had been elevated into a science; men pulled down as they built up with their hands. A few years spent in restoration would have made good the work of a like number of months spent in destruction. As a fact of history, there was enough of these ruined and destroyed buildings, still left for them to serve usefully some centuries later as strongholds; and we read of the Frangipanis using the Coliseum as a fortress, the theatre of Pompey held by the Orinis, the Mausoleum of Augustus and the Baths of Constantine by the Colonnes, the Tomb of Cecilia Metella by the Savellis, the Capitol by the Corsis, the Quirinal by the Contis and the Pantheon, S. Maria in lauribus, by the soldiers of the Pope; the tomb of Hadrian is still a castle. There can be no doubt that if there had been anything of the old Roman spirit left the ancient city would never have fallen into ruin. But Rome was no longer venerated as the Empress Mother; it was just a place to be born in and to live in; its inhabitants were burghers and not Roman citizens, in the ancient meaning of the word. The classic monuments were of value and interest to them only in so far as they could be turned to account. One aqueduct out of the eleven had come through the wars without hurt; the Romans sat down contentedly and made shift with it. It was the selfish apathy resulting from the dethronement of the Roman Imperial ideal that should be blamed for the destruction of Ancient Rome. Naturally, its culture and civilization disappeared first; they were made of more subtle and delicate stuff. Then material Rome was given over bodily to the remorseless, cankerous tooth of old Time—"cormorant, devouring Time," to whom everything neglected and cast aside, however rare and beautiful, is garbage—that he might reduce it, at his convenience, to a dust heap.

This was the fate also of the Campagna. Once it was literally the garden of Italy. It had cities and farmsteads and palaces—the ruins of some of which, like Hadrian's villa, have been a mine of rarest artistic treasure—and was as rich and prosperous as the plains of Lombardy. Now, as one is borne through the country between Rome and the sea, the land on both sides is seen to be a great melancholy waste, only a step removed from a desert. How has this come to pass? The answer, as I think, is that the causes which brought ruin to Rome brought also its present desolation to its environs.

Once again let us absolve the much-abused barbarians from a great part of their supposed share in this mischief. They depopulated the country; war does that invariably; but why should it not have recovered from the injury? It is not enough to tell us that uninhabited the place became uninhabitable, or to say it festered like an untended sore. Why should it have remained uninhabited and how did it become a sore? Land usually takes little hurt by
lying fallow for a few years, and it does not necessarily or naturally become unhealthy because fewer people live on it. The historic fact is that gradually, very gradually, the malaria of the Campagna increased and the number of its inhabitants decreased in proportion. The desertion of the country was the consequence and not the cause of its unhealthiness. In classic days there had been pestilence and famines, but they were epidemics such as make their appearance everywhere. There had been some malaria also, but not enough to frighten people away. We are told of a temple, outside the walls of Rome, dedicated to the god or goddess of Fever,—a proof that the environs of Rome were not absolutely wholesome; but the ruins of it are probably older than Hadrian's villa and the palmy days of the Campagna. The population—about two and a half millions—had greatly decreased in the days of Constantine, but the dwellers in Rome had lessened in proportion. So exactly were the min of the city and of the Campagna contemporaneous, so nearly did they keep step in their march to destruction, that it can hardly be doubted the twin mischief had one and the same origin.

The Roman Campagna is an alluvial deposit, with some low hills of tufa, a soft brown rock made up of sand and volcanic ash, showing in some places above its surface. Some beds of gravel and sand, with sea shells, on the Trenseere bank of the Tiber indicate that the site of the Vatican and St. Peter's was once the littoral of the Mediterranean. Hence the Campagna is a delta formed by the mud carried down from the mountains by the Tiber and Anio and some lesser streams. As late as the Imperial epoch these were marshes and lagoons—the Campus Martius, where the Colosseum stands, was a lake drained and filled up by Nero—and the country, as a whole, may be compared with the delta of the Rhone between Avignon and the sea. The history of this latter is very much the same as that of the Campagna. In Roman Imperial days it was rich and fertile, and a portion of it, the Camargue, about 20,000 acres of alluvial land, was known as "the granary of the Roman army." With the decline of Rome it became, like the Campagna, desert, inhospitable, malarious. But a little of it has now been reclaimed and there is good hope for the rest of it. The story is told in the Rev. S. Baring Gould's *In Troubadour Land*, and from it those interested in the Campagna may learn a parable.

The two great plains formed by the deltas of the Rhone and its tributary, the Durance, says this writer, are called the great and little Camargue. Of the Great Camargue Strabo says: "Between Marseilles and the mouth of the Rhone, at about a hundred stadia from the sea, is a plain, circular in form, and a hundred stadia in diameter, to which a singular circumstance obtained for it the name of the Field of Pebbles. It is, in fact, covered with pebbles as big as the fist, among which grass grows in sufficient abundance to pasture herds of oxen." This is the ancient description; now for the modern one. "This desert, a little Sahara in Europe, occupies 30,000 acres. "It is composed entirely of shingle," says Arthur Young, "being so uniform a mass of round stones, some to the size of a man's head, but of all sizes less, that the newly thrown up shingle of a sea-shore is hardly less free from soil; beneath these surface stones is not so much a sand as a cemented rubble, with a small admixture of loam. Vegetation is rare and miserable, some of the absinthium and lavender so low and poor as scarcely to be recognised, and two or three miserable grasses, with centaurea calcitropes and solstitialis, were the principal plants I could find." The "grass in sufficient abundance to pasture herds of oxen" has vanished, but now, says the writer, this desert is "undergoing gradual but sure transformation. This is due to a gentleman of Provence, named Adam de Craponne, born in 1545 at Salon, who conceived the idea of bringing some of the waters of the Durance through the gap, where some of its overspill had flowed in the diluvial epoch, by a
canal, into the Great Crau, so that it might deposit its rich alluvium over the desert of stone. He spent his life and entire fortune in carrying out his scheme, and it is due to this that year by year the barren desert shrinks, and cultivation advances. There are to-day other canals, those of Les Alpines, of Langdale and d’Istres, besides that of Craponne, that assist in fertilising the waste. Wherever the water reaches, the soil is covered with trees, with pastureland, with fields of corn; and in another century probably the sterility of the Crau will have been completely conquered.”

With this story before us, it is impossible to doubt that the other plain of the Rhone delta, the Camargue, by nature lending itself more readily to cultivation, can also be reclaimed and will one day be brought back again to the condition it was in whilst a Roman province. It is only a question of the intelligent and right use of the river—the running waters and the rich loam brought down by them from the mountains. If, by means of small canals and the like, all stagnant pools, marshes and lagoons are given free communication with the river or the sea, they will be no longer eaux mortes, as the French call them, and no longer scientifically arranged nurseries for the incubation of the pest-carrying mosquito. If, at the same time, the waters of these canals are permitted to top-dress the fields with the fertilising mud they hold in suspension, during the winter and spring floods, these deserts will become as valuable as the delta of the Nile. Treated in this way, the Great Crau will again pasture its herds of oxen, and the Little Crau supply grain enough for an army. And treated in this way, the Roman Campagna may once again become the garden of Italy.

Modern Romans have much to learn from their great progenitors. And above all they have to learn not to content themselves with makeshifts. It was this which brought the Campagna to its present desolation. The aqueducts which helped in the irrigation of the plain were left unmended; the people managed to get on without them. The old canals and ditches became silted up: it was nobody’s business to look after them and they were left to become breeding places of malarial fever. When inundations came—as they must have done with the old system of irrigation ruined—the people protected themselves by banking out the waters from the land. Who that looks upon the yellow waters of “the troubled Tiber chafing with her shores”—my companion compared them to pea-soup—does not see that a kingdom’s wealth is being heedlessly swept into the Mediterranean? Louis XIV. spent some millions of pounds on the Rhone delta, in protecting the land from the incursions of the waters of the river and the sea, and since then, by an annual outlay of five thousand pounds, the Camargue has been successfully kept in a state of pestilential sterility. The Italians have not spent so much over their Campagna, by a great deal, but they have been nearly as successful in the result. However, the French realise what should be done and have begun to do it. Italian energy and intelligence, up to the present moment, has not reached further than the planting of some blue gum trees.

The contact with a dead and buried civilization which one feels in Rome is a wholesome corrective of our modern conceit and self-complacency. We do not find ourselves thinking of the wonderment of Julius Caesar if he were permitted to return to earth and inspect our Maxims and Makers and battleships and airships; or of Cicero if he could hear the mimicry of his own declamations in the phonograph; or of Augustus if rung up by Pontius Pilate on the telephone. We find ourselves, on the contrary, thinking, in spite of the accumulated treasures of thought and experience in our libraries and the triumphs of our mechanical ingenuity, how small we people of the present day are when compared with the men of old. With fewer appliances and advantages they did greater and nobler works.
Can we say that, in intellectual vigour and robust energy, the modern Italian compares at all favourably with his Roman ancestor? How does the study of these great civilisations of the past bear out the theory of evolution? Is it the law of the survival of the fittest which has produced in Babylonia and Assyria and Egypt and Greece and Crete and Italy its present peoples? I think not. On the contrary, the sight of the ruins of Rome brought often to my mind the words of the book of Genesis describing the civilization blotted out by the flood: “Now giants were upon the earth in those days... And they brought forth children; these are the mighty men of old, men of renown.”

J. C. A.
THE ELGIN MARBLES.

The Parthenon was built by the architects Callicrates and Ictinus conjointly, under the command of Pericles, who was then the leader and able commander of Athens.

He entrusted to Phidias the task of supervising and decorating this magnificent shrine of the virgin goddess Minerva.

It was built of white Pentelic marble.

The architecture was of the purest Doric.

The temple was adorned within and without with colours and gilding, and with sculptures which are regarded as the masterpieces of ancient art, of which the Panathenic frieze is the most wonderful.

This frieze was composed of slabs of marble 3 feet 4 inches high, and occupied, slab after slab, a length of 524 feet.

It was placed immediately below the soffit, and received all its light from between the columns, and by reflection from the pavement below.

This accounts for the flatness of relief. Had the figures been carved more boldly the shadows would have rendered the sculpture dark, and the upper parts would not have been seen.

The subject represented the sacred procession every fifth year at Athens, in honour of Minerva, the guardian goddess of the city.

The occasion is the taking of τὸ πεπλος, or the veil, to the Parthenon, which was to be suspended before the statue of the goddess.

On the peplos was embroidered the battle of the gods and giants. The names of those Athenians who had been
erninent for military valour were also inscribed on it. There is an allusion to this fact in Aristophanes:

"We wish to praise our fathers, because they were an honour to the country and worthy of the peplos; in battles by land and in the ship-girt armament, conquering on all occasions, they exalted this city."

The procession began in the outer Ceramicus and passed through certain precincts of the city; then having collected

in the space between the Propylea and Parthenon, divided into two columns, proceeded eastward along either side of the temple; then retiring to left and right met at the angles of the Eastern front.

In the sculptured frieze, near the high priest who receives the peplos, are carved the figures of the gods; Jupiter, Minerva, Triptolemus (who taught Attica the cultivation of corn), Ceres, Castor and Pollux, Esculapius and Hygeia (who has a serpent round the left arm).
NOTES ON EARLY CLASSIC ART.

The correctness of national dress is not strictly adhered to, although some of the priestesses, Canephori and heralds are represented in their official robes.

Long trains of horsemen occur in the frieze, also the marshals of the procession, torch bearers, heralds, priestesses and attendants leading the victims for sacrifice (each colony of Athens sent an ox).

In the illustration A, a chariot is shown; a groom is standing at the heads of the horses; the form of the Grecian chariot is very noticeable. Various kinds were used, as the biga, triga, and quadriga, though the sculptures show that four horses were generally used. Unfortunately this slab has got much mutilated, still by filling in the missing parts we get the completion of the original.

In the illustration B, a horseman is shown preparing to mount. He holds up his left hand as a signal to the cavalcade behind him.

The reins and trappings of the horses were inserted in bronze, as the drill-holes for fastening can easily be discerned.

The pediments of the temple were also adorned with sculpture representing mythological subjects dear to the heart of an Athenian.

The Parthenon suffered much at the hands of the Turks, who used the marble for lime.

Lord Elgin collected the remains of the sculptures, which he brought to England.

The nation purchased the whole of these art treasures, which now have a safe home in the British Museum.

Their effect on the educational art work of the present time is very far-reaching.

WILFRID J. MILBURN.
Bruges.

The place is sacred; all its memories cast
In fair, or hallowed and heroic mould;
The very stones tell stories of the past,
Its walls the scaffoldings for legends old.

The scene around responsive,—soil and sky,
And city sleeping in a mystic trance,
Still lulled by silver-throated chimes that fly
And, bird-like, speed the hours with sweet romance.

Oft wandering, musing through the old-time streets,
I looked on blazoned door and gable quaint,
On effigy and shrine, recalling feats
For Flanders’ fame, of citizen or saint.

At night bedecked with stars the town doth brood,
Reflecting in its belt of waters calm
The mysteries of heaven’s beatitude,
With all its music sobered to a psalm.

For steeple, dome and belfry-tower proclaim—
Each slender silhouette, each massive pile,—
One guiding thought, one effort, still the same,
The spheres of earth and heaven to reconcile.

Nor flowed the waters underneath the span
Of hoary arch more peacefully along
Than weeks of Autumn rhythmically ran
In reveries that Spring should turn to song.

ANGUS COMYN.

Notices of Books.

CUSTODIA CORDIS. A Treatise on Mortification. By
the Ven. Fr. AUGUSTINE BAKER, O.S.B. Revised and
Edited by Dom Ildefonsus Cummins, of the same
Order and Congregation. Art and Book Company,
Cathedral Precincts, Westminster. Price 1/-.

This little volume is a reproduction in a somewhat shorter
and more modern form of the second treatise of Fr. Baker’s
SANTA SOPHIA. In Dr. Sweeney’s edition of 1876 the original
covers one hundred and forty full-sized pages. It is here
reduced to ninety, partly by the omission in their entirety of
some of the less important chapters and paragraphs, and
partly by a judicious but liberal application of the literary
pruning knife to Fr. Baker’s luxuriant phraseology.

We must confess to a regret that the Reviser has thought
well to omit Chapter V of Section I of the original, ‘Of
Mortifications Voluntary and Necessary,’ and Chapters IV
and V of Section II, ‘Of Purity of Intention,’ and ‘The
Order of Charity to others.’ Their inclusion, it is true,
would have added quite thirty pages to his text, but, apart
from the direct value of their subject-matter, they are chap-
ters which forcibly illustrate one of the author’s fundamental
principles, the subordination of means to the end, a principle
too often forgotten in the exercises alike of Mortification
Charity, and Prayer. With this exception we heartily
congratulate Dom Cummins on the way in which he has
executed his task, and are in the fullest sympathy with the
end he has in view. His purpose, as he tells us in his
Preface, is to “represent the substance of Fr. Baker’s tractate
on Mortification and much of its form . . . to attempt to
make Fr. Baker’s doctrine more accessible and more intelli-
gible . . . . The book will serve its purpose sufficiently if it
introduces to a wider circle of readers a mysticism so solid and spiritual as that of Sancta Sophia.

Should this first volume meet with acceptance, the author proposes in a second and a third volume to treat, on similar lines, Fr. Baker's teaching on the Contemplative Life and the simpler forms of Prayer. We trust the encouragement of the public will not be wanting to so useful a work. It will not be questioned, by those who have had experience in the guidance of souls in this over-busy age and country, that there are amongst us, whether in the ecclesiastical state and the more active orders of religious life, or in the outer world of lay folk, quite an appreciable number of souls who are called by God to the exercise of at least the lower forms of Contemplative Prayer, the prayer of Acts and Affections of the Will, or the prayer of Aspirations. To such, and more so to those have the responsibility of guiding them, the principles of Sancta Sophia would be of incalculable help. A call to these walks in prayer is a call to kindred paths in the sphere of Mortification. The guiding principles in either must help, not thwart, each other. No author of English name has dealt so fully or so clearly with the degrees of Contemplative Prayer and Mortification as Fr. Baker. But to say this is not to say all. If his teaching is at times wrapped in a certain redundancy and mistiness of language, characteristic of the age in which he wrote, to those who have risen above its obscurity it is as the illuminating and warming sunshine, or as the bracing air of moor and mountain. "It is the spirit that quickeneth; the letter killeth." The spirit which breathes throughout the length and breadth of Fr. Baker's pages is the spirit of detachment, of freedom, of largeness of heart, the spirit which is ready to sell all for the purchase of the pearl of price, Union with God. It inspires to loftiness of purpose and to the courageous pursuit of the highest ideals, but always under the saving guard of that lowliness of heart and wise discretion which Fr. Baker drew from the Rule of his Father St. Benedict.

The title Custodia Cordis, which Dom Cummins has chosen for his work, is one suggested by more than one passage of the original. Fr. Baker in his chapter on 'Tranquility of Heart,' sees in it a Compendium of the discipline of the soul which is embraced under the wide-reaching name of Mortification.


Any book which serves to bring home to people the terrible evils of slum life is to be welcomed, especially if it appeals to the public at large by not being in the form of a scientific treatise, loaded with statistics. Miss Quinlan's very readable book deserves notice, for it pictures in a truly vivid manner the life of this the lowest stratum of society. There is that just mixture of pathos and humour which is well suited to arouse practical sympathy with these unfortunates. The book is so good that one regrets the balance between pathos and humour is not preserved in the illustrations as in the text.


Father Abbot President, in placing before the public the method of prayer followed by the Early English Saints, has given a help to many who find the Scriptural prayers most suited to their needs, yet have not time or insight to cull the flowers from amongst the rocks and precipices of allegory. There are "bouquets" of Adoration, Praise, Thanksgiving, Petition, etc., and the soul can fly to one or all of these, as she may feel attracted in her meditations. The method of prayer underlying the idea of the book harmonizes with the form of prayer that Pere Olier deduced from the writings of the Fathers of the Desert.
NOTICES OF BOOKS.

THOMAS WILLIAM ALLIES. By MARY ALLIES. Burns and Oates. 1907.

A long life and a sad one! for its groping and struggles for the Faith, its noble intellectual aspirations wedded to an uncongenial employment, a success not at all commensurate with its deserts—all speak to us of many weary, painful years.

Thomas William Allies, as his daughter tells us in this touching record, was born on Feb. 12th, 1813, and died at the venerable age of 90, on June 17th, 1903. We need not dwell upon his early years. At the age of twenty-nine he took possession of his parsonage, a ripe scholar, longing for intercourse with intellectual minds and also to win souls. But Launton offered no intellect at all. Yet this, which seemed a banishment, brought him to the light of faith. He says, "As a preparation for a country parsonage I bought St. Augustine and most of the Fathers in the old Benedictine Edition... It was not long before I discovered that nothing in the world could be more different from the Church of the Fathers than the Established Church of England. I learned bit by bit the Sacramental System for myself" (p. 54). Then because he discovered that the French clergy said Mass daily, he began himself a daily celebration, with closed doors, not even admitting his wife. Then he recognised the need of confession as the divinely appointed means of pardon for post-baptismal sins. The confessor he chose was Newman, for Newman was to him, from the first, "the Achilles of the City of God" (p. 49).

And so he went on, and in October 1850, the inevitable step was taken. Strange to say his wife's conversion had preceded his by four months. She could not understand her husband's long haltings at every step of the way. "Elegi adjectus esse" was chosen by Allies as descriptive of his conversion. His daughter tells us, "I think it probable that my father would have preferred a storm of invectives, or even a scourge, to what really befell him, oblivion and the coldness of friends, who now knew him no more." A change indeed! Lodgings in a London back street instead of Launton Vicarage and £600 a year.

Mr. Allies shortly became the Secretary of the Poor School Committee, and as such he was known for forty years. "It was not the least part of my father's sacrifice that he became a clerk, chafing at a routine which robbed him of his time." His natural desire was to study and to write. The greatness of the man shows itself, in spite of uncongenial occupation, in his noble conception of, and thirty years' labour on the work of his life, The Formation of Christendom. "It is the work of my life," he writes, "to defend the See of Peter." And from 1861 to 1895, in compiling these eight volumes, the intellectual life of Thomas William Allies was laboriously and nobly spent. Another of his works, Per Crucem ad Lucem, received this praise from Cardinal Newman, who, when asked to name a single book as the best exponent of Catholic doctrine, replied, "If I must name one book, which is most likely to meet your requirement, it would be Mr. Allies' Per Crucem ad Lucem."

It seems a pity that this well-spent life should have been a sad one. Trials and losses indeed befell him. His nearest and dearest friends, wife, children and even grandchildren passed before at the call of death. Such is the penalty of a life of ninety years. But apart from this yearning for success in life, which never in an acceptable measure came to him, he was prone, in his sadness, to write of himself as "cast out of the sea of heresy as a piece of seaweed on the coast of the Church, whom no one cared for or valued." And again, "I frankly gave up all my chance of success in life by becoming a Roman Catholic." And yet before the end, he realized that the success he had been longing for was not the end of life. "When I am writing this, I am two days past eighty-seven. I note these great blessings which have come to me. First, the gift of the true faith itself... and the
verification of Our Lord's promise, "centuplum accipiet," in one thing most marked, the gift of inward peace. It is the planting in my heart His own pax. No gift of wealth or distinction of any kind, or possessing any friends or relations is equal to that pax . . . . the forerunner and anticipation of the future sight of glory . . . . The contrast between this pax and one's whole state in Anglicanism serves the better to establish what marks the Christian life" (p. 194).

**REFECTIO SPIRITUALIS.** RENUS. H. PARKINSON.

Beyaert, Bruges.

We are indebted to Mgr. Parkinson for the publication of two volumes of Meditations, the fruit of many years' experience as Rector of Oscott. The volumes which are small and handy and leave nothing to be desired in arrangement and clearness of type contain nearly eight hundred meditations, together with a good index, and are obtainable in a variety of bindings according to price. These meditations, though primarily intended for seminary students, are suitable also for those who have enjoyed long missionary experience. They will in addition prove of assistance by affording points for sermons. The Latin is clear, the matter simple and logical, the thoughts rendered more stimulating by abundance of short quotations from S. Scripture and the Fathers, with references, in every case, in order to enable the reader to trace out the passages at his leisure. In form the meditations differ somewhat from one another in the course of the book, but the thoughts are always made distinct and easy to prepare by numbered sections. Brevity has been the aim of the author, hence acts and affections are not generally suggested. Volume I consists of two series of meditations on Sacerdotal Perfection (occupying the greater part of the volume) and the Life of Our Saviour; Volume II, "Iter per liturgicum annum"—gems taken from the Missal and the Breviary; The Saints, The Sacred Orders of the Church. It is impossible to bring out a meditation book the form of which will suit all. Though the book is designed to furnish a three years' course, one cannot go straight through the volumes; the subdivision, however, of the parts of the work into Chapters enables the reader without great inconvenience, by a glance at the index, to choose for himself a series of meditations suitable to the feast or the season of the year. Thus for Advent, Part II, Chapter I, entitled "Praemuntiatio Redemptoris," gives us fourteen meditations, the "Iter per annum" another six, and others again on the mysteries of Our Lady's Life will be found under "De Beata Maria."

**THE PHILOSOPHERS OF THE SMOKING-ROOM.**


This book is an attempt to supply the need for popular exposition of the philosophy that provides the sure foundation on which the Catholic religion is built. In the course of the volume the reader finds nearly all those subjects treated on which difficulties arise. At times, it must be confessed, a fuller and completer argument might be wished for, but of course the nature of the work excludes deep metaphysics. To the believer the book brings home the completeness of the Catholic position, and deepens the sense of security which is the happy possession of those within the pale—it's effect however on the incredulous is another matter, and certainly the picture presented of the Parson is not one which is calculated to give the impression of true impartiality. It may be added that the author's want of complete success in the mise en scène is another hindrance to the book being as useful as it might be.
College Diary and Notes.

Sept. 17th. Opening of term. A great many have left this year, but their places have been more than filled by the new boys, and our accommodation, like Antonio’s generosity in the Merchant of Venice, is “racked to the uttermost.” The following are the names of the new boys:—C. Sharp, J. Murphy, B. Smith, A. and R. Power, H. Marron, C. Clarke, C., S., and L. Lancaster, A. Darby, J. Walker, E. Marsh, J. James, C. Simpson, C. and H. Bradley, G. Hall, C. Collison, H., and F. McCabe, F. Pozi, G. Gaynor, G. and W. Bannett, A. Kelly, J. Telfener, D. Long.

We have a few changes to record in the staff. Mr. R. Robinson, M.A., and Mr. D. Arkell, B.Sc., to whom reference is made in another place, have left us. Br. Justin McCann and Fr. Dominic Willson respectively fill up these vacancies, and we have a new second Prefect in Fr. Paul Nevill.

Towards the end of the vacation the Oxford and Cambridge Board published the names of the successful candidates in the Higher and Lower Certificate Examinations. In the Higher Certificate, J. McElligott, R. Hesketh, L. Hope, and R. Marwood were successful. Our sympathies with P. J. Neeson, who broke down in health in the middle of the examination, but made a plucky attempt to do papers in the requisite number of subjects. Hearty congratulations to L. Hope and R. Marwood, who obtained “Distinctions” in English History and English respectively. Distinctions in the Higher Certificate are, as a glance at the published list shows, not at all numerous, and the candidates who obtain them are therefore really distinguished. The Higher Certificate class this year was small in number, only nine entering for the Examination. The result was as good as possible, for there was no failure; and there was no subject in which some boys of the class did not obtain a “First Class” (Distinction). W. V. Clapham’s record was particularly good, and was only beaten by three or four candidates out of the whole number who took the examination. Congratulations to all. The results in detail are as follows:—

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No. of Subjects</th>
<th>First Class</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>R. Calder-Smith</td>
<td>... 5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W. Clapham</td>
<td>... 7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>E. Keogh</td>
<td>... 5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>T. Leonard</td>
<td>... 5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A. Lighthound</td>
<td>... 6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>S. Lovell</td>
<td>... 6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A. Power</td>
<td>... 7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>H. Speckman</td>
<td>... 5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>H. Williams</td>
<td>... 7</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The Special Prize of £5 (presented by W. Taylor, Esq.) for the best result in the Higher Certificate was won by Reginald Marwood. The First Prize for the best Lower Certificate result was awarded to W. V. Clapham; the Second to T. Leonard.

Sept. 18th. Inter alia voting for Captain took place to-day and resulted in the election of T. Leonard, who appointed the following officials.

Government:—

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Secretary and Recorder</th>
<th>H. Speckman</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Office Bearers</td>
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<tr>
<td>Game Masters</td>
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<td>Billiardroom Officials</td>
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<td>jasmine</td>
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<td>College Bearers</td>
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<tr>
<td>Clothsman</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Librarian of Senior Library</td>
<td>A. Smith</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Librarian of Junior Library</td>
<td>A. Lighthound</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Reading Room</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Vigilant of Junior Library</td>
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<tr>
<td>Reading Room</td>
<td></td>
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</tbody>
</table>

Edition of College Diary and Notes:—

| Secretary of Literary and Debating Society | H. Speckman |
| Secretary of Junior Debating Society       | G. Lindsay |
the second half we continued to have most of the play, and Fr. Maurus scored again. Result: 3–0. The score really should have been much greater as our forwards had numerous chances, but the shooting was very moderate.

Oct. 23rd. We began the autumn retreat given by Fr. Ildefonsus Cummins, O.S.B., late Cathedral Prior of Belmont.


Oct. 26th. The Retreat ended this morning. Many thanks to Fr. Ildefonsus. To-day we had the Head Master’s recreation-day, anticipating his feast which falls on Nov. 16th. In the morning, matches were played and watched. The Higher III bad the honour of beating Form IV (5–1). The Lower III in a very high scoring game defeated the Reading Room (14–5).

In the evening a varied entertainment was given by the Upper School. It consisted of Charades, the gramophone and an original sketch entitled “The New Boy,” but really a parody on the Merchant of Venice.

Oct. 30th, 31st. The Examinations for the Ampleforth Society and the “McCann” Scholarships were held. The following were the conditions:

The Examination for the “Ampleforth Society” Scholarship will be held on Wednesday, Oct. 30th, and Thursday, Oct. 31st.

1. The Scholarship is open to all the boys at Ampleforth who have passed the Lower Certificate examination.
2. The Examination will be in either (a) Classics (Latin and Greek) or (b) Mathematics (Algebra and Geometry) or (c) Science (Physics and Chemistry). The Standard of the papers will be that of the Lower Certificate examination.
3. The Scholarship is of the value of £50 per annum, and is tenable for two years.
4. The Committee of the “Ampleforth Society” reserves to itself the right to withhold the Scholarship.

The Examination for the “McCann” Scholarship (£50 for one year) will be held on Wednesday, Oct. 30th, and Thursday, Oct. 31st.

1. This Scholarship is open to members of the Fourth, Fifth and Sixth Forms.
COLLEGE DIARY AND NOTES.

2. The subjects for Examination will be:—
   i. English Essay.
   ii. Arithmetic.
   iii. Latin.
   iv. Either (a) Greek or (b) Algebra and Geometry, or (c) Physics (Mechanics) and Chemistry.

3. A boy cannot win both the "McCana" and the "Ampleforth Society" Scholarships.

4. A failure in any subject will disqualify a candidate. The Scholarship may be withheld if the Standard reached is not equal to the "first class" in the Lower Certificate.

Nov. 1st. After Mass the Sixth and Fifth Forms defeated "the rest" at football by two goals to nothing.

Nov. 2nd. The following notice appeared on the study board to-day:—

**LITERARY PRIZES.**

1. Two prizes will be awarded to members of the Upper Library for the best essays on one of the following subjects:
   i. The Poetry of Tennyson or the Novels of Sir Walter Scott.
   ii. A day in Athens in 410 B.C. or a day in Rome in 50 A.D.
   iii. Colonisation, Ancient and Modern.

2. One prize will be offered to members of the Fifth, Fourth, and Higher Third Forms for the best essay on the Chemistry of the Atmosphere, and one to the members of the Lower Third Form on the same subject.

3. Two prizes will be awarded to members of the Lower School for the best description of any famous battle, or the pleasantest season of the year.

Nov. 6th. Army reform has been so much in the air of late that it seemed we were bound to be infected by the prevailing militarism. To-day, with the prefect as Lord Lieutenant and Br. Adrian as Colonel, we formed a special battalion for military training. The system falls short of the principle of conscription only because it is not universal; for those possessing the requisite qualifications it is compulsory. Those who do not belong to the battalion refer to it as the "awkward squad" ; those who do, regard themselves as members of the "Ampleforth Cadet Corps."

Nov. 7th. The monthly half-day. The public recitations took place in the study in the evening. The "speeches" were on the whole better than usual, so that the audience were always interested and occasionally entertained. The delivery of a few of the speakers was at times rather indistinct, though probably this was due more to nervousness than any real defect. A. Kelly's "In Memory of the Dead," G. Richardson's "The Captain," and the poem recited by H. Rochford, were perhaps the most effective.

The following was the programme:—

- "The Patriot" (R. Bremering) — G. Lindsay
- Extract from Plato's "Republic" — J. C. Davis
- "The Ballad of the Sky" — A. Power
- "The Aged Stranger" (Bret Harte) — P. Martin
- "To a Fly" — M. G. Gosman
- "The Captain" (Tennyson) — G. Richardson
- "The Lorrinagh" — T. Long
- "The Woman in the Moon" — H. Weiszberg
- Extract from "Sense and Sensibility" (Austen) — T. Ruddin
- "The Monk Felix" — C. Sharp
- "Gads and Mike" — L. Lancaster
- "Popular Ballads" (C. Long) — R. Huddleston
- "The Pelecan Chores" (Long) — D. Long
- "In Memory of the Dead" (f. Ingrams) — A. Kelly
- "A Ballad of Crockett" (J. Long) — J. Barton
- "An Incident in the Boor War" (A. D. Golley) — H. Rochford

Nov. 13th. All Monks. The First XI went to Pocklington for the annual inter-school match. As it was the first school match of the year, and as we had only four members of last year's XI, the result of the game was awaited as it was also reached with anxiety. We really won the match in the first half when playing against a strong wind, the defence prevented Pocklington from scoring. In the second half we pressed continuously, and after Robertson narrowly escaped scoring, Ruddin secured the first goal. A few minutes later Speakman scored from a penalty, and we won fairly easily by two goals to nil. The following was the team:—

T. Leonard; Backs, P. Martin, H. Rochford; 
Half Backs, B. Collison, A. Smith, E. Cawkell; 

The second Elevens met at home. We were much the stronger side, and won 9–0. The backs had little opportunity of doing anything at all, and the forwards were not severely tested. Still they took most of their opportunities. The wing men were particularly
good, and H. Williams was prominent in the centre. The following was the team:—Goal, J. James; Backs, C. Rochford, E. Feeny; Half-Backs, G. Gaynor, J. Barton, A. Kelly; Forwards, W. Darby, F. Goss, H. Williams, A. Lightbound, G. McCormack.

In the evening the Upper Library and a few members of the Higher III were privileged to attend in Choir at the solemn Dirge for the repose of All Souls O.S.B.

Nov. 15th. A general meeting of the school was held in the Upper Library. Fr. Paul presided. After the "complaints" had been disposed of, the Captain introduced his "Football Sets' Colours Bill." The object, he explained, was that each boy should provide himself with a "coloured" football shirt, and that in each set the game should be between "Whites" and "Colours." The Bill was passed after some discussion as to what the colours were to be.

Nov. 16th. Home match v. St. John's College, York. This is the strongest team we play, and so it was unfortunate we were without four of the regular members of the masters' team. St. John's scored within five minutes of the commencement of the game. After some good forward play, Forshaw equalised with a long shot from the left wing. For the rest of the first half we had most of the game, and the forwards showed clever combination on the slippery ground. Once the three inside men ran right through the opponents' defence, taking the ball more than half the length of the field, but the shooting was weak. Just before half-time St. John's scored again. For the first quarter of an hour of the second half the play was confined to our part of the ground, and St. John's secured a third goal. The College eleven then played up in earnest, and gave the opposing backs a busy time. A few minutes before the close Mr. Hugh scored from a free kick. We were defeated by three goals to two. It was such a narrow defeat that we feel that with our full team on the field we should have won. St. John's is a team of eleven athletes. In individual strength and weight and pace they had the advantage over us. It is a great credit to our light forwards that they were able to score two goals against a team physically so superior to them. The following played for the College:—Goal, T. Leonard; Backs, P. Martin, H. Rochford; Half-Backs, B. Collison,
Nov. 24th. The passion for dialectic has been consuming the members of the Reading Room for some time. To-day under the presidency of Fr. Paul, empty desire embodied itself in the form of a "Reading Room Debating Club." H. Weissenberg is Captain, and H. Williams the leader of the opposition. "Ad melius annos."

Dec. 1st. Fr. Denis Firth came down to the billiard-room to play the boys. He was beaten twice by P. Martin: in one game of a hundred up by 23, and in another by 87. Martin's best breaks were 33 and 22. "Petit Agamemnon vivant fort."".

Dec. 5th. Monthly half-day. Kirby Mooride cancelled their football fixture with us as they were playing in a cup-tie on the Saturday. The "speeches" in the evening were much above the average. B. Collison gave the "Execution of Montrose" with real pathos. Of the small boys, Eldred Martin made a successful attempt to "act," his piece. His effort was full of life. The piano pieces were also satisfactorily played. The Head Master in a short speech at the end of the evening thanked the boys on behalf of the masters and visitors for the successful rendering of their work. He pointed out the value of good speaking at the present day. It would be the lot and even the duty of many of the boys in the future to give the lead to those with whom they came in contact in matters religious, social, and political; and provided they were really educated—that they had something to say—there was no more powerful and direct means of influencing their fellow countrymen than by clear and intelligent speaking. It was in order to educate them in this, the art of expression, that these monthly speeches had been instituted.

R. B. "The Red Thread of Honour"... F. H. Doyle
- "The Execution of Montrose"... W. Ayless
- "The Losing Side"... G. Morris
- "The Shipwreck"... G. Hall.

After supper Fr. Denis Firth gave us a lecture on the operations of the British forces in South Africa in the late Boer War. The lecture was admirably illustrated by magic lantern slides prepared from photographs taken by the lecturer and by Fr. Stephen Dawes, both of whom were chaplains to the forces in the War. This personal element gave an additional interest to the lecture. The most pathetic picture was that of the graveyard of Bloemfontein where some three thousand British soldiers were buried. They had died from fever and exhaustion brought on by the rapid march on Bloemfontein after the capture of Cronje. Another slide represented a battery of the Connaught Rangers in action, showing the remarkable coolness of the gunners. Among more personal slides, one of the lecturer "preparing a sermon" in a tent on the limitless veldt, and one of "Fr. Dawes' horse" caused some amusement. Many thanks to Fr. Denis. We wish Fr. Dawes...
had been present as well. Among his audience the lecturer had Mr. John Hayes, who was one of the first who entered Ladysmith after its relief.

Dec. 13th. School match v. Bootham. We had our full team except for the captain, who had been injured in a practice game. A. Lightbound took his place as goalkeeper. After the kick off our opponents pressed, but from a long kick from one of the backs the ball came down the left wing and Robertson scored from the centre. Shortly afterwards Speakman ran through the defence and shot from a difficult position. For the next quarter of an hour we literally overwhelmed our opponents and scored four more goals. In the second half the game was a little more even. J. Darby scored after a brilliant run on the right, and shortly afterwards from a centre from the same player Ruddin headed a smart goal. Bootham played up well, and were at last rewarded with success, their left inside scoring a swift shot. Just before time, Ruddin scored again and left us with a handsome victory (9–1). The XI played well, and the forwards in the first half were almost irresistible. But the inside men must keep nearer their wing men; as it was, they crowded on the centre-forward and thus rather spoilt the combination of the line. It may seem unjust to criticise a team that won an easy victory, but if the forwards would keep in position, they would greatly increase the effectiveness of an already strong line. The half-backs were good throughout, but the backs seemed a little unsure in the second half.

Dec. 14th. The Second Eleven went to play Bootham and Pocklington. The recent rains had made the ground very heavy. We had much the better of the play, and won easily (6–0). W. Darby on the right wing was not only too fast for the opposing backs but for his own forwards, and many of his centres were wasted. Our goalkeeper never ceased to be a spectator. The team was—


Dec. 15th. Congratulations to C. Simpson and C. Sharp, who made their First Communion this morning.

At the invitation of Fr. Joseph, Fr. Clement Standish, for many years prefect at Ampleforth, presented eight boys with the First Eleven football colours. Before the presentation Fr. Joseph introduced Fr. Clement. He said he was an old friend of Fr. Clement's, and was for eight years under his charge. Fr. Clement as prefect had been the life of the games—in fact the life of the establishment. He believed it was to him that the school owed the introduction of distinctive Eleven colours. He could think of no one whom he could have more fittingly invited to honour the successful athletes.

Fr. Clement before presenting the colours thanked Fr. Joseph. He said that he thought much that had been put down to him had really been accomplished by Fr. Hildebrand Bradley (R.I.P.), but he was pleased to be able to take the credit of having introduced Association football at Ampleforth. He spoke of its beginnings, of the opposition it at first met with, of the first school match and crushing defeat, and finally of the formation of a good football tradition under the influence of professionals such as Ross of Preston North End and Holmes of Liverpool. After a few words on the value of athletics he proceeded to the presentation.

The following boys were presented with the colours, which consist of a cap, shirt and stockings—T. Leonard, P. Martin, H. Rochford, E. Cawkell, B. Collison, J. Forshaw, H. Speakman, and James Darby. The colours are given to all boys who are chosen for the Bootham and Pocklington matches and have played in one masters' match. A further condition is that the committee must express themselves satisfied that they will retain their position in the team for the rest of the season.

In the evening, after Vespers, Fr. Abbot gave us a short address. He had just returned from Rome. He told us he had had a private audience with the Pope; he had had in fact the great privilege of a conversation quite alone with the Holy Father. The Pope had asked him all about the school, and manifested the keenest interest in it. Fr. Abbot added that the Holy Father was especially delighted when he heard of how the boys had responded to the decree about Frequent Communion, and the effect this had had on the school. Fr. Abbot then proceeded to give the Apostolic blessing which the Pope had sent to the monastery and school, and also to the Laurentian missions.
The Christmas Examinations ended this morning and were followed immediately by preparations for departure. After tea Fr. Abbot gave us a lecture on Rome, illustrated by some splendid magic lantern slides he had acquired. The lecture was most enjoyable. The slides we found most interesting were those of the interior of St. Peter's, which gave us an idea of its size and grandeur, and those of the Vatican pictures. The thanks of the school are due to Fr. Abbot.

After supper, Fr. Abbot, assisted by the Head Master, read out the order of the school—the result of the recent Examinations. There were some startling changes, the new boys taking prominent positions in their Forms in the lower school. We particularly congratulate V. G. Narey and A. Kelly on becoming top of the Higher and Lower Thirds respectively.

The winners of the Scholarships were announced. The Ampleforth Society Scholarship was won by Wilfrid Verso Clapham (Form VI); the “McCann” Scholarship by Alan Clapham (Form IV). There was great enthusiasm on the success of two brothers. The certificates were then presented to the boys successful at the Midsummer Public Examinations, and the following prizes were awarded:

- The Head Master's English Essay Prize, open to members of the Upper Library, to (1) Peter Chamberlain; (2) Thomas Leonard. A Special Prize “for good work” was awarded to Hugh Williams. A prize for the best “Science” Essay on “the Chemistry of the Atmosphere” was won by Robert Murphy, who also carried off the French Prize (of one guinea, presented by W. J. Taylor, Esq.). The Lower Third Essay Prize was won by William Cruice Goodall; the Second Form Prize by L. Williams and J. Walker; and the First Form Prize by Cyril Simpson.

Later in the evening an informal concert took place in the refectory. The programme was arranged at short notice, and the music was only saved by a piano solo from being entirely vocal. The several items were rendered and received with great spirit. Our special thanks to Fr. Theodore, who delighted still another generation of Ampleforth boys with his inimitable humorous songs. The following was the programme:

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T. T. B. B.  
“Hunters' Farewell”  
Mendelssohn

Bernard Burgoyne

Fr. Theodore Turner

Fr. Theodore Turner

Basil Collison

T. B. B.

Reginald Haddleston

Fr. Theodore Turner

Maciron

The Choir

GOD SAVE THE KING

At the end Fr. Abbot thanked the musicians in the name of the audience, and wished the boys on behalf of the community a pleasant vacation and a happy Christmas.

Dec. 19th “Bids me pack. ’Via!’ says the fiend. ‘Away says the fiend. The fiend gives the more friendly counsel.”

Natural History Notes.

The Natural History Society which is usually dormant at this time of the year has perhaps hardly realised as yet the loss which it has sustained by the departure of its founder and president, Mr. Robinson. This loss will be shared, too, by many readers of the Journal who enjoyed the delightful articles which he contributed so regularly to its pages. In the name of the Society, we take this opportunity of expressing our appreciation of the good work which he did, and hope that in his new surroundings he may find a fresh field for his activities. For he was not only the founder and president of the Society, but was also its most active member; and, in addition to his work in this capacity, he obtained during his stay with us a remarkable collection of photographs of nests which included those of several rare species of birds.
Most of our summer birds departed earlier than usual this year in consequence of bad weather. The swifts had nearly all gone, even before the end of the Summer Term. But there were a few house-martins left as late as October 20th. They seem to have been detained by domestic duties, for on that day the two parent birds were to be seen feeding a young one which could not have been more than two or three days out of the nest.

Most of our resident birds have also disappeared from the district. Of course many of them become gregarious during the winter months, but there seems to be little doubt that several species leave the district altogether and migrate to more sheltered situations. But there seems to be some disagreement among ornithologists with regard to the partial migration of our indigenous birds, and until recently the question had not received much attention. It used to be generally believed that British-bred Woodcocks migrated to the Continent in October. Some plausibility was lent to this belief by the sudden disappearance of these birds from their summer haunts. It has now been ascertained by the systematic marking of young birds that a large proportion of them either remain in their native woods or wander only to moderate distances, and that few, if any, ever cross the sea at all. Their sudden disappearance is accounted for by their enforced concealment during the time of moulting.

The Fieldfares have returned in larger numbers than usual this year, though their first recorded appearance was rather late. They are the most regular and perhaps the most welcome of winter visitors to this district.

The Redwing, also, may be seen, but more rarely than the fieldfares. Many die every year when there is a heavy fall of snow. They are more abundant near the sheltered woods on the farther side of the valley. A small flock of Crossbills was also seen early in November flying northwards. Four years ago at least one pair of these birds nested in the district. A brood of young birds was seen in one of the pine-woods on the Hambleton Road early in April. There has been no record of them since that time. Indeed it seems to be only in rare instances that these birds remain in this country to breed.

The pair of Long-eared Owls which built in the Lion Wood last summer are still in the neighbourhood. They may often be heard in the evening, and are easily recognised by the peculiar "quacking" noise which they make when hunting for food. The owl is a mysterious bird, and much maligned. Whatever its faults, it certainly does not deserve the opprobrious epithets it receives on account of its supposed stupidity. It does not even look stupid, at least when seen in the flesh. One can only suppose that the living owl has suffered in its reputation from the defects which have been observed in the facial expression of its stuffed brethren. An interesting fact about owls is that their numbers seldom increase in any district which they inhabit. Now owls are reputed to live to a great age. One died recently after being seventy-five years in captivity. It is generally believed, therefore, that the old birds drive away their young, as soon as they are able to take care of themselves. Their motive seems to be self-preservation, since every pair of owls require a hunting ground more or less to themselves—a curious instance of one of those anti-social instincts which frequently occur in human society.

The ways of the otter have been the subject of discussion and speculation since the days of Isak Walton. Piscator one day coming across an otter-hunt, addressed one of the huntsmen thus: "I pray, honest huntsman, let me ask you a pleasant question: do you hunt a beast or a fish?" To whom the huntsman replied, "Sir, it is not in my power to resolve you; I leave it to be resolved by the College of Carthusians, who have made vows never to eat flesh. But I have heard the question hath been debated among many great clerks, and they seem to differ about it; yet most agree that her tail is fish: and if her body be fish too, then I may say that a fish may walk upon land; for an otter does so, sometimes, five or six or ten miles in a night, to catch for her young ones, or to glut herself with fish." Even in more enlightened days it used to be thought that the food of the otter consisted entirely of fish. Gamekeepers will sometimes tell you, however, that they are partial to wild duck, and an incident which happened recently may, in the opinion of some, seem to confirm this view. The narrator of the incident was fishing last June "in the silver twilight" on one of our northern rivers. In one of the intervals of repose that occur even in the life of an angler, he became absorbed in a study of the manners and customs of three
ducks which were in the habit of frequenting the opposite bank, secure in the knowledge of the peaceful intentions of the stranger with the rod, when, suddenly, without warning or apparent cause, they rose, flew into the river and swam hastily towards the angler, much to his annoyance. But "ere they could arrive the point proposed," an otter's head appeared above the water beside the last of the retreating ducks. The bird was secured without a struggle and taken down the river to be served the evening past a family of young otters. This episode was dramatic in its unexpectedness. But you may judge of the angler's feelings when an exactly similar event happened on the following evening. One would like to know the subsequent history of the remaining duck. The story ends here, however. It may perhaps read rather strangely, but has it not been seriously printed in the pages of the Field?

**† † †**

To think of cricket in December is, like prosecuting one's father, a thing not easy to do well and rightly. In fact if it were not for the incessant rain of the last term, the cricket season of 1907 would not be present to our minds at all. But the weather is a great leveller, and the seasons last year seem to have lost their distinguishing marks. From a meteorological standpoint we may be said to have enjoyed a "semipermanent Spring" since last April. The following won the "Averages" prizes last year:

**Batting—E. R. Hesketh (38).**
(Bat presented by W. Taylor, Esq.)

**Bowling—R. Calder Smith (8.8).**
(Bat presented by A. Penney, Esq.)

**Fielding—P. J. Ward. (Bat presented by A. Penney, Esq.)**

E. R. Hesketh also won the "Wyse" bat, for the best all-round cricket. Our best thanks to the generous donors.

**† † †**

Turning to the water sports proper, Colours were presented to C. E. Rochford, E. Sinnott, and R. Calder Smith. The condition was twelve lengths in ten minutes. The Open Swimming Race was won by J. McElligott, who also won the medal for diving. The learner's race was won by Gilbert Welch.

Mr. R. Robinson, M.A., who left us this year, has been on the School staff since 1900, and he will be much missed. For most of these years he took the Sixth Form in Classics, and his old pupils, now a considerable number, will testify to his thorough scholarship and illuminating suggestions over difficult passages. But perhaps we appreciated him more out of class hours. Quite devoted to school work, he was almost restless in his efforts to provide occupation and amusement in play time. The Second Elevens of the last six years, both in cricket and football, have owed much of their success to his organization and practice matches. He founded the Lower Library Debating Society, the Natural History Society, and the Photographic Society, and acted as President of all three. On a recreation day too he was invaluable. We wish him all success in his new work.

**† † †**

Mr. Arkell, B.Sc., was head of the Science Department since 1902. He had the greatest interest in his work, and his ability "to explain things" was proverbial. It used to be regarded as impossible to ask him a question he couldn't answer fully—that on apparently any subject. His practical work extended beyond the laboratory, doctors and infirmarians summoning his aid whether to discover fractures with the X Ray apparatus or to detect baneful microbes. He had a winning way, too, with watches that had gone astray. Our best wishes go with him.

**† † †**

Though we are fortunate in still retaining the services of Mr. J. Eddy as music master, accumulating work and increasing
responsibilities have necessitated his giving up the choir. "Non possumus omnia." What Mr. Eddy has done for the choir in the past two years has been apparent to everyone in the house, and to a much larger circle last Exhibition day. We cannot therefore allow him to leave that department of his work without a word of appreciation.

A correspondent "Nondum Senior" writes:—

"We suppose it is the lament of every institution that traditions die and topical history is perverted. Time, edax rerum, has a tough digestion and a cruel heart. No mercy for the small and the weak. Those little scraps of information which make the past to live seldom escape destruction in her ruthless career. Still it is from them that the past has to live. The histories of civilizations have been written by the discovery of the axe and the battle-axe. History has been written with quipo-threads, with feather pictures, with wampum belts, still often with earth mounds and monumental stone heaps" says Carlyle. It becomes us therefore to preserve these trifles if we would give to those that receive our inheritance a true portrait of ourselves. In themselves they are no doubt trumperies as the flint implements that Prehistoric men used. This is however no excuse for perpetrating through the medium of this part of the Journal the fairy story that the last editors admitted. No doubt it warmed the hearts of our young imperialists to think that a flag waved for many years over the walk now called the Flag Walk, but the plain unvarnished truth which the last writer made such a display of having pursued with hue and cry is that no such flag ever existed and that the Walk within the memory of members of the present community was paved with flag-stones. The name in the last Journal has caused quite a little merriment among those who remember the old walk. Fifty years hence we may expect to read something of this kind in the Journal:—"Many have been asking the editors of these columns what was the origin of the name "Penance Walk." Upon this point there is no doubt. The word Penance in this instance is a corruption of "Pennant," and is of course identical with Flag Walk."

The Past this year has received an unusually large accession of strength on account of the unusual size of last year's Sixth Form—all of whom have left us. The number of new boys, however, has been abnormal, so the present has not suffered by its liberality, and our numbers are quite up to those of last year. We permit ourselves here a few words by way of farewell to those who have so often figured in the pages of this Journal and perform for them the somewhat melancholy offices of "Old mortality," by recording their deeds.

John McElinteggott came in April 1909. He passed the Lower Certificate in 1905 with distinctions in Latin, Greek, and French.
In 1906, though much below the average age, he obtained a Higher Certificate, and passed the same examination last year in special subjects. He was Secretary of the Upper Library Debating Society for the year 1905-6, and was a fluent and thoughtful speaker. He played in the cricket XI in 1905-6. Always a fair bat, he developed into a strong hit last season, and in addition was a useful change bowler. He was a member of the Dramatic Society, and earned much praise as "Socrates" in The Clouds last midsummer.

PETER WARD came in 1903. He had a remarkable gift for Mathematics, and for two years had the benefit of special tuition from the late Mr. C. W. Herbert. He passed the Lower Certificate in 1906 with a distinction in Mathematics, and won the "Milburn" Prize for Higher Mathematics in 1907. He was a good forward in the football XI in 1906-7, and a member of the cricket XI for the last three years. He was a good cover-point and a stylish bat, though he rarely did himself justice in matches.

EDWARD EMMERSON came in 1901. He passed the Lower Certificate in 1905 with a distinction in Mathematics, and in 1906 with distinctions in Arithmetic, Mathematics, English and History. He was a good debater, and a member of the Dramatic Society. In the Shakespeare plays he never failed to make the most of difficult parts. He was "a witch" in Macbeth, Osric in Hamlet, and the "Fool" in Lear.

LEO HOPE came in 1902. He passed the Lower Certificate in 1905, and in 1906 with distinctions in English and History. Last year he passed the Higher Certificate with a distinction in History, apparently just missing a distinction also in English. He was one of the chief supporters of the Debating Society in 1906-7, his literary papers being especially good.

CHARLES RICHFORD came in 1899. He passed the Lower Certificate with a distinction in English. He was a member of the football XI in 1906-7, and played in the cricket XI in some
matches last season. A member of the Dramatic Society, he took chiefly either regal or "sympathetic" parts in the Shakespeare plays. He was The Duke in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Duncan in *Macbeth*, Horatio in *Hamlet*, and Antonio in *The Merchant of Venice*.

*Reginald Marwood* came in 1901. In 1906 he obtained distinctions in the Lower Certificate in Greek, English, and History. Last year he passed the Higher Certificate with a distinction in English. He had a marked aptitude for English Literature, and last term won the "Raby Prize" for the best Essay. As an actor in tragic parts he has had few equals here—certainly none in modern times. He will be best remembered by his Hamlet of 1903 when he won golden opinions from all sorts of critics. He also acted Malcolm in *Macbeth*, Kent in *Lear*, and last year took the part of Shylock.

*Edward Taunton* came in 1893. He passed the Oxford Locals in 1903 and then left; he came back this year, joined the Sixth Form, and has since been clothed at Belmont as a novice.

*Joseph Buckley* came in 1904. He passed the Lower Certificate in 1905, and in 1906 with distinctions in English and History. Last year he passed the London Matriculation Examination. He was a member of the Upper Library Debating Society and a good debater, very quick to see a weak point in an opponent's speech. He was a good actor of difficult parts; played Regan in *King Lear*, and won much praise by his rendering of the part of Portia last Midsummer.

*Raymond Calder Smith* came in 1901. He passed the Lower Certificate last year. He was a member of the football XI, playing centre-half last season. He also played in the cricket XI. He was a fair bat, a good fast bowler and a keen fielder.

*Edward Knope* came in 1901. He passed the Lower Certificate with a distinction in English. He was a good draughtsman and we hope he will join the select band who illustrate the *Journal*. He played half-back in the football XI last year, and played in some matches in the cricket XI. He was a member of the Dramatic Society and acted in Shakespeare plays. His chief parts were those of Puck in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Edmund in *Lear*, and Bassanio in *The Merchant of Venice*.

*Stuart Lovell* came in 1901. He passed the Lower Certificate. He played occasionally in the football XI, and was a member of the cricket Elevens of 1905-6. He acted in most of the plays—was Thisbe in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and had subordinate parts in *King Lear* and *The Merchant of Venice*, but distinguished himself chiefly as the Cyphean in *The Clouds*, his pleasing voice and graceful action adding much to the effect of the Chorus.

*Richard Huntington* is at Caranguian, in the Philippine Islands. "It is like a little country village at home," he writes, "but miles away from civilisation." His staff consists of two Spaniards and about a hundred natives. There seems to be ground therefore for his observation that if he is out there long, he will be fairly independent.

*J. Bodenham*, who left last Midsummer, is at present at Neuilly, near Paris.

*J. A. Blackledge* went over to Sluys, near Bruges, last August with Fr. Basil Masson, to assist Mr. Norman Potter in the management of the annual holidays for his boys from St. Hughs.

*Bernard Rochford* is Secretary of the Second Year Club, Exeter College. He has also been elected Secretary of the Newman Society, Oxford.

*Mr. T. Ainscough*, Captain of the Lancashire Cricket and Eleven, received a presentation from the members of the Eleven in celebration of their unbeaten record last year. He has also been made a member of the County Committee.

Hearty congratulations to Denis Travers, on his winning a scholarship at Finsbury Technical College. His success is the more gratifying because the age limit for competitors was nineteen. Travers is only in his sixteenth year. He has been at Ampleforth since 1904, and left last Midsummer.
Also to Arthur J. Gateley on his great success in his Law Finals last June, when he took Second Class Honours.

To Br. Justin McCann on his First in Greats; to Fr. D. Willson, who took Third Class Honours in Science; and to Br. Aelred Dawson on his Second in Theology.

Congratulations to the following “Old Boys”:

HUBERT MANLEY—On the 29th Sept., 1907, at the Catholic Church, Monmouth, by His Lordship the Right Revd. Bishop Hedley, O.S.B., assisted by the Revd. Fr. Nicholls, Hubert Manley of Spofforth to Gladys, only daughter of Sir Alfred Maloney of Cefn Tulla Court, Usk.

VINCENT HANSON—On Sept. 29th, at Germiston, Transvaal, Vincent Joseph Roskell Hanson of Germiston (late of South Kensington) to Mary, daughter of James P. Mons of Gagetown and Germiston.

RICHARD WORSWICK—Richard Worsley Worwick, eldest son of Major Worsley Worwick of Normanton Hall, Hinckley, to Frances Gertrude Somers, eldest daughter of Francis Egerton Harding of Old Springs, Market Drayton, at the Catholic Church of SS. Thomas and Stephen, Market Drayton, on Thursday, November 1st.

HENRY PILKINGTON—At St. Joseph’s, Wrightington, Henry Pilkington to Marie, daughter of the late George Baldwin of Wrightington.

Alfred Rigby, another old Laurentian, was best man.

JOHN POTTER—At the Church of Our Lady of Refuge, Rathmines, Dublin, by the Rev. H. Potter, S.J. (brother of the bridegroom), assisted by the Rev. E. Dunne, C.C., John Isidore Potter, youngest son of the late Doctor Potter, to Rosa, younger daughter of the late Colman Macaulay, C.I.E.

We have received a report of the tour of the Vacation (Craticula) Cricket Club. The members of the club are present and past Laurentians. We were glad to find the “present” so prominent in the successes gained by the team. More than a word of praise is due to the industry and organization of G. H. Chamberlain, secretary of the club, to whose initiative and energy the club owes its origin and its continued well-being.

From a statistical standpoint the 1907 Season can hardly be considered as satisfactory as the previous one. The results were:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Played</th>
<th>Won</th>
<th>Lost</th>
<th>Drawn</th>
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<tr>
<td>10</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
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</table>

On going into the matches more carefully, however, the result is rather more comforting. Four of the matches were lost by very narrow margins, viz.—Sutton by one wicket, Liverpool Second XI by two wickets, Old Xaverians by one run, and the second match against Ince Blundell by one run, while the drawn match against the same team would have been an easy victory but for a mistake on the part of the scorers, the teams leaving the field under the impression that we had passed our opponents’ total.

Undoubtedly the feature of our Season was the success of J. A. McElligott as a bowler. In the seven matches in which he played he took forty wickets at a cost of just over ten runs each; a performance all the more gratifying because it was done by a member of this year’s College XI. Among the other members of the College team who assisted us, E. R. Hesketh was the mainstay of our batting, and had, moreover, the distinction of making the highest individual score of the tour, 109 not out at Northern, when he carried his bat through the innings. H. J. Speakman and F. J. Ward also rendered splendid service on many occasions. Among the past Laurentians, E. P. Hardman was again very useful as an all-round cricketer; he was one of our most consistent bats, and took more wickets than anyone except McElligott.

B. R. Bradley played a fine innings of 55 at Limbrick; and F. Placid Dolan and O. L. Chamberlain each played several most valuable innings. Of the strangers whose assistance we had, special mention should be made of C. Taylor (Ushaw), who bowled with great pluck and skill against Liverpool Second XI and the Old Xaverians.

We have again to express our thanks to the very numerous and ever-growing circle of friends, who by their generous hospitality to us help so much to make the tour a success. Space will not permit the enumeration of their names here, but an exception
must be made in the case of Fr. F. Smith of Garston, whose
self-imposed task of entertaining both teams and supporters in
the annual match we play against his Ushaw XI is assuming
gigantic proportions.

Appended is a summary of the results:

Rev. F. Smith's Ushaw XI:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Team</th>
<th>bowl</th>
<th>batsmen</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>R. Walmsley, T.</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>Hesketh, Bullock, Taylor</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>T. Charneck, L.</td>
<td>27</td>
<td>Rev. F. Smith, C.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rev. G. Smith, b.</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>H. Kershaw, C.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. M. Audley, b.</td>
<td>18</td>
<td>C. H. Hesketh, C.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. M. Murphy, not</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>Rev. E. Hind, C.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>P. Bullock, b.</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>C. T. Raynor, C.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G. Sargent, b.</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>J. Mclelliot, C.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>H. Hawksworth, C.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>G. H. Chamberlain, C.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mclelliot, C.</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>Extras</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O. Gavin, run out</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>Extras</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C. Taylor, b.</td>
<td>1</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>F. Kershaw, T.</td>
<td>1</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mclelliot, C.</td>
<td>0</td>
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<tr>
<td>Extras</td>
<td>3</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total</td>
<td>69</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Craticiaca 9</td>
<td>178</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Ince Blvdell 92.

Craticiaca 36: Formby 27.
Craticiaca 57: Chamberlain 31, S. Lovell 22.
Ince Blvdell 91.

Charles Havenith, R.I.P.

Readers of the Journal who remember Charles Havenith will
hear with surprise of his early death. At school he gave signs
of a physical endurance quite above the average boy of his age and
yet he is already dead—"dead ere his prime." Our lives are
indeed "thin spun." Charles Havenith came to Ampleforth in
October 1897, and though he stayed only a little more than a year,
he was a great favourite among his school-fellows. He had the
heart of a real English schoolboy. He was, he used always to
say, a Fleming—a race that has much in common with the English.
In this instance it was certainly the case, for he entered into our
English life as few foreigners do. Havenith had considerable
ability. When he came to us, a boy of fifteen, he could speak three
languages—French, Flemish, and German, and within three months
he had learnt English, which he afterwards spoke with an almost
perfect accent. Since he left, he has been most of his time in
Canada and America, being considerably interested in the agricul-
tural methods of the New World. He was born on December 31st,
1887, and died in Canada on November 2nd, 1907, fortified with
all the rites of the Church. We ask the prayers of all our
ordinaries for one who, though only with us for a short time, was
deply attached to Ampleforth. "You know," he wrote, "how
much I liked the old place." R.I.P.
The Midsummer Plays.

The Merchant of Venice has been called the first victim of amateur theatricals. It is a play not easy to make go well, because the "pound of flesh" story is so familiar that the effect of the intense dramatic situation in the Trial Scene is apt to lose its force. The Merchant of Venice, like The Winter's Tale, is a blend of tragedy and comedy. What struck us about this representation was that the tragic part had been kept in its proper place and the romance of the play made the main theme. The Fifth Act was not produced as a mere epilogue—to give a pleasant ending to a painful story—but the incident of the "ring" in the last scene was given great prominence, to show apparently how Antonio's sadness caused by the pending separation from Bassanio was dissipated by their complete reunion. The acting of all the characters in this scene and particularly of Portia (Joseph Buckle) was very bright and intelligent. Shylock (Reginald Marwood) was always good, and while he was on the stage rightly monopolized the attention of the audience. Of the other characters we chiefly liked Bassanio (Edward Keogh), who successfully overcame a host of difficulties in the rather unreal casket scene. The staging of the play was done with a praiseworthy regard for history, and it was pleasing to find Portia represented as a judge and not an advocate. But it was surely a mistake to make the Doge of Venice wear a crown! The "masque" scene was pretty, and the treble and alto singing both in this and in the casket scene fully deserved the encore demanded by the audience.

The Clouds were represented last year on a much more ambitious scale than The Frogs the year before. Much thought and not a little expense had been expended on the staging of the play. The scenery and stage properties were specially prepared from designs placed at the disposal of the college by the Oxford Dramatic Society. Socrates' basket was a great novelty, and the mysterious way in which the clouds "descended from Mount Parnes" was very effective. The costumes of the Chorus and particularly of the Coryphaeus, at some sacrifice undoubtedly of archaeological detail, had the effect of producing in the audience something of the reverence for their august presence that prostrated Strepsiades on the stage. The aim of the management was evidently to give a modern equivalent rather than a faithful reproduction of the original. The reception with which the play met justified this, and left the audience surprised that a Greek comedy could be so funny now. Still, it must be confessed that the success of the play was due in very large measure to the acting of Strepsiades (Francis Lythgoe). He was on the stage for nearly the whole of the play, and in all his long part there was never a dull moment. Extremely well done too were the parts of Socrates (J. McElligott), who realized his own part in playing up to Strepsiades; and of the Coryphaeus (Stuart Lovell), whose rendering of Sir Hubert Parry's melodies was very pleasing.

The Clouds does not depend entirely nor mainly for its humour on the development of incongruous situations; it is brimful of verbal wit, and so packed with odd out-of-the-way allusion and pointed satire that to convey these successfully to the audience taxes to the utmost the powers of expression of the most intelligent actor. That the audience missed few of the jokes and were delighted with the performance and themselves is the highest praise we can bestow on the acting.

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The following was the prologue written for the performance of The Clouds and spoken by Declan Power before the curtain:

"I cannot say you look at all downhearted,
That Clouds of sorrow hang upon your brow,
But, gentles all, your glory has departed,
For who obeys you now?

Erstwhile your form more slight in actor's vesture
Adorned perchance these histrionic boards,
Your audience then responded to each gesture,
And hung upon your words.

But now that pleasant state of things is changed,
The insolence of mankind veils its face,
And things are somewhat differently arranged,—
Age is in disgrace."
Not with the imprimatur of your cheers
I speak; but yet the meanest boy in hose
Can give advice too deep for adults' years,
Forgetting as he grows.

No empty dream that poet's heart beguilèd,
Who to rebuild the world on wiser plan
Revealed his intimation that the 'child
Is father of the man.'

These words to introduce to you to-night
A stranger from a far-off century,
'The Clouds' which first in Athens saw the light
Beneath a summer sky.

Think not 'The Clouds' before the whole is ended,
Unworthy of the name, because so dry,
They're like the House of Lords, they can't be mended,
There is no remedy.

A play which Shakespeare's audience would have hooted
From off the stage, if such a play he'd written —
(And yet I deem its moral not unsuited
To every adult Briton).

This fate we neither hope for nor invite;
Our audience we know is far too polite
And if perchance you feel inclined to hiss,
Forbear! 'De mortuis in pace.'

Yes, Socrates you know once kept a school,
No 'summer school of plain-song' by the sea;
High thinking, not plain singing, was the rule
In his academy.

An idle son long years ago would seem
His simple father to have led astray.
What harm then if you too should deem
The worse—the better play?
Mr. O'Dwyer pointed out that the supposed increase in the rate of wages was an illusion because it took no account of the corresponding rise in the price of food. He referred also with disapproval to Mr. Chamberlain's scheme of binding the Colonies together more closely by means of a Preferential Tariff.

Messrs. Lightbound and Clapham also opposed the motion, and Messrs. A. Smith, Chamberlain, Murphy and F. Goss spoke in support of it. On the question being put to the vote, there voted, for the motion, 9; against, 9.

At the Third Meeting of the Session, held on October 13th, Mr. Cawell read an interesting paper on Joan of Arc.

Fourth Meeting, Sunday October 20th. In Private Business, Mr. James was elected a member of the Society. In Public Business Mr. Coulson moved "That the Church of England should be Disestablished." The hon. mover said that he supported this motion chiefly on account of the failure of the Anglican Church to be what it professed to be, a National Religion. A National Church with Private Judgment as its fundamental principle was an impossibility. For the freedom which it claimed for all its members was incompatible with the unity which was an essential condition of its success as a national institution. It could only manage to maintain its existence by adapting itself to all shades of thought, and in doing so, it lost its hold upon the country and especially upon the poor. These abuses could never be removed while the Anglican Church was subject to the will of Parliament and while its Bishops were appointed by a Prime Minister who might hold any religious opinions or none if he chose. Disestablishment was the only road to freedom from tyranny and internal strife.

Mr. A. Clapham opposed. He protested against the idea that Disestablishment would bring greater freedom to the Church. It would mean not improvement but destruction. By doing away with the public recognition of religion it would remove the strongest barrier against unbelief and leave the country at the mercy of the legislative proposals of Nonconformity and Atheism.

Mr. Speakman also spoke against the motion. He agreed with the last speaker in thinking that Disestablishment would mean destruction, and referred to the Oxford Movement as showing the influence for good which the Church still possessed.

Mr. Martin disagreed with the last speaker. Catholicism and Nonconformity had both flourished without State endowment, or rather in spite of grievous disabilities.

Mr. Leonard supported the motion. It was unjust to give the support of the State to a religion which did not represent the beliefs of the majority.

Mr. Williams insisted upon the injustice of Disestablishment. The Church was not subject to the State, and Parliament had no right to confiscate Church property.

Messrs. Perry, F. Goss, Lightbound, Barton, Smith and O'Dwyer also spoke. The motion was lost by 9 votes to 11.

The Fifth Meeting took place on Sunday, October 27th. The motion before the House was "That the breaking up of the large estates of England with a view to peasant proprietorship would be advantageous to the country." Mr. Lightbound drew attention to the change that had taken place in the conditions of life and the character of our peasant population. They had once been justly regarded as the "backbone" of England in peace and in war. But they had deteriorated and their present condition was a source of grave anxiety to the State. The stream of migration into the towns must be checked. This could only be done by binding the peasant to the land. Peasant proprietorship would solve the social problem.

Mr. C. Rockford opposed. He denied that our present system of land tenure was connected in any way with the general influx into the towns. He maintained that, except in a few insignificant cases, good feeling existed between tenants and landowners, and that intelligent farmers could make farming profitable under present conditions with the minimum of risk. Peasant proprietorship had received a trial in Denmark, France and Savoy, and had not proved a conspicuous success.

Mr. Williams objected to small holdings on the ground that they would be useless without capital to work them.

Mr. W. Clapham supported the motion. The feeling of owner-
ship would give a sense of responsibility to the peasant and provide a very useful stimulus to thrift and enterprise. Messrs. Speakman and Murphy also supported the motion, and Mr. Goss spoke against it. On being put to the vote the motion was defeated by 5 votes to 13.

At the Sixth Meeting, held on Sunday, November 3rd, Mr. Leonard read an interesting paper on "Samuel Johnson," the subject of discussion, which was perhaps not intended to be taken seriously, produced some good speeches although there was a tendency throughout, to extend the debate beyond the limits of the motion. The motion was lost by 7 votes to 73.

The Seventh Meeting took place on November 10th. The motion for debate was "That this House regrets books," proposed by Mr. Smith. Mr. W. Clapham spoke second. The subject of discussion, which was perhaps not intended to be taken seriously, produced some good speeches although there was a tendency throughout to extend the debate beyond the limits of the motion. The motion was lost by 7 votes to 13.

The Society held its Eighth Meeting of the present Session on November 17th, when Mr. Martin read a paper on "The place of Natural Science in Education."

The Ninth Meeting was held on Sunday, November 24th. The question of Social Reform occupied the House and produced the best debate of the present Session. Although the voting left no doubt as to the real feelings of the Society on the question of Socialism, several of the members attempted, with some success, to state the case for Socialism in its most favourable light. It may perhaps be doubted whether the more drastic of our English Socialists would have been more displeased with their friends than with their opponents on this occasion. Mr. F. Goss moved "That the present conditions of Society are satisfactory and do not need any reform in the direction of Socialism." He had no wish, he said, to minimise the evils which all must recognise. The world of to-day was a world of enormous wealth and of endless labour and poverty; the discoveries of science and the improved methods of Communication which existed between the most distant parts of the world had not alleviated the miseries of the poor, but had given new strength to their universal cry of discontent. The Socialist said that the present organization of Society tended to the continuance of poverty and misery. He would therefore find a remedy by means of great social revolution. Socialism was based on the denial of the right of private ownership of land and the products of labour. Its principles were false; it was, besides, impracticable and would but increase the evils which it was intended to alleviate.

Mr. Darby, in reply to Mr. Goss, dwelt on the luxury and waste of the rich as one of the chief causes of the misery and desolation of the lower classes. He denied that any social upheaval was involved in the schemes of the more moderate practical Socialists. But some legislation in the direction of Socialism was urgently called for. In the nationalization of land and of railways and the institution of old age pensions a practical means could be found of diverting some of the superfluous wealth of the rich to the use of the poor. It was true that the right to possess private property was a natural law. This was admitted by moderate Socialists. But this right to possess did not also include the right to use at will, without any responsibility to one's fellow-men. This, which was tacitly assumed by the Individualists in opposition to Socialism, was opposed to the teaching of Christianity.

Mr. Williams opposed the motion. He thought that much of the opposition to Socialism in the minds of good people was due to the fact that they fail to distinguish it from Anarchy and Communism, with neither of which it had any necessary connection. He asked the hon. mover in what the right of private ownership of land differed from that of private ownership of air. Mr. Martin, pleaded for a more common-sense view of the subject. Man must have food and therefore property of some kind. Since the earth and its products were limited there must be some restriction upon the right of individuals to the possession of an exorbitant share of them.

Mr. Martin, in support of the motion, condemned the Socialistic theory of labour as impracticable, and likely, if the attempt were made to put it into practice, to ruin trade and commercial enterprise.

Mr. Chamberlain said that the principle of equality on which Socialistic theories were based was false. Besides this, Socialism considered only the interests of the working man. He referred to Fiscal Reform as the true remedy for our Social evils.
Mr. Murphy protested strongly against any scheme of reform which would involve the nationalization of railways. He feared that serious inconveniences might arise from the absence of competition which such a change would involve, and that whereas now a week was sometimes required for the conveyance of a parcel from York to Gilling, this time might, under the new social conditions, be prolonged to an unreasonable extent.

The debate was continued by several members, and on being put to the vote the motion was carried by a large majority.

The Tenth Meeting was held on Sunday, December 1st. Mr. Speakman read a paper on "Sydney Smith."

At the Eleventh Meeting, which took place on December 8th, there was a debate on the motion, proposed by Mr. O'Dwyer, "That the Colonies are a source of danger to England." The hon. mover, confining his remarks chiefly to Canada, dwelt upon the growth of a spirit of independence which was becoming more pronounced in that country every year. They were intolerant of any interference in their affairs on the part of the British Government, and were determined to make their own concessions and treaties with other countries. Their trade returns for the last few years showed a great increase in imports and exports, and pointed to the growing prosperity of the country to which her natural conditions were exceptionally favourable. In addition, every year showed an increasing preponderance of French and American over British inhabitants. The day was not far distant when, he thought, Canada would seek a favourable opportunity for breaking the bonds which bound her to England.

Mr. Ainscough opposed. He admitted the necessity of granting a larger measure of independence to Colonies as they grew in power and became capable of self-government. England had learnt this lesson during the war of American Independence. But he maintained the unflinching loyalty of the Colonies which was very conspicuous during the Boer War. Disraeli had once prophesied that "these wretched Colonies would be a millstone round the neck of England." He lived long enough to see and confess his error. The Colonists were bound to the Mother Country by common sympathies, duties, language and literature. They had, moreover, nothing to gain by severing their connection with England.

Mr. W. Clapham also spoke against the motion. The liberty which the Colonies enjoyed was the surest safeguard of their loyalty. Therein lay the difference between them and the dependencies of the great empires of ancient days.

Mr. Williams thought that the Canadian spirit of independence was the best guarantee of her loyalty. The fear of the United States and the Yellow Races would always keep her loyal to England. The loyalty of India and Australia was ensured by their geographical positions.

Mr. Leonard, in reply to Mr. Ainscough, said that the influence of the ties of blood and language upon the Colonists was much exaggerated. He thought that the inhabitants of our older Colonies had little sympathy with English ideas. In Canada the only thing that prevented an attempt to gain independence was the fear of the United States.

Messrs. Smith, Martin, Murphy, Barton, Chamberlain, C. Rockford and Speakman also spoke, after which the motion was put to the vote and lost by 7 votes to 13.

At the Twelfth Meeting of the Session, which was held on Sunday, December 13th, Mr. Forshaw read a paper on "Wellington."

Junior Debating Society.

One of the many fruitful records of Mr. Robinson's labours among us was the establishment of this Society five years ago. While the personnel of the Society changes entirely every two years, the Society remains, and no longer an infant, fittingly recorded its indebtedness to its Founder and first President, at its first meeting this term. R. Ambrose is the new president. The Society this year is very large, numbering no fewer than thirty-eight members. The debates have been well sustained and were occasionally very bright. A few of the members seem to have decided the "Eloquar an silentum?" dubium in favour of the second alternative. We trust they will revoke their decision early next term. At the beginning of term members relied rather too much on written notes, but as one after another abandoned this practice, the interest in the
debates increased and the effect on the House was appreciable. Speakers might well remember that the House is always delighted to hear interesting remarks, that if the speaker shows himself interested, he will be sure of a willing audience.

The 108th meeting of the House was held on Oct. 6th. Mr. Lindsay was elected Secretary and Messrs. Dunbar, Ruddin and Marshall members of the committee. Messrs. Narey, J. Murphy and Telfener, together with all the members of the Lower III Form were elected members of the Society.

Mr. Lindsay moved that "Travelling on Land is safer and more pleasant than on Sea." Mr. Power opposed and was followed by many speakers who spoke for and against Mr. Lindsay's motion, which was lost by 23 votes to 12.

At the 109th meeting held on Oct. 13th Mr. Gaynor was elected a member of the Society. In Public Business Mr. Dunbar moved that "The Ancients were less happy and less civilized than Modern people." Beginning with Britain, the mover reviewed the conditions of the country and the barbarous habits of the people, and urged that it was nothing but lunacy seriously to compare such a state with ours. Turning to Rome, he said that a civilized Roman would make a most barbarous Englishman; that even in much praised Athens the few ruled; that the whole fabric of the State was built on slavery; that the theory of society seemed to be the greatest misery of the greatest number. He concluded by pointing out that neither Greek, Roman, nor Briton were Christian; and that the very religions of these peoples were crimes for us.

Mr. Ruddin opposed: the honourable mover had picked out all that was bad in ancient days and had compared it to what was admittedly good in our time. If he wanted a contrast between the good of the present day and what was bad he need not go to ancient times for the latter. The simple life of the ancient inhabitants of Britain at least made them healthy, and physically they were undoubtedly superior; in support of this he quoted War Office statistics showing the numbers rejected as unfit for service in the Boer War. All that was fine in Architecture was handed down to us by the Athenians, as also were the greatest masterpieces of literature; no country had produced such a thinker as Aristotle nor such a soldier as Caesar. It was absurd to say that states that could produce these men were uncivilized. The "mens sana in corpore sano" ideal was attained in ancient Greece and Rome; it is scarcely aimed at in modern Europe.

Mr. Marshall thought the mover had exaggerated the differences between the pagan world and the Christian of to-day. How far were the masses really Christian now? He reminded the House that the Romans civilized the world: they must therefore have been civilized themselves.

Mr. N. Chamberlain considered that in modern times there is more machinery and less art. We can do things quickly but not well. Hon. members who abused ancient religions should make an exception in favour of the Jews.

Mr. Morice observed that we were more civilized now because we had more comfort and more amusement. The life of an "ancient" was either very monotonous or very perilous.

Mr. Power suggested Shakespeare as a great asset on the modern side. He held that the brain of man was much more developed now and much more ingenious.

Mr. Gaynor reminded the House of the production of Greek dramas. The ancient dramatists were as great as Shakespeare. Members who were in favour of modern amusements conveniently forget the Olympic games.

Mr. Young argued that members who dwelt on the richness of the inheritance we received from Greece and Rome, proved too much. The moderns possessed besides the ancient dramas their own as well; besides the ancient amusements their own too: the Greeks had the Olympic games; the moderns could have these if they liked, and had also diabolo.

Mr. Long distinguished the ancients were happier, he thought, but less civilized.

Mr. McDonald said the ancients were better off because they had slaves. He should like to have a slave.

Mr. Kelly drew the attention of the President the point of view. It might have been pleasant for Egyptian potentates to have pyramids; but the slaves who toiled at them received no reward.

Mr. Reynolds thought that when the slaves who built the Great Pyramid contemplated the wonderful results of their labour, that itself would be sufficient reward.
Mr. Richardson bewailed the hard training of the ancient youth; they had to lead a life pleasant neither to themselves nor to their parents.

Mr. Robertson held that the physical deterioration of modern races proved the ancients were healthier, and health means happiness.

Mr. Peguero recorded his impressions from the reading of ancient classics that after every event the ancients indulged in substantial feasts. That custom seemed to have died out.

The motion was lost (23–7).

The 10th meeting was held on Oct. 20th. Fr. Anselm and Br. Edward were visitors. Mr. Narey moved that “Destitute aliens should not be allowed in Great Britain.” He pointed out that the population of the British Isles exceeds that of any other country in proportion to their size, and that there is not sufficient work for all. These aliens are for the most part a lazy and lawless set of men, turned out of their own countries because they are undesirable. They increase the present evils, for they bring into the country not industries but disease, and by overcrowding the hospitals and workhouses cause a considerable increase in the rates.

Mr. McCormack, in seconding, divided aliens into two classes, the unemployable and the unemployed. He deplored an increase of either class in this country.

Mr. Marshall in opposing drew a vivid picture of a comfortable householder disturbed by a poor alien knocking at the door for shelter. He appealed to the humanity of the members, reminding them that the world was made for rich and poor alike.

Mr. Power’s chief argument was that only by checking immigration could the emigration of England’s best workmen be prevented, for they were driven from the country by the willingness of foreigners to work for cheaper wages.

Mr. Chamberlain pleaded eloquently for the admission of destitute aliens. Even the English Government could err, and it was not in the interests of humanity to shut out the destitute.

Mr. Gaynor argued in the same strain, urging that we should do as we would be done by.

Mr. Blackledge objected to an artificial division of the world.

The planet on which we live is meant for the whole human race; no property qualification should be required for admission to any part of it. These destitute aliens in coming to our land paid a compliment to England; they showed that they preferred it.

Mr. Ruddin thought they are not so destitute as they at first appear, but come to learn the tricks of our trade; while Mr. Weighill thought that many with warlike intent come to spy upon our land.

Mr. J. Murphy objected to the local settlements of foreigners, insinuating the China settlement in Liverpool. Mr. Long urged their rejection since charity begins at home, and Mr. Peguero supported him by the sound logical argument that these men are either bad or good; if the former, we must avoid their evil influence, if the latter, we must not deprive their own countries of their good influence.

After Messrs. Morice, Wright, Huddleston, Kelly, J. Newton and Reynolds had spoken, the motion was carried by 24–12.

The 11th meeting on October 29th. Fr. Benedict and Br. Edward were present. Mr. Miller moved that “Charles I was unjustly beheaded.” By a careful historical sketch of his reign he showed the injustice of his execution. Mr. Marshall argued that Charles was justly condemned for his acts of tyranny. Kings cannot levy unjust taxes on their subjects, and many of Charles’ taxes, notably the Ship Money for the inland towns, were decidedly unjust. He quoted from Goldsmith’s History that Charles himself at the scaffold acknowledged the justice of his execution.

Mr. Lindsay dwelt on Charles’ private life. Mr. Marshall questioned the possibility of a King committing high treason. Mr. Chamberlain urged the Society as Catholics to stand as in former days, as staunch supporters of the cause of Charles. Mr. Huddleston thought that the many differences between Charles and his Parliament were caused by the jealousy and intrigue of Cromwell. Mr. Kelly argued that the refusal of the legitimate judges to try the King proved that he was not lawfully condemned.

Fr. Benedict in a speech of some length traced the hopeless misgovernment which was characteristic of the reign. Messrs.
At the 11th meeting, held on November 3rd, Mr. McCormack's motion that voting should henceforth be by ballot was carried by a large majority. The motion before the House was that "The Invention of Steam and Motor-cars has done harm to England and Englishmen." Mr. McCormack proposed, Mr. Gaynor opposed. The danger of machinery and motors, the injury to health in factories, the lamentable overcrowding in towns were dwelt upon by different supporters of the motion; while as advantages of the invention of steam the House was reminded of the cheapness and superiority of machine-made goods, of the development of the mineral resources of the country which would have been impossible without steam, and of the great manufacturing activity which was the chief source of England's wealth.

Fr. Dunstan also took part in the debate.

The motion was lost by 21 votes to 18.

At the 117th meeting, which was held on Nov. 10th Mr. Beech moved "That the late Compensation Act should not have been passed." Mr. Hayes opposed. The motion was lost by 20 to 15.

At the 114th meeting, held on Nov. 17th, Mr. Power's motion in Private Business that a Jumble Debate should be held once a month did not meet with the approval of the Society. The subject before the House for debate was "That Army Life is better than Naval Life." The usefulness, training, interest, experience, and healthiness of each life were contrasted in different speeches of the members. Mr. Darby was the chief supporter of the Army, and Mr. Blackledge of the Navy. The motion was lost by 21 votes to 17.

In the 113th meeting which was held on Nov. 24th the relative merits of Free-trade and Protection were keenly debated. Free-trade had many supporters. Mr. Robertson, the mover, held up as the warning to those who wished to introduce Protection the trouble which resulted in the American Colonies separating from Great Britain. He pointed to the great increase of exports since and in consequence of the introduction of Free-trade. Mr.
Notes.

The approach of Christmas reminds a correspondent of a quaint old wall-painting bearing on the season's mystery which he came across when wandering some years ago among the wooded vales of western Sussex. Hidden away in the folds of the Downs, at a spot called Shulbrede, or Shoolbred, are the scanty remains of a small Augustinian priory that are not easy to find in the intricate windings of the almost trackless forest lying between Haslemere and Midhurst. They are not far, however, from the new Royal Sanatorium lately opened by the King in that romantic and healthful country. On the walls of the disused chapel a fresco may still be seen representing the Nativity of Our Lord, and dating from the fifteenth or even the fourteenth century. It is still in good preservation, but has possibly been restored some two hundred or more years ago. A scroll above the scene bears the words—

\[ \text{E. Virgo conspiciet et filiis Filium} \]

below it is the verse:

\[ \text{Gloria tibi, Domine, qui natus es de Virgine.} \]

There is nothing very remarkable about either the colouring or drawing of the fresco; but the collection of birds and beasts grouped round the principal figures is very quaint, for each contributes in its native tongue to the story of Christmas night. The words, issuing as legends from the animals' mouths, are ingeniously fitted to the natural cries of the dumb creatures. First of all, with flapping wings and outstretched throat the Cock crows—Christus natus est! (a delicious Latin variant of Cock-a-doodle-doo!) Next a Duck quacks—Quando, quando? A Crow croaks in answer—In his nocte, in hie nocte! The Ox lows—Ubi, ubi? and lastly the Sheep bleats—in Bethlehem! A quaint and delightful idea—this rejoicing of the animal creation in its share of redemption, and its joining in the celebration of the holy Night!

Not very far away from Shulbrede, but over the Hampshire border, in the church at Catherington, another mural painting had been lately uncovered which illustrates how effectively Mother Church taught her doctrines to unlettered people. The scales of Judgment are represented balanced in the great Archangel's hand. On one side the devil is leaning all his weight on one scale trying to pull it down. On the opposite side stands a female figure, evidently Our Blessed Ladye—who just lays a finger on the other scale, and prevents it being weighed down by the enemy of mankind! Could one better represent to simple folk the power of the protection of the Mother of God?

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A few months ago there was a brief correspondence in the Tablet concerning some relics of St. Lawrence. They are now at Chorley and are said to have been brought from Normandy in the fifteenth century. C. T. B. is inclined to believe they are the relics of St. Lawrence O'Toole, an Irish Saint who died and is venerated in Brittany. But Mr. Bolton clings to the tradition which identifies the St. Lawrence of the inscription with our St. Lawrence, the Prince of Martyrs. He quotes from a lecture, delivered in St. Walburge's schools at Preston, by Mr. James Worden of Mauldons Bank, Preston, the following interesting statement. "One of the family" (the Standishes of Standish) "brought the reputed bones of St. Lawrence, and built the Chapel of St. Lawrence for their reception. These relics were formerly in a reliquary or chest which I myself have seen; but so many pieces were taken away that it was deemed advisable to put them in the old piscina of the Standish Chapel. A piece of glass, and a brass gridiron in front, emblematic of the Saint's martyrdom, prevent them being further tampered with."

Anything connected with our patron Saint is of interest and, since the generous and precious gift to us of the forearm of the Saint was made by Bishop Hedley, we have been especially anxious to know all that it is possible to learn about his relics. We do not, however, think it probable that the Chorley relic can be rightly attributed to the martyred deacon. We do not know the size or importance of the relic. If it be a portion of the Standish treasure, preserved at one time in a chest and from which many pieces have been taken away—the description suggests some considerable remains—we should judge that the St. Lawrence should not be identified with our Patron. From the earliest centuries notable relics of our St. Lawrence were so rare...
that the highest personages in Europe have asked for them in vain. In the sixth century Pope Gregory the Great wrote to Constantine, who had desired that a relic of St. Lawrence might be sent to Constantinople, in the following terms: "My predecessor of saintly memory (Pelagius II), wishing to better certain things connected with the body of St. Lawrence the martyr (he rebuilt the Basilica and re-adorned the shrine), not knowing exactly where the venerable body was bestowed, was digging experimentally to find it out, when suddenly the sepulchre itself was unassayably laid open. Those who were then present, the monks and domestics who were at work, and who saw the body of the Martyr, but did not presume to touch it, all died within ten days, so that there can be no one now living who has looked upon the holy body itself. The most gentle lady should know that it is not the custom with the Romans, when they give away relics, to lay hands on any part of the body, but a shroud is put into the coffers in such a way that it may reach the most sacred bodies of the Saints, which, when lifted out, is preserved with veneration in the church to be consecrated. Whence, happened that in the times of Leo I of blessed memory, when certain Greeks were sceptical about relics of that sort, the aforesaid Pontiff cut with shears this very shroud (of St. Lawrence), and blood flowed from the incision." The holy Pontiff excuses himself for being unable to send a particle of the bones of the Saint, because Pope Pelagius had left the body undisturbed.

Before this the Emperor Justinian had requested a relic of St. Lawrence from Pope Hormisdas. He wrote somewhere about the year 540, when he was erecting the Basilica of the Holy Apostles, and he wished to preserve in it relics of SS. Peter and Paul and of St. Lawrence. But neither in the case of the Holy Apostles nor of St. Lawrence did he venture to ask for portions of their bones. He was content to beg that, if it be possible, he might be spared some fragments of the chains and gridiron.

The fact that, next after those of the great Apostles, relics of St. Lawrence should have been the rarest and the most prized, makes it nearly impossible that they should be found, nowadays, in unexpected places; and no considerable portion of his bones is on record as having been given to any single church or country. The largest was the donation made by Pope Gregory XIII to

Philip of Spain, gathered from various churches in Rome, consisting of part of a humeral bone and of one arm, with a finger and a tooth. We are told that Pope Vitalian, in the year 664, with the desire of helping on the conversion of England, sent from Rome certain relics, "bentornati Petri, Pauli et Laurencii, etc," "quo festinante," says an historian, "possit vastum Regnum ad fidem convertere."

It should be understood that, except when their historical authenticity has been inquired into by the authorities at Rome, the presumption is against the attribution of any relics inscribed with the words, S. Laurencii or S. Laurencii M. to the martyred deacon. Historians tell us that the name was a common one among the early Christians. Close on twenty (some vignetted martyrs of that name have been taken from the Roman cemeteries. Fra. Ignazio Coma, writing in the eighteenth century, speaks of another body discovered in his own days inscribed S. Laurencii Martyris, and he says further, "Romantique Pontificis concessione alibi extra Urbs delatum est: cujus non nulla ossium fragmenta in quadrum ligetis capulis Romae apud custodem sanctae reliquiarum (ut moris est in omnibus genere extrusione ab Urbe) servatur; ut hic sepulchro egomet vidi." It is this fact which accounts for the number of supposed relics of the Saint—a quantity so vast that, as the historian says, "if they belonged to the one body of the holy Deacon, it would follow, not only that he was gigantic in stature, sed insuper suum divinitus corporeum multispeciae substantiam.

+++ The Volume lately issued by the Catholic Record Society (Miscellanea IV) recalls a chapter in the history of the missionary activity of the English Benedictines. Mr. Joseph Hansom has edited the Catholic Registers of Holme-on-Spalding Moor, which was one of our missions for upwards of a century. Holme, the Seat of the Barons Langdale, was an old chaplaincy, and we read first of Fr. Edward Booth, alias Barlow, coming from the English College at Lisbon in 1670. He was succeeded in turn by the Jesuit Fathers, a Dominican, a Fr. Price who is unknown, the Franciscan, Fr. Pacificus Baker, an eminent spiritual writer. Finally the Benedictines began to serve the chaplaincy in 1743, the first being Fr. John Fisher. During his time Mary Langdale,
the daughter and co-heiress of the last Baron Langdale, married Charles Philip Lord Stourton; thus Holme became the residence of the Barons Stourton. Fr. Fisher kept his registers very faithfully for twenty-three years, but since, he tells us, "they consisted of only a few sheets of Paper Stitched together; and therefore not judged so proper for a Work of this Nature," he transcribed them literally into the book which, with its later additions, was handed in to the State Commissioners by Fr. Turner in 1840, and is now kept, a vellum bound book in very good condition, in Somerset House.

Fr. Fisher, in 1738, retired full of years to his monastery at Dieaton, having been chaplain at Holme for forty-five years. For twenty of these he had acted as Procurator of the Northern Province, and he was President General from 1773-77. During an illness Fr. James Le Grand, a monk of Lambrook, served the chaplaincy, but he returned to Lawkland Hall, the Seat of the Ingleby family, where he died. Fr. Fisher was succeeded by Fr. Bernard Ryding (1788-92), an Edmundian who retired to Ampleforth in 1843, where he lived for seven years until his death. Fr. Joseph Storey (1792-95), from Lambrook, succeeded to the chaplaincy in 1843, where he died. Fr. Jerome Marsh (1794-95), Prior of St. Lawrence's from 1791-5, who died and is buried at Holme. His successor from 1798-1815, Fr. Alban Clarkson, of Lambrook, lies next to him.

A small black cross in the cemetery at Ampleforth marks the grave of one who was at Holme for many years. Fr. John Turner was truly a confessor of the faith, having been thrown into prison at the time of the French Revolution. He was released, but remained some time in Paris. He took charge of the Holme mission from 1815 to 1843, when he retired to Ampleforth, though he was a monk of St. Edmund's, an octogenarian, having been a priest for fifty-four years. He died May 13th, 1844. Fr. Anselm Glassbrook succeeded for three years. He also had been fifty-four years a priest when he died in 1883. Fr. Anselm Cockshott (1846-98) went to Holme immediately after his term of office as Prior of Ampleforth. Fr. Maurus Hodgson, previously Procurator in Rome, went to Holme in 1858. Fr. Maurus Shepherd (1858-62) was succeeded by Fr. Stanislaus Holohan (1862-64), afterwards Prior of Dona. After this the Benedictine connection with the mission ceased. The Very Rev. Canon Brady is the present incumbent.

The neighbouring mission of Willitoft was at times served from Holme. The estate belonged to the Vaassour family, and it was at the house of Peter Vaassour that Fr. Thomas Atkinson the martyr was seized, together with his host and the whole family; they were all carried prisoners to York. Fr. Atkinson died for the faith at York, being hanged, drawn and quartered on March 11th, 1615.

This volume of Catholic Records is a source from which other items of Benedictine interest can be gathered. Mr. Hansom contributes the Registers of the Nuns of the Institute of Mary at York (1677-1825), the Papist Returns for the City of York, and part of the Ainsty (1733), and the Catholic Registers of York Bar Convent Chapel (1771-1825). Mr. Carlisle Spalding gives us a few of the very interesting manuscripts in the possession of Lord Harries at Everingham. This chaplaincy was served by the English Benedictines from 1723-1831. One is a News Letter about the conversion of Charles II, and is perhaps the oldest English letter on the subject extant. It is dated "London ye 14th of Feb. 1675," This is the Old Style. King Charles died Feb. 6th, 1685, New Style. "Mr. Huddleston says, if King Charles had had a whole year to prepare himself for Confession, he could not have express himself better. Having bin two hours with him, he administered him, whilst the Earls of Bath and Feversham were present assisting, though Protestants, so that it will be publick enough: the Bishops also going to and fro, and he refusing their help. His acts of Contrition and faith and calling on the Mother of God were continual. In fine, if he had lived a Catholic all his life, he could not have dyed better: so that as well living as dying we have publicly prayd for him. He would have made a publick declaration of his faith, but in that conjuncture of time it was thought inconvenient. So he was not permitted though he had urged it over and over again."

A portrait said to be of the well-known Benedictine father hangs in the Calefactory at Ampleforth.

Another of this collection of manuscripts tells us of a priest who was banished in 1770:
NOTES.

"Mr. Watkinson.

"Whereas you have taken upon you the office or
function of a Popish Priest as I am credibly
inform. Therefore
I do hereby give you notice that unless you do immediately Quit
this Country you will be prosecuted as the Law directs from
Yours &c.,

"Ellis Cunliffe,

"To Mr. Watkinson

"Ilkley, Oct. 18, 1770."
at Middleton."

It is of great interest to know that this good priest was Fr.
Gregory Watkinson, O.S.B., who was professed for St. Gregory's
in 1746 and took up missionary duties at Middleton Lodge in
1759, where he remained until his death in 1792. It would be
interesting to learn how he escaped the watchful eye of Mr.
Cunliffe.

+++

We had almost forgotten that this year the "Dies Memorabilia"
marked the Tercentenary of the restoration of the English Bene-
dictine Congregation. When the fact came to our minds we
duly celebrated the occasion with a great function and a sermon.
The latter was preached by Fr. Hilary Wilson. But if, per-
chance, we had passed over the day without taking notice that
the century clock was striking, we are afraid we should not have
been greatly ashamed ourselves. Centenaries and Jubilees and
half-Jubilees have become so frequent of late that we have grown
nearly as accustomed to them as the quarter, half-hour and
hour chimes of our tower clock. They no longer disturb our
sleep at night. In a little we shall come to be proud of such
forgetfulness. It will rank as a distinction. We shall feel like
the visitor to Rome who, at the end of his visit, complimented
himself on the number of famous sights he had not seen.

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The opening of St. Mary's New Church at Canton on Nov. 3rd
is a matter for thanksgiving and also for congratulations to the
congregation and Fr. Elphège Duggan. The morning was wet,
but a very large number of the faithful gathered to join with the
secular clergy and our brethren in assisting at the opening.

Bishop Hedley sang the Mass, and the sermon was preached by
the Bishop of Clifton. Fr. Van den Heuvel, Canon Wade, Canon
Hayes, Fr. Bade Polding (formerly curate at St. Mary's), Fr.
Adrian Congdon, Fr. Aidan Crow, and Fr. Bernard Gibbons
assisted at the Altar. In the evening Fr. Abbot sang Solemn
Vespers with Fr. Oswald Hunter-Blair as assistant priest. Bishop
Hedley preached.

The church stands at the corner of King's Road and Talbot
Street, and occupies a commanding position. It is designed in the
Romanesque style, and the plan comprises a nave 40 feet wide,
with spacious aisles and large chancel, together with two side-
chapels, tower and baptistery. Owing, however, to lack of
sufficient funds the south aisle and the upper portion of the tower
are not for the present being proceeded with. The total internal
length of the church is 106 feet, and the width, including the
aisles, 14 feet, whilst the internal height is 46 feet. The com-
pleted church will accommodate about 850 persons, and in the
portion at present built seating accommodation for 600 is
provided. Owing to the comparative shortness of the site a
gallery has been constructed at the west end. The organ is
provided for in a chamber over a portion of the future side-aisle
near the chancel. The High Altar with its lofty and handsome
reredos, chiefly of marble and alabaster, the gift of generous
friends, commands attention. The altar itself is supported by
three groups of columns. The throne is above and behind the
altar-rails, and is also of delicately carved alabaster and marble.
Above it is a panel filled with a representation of the Holy Lamb
in mosaic work, above which again, under a lofty canopy, is a
carved figure of the Resurrection. The altar-rails are of carved
and polished alabaster and marble, with gates of wrought iron.
The steps to the sanctuary and altar, in Greek Tinos marble, are
the gift of a member of the congregation.

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On Oct. 20th Fr. Abbot preached the evening charity sermon
at St. Benedict's, Warrington, in aid of the church. His subject
was St. Benedict, and he unveiled and blessed the beautiful new
statue of the Saint which has been given to the church by
members of the congregation.
The Annual gathering of the London Amplefordians took place at the Holborn Restaurant on Nov. 27th. Owing to Fr. Abbot's absence in Rome, Fr. Prior took the chair, being supported by the Very Rev. Fr. Leo Almond and thirty-three Old Boys and friends. After the usual toasts of Pope and King, Mr. John Tucker proposed that of Alma Mater, which was received most enthusiastically. The Chairman in his reply dwelt on the present flourishing state of Ampleforth, both as a Monastic and Educational Establishment. In reference to the former, he spoke of the Tercentenary of the revival of the English Benedictine Congregation, at the hands of the aged Fr. Sigebert Buckley in the old gate-house of Westminster, which occurred on Nov. 23rd—the Dies Memorabilis—and had been solemnly commemorated at the Abbey of Ampleforth the previous week. He then proceeded to give an account of the College, alluding to the highly satisfactory report of the University Inspectors, also to the excellent results of the Examinations both at the College and at Oxford, and showing that Ampleforth could claim to be abreast of the times. He further gave them an account of all that was taking place, and especially of the proposed erection of an Exhibition Room, new Refectory, more accommodation for small boys—all of which evoked enthusiastic cheers from his audience.

The health of Mr. Harold Pike, who had worked so hard for the success of the gathering, was proposed by Mr. John Tucker. In response Mr. Pike reminded them of the forthcoming Ampleforth Ball, to be held at the Savoy Hotel on January 15th, and begged them all to help in making that a success, expressing a hope that they would all attend and bring their friends.

Mr. Keogh in an excellent speech proposed the health of the Secretary, Mr. John Tucker, who replied giving interesting reminiscences of his connection with Ampleforth. After the health of our Visitors, to which the Rev. H. Squirell of Great Marlow suitably replied, Mr. Penney gave the toast of the Chairman in an amusing speech, which evoked a hearty reply from the Chairman, who alluded to his long connection with the London Dinner, and also to the days of the old Beefsteak suppers. A most enjoyable evening was spent, aided very considerably by Messrs. C. S. Gilbert, Sterndale Bennet, and P. and F. Daniel, whose musical contributions were loudly cheered.

We wish to bring before the notice of our readers the London Ampleforth Ball, to be held on the 15th Jan. next, and to express our hopes that all, who can, will attend. Last year's Cinderella was such a success that they feel justified in attempting something still better. Tickets may be had of the Secretary, Mr. John Tucker, 150 Leadenhall St., E.C., or from Mr. Harold Pike, 23 Doughty St., Mecklenberg Square, London, E.C.

The thirteenth Liverpool annual gathering of Old Amplefordians took place on Tuesday, December 10th, at the Exchange Station Hotel. Fr. Placid Whittle was in the chair, and was supported by Fr. Abbot and about eighty old boys and friends. The toast of the Pope was fittingly entrusted by the Chairman to Fr. Abbot, who had just returned from Rome and from a private audience with the Holy Father. Fr. Abbot roused his hearers to enthusiasm as he vividly described the Pope's keen interest in hearing details of the work at Ampleforth and in our missions. After the loyal toasts the Chairman eloquently and feelingly gave "Alma Mater," and referred to the sacrifices of the past, the thoroughness and unstinted energy which he felt sure were the keynote of the life at Ampleforth to-day, and were responsible for the position in the world of education which alma Mater was steadily and surely acquiring both at home and at Oxford. Mr. Cockshutt, who followed the Chairman in speaking to the toast, entertained his hearers with amusing reminiscences of life at Ampleforth in his time. The response was in the hands of Fr. Abbot and Fr. Edmund, who gave detailed reports of the work done at Ampleforth and Oxford, while particular mention was made by Fr. Edmund of the satisfactory nature of the report sent in by three University Inspectors who last July closely examined every department of the boys' life at Ampleforth. Mention was also made of the fact that the Army Council had recognized the school as efficient. Mr. Chamberlain, with his usual cheeriness, welcomed our friends, singing out for special mention Fr. Browne, S.J. (Rector of St. Francis Xavier's), and Fr. F. Smith, of Garston, whose names were most cordially received. The toast of "the Chair" was given by Fr. Wilfrid Darby, whose entertaining stories of the venerable Chairman evoked much merriment. A
well-merited vote of thanks was accorded to the hon. sec., Mr. John Fishwick, and his assistants for the great success of the reunion, and to Messrs. Jelley, Jos. Bate, D. Traynor, Frs. Basil Primavest and Lawrence Buggins, who contributed pleasing songs during the evening.

By a Brief dated February 27th, 1907, His Holiness Pope Pius X has granted the following Privilege:

A Plenary Indulgence (applicable to the Holy Souls) can be gained by any of the Faithful as often as they visit a Church or Public Oratory belonging to the Benedictines (monks or nuns), between Vespers on November 1st and sunset of the following day, provided that, having made their Confession and received Holy Communion, they pray for the Intentions of the Holy See.

If anyone, prevented by ill-health, Monastic Enclosure, or too great distance from Church (over one mile), is unable to visit a Benedictine Church, he can gain the above Privilege by making a visit to any Church or Public Oratory, provided that he habitually carries a Jubilee Medal of St. Benedict.

This Indulgence, we hear, roused great fervour among the people at St. Anne's, Edge Hill. Close on a thousand received Holy Communion, and a constant stream of people passed in and out of the church during the hours in which the Indulgence could be gained. In future years as the Indulgence comes to be more widely known no doubt even larger numbers will avail themselves of the privilege.

From our Hall at Oxford:

There have been a number of valuable additions to the library. Our best thanks are due to Mr. Philip McCann, the generous donor of the "McCann Scholarship," to M. N. Todd, fellow of Oriel (Br. Justin's "Greats" tutor), who has shown his kindly interest in our Hall by a handsome subscription to the library, and to Fr. Aiden Crow, an old friend. The need of a good library is essential to us, and these generous gifts are thoroughly appreciated.

We hear with pleasure that a second edition of Mr. Ernest Barker's first book, An Introduction to the Study of Aristotle's Politics, has already been called for. Mr. Barker spent five weeks of last vacation at Beauland, and we were pleased to see him frequently at Ampleforth. He has already been the tutor of two men from our hall, and still has two under his charge.

Dr. B. P. Grenfell read a paper to the Philological Society and afterwards gave a public lecture on the fragment of a new Greek historian discovered by himself and Dr. A. S. Hunt at Oxyrhynchus. The fragment, which belongs to a History written on the scale of Thucydides, deals mainly with the Asiatic campaign of Agesilas and covers a period of about eighteen months. In this part there is little that is new except the record of naval operations in the Aegean which were previously unknown. But the most valuable portion is an excursus on the Boeotian Confederation, a subject on which until now the student could learn nothing but the conjectures of his teachers. The author, though innocent of style, is regarded as a capable historian and one who lived near the events he narrated. The learned have not yet agreed upon his name. Dr. Grenfell now calls him Theopompus, but others prefer Cratippus, as Dr. Grenfell himself did a year ago. Both claimants have weighty arguments and weightier names to support them.

Very few of us are privileged to live fifty years in the habit of St. Benedict, and still fewer fifty years as a priest. It is then a matter for rejoicing to us all that Fr. Paulinus Wilson, on December 29th, by God's blessing celebrated the fiftieth year of his priesthood. We offer him our sincerest congratulations. The Holy Father in recognition of his labours for the Church in England has sent to him an autograph letter; for Fr. Paulinus shortly after the jubilee of his priesthood will celebrate the completion of his fiftieth year of missionary labour—an occurrence very seldom recorded in our annals. In the next issue, we will speak more fully of Fr. Paulinus, and hope to give the Holy Father's letter.

Another jubilee, of which we shall have to speak in our next number, is Fr. Whittle's fifty years in the habit. We see from the papers that "a tribute of affection" from the parishioners of
NOTES.

St. Alban's, Warrington, is to be offered to Fr. Placid on the occasion. We congratulate him most heartily and trust that he will live to see other Jubilees.

Our felicitations are also due to Fr. Thomas Bridges of Alston Lane, who on Dec. 19th celebrated the golden Jubilee of his priesthood. He came to Ampleforth in 1847, and ten years later was ordained priest. Since then he has unceasingly laboured for the Church, and among other works built the church of St. Mary's, Fleetwood. We assure him of our prayers that he may yet be spared many years to work for souls.

Our congratulations to Frs. Dunstan Pozzi and Anselm Parker, who were raised to the priesthood by Bishop Hedley on the Sunday previous to the Exhibition in July. Also to Br. Bruno Dawson, who was ordained deacon in the Cathedral Basilica of St. Scholastica at Subiaco by the Archbishop of Spoleto, Mgr. Sarafini, O.S.B.

Many who have experienced kindness and hospitality at the hands of Dom Gregorio Grasso, Prior of the Monastery of Sacro Speco, will be interested to hear that he has been elected Abbot of Praglia (Padua), in the place of Dom Bede Cardinali, who has been appointed Bishop of Civita Vecchia.

The Abbey of Praglia, which is some four or five miles outside Padua, has but recently been restored to the Benedictines by the Government. It is an extensive and interesting building, containing much worthy of the attention of the lover of art. A few weeks ago it was discovered that the whitewash on the walls of the refectory covers frescoes. It is not known as yet if they are of any value, but the names of the artists, such as Mantegna, who worked in the monastery, make the discovery of possible importance.

Fr. Abbot amongst his multifarious duties has found time to give retreats since the Spring to the communities at Downside, St. Mary's, Fleetwood, and other houses belonging to the Congregation.

NOTES.

Sidmouth, Princethorpe, Atherstone, Woodchester Convent, Woodchester Monastery, and the Visitation Convent, Harrow. This surely is worthy of special record. A retreat of seven or ten days is in itself a trying ordeal, but to give seven within a few months would tax the endurance of the strongest. Fr. Abbot had several other applications which he was unable to accept. We trust the blessings that accompany such a work will extend to all the members of his community.

The success of Hunter Blair's Hall (the Ampleforth Hall at Oxford) in the Schools last year was such as to attract outside attention. "A First in History, a First in Lit. Hum., a Second in Theology and a Third in Science is a record of which," says the Oxford Magazine, "a Hall whose total number of undergraduates is nine, may well be proud." These successes were all obtained in the Final Examinations. When we add to them the two Seconds obtained by two of our members in March in Honour (Classical) Moderations we feel we quite deserve the Eulogy bestowed by the Standard, in announcing the Final Lists last August, "on the smallest existing academical body".

The First in History—and we hear it was the first of the Firsts—was obtained by Fr. Bede Jarrett, O.P., who had been studying at our Hall. To him our warmest congratulations. The rest of the successes were all obtained by Ampleforth Monks. Br. Justin McCann, who won the distinction of the First in Greats, has joined the School staff, as has also Br. Dominic Wilson, who is now science master. Br. Aelred Dawson has returned to Oxford as a graduate, Br. Celestine Shepherd, Herbert Byrne, and Sebastian Lambert have still to complete their course.

We offer our sympathy to Mr. John Eckersley on the death of his wife. Mrs. Eckersley has a special claim on our prayers as she was the sister of Frs. Austin and Elphège Hind. May she rest in peace.

We were sorry to read that Mr. W. Aloysius Bradley, Principal of Wellingborough Technical Institute, was in the French Railway
NOTES.

disaster at Courtrai on August 25th. But we wish to compliment
him on the courage which made light of his serious injury. We
hope his recovery was rapid and perfect.

+ + +

We congratulate Dr. P. A. Smith upon the universal recogni-
tion his work in Glasgow has received. His charity and skill were
the subjects of many laudatory speeches at a dinner given on the
occasion of his retirement from part of his extensive practice. We
trust the comparative leisure he ought now to enjoy will bring
with it renewed health for—

“A wise physician skilled our wounds to heal
Is more than armies to the public weal.”

+ + +

We congratulate Fr. Paulinus Hickey on the success of his
volume of sermons. We hear that a second is now ready and
about to be published. We wish it good luck.

+ + +

Fr. Abbot has kindly added the two latest volumes to the
thirty-three he has already given to the library of the works of
Denis the Carthusian. We tender our best thanks also to Fr.
Ildefonso Brown for the erection of a high wire-netting fence
along the terrace on the hill. Those who know the tennis
lawn will realise the nature of the benefit Fr. Ildefonso
has conferred.

+ + +

Our fever is reference books, our fever is encyclopedias, our fever
is Who’s Who’s. It appears to be the spirit of the age, and Catholics
have caught it up. We welcome the Catholic Who’s Who, and are glad to find in its pages many who have begun life at
Ampleforth. It differs slightly from the dry official business-like
tone of other such books, and lapses occasionally into eulogies.
Naturally the reader of the Journal will turn to Bishop Hedley
and there he will find a kindly appreciation of that good pastor’s
work. “This Bishop of his Flock” is indeed a shepherd of
sheep far beyond the boundaries of his own Diocese. Round

about him has centred much of the modern Catholic history of
England. It was his voice that sounded the funeral pan-
gyrics of two successive rulers of Westminster, while by his
pastorales and sermons, by learned yet intelligible articles in the
reviews, by a series of volumes of wide range and answeringly
wide appeal, he has conferred on this generation of English-
speaking Catholics a service never to be forgotten. As an
author the Bishop has had the fortune to be throughout an
instructor of others, and one whose learning and piety have had
the attractive setting supplied by literary gifts. His books
include Our Divine Saviour—the Christian Inheritance—a
Retreat—The Light of Life—a Bishop and his Flock—-Lea Lavi-
torium and The Holy Eucharist.”

Of course the first edition of such a work must contain many
errors. Indeed the publishers recognise the fact and appeal for
correction.

+ + +

An esteemed correspondent and contributor has written to
express his surprise that the origin of the name “Flag Walk”
should be now a puzzle to Amplefordians. He is pained that
the “Higher Criticism” should have seemed to question the fact
that the walk had ever been flagged. But, as he says, “The Flag
Walk” was actually a walk paved with stones. It ranked next in
dignity to the “Penance Walk,” and was intended for exercise after
wet weather, but was used for trying the speed of new arrivals.
No doubt, the flags, or what was left of them, were transferred
to the “New Fives Court” when the latter was established in its
present site.

+ + +

The experiment of an “Ampleforth Christmas Card” came as
a happy thought. Though issued rather hurriedly it has more
than justified itself, and we understand that Fr. Maurus contem-
plates a variety for Christmas 1908.

+ + +

While we are still in press the news of Fr. Romuald Woods’
sudden death has reached us. Though Fr. Romuald was one of
the oldest of the Laurentian Fathers his death has come as an
NOTES.

It was not commonly known that he was troubled with any heart complaint, to which apparently death was due. The circumstances are sad, for he had been spending Christmas, as was his wont, with His Lordship Bishop Hedley, and on the Feast of St. John paid a visit to Nazareth House, Cardiff. Soon after he had left the good sisters he staggered and he fell dead. We ask the prayers of all for Fr. Romuald. He was a good and true monk in whom a whole-hearted love of monastic rule and a large missionary zeal were happily blended. In our next number, one who knew Fr. Romuald will speak of him. R.I.P.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the Adelphian, the St. Augustus, the Beaumont Review, St. Cuthbert's Magazine, the Downside Review, the Georgian, the Ossian, the Raischian, the Raven, the Stonyhurst Magazine, the Studien und Mittheilungen, the Ushaw Magazine, the Revista Storica Benedettiana, the Austral Light and the Bulletin de S. Martin.

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THE SECRETARY,
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The Ven. Père Eudes.

About five years ago—that is to say, on the feast of the Epiphany, 1903—our Holy Father Pope Pius X, after the celebration of Mass in his private oratory, called to his presence the Pro-Prefect of the Congregation of Rites (Cardinal Ferrara), together with the Secretary of that Congregation and the Promotor of the Faith, and declared in their presence that it was proved to his satisfaction that the Ven. John Eudes, Missionary Apostolic, and Founder of the Congregation of Jesus and Mary and of the Order of our Lady of Charity, had practised virtue in the heroic degree. This decision, which he had taken after a full discussion in the Congregation of Rites, he ordered to be published in the form of a Decree, and at the same time he authorized the Sacred Congregation to proceed to the consideration of the four miracles which must precede Beatification. On the 28th of January of the present year, the discussion of the miracles began. It is expected that it will be concluded some time after Easter—and that the decree of Beatification will follow.

Père Eudes is not so well known in this country as he deserves to be. It is true his missionary labours in France
are now three centuries back in the past, and his Congregation of Priests does not exist in England, and is not celebrated even in the land where it sprang up. But the Order of religious women that he established for the reformation of the fallen is widely-spread in English-speaking countries. Founded in the first half of the seventeenth century under the name of Our Lady of Charity, its various Houses were, by its original rule, independent of each other—each observing the Rule of St. Augustine and the Constitutions of the Founder under the jurisdiction of the diocesan authority. In 1635, however, the House of Angers, which was then governed by the Ven. Mother Pelletier, “persuaded that union constitutes strength,” petitioned the Holy See that it might be erected into a Mother House in respect of all its own foundations or filiations. The Congregation thus originated has spread all over the Catholic world under the name of the Good Shepherd. It has adopted one or two alterations in the Constitutions of the Founder, which were finally approved in 1867, and its members, whilst still wearing the white robes with black veil, are distinguished by a blue cincture or cord, and have a figure of the “Good Shepherd” on the silver heart which hangs upon the breast. Every one knows the “Good Shepherd.” It is possible—it is certainly the fact in this country—that the efficiency arising from a centralized form of government has given an impulse to the Institute. But there are, in England, Ireland, and the United States, many Houses of the older dispensation; for example, Barlestree (Hereford), Monmouth, Mold, Waterlooville (Hampshire), Northfield, and Dublin.

Père Eudes, to whom both the original Order and the “Good Shepherd” look up as their father and founder, belonged to that great century of French history the seventeenth. The religious wars of France, which had desolated her provinces for fifty years, had died down in 1601, when Jean Eudes was born. Henri IV had still nine years to reign, before the knife of Ravaillac struck him down. The boy was growing up whilst Mary de’ Medici was governing France for her young son, Louis XIII. At the age of twenty—in the same year as the siege of Rochelle—he received the tonsure at Caen. For Père Eudes was a son of Normandy, and nearly every phase of his career is associated with William the Conqueror’s city of Caen. When he was raised to the priesthood, at the end of 1625, Richelieu had just been admitted to the Council Chamber of Louis XIII.

The year before his ordination Père Eudes had been received into the Congregation of the Oratory. This was the Oratory of St. Philip, the French Oratory, founded by the celebrated Cardinal de Bérulle. The Oratory had a house at Caen, and it was there, during his college days, that the young Norman student came to know it. But he was called to the mother house at Paris to make his noviciate, and that house was his head-quarters for many years. Some of our readers will know the great Church in the Rue St. Honoré called the “Temple”—at present the chief Protestant place of worship in Paris. It was in this church, which was built by Cardinal de Bérulle, that Père Eudes said those first fervent Masses of which he has spoken with such ardent piety.

The French Oratory was founded for the giving of Missions, among other purposes, and Père Eudes was no sooner ordained than he was hard at work. There was a great “mission” movement in France at the beginning of the seventeenth century. Missions were, in a certain sense, a novelty at that time. Certainly there had been great missionary preachers in the country in various centuries, such as St. Dominic, St. Francis of Paula, St. Vincent Ferrer and St. Franço of Sales. But in France, for well on to a hundred years, nearly all religious movements had been paralyzed by the wars and troubles of the times. The Reformation had made a desperate attempt to seize on the country. The French Calvinists and Huguenots were among the noblest, the richest, the most earnest and the most determined men.
of the nation. Nearly every Province had felt their violence, their marchings and counter marchings, their defeats and their victories. With the conversion of Henri IV (1598), the great wave of the movement was spent, and began to subside. But the country was in a sad condition. The biographers of St. Vincent de Paul, as well as those of Père Eudes, cannot find language strong enough to express the negligence and bad behaviour of the clergy, the ignorance and low morality of the people, and the shocking condition of the churches. It would be interesting to discuss the evidence there is for this state of things, and to consider whether there is not some exaggeration. The religious wars of France, like all wars down to quite modern times, disturbed the emus, in a degree relatively slight in comparison with the whole extent of the land. Except on the very spots where armies were encamped, where towns were besieged and battles were fought, the life of the nation, religious and civil, in town and village, went on much as usual. There were at the beginning of the seventeenth century crying evils—each as appointments of Bishops who never resided, and of benefice-holders who did nothing but spend their incomes. But perhaps religion was rather slumbering than really dead, even in the worst cases. The mere material framework of a church like that of France keeps the sacramental and spiritual life going as long as it is allowed to stand. But it would take us too long to pursue this subject. There can be no dispute that Missions were needed, and that Père Eudes was one of the very first to take up this Apostolate on behalf of his native Province.

Père Eudes gave his first Mission in 1631, in the diocese of Coutances. It was a little earlier in the same year that St. Vincent de Paul established his "Priest of the Mission" at St. Lazar. Two years later, in 1634, M. Olier, who at first worked under St. Vincent, preached with so much success in Auvergne. The great Missions of Père Le Noble in Brittany were given from 1641 to 1672. The Missions of
Whether it was that his hearers guessed what he wanted, or whether the passage really fell flat, not a soul stirred. The good Bishop tried again, but with no greater success. It is stated that, he tried a third time, and reproached them for not taking up the cry for mercy; but although they felt for him, and knew that they ought to have been moved, they sat still and silent. Camus, who seems to have thought he could preach in the style of Pere Eudes, took his bad success with great good temper. He used to say, in after days, that he had heard many preachers, but never one who could touch the heart like the holy missionary.

The great attraction which Pere Eudes felt for this missionary work caused him, in a few years' time, to sever his connection with the Oratory. No man could have been more sensible of the inestimable benefit which he had derived from the training of such men as De Berulle and De Condren. The effects of that training are seen in all his writings and in his whole spirit. But the superiors of the Oratory had other purposes in view besides Missions. Moreover, it was Paris and not Normandy that was first in their thoughts. There was a little friction, and it is clear that the Oratorian chiefs thought that Pere Eudes was too impetuous and hardly spiritual enough. Even saints are not allowed to read each other's hearts. Pere Eudes, who was not bound by any religious vows, and who acted with the best advice, ceased to belong to the Oratory when, on the feast of the Annunciation, 1643, with the warm approval of the Bishop of Bayeux, he entered a humble lodging at Caen with a few good priests who were the nucleus of the "Congregation of Jesus and Mary"—which, we may well say, was to take the place of the French Oratory when its glory was dimmed in later years. The object of this Congregation was to direct diocesan seminaries and to give Missions. The work it did, chiefly in Normandy, was similar to what St. Vincent's Lazarists were beginning to do in Paris and in the East and South of France. In the course of about fifteen years we find the Congregation in possession of four Episcopal seminaries—those of Caen (Bayeux), Coutances, Lisieux, and the metropolitan seminary of Rouen. Like all other works which God intends to bless, the establishment of this Congregation was only effected through infinite trouble and much suffering. With the help of St. Vincent de Paul, he obtained the consent of the Crown—an essential matter in France. But the Parliament of Paris would not register the decree, and the General Assembly of the Clergy refused their approbation. Neither does it seem that he ever obtained the formal approval of the Holy See. But the Bishops of Normandy, who knew him, supported him warmly. At the time of the Revolution the Institute counted seventeen establishments. More than one of its members perished in glorious martyrdom during the Terror, and will one day, it is probable, be raised to the altars. After the storm was passed, some of the survivors built up the family of Pere Eudes afresh. It has now—or had before the expulsion—a number of Houses in France, and flourishing foundations have been made in Canada and the United States. Its present Superior General, Pere Ange Le Doré, has erected the best possible monument to his holy Founder, by editing his writings, and promoting the publication of an authoritative biography.

The Order of Our Lady of Charity was established in the city of Caen, in 1645. To found an order of religious women who should vow themselves to take in and reform the fallen members of their sex was a new and bold step in the seventeenth century. There had been Refuges before—but not Refuges directed and worked by nuns. The wise and the easily-shocked had a great deal to say. But Pere Eudes persevered. With the help of Sisters whom he borrowed from the Visitation, he gathered a small community in a private house, obtained the authorization of the Bishop of Bayeux, who canonically erected them into a diocesan Congregation, and secured the all-important Letters
patent of the Crown (1641). Fifteen years later they acquired the property on which now stands the great House at Caen, and there installed the venerated image of Our Lady which the good Carmelites had given them, and which still stands in their choir. In the year 1666 they had the happiness of receiving what the Ven. Founder's Congregation of men failed to obtain—a Bull of institution from the Holy See. The effect of this Bull of Alexander VII is that the Institute is not a mere Congregation, but a religious Order, in the same sense as, for example, the Order of the Visitatin.

It would be both interesting and edifying, if it were possible here, to dwell upon the spirit and the piety of this holy man. He belongs to a very remarkable epoch. At the beginning of the seventeenth century Europe was beginning to be what we know as “modern Europe.” There was a marked centralization of power, a great increase in trade and wealth, a new splendour and opulence in court, castle and camp, and a glorious outburst of effort and achievement in literature and art. The wonderful spectacle of the riches and culture of the Florence of the Medici seems to have influenced all the courts and great cities of Europe in the strongest way, but especially France and Savoy. Kings like Henry IV, Louis XIII, and Louis XIV, and ministers like Richelieu, Mazarin and De Retz, whilst they played the dark game of politics and moved armies across the continent, steadily encouraged learning, founded libraries and colleges, built splendidly and patronised the writer, the orator and the poet. The Catholic Church, always prepared, in her divine strength and vigour, to take advantage of every opportunity and show her unyielding vitality after the darkest winter, was served in France by some of the most brilliant men of that century. They not only took up with new power the great French traditions of the later Middle Age, but they used every resource of new learning, new eloquence, and new art, to carry them on. Père Eudes belonged to that group of
THE VEN. PERE EUDES.

highminded and fervent men at the head of whom are De Bérulle, De Condren, and Olier. It was under them that he learnt the spiritual life, and the burning language that so powerfully expressed it. De Bérulle was called by Pope Urban VIII the Apostle of the Word made Flesh; De Condren taught the priests of the New Law how to follow Christ in His work of expiation; Olier strove to form the masses of the faithful on the model of Jesus. The spirit of Père Eudes was to lead sinners and saints to God by Jesus, and by the Mother of Jesus. All these contemplatives and ascetics used a noble, warm and eloquent language. They made beautiful and touching prayers, using a prose that seemed to go back to St. Bernard and to Henry Suso, and that carried on the strains of Lanspergus and Bloisius. Père Eudes himself has poured himself out also in verse. Whether in Latin or in his native tongue he writes verse with ease and eloquence. It is not poetry of the highest rank; it is rather rhetoric—very smooth, direct and fervent. He has left no sermons—although he preached incessantly for over fifty years. But his books tell us how he preached. As a Missioner, he naturally went over with his hearers the whole field of Catholic doctrine and Christian exhortation. But he had always before him the vivid and concrete idea of the Kingdom of Christ. Like other men of God, he trusted to Christ’s Mother to help him to bring men to her Son. He is distinguished as the apostle of the most pure Heart of Mary. It would be interesting to discuss where he found this inspiration. We know that he was well acquainted with St. Gertrude and St. Mechtildis. He joined the Sacred Heart of Jesus with the heart of Mary. His peculiar form of expression, at first, was “the Heart of Jesus and Mary,” not the “Hearts.” From 1640 we find him devoted to these sacred Hearts, which he said were one heart, in spirit, in purpose, and in operation. He consecrated to them the two Congregations which he founded (1641-3). He gave his sons and daughters that aspiration which has since become so
A° THE VEN. PERE HUMES.

well known—Ave Cor sanctissimum, Ave Cor amantissimum Jesu et Mariae. With the permission of the Bishops, he instituted in 1646 the solemn celebration of the feast of the most pure Heart of Mary. He composed an Office for that feast, which was approved in 1648 by several Bishops. In that year, the feast was kept with great solemnity in the Cathedral of Autun. But it was in Normandy that it chiefly spread, and his own fervent writings made the devotion more and more widely known. In 1655, his Seminary at Coutances dedicated the first Church to “the Heart of Jesus and Mary.” It is true that the Holy See would not, during his lifetime, give its approval. But the devotion was authorized, not only by many Bishops, but by the Papal legate (1668)—and meanwhile his own writings passed from hand to hand, more churches were dedicated, and confraternities were established in many places.

But, from 1670 onwards, a new and striking development took place. He seems gradually to have altered his original formula, and to have come to speak of Mary’s Heart only, leaving out the sacred Name of Jesus. It was dawning upon him that the devotion of all devotions for the establishment of the Kingdom of Jesus was devotion to His own Sacred Heart. It was in 1670 that he composed his book La dévotion au Cœur adorable de Jesus, with a proper Mass and Office. In the two years that followed, the Archbishop of Rouen, and all the Sees of Normandy adopted the feast and Office of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and Pere Eudes, in a formal circular, established it as the patronal feast of his Society. Many religious Congregations took it up, among others the Benedictines of the Blessed Sacrament (1672), who were the first to begin the Perpetual Adoration. “Let us thank God,” exclaims the Venerable founder to his children, “for the infinite grace and incomprehensible favour with which our dear Saviour honours our Congregation, in giving us His most adorable Heart with the most amiable Heart of His holy Mother.” When we call to mind that the Blessed Margaret Mary was only born in 1647, and that it was in 1673 that she had the first of her great apparitions, the devotion which was spreading in Normandy in 1670-72 is a very remarkable fact. There seems no indication that she was in any degree influenced by what Pere Eudes said or did. She was the instrument chosen by Providence to make known the wishes of Our Lord to the whole world. But the Apostle of Normandy had been illuminated with a similar light and moved by a like inspiration. To this day the Order of religious women which he founded continue to celebrate the feast of Our Lord’s Sacred Heart on October 20th, and that of the most pure Heart of Mary on February 8th—the days finally appointed by himself; whilst in the offices of those feasts they use, with the full approval of the Holy See, the proper Masses, with their remarkable sequences, and the proper of the nocturns and hours, composed by their venerable founder before the Blessed Margaret Mary was known to the Church. Thus he is called, in the Decree of January 6th, 1903, the “institutor of the liturgical cultus of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary.”

It is pleasing to recall, in these pages, that Pere Eudes had many associations with the Order of St. Benedict. He was affiliated by Dom Gregory Tarrisse, in 1638. Dom Tarrisse, who lived at the great Abbey of St. Germain, in Paris, was the first President-General of the Congregation of St. Maur, and was a man of great holiness and learning, much esteemed by Anne of Austria. He was a friend of St. Vincent de Paul, of Pere de Condren, and of M. Olier. When Pere Eudes came to Paris, which he very frequently did, he never failed to call at the Abbey, where he met all the leading ecclesiastics and scholars of the capital. He frequently preached in the Abbey Church. At many other Benedictine Houses of men and of women, such as that of St. Stephen at Caen, and of Montmartre at Paris, he was welcomed as a friend and a saint. With many of them he formed a union
of prayer. With the Abbess of the great convent of Montmartre he had made an agreement, drawn out and signed in duplicate, by which he, with his communities, on the one side, and the Abbess and nuns on the other, were to share in each other's prayers and good works. A number of these agreements are kept—or were kept not very long ago—in the seminary at Caen. No one had more interesting relations with Père Eudes, and entered more eagerly into his spirit, than that very remarkable woman, the Ven. Catherine Mechthildis (Catherine de Bari), who in 1659, after a saintly and troubled career of some forty years, founded in the Rue Cassette the first House of the Benedictines of Perpetual Adoration. It was in the chapel of the Rue Cassette that Père Eudes, on one occasion, spoke to the all-powerful Queen-Mother in the plainest and most apostolic style. It was the 8th of February, 1661, and the nuns were keeping with great pomp, and with the "proper Mass" of the Venerable missionary, the feast of the Heart of Mary. The chapel was crowded with the rank and fashion of Paris—for it had been rumoured that the Queen was to be present. She did come, but the holy man had almost finished his sermon when the cheers of the crowd outside announced her arrival. As soon as the Queen was seated, Père Eudes began a new sermon. He has given a very full report of it in a letter to his Priests at Caen. I need only say that if the Queen said—as she is reported to have said—that Père Eudes was right, and that it was for her to profit by his words, she displayed a Christian spirit such as sovereigns do not always show—for he could hardly have spoken more strongly. We see, incidentally, how religious Congregations were taking up the devotions preached by Père Eudes. All the numerous Houses of the Perpetual Adoration (or Benedictines of the Blessed Sacrament) practised and propagated the devotion to the Heart of Our Lady, and it was for them, in 1668, that the proper Office of that feast was approved by Cardinal de Vendôme, legate of the Holy See. The devotion was also practised in the ancient Abbey of nuns of the Holy Trinity at Caen, and at Montmartre. The nuns of St. Césarit at Arles were the first to obtain a brief from Rome for the establishment of a Confraternity of that Holy Heart. Although the Benedictine monks did not adopt the feast till much later, we read of the devotion being approved as early as 1643 in the Abbey of St. Stephen at Caen, and of Père Eudes's litanies and hymns being chanted at Val-Richer. The Franciscans of the great French Province celebrated the feast, with the approbation of the Holy See, on the first day of June, in the lifetime of the holy Missionary. It was also adopted at an early date by the Ursulines and Carmelites, and by the Visitation.

When the Ven. Mother Pelletier sent the first Sisters of the Good Shepherd to London, in 1840, they were taken in with the greatest kindness by the Benedictine nuns of the old Convent at Hammersmith, which stood where the present Convent of the Sacré Cœur (late the Westminster seminary) now is. And when that holy and enterprising woman visited London, a year or two afterwards, she was no doubt welcomed there herself. Our readers do not need to be told how intimate and continuous have been the relations between the Cathedral Monastery of St. Michael, Hereford, and the Convent of Our Lady of Charity established in 1859 at Barrestree (Hereford) by the munificence of the late Mr. Bidulph Phillippes and his daughter. In the popular Life of Père Eudes by Père Pinas (1901), there is a translation of an extract from the Hereford Times describing the arrival of the Sisters at Barrestree. The date is not given, and I have not taken the trouble to verify it—but it is no doubt perfectly authentic; it is signed "W. Watthen, eye witness." It describes how four Sisters, in their habits, one of them Mr. Phillippes's daughter, were welcomed at Longworth by Mr. Phillippes himself and a great crowd of neighbours (most of them Protestants). The horses, we are
told, were taken out of the carriage, and the good people
dragged the Sisters to the house, whilst the bells of Lug-
wardine and Weston Beggard rang peals of joy.

It were to be desired that a popular life of Pére Eudes in
English could be prepared for the hoped-for beatification.

There are several "lives" in French, of which one or two
may here be named. In 1880 the Abbé Le Cointe published
from the original MS. the old and authoritative Life by Pére
Martine, a Eudist Father, with excellent notes.6

Pére Pinas, a Eudist Father, published, in 1901, under
the authority of Pére Le Doré, a well written and popular
life, with many excellent illustrations.† In the well known
series called "Les Saints," M. Joly has given us a modern,
scientific, and most Catholic life of the great Missionary
and founder.‡ About four years ago, The Very Rev.
Pére Le Doré, Superior General of the Congregation of
Jesus and Mary (the Eudist Fathers) entrusted to one of
his Fathers, Pére Boulay, the task of writing a "life" of the
venerable Founder which should be official, authentic and
complete. The first volume of this came out in 1905, and
the third last year (1907). A fourth will complete the
work.† So far as it has appeared, this biography amply
justifies its claim to be the definitive life of Pére Eudes.
The writer has had before him all the numerous writings of
the holy man and his contemporaries, and has illustrated
the narrative from every quarter. He writes in a pious and
filial style, which will be highly appreciated not only by
his religious brethren and sisters, but by all Catholic readers,

who agree with Cardinal Ferrata in thinking that Pére
Eudes has been too long forgotten.8

Of the illustrations that we give, one is a reproduction of
a group by Valentini. The face is not so characteristic as
the more common engraving of the Venerable Father
holding the Sacred Heart. The old Monastery here given
is the well-known House of St. Michel, on the Boulevard
St. Michel, in Paris. It was the "Hôtel" of a great
Magistrate bought by the Visitation in 1623. S. Jane Frances
lived for some time in one of the rooms or cells. After the
Revolution, it was acquired by the Congregation of Our
Lady of Charity, and they occupied it till last year. The
room of St. Chantal was the cell of the Mother Superior. I
had the privilege of visiting it some years ago. The
building is now being pulled down. With it will disappear
an interesting relic of the Paris of the League.

† J. C. H.

* An English translation of the biography by Monstre was published by
Richardson in 1871. The translation is fair, but Monstre's work is far from
being adequate.

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6 Vie du R. P. Jean Eudes, Par le P. Julien Martine. Publié et annoté
par l'Abbé Le Cointe. Caen, 1880.
Paris, 1901.
8 Le Vénérable Pére Eudes. Par Henri Joly, membre de l'Institut. Paris,
V. Lecoffre, 1907.
9 Vie du Vénérable Jean Eudes. Par le P. D. Boulay. Paris, René Haton,
1905-7.
Holiday Rambles.  
II—Danubian Abbeys.

It was a bright afternoon in June as from the deck of a Danube steamer the three pilgrims first caught sight of Melk. Rising from an eminence some two hundred feet high from the very brink of the broad river, the Abbey presents a most imposing appearance. Guide-books describe it as looking more like a palace than a monastery, which, considering the many monasteries about the world whose size and splendour throw palaces into insignificance, cannot be called a well-chosen comparison. Two towers of moderate height and an elegant dome break the severe and somewhat monotonous outline of the buildings; and as we draw nearer we notice that it is the immense mass of masonry

* An earlier paper on the "Scots Abbeys of Germany" appears in the Ampleforth Journal for April 1921, p. 233.
HOLIDAY RAMBLES.

with its regular lines and good proportion rather than any striking feature or beauty of detail that gives character and grandeur to the pile. One wing is over 450 feet in length, just as long as the spire of St. Stephen's in Vienna is high; we afterwards counted 300 windows in the face of this wing.

The steamer dropped us and our baggage at the little pier about a quarter of a mile from the monastery, whither a road led at first through shady woods covering the flat banks of the main stream, next beneath the precipitous rock on which the buildings stand, and then up the steep, hot, glaring street of the little town. Two huge circular bastions, relics of ancient fortifications against the Turks, guard the main entrance; the road rising between them to the open gate of the first quadrangle. Not a soul was about; the drowsy quiet of a sultry afternoon hung over the silent place, and the reflected glare from tall white walls made one long, the shade of cool cloisters. Passing unchallenged through the first court, then beneath an archway into the still larger Prelatenhof, we reached the principal doorway, rang a loud bell that summoned a drowsy porter, and then sent up our names to the abbot. As nobody expected us, as we didn't look much like pilgrim monks, and as our German was scanty, we were a little doubtful as to our reception. Ushered into a guest room, a young monk came to inspect us and enquire our business; after which we were conducted into the presence of my Lord Abbot, a portly, dignified, middle-aged man, not tall, very shrewd-looking, who received us courteously if at first a little stiffly. By way of equalising matters we decided to converse in Latin. A dead language unfamiliar to both parties is a convenience on these occasions, preventing either party having an advantage over the other; and of course we presumed that the inmates of these abodes of learning would be at least as conversant with colloquial Latin as pilgrims from the English mission. Any restraint on the abbot's
When the Turks besieged Vienna, in 1683, Abbot Gregory fortified the monastery and with it held the fords of the Danube. Shorn of its princely revenues under Joseph II, the repute of its School and the utility of its parochial work barely saved it from suppression. Napoleon occupied it before the battle of Wagram, and levied heavy contributions on the monks; but he treated them with respect and protected the fabric from injury.

The buildings are about 200 years old, having been almost entirely reconstructed on a magnificent scale after a destructive fire. They belong therefore to that eighteenth century when so many continental monasteries were rebuilt, and to the Palladian or Italian style prevalent at the period. All gothic or medieval work has disappeared; the wide and far-flung corridors, the spacious apartments, the rectangular fenestration, the ample staircase (up which Napoleon rode), the classic ornament, all testify to the prevailing fashion. The general effect is one of magnificence and wealth, with an absence of comfort and taste; what strikes an English visitor most is the size of everything, the unlimited space, the massive masonry, making our buildings at home, even the finest, look narrow and cramped in comparison. Whole suites of apartments can be set aside for distinguished guests, such as the Imperial Archdukes, who occasionally stay at the abbey. The monks’ rooms, though spacious and airy, were furnished simply and with no appearance of luxury.

The church is a good specimen of the magnificent architecture of its age, a basilica rich in genuine and costly marbles, with plenty of gilding and fine paintings; not excessively large, but stately and impressive. From the “Platz” in front, looking west, one gains a fine view of the Danube valley—the wide full river winding through low, vine-clad hills, and studded with green wooded islands, little villages dotted over the broad plain, and gleaming in the south the far-off peaks of the Tyrolean Alps. As befits a Benedictine house, one of its distinctions is the Library.
HOLIDAY RAMBLES

which is rich in MSS., and particularly in black-letter "Fama nobilium," the priceless specimens of the earliest printing-presses. In treasures of this kind few institutions can rival these great Austrian abbeys, for they were the first patrons of the press, and have never suffered from the spoiler's hand. The library at Melk is kept up-to-date; several of the community are decorated members of various learned societies; and copies of great editions generally find their way to these well-cared for shelves.

Our courteous guide failed not to conduct us to the monastic farm buildings which prove that these venerable institutions still maintain the agricultural traditions of the Order. Horses, oxen, pigs, sheep, all were in fine condition and housed to perfection. The cattle of English breed they were specially proud of, and the bulls and sheep that had just won first prizes at the local Shows! The new laundry was the present abbot's work; its up-to-date machinery, and well-found appurtenances (not to mention the spotless linen of our worthy guide), betokening a laudable care for cleanliness and sanitation.

An early rise was needed next morning if we were to say Mass, and snatch a hurried breakfast, before catching the steamer as it passed the abbey pier; but lordly hospitality accompanied our visit to its close, and at the gates we found waiting two carriages and pair, one to take the abbot to the railway station, whom parliamentary duties called to Vienna, the other to drive us pilgrims to the boat. A thick mist hung over the valley at that early hour, and though it was midsummer, the drive down to the boat was exceedingly damp and chilly; so was the river journey for the first couple of hours. Gradually, however, as the fog lifted, we caught glorious glimpses of some of the finest scenery on the Danube. On either bank rose wood-clad hills, interspersed with bluff crags, topped sometimes with castle-ruins; or else fertile reaches of meadow and orchard stretched out, flecked with smiling hamlets and the spires of village churches; sometimes narrow g lens opened between the hills, with swift torrents rushing down them to the stream. Convents, palaces, castles came into view in turn, chief among them, Dürnstein, the ruined fortress beneath whose walls Blondel sang his lays when our Lion-hearted Richard was imprisoned by the recent Austrian Duke. Everywhere a fair rich country that looked as if it had been cultivated for centuries; and ever beneath us rolling swiftly the full stream of the Danube,—until at length we descried in the distance, crowning the crest of a steep wooded hill, the majestic pile that was the goal of our next pilgrimage.

The position of Göttweig would be hard to rival! It conforms first of all to the old canon which prescribes hill-tops for Benedictine sites—"montes Benedictus amabat;" yet though many a fair abbey is built on mountain slopes or summit, I know none other which quite compares with this—the hill, over 700 feet high, stands out so definitely as the principal feature of the landscape, and the hill-top is so completely circled with its ring of stately buildings. Many of our readers will recall the view of Credenhill from the banks of the Wye or from the tower of Belmont Minster. Let them imagine such a hill as Creden, thickly wooded like it, but much higher and with a monastery on top instead of a forest-hidden camp; the river flowing about the same distance from its foot, a far nobler and ampler stream; other hill-ranges rising away at the back, but neither overcrowding nor dominating the chief summit. Or again, if the new St. Lawrence's had been erected, as one of these pilgrims afterwards suggested, on top of the hill so feebly named from "the old bathing-place," it would have presented to the valley something of the appearance of Göttweig. A city seated on a mountain indeed! I have seen finer sites and more picturesque buildings, but never the two so perfectly combined. The curtain of battlemented walls, the bastions and towers, form a perfect mural-crown, and remind one less of a single monastery than of some old Italian town on a
spur of the Apennines. Graceful turrets rise from the angles of the walls, yet to English eyes the place lacks some one dominating feature, a tower or spire or dome, to give it unity and a centre. Still in its symmetry and grace Gottweig makes a completely satisfactory picture—a glorious natural site bearing buildings imposing and dignified and worthy of their unrivalled situation.

Arrived at the landing-place, Furth, we decided to walk the few miles on to the abbey. The day grew oppressively sultry; the climb up and round the hill, however excellent the road, was distinctly penitential, and we only reached the gates after many pauses to admire the view, and some speculation as to our reception. There is always something uncertain and chilly about a stranger's arrival at these grand monasteries; they look so big and empty and forbidding, and it seems nobody's business to receive one! The difficulty is not diminished when one comes unannounced, with no other introduction than a celebret; and then, there is usually trouble about the language! We's courage used to ooze away under these circumstances; and when the doorbell clanged harshly through the vast, empty cloister, he wanted to run away, saying we looked more like tramps than monks. B's kindly cynicism and caustic remarks restored our composure; and during the inevitable delay we were amused by the monastic gravity with which some young monks frittered by, absolutely ignoring our presence. It reminded one of Belmont. At length a lay-brother appeared whom we persuaded, with some difficulty, to announce our arrival; but as soon as we were ushered into the Prior's room, his pleasant greeting set us at once at our ease. The abbot would shortly see us; we must stay for dinner; meanwhile our drooping spirits and weary limbs were refreshed by a welcome rest and a draught of beer, and notwithstanding difficulties of language the kindliest relations were soon set up. Here again the neutral ground of Latin afforded endless opportunities of mirth. No. 2 was by no means so voluble in Latin as in his mother tongue; and when his habitual impetuosity rushed him into the middle of a sentence from which there was no escape he would coolly turn to No. 3 and expect him to finish it off.

The abbey of Our Lady at Gottweig, in the diocese of San Polten in Lower Austria, was founded in 1083 by Blessed Altmann, Bishop of Passau, for Canons Regular of St. Augustine; but within ten years it was handed over to Benedictines by his successor, Bishop Udalric. This transference, as at Melk, of a new foundation from the Canons to the monks is significant, as marking the popularity and renown which Benedictines then enjoyed. It was an age of monastic revivals, the age of the Cluniacs, of Hildebrand, of St. Bernard, the age when even Scottish pilgrims could found a dozen monasteries in as many German cities. During the prolonged struggle between the Empire and the Papacy the monks were ranged on the side of Pope and freedom against imperial tyranny, and each new monastery became a fortress for the Holy See. Besides the abbey for men an aristocratic nunnery was also built at Gottweig, originally at the foot of the hill, later transferred to the mountain itself. The twin houses passed through the usual mutations, relaxations and reforms, until during the Reformation period both were gradually ruined, and at length completely abandoned.

It was not for long. Very remarkable is the vitality of these old houses, and their power of recuperation! Their roots must have struck deep into the soil of Church and nation to enable them to revive as soon as ever oppression ceased. Conventual life was resumed in 1570 under an abbot from Melk; and Gottweig took up again its career of usefulness and religion. On June 17th, 1718, it met the fate of so many monasteries, and was burnt to the ground, to rise from its ashes more splendid than ever. New buildings in the spacious and magnificent style of the period were erected during the next ten years, though the original plan has not even yet been completed. Like all other Austrian
abbey, Göttweig suffered much from the intolerable meddling of the Emperor Joseph II—"my brother, the Sacristan," as Frederick the Great used to call him. But it held on doggedly through imperial oppressions, Napoleonic invasions, and the relaxing influences of the early nineteenth century. The recurrence of its eighth centenary found it already awakened by the monastic revival of the past generation; and at the date of our visit it had become the Novitiate and Presidential residence of the newly-formed Congregation of Our Lady Immaculate. The present abbot, the fifty-eighth holder of his office, rules over a community of some seventy monks.

In external work these Austrian monasteries closely resemble our abbeys in England; as there is usually attached to them a gymnasium, or public school for the better classes, and dependent upon them are a number of parishes or chaplaincies served by one, two or more monks, according to size and importance. Göttweig rules over some forty of these dependencies, containing some 36,000 souls. It has a library of 45,000 volumes, with 1700 incunabula of the fifteenth century.

After being duly conducted over the monastery and church the pilgrims were taken to the refectory where we found about 30 conventuals assembled, the officials and guests sitting at the abbot's table, the juniors and novices ranged down the sides of the large apartment. Reading was continued for about half the meal, and then, in our honour, conversation was allowed. After grace the juniors retired, the seniors remaining to entertain the guests. It was pleasant then to watch the humanizing effect of a friendly pipe! At first, though treated with extreme kindness, we had been regarded with a little reserve, and perhaps some suspicion, not unnatural under the circumstances of the time. Only a year before, fresh arrangements among the abbeys of the Empire had resulted in the formation of two separate Congregations; the controversies that had led to this producing suspicions under which even the English strangers might be regarded as reformers in disguise. Our hosts may have fancied we should be easily shocked. It was with hesitation therefore, and half apologetically, that after dinner some one displayed a packet of cigars, one of which No. 1 at once graciously accepted. A look of relief was exchanged; but when from the hidden recesses of a coat-pocket, No. 2 produced a short and well-used pipe, the smile of satisfaction that went round the table was beautiful to behold! A monk with a pipe like that might be trusted anywhere,—he at least never could be a Reformer! Alas for the fallacy of human judgments! How hard to judge character even from a pipe!

The afternoon passed most pleasantly and we were loath to leave the friendly community. Though pressed to stay the night, we hurried on, caught a train at Fürth, and made our way without incident to Vienna:
"Onward to where the rude Carinthian boor
Against the houseless stranger shuts his door."

Of our visit to the Benedictines at Vienna little can be said, and of our reception there the less said the better. The "Schottenhaus" must always be interesting to pilgrims from Britain if only for its name and history; moreover our party had been personally associated with the recent restoration of the Order in Scotland, where the new abbey of Fort Augustus represents the old Schottenhaus of Ratisbon from which that at Vienna had been colonised. During the eleventh and twelfth centuries Scottish monks were wandering all over Germany, founding monasteries, teaching schools, edifying the people by holy conversation and austere lives. The houses they founded were specially meant to be homes for exiles and pilgrims, resting places and guest-houses where hospitality should never fail, least of all to those who hailed from far-off Britain. Of these numerous foundations Ratisbon actually retained a Scottish community until its extinction in the middle of the nineteenth century, its last member joining the band of English monks that began in 1877 the abbey at Fort Augustus. At the present day the only survivor of these interesting foundations is the venerable abbey that has stood in the suburbs of Vienna for nigh eight hundred years, still bearing the honoured name of "Our Lady of the Scots," though it has lost its Scottish community and character. Founded in 1058, just outside the walls of Vienna, by Henry first Duke of Austria, the fortunes of the abbey flourished with the rising fortunes of the new Kaiserstadt; but when the stream of pilgrims diminished, it became an object of envy, and by the beginning of the fifteenth century the Scottish monks were forced to relinquish their hold. Dwindling numbers and relaxed observance were alleged as reasons for the change; and possibly the best hope of reform lay in the introduction of a larger community which could then only be Teuton. The abbey is reputed to be wealthy; one can believe it remembering the centuries during which
HOLIDAY RAMBLES

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the pilgrims bowed themselves out; the dignity diminished by the fact that the dialogue was held on both sides in dog-Latin, interspersed on one side by disconcerting remarks from W. and B. in very plain English. We had visited many monasteries of many Orders in many lands; but it was the first time we had been turned away from their gates! Sadly pondering certain passages of the Holy Rule, we thought of the exiled Scots who had met with such kindness on this spot, but whose descendants had forgotten the hospitality for which their house had been founded. One only consolation remained; despite appearances we had again been taken for "Reformers"—a compliment to that monastic zeal which no disguise could effectually conceal!

We lunched in frugal comfort in the city, and then spent some cheerful hours sauntering about the Graben and visiting the Imperial tombs at the Capuchins; ending up the afternoon by a studious inspection of sausage-making machines in the Prater. After a few pleasant days in the Austrian capital we turned our steps westward again, and took our railway tickets to the Abbey of Lambach.

J. I. C.

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**A Dialogue on Socialism.**

**A SOCIALIST.** A CATHOLIC.

SOCIALIST. It is a mystery to me why you oppose us. You claim to be specially the Church of the poor; but when we offer the one thing that can effectually help the poor, you call it immoral. You claim to be the Church of Christ, but when we wish to put in practice the best of Christ's social teaching, you call us anti-Christian—though there are with us ministers of all other Christian denominations. As a matter of fact it has nothing to do with morals or religion; it is purely a question of economics. You don't call free-trade anti-Christian, or protection immoral. And any man, Catholic, Atheist, or Buddhist, can be a Socialist, just as any man can be a free-trader. There is only one explanation of your attitude—you oppose Socialism because you don't understand it.

CATHOLIC. As long as you believe that, there is no chance of profitable discussion between us. Your popular writers have cried so often "Socialists know," and "Socialists understand," that now you all believe in your intellectual superiority. Every working man who has read his Clarion for three months is ready to pity and abuse the ignorance of any one who disagrees with him. If you attempt seriously to examine an argument with him and see where it leads, he assures you that you do not understand, and pours out a ponderous repetition of the argument in its elementary form.

S. It is easy to call his argument ponderous; it may be sound for all that. Educate him rightly, and he will give you an argument that is neat as well as true.

C. Quite so, and we do at least our share to educate him.
But meanwhile, why teach him to imagine himself superior to every one who differs from him?

S. Don't you teach the Catholic child that his possession of the truth raises him above all the learned who are not Catholics? Don't you teach him that outsiders attack you only because they do not understand you? “Ignorance concerning Catholics the protection of the Protestant view; fable the basis of the Protestant view; prejudice the life of the Protestant view,” says Cardinal Newman. And any one who understands what Socialism is knows that the attacks on it are mostly made up of ignorance, fable, and prejudice.

C. That is true of a vast amount of platform and newspaper outcry. But if you would read the writings of such Catholics as Cardinal Manning, C. S. Devas, or Father Rickaby, you would be satisfied on two points—that they quite understand what Socialism is, and that they equally understand and expose the stupidity of those newspaper attacks on you.

S. Then why do they oppose us? Where do we differ? Do you think we could go over the ground together, trying as much as possible not to argue, but simply to see how far we agree and why we disagree? Our position is, that the press are intolerable; secondly, that it is our duty to help forward the remedy; thirdly, that the remedy is Socialism. Shall we discuss them in detail?

C. I think we are agreed on the first and second points. I once set side by side the descriptions of the present evils given by Pope Leo XIII and by the English Social Democratic Federation. They are startlingly alike.\(^\text{1}\) The capitalistic mode of production, because it has passed that workingmen have surrendered, all isolated and helpless, to the hard-heartedness of employers and based upon the divorcement of the majority of the people from the instruments of production and the concentration of these instruments in the hands of a minority. Society is thus divided into two opposite classes: one, the capitalists and their sleeping partners, the landlords and loan-mongers, holding in their hands the means of production, distribution and exchange, and being therefore able to command the labour of others; the other, the working-class, the wage-earners, the proletariat, possessing nothing but their labour-power, and being consequently forced by necessity to work for the former . . . .

Thus, while on one hand there is incessantly going on a steady accumulation of capital, wealth and power into a steadily diminishing number of hands, there is on the other hand a constantly growing insecurity of livelihood for the mass of wage-earners . . . .

But the more this social division widens, the stronger grows the revolt of the proletariat against the capitalist system of society.

\(^\text{1}\) The Pope and the People, pp. 2, 36, and Programme of the English S. D. F.
There seems to be complete agreement here, both in condemning the present system and in attributing its evils to the same cause—the monopolising by a privileged class of the "sources of supply" or "instruments of production." As to the duty of helping forward a remedy we are also agreed. Seventeen years ago Pope Leo wrote:

Some remedy must be found, and found quickly, for the misery and wretchedness pressing so heavily and unjustly at this moment on the vast majority of the working-classes.

S. Things have got much worse since then, and I don't see any remedy found or even suggested except ours. What is the heart of your objection? Socialism just means this—

That the country, and all the machinery of production in the country, shall belong to the whole people, and shall be used by the people and for the people. Do you consider it immoral for the State to own and manage railways, or to employ civil servants?

C. Not at all. State employment is an excellent thing, but compulsory State employment is not. Roast beef is an excellent thing, but compulsory roast beef is tyranny. Similarly it is an excellent thing to hold all things in common. The early Christians did it. Our religious orders do it to this day—voluntarily. We approve of men giving up their rights.; we object to the State taking them away. Our quarrel with you is, not that you encourage State ownership, but that you destroy private ownership; not that you provide State employment, but that you destroy private employment.

PRIVATE OWNERSHIP.

S. What do you find in that remedy that is "manifestly against justice"?

C. Here is a concrete instance which seems to me to make it manifest. It is from the Manchester Guardian (3rd Dec. 1897):

Cromwell and subsequent causes, to put it summarily, have removed a small village community from the habitable parts of the country to the seaward slope of a Connaught mountain, an inclined plane of granite with patches of earth in its hollows, on which reeds, coarse grass, and a few hardy weeds are able to live. On this inclined plane the settlers have been permitted to create an addition to the cultivable surface of the globe by carrying seaweed up on their heads for a generation or two, and laying it and perhaps other constituents of real earth down on the stone. With some assistance from earth-worms they ultimately perfect this rudimentary soil into land that will bear rich crops of good grass. During this time they have paid an adequate rent for the naked stone to operate upon, and they have also paid the owner of that portion of the Atlantic an adequate sum for the right to stand waist-deep in it and grub up seaweed with which to turn his granite into meadow. What they have, perhaps in a generation, created an arable land to raise the whole village well above starvation, they are turned out of their holdings, their cottages and field walls are pulled down, the whole is thrown into one great grazing farm and is let to a big grazier from some inland town, and the people who made it with their fingers are driven higher up the inclined plane, to pursue the old operations there for another generation, with a prospect of the same happy issue to keep them cheerful and contented and...
such act he makes his own that portion of nature’s field which he cultivates—that portion on which he leaves as it were the impress of his individuality; and it cannot but be just that he should possess that portion as his own, and have a right to hold it without anyone being justified in violating that right.—Leo XIII.

Your solution violates it just as much as the English law. You concentrate attention on the injustice of the law in giving the improvement to the landlord. We insist that the real injustice is in taking it from the labourer, and you are guilty of this just as much as the present law is guilty of it.

S. You forget that this monstrous wrong was done in the name of the rights of property. It is an excellent instance of how the right of private property works in practice. That is why we mean to destroy that right.

C. There again I am afraid we differ utterly. Because some have abused the right, you propose to take it away from every one. We say, that is remedying injustice by wider injustice, and the State has no right to do it. Its duty is to cut off the abuses of a right, not the right itself. For instance, Pope Leo points out that there is a natural right to form trade unions. If it is abused, the State may and must stop the abuses, but may not suppress all unions.

S. And how do you make out a natural right to the land?

C. Has a man, or a family, a natural right to possess the means of its own production? to possess the field as well as the crop; the hen as well as the egg; the flock as well as the wool? We say Yes, you say No. This is the fundamental difference between us. We say that it is an elementary natural right of every individual and every family, which no State can take from them. State or no State, in England or in a new colony, a family supporting themselves on a farm will need their land year after year to support themselves, and they have a right to hold fast to it.

S. And may I ask how many families enjoy this elementary natural right in England to-day?

C. Far too few, but still there are some. And we say, the State should try to preserve them and multiply them. You say the State should dispossess them in the process of socialising all the means of production. To dispossess them is unjust; it is taking away a right which the State is bound to respect. And as long as you teach that the State may dispossess them, so long we must denounce your teaching as immoral.

S. If you mean to include only such cases as the one you describe, I don’t know that there is any Socialist teaching about them. I could show you writers who expressly point out that these small businesses are not objects for socialisation. But most often we do not mention them. We are thinking of the great industries, which are ripe for socialisation, or can be conveniently managed by the State; not of a crofter in the Hebrides.

C. Yes, but you frame your programme so that it will catch the crofter as well. “Socialisation of the Means of Production, Distribution and Exchange,” says the Social Democratic Federation. “Socialisation of land and capital,” says the Independent Labour Party. It is only the Fabian programme that mentions “Much industrial capital an can conveniently be managed socially.”

S. We are attacking only the capitalist who makes others work for him. We have no quarrel with the man who works for himself.

C. But you mean to abolish him all the same. You mean all men to work for the State and receive State-pay. Would you, or any Socialist body, agree with us in laying it

This right of the individual and the family to provide for their own support is not a State-given right. They have it before the State exists. And the duty of the State is to preserve such family rights and accommodate them, but not to suppress them?

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(a) It is just to employ you for wages if you choose that way of providing for yourself.

It is wrong for you to take such wages or such work as will prevent you from doing your duties to yourself and your family.

And—if you accept our doctrine that it is the State's business to arrange how each man may enjoy his own rights and yet not interfere with his neighbour's rights—it will follow that legislation should seek not to destroy my ownership, but to prevent it injuring you; not to suppress wage-labour, but to enforce good pay and good hours.

CAPITALIST EMPLOYMENT.

S. Wait a moment. You are making a great jump in your argument. You have tried to prove that a man may unjustly own the means of his own production, and hold them against all comers. Are you going to jump to the conclusion that therefore he may justly own the means of every one else's production? Unless you mean that, your argument in no way justifies Capitalism. And if you do mean it, see what it comes to:

Because I need bread, I have the right to hold the land I need and to appropriate the crops I grow on it.

Therefore I have also the right to hold the land you need, and to appropriate the crops you grow on it. Which is obviously absurd. Are you going to say, They are both private ownership, and if one is right the other must be right?

C. No. The argument is simply that any plan of reform is unjust which would incidentally destroy the first kind of private ownership.

S. Then let me point out the fundamental difference between the two kinds of production. You are speaking of individual production, we of social production. When we attack private ownership of the means of social production, you defend private ownership of the means of individual production. In individual production, if I mean to grow...
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potatoes I make a garden from waste land. According to you the land is mine because I mean to work it; the potatoes are mine because I grew them. In social production, if I mean to manufacture calico, I put up a mill. But I do not mean to work it by myself. It needs hundreds of others to work it. But though we shall all work it, it does not therefore belong to all of us. It is my mill, and mine alone. Moreover, when the calico is made, no one man can say he made it. It has been made by all of us, every one advancing it one step of the process. My share in making it may have been the least of all. Yet when the calico is made it all belongs to me. So the mill is mine, though I may never work in it; the calico is mine though I have made none of it. The case no wise resembles the other, where the field was mine because I meant to work it, and the potatoes were mine because I grew them. What you have to show me is the justice of my owning the mill in which you are to work and the calico which you have made.

C. The thing can be just. But don't think I am justifying the present state of the working classes. Remember we are agreed that it is, as Pope Leo says, "a yoke little better than slavery," because the capitalist class "manipulates for its own benefit and its own purposes all the sources of supply." I am only maintaining that wage labour can be just and beneficial. Think of those Connaught peasants who have made their farms, and suppose that they had not been robbed of them. When I come among them, I might do as they have done, and make a patch of land for myself. But your land is so good by now that it will support another mouth. It is easier for me now to support myself by working for you than by working for myself. A fair bargain between us will be that I am to earn my living more easily than I could without you, and you are to get more from your land than you could without me.

You are now a capitalist. Your capital is the improvement in your land that has accumulated from your years of

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toil. It puts you in a position to enable others (as well as yourself) to support themselves more easily than they could by working for themselves. That is the justification of capitalist employment of labour—that it is better for the employed, and makes their lives easier. If in this case I refused either to make a piece of land for myself, or to work for you, and claimed to be joint owner of your land, it would be plain robbery.

S. Now see how far your example helps you, and where it fails. The first settler's labour has two fruits; it keeps him year by year, and it improves his land year after year. Since all the labour is his, he owns both fruits—the yearly harvest and the accumulated fertility of the soil. So far your position holds. But now let him begin employing labour, 12 men for 50 years. Suppose he pays them good wages, houses them well, works them reasonable hours. For these 50 years their labour also is producing two fruits—the yearly harvest and the accumulating fertility of the soil. They get their fair share of the yearly harvest, but of the second fruit they get no share at all. The increased fertility of the land is appropriated entirely by the landlord.

At the beginning the landlord said, "The land is mine, because I have made it what it is." May not the labourers say after 50 years, "We have made the land what it now is, and it shall be ours"?

That is the radical injustice of capitalism. The labour of the working classes steadily improves all other means of production, as it improves the land; and production becomes easier and more abundant. But all this improvement is appropriated by the capitalist. And the workers are beginning to think, "We have made all this improvement, and it shall be ours."

C. What is the injustice? That the men who have made a permanent improvement get only temporary pay? Why is that necessarily unjust? You would not pay the
doctor for the rest of your life because he cures you completely. If a man claims your coat or your kettle because he made it, you do not give it; you only make sure that he has been paid for it properly. In the case of the labourers on the land, it is true that they have produced two fruits. But it is not necessary to pay them in two kinds; it is quite possible to pay them fairly in one kind only. If they are fully paid for making the improvements, they have no more right to say afterwards, "These are ours because we made them," than the tailor has to reclaim the coat I have paid him for. And from the employer's side, if you allow I may have a garden, why is it wrong to employ a man to improve it? If I may own a horse why is it wrong to employ a man to train it? Is it quite impossible to give them full payment for what they have done? Remember, it is an injustice to give a man only temporary pay for making a permanent improvement, you mean to make the injustice universal. Under Socialism no worker will receive any part of that second fruit which you say is stolen from the workers at present.

The fact is that you are teaching the workers to attribute their undoubted wrongs to two perfectly innocent and good causes—private ownership of means of production and private employment of labour.

S. If you admit those I don't see how you can attack the present evils at all. How do you approach the problem?

C. From the rights of the labourer, based on his duties as a man. The duties of an ordinary man's life include maintaining himself and his family, providing for old age, sickness, and ordinary accidents, cultivating himself, spiritually and intellectually, training up his family.

These duties ought to settle his wages and his working hours. He has no right to take such work or such pay as will prevent him fulfilling those duties. Any employer or any system that forces him to take such work is unjust.

S. And the present system, which forces millions to take such work, is therefore hopelessly unjust.

C. Let me finish. But any contract of wage labour which enables him to fulfil all these duties is just, and is quite a reasonable and good arrangement. Now Lever, Cadbury and others on a large scale, and countless firms on a small scale (including I hope the Clarion Press) have shown that it is perfectly possible to give their employees good pay and good hours. So we say that wage-labour which secures to the employees a proper life is a good and desirable thing; wage-labour which fails to secure this is unjust and must be amended so as to secure it.

S. And we say that all wage-labour is essentially unjust, even with high pay; and that the system must inevitably lead to poor pay and long hours. These things are not an abuse of the system, but its natural outcome.

SURPLUS VALUE.

C. Let us examine them one at a time. Why is wage-labour essentially unjust?

S. Because the workers, who do all the work, deserve all the reward. Instead of which they merely get wages. The whole idea of employing a man is that you shall be richer afterwards. He will produce so much for you, and you will pay him part of it. After paying for all the work employed in production, after paying wages to hands, salaries to foremen and managers, and fees to directors, there is a huge balance remaining. What is that balance? It is the fruit of industry. Who takes it? The workers, foremen, managers, the wielders of capital? No; but the idle proprietor or shareholder takes it.

C. I have met the argument before, only too often. No doubt it tells very much with working-men. But will you set it side by side with your own solution. In your ideal state, every one is to have merely wages. So you are saying—
It is monstrous that these men should have merely wages.
Therefore in future all men shall have merely wages.
That is, we shall remedy this injustice by making it universal.
When you have inflamed a workmen's meeting with the injustice of their getting "merely wages" how will it sound to tell them, "Now, under Socialism you will still have merely wages, and no chance for you or anyone else to rise to anything else than mere wages." Would it not be more reasonable to tell them from the beginning "The ideal state is for men to get merely wages,—and so far you are already in the ideal state."

S. I hope the workmen would have wit to see the difference between paying the surplus profits to the State and paying them to private capitalists. The workers are the State, and in paying to the State they are simply setting aside part of their income for their own general good. They do really get all the reward of their labour.

C. That also is a familiar argument, but it will not stand examination. Here are labourers working, some for private firms, some for the Corporation, at 15s. to 21s. a week. We say to both, you ought to get at least a family wage, say 25s.; and the Corporation ought to be the first to pay it. Will you, on your principle, tell them that the private firm's men are being robbed by their employers, but the Corporation men have no grievance, they are simply setting aside part of their income for their general good?

S. Of course not. We also insist on a family living wage.

C. And that the Corporation should be the first to pay it?

S. Yes.

C. I thought so, but see what that means. It means that it is robbery for the Corporation to hold back any money that really belongs to the workers. And therefore if that surplus money really belonged to the workers, it would be robbery for the State to take it, just as much as for a private firm to take it. And the State would be more inexcusable.

S. I don't think it means that.

C. You cannot make it mean anything else. You were maintaining that the surplus earnings, say of the Corporation workers, really belong to the workers and that they really keep them when the Corporation takes them. But when we come to those earnings which do unquestionably belong to the workers, you admit that it is robbery for the Corporation to take them. It would be equally robbery to take the surplus earnings, if they equally belonged to the workers. It is not robbery. Why? There can be only one answer,—because this surplus does not belong to the workers.

S. The essential fact is the solidarity of the workers. In a private firm the surplus earnings go to individuals. In municipal employment they benefit every one. If all the workers were employed by the public, then all the surpluses would go to benefit the public.

C. Your contention was that all wage-labour is essentially unjust. Now it seems that the injustice is not in keeping the surplus profits from the workers, but in giving them to private employers. As one of your writers says:—

"[I presume] [that we are agreed that usury is interest on money when paid by one or more individuals to another or more individuals, but that interest on money ceases to be usury when paid by one or more individuals to the whole community]."

Here are fifty tram-men. If their surplus earnings go to a thousand shareholders who have done nothing but ride in the trams, you cry Robbery. If the surplus goes to the 70,000 citizens who equally have done nothing but ride in the trams, you say justice is satisfied.

S. Because the fifty tram-men get their share with the rest.
C. Have you ever considered how microscopically small that share is? Let one of those tram-men lose his place. He has only lost his work and his wages. He still owns his share of that surplus. He is still joint owner of the trams, as much as you and I. Moreover the British Post Office belongs to him as much as to anyone else, and he is joint owner of its huge surplus. How much good does it all do him? Only that tobacco might be dearer but for the Post Office profits, and the rates might be higher but for the trams.

S. You do not see the argument as a whole. The point is that public employment secures justice to the workers; private employment is necessarily unjust. Compare the two. Public employment does not seek profits, but the public good, and therefore it secures first and foremost good pay, good hours, and useful work.

Private employment seeks only profits and cares nothing for the public good. It therefore secures its profits by bad hours, bad wages, and wasteful work. Under public employment the surplus is of no importance. Under private employment the surplus is everything. It is both the motive for sweating the workers now and the means for further sweating them in the future. In public hands it may be as you say—a very small benefit; in private hands it is an immense evil. In private hands it leads steadily to longer hours, lower wages, and unemployment. In public hands it allows of an ideal state of things—good wages, good hours, steady employment; and the worker shares in the benefit of the surplus if there be any.

CATHOLIC PROGRAMME.

C. Allow me to restate that so as to see how far we agree or disagree.

Public employment ought to secure the good of the workers as well as of the tax-payers. In practice it often sacrifices the workers to cheapness, to keep up the profits. This temptation presses constantly on both kinds of employment. In both it can be met by proper safeguards.

Both businesses, to be sound, should yield a surplus after fully providing for the workers. In public hands this surplus merely relieves taxation, and no one is much the better for it. In private hands the surplus is the reward of enterprise and good management, and the means of future enterprise.

The surplus in private hands has undoubtedly worked all the evils you say—not because it is in private hands, but because it is too large. It would be brought within reasonable limits if all work were done by men, with good hours, and good pay. At present every man out of work increases the pressure on those in work to take low pay and longer hours rather than risk their place.

And on the other side, every man who works longer hours throws another man out of work;

Every woman doing a man's work for woman's pay is keeping a man out of work;

Every child doing a man's work for a child's pay is keeping a man out of work.

So that there is a vicious circle of evil: sweating increases unemployment and unemployment increases sweating.

The remedy therefore is to get the work done by men at a family wage; stop child labour, and if women must work, let them have men's wages. This will cut down the employer's profits to a very reasonable limit; and he cannot use them as an instrument of oppression once the dread of unemployment is removed.

S. This is delightful theorising,—of the sort that makes us despair of the Churches. You draw ideal pictures, and then anathematise anyone who attempts to realise them. Do you imagine there is any other way than Socialism to effect what you want?
3. A DIALOGUE ON SOCIALISM.

C. Certainly.

S. And what is your programme?

C. Broadly speaking, it is the same as your preliminary programme.

S. No preliminary programme can free the workers from the tyranny of capital.

C. I know you preach that, but in practice you recognise that it is quite possible. For instance—though it means besides the question—are you for confiscating the means of production, or for buying them?

S. For buying them.

C. At a fair price?

S. Yes. But a fair price does not mean what they will claim—enough to keep up their 30 and 40 per cent. dividends.

C. Just so. And do not your platform speakers tell us that before you think of buying out the capitalists their property is to be reduced to its true value by making it bear all its proper burdens? And does not that mean that you are first going to enforce proper treatment of the workers and then buy out?

S. A speaker might use that argument in the heat of discussion without examining if it was really practicable.

C. Then look at your deliberate programmes. They all mean to get fair play for the workers before they get rid of the capitalist. First the S.D.F. Among immediate reforms it asks for:

A legislative eight hours’ day or 48 hours per week. Imprisonment to be inflicted on employers for any infringement.

No child to be employed in any trade or occupation until 16 years of age, and imprisonment to be inflicted on employers, parents, and guardians who infringe this law.

The legislative enactment of a minimum wage of 30s. for all workers. Equal pay for both sexes.

Similarly the I.L.P. demands “as a means”:

A maximum forty-eight hours’ working week.

A DIALOGUE ON SOCIALISM.

Trade-union rates, with a statutory minimum of sixpence per hour.

The raising of the age of child labour with a view to its ultimate extinction.

And the Fabian Society,

Compulsory arbitration as in New Zealand, to prevent strikes and lock-outs.

A statutory minimum wage, as in Victoria, especially for sweating trades.

An eight hours’ day for all public servants, and for miners.

For railway servants a forty-eight hours’ week.

Abolition of all wage-labour by children under 14.

You see they all mean to carry these reforms before they get rid of the private employer. And we say, Carry these reforms, and there will be no need to get rid of him. He can no longer misuse his power. More than that, I expect that when these reforms are carried, there will be no more asking for Socialism.

S. Thus it will come unasked. You cannot stop Evolution by an act of Parliament. But do you tell me seriously that those reforms would get Catholic support?

C. Broadly speaking, yes. Read Leo XIII, or any of his expounders, and you will find those principles insisted on everywhere. The normal hours of labour should leave a man abundant leisure for himself and his family.

The normal wage should be what will keep a man and his family.

The normal place for a child is at school and for a woman at home, and not in a factory.

The normal way of securing these rights is by the men’s unions, or better still by unions of masters and men, such as seems to exist in the Birmingham iron trades. But when these fail to secure justice the State must act.

S. I should have thought you would call that rank Socialism?
C. People called Leo XIII a Socialist Pope. In point of fact these reforms are the surest preventive of the one thing that really is Socialism—namely that the State should own all the means of production and become the one employer of labour. They aim at making the people as well off under private employment as they could ever hope to be under State employment.

S. It cannot be done. But even if it could the workers would still cry for Socialism. They will not consent for ever to pay profits to individuals. The truth is burning itself into their souls now:—No one is allowed to earn his living in this country unless he pays interest and rent to the capitalist and the landlord.

C. If ever you placard the country with that truth I hope you will put on the same placard the other side:—Under Socialism no one will be allowed to earn his own living unless he pays for the support of the unproductive classes.

S. And what unproductive classes do you suppose there will be under Socialism?

C. Let us take your programmes and make a list from them. The S. D. F. mentions:

- Members of legislative and administrative bodies.
- Returning officers.
- Teachers.
- Railway and docks monopoly, and a monopoly of all the food and coal supply.
- Banks, pawnshops, restaurants.
- Lifeboats, hospitals, cemeteries.

The I.L.P. adds:

- Judges.
- Lawyers.

The S.D.F. adds:

- Every person over 50 years of age.
- Widows.

As a set-off, the army is to be abolished. That is a fairly big list of unproductives. Who will be left to do productive work? The men between 16 and 50—those of them who are not teachers, lawyers, councillors, organisers, and the rest. Every one who is kept at all is kept by these producers. Those unproductive are to be paid by the State—paid out of the surplus which the State withholds from the producers. And yet you venture to say, as William Morris put it, that under Socialism no individual would be able to employ a workman to work for him at a profit, i.e. to work for less than the value of his work (roughly estimated), because the State would pay him the full value of it.

Whereas it appears the State would pay him the full value of his labour less the contribution needed to support the children, the pensioners over 50, the sick, the widows, the town councillors, M.P.s, lawyers, judges, teachers, and the army of organising officials.

S. All that the State took from him for these purposes would be returned indirectly, and so he would get the full value of his labour. When his children are maintained and educated free, his sick and his old folks provided for, lawyers and doctors provided free, he might live very comfortably on 10s a week.

C. If you preached that programme I don't think Socialism would make much headway. Apparently the S.D.F. values his labour at a much higher rate. After keeping the army of unproductives out of his surplus earnings, the State is still to pay him full trade union rates, and never less than 30s a week.
A DIALOGUE ON SOCIALISM.

IMPOSSIBLE TO CO-OPERATE.

S. It seems then that your objections are limited to one or two points of theory, and that you advocate nine-tenths of our practical programme. And further, you believe that this programme when carried out will kill all demand for the one or two items you object to. Then why in the name of common sense don't your leaders help us to carry through the practical programme and kill our heresy that way, instead of denouncing us and all our works as immoral and anti-Christian?

C. Where Catholics are numerous enough to work by themselves—in Belgium, Germany, the United States—I believe they always do work for these social reforms. But we cannot work with you. We should be spreading a teaching which we think immoral and anti-Christian. A movement is not mere theorising; it is a body of men appealing to definite ideals and definite arguments, and your ideals and arguments are all tinged with your Socialist doctrine. Suppose there were in Japan an Aggression party wanting to conquer Australia and a Self-defence party wanting to make the country safe from foreign attack. They would both call for a sound army, a sound navy, and sound finance. But the Aggressionist propaganda would appeal to aggressive ideals and arguments, and would spread the lust of conquest. They would be creating not only a strong navy but a nation of aggressors. You would not ask the Self-defence party in the name of common sense to help them to create a strong navy and to leave theoretic differences alone. Their paramount duty would be to preach that aggression is a crime and wares of conquest are immoral.

S. And we correspond to the Aggressionists?

C. Yes. You are not only asking for fair wages, but denouncing private property and making men Socialists. You are not only asking for decent housing, but you are making men materialist and anti-Catholic. And while we are glad to preach the Catholic arguments for good wages and good housing when we can get a hearing, our first duty is to prevent you spreading false views among our people, and destroying their spiritual and religious ideals.

S. So the one movement which can elevate the masses materially, morally, and intellectually, is in your eyes degrading them with false unspiritual and irreligious teaching. Let me show you how the case looks, not only to us, but to all impartial outsiders.

On one side, Socialists are working unselfishly for the bettering of mankind.

Many earnest Christian workers are Socialists.

Many ministers of all denominations but yours are Socialists.

Those Socialist leaders who are not Christians are spiritual-minded men, of the highest ideals and enthusiasm.

The miserable and down-trodden to whom Socialism has reached find in it the joy and the light of their lives.

On the other side, the Catholic Church alone takes on herself to pronounce that Socialism is an attack on morality, religion, and Christianity.

Which is just what was to be expected from the Church which has been the constant foe of human progress.

C. It is a taking argument; but I doubt if you will hold to it. First, do you think I could get an equal army of unselfish workers and earnest Christians, and ministers, and spiritual enthusiasts, and gladdened sufferers from the ranks of the anti-Socialists?

S. I suppose so.

C. And would you appeal to the size of the moral excellence of either army to settle whether your programme be just or unjust?

S. Certainly not.

C. And since there are good men on both sides, would you say, as some do, that both sides are right and just, and
it is merely a matter of economics and not of morality? Or do you condemn the present system essentially unjust?

S. There are questions of justice which are debatable, in the sense that a good man may take either side without being called unjust; and this is one of them.

C. Precisely so. They are debatable, but they are questions of justice all the same. Slavery for instance; and craniotomy; and the Crimean War. If I say these are wrong it is no answer to say that they were defended by very righteous men. And if we say Socialism is immoral and materialist and anti-religious, it is no answer to say it is upheld by many moral and spiritual and religious men. Let me show you how those conflicting armies of earnest men look to us.

At the two extremes are the thinkers on the heights, Leo XIII at one end, Belfort Bax at the other, both declaring that there can be no reconciliation of principle.

In the valley between are the men of action, some of them endeavouring to reconcile the irreconcilable, to be both Socialists and Christians.

It is probable that the thinkers on the heights will see more truly the trend of the two movements, and will know what the fighters are doing better than the fighters themselves.

S. Is Belfort Bax to represent the thinkers on the heights? How you must bless the man who first discovered Belfort Bax! It is true that he believes Socialism will destroy religion and the family, and that it is folly or hypocrisy to deny it. But he is practically alone. Here is Eusor's Modern Socialism, a collection of Socialist programmes, documents, speeches and writings from all nations, just what a man would want in getting up the subject at first hand. Now look through the index for evidence of the conflict between Socialism and religion or morality. The words marriage, divorce, religion, irreligion, atheism, church, do not occur in it. You will find just one entry, under Clericalism, referring to this passage: "In Roman Catholic countries this force [opposing Socialism] is commonly organised by the clergy."

C. Yes. But look through the programmes in that book, where they touch education and marriage. They are all anti-Catholic. But you must surely know that the ordinary run of Socialists prove that no reconciliation is possible. On our side, Catholics who try to be Socialists generally stop practising their religion. On your side, Socialists who say they leave room for Christianity yet spend their time assailing it.

S. For instance?

C. For instance Mr. Blatchford. His whole propaganda is an attack on the Christian religion, yet he teaches his readers to cry out that Socialism has nothing to do with religion. On one page the attack, on another the denial. From the time of John Stuart Mill it has been a perfectly safe trick to play on the English reader. Both pages will win his applause and his enthusiastic belief; it is not his province to see that they destroy each other. In Britain for the British we read:

Socialism does not touch religion at any point. It deals with laws and with industrial and political government.

Set this beside his other writings.

Socialism does not touch religion at any point. But are you aware that the Socialist, be he a believer or an atheist, is nearer to the Christ you profess to worship than you are yourselves?

Are you aware that you cannot deny Socialism without denying Christ? Are you aware that you cannot revile Socialism without reviling Christ? Socialism does not touch religion at any point. Only, Socialism will not put an end to religion, it will begin religion. Socialism is a religion, and a very beautiful religion. Every Socialist speaker or worker or writer is a missionary; his work is the conversion of the people (Mar. 20th, 1908).

* Clarion, Oct. 18, 1907, p. 3.
A DIALOGUE ON SOCIALISM.

Socialism does not touch religion at any point. Nevertheless,

The Church has failed, and is doomed to eternal failure, because it begins at the wrong end of the task.

The Church bids the poor be content and righteous in their poverty and promises them a reward in heaven. The Church does not, and never did, insist that the rich should give up their luxury and ease, and become poor and righteous and content.

It is only the poor who have to suffer and win salvation.

The poor are getting tired of this one-sided altruism.

The Church has never understood human nature: does not understand human nature now. [Nor economics, Nor environment.] It is the old error of the Church; due to the basic error on which the Church stands. There is nothing in the New Testament to teach the Churches any better . . .

Jesus made the same mistake . . .

But five hundred years before Jesus was born, there lived in China a man wiser than He.

And as Mr. Blatchford writes, so do all his staff. So do other Socialist papers. So have the workmen learned from them to talk. When a Catholic gets among Socialists he is surrounded with that kind of talk and thought, even while he is told that a Socialist can be a good Catholic. What does it all come to? Surely this!—"I am not attacking your religion. I am only showing you that it is false, founded on error by One who did not understand human nature. I am only asking you to rile your life not by any reference to a future life, but solely with a view to this life. I ask you merely to recognise that a true religion must be a This-world Religion; that your own Next-world Religion is false and by comparison no religion. If you call this attacking your religion you are repeating an often-repeated lie."

S. You seem sublimely unconscious of the fallacy in your argument. You calmly identify Religion with your Religion. When Christianity was spreading, the pagans charged the Christians above all things with atheism and irreligion. What would you have answered them? would you not have

said "It is true that by spreading the truth we are undermining your religion. But we are not destroying religion; rather we are beginning religion"? That is just what we say to you. We do not ask anyone to give up his Next-world Religion. We only ask him to see that the one thing that matters is a This-world Religion. We surround him with men and with arguments that take this for granted. We habituate him to judge all questions by a This-world standard. Very soon he realises that his Next-world theologies are unreal speculations, and whether he drops them or retains them, they lose all importance for him. As the Clarion puts it:—

As far as we are concerned, the wordy wrangle between Church of England gods, Roman Catholic gods, and Nonconformist gods may go where it belongs, to the devil. But we are interested, keenly and constantly interested, in the health and welfare of the children.

C. I know that is your programme, and that is why we cannot co-operate with you even in the good parts of your political programme. But if that is your programme, why do you deny it at first? Why do you say throughout all your preaching "Come and learn a new religion, which will make you feel the inadequacy and futility of your old religion," and yet, when we oppose you, cry out, "It is a mystery to us why you oppose us. We are not attacking you. Socialism does not touch religion at any point. You attack us only because you do not understand Socialism"? We understand you only too well. As you are destroying religion with the cry of a higher religion, so also you are destroying morality with the cry of higher morality,—building a kingdom of love on a foundation of hate. You are like the Peace-at-any-price orator who roused his audience to charge the police and burn the Town-hall. You preach a "higher morality," but your method destroys moral character.
S. Our ideal is to make this State into one great family. We demand perfect honesty, the cessation of all injustice. And our method is to get men to love those ideals and to work for them. Does that destroy their moral character?

C. This is the way you go about it. Your teaching to the workman is practically this.

All men are your brothers, bound to you by mutual love and sympathy and respect. Nevertheless, think of the rich as a horde of parasites, of cultured refined wealthy savages going off to church to listen to a lot of sickly cant about the "Infant Saviour." Tell them so.

Think that their creeds are ignorant superstitions. Tell them so.

Think that their religion and their charity is smug and insolent hypocrisy.

Think that all who profess to sympathise with the poor and yet reject Socialism are hypocrites.

Think that all who differ from you are ignorant fools. Tell them so.

Face every problem with the question "Why should I do more work or have less wealth than that man?"

Now when you keep a man reading, thinking, talking in that tone for years together, you are destroying in him all sympathy, and respect, and brotherly love. You are making envy and contempt habitual to him. You are appealing constantly to his selfishness and his pride.

S. There is fighting before us, and you do not get men to fight by appealing to their brotherly love for the enemy. But look at the other side, how we make them to feel for the poor.

C. Even there you do mischief. In the very poor, as in all other sufferers, the noblest thing is that patience that makes them go bravely through everything, overcoming hardship by endurance; as the meanest thing in them is the self-pity that makes some lives a continual shrinking from the inevitable. Now to you that noble patience is slavishness. Your stock comment on it is "you FOOLS!"

S. We have to re-use them somehow. I'm afraid your point of view is hopelessly different from ours.

C. Yes. Your programme is impossible to us because you want to suppress not only the evils of private ownership, but private ownership itself. And though nine-tenths of your practical programme is ours also, we cannot work with you because your method of propagandism destroys faith, reverence, patience, and all that we think is best in men.

J. B. McL.
It is not all sunshine on the Italian lakes. The writer's experience last May was of the weather we associate in England with March,—the glittering white light of a rain-washed atmosphere; purple clouds gathering behind indigo mountains; grey-white mists capping the peaks and streaming out of the woods, anon pouring down the hillside like an ochreous smoke, as the sun is blotted out by the clouds overhead; and then the swish of rain and a blurred vision of low clouds driving with ragged trailing fringes across the waters. There was one perfect day, but it was not the sort of perfection we had expected. We have seen English lakes as blue and English skies as clear and English sunlight as dazzling. There was a sunset, also, all red-gold and flaming clouds, but not such a one as Turner or Claude picture in their Italian visions. We missed the soft glow and the hazy distance so restful to the imagination, and the gold-dusted foreground so suggestive of comfort and abundance. But we knew we had no right to expect mellow ripeness of tone when spring blossoms were on the trees, and under no aspect did we find the greatest of Italian lakes uninteresting or disappointing.

The Lago Maggiore has already a patron saint in St. Charles Borromeo, whose family retain possession of the largest and loveliest of the group of islands called by their name. But it has also a modern saintly patron in the person of Antonio Rosmini-Serbati. A stay of a few days at the beautiful College at Stresa with the hospitable Fathers of Charity, revealed to the writer that the founder of the Institute of Charity is venerated now, more for the memory of his holiness than for the philosophical works which won for
him recognition and fame. Rosmini wrote much; his printed books form a library in themselves; and everything he has written has a distinction of its own. Having expressed himself and being so fully revealed in his books, few, besides his own children, have cared to know more of him. To me it was a new idea that a future generation may give more attention to his personality and his life than they do to his works. These are admittedly so valuable that one expects them to be treasured and studied in every house of his Institute. But at Stresa his books are a secondary matter. There the visitor may see, if so privileged, relics more precious than his writings,—his bedstead, prie-dieu, chair and desk, all of the poorest and simplest; the clothes he wore, much worn and carefully mended; the unused Cardinal's robes; all the intimate trifling things of daily use which tell us something about a man which no biography can describe. It is not possible to look on these things without the conviction that the man to whom they belonged, though busy with many things, was one who lived with God rather than with men. And it is impossible but that they who dwell with them have learnt and will learn to venerate Rosmini, in their hearts, as a Saint. There is as yet no talk of the beginning of a process of canonization. But many, over and above his children, are hoping and expecting that soon there will be.

I suppose the popular idea of Rosmini to be that he was a man of genius who did not quite attain the stature of greatness. He is best known as a philosopher of world-wide renown, who greatly influenced thought and whose works will always be held in esteem; but one whose system, once so widely discussed and so highly lauded, has been checked in its currency because it does not bear the hallmark of Roman approbation. He is known, secondly, as the founder of a Religious Order, among the noblest in its conception and aims, which, has done, is doing, and will continue to do most admirable and useful work; but which, in spite
of its attractiveness, has shown no sign of influencing the course of history as some Orders did—the Franciscans and Jesuits, for instance—in the vigour of their youthful enthusiasm. In the history of his country he figures as a patriot who was mistrusted because of his devotion to the Holy See, and a holy son of the Church who fell under a ban of suspicion because of his patriotism. But the sum of his philosophy and his Institute and his influence was not Rosmini. He is not to be judged by what he accomplished. He held himself so unselfishly as an instrument in the hands of God, to take up work or put it down again as the Holy Will seemed to direct, that unfinished schemes and unprofitable labours caused him little or no anxiety or disappointment. It was for him to plant and water when he believed it his duty to do so; God would give the increase, or not, in His own way and in His own good time. "This is the will of God your sanctification." He taught himself, as he tried to teach his disciples, that the net result in everything attempted and done should be and must be personal holiness. Charity is the sum and addition of all virtue; hence it must be the beginning and end of the labours of himself and his Institute. As, therefore, the meaning of his life, and the first and last object of his labours was his own sanctification through Charity, so the chief legacy he has left to his children, who prize it above all his achievements, and to the world, which has yet to learn its value, is his saintly personality.

In this connection the childhood of Rosmini is of peculiar interest. He did very little that other children do. He had none of the exalted ambitions of boyhood,—to be a great soldier, or a brigand, or a discoverer of unknown worlds. His playthings and games were good works. In fact, Tonino, the boy of Rovereto, is so exactly Rosmini of Stresa in little, that such precocity seems, at first sight, abnormal and unhealthy. But with him the long development from youth to age was as undeviating and upright as a Lombardy
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In this connection the childhood of Rosmini is of peculiar interest. He did very little that other children do. He had none of the exalted ambitions of boyhood,—to be a great soldier, or a brigand, or a discoverer of unknown worlds. His playthings and games were good works. In fact, Tonino, the boy of Rovereto, is so exactly Rosmini of Stresa in little, that such precocity seems, at first sight, abnormal and unhealthy. But with him the long development from youth to age was as undeviating and upright as a Lombardy
RISC, SI, OP STRESA. 33s
likings, ambitions and pursuits Rosmini’s advance was so regular and unchecked that the biographer’s task is mainly to note its rapidity and strength—the height and majesty the tree finally attained. We see him as a child, playing at the monastic life with his brother and sister and cousins, making for themselves separate cells in the garden, to which they would retire for a while, coming forth at intervals to sing hymns together in imitation of the Divine Office. Later, when he began his studies, we find him—he was not yet in his teens—writing a Letter to a friend encouraging him to study, just as afterwards every fresh scientific acquirement and intellectual conviction drew from him a treatise designed to teach and edify his fellow men, and share with them the results of his learning and experience. Still later, though yet a youth, we are told of his gathering around him a body of his fellow students and forming them into a society for mutual advancement in holiness and learning, with a system and rules devised by himself, even as, in later life, he planned and brought into being the Institute of Charity. What are we to think of a boy who, when he first began to read history—Rollin, Xenophon and Plutarch were the books put before him—instead of being filled with dreams of heroism and glory, began a Treatise on the Classification of History, after the method of Bacon? Or of one whose wanderings in the woods around his home, instead of initiating him into the mysteries of woodcraft and filling him with the romance of savage life, suggested the writing A Day of Solitude, a treatise “in the thirteenth century style after the manner of Boethius”? Or of one whose youthful companionship led to the composition of a dialogue on Friendship? Or again of one whose introduction to philosophy inspired the undertaking of a lengthy work entitled Reason Speaking to Man? In any ordinary youth we should take such old-manneish ways as symptoms of the self-conceit we style priggishness. But
Rosmini was no ordinary youth. He had already begun to live the life of a Saint.

We have convincing proof how simple and natural the boy-saint remained in spite of, perhaps because of, these high-pitched and unusual aspirations, in the fact that he retained the esteem and affection of his boy-companions. We may trust Italian lads to be as quick to detect a pose and as ready to condemn pretentiousness in a schoolfellow as those of our public schools. But Rosmini's early progress in the way of perfection may be fully explained by the influence of a saintly mother and a pious home. The effect of such influence can hardly be exaggerated. Much of the likeness in disposition and even in person between parent and child, which we commonly ascribe to heredity, may be safely put down to the unconscious imitation or the direct interference of parents. Once, the writer was strolling through a Lancashire country town with an older priest who had lived there for more than twenty years. Walking before them were two figures, unmistakably father and son, each with an apparent malformation of the knee which caused them to limp in exactly the same peculiar fashion, and made them, man and boy, ridiculously alike in their deformity. I made some commonplace observation about heredity, whereupon my companion remarked that the father's lameness was the result of an accident, and was as little likely to be transmitted in birth to the son as a wooden leg. Further, he added, the boy's limbs once looked straight enough and he had come to walk in that way, mainly, as he supposed, by conscious or unconscious imitation of the father. Whether this was so or not, it is safe to assert that some children owe more of their mental and moral and physical individuality to the company of their childhood than is generally reckoned. Probably Rosmini's saintliness was more directly the work of the mother than was St. Augustine's conversion. He may be said to have been born and bred a saint. If, therefore, there was anything unboyish in his childhood it should be debited to his surroundings at Rovereto. But, in reality, there was nothing abnormal about him except a precocious perfection. The effect of a specialised education, begun in infancy by the atmosphere of a home, is so clearly recognised, in certain professions, that when we read the life of a great executant musician or a billiard player, we expect to be told how the one played the piano when in long clothes or wielded the bow as soon as he could hold a violin beneath his chin, and that the other handled a cue when he was only just tall enough to look over the edge of a billiard table. There may be an inherited aptitude in these infant prodigies, but there very surely has been the educating influence of the companionship of skilled parents and of an early familiarity with the implements and details of the profession. We very unwisely make a fuss over these precocious children. Consequently, there is the risk of their becoming saturated with that conceit which characterises the man generally spoken of—we have nothing but slang words to describe him with—as a prig or a bounder. But the danger of their being spoilt is much less than one might suppose. The very effort to attain perfection, even in the small matter of manual skill, is a saving lesson in humility. With the youthful saint this danger is wholly removed through the necessity that, in his profession, every step from first to last towards perfection is a progress in the degrees of humility. In most instances, when we read in the second lessons of a saint "honestis parentibus natus," we may safely infer, besides the respectability of his parentage, that he had, through the piety of his parents, that early initiation into the methods and practice of holiness which we are told of in the life of Rosmini.

There were some months in Rosmini's career when it seemed to him his beloved Italy had need of him. This was in 1848, when "the Unity of Italy," to use his own words, "is the universal shout, and at this cry there is not a single
THE RECLUSE OF STRESA.

Italian from the Faro to the Alps whose heart does not beat wildly.” Fighting with the Austrian intruders was going on in his own neighbourhood. He could not aid his countrymen with his sword, but he might do something with his pen. He believed the national movement to be assuredly God’s work; he might, therefore, assume it to be God’s will that he should help to forward it. The interests of the Church were, he thought, more likely to benefit than to suffer through it. Monks, priests, bishops, cardinals, to some extent even the Pope himself, were in sympathy with it. Perhaps, also, he might be the humble instrument chosen by God so to influence and direct the national aspirations that a new glorious liberty should be secured to His Church. In this hope he wrote several articles and to this end he hurriedly put through the press two works, *Dello Cinque Piaghe della Santa Chiesa* and *La Costituzione secondo La Giustizia Sociale*.

Both these little books remain on the Index Librorum Prohibitorum—not, however, because of any disloyalty on the author’s part either to the Church or to the Holy See. An English translation of the former has been edited by Dean Liddon, who has thought it necessary, in the preface, to warn his readers that Rosmini was “an unfaltering believer in the Roman Supremacy” and “from first to last a conscientious Ultramontane.” Of this there is no question. The faults of the books, whatever they may be, are not in their intent nor in their main teaching; for it was after their publication and whilst they were the subject of public comment that their author stood highest in the esteem and confidence of Pope Pius IX. Their appearance did not forbid his appointment as Consultor of the Holy Office and of the Congregation of the Index, nor check the design of the Holy Father to make him a Cardinal—a design so fixed and openly proclaimed that the Pope bade him make ready the paraphernalia of the promised dignity. It was, moreover, partly because of one of these
works that His Holiness, not on his own initiative, yet with expressions of trust, asked him to be President of the Ministry, with the portfolio of Public Instruction.

The course of events may be briefly described. In 1848 Charles Albert of Piedmont began the struggle to oust the Austrians who held the better part of Northern Italy. For awhile fortune favoured him, but in the middle of the summer his army was being driven back and the cause of Italian liberty was in straits. An urgent appeal for help was made to Pius IX. The Pope wrote an encouraging letter but hesitated to break with the Austrians. He declared that it was improper for him, "the minister of the God of peace" to have part in the war. His subjects took this attitude so badly that the papal forces appointed to guard the northern frontier marched away to join the Piedmontese, without saying "by your leave." At this juncture Rosmini presumed to write indirectly, through Cardinal Castracane, to the Holy Father, defending the morality of an Italian alliance and urging its necessity. He warned the Pontiff how his scruples would be interpreted by the people. "Either," he said, "the Italians would be vanquished and the nation would blame the Holy Father for their misfortunes, or it would succeed, and then, emboldened by success, they would avenge themselves for the obstacle he had thrown in their way by refusing his concurrence. Anger and ill-will would result in a rupture between the Italians and the Pontiff, ending sooner or later in the loss of the temporal power." History has endorsed the justice of this reasoning.

It will be understood that Rosmini had, at that moment, the confidence of both parties. His devotion to the Holy See was as sincere and openly expressed as his sympathy with the Italian cause. It was only natural, therefore, for the Piedmontese to entrust him with negotiations for an alliance between themselves and the Pope. He accepted it.
with some misgivings. He had confidence that he could bring into complete agreement Charles Albert, whose piety he had publicly praised, and the Holy Father. But there were the ministers and advisers of both parties to satisfy and the general public to convince; and the scheme he had in his mind was not one of those makeshifts people grasp at in an emergency. However, the business was undertaken and commenced; then ensued the inevitable hitches and delays; the impatience of the Roman populace would wait no longer; and the end was a Revolution and the flight of the Pope to Gaeta.

Rosmini's attitude during this trying time was irreproachable. He was naturally wedded to his own ideas and convictions; yet he was not insistent on them when they seemed unacceptable. He showed himself ready to serve the Holy Father in every possible way; yet he never unduly urged or pressed his services. He disapproved of Count Rossi's despotic management of affairs; yet he was careful not to let his disaffection be seen. After the brutal assassination of the Count, he was prepared to accept the Presidency of the Ministry had the Pope really wished it. But here he had to choose between two masters. The proposed ministry was being forced on His Holiness' acceptance. Rosmini was aware of this, and believed he would best serve the Pope by refusing to have part with it. He received the praise of his fidelity, yet the collapse of the proposed Ministry precipitated the Revolution. This was the end of Rosmini's political life. He followed the Pope in his exile. But he had fallen into discredit at the Vatican and Antonelli's policy became dominant. His retirement to Stresa was the signal for a campaign against both himself and his works. The cloud of this enmity hung over him till his death. It obscured his merit whilst he lived, and was a partial hindrance to the good effects of his labours. But now that he is dead it throws into fuller relief the patience which enabled him to bear his cross with so light a heart, the humility which found it so easy to forgive, and the charity which "believeth all things, hopeth all things, possesseth all things."

The Confiscation is now a matter of purely academical interest. A Confederation of the Italian States with the Pope at its head was feasible—we have in the German Empire a Confederation on similar lines—and was, indeed, the ideal solution of the problem when Rosmini first proposed it, but a month later it had already become impossible. The Pope had declared himself unable to take part in a national war or even to share its burdens; Young Italy had no use for a sovereign who was a "Minister of the God of peace." Moreover, the ideal of social justice on which the Constitution was built was not democratic enough even for those days. The Sovereign of each State, indeed, is to become the First Citizen, with a status not unlike that of an hereditary First Consul, and there will no longer be an aristocracy of birth. But there will be, by law established and protected, a more objectionable aristocracy of wealth. Social justice, according to the scheme, requires that the elective rights of each citizen shall be in exact proportion to his direct contributions to the national exchequer. There will be one deputy for every 15,000 of the population. After the number of these deputies is ascertained, then, if the sum total of revenue from direct taxation be divided by it, the quotient will determine the amount of this revenue each deputy will represent. These deputies are to be chosen by electoral Colleges, composed of a varying number of voters, the sum of whose direct tax-payments will, in each College, be equal to the determined amount required for the election of a representative. A single elector may be a College in himself, if he shall have contributed by himself the full quota; and he is free to vote himself or any one he likes, into the Chamber. Or two, if their joint taxes reach the required sum, may choose a member between them. And so on, in a regular gradation, the voters in a College being fewer where the members are more heavily taxed, and more
numerous where the individual payments are smaller, each College being made up, as far as possible, of equally-rated voters. After the full number of deputies has been elected, they will be halved into two bodies; those chosen by the bigger taxpayers forming the First Chamber and those by the lesser the Second Chamber. There is no mention of it, but the scheme contemplates only one direct tax,—that on land with all its appurtenances, buildings, woods, quarries, mines and the rest. No property holder is exempt from taxation, not even the King and the Church. Hence, the Sovereign will have a vote commensurate with the royal domains and his private estates taken together, and the Church, Societies and Companies will have a voice in the elections in proportion to their direct tax-payments. Men alone may vote, but women and minors who pay taxes have a voice in the elections by employing their natural substitutes—husband for wife, father for child, guardian for ward, tutor for pupil, etc., to vote for them. If in any College there are votes unregistered, they will be supplied by the Government.

Since it is a minor detail, one may ask, without challenging the value of the scheme or the ability of its author, how, in the case of two voters, representing a College between them, they are to be compelled or persuaded into an agreement? They may want each to elect himself or, belonging to opposite parties, they could not possibly accept the same candidate. Strict justice, social or otherwise, seems to require that they should fight it out, with someone appointed by the Government to act as referee, seeing to fair play, counting the points and deciding the victor. Again, with a College of three electors, each determined on a separate representative, how shall the triangular duel be decided? But such unconsidered details are inevitable in a novel scheme when first proposed.

Englishmen of these days would at once say that such a scheme will not do. It ignores altogether the value of work to the nation, and the rights of the worker. It certainly does
away with the manifest injustice of the "one man one vote" system,—that a tramp or an imbecile should have an equal voice in determining the Government of his country as the man who has helped to build up the national greatness by his labour or his brains or his capital. But its "social justice" can only be admitted by those who hold that a man's service to the State is summed up and adequately measured by his payment of direct taxes. Rosmini uses the word "proprietarii" as descriptive of the voters, clearly, as I think, supposing them to belong solely to the propertied class, rentiers, greater or smaller owners of houses or lands. The artisan is disfranchised; the tenants also and householders; since a vote given to them would be robbing the landlord of a portion of his privilege. Italy, no doubt, has a greater number of small proprietors than England; its nobles are more numerous and not so wealthy, and there were, in those days, few or no great industrial concerns. But the system is clearly an attempt to build up a breakwater against the swelling tide of democracy, in the shelter of which the landlord could ride at his ease and make things pleasant for himself. It must soon have been swept away. Think of the jealousy that would have been excited against the Church, as yet unspoiled of its vast possessions! With houses and lands in every parish, with its capitular and conventual estates, its Prince Bishops with their lordly domains and the Lord Abbots with their princely territories, the right to elect deputies in strict proportion to the tax on its revenues would have put the First Chamber, as we say, in its pocket.

No man was a better friend to the humbler classes than Rosmini. They were and are a chief care with the members of his Institute. He mixed with them as an equal, and would gladly, had God so willed it, have devoted his life and property wholly to their welfare. But like many of the wisest and holiest of that day he dreaded power in the hands of the democracy. The memory of the excesses of the French Revolution haunted his imagination. The flag of Liberty,
Equality and Fraternity, set up by the French people, had been so dragged in the mud and rent with base passion and saturated with blood that it could never again be put within reach of a mob. If the rod is handed over to the servant, will he not lift it against his master? Give authority to those who possess nothing, will they not make use of it to enrich themselves? Only those can be trusted to secure the rights of property who themselves have something to lose. Only they will support the interests of justice who themselves need the protection of the law. Let them only have charge of the government of a country to whom riot and revolution would bring ruin. This is anything but socialism, and yet, at a time when the mad demon of revolution is stirring, it may be the wisest and strictest social justice. Let us remember that we in England still give municipal votes only to those who pay municipal taxes, and entrust the administration of our country justice only to those who have a stake in the county. Moreover, in our trading concerns, where co-operation is not yet adopted, we still leave the workers, who earn the dividends as well as their wages, without a voice in the administration, or a representative on the board, and elect the directors by the vote of the "proprietarius," the shareholders.

In quite a different spirit, Rosmini, in his *Five Wounds of the Church* makes an eloquent appeal for a consideration of the rights of the people to a voice in the election of their bishops. In the first centuries this was their unquestioned privilege. It was asserted and sanctioned by Councils and openly approved of by Popes. Rosmini urged that the time was come to give this privilege back to them. He spoke of it as a "Divine moral right," and quoted the words of St. Cyprian, "Quod et ipsum videmus de divinis autocratiae descendere, ut sacerdos, plebe presens, sub omnium oculis deligatur, et dignus atque idoneus publico judicio ac testemonio comprobetur." The expression was taken exception to by some theologians, and this probably accounts for the prohibition of the two works by the Congregation of the Index. It is open to an interpretation which would brand the present mode of episcopal election in countries where concordats are in force and the ancient privilege of the people transferred to the rulers who nominate the candidates, not only as a dangerous concession open to grave abuse, but as a sin. Apparently, however, Rosmini meant nothing more by *divine right* than its apostolic derivation, and by *moral right* only the claim of ancient and authorised possession, and the fact that the relationship between a bishop and his flock, to become a perfect union in love and obedience, requires, as in matrimony, the choice and acceptance of both parties. The history of concordats is not pleasant reading. They were reluctantly conceded by the Holy See to avoid greater evils. They have led in some instances to great scandals. Besides, in his own experience, Rosmini had seen how a bishop, appointed by an emperor, was hampered by the fact in his government, and hardly dared sanction the commencement of a good work without ascertaining the Imperial good pleasure. He had known also of the lack of sympathy, and its evil effects, between a foreign bishop, though a good man, and his alien flock. He saw little hope of a revival of fervour and grace in Italy until concordats were abolished and the people had bishops whom they knew and loved and trusted as belonging to themselves. This was the motive of his book. But, in that striving for an ideal perfection which was a part of his being, he went further than the mere asking for a repeal of the concordats; he urged, with all the learning and eloquence at his command, a return to the holy and homely methods of the primitive Christian Church.

It would be presumptuous to enter here upon a discussion of this matter. We do not know well enough the state of the Church in Italy at that time. It will, perhaps, be sufficient to say that most people, nowadays, would more readily entrust an electoral vote to the mob than give the
nomination or approval of a bishop to the people. We, I think, feel no assurance that a popular choice would be divinely inspired; it would more frequently be controlled by the Daily press. In most English dioceses the candidates would be known to the generality only by repute, and we should fear the result of canvassing and the electioneering methods which would be brought into play. We should be inclined to expect better results from the well-considered appointment of a conscientious minister or ruler. The failure of the concordats was not due so much to their faulty principle, as that they failed to secure uprightness and virtuous principle in the royal or ministerial nominator. Mr. Morley has preserved for us Gladstone’s notes of the qualifications he looked for in a Protestant bishop. They are: “Piety; Learning (sacred); Eloquence; Administrative power; Faithful allegiance to the Church; Activity; Tact and courtesy in dealings with men; Knowledge of the world; Accomplishments and literature; An equitable spirit; Faculty of working with his brother bishops; Some legal habit of mind; Circumspection; Courage; Maturity of age and character; Corporal vigour; Liberal sentiments on public affairs; A representative character with reference to shades of opinion allowable in the Church.” Some of these qualities are of small consequence and in place of the last we should substitute devotion to the Holy See and a loyal submission to its authority. We should also desire some marks of personal holiness. But, where a right choice is, or should be, determined by the consideration of the many such delicate and yet important qualifications which make a man more or less fitted for the office, ought we to entrust it to the rude accident of a popular verdict?

Rosmini was a man who made many devoted friends. He could count amongst them Pope Gregory XVI and, first and closest of all, Manzoni, the famous author of I Promessi Sposi. He retained the personal esteem of Pope Pius IX even after the doors of the Vatican were closed to
him. One wonders how he could have made such bitter and persistent enemies. They were indeed mostly men who had never known him, and we must suppose it was by his writings they judged him. These naturally excited controversy; so original a thinker could not hope that every one would agree with him. But even when his arguments fail to bring conviction to the mind, they convince our hearts of his humble sincerity and his high-minded pursuit of the truth. In his life-long striving after personal and intellectual perfection, he found peace—that peace which the world cannot give and cannot therefore take away. One sees it in his features as the artist and sculptor have preserved them for us. There is something in the modelling of the head of the statue at Stresa which reminded us of Cardinal Manning. But how different the expression! The eyes of the Cardinal always seemed to be asking questions; those of Rosmini are introspective, reflecting on what he has seen. The deathlike mask of the Englishman gave an expression of restlessness; the urbane mobile features of the Italian are expressive of quiet and peace. Rosmini was as eager and strenuous a worker and thinker as Manning, may we not see in the restfulness of the statue at Stresa and the portrait at Milan, the influence on his spirit of the quiet of the great mountains and the tranquillity of the great lake, which were always with him in his lonely home at Stresa?

J. C. A.
A Sketch of the History of the
Benedictine Community now residing
at St. Benedict's Priory, Colwich,
Stafford.

Chapter VIII (continued).

The French Revolution.

About this time the Concierge behaved with great
hardness to Revd. Father Naylor, who was both old and
infirm. He took such a dislike to him that he stormed at
him wherever he met him, and left nothing undone till he
got him removed to another Prison. He had not entirely
recovered from a severe fit of sickness, and Revd. Mother
had much difficulty in obtaining permission to have a Bed
sent with him, but could never succeed in getting any sort
of Curtains for him, though it must have been a great
hardship, to this venerable Invalid, to go from a warm, well-
accommodated Room to one that was cold and damp, in the
Scotch College, where they placed him on the 1st of
December 1793. Parting with him was a great affliction to
the distressed Community, especially as he was then very
unwell and had a Blister on each Leg. We sent him what
help we could, both in money and some little provisions
two or three times a week, till through the interest of
some Friends he was removed to the English Benedictine
Monks, who were then prisoners in their own house, Rue
St. Jacques. Revd. M. Parker who was Prior, took all the
care of him that circumstances would allow of and gave him
a place in his own Room—their House as well as ours being
crowded with prisoners.

Our Convent continued to fill more and more with
Prisoners of different Classes; what the Nuns found
particularly unpleasant was that many of the Gentlemen
retained so much national gaiety in their misfortunes that
they were often Running and Dancing about the Dormitories and Courts, although they behaved with great respect
to the Religious when they met them. The Concierge was
very pressing with the Nuns to induce them to change their
Habits for Secular Dresses, but was answered by the Prioress
that the Nation had taken all our money, and therefore we
could not purchase Clothes.

Many of the Prisoners had also a great dislike to the
Religious Habit, and joined in pressing us to leave it
off; and some Ladies, within and without the Convent,
collected a number of Caps, Gowns, etc., and sent them
to the Prioress; the Commissaires also pressed us very
much. Some of the most moderate told us they had
no orders to force us to change our dress, but that they
could not answer for the Mob. We therefore put on Secular
clothes, to our great regret, on the 29th of December; but
we had no quiet or repose as long as we remained in our
once peaceful Habitation. In the depth of winter, the Keeper
deprived us of every room that had a Chimney, where we
could meet together to warm ourselves; a fortnight elapsed
before we could get a Stove fixed in the only room we had
left to us; there we met to Dine and Sup. The strictness
of confinement can scarce be imagined. We suffered much
from it when the weather grew warm. We could not think
of going to take the air in the garden, such quantities of
Strangers being always there; so we remained constantly in
our Cells, in which two were mostly obliged to be together,
even though they were very small. Some of the Prisoners at
last took notice of our great reserve and strict confinement.
They talked of it amongst themselves, and desired some good
Ladies, who had access to the Prioress, to persuade her to
walk out with the Nuns; at length the Community went
into the garden, and when the Prisoners saw the walk we chose, they left it to us or gave place, and behaved with great propriety and civility. Revd. Mother Prioress forbade any of the Religious to be seen alone, so we always went out and returned at least two or three together. We were molested with several other visits from the Section, for they discovered that, under pretence of Guarding the Effects in sequestration for the Nation, the Keeper had got many of them into his own possession; so to prevent this they endeavoured to make friends of us, hoping we should go about and tell them what belonged to us. Besides these visits, we had others from the Department and Municipality to search for writings; but they found none. After this, they carried away all that had formerly been put under the National Seal, and they took at that time the Contracts of all our Rents, our Letters of establishment signed by the King of France and Parliament, in fine all our Registers and accounts from the beginning of the House. Besides these visits, in which the others in Detention did not Mare, we likewise shared in the common to all.

Sometime in the beginning of January 1794, four Benedictine Nuns were brought as Prisoners to our Convent. Three of them were French, the other English, professed in their House; she was called Constantia in Religion, her family name being Wright. We had then no place to offer them; all being taken from us excepting our Cells and a small Infirmary Kitchen where our food was drest. It was evening when those four poor Nuns arrived, and we only knew of their arrival from what we heard whispered about; however we proposed to the Concierge's wife to allow them all to remain together, and sleep in a small Garret belonging to the Infirmary. This was agreed on; and we put 4 single French Beds into it for them, without Curtains. As there was no Chimney in the room and it was in the depth of winter, they gave them a stove which was fixed with a Tube, and we collected what Bedding we could spare for them.

ST. BENEDICT'S PRIORY, COLWICH.

Next day, the Comtesse de Chambois came to inform us that one of those Nuns was very ill, and begged that some of us would go and visit her. Mother Teresa Catherine McDonald, who was at that time our Infirmarian, accordingly went, and found the Nun in Bed apparently insensible and speechless. She probably had had a fit, for they said she had fallen down soon after she had entered the House. We did all we could for her and remained by her day and night till she died. When those who attended her perceived that she was very near her end, they began to say the prayers for the Agonizing; but it being night the sound was soon heard, and one of the Prisoners arose and expressed great displeasure at the disturbance as he called it. This made them more cautious afterwards. The Good Religious expired next morning, at 11 o'clock in the beginning of January 1794; the day of the month is uncertain. The Commissioners from the Section soon arrived to make an examination regarding her Death and Effects. This being done they took the Coffin down stairs, but the Nuns did not know where it was interred.

The 200 Livres, which they had allowed to each of the Nuns lasted till May 1794. They often told us when we wanted more to apply for it; but we could not obtain one Sols more. However we were not in want of money, as we gained something by making little things and selling them to our Friends. We had much more difficulty in getting provisions, everything being so scarce and so dear. We were obliged to keep a Lent from the beginning of Septuagesima till sometime after Pentecost, only about an und of meat was allowed every 5 days for sick Prisoners. One of the Nuns, who greatly needed it, got some two or three other times, after which the Concierge stopped it and said there was none to spare; but some of the Prisoners were very kind to us; those who could get Fowls from their Farmers in the Country would often bring the remains of them to us, which was a great help for the Sick. So we continued till they took every one's money from them, by which means collecting.
a large sum, which was all deposited and doled out to the
Prisoners, all sharing alike. Each one was allowed 3 Livres a
day, but 10 Sols was kept for the Guards, so that each had 50
Sols. We received the same as the rest, till we were all obliged
to eat at the common table. This took place only about
a week or 10 days before we were sent out of our House.

Our disagreeable situation and the harsh usage of our
Keeper rendered this final trial less sensible to our feelings,
or how could we have borne the thoughts of quitting that
beloved habitation, where we thought ourselves enclosed for
life? But we had remained in it long enough to have
endured the painful sight of its destruction, and scarce an
appearance was left of what it had been. But is impossible
to convey any idea of these scenes to those who have not
themselves experienced them. The Victims that we saw
carried to Death, and the uncertainty we were in of what
was to be our lot, made so many things indifferent to us, which
in other circumstances would have been felt severely.
The plunder of our effects was over; the Keeper therefore
pressed the Administrators to have us removed to another
Prison, which by repeated solicitations he obtained, and it
was decided we should be taken to the Castle of Vincennes
about 3 leagues from Paris. I shall endeavour to give all
the particulars of this last Visit; we had been so long
accustomed to the threat of this removal, that it appeared
nothing new to us.

On the 15th of July, between 10 and 11 in the morning,
the Keeper came (as usual on such occasions) into the
Court, calling for la Mère, as he named Revd. Mo. Prioress.
She was much indisposed and was on her bed trying to get
a little repose, but she was obliged to rise and accompany
the Officer, appointed to search through everything and
give to each one what he pleased to allow them to take out
of their Cells. He began first with Revd. Mother's Cell,
and his search was so strict that he even ripped open pin-
cushions to see that nothing was concealed in them; he

even put his knife to the bottom of the tea canister. He
looked over all our Books to be sure there were no Pictures
that gave offence, such as Sacred Hearts, etc. He made no
difficulty about giving us what we had in the way of
secular clothes, which was very little; he let us have also
our Breviaries and a few other Books; then, as soon as each
parcel was thus carefully seen to and fastened up, it was sent
down to the Greffe that nothing might be added to it. In
this manner he continued the whole day and night, so that
no one could go to Bed; and he did not finish till 2 or 3 o'clock
in the afternoon of the 16th. In the morning of that
day, the Guards were sent up to the Cells to carry down
what parcels had been made up during the night, and also
to put away into a Garret all that remained in our Cells;
our bedding was all stowed up there. When we had just
finished, there came another Administrator with orders that
each one should have her bed. Accordingly the bedding of
the Cell in which he then was was all packed up to go away;
but that of the other Cells being already taken up to the Garret,
we were left to the mercy of the Commissaire of the Section,
who picked out for us the worst of everything he could find.
They allowed for each bed a Mattress, Bolster, Pillow, and
one Cover, which was either a Blanket, a woollen sheet, or a
green rug; but they often told us that where we were going
we should want for nothing; meaning by this to give us to
understand that we should be sent to another life. When
they had finished this Visit, every Cell was emptied and
locked up, so that we had nowhere to put ourselves. The
Coaches had been waiting from the morning, but as they
had out-staid the time for which they had their orders, they
were obliged to send to get fresh ones; and besides that
another difficulty occurred. On examining one of the trunks
containing linen etc., there was found a scarlet night cap,
several of which our Confessor had brought from England
and used as a remedy for the Headache. He had given this
one to one of the Religious for this purpose. This was looked
upon as a sure mark of a Plot to bring about a counter Revolution, it being just at the time the Bonnet Rouge was looked upon as such and forbidden. The news of this was carried to the Section, and it was treated as a very serious matter, as also was the discovery of some little pictures of the Sacred Heart found in another Cell. The Religious in whose Cells these things had been found as also the Mother Prioress were called up one after the other. The Commissaires from the Section made a process verbal of the fact, which we were all obliged to sign; and he gave it such a black dye, and made it out to he so sure a sign of some Plot, that we expected it would be brought forward against us later; but God disposed otherwise. We stood altogether waiting some hours in the Dormitory, for they had locked up the Cells and taken away the Keys. A few of the Prisoners took some of us to their rooms to rest a little, for the jailor seeing us standing there, told us we might go down into the Court and wait there. At last we were called down, and all the Prisoners flocked down to bid us Adieu and their best wishes; we were told afterwards that our going caused a general lamentation amongst them; they thought that by our being separated from them, they were designed for Victims. Then we were all put into a dark Dungeon they had made just at the Door where there was nothing but a heap of straw. This place they had reserved to put any one in, as a penance, who had committed some fault. Then we were called down to go into the Court and wait there. At last we were called down, and all the Prisoners flocked down to bid us Adieu and their best wishes; we were told afterwards that our going caused a general lamentation amongst them; they thought that by our being separated from them, they were designed for Victims. Then we were all put into a dark Dungeon they had made just at the Door, where there was nothing but a heap of straw. This place they had reserved to put any one in, as a penance, who had committed some fault. When they were quite ready, we were called by name; first, Mother Prioress; then two others who were to go in the same coach. We were conducted to the Street door, where, from the door to the Coach, Guards had been placed with drawn swords, who made room enough for us to pass between them. Thus we were put into the Coaches, a Guard with each, and so drove away. Some of us were much alarmed for fear they should carry us to different places. But this fear was needless. It was about 11 o'clock at night of the 16th of July when we left our House.
door with such locks and bolts as were quite frightful to behold; at last we arrived at our prison, which was like the
others, and opened with large folding Doors. When we were
all in, they brought us several Buckets of water, and told us
if we wanted we might drink out of them; they also left a
bucket. We were so fatigued we made no ceremony, but
each one found for herself a mattress and laid down in her
clothes to repose. We were so weary I believe all slept
a little.

The next morning we expected they would come and
open the door for us, that we might have some breakfast and
get our Baggage up, for we had not even our Breviaries to say
our Office. But we waited till very late before anyone came
near us, and then we learned that we were to remain locked up
as we were. They did not even know whether they could
presume to give us boiling water to make us tea for our
Breakfast. However, after some time, they brought us a
little jug of hot water and the most infirm got a little of
something to take. They brought up our Boxes, and our first
care was to say our Office, which we had been obliged to
interrupt whilst our Breviaries had been packed up. They
furnished us with Bedsteads and Straw beds, Sheets and
Blankets, for what we already had could not half suffice to
keep us warm. We found our change of place very agree-
able, since they treated us with civility, and we were alone
except for the one Prisoner. She gave us great apprehen-
sion at first, as we thought she might be put there
as a spy. We, therefore, behaved to her with much reserve
till we grew better acquainted. Then we found she was more
afraid of us than we of her, not being fond of Nuns; but she
was a good-natured woman and found herself the more
comfortable for our society. We were, therefore, settled as well as
we could expect to be. They gave us a dinner every day,
but that was all—no Breakfast or supper. This dinner con-
sisted of a dish of Meat, and two of vegetables; the portion
of meat very small, and sometimes we could not eat the vege-
tables. Each of us was allowed at that time a pound and a
half of bread and half a bottle of wine, but it was all very poor.
Sometimes we kept some of the vegetables to eat with a bit
of bread for a supper; and what wine and bread we could
spare we exchanged to get a little milk in the morning. We
had each brought our portion of tea, and we put it all to-
gether and contrived to get it made in one of the tin buckets
they brought up our water in; the latter was not inconvenient
for the purpose, it having a little spout at one side to pour
out the contents. They usually came towards the evening to
bring us water; so we then put our tea in the bucket and
brought it in the morning filled with boiling water and
brought also our milk and bread for the day. They kept no
fixed time; sometimes we dined at one, two, or three o'clock,
as they pleased. They also sent our linen to be washed and
we paid nothing, as was reasonable, for the Keeper had
orders a few days after our arrival, to take what money we
had from us. We had only paper money of about x 100
battered livres which we had saved from our work and
former allowance, and we did not feel this loss much, for
in our situation, not knowing what was to be done with
us, our little money seemed of very little value. We were
much more alarmed from an apprehension that they would
take our Breviaries from us. I don't now remember how this
fear arose, but the Keeper soon after quieted our minds on
the subject, and our one comfort was that we could at least
say the Divine Office. But this did not last.
A Note on Dom Nicholas Fitzjames and his family.

According to Foster's Alumni Oxonienses Richard, Robert, Francis, James, and Nicholas Fitzjames of Somersetshire entered Gloucester Hall, Oxford, on the 17th of March, 1581-2, aged respectively 12, 11, 10, 9, and 7, and on the 18th of October, 1583, became pupils of Mr. John Case (as to whom see D.N.B., IX, 262). There is some reason to suppose that they were all two years older than they are recorded as being in the work above cited, for it appears from the Parish Registers of Bruton that Francis was baptized there on the 2nd of February, 1569-70, and James on the 25th of March, 1571, so that Francis must have been a little over 12 on the 17th of March, 1581-2, and James very nearly 11. If this is so we may place Nicholas' birth at about 1572, and he would be about 35 when he was clothed on the 12th of May, 1607 (not about 22 as Fr. Taunton says, English Black Moons of St. Benedict, II, 47), and about 80 when he died on the 16th of May, 1652 (not 92 as Dom Weldon states, Chronological Notes, p. 70).

He was the youngest son of Richard Fitzjames of Redling (buried at Bruton 12th Nov., 1599) and Mary, his wife (buried at Bruton 14th March, 1607-8), daughter of Sir William Francis of Comb Florio. His uncle James, knighted on the 19th of October, 1553, fled abroad at the accession of Queen Elizabeth and died (probably soon afterwards) without issue. His father, though vehemently suspected of Popery and kept off the Commission of the Peace on that account in 1585, does not seem to have been imprisoned. His eldest brother John was accused of complicity in the Babington Conspiracy and was in the Tower in September and November, 1586, being eventually fined and liberated on bail. He was afterwards imprisoned in other prisons. He married Joan, daughter of Sir John Younge, of Bristol, by whom he had a daughter also named Joan, and was alive in 1635.

His sister Mary married George Prater, of Nonney Castle (who died in January 1622-3), a staunch Recusant, and survived her husband. His brother Francis, with George Prater's brother, William, entered the service of the King of Spain in 1597 at 20 ducats a month.

His brother James was brought before the Privy Council in October 1597 as a suspected person, and was alive in 1612.

Nicholas himself was ordained priest from the English College, Douay, on the 7th of April, 1601, and visited England in April 1606. He entered the noviciate of the Order of St. Benedict at Douay, 12th of May, 1607, and was professed for St. Lawrence's, Dieuleward, the 15th of May, 1608. He went to Dieuleward the 10th of August, 1608. At the end of May 1609 he was appointed first superior with the title of sub-prior. On the 25th of September in the same year Dom George Browne was appointed first prior. According to some accounts Dr. William Giffard was prior in 1609 and Dom Nicholas Fitzjames in 1610, but this would seem to be an error. I do not know when Dom Nicholas came on the English Mission (probably about 1630), but it appears that on coming to this country he carried on the trade of a goldsmith at a financial loss, but with such skill that, when arrested about 1634 as a suspected priest, he was able to convince the authorities that he was indeed a goldsmith (see Cal. S.P. Dom., 1624-5, p. 409, and Cal. S.P. Dom. Add., 1625-49, p. 491). According to Dom Weldon (as cited above) he died at Stourton 16th May, 1652.

John B. Wainewright.
Our readers will have all heard of the sudden death of Fr. Romuald Woods, which happened on the Friday after Christmas Day. He was thought to be in the best of such health and strength as his years and his failing eyesight had left him, and was, at the time, the guest of Bishop Hedley at Cardiff. Whilst walking along Cathay's Terrace, the end came without a moment's warning. He died of heart failure—so the inquest recorded; we say that his work was done and God called him to his rest. It was the happiest and best of deaths for him, for it was the will of God, and we do not doubt he was then best prepared to meet His Maker. He had spent his years on earth in God's service, and his death was the last, simplest and, we hope, easiest act of this service.

He was buried at Belmont where he had spent the greater part of his life. The good work he did there can only be known to those who profited by his teaching and example. Prior Fowler tells us, in the funeral sermon he preached, how greatly he, in his position of Superior, was edified by Fr. Romuald's love of poverty and simple obedience, and how the "continued reverence and consideration, obedience and affability" of one so greatly his senior made him "feel that he ought to humble himself before Canon Woods, and not Canon Woods before him." In spite of his almost complete blindness Fr. Romuald continued to preach and to fulfil such duties as were possible to him and he retained to the end his office of Canon Theologian. He was titular Cathedral Prior of the Cathedral Church of Rochester.

We print, as a tribute to his memory, a letter we have received from Fr. Placid Whittle, an old friend and companion.
DEAR MR. EDITOR,

You have asked me, as one who has known him so long, to write a few reminiscences of our dear lamented friend Fr. Romuald Woods. I shall chiefly confine myself to his years at Ampleforth, for the present generation can know little or nothing of those days. Of his many years at Belmont I shall say comparatively little. When we consider the great numbers from all our Monasteries who, during the last forty years, have passed through St. Michael's, I do not exaggerate when I say that no one in the whole Order was more widely and personally known than Fr. Romuald Woods.

My first recollections of William Woods, as he was then, dates from January 1851, when I first entered within the old walls of Alma Mater. I was then a wee boy of twelve, and W. Woods a strapping young fellow of eighteen. He was in the first class, and I of course was relegated to the last. It was then, and perhaps for some time after, a great puzzle to me why such big boys were still at school, for he was, I should say, quite as tall then as he ever was in after life. He usually wore a grey suit and jacket, as was customary in those primitive days. Knee breeches had just gone out of fashion for young men. At the Midsummer of 1851, we youngsters had a good laugh at him and the others in his class when they donned long frock coats, at the “Exhibition Parade,” preparatory to their “taking the habit” in the Autumn.

That “Exhibition” we had King Lear. Our venerable and triple Jubilarian the Very Rev. Paulinus Wilson, took the King’s part; Fr. Wilfrid Brown, Edgar; and Fr. Romuald either Goneril or Regan. But I thought he looked a veritable giant in his long and flowing robes. I don’t remember the other characters except my own. Being one of the very small boys, I carried the King’s train as his Page. Modesty prevents my eulogising the manner in which this important part was performed, but I believe it is...
on record that, up to me, no play of Shakespeare's had ever been better acted or staged than the King Lear of 1851. I say "up to that time," as I might get into hot water if I did not make this qualification.

In the autumn of that year William Woods, with four others, was clothed with the Holy Habit and became Brother Romuald. One alone of the four survives him. In those days the community was small and the Novices had to take some share in the teaching. I do not quite recollect what Brother Romuald taught me as a small boy, but in the Middle and Upper Part of the School he taught me English Composition and Literature. And let me say here—and in this all who know anything of those days will bear me out—that Ampleforth owes much to Fr. Woods for its pre-eminence in English Composition, English Literature, and love of Reading. He had his favourite books, and amongst these Carlyle's French Revolution was first. O the gusto with which he read to us passages from "Tommy," as he affectionately called him! And after some more fiery passage than usual, he would strike his fist on the desk and exclaim excitedly—"Did ever man write English such as that?" Of course we agreed with him, especially if we were not so well up in our lesson, and hence we generally succeeded in getting him to go on.

But this occasional digression from the day's lesson did no harm. It was all in the way of general improvement and the enlarging of our minds.

Fr. Romuald was a great "Hero Worshipper." If I remember rightly Carlyle and Dupaquoy were his chief heroes. Whether he ever saw Carlyle I can't say, but I know that he and another enthusiastic admirer once went during the vacation on a pilgrimage to worship at the feet of the great Bishop of Orleans.

Besides English, Fr. Romuald taught German, Italian and Spanish. Spanish I never learnt, but during our Rhetoric and Philosophy year in the school we did a fair amount of Schiller, Tasso and Dante, and on the Exhibition Days of 1857-8 one of us had, under his guidance, to declaim in German "Der Pilgrim" by Schiller and "Wilhelm Tell's" grand soliloquy by the same author. Shortly after that I became associated with Fr. Romuald in the community at Ampleforth. I need scarcely say that besides being a model of regularity in every monastic observance, he was also the life of the community in recreation time. As we all know, he had no end of stories, many of them most excellent, but others scarcely above commonplace if told by anyone else; told however by him in his inimitable way, they were ever enjoyed, even when repeated "many a time and oft." And, no doubt, it is in the recollection of many that he always declared his stories were true—"none of your made-up things." A certain person, who shall be nameless, and whose stories or versions of stories Fr. Romuald declared were somewhat void of truth, was once beginning a story, when the good Father in his usual straightforward and emphatic way cried out—"Now—out with it, and none of your lies!" The would-be narrator was nonplussed, and collapsed.

In the late autumn of 1869, Fr. Romuald and myself left Ampleforth, he for St. Michael's, and myself for the Mission. Since then we have corresponded, at least on our respective Feast Days, without one single omission, and we have of course often met. Of the nearly forty years that Fr. Romuald spent at St. Michael's, others of the many who have passed through Belmont during that long period, whether Juniors or Canons, could speak more intimately than I. But of this I feel sure that all these hold Canon Woods in the highest esteem and affection. He was from first to last essentially a true monk in every sense of the word. He was a man of extensive reading and sound judgment, but one of ever blameless life and childlike simplicity. In many ways he was timid and sensitive. Hence he shrank from responsibility; and though once, if
not twice, elected Prior of Ampleforth, he refused to accept
the dignity. For this he was blamed: but in my humble-
opinion he was quite justified in refusing. He could never
have borne up long under the strain. His life as an English
Benedictine Monk was unique, having been a Conventual
all his long monastic life of fifty-six years. And he was
happy to the end in his quiet home at St. Michael's, with
the occasional preaching outside and the giving of Retreats.
We have all lost a grand model. May our record be as
full as his. R.I.P.

Notices of Books.

SCHOLASTICISM OLD AND NEW. By M. de Wille.
Translated by P. Colley, D.Ph. Longman's, Green
and Co. 6/-. net.

The author of this book is the Professor of Philosophy at
the University of Louvain. This University is bringing out
a "Cours de Philosophie," and this volume serves as an
Introduction to the series. The revival of Scholasticism is
a feature of the philosophical study of our day, and the
Catholic University of Louvain has entered with zest into
the part of justifying the philosophy of the Church to the
modern world. To effect this, it must be recognized that
more is wanted than a mere reproduction of medi eval
phraseology in a stereotyped text-book. Accordingly, we
find in this book what we may call a "readable" presenta-
tion, in outline, of the standpoint modern representa-
tives of Scholasticism take in the questions that agitate
philosophers.

The book is divided into two parts. The first deals with
"Medieval Scholastic Philosophy." A necessary part of
this section is the clearing away of misconceptions that have
grown round the subject, such for example as the Baconian
tradition and the confusion of philosophy with theology.
Afterwards, search is made for a definition of Scholasticism
and it is described as a philosophical synthesis common to
a group of leading doctors of the West, predominant in the
Middle Ages. It has an autonomous value, has, that is, a
meaning in itself, quite apart from the real subordination to
theology that it manifests. Moreover, it is not a mere phase
of Aristotelianism—it is eclectic, and possesses the limita-
tions—the necessary limitations, of the science of the day.
Looked at from within, we get the content of the system in
metaphysics, as dualistic, creationistic, individualistic; in
terms of psychology as spiritualistic, experimental, objective: its
logic is analytico-synthetic; its ethics is endacmoniotic and
libertarian.

A criticism that naturally occurs here is that the
"sources" of Scholasticism are not given at any length. It
would have been interesting to find in detail how much of
the philosophy has Aristotle for its author, where his
guidance is rejected, what other systems have been drawn
thereby, and where the original work of the Scholastics
appears: all these points are treated very summarily, and
the impression is left of a lack of connection with previous
thought.

In the second part we have a presentation of modern
Scholastic Philosophy, of Neo-Scholasticism—a body of
doctrines organically connected with those of the thirteenth
century, but adapted to modern intellectual needs and
conditions. These needs, the author considers, require a
thesis that is less formal than the usual textbook, and the use
the vernacular. A plea is entered for the historical study of
philosophy and an avoidance of the synoptic refutations of
alien systems. Moreover the new Scholasticism is not a
theology—it is like the old, autonomous—it has a value of
its own that is absolute and independent. Nor is it exclusive
in its claim on Catholics—a Catholic may give his allegiance
to systems other than the new Scholasticism. It is only fair
to remark here, that the book was written before the publica-
tion of the Encyclical "Pascendi." No doubt the author
would re-write this portion of his book in a new edition.

Again, the new Scholasticism will work hand in hand
with Science, examining its theories in the light of established
facts, submitting its principles to the control of the latest
results of scientific progress. This is the point of divergence
of the new Scholasticism from its medieval ancestor. The
old astronomy must disappear, so also much of the terres-
trial physics. Essential forms are divisible even in the

higher organisms. The metaphysics of the thirteenth century
must be studied in the light of the positivist and critical
philosophies of modern times—Vetera nova augere et
perficiere.

The author then passes in review the different sections of
philosophy and attempts to show the attitude of neo-
Scholasticism towards them. This review certainly shows
that the author and confères at Louvain are alive to the
modern questions and are willing to investigate them
sympathetically. What puzzles the reader is why such
emphasis is laid on the “neo” aspect of the Scholasticism
taught at Louvain. It would not be easy to give the
content of the “neo” as opposed to the medieval Scholas-
ticism. It is true that it parts company with the antiquated
physics, that it insists on the historical study of philosophy,
that it welcomes the conclusions of contemporary science,
that it is prepared to consider other systems, but this is
rather an attitude towards philosophy than a new philosophy
itself. Is there one single principle that the neo-Scholastics
have originated that will transcend any principle of medi-
ieval Scholasticism? None appears in this book.

SHORT SERMONS—Vol. II. By the Rev. F. P. Hickey,

Again, we have great pleasure in bringing before the
notice of our readers, a volume of Short Sermons by
Fr. Paulinus Hickey. In reviewing the first volume we
expressed a hope that we might see another from such an able
source, and we have not been disappointed. The reception
which the first volume has met with amply justifies our
opinion of it; and having carefully perused the second, we
can as heartily recommend it as we did the former—nay,
even more so, for we consider it better; the points given at
the heading of each sermon are clearer, the diction more
flowing, and there are more frequent quotations from
Scripture, the Fathers, and the Council of Trent. What we
said of the first volume as to brevity with clearness, simplicity with fullness of meaning, piety with good practical sense, must be again repeated of the volume now just issued. The practical lesson drawn from each Sunday's Epistle or Gospel is given in a clear, succinct and convincing form. In the choice of subjects taken there may be differences of opinion; but all will find in these sermons ample food for meditation and instruction in the ordinary duties of a Christian who seeks to gain eternal life. Perhaps the more terrifying subjects of Death, Judgment and Hell are not brought forward as prominently as some would wish. But cannot too much be made of these, possibly to the detriment of timid souls? Many a sinner is touched, many a lax Catholic improved, many a non-Catholic converted by the sort of sermons given in this volume, who would perhaps be terrified and kept back by too much stress laid on the justice and vengeance of an angered God. These sermons appeal to the reason of the hearer, and their fervid earnestness and piety touch the heart. While sins and faults are plainly reproved, encouragement is held out to those who will only do their best and trust in God. To sum up, we should say that these sermons combine a plain brief statement of the subject, with convincing arguments, earnest piety and kindly exhortation. They will be a welcome help to the busy priest. Written for those occasions when a "short" discourse is called for, they can easily be developed and used for the more formal discourses required at other times.

Besides a sermon for each Sunday of the year, there are a few for special feasts, and also at the end four special sermons on the Passion. We trust the new volume will have that recognition which the former volume received, and which they both well deserve. We may add that they have been given warm praise from high authorities. One of them, Cardinal Logue, writes to the author: "I find them everything which they profess to be and ought to be. The sermons are short but replete with matter on the leading subjects of religious instruction. In giving these sermons and those contained in your former volume to the public you have done a very useful work." And after speaking of the need of such brief instructions for early Masses, the Cardinal says: "Hence I have great pleasure in recommending your Short Sermons to the clergy, not only as furnishing very useful and solid matter on the leading Christian truths, but as supplying them with a model of what may be easily done without trenching on the time or overtaxing the patience of their hearers." (Letter of Cardinal Logue to Fr. Hickey). After such recommendation we need say no more, except to wish the volume may have all the recognition it deservedly merits.

THE PRIEST'S STUDIES. By T. B. Scannell, D.D.
Longmans, Green and Co.

This little work has been written as introductory to the series of publications edited under the patronage of the Archbishop of Westminster and known as the Westminster Library for Priests and Students. It is entitled, A Priest's Studies, for the author insists that the Priest can and should be a student even though engaged in the constant and arduous duties of a Mission. Not all that a Priest should know can possibly be acquired during the few years of training in College or Seminary. He has still much to learn and much to supplement, and much, too, may be forgotten if he is content to relegage his books to the Presbytery shelves and hardly ever open them again except for occasional consultation on the work of a Diocesan Conference. Nor is it intended that a Missionary Priest should know can possibly be acquired during the few years of training in College or Seminary. He has still much to learn and much to supplement, and much, too, may be forgotten if he is content to relegage his books to the Presbytery shelves and hardly ever open them again except for occasional consultation on the work of a Diocesan Conference. Nor is it intended that a Missionary Priest should know can possibly be acquired during the few years of training in College or Seminary. He has still much to learn and much to supplement, and much, too, may be forgotten if he is content to relegage his books to the Presbytery shelves and hardly ever open them again except for occasional consultation on the work of a Diocesan Conference. Nor is it intended that a Missionary Priest should know can possibly be acquired during the few years of training in College or Seminary. He has still much to learn and much to supplement, and much, too, may be forgotten if he is content to relegage his books to the Presbytery shelves and hardly ever open them again except for occasional consultation on the work of a Diocesan Conference. Nor is it intended that a Missionary Priest should know can possibly be acquired during the few years of training in College or Seminary. He has still much to learn and much to supplement, and much, too, may be forgotten if he is content to relegage his books to the Presbytery shelves and hardly ever open them again except for occasional consultation on the work of a Diocesan Conference. Nor is it intended that a Missionary Priest should know can possibly be acquired during the few years of training in College or Seminary. He has still much to learn and much to supplement, and much, too, may be forgotten if he is content to relegage his books to the Presbytery shelves and hardly ever open them again except for occasional consultation on the work of a Diocesan Conference. Nor is it intended that a Missionary Priest should know can possibly be acquired during the few years of training in College or Seminary. He has still much to learn and much to supplement, and much, too, may be forgotten if he is content to relegage his books to the Presbytery shelves and hardly ever open them again except for occasional consultation on the work of a Diocesan Conference. Nor is it intended that a Missionary Priest should know can possibly be acquired during the few years of training in College or Seminary. He has still much to learn and much to supplement, and much, too, may be forgotten if he is content to relegage his books to the Presbytery shelves and hardly ever open them again except for occasional consultation on the work of a Diocesan Conference. Nor is it intended that a Missionary Priest should know can possibly be acquired during the few years of training in College or Seminary. He has still much to learn and much to supplement, and much, too, may be forgotten if he is content to relegage his books to the Presbytery shelves and hardly ever open them again except for occasional consultation on the work of a Diocesan Conference. Nor is it intended that a Missionary Priest should know can possibly be acquired during the few years of training in College or Seminary. He has still much to learn and much to supplement, and much, too, may be forgotten if he is content to relegation to the Presbytery
greater ease and efficiency, and that where there is the will, time may be found for the acquirement of a large amount of profitable knowledge. The time is past now when the Priest might have recourse to the living voice of Professors and the help of fellow-students. He is living in a new world now and, as the author says, he has to stand on his own feet and use his own judgment. His college training has to bear a new and a heavier strain; in the pulpit, the confessional and elsewhere. He is consulted on many points and has to give clear and sound advice. He has to deal with converts, satisfy their difficulties and answer their objections. He may come in contact with dubious theories of philosophy and science more or less opposed to Faith and the teaching of the Church, and must be able to distinguish truth from error in the subtle plausibilities of modern argumentation. He will find himself sometimes in educated society, and should discussion arise on matters affecting Religion he must know at least how to hold his own even if he cannot convince.

He will sometimes be called upon to address meetings, and he must keep up to the intellectual movements of the day. He may be asked to give Retreats or conduct Missions; and, from his own pulpit he will have to preach sermons that may be listened to with pleasure and profit, and that will attract rather than weary or repel. Who will say that the Priest is efficiently prepared for all this by a few years of College training, or that however occupied he may be by ordinary duties he cannot find reasonable time for further needful studies?

The difficulty seems to lie more in a suitable choice of subjects, and here the author’s book will be found to be of great assistance. He treats of eleven subjects, which he divides into Professional and extra-Professional. The first include Holy Scripture, the Fathers, Dogmatic Theology, Moral Theology and Canon Law, Ascetical Theology, Liturgy and Church History. Under the head of extra-

professional studies the Author places Secular History, Art, Science and Literature. These studies are naturally not of such necessity or importance as the first-mentioned, but they will be found to be most useful to the Priest-student.

Besides the pleasure of such studies they will win for the Priest, in educated society, respect and influence as a man of reading and culture. The author deals with these eleven subjects in as many chapters, and though these are necessarily brief they are most valuable as containing much that is suggestive and helpful. The value of this excellent work is further enhanced by the names of authors who have written on the subject treated under each section.

We conclude our remarks with the following words of the author:—

“I had better say at once that while recommending these eleven different subjects for study, I do not for a moment expect a priest to master them all. ‘Something of everything, everything of something’ should be our ideal... Most of us cannot aspire to be anything but general practitioners. Special knowledge must be the privilege of specialists.”

THE SPOUSE OF CHRIST AND DAILY COMMUNION. By F. M. de Zulueta, S.J. 1/- net.

Fr. Zulueta has published a number of little books on Daily Communion for different states of life. This one is intended for those living in religious life. The author shows how a frequent reception of the Holy Eucharist is as needful for such persons as for those living in the world. The vital question for religious, as for others, is What was the use which our Lord Himself desired us to make of His most loving sacramental gift? Our own motives, however reverential and lowly, however lofty spiritual, are of no concern by comparison. He continues to explain the decree Sacra Tridentina Synodus as applicable to religious, and the book contains some excellent instructions on self-probing under the heading of ‘The State of Grace,’ and
NOTICES OF BOOKS.

on the meaning of "a right intention." Lastly he shows how religious men and women ought to check their reading in spiritual books on the practice of Holy Communion by the teaching of the Papal decrees instead of interpreting the latter by the former.

THE PETER PAN PICTURE BOOK. By Alice B. Woodward and D. O'Connor. Bell and Sons. 5/-.

Mr. J. M. Barrie's pantomime, Peter Pan, is deservedly popular. The childish fancy is attracted by the scenery, the acting and the crocodile. But whether the tale of Peter Pan will last, and rank with that of Little Red Riding Hood or Blue Beard or Cinderella, and enter the nursery in book form is another question. Mr. O'Connor has brought out an excellent edition of the story with the intention of "enabling children to revive their memories of the play." This intention will certainly be fulfilled, and the book will form a delightful present for a child who has seen the pantomime, who has already made friends with Peter Pan and Wendy and Tinker Bell, and learnt perhaps to fear Captain Hook and his Pirates. Little Red Riding Hood came from Mewbury to the stage. Peter Pan appeared on the stage and is trying to get into the nursery. If he is to enter he must come with the "pou follet" of the stage. In the present edition he certainly does this under the form of Miss Woodward's pictures. Those which contain "Peter Pan" in scarlet, dancing with his own shadow, or floating away to the Never-Never-Never-Land with Wendy, or "perceiving" Tinker Bell is his glass are the best.

FOURARD'S LIFE OF CHRIST. (Popular Edition.) 6d. net.

MEDITATIONS AND DEVOTIONS OF CARDINAL NEWMAN. In Three Parts. Price 1 - net each part.

Farrar's Life of Christ (Sixpenny Edition) was published in 1906, and now we welcome a Catholic Life of Our Lord so well known for its devotion and warmth. It would be ungracious to expect the publishers, in so cheap an edition, to give us all the maps or the notes and appendices.

We have also received from the same firm, the Meditations and Devotions of Cardinal Newman, well bound, well printed, in three parts, at a shilling each: Part I—Meditations for the Month of May; Part II—The Stations of the Cross; Part III—Meditations of Christian Doctrine. It was thought that the original size and price of these have prevented many from becoming familiar with a very beautiful and instructive side of the Cardinal's mind and life. It is now, in its three separate parts, more accessible and more convenient for use.
A Day in ancient Rome. About the end of the First Century. B.C.

(PRIZE ESSAY.)

It had been a hard day: I had struggled through Exams, all the morning, Exams, most of the afternoon, and as an appropriate conclusion to this exacting day I endured a long expected Roman History Exam, in the evening. How I had worked to distinguish myself in that Roman History paper! All my energies during the last term had been concentrated on that subject; my other studies had suffered through my having introduced by stealth Roman History into hours that should have been devoted to Greek, Chemistry, Geometry and a host of other distasteful subjects, in the pursuit of which the schoolboy has to spend many a hateful hour; even my pleasure books had been selected with a view to their association with the inhabitants of ancient Rome. Finally I should not like to own to how many times I had pictured myself receiving amid rapturous applause the prize that was the aim of this long sustained endeavour.

It will easily be believed from all this that when I lay in bed that night, feeling I had done all I could and that the result now was on the knees of the gods, my thoughts still ran on Rome; Cato and Hannibal, the Scipios and the Gracchi, Caesar and Pompey took possession of my brain and refused to go away. Hence after laying for some time in this state, I was scarcely surprised to see standing by my bedside a figure which I had no difficulty in recognising as a Roman of the time of Caesar. He was a dark man of middle height, clad in a toga of rich material. His toga, and also the parts of the tunic that were visible, were of a pure white; on his feet were very light sandals, the straps of which were wound several times round the legs. But much time was not allowed me for these observations, since after he had satisfied himself apparently as to who I was, he shook me and said, "I am a very remote ancestor of yours; it is my duty on every hundredth anniversary of my death to show my youngest living descendant a day of my former life on earth, until I have exhausted every day of it. It happens that you are to be my companion this time. Remember now that though you yourself will be present in flesh and blood, yet to those among whom you move, it will be as though you were not there; they will neither see nor hear you. Now prepare yourself for a day in ancient Rome."

An inquiry as to how we were to reach ancient Rome was on my lips, when I noticed that I was in entirely new surroundings. I was in a small dark room furnished with two mattresses which occupied almost all the floor. The walls and ceiling so far as I could see were not decorated in any way. The only ingress for light and ventilation was through a small doorway which opened into a large but poorly lighted apartment. My ancestor, who seemed to have been waked into bed after explaining the reason of his visit to me, was at present engaged in dressing himself with the aid of one whom I took to be a slave. Consequently there was not too much room to spare in the small bed-chamber, and as moreover it was decidedly stuffy, I was not sorry to be shown into the large room into which the bed-chamber opened. This was a large and lofty hall whose floor was composed of mosaics representing scenes from mythology and ancient history, and whose walls were faced with white marble occasionally varied by small patches of colour. The arched roof was also decorated, and out of that portion of it which overhung the centre of the room an aperture was cut, through which the dull light of a dismal
morning was admitted. Underneath this was a large basin into which a fountain might play. The furniture was mostly of marble or other stone, and there was nothing resembling our modern mode of decoration. The whole room struck me as being a model combination of grandeur and utility; it was useful without being commonplace, grand without being luxurious. Such was the atrium of the more advanced type of Roman house, which, while it was an example of all that is best in domestic architecture, would readily serve for the wear and tear of daily life.

Numerous doors pierced the walls of the room in which I stood, and I decided to set out on a tour of inspection. At one end there were large double doors through which I passed into the ostium or entrance-hall, taking care not to place the left foot on the threshold. One of the ever present slaves opened and closed the doors, and I found myself in the open vestibule which adjoined the public road. Not wishing to leave my revered ancestor's house, I retraced my steps, and at the other end of the atrium I passed through a heavily curtained doorway into the centre of the Roman house. This was a small but exquisitely beautiful apartment. Sweet perfumes scented the air, and no sound of the outer world was permitted to reach this sacred spot. The light was quiet and mellow, and the whole atmosphere of the place breathed the atrium cum dignitate—the elegant ideal of Roman life. Here in all their state were the hermes, together with the statues of countless ancestors of the family. Here, too, were the records of the famous deeds of these ancestors, and here it was that the particular ancestor, to whom I was indebted for my visit, in his capacity as paterfamilias, drove out at midnight the ill-disposed spirits from the house, to the accompaniment of many mystic utterances and numerous ablutions.

Another carefully covered door led from this hallowed spot into an open courtyard of great magnificence. It was surrounded by many pillars of marble, and in the centre of the court a mighty fountain sent a column of water high into the air. Numerous couches, wrought extensively in silver and ivory, were in position on the beautifully coloured floor. Statues of gods and goddesses, heroes and historical favourites were to be seen on all sides. Every known luxury found a place here, and I had a glimpse of that devastating relaxing influence which contact with the East had produced. After lingering for some time over the gorgeous scene, and picturing myself enjoying a siesta in the air cooled by the fountain, after exposure to a burning Roman sun, I wandered back into the atrium and meeting my host, was guided by him down a corridor into a small room. Here the inmates of the house were partaking of a light breakfast consisting of bread and cheese, and various kinds of dried fruits. This meal was in no way a formal one. The family came in one after another and did not even sit down while taking their food. After this the younger members of the family were escorted to school by a slave, and their elders sought out their respective pleasures. No one seemed to give a thought to business or work; that was all in the hands of slaves and paid agents. As I wandered through this palace-house I saw some lounging in luxurious ease while a well-trained slave played or read to them; others enjoying, or pretending to enjoy, the beauties of art in a well-equipped picture-room; others engaged in conversation, sometimes on politics and trade, but more often in idle gossip. There was but one object throughout the whole establishment,—and that was pleasure. What did these care about the hermes or the many observances of their forefathers' religion? Nothing, except that they were the fashion, and that an outward show of respect to them kept the croakers and old-fashioned fogies quiet. What did these care about the gods and goddesses so frequently brought before them by innumerable statues? Nothing, save only that their festivals made the excuse for the horrible excesses in
which the later Roman revelled. Once indeed I did see a
cultivated Greek slave expounding the beauties of his native
literature to the heir of the house, and indulging the while
in many a hidden gibe at his boorish master. Long
experience had assured him that he ran no fear of detection
in this, from him who considered himself one of Rome's
smartest society men. About twelve o'clock in our modern
reckoning, the household again assembled, this time for a
light refreshments were only taken of sparingly, for a keen appetite
indeed was needed for the caca, the principal meal of the
day. Until it was time for this, the chief event of the
Roman's daily life, the time was passed loitering round about
the fountain in the open court, or in wandering through the
gardens that covered the housetop.

About five o'clock the family assembled in the
triclinium or Roman dining-room. This room was fitted with
a long low table, along three sides of which couches were
placed. These couches, which were slightly higher than
the table, were draped with most costly materials, and
inlaid with ivory and even precious stones. Accordingly
the guests' first act after entering the room was to remove
their shoes. After this they took their place according to
their rank, the middle place being allotted to the most dis-
tinguished of the company. The richly dressed guests rested
on their left elbow, which was placed on a long cushion or
pillow--the arm of the couch. In this lazy attitude they
set to work to eat. The dinner began with such stimulants
to the appetite as eggs, olives, oysters, lettuce; the second
course consisted of a variety of delicacies in which fish and
fowl played prominent parts, and was followed by a more
or less modern dessert. During the meal wine was consumed
in such amazing quantities both by my ancestor and his
guests as to make it necessary for slaves to bring round
water, in which they might cool themselves, and for other
slaves to wave large fans. For, let it not be imagined that

these Romans ate and drank in any degree of moderation,
or merely to satisfy the natural cravings of hunger and thirst.
Their appetite had become to them their greatest form of
pleasure, and as such was only rivalled by their love of
"games" and of witnessing bloodshed. Perhaps this result
was only to be expected, when all the luxury and effeminacy
of Greece and the East were suddenly placed at the disposal
of a people who had neither the deep religious spirit nor
the high social ideal which controlled the life of the Greek.
As for the cruelty of the Roman it was his natural inheri-
tance, but it was intensified by his lack of moral restraint.
It was my lot, I cannot say good fortune, now, to witness the
second method that the Roman had of beguiling his time.

Since most of the party now could only walk with
difficulty, and the narrow roads would not permit the
passage of any wheeled vehicle, litter were provided. It
still wanted two or three hours till sunset, and so I set to
work to make the most I could of my opportunity of viewing
Rome's exterior. We passed many private houses similar
to the one I had been in, though most of them were not so
large. Sometimes a laurel branch would be seen on a door,
indicating that a marriage was in process of celebration.
On other houses a chaplet told the passers-by of the birth of
an heir, and other decorations showed some other cause for
rejoicing. But even Rome in all her gaiety and frivolity
could not rid herself of one sorrow, and this was manifested
by the number of small pots containing cypress that we
passed in the doorways and by the columnae, houses where
the ashes of the deceased were kept after cremation. Many
stately buildings, for the most part temples or baths,
were passed till I found myself in the Forum Romanum
itself. I felt awed when I thought of the great men who had
spent so much of their lives in this spot, but from an
architectural point of view I was disappointed with it.
There were, it is true, many noble buildings, but these had
been built for their individual appearance and not with a
view to the effect of the whole. In fact this criticism applies to the whole of the city. However it was on this spot that a feeling of reverence, which I had experienced from the first moment I found myself in ancient Rome, now asserted itself more strongly. I could not account for it, but I felt somehow I was treading on holy ground. Neither was this feeling extinguished by the disgusting scenes I was about to witness, any more than in its milder form it had been driven away by my instinctive recoil from the pleasure-seeking people by whom I was surrounded.

We arrived at the circus: the games were drawing to a close as they could not be continued after sunset owing to the absence of any efficient means of artificial lighting. However I found that the chief event, a fight to the death between two famous gladiators, had yet to take place. When I entered, a chariot race had just been finished, and the victor was even now receiving his prize, while the mangled body of one of the competitors who had been trampled to death, was being borne out of the arena. Next came a few contests in which beast was pitted against beast, or man against beast. All of these were to me most horrible, but they did not seem to affect the hardened spectators, who calmly criticised the methods of the combatants. Then the time came for the gladiators.

It was no new experience for this pair, since both had been the heroes of several contests. This had the effect of prolonging the fight, and for some time neither gained much advantage. Gradually they lost their strength, and blood was observed to be trickling from various wounds. Soon both were covered with blood, and the excited cries of the partisans and the remarks of the unconcerned were hushed, so that I could hear the panting of the combatants. Then of a sudden by a deft movement one of them maims his opponent, and almost in the same moment puts an end to his misery. The suppressed excitement of the mob bursts forth on every side. Jubilation, congratulation and vexation are all clearly visible in the swaying crowd.

But then a strange thing happened. The packed theatre transformed itself before my swimming eyes into the college dormitory; the ear-splitting applause dwindled into the prefect's clap; and the death shriek of the fallen gladiator became the high-pitched voice of my neighbour, who was complaining that I had been the cause of his having spent a sleepless night.

As I occupy myself with my morning toilet, I reflect upon the hours I may be said to have spent in ancient Rome, and try to account for the feeling of awe that came over me so strongly as I stood in the Forum, and which still stays with me. What is it that makes me feel this reverence? The days of Empire? No, they disgust me. The people whose daily life I witnessed? They likewise offend me. A handful of great men apart from the nation? They scarcely do more than interest me. Romulus and his robber-band who win this deep respect? No, it is rather the struggling city, whose defence was her own farmer soldiers, to which I am so attached. Here before her citizens had learnt to crave for foreign conquest and before the vicious mob became her rulers, did Rome reach the zenith of her true glory. I see Horatius and his colleagues again defending the narrow way—and here, since my thoughts can ascend no higher, they must fall with the shattered bridge into the dull sluggish stream of daily life.

P. A. Chamberlain.
College Diary and Notes.

Jan. 10th. Opening of Term. Voting for Captain took place in the evening and resulted in the re-election of T. Leonard. The following are the school officials for the term:

Government:
- Secretary and Recorder: L. Hope
- Treasurer: E. Calkell
- Librarians of the Upper Library: B. Collins
- Librarians of the Lower Library: A. Litchfield
- Librarians of the Reading Room: C. James
- Gamesmen: G. McCormack
- Millard's Officials: T. Kudin
- The Rem... (missing information)

Jan. 11th. An informal lecture was given in the Chemistry Room by Fr. Placid on the "Sun." The lecture was profusely illustrated by Magic Lantern slides chiefly of sun spots. The lecturer also dealt with the remarkable results achieved through spectrum analysis. As the sight of the sun has been denied to us

Feb. 6th. A strong Football Eleven went to Helmsley to play the return match with Duncombe Park. We have generally had some difficulty in winning this match away from home, but today we secured an easy victory. Fr. Joseph, who was playing left outside, opened the scoring, and chiefly as a result of the fine play of both our wing forwards the score stood at 6–1 in our favour at the interval. In the next half we overwhelmed our opponents and the final result was 11–1. Fr. Maurus was in irresistible form and scored eight of our goals. G. Gaynor appeared in the Eleven for the first time and promised well at right half-back. The following played for the College:—Goal, T. Leonard; Backs, Rev. A. Barnett, P. Martin; Half-Backs, G. Gaynor, Rev. B. Hayes, B. Collison. Forwards, J. Darby, J. Robertson, Rev. A. Powell, H. J. Speakman, Rev. J. M. Dawson.

Feb. 8th. A class match was played today between Forms I and II and resulted in a great victory for the smaller boys by one goal to nothing.

Feb. 10th. It is not often a boy spends his eighth birthday at school. Lancaster (ii) today proved an exception to the rule and staged the Preparatory in honour of the event. A recreation was permitted and Fr. Romuald guided the class to a meeting of the Sinton foxhounds which conveniently took place in the neighbourhood to-day. Returned from the chase, they were provided with a sumptuous tea in Mrs. Doherty's room, after which Power (iii) made a suitable speech congratulating the guest of the evening on the completion of his eighth year, and the Preparatory on their being allowed to celebrate that event. The hero of the occasion in his reply said that the Headmaster should have the thanks of the Preparatory for his permission to celebrate the birthday, and he was grateful too to the other "grown ups" for not interfering to spoil the day.

Feb. 11th. After supper Fr. Benedict gave a lecture on English Architecture, and invested a difficult and technical subject with much interest. With the aid of the Magic Lantern he showed us practically since the beginning of term, the information we received of its existence was comforting.
types of the Norman and Gothic structures (some of his slides being made from photographs of different parts of the Abbey and Church), and contrasted these with well-known types of the Romanesque style.

Feb. 26th. The Second Eleven played a football match v. Bootham School Second Eleven. Bootham kicked off, and playing with the wind pressed for some time. But our defence proved too strong, and a break away by the forwards ended in Williams scoring the only goal obtained before half-time. In the second half with the wind at our backs we had all the best of the game, and after W. Darby had added a second goal from the right wing and A. Smith a third, Williams, who played a good game throughout, scored five further goals. Result, 8—0. The score represents the general run of the play.

March 2nd. Collop Monday; recreation day. There was enough snow to make slogging practicable, and as the surface was frozen the course proved fast and lively in the morning. But by midday the sun by melting the track had deprived our sledge, to use a bold metaphor, of the “oarage of their wings,” and class outings were arranged for the afternoon. Fr. Anselm took Forms Y and IV to Byland Abbey and Coxwold, where they visited St. Peter's Church and the Rectory (Shandy Hall), where Tristram Shandy was written. The Higher went with Fr. Benedict to Hovingham, and Fr. Dunstan took the Lower III across the valley to Yearsley. Each class spoke highly of the hospitality they experienced at the several termini.

The Football Eleven had travelled to York by the morning train to play the return match with Bootham School. The ground was just fit to admit of the match being played. We had beaten Bootham heavily in the home match, and accordingly were disappointed when a rush by the opposing forwards resulted in a point being scored against us in the first few minutes of the game. Our Eleven took some time to settle down, but towards the end of the first half Ruddin scored for us with a fast shot, and a few moments later Speakman gave us the lead. In the second half we had much the better of the game, and though Bootham scored twice, before time was called we had brought our total up to nine. Result, 9—3. It was a vigorous scrambling game, the state of the ground making scientific play impossible.

Of the backs Martin was most conspicuous, and Cawkeil played an exciting game at half-back.

In the evening two farces were played, No. 1 Round the Corner, by H. and C. Rochford and J. Darby; and Sent to the Tower, by T. Leonard, A. Smith and H. J. Speakman. Both were amusing and well received, though the second was presented with greater attention to detail, and its plot was less obvious.

March 5th. School Debate: Fr. Paul presided. The captain introduced an elaborate “Sports’ Bill” which dealt with the new conditions under which the Sports were to take place, and made provision for more systematic practice during the fortnight preceding the Sports. The meeting was adjourned.

March 7th. Fr. Anselm gave an informal Lecture on “Athens.” He had some very good slides of the ancient ruins; he did not however confine himself to architectural details, but enlivened his account of the buildings into an interesting story of the daily life of an Athenian.

March 8th. The discussion on the “Sports’ Bill” was resumed after High Mass. A somewhat hot debate took place, several members of the House passing severe criticisms on the principles underlying the Bill, and the Chairman had to intervene more than once. Ultimately the Government proposals were adopted with slight changes in details.

March 10th. Football match at home v. Pickering. The Committee boldly decided to play the boys’ Eleven. For a long time after the kick-off, Pickering pressed hard and it looked as though weight and strength would carry the day. At last our forwards got going, and after some good combination Ruddin opened the scoring. In a few moments Pickering equalised through some hesitation on the part of our backs immediately in front of goal. The score at half-time was one all. For about a quarter of an hour after the recommencement of the game, play was even, and then Ruddin smartly took a good centre from the left and gave us the lead. A few minutes later the same player took the ball down the centre, dodged between the backs and dribbled past the goalkeeper. We kept up the attack and Speakman added a fourth
goal. The next point fell to Pickering. Just before time Ruddin scored our fifth and final goal with a very hard shot just under the cross bar. Result 5–2. Until half time the game was well contested, but the combination of our forwards demoralised the opposing side. The shooting of the school forwards was very accurate and few chances were missed. The following was the team:—Goal, T. Leonard; Backs, P. Martin, H. Rochford; Half-Backs, G. Gaynor, B. Collison, E. Cawkell; Forwards, J. Darby, J. Robertson, T. Ruddin, H. Speakman, G. McCormack.

March 13th. After supper Fr. Placid gave an interesting lecture on the “Planets,” illustrated by some Magic Lantern slides. Passing from Venus, which the Lecturer regarded as not of very great astronomical interest, he described the Moon and the theory of its once having been part of the earth; and finally dealt with Mars, its channels and the question of its supposed inhabitants.

March 15th. The Lower Library anticipated St. Patrick’s Day and played off their annual English v. Irish match. Morice first scored for the English, and Ruddin equalised. Before half time Beech put England ahead once more. With ten minutes left for play, W. Darby made the score two all, and just before time Dunbar with a long and lucky shot gave Ireland the victory. Today also in a class match Form II defeated Form I in a close game by two goals to one.

March 18th. Another visit from Mr. Norman Potter, who came to interest us in the rescue work he is doing among boys in London. This year he had some Magic Lantern slides to illustrate the great work that is growing under his care. We had slides depicting for us the squalid scenes and conditions from which he rescues the boys and takes them to a real home (not an institution) at St. Hugh’s, Balham. These were followed by pictures of the boys at work or play at St. Hugh’s, or having their annual holiday away at the seaside. It was pleasing to see the familiar figures of some old Laurentians in the pictures, “snap-shotted” when rendering Mr. Potter some help in entertaining and amusing his boys. But we confess it was not the photographs, but the earnestness and devotion of the lecturer that was chiefly impressive, and the rounds of applause that greeted the close of his lecture must have made him feel how much he had won the sympathy of Ampleforth boys.

A movement is already on foot to show this sympathy in a tangible form.

March 19th. St. Joseph’s. In the afternoon His Highness the Jam Sahib Maharajah of Nawanagar, who had been Fr. Abbot’s guest at dinner, came down to the cricket field to lay the first sod on the new ground and to plant a tree in the corner of the field. The Union Jack flew from its staff, and the tree was decorated with His Highness’ colours. The tool with which the sod was laid was also adorned with the colours of K.S. Ranjitsinjhi’s College at Cambridge. The Captain thanked His Highness for his kindness in coming over to Ampleforth to perform the ceremony, and voiced the wish of the School that when the new ground was ready His Highness would again bring a team to play the College. In a felicitous reply K. S. Ranjitsinjhi recalled the pleasant hours he had spent some years ago both with Fr. Abbot and the community, and on the boys’ cricket ground. He hoped the new ground would be a success, and that while at school the boys would learn “to play the game” not only on the cricket field but on the larger field of life. His Highness then left the ground accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Borresow, Vicar of Gilling, with whom he had motored over to the College. A half-day was given in honour of the event.

March 22nd. Feast of the Annunciation. Heartiest congratulations to Frs. Edward Parker, Adael Dawson, and Ambrose Byrne, who were raised to the priesthood by His Lordship Bishop Lacy; also to Brs. Justin McCann, and Adrian Mawson, who received the Diaconate; and to Brs. Leo Hayes, Sebastian Lambert, and Herbert Byrne, who were ordained Sub-deacons. Later in the morning His Lordship administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to several of the younger boys.

March 26th. The Captain called a general meeting of the school. The new Sports’ Bill and the Racquet Rules were read. The House then proceeded to discuss the “complaints,” of which several had been handed in by the Opposition.

March 29th. Laetare Sunday. The Racquet season was ushered in with the traditional festivities.
April 1st. Fr. Dominic, who had last term given us a lecture on the “Atmosphere,” gave an interesting lecture on “Rivers.” The slides, which were chiefly of wild Scotch Rivers, were interesting not only from the aqueous point of view, but from that of the lover of mountain scenery. They clearly brought out the Lecturer’s points.

April 2nd. Month Half-Day. The Lower School spent the afternoon in “scouting,” adopting the system advocated in General Baden Powell’s “Scout for Boys.” Forms I and II divided into three groups and guarded the approaches from the College into Coxwold. Three boys were given a note each to take into Coxwold Post Office, their object being to get through the scouts undetected. In disguises that would have done credit to The Scarlet Pimpernel, Pozzi, Power (mi), and McDonald (mi) set out by separate paths. McDonald (metamorphosed into a farm boy) took the path down the valley, crossed the railway, and ran into a group of scouts in Newburgh Park. Pozzi (as an old villager) took a straight line across the fields, while Power in khaki made for Byland Abbey. But every route was well watched; the ridge of hills dividing the Byland road from the lower part of the valley affording an admirable lookout. Pozzi’s disguise was penetrated about a mile outside Coxwold, and he had to surrender; but Power after hairbreadth escapes and periods of tension spent in ditches and by hayricks, succeeded in escaping notice in reaching Coxwold.

It was a novel experiment that gave rise to interesting episodes. Having heard that one of the enemy was got up as a farm boy, several of the scouts espying an agricultural figure, carefully drew a circle round it, and closed in on a stolid Yorkshire plough-boy! The farmers too were not without exception neutral, as they should be to make “scouting” a success. The only complaint came from some of the scouts, who found it slow. Two of the First Form, for instance, had a beat of three hundred yards along the bank of an easily fordable stream. They paced it for the best part of an hour without any other result than that towards the end of their vigil one of them fell into it.

In the evening the Month-Day “Speeches” were delivered and the music pieces played. At the close the Head Master said that

with this evening the series of Month Day speeches for the present year came to an end. He complimented both speakers and musicians on their work, and expressed the hope that the audience would not be content with this slight acquaintance with “The King’s Treasurce,” but that now while at school they would not miss the opportunity of forming a friendship with books, which would last them through life. For the “Speeches” were not merely to teach elocution, they were also to help the audience to keep in touch and sympathy with the best that had been written. The following was the programme of to-day’s selections:

**PIANO SOLO**

- “Valise de Salon”... Major
- “St. Stamford”... Tenney
- “The Passing of Arthur”... Tenney
- “Rondo, G Major”... Beethoven
- “The Hump”... Kipting
- “The Sea at Hamburg”... Lowell
- “Les Alleins”... Busack
- “Incident of the French Camp”... Browning
- “The Fair”... A. Marcel
- “King’s Treasurers”... Ruskin
- “Variations in G Major”... Beethoven
- “Loss of the Royal George”... Couper
- “The Height of the Ridiculous”... Holmes
- “Fidelity”... Wordsworth
- “Sparrowfield”... Mendelssohn

April 9th. The last meeting of the school took place in the Upper Library. After the discussion of some “complaints,” only one of which was upheld by the Chair, Mr. Leonard thanked the school for the support accorded to himself and his government, which despite the tactful resources and the keen vigilance of the
opposition leader seemed to him to have retained the confidence of the school. On congratulating the football elevens on a record unsullied by a single defeat he had only one regret that they had been unable to add Pocklington to their list of victories a second time this season. Mr. Williams, the leader of the opposition, made what was perhaps the best speech of the term. He said it had been a term in which expectations had been realised both in athletics, in debating, and in the government. Upon all these several heads he enlarged at length, paying tributes to friend and foe but especially to the Captain, whose position, he said, we were too apt to look upon as a bed of roses without the thorns. It was really one that entailed many duties and all those petty troubles that government of any kind—no matter how small—must necessarily entail.

The Chairman then asked permission to say a few words. It appeared to him that the last meeting of term had by common consent developed into a kind of "Thanksgiving Service." To some this may appear puerile; for his part he preferred that it should be so than that it should be a critical meeting. He would perform the more agreeable task of praising that which was praiseworthy. He congratulated the house in general on the debates in which the speeches had, he thought, been above the common level in particular those of certain members of the opposition who had made a real attempt to substantiate their complaints by sensible arguments. He spoke for some time upon the position and duties of Captain. Mr. Leonard had filled the position with commendable success, and had retained the confidence of the school because while he had not failed to perform those disagreeable duties alluded to by Mr. Williams, he had done so with the minimum of offence and officiousness.

April 19th. Congratulations to Henry Rochford on winning a prize at the recent exhibition for photographs by amateurs at Richmond. The successful photo was of a pheasant sitting on her nest.

April 20th. Opening of the Rounder season. Boys v. Masters. The former won by 99 to 76. One of the rules of the game is that each side provides its own ball. The school scored a distinct triumph with its "rubber core" this afternoon, even quite small hits proving productive of runs. The secret had been well kept, and the masters' efforts with the ordinary ball suggested a hoplite trying to overtake a motor car.

April 19th. The Retreat began this evening given by Fr. Paulinus Hickey, O.S.B. A large number of "Old Boys" arrived to attend the exercises and take part in the Holy Week ceremonies.

April 19th. Easter Sunday. In the afternoon the "Old Boys" played their annual football match, but this year the school was not at full strength, some members of the Eleven reserving themselves for the Sports to-morrow. The game however was even, and towards the close exciting. It ended in a draw of two goals all.

April 20th. Easter Monday. A thin covering of snow lay on the ground this morning, but under the influence of a hot sun soon disappeared, and it was possible to commence the Sports at half-past ten. The races were run on a grass track prepared round the 1st Set Football Field, and the other events took place inside this course. There was a numerous gathering of "Old Boys" and other visitors, and an enjoyable day was spent. It is difficult to say whether on the whole the results are good or bad, as the events were decided under new conditions and comparisons with previous years are quite misleading. Speaking generally the lower Sets seem to have done very well and undoubtedly contain several promising athletes, but we think few of the 1st Set results will survive the next two or three years. The High Jump, which in the 3rd Set was remarkably good, in the first two sets was distinctly poor—especially for "Leap" Year, as was ironically observed,—and much better results were obtained in practice. This event was taken last, and it may be that the winners who had been competing in other events were unable to do themselves justice. In the races the 1st Set Hundred Yards was well contested, and the same event in the 2nd Set produced a splendid finish, Narey just losing to Richardson in the last stride. Blackledge ran with excellent judgment in the 2nd Set Mile, but in the 1st Set J. Darby, who had most of the race to himself, allowed himself to finish much too fresh. The results in detail are appended:
Conducted under the Rules and Regulations of the A.A.A.

All Races run on a Grass-course.

First Set.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Event</th>
<th>1st</th>
<th>2nd</th>
<th>Time, Height, etc.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>100 Yards</td>
<td>W. Darby</td>
<td>T. Dunbar</td>
<td>11.4 sec</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>400 Yards</td>
<td>W. Darby</td>
<td>J. Robertson</td>
<td>1 min. 21 sec.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mile</td>
<td>J. Darby</td>
<td>A. Clapham</td>
<td>5 min. 37 sec.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hurdles</td>
<td>W. Darby</td>
<td>P. Martin</td>
<td>211 sec</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>High Jump</td>
<td>P. Martin</td>
<td>J. Darby</td>
<td>4 ft. 7 in.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Long Jump</td>
<td>P. Martin</td>
<td>G. Gascoin (men)</td>
<td>17 ft. 53 in.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Weight</td>
<td>P. Martin</td>
<td>A. Rochford</td>
<td>29 ft.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cricket Ball</td>
<td>J. Darby</td>
<td>F. Goss</td>
<td>87 yds. 0 ft. 3 in.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Second Set.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Event</th>
<th>1st</th>
<th>2nd</th>
<th>Time, Height, etc.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>100 Yards</td>
<td>G. Richardson</td>
<td>V. Narey</td>
<td>11.4 sec</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>200 Yards</td>
<td>G. Richardson</td>
<td>W. Clapham</td>
<td>32 sec</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>400 Yards</td>
<td>W. Dent-Young</td>
<td>D. Power</td>
<td>1 min. 63 sec.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Half-Mile</td>
<td>R. Blackledge</td>
<td>G. Morris</td>
<td>2 min. 36 sec.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mile</td>
<td>R. Blackledge</td>
<td>N. Reynolds</td>
<td>5 min. 57 sec.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hurdle (33 yds)</td>
<td>W. Dent-Young</td>
<td>W. Clapham</td>
<td>33 sec</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>High Jump</td>
<td>J. Murphy</td>
<td>G. Lindsay</td>
<td>4 ft. 11 in.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Long Jump</td>
<td>V. Narey</td>
<td>G. McCormick</td>
<td>12 ft. 8 in.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Weight (14 lbs)</td>
<td>J. Beech</td>
<td>J. Murphy</td>
<td>23 ft. 53 in.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cricket Ball</td>
<td>A. Goss</td>
<td>P. Murphy</td>
<td>70 yds. 1 ft. 8 in.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Third Set.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Event</th>
<th>1st</th>
<th>2nd</th>
<th>Time, Height, etc.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>100 Yards</td>
<td>W. Martin</td>
<td>A. Power</td>
<td>13.8 sec</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>200 Yards</td>
<td>A. Power</td>
<td>J. Emersan</td>
<td>33 sec</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>400 Yards</td>
<td>F. Perszi</td>
<td>B. Hardman</td>
<td>1 min. 14 sec.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Half-Mile</td>
<td>I. McDonald</td>
<td>F. Perszi</td>
<td>2 min. 48 sec.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Barlens (3 ft.)</td>
<td>I. McDonald</td>
<td>A. Neilan</td>
<td>3 ft. 100 in.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>High Jump</td>
<td>A. Neilan</td>
<td>I. McDonald</td>
<td>18 ft. 1 in.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Long Jump</td>
<td>L. Lucy</td>
<td>W. Barnett</td>
<td>18 ft. 4 in.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Weight (14 lbs)</td>
<td>W. Goodall</td>
<td>L. Reddin</td>
<td>18 ft. 4 in.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cricket Ball</td>
<td>J. McElligot</td>
<td>W. Barnett</td>
<td>61 yds. 0 ft. 2 in.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Fourth Set.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Event</th>
<th>1st</th>
<th>2nd</th>
<th>Time, Height, etc.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>100 Yards</td>
<td>C. Bradle</td>
<td>G. Welch</td>
<td>13.8 sec</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>200 Yards</td>
<td>G. Welch</td>
<td>C. Simpson</td>
<td>33 sec</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>400 Yards</td>
<td>C. Bradle</td>
<td>R. Harrison</td>
<td>1 min. 15 sec.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

In the evening the Old Boys played the school at Billiards and won decisively. The following are the results of the games played:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Match</th>
<th>Score</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Mr. G. H. Chamberlain</td>
<td>1 W. V. Clapham</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mr. E. P. Hardman</td>
<td>1 P. Martin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mr. C. Hines</td>
<td>1 C. Ainscowgh</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mr. J. Rochford</td>
<td>1 W. Rockford</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mr. B. Rochford</td>
<td>1 A. Clapham</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

April 21st. Easter Tuesday. Going home day.

We heard somewhere that the University Inspectors who were here last June described the precautions taken against fire as ample. Had this inspection been this year their praise would perhaps have been more generous. The water has now been conducted to the gallery immediately outside the dormitories, and two lengthy fire hoses of the latest and most approved type hang close at hand. They can be securely fixed by the smallest boy at
a moment's notice and reach the remotest corner of the dormitory. In addition "fire buckets" are mustered in an imposing array on the window-sills. To the inexperienced these latter may appear a very primitive method of fighting the flames, but we are assured that expert advice has been taken, and those most interested in preventing fire are of opinion that there is no more effective prophylactic against large outbreaks than a number of such vessels ready for immediate use. One's saner self trusts that it will be long before they are wanted, but we confess to have yearned to wield one. Somehow buckets seem made for throwing water, and when they become mere containants we fully appreciate the sentiments of the Ancient Mariner when he spoke of "The silly Woke. on the de. That had so long remained."

As it is they may be a guard against fire, but they are a very idle though perhaps a very imposing guard. They remind us of the horse-guard at Whitehall—always magnificent, always impressive, but capable of better things than mere sitting, which is their unhappy lot. A little fire-drill would be very useful, besides affording an outlet for our animal spirits and the possibility of removing some of the red paint from the buckets.

Will the authorities consider the possibility of forming a fire brigade amongst the boys? Experience has shown that boys' fire brigades have been very effective in cases of outbreak, and there is the further consideration that in the actual practice a deal of skill is acquired which, apart from actual fire, is most useful.

** * * *

During the past term our curiosity has been aroused on several occasions by the arrival of large packing cases. Invariably they have proved to contain "more toys for the Science Rooms." With a view to stimulating interest in practical work the small boys have been provided with a variety of scientific playthings. The use they make of them, we need hardly say, is subject to some supervision, but they do play with them as they are intended. For the Fourth and Fifth forms much new apparatus has been acquired in the department of Heat and Light. In making his selection the science master appears to have had in view the fitness of the instruments for use by the boys themselves. Our mechanical contrivances too have been considerably augmented by the addition of new and expensive pieces. Perhaps it is due to these fresh arrivals that the Science Rooms have become quite popular on wet afternoons. In fact even on Tuesdays and Thursdays they seem to afford amusement for invalids or damaged footballers.

** * * *

A series of historical pictures has been hung in the Study. There is now no excuse for ignorance of the occurrence of such landmarks as "The Signing of Magna Charta" or "The Landing of William of Orange." The subjects are set forth in a bold fashion which readily catches the eye, but accuracy of detail is not aimed at so much as the general impressiveness of the scenes depicted.

The boys' corridor has been adorned by several of "The Burlington Prints" in dark oak frames. They are, as every one knows, very striking productions, and have quite changed the aspect of the corridor. Millais "Chill October" and the landscape by Corot, though perhaps the least suited to their positions, are our favourites.

** * * *

The following additions have been made: to the Upper Library—Funk and Wagnalls Standard Dictionary (2 vols); Starland, (Sir Robert Ball); D'ordis Pantechinicon (Mark Sykes and E. Sandars); The Scott Country (W. S. Crockett); De Quincey and His Friends (James Hogg); The Queen's Tragedy (R. H. Benson); The Harbours of England (Ruskin); Aubrey de Vere (Wilfrid Ward).

To the Lower Library—With Stanley on the Congo (M. Douglas); One of the Twenty-Eighth (G. A. Henty); It came to Pass (Manville Fenn); Mance (M. Fenn); A Meeting of Greeks (M. Fenn); Blind Policy (M. Fenn); History of the Franco-Prussian War.

To the Reading Room—Red* Schad (C. M. Home); Paying the Price (Fr. Bearne, S.J.); Pictorial Record of Remarkable Events; Gathered Gems (M. Monteiro); Castle Blair (Flora Shaw); Rambles round London; Charlie Chittywick (Fr. Bearne, S.J);
Five Children and It (E. Nesbit); Treasure Seekers (E. Nesbit); Railway Children (E. Nesbit).

A beginning has been made to utilise for the purpose of their original design the spaces below the bookshelves of the Upper Library. Two cases of stuffed birds—the one containing a variety of English woodpeckers, the other a number of sea birds—have been placed there. The rest are to be filled in due course. Good specimens of the lesser crebe and the snipe have gone to the Lower Library, where the Natural History Society holds its meetings.

* * *

The curator of the Museum desires to acknowledge the following gifts:—Alligator, about five years old, six feet in length, killed in the River Demerara, West Indies (presented by M. A. Regan, Esq.); a collection of spears from three of the native tribes of the Gold Coast, Northern Territories: the collection consists of two Fulani horsemen’s spears; two Moshi spears, three Hausa stabbing spears and one throwing spear; some cartridge cases from the two-inch field guns used in Bush fighting, and a number of native pipes (presented by Capt. B. Johnstone); a pair of drums of whales’ ears (presented by R. O’Dwyer, Esq.); and a shark’s egg (presented by G. Parker, Esq.). Fr. Abbot has largely increased the collection of coins in the Museum.

* * *

The football season that has just ended has been quite one of the most successful on record. The boys’ Eleven have won all their matches and generally by a large margin, while the Masters’ team was only defeated once. The defence perhaps was not as strong as that of the last two years, but the improved forward play more than made up for this deficiency. Individually the forwards played a vigorous dashing game and this without spoiling effective combination both with one another and the half-backs. But the greatest improvement has been in the more determined play in front of goal, and our favourable goal average is largely due to the accurate shooting of Speakman (left inside) and Ruddin (centre). The following is an analysis of the results of the matches played:

|        | Played | Won | Lost | Drawn | Goals
|--------|--------|-----|------|-------|-------
| 1st Eleven | 7      | 6   | 1    | 0     | 41    | 11    |
| 2nd Eleven | 3      | 3   | 0    | 0     | 23    | 0     |

In the Set games two slight innovations have been made. Instead of playing altogether in white, in each Set one side wears colours—red and black. The advantage of this to the players is obvious, while aesthetically the effect is pleasing. Referees have also presided over the games with the result that the old custom of decision by acclamation or by the most powerful personality has disappeared.

* * *

The zest for “chases” remains unabated, and some good runs through “the Triangle”, and “Pry Rig”, or over the moors have yielded good sport. Attired in running raiment we are not particular about the route we pursue, so that quite apart from the actual chase the difficulties of the course furnish good fun which is not confined to the fleet of foot. The constant encountering of obstacles gives to paths, as lines of least resistance, special attractions, but oftener than not they have an untoward way of ending abruptly at doors one would fain have avoided. An enforced encounter with some angry Bucolic ensures. Farmers appear to have a rooted conviction that any boys in their immediate vicinity must necessarily have broken down their hedges or chased their ewes, and proceed without further justification to administer with their tongues the severest lashing that their rustic vocabulary allows. Ponds too are apt to hide themselves in a luxuriant growth of weeds and rushes, while more than once straggling “hounds” have themselves turned “fox” or “hare” pursued by one of the genuine canine species. But all this does not prevent a spirited chase, and on several occasions the last half mile has resulted in “a death” or in “a fox” barely escaping. It will be seen from the Diary that other forms of cross-country running organised on General Baden-Powell’s Scout System are being introduced.

* * *

Though Boxing has been in existence in the School, hitherto it has been practised rather than taught. The formation of a
COLLEGE DIARY AND NOTES.

Boxing Club this term has done away with the desultory efforts that have prevailed up to this, and under the organization of the Rev. A. Mawson considerable progress has been made in the art of self defence. The arrival of a formidable Punch Ball and new sets of gloves served to stimulate enthusiasm, and Boxing has now become one of the most interesting parts of the athletic curriculum. We are not sure whether the club is to " aestivate" next term or not, but during the winter months it has been very active.

"The Jam of Nawanagar Sod-Laying and Tree Planting" was the headline the provincial papers selected to record the beginning made on the field that is being transformed into our New Cricket Ground. The event is recorded in the pages of the Diary. Messrs. Backhouse have the contract in hand and at the time of the writing of this note have made fair progress towards adding one more to the school playing fields. The small grounds below the Old Cricket Ground have served a useful purpose in times of need, but like all " little systems" they have had their day and cease to be, and we confidently hope that next year the 3rd, 4th, and 5th Sets will play on a more adequate ground than they have hitherto endured. We would remind our readers however that Aeneas and his guide

devenere locos linos et a.m. virecta.

The italics are ours; it was only after they had made their offering to the goddess that they reached the smiling fields. The prefect looks to the Old Boys and other friends to help him to find the £50 due to the contractors. The following donations were received within the first fortnight of the opening of the subscription list: we hope to publish a complete list in the next issue of the Journal.

Very Rev. A. P. Wilson, O S.B. 100
F. W. Livesey, Esq. 110
Mrs. Rochford, 110
F. J. Haywood, Esq. 100
J. J. Murphy, Esq. 110

£ s. d. £ s. d.
J. Barton, Esq. 2 2 0
W. A. Lindsay, Esq. 2 2 0
J. W. Sylla, Esq. 1 1 0
Mrs. Richardson, 1 1 0
G. O'Nol, Esq. 1 0 0
P. McCabe, Esq. 4 0 0

Easter Monday marked the dawn of a new era for athletic sports at Ampleforth, as they were held this year for the first time under the auspices of the Amateur Athletic Association. This necessitated the abandonment of the old road track and with it the abandonment of nearly all our old records. A grass track prepared round the football field, a quarter of a mile in circumference, made a fairly good course though in parts it was rather rough. We understand that in future it is intended to have the track round the new cricket ground. From a spectral point of view the sports this year were a great success, as all could see every yard of the races. If some of the results of the races seem poor, at any rate they are "evidently credible." There were many expressions of regret that the old records had to disappear, and those who have taken such a pride in the building up of Ampleforth records must now feel something like Sisyphus when he found his stone at the bottom of the hill again. Next year no doubt new records will be set up in many of the events.

We wonder if it was anything more than the exigencies of rhythm and metre that led Browning to write "Oh! to be in England now that April's there," or whether, more probably, he was merely following the poetic fallacy about an English Spring. The weather this year was cold and comfortless, a persistent East wind driving showers of sleet and hail across the valley. Still there were intervals of summer weather, and Good Friday as usual was gloriously fine. Quite a number of Old Boys by rail, motor, and coach, came to spend the last three days of Holy Week with us and to attend the Easter Retreat. On Easter Sunday and Monday we had the Annual Present to Past contests, though the weather and the Athletic Sports prevented as full a
programme from being carried out as was the case last year. The following represented the Past:—Captain B. Johnstone, and Messrs. L. G. Blackledge, G. H. Chamberlain, A. I. R. Hansom, F. L. Hayes, E. P. Hardman, Charles Austin and Gerald Hines, G. F. Lambert, J. C. Pike, J. and B. Rochford, J. K. Smith and R. Calder Smith.

We offer our sincere congratulations to the following Old Laurentians:—Ambrose Magoris, whose marriage to Miss Lucy Fletcher took place at St. Patrick’s, Soho Square, on January 2nd, and who sailed with his wife on February 27th to take up a position in Ceylon.

Paul Blackledge on his recent marriage to Miss MacKintosh at San Francisco.

L. E. Emerson on his success in the London Matriculation in January.

J. Gage Flemming on taking his M.D. degree at Edinburgh University.

The Rev. E. Jarvis on being appointed rector of St. Francis Xavier’s, Oldbury.

J. A. Parle on his recent success in the Examinations of the Institute of Chartered Accountants, recently held in London.

Edward Crean, who was invited to form one of the International Rugby Team of England and Wales, that has recently sailed to tour in New Zealand.

P. J. Nelson, who entered the novitiate at Belmont last autumn, has been compelled to leave through a breakdown in health. He is at present in a sanatorium in Aberdeenshire under medical care, and we trust will soon regain perfect health.

* * *

Readers of the Journal will find in the account of the proceedings of the Literary and Debating Society the report of a debate on a somewhat abstract motion dealing with the question of Women Franchise. It occurred to two of the members of the Society to get into communication with the leading suffragettes in order more effectively to champion the advanced view of the question. We publish the correspondence that took place. It is to be hoped that Mr. Asquith will feel grateful to Miss Pankhurst’s correspondents for occupying time she might otherwise have had free to spend on his doorstep, and that in consideration of this he will forgive the general hostility of the Debating Society to his Government. Some of our readers may detect in the rather enthusiastic style of the letters written to the “lovely Lady Christabel” a note of unreality and insincerity, and the editors of these notes confess they are not free from suspicion on this point.

Ampleforth College,
Ampleforth,
York,
16th Feb. 1908.

DEAR MADAM,

In our zeal for the furtherance of your righteous cause, we make so bold as to ask you kindly to forward us a few notes, armed with which we may make a speech in our School Debating Society in support of Women Franchise; for we hope that with your kind help we shall sow a seed which may at some future time grow and bear an abundance of fruit; for as the proverb says “the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world.” Hoping that you will find a few spare moments of your most valuable time in which to furnish us with the information we desire,

We remain,

Your strong supporter,
HUGH WILLIAMS.
CRABB’S RICHMOND.

On Feb. 19th the following communication was received:
Another letter announcing the result of the Debate has so far closed the correspondence.

* * *

Any account of the School debates would be incomplete without a word on the Lower School Society. The secretary is not disposed to hand over his notes, and so readers must be satisfied with what we have been able to gather from other sources. Experience has taught us that debate often begins early in the day. This preliminary stage usually takes the form of an appeal by an excited knot of small boys to a master or some "big boy" for an immediate and categorical answer on some momentous, political, social, or historical question. The value of the reply depends upon the promptness and directness with which it is delivered, and, provided this is attended to, one always has the satisfaction of hearing oneself hailed as an authority by a section of the disputants. A chorus of "I told you so" or "He ought to know" follows the delivery of the verdict. Nothing daunted the unquenched have recourse to the next unwary passer-by who only too often undermines one's authority by an equally unconsidered and hasty reply. The debates themselves are keen, though there is a tendency to hunt other hare's than the one first started, speakers are never wanted, as was feared might be the case when the Society was first founded. Arguments based upon authority naturally play a greater part than in the more advanced dialectics of the senior Society, and while speakers are predisposed to make their points in a number of short and sharp efforts, rather than to bide their time and direct a simultaneous and sustained attack upon the weak points of their opponent's position. The uproar that invariably occurs at the end of the debate upon the showing of hands is the best indication of the enjoyment these encounters afford. By diligent inquiry we have discovered for ourselves who the "lions" of the Society are, but it would be invitos to name them.

One word more. It is rumoured that the Headmaster came upon the Preparatory in the midst of a heated discussion upon the merits of the captain of the school. Ultimately they deposed him and elected one of their number to take his place!
Mr. Hugh Williams and Mr. Charles Rochford,
Ampleforth College,
Oswaldkirk,
York.

DEAR MISS PANKURSTY,

It was so kind of you to put yourself to the trouble of writing to us and sending us those most interesting and convincing proofs of the injustice of the human race, and of the selfishness and want of charity of the Liberal Government. There must be, as you know, in every large assembly of people some who do you the base injustice of thinking that you are only half serious in your desire for the extension of the franchise to the fair sex; and as you may guess this School is not, or rather I may say, was not an exception to this rule.

But the fact that you have written to us, two schoolboys as we are, who might perhaps you know to the contrary, have been hambagging you, has been to our companions a sufficient proof that you are in earnest in your stride with the Government; and now I venture to say there are few, if any, who have not totally changed or in some degree modified their opinions with regard to this matter. Owing to a steady continuance of circumstances the debate has had to be postponed, but when it does take place we shall write to let you know the result.

Your obedient servants,

Hugh Williams,
Charles Rochford.

COLLEGE DIARY AND NOTES.

Another letter announcing the result of the Debate has so far closed the correspondence.

* * *

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Natural History Notes.

To all lovers of wild birds April is usually one of the most interesting months of the year. As it opens the winter birds begin to prepare for departure. The fieldfares assemble in great numbers and may be heard chattering incessantly ready to depart with the first approach of spring; the hooded crows disappear from their winter quarters; bramblings gather around the farmsteads and move towards the coast in enormous flocks to wait for a favourable wind to carry them eastward to their breeding haunts. And with the first warm days of April we associate the welcome sound of the chiff-chaff, the earliest of our Summer migrants. This year April has been a month of surprises and disappointed hopes. The winter birds have refused to leave—a flock of fieldfares and redwings was seen in the last week of April—and the summer birds have refused to come. A few chiff-chaffs, it is true, arrived about the 6th, a redstart and a sedge-warbler were seen a few days later, and a solitary wheatear on the moors near Pray Rigg on the 2nd, but not a single swallow nor a house-martin nor a cuckoo, nor even a willow-wren which almost invariably makes its first appearance when the willow is coming into flower, and rejoices the heart of the naturalist with its sweetest and softest of songs as it flits about nicking an occasional insect from the branches whereon its leaves have not yet opened.

Meanwhile, many of our resident birds are making brave efforts to make believe that summer is near. Young thrushes and blackbirds have opened their wondering eyes upon a world of sleet and snow, and in the trunk of an old oak-tree beyond the Lion Wood there sits a tawny owl trying to keep out the cold from a newly-hatched owlet, snowy white in its first exquisite garment of soft downy feathers, with its large eyes still unopened. In the marsh-lands further down the valley, peewits and snipe are busy, and several broods have already been hatched. Of course many of the snipe which may be seen here almost any day during the winter are merely birds of passage and have moved on. Still, they seem to be more numerous this year. The first nest was found early in April; since then six more have been discovered, and there are, doubtless, many others still hidden among the brown rushes and sedges of last year with which the eggs harmonise so closely. For the young snipe are generally hatched before the new grass springs. The snipe is much more careful than the poeewit to place its nest out of reach of the floods, and, even in a very wet season, one seldom finds a nest that has been waterlogged. It is a close sitter too, remaining on its nest until the intruder almost treads upon it, trusting for its own safety to its remarkable powers of flight. Once disturbed, with a sharp cry it springs out of the rushes and leaves fifty yards behind it before one has time to realize what has happened or catch more than the most fleeting glimpse of the beautiful stripes which adorn its back. For a few moments it is lost to view; then it reappears high up in air, making that strange "drumming," so mysterious yet so familiar to all who have visited its breeding haunts in spring.

The rooks are making another attempt to found a new colony in the elms at either end of the "bounds." On the 6th of April the first pair took possession of an old nest which they began at once to put into a state of repair. Three or four days of assiduous toil sufficed for the erection of the usual substantial structure. From daybreak until sunset they laboured unremittingly, save for the intervals during which they were forced to defend their work from the attacks of marauders. Sometimes half a dozen of these miscreants were to be seen perched on the surrounding tree-tops, when the new settlers would stand on guard by the side of the unfinished nest. Their day's work done, they could be seen in the twilight perched among the swaying boughs above the nest, cawing the caw of the just, that most delightful and soothing of all discordant sounds. A few days later another pair of rooks established themselves at the opposite end of the "bounds," and now they have all settled down to their domestic duties, apparently satisfied with their new abode. It would be interesting to know what has induced them to make this new departure. It may be, that, young and foolish, with little experience and a low standard of comfort, they have made this rash attempt to improve
upon the position of their forefathers of the Oswaldkirn rookery and have sought more select quarters. It seems more likely that they have made a virtue of necessity, and finding their old home over-crowded and themselves “on the streets” at the eleventh hour, have forgotten their usual sagacity in their hurried search for a new abode. Or perhaps their ears, long attuned to the music of their own clamorous voices, could not abide the sounds which have lately disturbed the peace of the rookery at Oswaldkirk. For great changes are taking place at the Hall, hard by; for many weeks past masons and carpenters have been hard at work and the old house is being transformed into a modern dwelling with extensive stabling and accommodation for motors. At any rate, they have come and have received a hearty welcome.

Literary and Debating Society.

The Thirteenth Meeting of the Session was held on Sunday, February 19th, 1928. Fr. Edmund took the Chair. In Private Business, Mr. Hope was elected Secretary, and Messrs. Leonard, Speakman, and W. Clapham were elected to serve on the Committee. The rules were then read. In Public Business, Mr. Hope read a paper on “Addison.” After showing that the literary activity of Addison’s age was caused by the political conditions of the time, he gave a short account of Addison and Steele, and their connection with the Spectator, and concluded by reading extracts to illustrate his remarks upon Addison’s style.

At the Fourteenth Meeting, held on Sunday, February 9th, Mr. Murphy moved “That Vivisection should not be prohibited by Law.” He said that the abolition of Vivisection would put an end to all practical experiments in the interests of Medicine. The effect of this would be that Vivisectionists would carry on their work in France and Germany, and, in consequence, that England would lose the high position which she held at present in Medical Science. The development of that science, in recent years, had been due almost entirely to Vivisection. Of forty-seven witnesses, examined recently, by members of a Royal Commission, only two considered Vivisection unnecessary. By the provisions of the Vivisection Act the experimenter must be licensed and was liable to inspection. Finally the new process of electric sleep did away with the sufferings of the animal. On the moral aspect of the question, Mr. Murphy said that the lower animals had been created for the use of man, and reminded the Society that such pastimes as hunting and fishing were as cruel as Vivisection without having the reasons which justified the latter.

Mr. Cawkell, in opposing, protested against the cruelty of Vivisection. Torture under any pretext was unjustifiable. For Vivisection, post-mortem examination could be substituted with equally good results. Many distinguished members of the medical profession considered that nothing had been learnt by Vivisection which could not have been discovered more quickly without it. Vivisection had impeded the progress of science. The Vivisection Act had done nothing to prevent unnecessary cruelty, and could be evaded without difficulty. Mr. Cawkell, after giving a gruesome account of various experiments, concluded with an eloquent appeal to the Society to record their vote against this unjustifiable practice.

Mr. Chamberlain supported the motion. He considered that its benefits to mankind justified the practice of Vivisection. After a protracted debate, the motion was put to the vote and carried by two votes.

Fifteenth Meeting, Sunday, February 16th. In Public Business Mr. A. Goss moved “That the time is opportune for the Nationalization of Railways.” He asked the Society to take a practical view of the question. As regards the complaint that owing to the injustice of our present railway system the English farmer was unable to find a market for his produce, it must be remembered that the lowering of rates would stop the flow of foreign produce. In France, railways were under State control, and were badly managed. The railways in Germany were a military and political machine, and did not exist for the benefit of the people. In Italy and other countries evil results had followed the nationalization of railways. Instead of State Control of Railways, Mr. Goss proposed a general reform of our railway system.

Mr. Lightbound, in opposing, maintained that Germany owed
her commercial superiority chiefly to the fact that her railways were owned by the State. A high standard of efficiency was maintained, preference was given to home produce, the railway servants were well paid. None of these advantages were enjoyed under our present system. He discussed the other possible remedies for existing evils and rejected them.

Mr. Chamberlain supported the motion. State Control of Railways would put an end to competition on which the efficiency of our railways depended. Efficiency, regularity, and a high standard of comfort justified the high rates of which the opposer complained.

Mr. Hope emphasized the injury sustained by the small farmer under the present system.

Mr. Murphy drew attention to the satisfactory condition of railways in the United States as an example of the good results of private enterprise.

Mr. Williams enlarged further upon the need of competition for efficiency and dwelt upon the impracticability of the scheme for naturalization. Several other members having spoken, the motion was put to the vote and carried by 17 votes to 7.

At the Sixteenth Meeting of the Session, held on Sunday, February 23rd, Mr. W. Clapham read an interesting paper on "The Country and People of Afghanistan."

The Seventeenth Meeting was held on Sunday, March 1st. Mr. Chamberlain moved, in Public Business, "That the present System of Party Government is unsatisfactory." He said that in condemning Party Government he was only intimating that those who represented the views of their supporters should vote in accordance with these views instead of being the slaves of their party. Under our present system, it was the sole business of the opposition to reject all measures proposed by the Government. Under such conditions there was little hope of real progress, and politics were hardly taken seriously.

Mr. Martin, for the opposition, said that a party was a body of men united for the promotion, by their united endeavours, of the national interest upon some particular principle on which they were all agreed. Absolute unanimity was impossible and unnecessary. Experience had shown that the political advantages of Party Government were great, nor had any other system been devised which was so efficacious in securing the fidelity of the country's representatives.

Mr. Williams opposed the motion. Mr. Chamberlain had exaggerated the weakness of the Party System. Liberalism and Conservatism represented a real difference of principle, even if there were, at times, cases of serious disagreement between members of either party. Parties were established on the basis of broad principles rather than for the purpose of advocating a particular policy. An efficient opposition increased the efficiency of the Government.

Mr. Leonard urged the necessity of Parties, and denied that violation of individual convictions was necessary under the system.

After several other members had spoken the motion was put to the vote and lost by 8 votes to 6.

Eighteenth Meeting, Sunday, March 8th. Mr. James read a paper on "Oliver Cromwell."

The Nineteenth Meeting was held on Sunday, March 15th, to discuss the question of "Women's Franchise." Mr. C. Rochford moved "That the franchise should be extended to women, to enable them to take their natural and proper place in the State." The hon. mover showed by statistics how widespread was the movement in favour of extending the franchise to women. The fact that many women were opposed to this movement was no reason for withholding the vote from them. Many benefits had accrued to the workman since he had received the right to vote. The same would happen in the case of women. The latter were the principal victims of "sweating," which abuse would be removed by the extension of the franchise. By this means all legislation would be carried out more efficiently, but especially that which related to wages, the education of children, and the housing of the poor. Women were a large class with important interests; they owned property and paid taxes. Finally, the unruly methods of the suffragettes should not be allowed to prejudice members against their cause.

Mr. H. Rochford opposed. Woman was by nature unfit for the
position in which the hon. mover wished to place her. Weak, fickle, "governed by the heart rather than by the head," her qualities were in short purely domestic. The entrance of women into the political arena would break up the family and put an end to the usefulness of the House of Commons.

Mr. Williams in the course of an eloquent appeal to the House to support the cause of justice by voting for the motion, read a letter he had received from Miss Pankhurst.

Mr. Murphy made some severe reflections upon the aims and methods of the supporters of the movement.

Mr. Chamberlain, while deprecating the unruly methods of the suffragettes, considered women better qualified to vote than the majority of the uneducated class who now enjoyed this privilege.

After a prolonged and somewhat heated debate the motion was put to the House and lost by one vote.

Twentieth Meeting, Sunday, March 22nd. Mr. Williams read an interesting paper on Lewis Care.

Twenty-first Meeting, Sunday, March 30th. In Public Business Mr. Speakman moved "That the granting of Old Age Pensions is a just and necessary reform." The necessity of this measure could be judged by the fact that in a single day of the year 1892 one out of every five persons of sixty-five years of age and over had applied for relief, and that during the course of the same year one out of every three such persons had applied. The ordinary workman could make no provision for his old age under present conditions. Therefore it was the duty of the State to provide for him. A similar scheme had been already adopted in many other countries with advantage both to the aged and to the State which provided for them.

Mr. Hope agreed that the aged poor needed help, but objected to Old Age Pensions paid by the State because they were antagonistic to the interests of the workman, were Socialistic in principle, and were unnecessary. They would increase pauperism, lower the rate of wages, and destroy thrift.

Mr. Martin supported the motion. He considered it an injustice to the aged and deserving poor that they should be forced to associate with the large class of idlers who occupy our workhouses.

Mr. Perry opposed the motion. Our present system of poor relief was bad, but the scheme suggested by Mr. Speakman would aggravate the evil. The workhouse must be reformed and outdoor relief discontinued.

The motion was also opposed by Mr. Chamberlain, who warned the House that the effect of the grant of Old Age Pensions would produce results more disastrous than those which followed upon the distribution of corn to the Roman mob. The Poor Law System was bad because it made no distinction between the deserving poor and the idle.

Messrs. Murphy, A. Clapham, Barton, Williams, F. Goss, Lighthouse and W. Clapham also spoke. The motion was lost by 6 votes to 12.

At the Twenty-second Meeting, held on Sunday, April 7th, Mr. Leonard read a paper on "The Fall of the Roman Empire in the West."

The Twenty-third Meeting was held on Sunday, April 12th. The motion for the debate was, "That an Eight Hours Working Day should be made obligatory by law." Moved by Mr. Barton, and opposed by Mr. Darby. The motion was lost by 5 votes to 14.

Junior Debating Society.

The first meeting of term and the 137th meeting of the Society was held on Feb. 2nd, 1908. In Private Business Mr. V. G. Narey was elected Secretary and Messrs. G. Lindsay, G. Gaynor and G. MacCormick to serve on the committee. In Public Business Mr. J. Murphy moved that "Wood has been more useful than iron to man." The hon. mover held that the motion was not so trivial as it appeared, and he would ask the House to take it seriously: wood was more useful because there was more of it; all the great Australian and many of the American cities were built entirely of wood. Iron is not even necessary for railways, as it had been found out that compressed paper would make rails.
Wood must be used largely in the construction of ships; and it also was necessary for paper.

Mr. Kelly in opposing asked the Society to think of what the world would be without iron? In the first place it would have no machinery and hence scarcely any manufactured goods, and certainly no cheap ones; cutlery would be in the chop-stick stage; and wooden guns failing to discharge wooden missiles would take the place of modern artillery; the power of steam or electricity would be of no use; he did not grudge the hon. mover a ride in a wooden train attached to a wooden engine and running on rails made of compressed paper. If wood or iron were to disappear from the world and we had a choice, surely we should decide to retain iron.

Mr. Marshall said compressed paper might be a very good substitute for iron, but unfortunately it could not be compressed but for iron; anything said in its favour was a point for iron.

Mr. Blackledge turned the previous speaker’s argument by observing that as girls cannot see from wood he did not see how they could attribute its use to iron.

Mr. Power asked hon. members to agree that the wood-block floor on which their feet rested was more comfortable than a floor made of iron.

Mr. Reynolds thought it impossible to separate the uses of wood from those of iron; even for machinery wood was necessary, as coal was ultimately wood.

Mr. W. Darby said that the fact of Americans being fond of wooden things was no reason why hon. members should be. He brought down the House by observing that but for iron, gas would be extinct.

The discussion was continued by Messrs. Miller, Heyes, Peguero and D. McDonald. The motion was carried by 22 to 15.

The 12th meeting was held on Feb. 9th. Fr. Dunstan was a visitor. Mr. Burge moved “That Gas is more useful than Electricity.” As coal was abundant, gas was easily obtained and hence very cheap; whereas electricity was a much more expensive method of lighting; it was also less useful, for colours could not be well distinguished by electric light; the supply of gas could be better regulated than electricity; and gas apparatus did not require the attention that was necessary to keep electric plant in order.

Mr. Long opposed. Gas was far more dangerous than electricity and also more trouble; by merely pressing a button or turning a handle one switched on electric lights; compare this with the roundabout proceedings that had to be gone through before a single gas was lit. Gas also generates disease, but electricity kills it; if electricity was more dangerous than gas, that was the fault of the electrician who did not understand his work.

The motion was lost.

The 123rd meeting was held on Feb. 16th. The motion before the House was “That women householders should have votes for members of Parliament.” Mr. N. Chamberlain said he was proud to be the champion of chivalry in that Society, and he asked the House to show by their vote to-night that chivalry was not dead. At the same time he drew attention to the scope of his motion: it was not suggested that there should be universal female suffrage, but that the disabilities attaching to women householders in the matter of the parliamentary franchise should be removed: it was beside the point to argue that women were incapable of forming intelligent opinions on political matters, because the basis of the parliamentary franchise was not the intelligence of the voter but his income: “everybody who has a stake in the country shall have a vote;”—it was inconsistent with this principle to exclude women householders: he was prepared to argue that women would as a whole be as intelligent a body of voters as men, but he submitted that was not the question before the House: if intellectual shortcomings were sufficient reason for being deprived of a vote, apply that test to male voters also; if they were not, then it was no argument to say that women were politically unintelligent. Women paid taxes, therefore they should be allowed a voice in the representations of their country. They have grievances; they should be allowed to ask that these be removed. In elections a constituent without a vote was a nonentity, not even entitled to get an answer from the candidate. He asked the House to free itself from prejudice; and he would be content if hon. members followed their reason.

Mr. Goodall asked the House not to be carried away by “the
stream of burning words" that had fallen from the hon. mover's lips. They had experience of Mr. Chamberlain's proficiency in making the worse seem the better cause, and the only real argument he had put forward was that it was inconsistent not to allow women votes. Well, sometimes we had to be inconsistent; it was inconsistent in Mr. Chamberlain's sense for a doctor to pull out an aching tooth and not pull off an aching ear or tear out an aching heart. He preferred to look at the motion in the light of its consequences: if women had votes Parliament would ultimately contain, if it did not consist of, women; this would be raising to Parliament, the woman and the home; children would grow up without knowing their parent; the women of England would be changed into suffragettes with strident voice and dishevelled tresses, and Westminster would become the laughing-stock of Europe.

Mr. Marshall in opposing the motion exposed the fallacy in Mr. Chamberlain's argument: intellectual capacity was one of the conditions for voting as well as income; this was clear in the restriction of the franchise to men: to be an intelligent political being with a stake in the country—this was the condition for getting on the Parliamentary register.

Mr. McDonald pointed out that the hon. opposer's consequences did not follow: women householders were much fewer than men; they could never monopolize the House of Commons.

Mr. Gaynor sympathised with the suffragette; not indeed with her appearance nor with her methods, but with her aims. Women were a part of the nation; they should have a voice in making the nation's laws.

Mr. Long thought that women should not have votes; they could already persuade, and that was a great power. If women were given votes they would assuredly enter Parliament. Radicals thought badly enough of the House of Lords, but a House of Ladies would be incomparably more inefficient.

Mr. Lindsay said women were not fairly treated: the possession of the Parliamentary franchise seemed the only way of redressing grievances: the working man had alleviated his condition by this means, and he thought women could do so only by this means. And women had grievances; in the Civil Service women clerks did precisely the same work as men for a third of the pay; sweating was chiefly rife among women; and factory girls were horribly underpaid. Women were as fit to vote as most men.

Mr. Peguero held that to give women votes would be contrary to the teaching of St. Paul; he hoped methods would be found of redressing their grievances, but he would never support a suffragette.

Mr. McCormack thought that women would make as sound politicians as men; to say that all women were weak in intellect and in practical management was preposterous; our own English Queens proved the opposite; Elizabeth may have been bad but she was not mad; and then there was Queen Victoria.

Mr. Narey said that none of those who opposed the motion had treated the question fairly; all was supposition and prejudice with them; in the only sphere in which we had practical experience of women's rule—the home—woman was a great success, whereas a bachelor's house was a by-word for chaos; he reminded the Society of the words Shakespeare used in Henry V.

"Haply a woman's voice may do some good
When articles too nicely urged be stood on."

Mr. Miller said that as the last quotation was put by Shakespeare into the mouth of a woman, it proved nothing. Women did not want votes; he deplored the tendency among members of the Society to identify the women of Great Britain with the noisy band of suffragettes.

Messrs. Darby, Reynolds, Barnett, Walton, Ruddin, Kelly, and Weighill also spoke. The motion was lost 13—24.

The 12th meeting was held on Feb. 23rd. Mr. Huddleston moved "That Wellington was a better general than Napoleon." The hon. mover said that Napoleon's ambition as a statesman and autocrat threw a glamour over his deeds as a general and magnified their importance; the better general is the one who is most successful; Wellington was invariably successful, and the only time he met Napoleon he routed him.

Mr. Morice opposed: in estimating a general's victories one must take into account his enemies; Wellington had never to fight against the English as Napoleon did; the latter was a born general while Wellington had only made himself one; bad fortune
accounted for Napoleon’s failures, and Waterloo was partly won by Blucher and the Prussians; and even then Napoleon was too ill to do his best.

The discussion was opened by Mr. J. Murphy and continued by Messrs. Kelly, Chamberlain, Heyes, Young, Marshall and Lindsay.

The motion was carried 26—10.

The 124th meeting of the Society was held on March 1st. In Public Business Mr. Peguee moved that “Professionalism has benefited Sport.” He related the growth and history of Professionalism. Sport means playing games, and it was absurd to say that playing games well ruined them; no one denied that professionals improved the playing of games, and amateurs went to them for lessons.

Mr. Martin quarrelled with the hon. mover’s definition of sport; sport was “taking part in field exercises for pleasure;” but professionals played or rather worked for profit; they had brought with them a commercial spirit into games. This was deplorable, and he called on all sportsmen in the Society to vote against the motion.

Mr. Miller argued that if it was sport to play games, it was also sport to play them well; because professionals could not afford to enjoy their games without receiving payment, it did not prove they did not enjoy the games because they received payment; the doctor, who attended the poor man for nothing, was surely not more of a doctor than the doctor who received a fee for his skill.

Mr. Blackledge thought that Professionalism had ruined Sport, because Sport was partly a social function, but Professionalism was not; it was not a question of playing a game well or badly; nor yet a question of money; the point was that professionals had ruined the spirit of Sport. Messrs. Chamberlain, Marshall, Beech, Reynolds, MacCormack, Heyes, and Richardson also spoke. Fr. Benedict and Br. Leo, who were visitors, spoke respectively for and against the motion, which was lost 23—25.

On Sunday, March 8th, the 124th meeting of the Society was held. In Private Business Mr. Marshall called the Secretary to account for allowing the Boxing Club to post their notices on the Board reserved for the notices of the Debating Society. He had been horrified to see written on a board with the title “Junior Debating Society” a notice to the effect that two members of the Society would box each other at a stated time. Many visitors were shown into the room, and they would think such a meeting was part of the proceedings of the Debating Society. Mr. Narey defended his tolerance of the custom and said that the actions of the Society were not to be guided by the misconceptions of casual visitors. However, he was in the hands of the Society, and if they wished he would ask the Boxing Club to find another Board. On a vote being taken the members of the Society, most of whom are also members of the Boxing Club, supported the Secretary. Mr. Marshall appealed to the chair that it was ultra vires for the Society to allow its Board to be used for such alien purposes. The Chairman reserved his decision. In Public Business Mr. Martin in the unavoidable absence of Mr. Feeny read the latter’s paper on “Aerial Navigation,” in which the writer dwelt on the great benefits that would result to mankind from this form of locomotion.

Mr. D. McDonald in opening the discussion said that aerial navigation was impossible and impracticable; flying machines would be a nuisance; imagine the things that could fall from them besides the human occupants; the aeroplane would be twice cursed—by those above and by those beneath; there would be no privacy and no safety, and the barriers men had successfully raised against one another, for so many years, would be of no use.

Mr. Lindsay was amazed at the previous speaker’s violent attitude; every new invention had been thought manageable one time; recent trials showed that airships were manageable and dirigible.

Mr. Ruddin said that much ballooning made one mad; he had been in a balloon but (he hastened to add) not often; airships were helpless in a gale; he thought the writer of the paper much too optimistic.

Messrs. Weighill, Goodall, Marshall, Reynolds, J. Murphy, Long and Chamberlain also spoke.

The 125th meeting of the Society was held on March 15th. Fr. Dunstan and Br. Sebastian were visitors. In Public Business Mr. Boocock moved “That this House welcomes the Labour Party
in the House of Commons”; the masses are more numerous than the classes and therefore it was only just that they should have special members to represent them, who understood their objects and their aims; the lot of the working man was an important consideration for Parliament, and he thought the presence of able working men would help legislators to come to some decisions on questions concerning the poor.

Mr. Weighill opposed: the Labour Party were undesirable; their presence baneful; if the Labour members increase in number we shall soon have mob rule; the Labour party makes calm and sober legislation difficult because its members are never calm and seldom—well, he would not finish the sentence; as often as he thought of the Labour members he heard, to quote one of their leaders, “the rumble of the tumbril of socialism”; they are swayed by the popular breath; they are the sensu-saluties of English politics; he was ashamed of their presence in the Mother of Parliaments.

Mr. Narey thought that the reason why the English Parliament is the finest in the world was because they were so few Labour members in it; the members of that party were paid; they were not free to vote according to conscience, but acted according to the dictates of Trades Union officials; they were narrow and prejudiced in their views.

Mr. Ruddin did not see a great evil in the presence of the Labour Party; they had to be paid because they were poor; he deprecated the violence of the hon. opposer and said the picture he drew of the Labour member was untrue and unfair and the product of someone's imagination.

Mr. Marshall thought it a pity that Labour members should form a party of their own; it introduced the group system into the House of Commons, and that was a fatal step; the working class vote is so important to Liberal and Conservative that a party of their own is unnecessary.

Mr. Peguero regretted the advent of the Labour Party; the working man is already adequately represented.

Mr. Lindsay suggested that the Labour Party was a body of fairly moderate social reformers, and if we looked at the condition of the poor, then surely social reform was needed; the aristocratic Tories and Whig noblemen cannot know of the needs of the masses; he welcomed the Labour Party as a body of experts.

Mr. McDonald held that England was better off when the working men were unrepresented; the Labour men were uneducated; only the educated can govern.

Mr. Dunbar said that many of the Labour members were well educated, and some were even university men; he supported the motion because he thought they were too few to do any harm, and their views deserved recognition.

Mr. Richardson was afraid of Socialism, and hence of the Labour Party, the principal exponent of the creed in England.

Mr. Young agreed that if the Labour members were uneducated they had no right to be in Parliament; at any rate their Society could not rejoice that they were there; and if they were educated, on the hon. mover's own showing they ceased to be suitable Labour members; for only the uneducated could properly represent the uneducated.

Mr. MacCormack said the last speaker's remark reminded him of the dictum that the driver of a fat oxen should himself be stout; it was not a question of education; if the Labour members upheld Labour principles they represented Labour men. The question was whether those principles should have special representation in Parliament.

Mr. Power thought that there was room for a more advanced party than the Liberals; at any rate there were advanced views in the land, and surely it was better for us to have those views expressed in Parliament than to be ignorant of them altogether.

Fr. Dunstan and Bro. Sebastian also addressed the House. The motion was carried 20—17.

The 126th meeting was held on March 29th. Mr. Barnett moved “That the Romans were more to be admired than the Athenians.” He said that the Latin language was more useful than the Greek, and had played a greater part in educational systems: the Athenians kept their Art to themselves, but the Romans diffused it over the world; the Athenian was treacherous and fickle; the Roman manly and straightforward; the Romans had invented scientific war, and had built up a system of law which was the basis of English Jurisprudence.
Mr. A. Newton in opposing said that he would confine himself to a recital of the good qualities of the Athenians, the bad ones of the Romans being too numerous to mention. The Athenians, he asserted, were original in everything; they were far in advance of any other people of their time; in the Arts—in architecture and painting, in literature, poetry and the drama—and, in philosophy Greek influence was still discernible and very great; the history of the fifth century B.C. showed the practical genius of the Athenians.

The discussion was continued by several members and the motion lost by 35-27.

The 27th meeting of the House and the last of the Session was held on Sunday, April 5th. Fr. Benedict and Fr. Dunstan were visitors.

Mr. Fenny urged that if vivisection were denied to young surgeons they would have nothing suitable on which to practise before they operated on human beings; vivisection has been the means of discovering several diseases, whereas clinical observation has been of comparatively little use; it has also led to the production of ‘electric sleep,’ a new anaesthetic: Harvey himself affirmed that the discovery of the circulation of the blood was due to vivisection.

Mr. Wright in opposing said that vivisection was very cruel, and proceeded to give some gruesome details of the tortures of cats, rabbits and frogs. The animal operated on was not always under an anaesthetic, and even when it was it suffered aftereffects: as the animal frame differs from the human, vivisection was not of such great use to surgery; there were many authorities who held that vivisection had done little for science.

Mr. Fenny supported the motion argued that it did not matter, if it could not be helped, if animals did suffer pain in order that human beings be saved from pain.

Mr. Huddleston pitied the Science for whose progress brutal vivisection was indispensable.

Mr. Young considered vivisection cruel, and so great an authority as Sir F. Treves had said it was practically useless. It was like the system of examining slaves by torture; the victims often gave false information.

Mr. Power said vivisection could be dispensed with. Butchery of animals made surgeons cruel and rough.

Mr. Marshall contrasted the happy state in which animals lived formerly with that in which they died now; surgeons could obtain the necessary practice by operating on dead bodies.

Mr. Ruddin said it was true that diseases had been discovered by vivisection, but not cures.

Mr. MacCormack considered vivisection justified by its results; a few animals were painlessly killed and hundreds of the human race saved.

Mr. Robertson thought Science had discovered sufficient substitutes—the X rays for instance—for vivisection; he condemned it as unnecessary.

The motion was lost by 14-23.

Obituary.

The Honourable Nigel Stourton, R.I.P.

To a large circle of Laurentians, the early death of Nigel Stourton must have come as a shock, and to many of his contemporaries as a personal loss. Nigel Stourton with his brother Edward came to Ampleforth in 1893 and left in 1897. Though delicate in appearance and never robust he was blessed with good health at school and enjoyed almost total immunity from the infirmary. His was a nature of superabundant vitality and energy, and he threw himself heartily into games and sport. In his first year at Oxford he went in enthusiastically for rowing. He was keen on getting a place in the Christ Church Eight; and disappointed in this, he unfortunately deprived of the stimulus to continue the exercise that was doing him so much good. For a short period after leaving Oxford he served in the Army, and subsequently retired into private life and spent the last few years in travelling in search of health. But this was denied to him, and in the closing days of last December, in an advanced stage of consumption, he was taken to Allerton Park, the seat of his eldest brother, the present Lord Mowbray and Stourton. There in spite of all that could be done by medical skill and devoted nursing,
be passed away on January 22nd, fortified by all the rites of the Church. In his last illness he displayed a truly Christian patience and fortitude, and as the end drew near a resignation that touched and edified the many relatives and friends that had gathered around his bedside. We would ask the prayers of all Laurentians for the repose of the soul of a loyal son of St. Lawrence's, one whose gentle nature led him to be continually thinking of others, and whose forgetfulness of self is an additional claim on our prayers. At the funeral which took place quietly at Allerton Park on Saturday, January 25th, Fr. Prior was present to represent the Abbot, Community and School. R.I.P.

**John Brown, R.I.P.**

Few of our readers will be surprised to hear of the death of John Brown, which occurred on Holy Saturday morning. For some time he has been suffering from a cancer, and more than a year ago the doctor declared an operation to be impossible. We have watched with genuine grief the ravages of the cruel disease which was inevitably to take from our midst one whom we had learned to look upon as an almost essential part of Ampleforth. A sad accident when a child of four made it impossible for John to be entirely his own master, and the solicitude of his relations found him a home in our midst. Here he has lived the whole of his uneventful life since first he came to school fifty-seven years ago. Many are the stories that the different generations will have to tell of him, for John has been the centre of a good deal of innocent fun which he himself enjoyed. But in his life there was an element of pathos which now that he is dead we feel the more. For had it not been for a cruel mischance which shall say what it might have been? As it is we have to thank God for the childlike innocence of the soul whom we all pray and trust He has gathered to Himself. R.I.P.

**Notes.**

Is the heart of every Amplefordian schoolboy of the sixties, Fr. Romuald Woods, whose sad death is recorded elsewhere, is associated with the lightest and happiest of memories. He is part of the sunshine of the days of our youth. He was a leader in rejoicings and we always expected him to come out from his retirement and take part in the fun of each festival occasion. There was no one of the masters who was so unfailingly courteous and sympathetic. He had his occasional periods of gloom, fitful and transient, when he amused us, and never hurt us, with the sarcasm he threw at his headmasters. These were the days mostly when he would bang the desk with a great gesture—Fr. Romuald was always a stylist—and very little noise, amiably violent in a rich bass voice about some calamitous blunder, or savagely enthusiastic over some literary hero—Tom Carlyle most frequently, or, as we remember, Maguire of Rome under Paganism and the Popes. But we knew him for a man who always looked at the good side of things. We did not suppose him capable of really disliking anybody. And when anyone did well, or less badly than might have been expected, he was so generous in his praise that to some of us he has been helpful, by his encouragement, in ways and matters that had nothing to do with his teaching.

Is there as much kindly laughter in the world now as there was then? We laughed at ourselves; we laughed at others; we laughed at success and we laughed at failure, and always Fr. Romuald's Ho! Ho! led the chorus. Yet he was always busy with serious matters and taught us to have serious aims and ambitions. There were many wits he initiated—mostly with jokes and laughter. There was a band which made its debut with three flutes and a kettle-drum—Fr. Romuald played the flute—then it sought out some brass instruments from a dusty cupboard in the disused music-room, and finally developed, in other hands, into an orchestra which was a credit to the school. There were the operas, also, which he taught, burlesques composed by various
Boddy has undergone a serious operation. We trust it has been successful and that God will grant him many years yet with recovery of that health and strength which will make them happy and useful to himself and his friends. Unfortunately he has been compelled to give up his College work. We regret it most sincerely. We think that he is a better artist now than in the prime of his manhood, that his workmanship is as delicate and true and his style even more masterful and expressive. A testimonial is being raised to which his many friends are invited to contribute. We wish it success. We Laureatians are greatly indebted to him for the art training which for fifty years has been one of the most prized distinctions of the Ampleforth student.

We of the Journal owe to him much if not all of the grace of our illustrations. Quite recently he has presented the College with some 200 of the “copies” he made use of in his teaching. For his long service—a jubilee of years, for his unflagging devotion to his work, for his kindly interest in each of his many pupils, his never-failing tact and urbanity, his high principles and that virtue, rare in these days, his life-long fidelity, he will bear with him to his grave and beyond it our sincerest respect and affection.

The following jeu d’esprit was found between the leaves of a book in our library, endorsed, in Fr. Allison’s handwriting, “From Charles Nokes, Esq., 14 February, 1826.” Has it ever been printed?

EPITAPH ON THE REV. DR. BUCKLAND,
Professor of Geology in the University of Oxford.

Mourn, Ammonites, mourn o’er his funeral urn
Whose neck ye will grace no more;
Gneip, Granite and Slate, he settled your date,
And his ye must now deplore.

Weep Caverns, weep, with infiltrating drip,
Your recesses he’ll cease to explore;
For mineral veins, and organic remains
No stratum again will be bore.
NOTES.

Oh I his wit shone like crystal, his knowledge profound
From Gravel to Granite descended,
No Trap could deceive him, no Slip could confound
Or specimen, true or pretended;
He knew the birth rock of each pebble so round,
And how far its tour had extended.

His eloquence flowed like the Deluge retiring,
Which Mastodon carcasses floated;
To a subject obscure he gave charms so inspiring
Young and old on Geology doated:
He stood forth like an Outlier,—his hearers admiring
In pencil each anecdote noted.

Where shall we our great Professor inter
That in peace may rest his bones?
If we hew him a rocky Sepulchre
He'll rise, and break the stone,
And examine each stratum that lies around,
For he's quite in his element underground.

If with mattock and spade his body we lay
In the common alluvial soil
He'll start up, and snatch those tools away
Of his own Geological toil;
In a stratum so young the Professor disdains
That imbedded should be his Organic remains.

Then exposed to the drip of some case-hardening Spring
His carcass let Stalactite cover,
And to Oxford the petrified Sage we will bring,
When he is incrusted all over.
There 'mid Mammoths and Crocodiles high on a shelf
Let him stand—as a Monument raised to himself

By W. TAYLOR of OXBR.

* * *

Our good wishes to Fr. Phæd Wrey who is recovering strength after a serious operation which necessitated a stay of some weeks in
NOTES.

hospital. We hope he will return to his work completely restored to health.

* * *

May we recommend to our Liverpool and other readers a pamphlet containing some notes concerning the History of Liverpool? It contains many striking and interesting illustrations, some of them in colour. It is edited by Louis Lacy and published at the Lyceum Press, 37 Hanover Street, Liverpool.

* * *

From our Hall at Oxford: —

The history of the Ampleforth Hall at Oxford during the past term may be described as a tale of woe. Scarcely had the customary round of work begun, when the influenza plague forced an entrance to the house, with the result that nearly all the members were laid low and some were compelled to rusticate. The Hall suffered not only in its members, but also in its head, and here the malady was of a worse description. For Dom Oswald Hunter-Blair, having been in failing health for some time, was at length advised by a London specialist to undergo a serious operation. He passed safely through this ordeal shortly after the end of term. The operation was successful, and we are pleased to hear that Fr. Oswald, though still an invalid, is making good progress towards recovery. We sincerely hope that he will soon be completely restored to health.

Studies, of course, were considerably affected by the physical condition of the students. We were not, however, unrepresented in the Examination Schools in March. We had not, unfortunately, any candidate this year for Honour Moderations, but one member of the Hall was successful in the lower sphere of "Pass Mods," and "Divvies" (the latter word, be it known to the uninitiated, being the undergraduate's abbreviation for "Divinity Moderations"). Next term two of our "men" have to face the ordeal of final examinations—one in "Greats," and the other in Modern History.

One of the most interesting and well attended meetings of the Newman Society that we can recall, took place at our Hall during the term. The subject of the lecture was "Spiritism," and
the lecturer, Mr. Godfrey Raupert, commanded the close interest of his audience for fully an hour and a half. Mr. Raupert, whose name is probably familiar to many of our readers, is a convert, and prior to his conversion he had a large and varied experience in matters spiritualistic. He has now turned his experience to the use of the Church, having received special permission and encouragement from the Holy Father to prosecute his enquiries still further, with a view to exposing the terrible dangers incurred by persons meddling with such matters. The lecturer took up an uncompromising position with regard to all dealings with the spirit world. Needless to say, he is a thorough believer in the existence of such a world, and he has a most persuasive style of argument to support his belief. All his experiences have tended to convince him that the spirits with whom it is possible to communicate are evil spirits, spirits who seem to delight in telling lies, spirits who are very easily led into inconsistencies, and what is most important, spirits who deny the Godhead. No wonder then that the lecturer so emphatically denounced all dealings with them as dangerous and to be avoided; and that, throughout the course of his lecture, he was continually striking a note of warning. Mr. Raupert was quite convinced that these spirits were never really the persons whom they purported to be. He told us of many instances in which he had tested the personality of a spirit and found it wanting. That the spirits were often clever and skilful at accommodating themselves to peculiar circumstances, he did not deny, and this constituted another source of danger. A spirit seemed to gauge its audience. Before an atheistic audience, it would be frankly atheistic, before a believing audience it would proceed carefully, feeling its way but always leading eventually to a denial of the Deity.

It is impossible in so short a space to give any adequate account of a lecture, so full of interesting theories and facts. The impression left in one's mind was that it is extremely imprudent to have any dealings with spirits no matter how harmless they may appear, and this we think was the impression that Mr. Raupert desired to leave. We hope to have the pleasure of hearing him again.

We take this opportunity of welcoming an old friend to Oxford. Mr. J. Raby has taken a house pleasantly situated on the Wood-

stock Road, not far from the house which many years ago sheltered the pioneers of the Ampleforth "Oxford Movement." We hope he will be a frequent visitor at our Hall.

The Inter-University contests are in a very interesting state at present. Oxford carried off easy victories in the Rugby and Association games, while Cambridge have proved themselves superior at the Athletic Sports and on the river. The cricket match therefore will be of more than ordinary interest as it will decide the final issue.

Our Professor of Poetry takes his position seriously and lectures regularly on ancient and modern poets. Twice in this term he attracted a large audience; once when, lecturing on "The Minor Poems of Virgil," he made what was said to be "a real contribution to the study of the genesis not only of Virgil's poetry, but also of poetry generally," and again when he explained "The Note of Shakespeare's Romances." He found this to be the lack of intensity of purpose which marks the Cymbeline, Twelfth Night, and The Tempest. Here you have the artist at play. He puts aside the restrictions which the rules of his art and the requirements of his story would impose on him, and gives the rein to his fancy. The result is on the one hand want of cohesion and little dramatic effect, on the other, single scenes of such beauty as to make The Tempest "a fitting crown to the life's work of the author of Hamlet and Macbeth."

If intimate knowledge of his subject, delicate perception, fertile imagination, mastery of language, and precise delivery, are all the qualities of a good Professor of Poetry, we could not have a better than Mr. Mackail. We have heard some, however, who do not admire the Impressionist school of critics, complain that his lectures have not a sufficient share of "solidity," nor a "point" which is easily perceptible.

**

Some kind friend has proposed to put stained glass in the window in the North of the Chancel of the Abbey Church. The work is in the hands of Messrs. John Hardman and Co., and by the time the next number of the Journal is issued, it may be completed. We defer describing the subject of the design until
NOTES.

then. Meanwhile we offer our sincerest thanks to the donor whose modesty will not allow us to name him.

* * *

The Ampleforth Dance in London has become an annual event. Last year it will be remembered that through the initiative and energy of some of the younger generation of “Old Boys” living in London a “Cinderella” was held. The success of this effort led the organisers to venture on a more ambitious scheme and this year a Ball was given at the Savoy Hotel on January 15th. The enterprise was rewarded with unqualified success and we desire to add our congratulations to the number already received by the secretary and committee. No fewer than a hundred and forty-three guests assembled and dancing was kept up from nine o’clock until three in the morning. During the evening more than sixty cards of congratulation were received from Laurentians resident in other parts of the country. Mr. G. C Keogh again kindly acted as M.C. Messrs. J. P. Rochford, A. J. R. Hansom, F. Calder Smith, J. C. Pike, and Mr. F. Hayes were the stewards, and Mr. Harold Pike, who had very successfully organised the London Dinner held last autumn, undertook the onerous duties of Hon. Secretary.

* * *

Since our last issue an Old Laurentians’ Cricket Club has been founded in London. A suitable ground has been rented at Ealing and fixtures have already been arranged for the coming summer from May 2nd to September 26th. The President of the Club is Captain M. S. Woodlett. Messrs. J. Fishwick, J. McElligot, A. Penney, and J. Rochford have consented to be Vice-Presidents. Messrs. F. L. Hayes, G. MacDermott, and J. C. Pike form the Committee. The entrance fee is five shillings and the annual subscription one guinea. Laurentians living near London who wish to join the club should apply to the Hon. Secretary, Mr. Allan J. R. Hansom, 27 Alfred Place West, South Kensington, S.W. We hope to be able to chronicle the successes of the new club in our next issue and in the meantime wish it all the prosperity the energy and enterprise of its founders deserve.

* * *

Fr. Paulinus Wilson, the doyen of St. Lawrence’s, celebrated the fiftieth year of his missionary work in February. The Catholics of Knaresborough, the members of his Deane and the Sisters of Harrogate Convent have all made presentations, and at an entertainment given in his honour Fr. Abbot presided. The chairman congratulated Fr. Paulinus on the completion of half a century’s work in the Sacred Ministry. He said that in the course of his long career Fr. Paulinus had been blessed as few are blessed, and had accomplished a great work for God’s Church. He spoke of his great age and the vigour he still displayed. His prayer was one in which all his brethren at Ampleforth heartily join, that Fr. Paulinus may long be spared to continue the labours to which he was so devoted. This is surely an occasion on which we may be allowed to say how much we appreciate the unflagging interest—an interest undimmed by fifty years’ enforced absence—that Fr. Paulinus has always shown in the welfare of Alma Mater. The Holy Father graciously sent him an autograph letter conveying the Apostolic Blessing. The text of the Abbot Primate’s petition and the Papal letter is as follows:

+ Pax.

Beatissime Pater,


Et Deus.

Dilecto filio fausto quoque et salutaris a Domino adprecante etiam in primum fructuosissimi Apostolatus, Apostolicam Benedictionem ex animo impertimus. Ex edibus Vaticani die 24 Nov. 1907.

+ Papa PP. X.
NOTES.

Our sincere congratulations to Dean Billington who has been elected a Canon of the Liverpool Diocese. Canon Billington was in the same class as Father Abbot and is, we are happy to say, still a familiar visitor at the Exhibition. Ad multos annos.

We ask the prayers of our readers for Edward Meyer who died on March 31st. After leaving Ampleforth he went to Belmont but afterwards became an O.C. at Notre Dame, Indiana; also for Edward Adkins, Mrs. Standish (Fr. Clement’s mother), Henry Miles of Liverpool, Henry Singleton Threefll, and Father Edmund Hickey.

Father Abbot preached a mission at St. Anne’s, Edgehill, in mid-Lent, and Fr. Paulinus Hickey, in addition to giving the boys’ retreat has preached two missions, one at Filey and the other in the new church at Ampleforth.

Our best thanks to Fr. Bernard Gibbons for sending us “Nature,” and to Mr. C. Standish and Fr. Clement for a gift of books for the library.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the Adelphian, the St. Augustiner, the Benedictine Review, the Downside Review, the Georgian, the Oceânica, the Ratcliffian, the Raven, the Thorntoniac Magazine, the Rivista Storica Benedettina, the Studien und Mittheilungen, the Ushaw Magazine, the Revue Benedictine, the Austral Light and the Bulletin de S. Martin.
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